

The Huntingdon Globe.

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, APRIL 2, 1856.

VOL. 11, NO. 41.

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE,
Per annum, in advance, \$1 50
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PROCLAMATION.
WHEREAS by a precept to me directed, dated at Huntingdon, the 26th day of January A. D. 1856, under the hands and seals of the Hon. George Taylor, President of the Court of Common Pleas, Oyer and Terminer, and general jail delivery of the 24th judicial district of Pennsylvania composed of Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria, and the Hon. Johnathan McWilliams, Thos. F. Stewart, his associates, Judges of the county of Huntingdon, justices assigned, appointed to hear, try and determine all and every indictments made or taken for or concerning all crimes, which by the laws of the State are made capital or felonies of death and other offences crimes and misdemeanors, which have been or shall hereafter be committed or perpetrated for crimes aforesaid—I am commanded to make public proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick that a Court of Oyer and Terminer, of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions, will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the second Monday (and 14th day) of April next, and those who will prosecute the said prisoners be then and there to prosecute them as it shall be just, and that all Justices of the Peace, Coronor and Constables within said county be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and remembrances, to do those things which to their offices respectfully appertain.
Dated at Huntingdon the 17th of March, in the year of our Lord 1856, and the 79th year of American Independence.
JOSHUA GREENLAND, Sheriff.

PROCLAMATION.
WHEREAS by a precept to me directed by the Judges of the Common Pleas of the county of Huntingdon, bearing test the 26th of Jan., 1856, I am commanded to make Public Proclamation throughout my whole bailiwick, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on the 30th Monday (and 21st day) of April A. D. 1856, for the trial of all issues in said Court, which remains undetermined before the said Judges, when and where all jurors, witnesses and suitors, in the trials of all issues are required.
Dated at Huntingdon the 17th of March, in the year of our Lord 1856, and the 79th year of American Independence.
JOSHUA GREENLAND, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office,
Huntingdon, March 19, 1856.

TRIAL LIST, APRIL TERM, 1856.
FIRST WEEK.
S. S. Keen, Adx. of J. Lukens, vs J. R. Madden
G. W. Bowman & Co. vs P. Shoenberger, et al
Heckman vs Same
J. H. Wolverton's adm'r vs Jas. Entreklin
Elias Hoover vs Brice K. Blair
David Caldwell vs Dell & Crotsley
Matthews heirs vs G. K. Shoenberger et al
Charles Bratton vs Wm. Corbin's adm'r
Thomas F. Stewart vs Alexander Steel
Matthews Ex'rs vs E. L. Plozman
Horatio Trexler & Co. vs J. & W. Saxton
Thomas Clark's heirs vs Brisan Clark
Gano vs Shoenberger & Co.

SECOND WEEK.
A. P. Wilson vs Michael Buoy
John Lee vs Joseph P. Moore
Mary Ann Smith vs Peter Moore's Ex'rs
Samuel B. McFeaters vs Alex. Beers et al
John Long vs William McNite
James Gardner vs Joseph Richardson
Samuel Fanestock vs S. L. Glasgow
John Fleming vs Brice K. Blair et al
Sterling & Alexander vs Bracken, Stitt & Co.
Robert Stewart vs John S. Miller
John Savage vs James Entreklin
Woolheater for Lee vs Isaac Hill
John Penn Brock vs John Savage
Patrick Kelly vs Penna. Railroad Co.
John Penn Brock vs John Savage
J. W. Riley for use vs H. B. T. R. & C. C.
Henry D. Moore et al vs John Savage
Anspach Jacoby & Co. vs J. Jamison & Blair
Abraham Lewis vs Pa. R. R. Co.
J. Maguire, surviving partner of the firm of Maguire & Dorsey, vs J. Africa's Ad. & heirs

GRAND JURORS—APRIL TERM.
John Beck, farmer, Warriorsmark.
William Couch, farmer, Barree.
Abel Corbin, farmer, Henderson.
Peter Crozover, farmer, Shirley.
Peter Grawner, farmer, Warriorsmark.
David Hammer, laborer, Morris.
John Kyper, farmer, Hopewell.
Isaac McClain, farmer, Tod.
Samuel Musser, farmer, Barree.
Job Morris, mason, Huntingdon.
Samuel Morrison, farmer, Barree.
Daniel Neff, farmer, Porter.
Andrew Park, farmer, Cass.
James Posten, farmer, Cass.
Samuel Peightal, cooper, Huntingdon.
David Rupert, farmer, Henderson.
Edward Roberts, farmer, West.
David Sheesley, farmer, West.
Jacob Spangler, farmer, Dublin.
John Silverthorn, farmer, Tell.
David Summers, farmer, Hopewell.
Jacob Shaffer, Brady.
William Smith, farmer, Union.
William Campbell, farmer, Tell.

TRAVERSE JURORS.
FIRST WEEK.
Samuel Bucher, jr., manufacturer, Cromwell.
David Burley, laborer, West.
James Bell, inn-keeper, West.
Samuel Bugge, jr., farmer, Tell.
Abraham Branstetter, laborer, Warriorsmark.
John Cummins, farmer, Jackson.
Frederick Chrisman, farmer, Franklin.
William Cornelius, carpenter, Clay.
William Culshall, farmer, Springfield.
Ephraim Chilcoat, farmer, Union.
Samuel Coen, gentleman, Barree.
Lewis R. Corbin, farmer, Cass.
Ephraim Doyle, carpenter, Shirley.
Levi Dell, farmer, Union.
John Davis, sr., farmer, Morris.
Isaac Enyart, farmer, Cromwell.
James Ewing, farmer, Barree.
James Fleming, farmer, Jackson.
James Goodman, farmer, Henderson.
John Garner, jr., farmer, Penn.
Samuel Grove, farmer, Hopewell.
William H. Harper, merchant, Jackson.
John Heeter, farmer, Tod.
Leonard Kessler, merchant, Brady.
J. Wareham Mattern, merchant, Franklin.
Andrew Mattern, wagon-maker, West.
Christian Miller, farmer, Brady.
William Miller, farmer, West.
William Oaks, farmer, Barree.
Alexander Oaks, farmer, Barree.
Henry Peightal, farmer, Walker.
Joseph Rodkey, farmer, Penn.
Milton H. Sangaree, teacher, Walker.
Jacob Snyder, tailor, Huntingdon.
Lewis Snyder, farmer, West.
Jacob Snyder, wagon-maker, West.
Fred. Thompson, blacksmith, Springfield.
William Trexler, laborer, Tell.
William Wible, farmer, Springfield.
Armstrong Willoughby, tailor, Huntingdon.
John Jackson, farmer, Jackson.
William Johnson, farmer, Hopewell.
Samuel Long, farmer, Dublin.
Daniel Logan, farmer, Cromwell.
Abraham McCoy, brickmaker, Huntingdon.
Andrew P. Swoope, farmer, Clay.
Michael Kyper, farmer, Walker.
J. Simpson Africa, Surveyor, Huntingdon.

SECOND WEEK.
Robert Anderson, farmer, Tod.
Philip Boustough, farmer, Porter.
George Berkstreser, farmer, Hopewell.
John Benson, farmer, Tod.
Henry Cremer, blacksmith, Springfield.
Jas. Chamberlain, inn-keeper, Warriorsmark.
James Clark, merchant, Warriorsmark.
Jonathan Doyle, miller, Union.
James Entreklin, farmer, Hopewell.
Josiah Fleck, farmer, Cromwell.
James Fleming, farmer, Dublin.
Jacob Feimlee, farmer, Tell.
Samuel Frudley, butcher, Henderson.
John Fink, wagon-maker, Penn.
Benjamin Fink, farmer, Cass.
Hays Hamilton, manager, Franklin.
Mordecai Henry, farmer, West.
Samuel Huey, tailor, Porter.
Isaac Heffner, farmer, Walker.
Peter Harnish, farmer, Morris.
John Hunt, laborer, Cromwell.
David Henderson, farmer, Franklin.
Wm. B. Johnston, farmer, Franklin.
Abraham Lias, farmer, Tod.
George Price, farmer, Cromwell.
Samuel Read, farmer, Penn.
Jacob Sollers, carpenter, Springfield.
James Sharrer, wagon-maker, Dublin.
Samuel Stryker, farmer, West.
Thos. Stewart, Esq., manufacturer, Jackson.
John Swan, jr., farmer, Dublin.
Abraham Shore, farmer, Cass.
Solomon Taylor, farmer, Springfield.
Martin Walker, farmer, West.
John Walls, farmer, Cass.
Eli Plummer, farmer, Hopewell.

MILNWOOD ACADEMY,
Shade Gap, Huntingdon County Pa.
W. H. WOODS, A. M.,
Proprietor and Principal.
SAMUEL CAMPBELL, Assistant.
JOHN MCCAUSLAND,
Teacher in preparatory Department.
REV. W. S. MORRISON,
Lecturer on Evidences of Christianity.
REV. JAMES CAMPBELL,
Lecturer on General Literature.
J. A. SHADE, M. D.,
Lecturer on Anatomy and Hygeana.
The semi-annual Exhibition of this Institution will take place on the 1st Wednesday of April. An address will be delivered before the societies in the fore part of the day, the Exhibition will come off in the evening; the examinations will be the next day. These exercises the friends of Education are respectfully invited to attend.—The next session will open the 1st Wednesday of May. This Institution holds out peculiar inducements to young men seeking an education. The Board of Instructors is composed of Gentlemen of high Literary merit and skilled in their profession. The location is very healthy, having the fine mountain air and free from all noxious vapors arising from stagnant water and marshy grounds. Those subject to ague could not find a more desirable place. The temptations to vice, idleness and dissipation are few.—There is nothing to draw the minds of the student from his books, no liquor is allowed to be sold in the place nearer than Mount Union 17 miles off; it is just such a situation as a young man desirous of improvement would seek.—The societies are in a flourishing condition and each has a fine library of choice works. The buildings are large and commodious, capable of accommodating some fifty students. Shade Gap is a quiet and retired place, situated on the main road between Chambersburg and the Mount Union station on the Pennsylvania R. Road.
TERMS.—For session of five months, for board, tuition and room rent, \$52.50. Washing, light and fuel extra. Students are charged from time of entering until the close of the session.—Payments quarterly in advance. For catalogue and further particulars, address W. H. WOODS, Shade Gap, Huntingdon County, Pa. March 5, 1856

REPUBLICAN ARISTOCRACY.
BY JOHN G. SAZE.
Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "ferocious Democracy?"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save from snobs—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy!
Depend upon it my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the further end
By some plebeian vocation!
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation!
Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation!

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.
BY E. S. THOMAS.
The British in possession of Boston had learned that a quantity of public stores were deposited at Concord, nineteen miles distant, and determined to destroy them. Another and a much more important object of the expedition was, to capture, if possible, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were known to be in that neighborhood and upon whose heads a price had been set.
On the night of the 18th of April, 1775, the British landed eight hundred men in Charlestown, who took up the line of march through Mextony (now called West Cambridge) and Lexington, to Concord. It was a calm starlight night, and they moved with all possible stillness; at West Cambridge they passed my father's house, and their tread awoke him, he arose, stood at the window and counted their platoons. As soon as they had all passed, he seized his musket and started across the country, every road of which was familiar to him. In his progress he fell in with numbers on the same errand—that was to get ahead of the enemy, and alarm the country, in both of which they succeeded, so that when the British arrived at Lexington, eleven miles from Boston, at five o'clock in the morning, they found the militia assembling; they had received intelligence of the enemy's movements, some hours before, and promptly assembled at the beat of the drum. When the British came within striking distance, Major Pitcairn rode forward and called out, "Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!" and without waiting to see whether they would or would not fire his pistol which was a signal for a volley from the advances, which killed eight; the others dispersed and the British pursued their way to Concord, where they arrived without interruption, but Hancock and Adams had made their escape. They then commenced a retreat to do which they had to pass the north bridge; at the foot of it Capt. Davis had drawn up his company, (the Concord Light Infantry,) and there the first volley was fired by the Americans, in that cause which gave independence to America and freedom to the world. In the meantime the minute men were pouring in from all quarters, and the British found themselves so hotly pressed, that had it not been for a reinforcement of about a thousand men, with two field pieces, under Lord Percy, whom Gov. Gage had dispatched to their assistance, not a man of the detachment would have reached Boston.—The reinforcement met the retreating column near Lexington, greatly diminished, almost exhausted having taken no refreshment since they left Boston, whence they were yet distant eleven miles, and had to fight every inch of the way.
The plan then adopted by Lord Percy, was one of the most savage warfare; his troops fell off from the front, entered the houses of the Americans, plundered them of whatever they could carry, set fire to the houses, and then joined the rear, thus giving an opportunity to their whole force to plunder; but so hot was the pursuit, a large portion of the fires were extinguished before they had done much damage. When they had passed the foot of the rocks, they entered the plain of West Cambridge, seven miles from Charles River, and quite a village for about two miles; at least I found it so when a school-boy ten years after, and there was no appearance of any addition to it since the Revolution.
It is proper here to remark, that there were two taverns near West Cambridge—one kept by a Mr. Cooper, the resort of the Whigs; the other the resort of the Tories kept by a Mr. Bradish. There were three families on the road within a fourth of a mile, by the name of Adams, a name hateful to the British; in one of those a lady was confined the night before; the enemy entered the house, took the bed on which she lay with her infant at the breast, and carried them into the yard and left them there. A little boy about five or six years old had taken shelter under his mother's bed—his foot soldier thrust his bayonet through it, and for a minute pinned it to the floor; the boy did not even utter a cry: this fact I had from his mother. They then plundered the house and set it on fire, but the Americans entered in a few moments, extinguished the fire, and restored the mother and infant to their room and bed. Their next exploit was at the Whig tavern, into which they fired more than a hundred bullets, the holes made by them were filled up but the marks are visible to this day. It was a singular fact that three old men, seventy years

and upwards each, who were Tories, the battle coming on so unexpectedly, took shelter in this tavern, (Cooper's,) where the British found them and put them to death.
The name of one was Winship. I well remember his son. The heavy discharges of musketry at the tavern brought my mother into the streets or road, who had learned nothing certain of what was going on since my father left her on the previous evening. To her utter astonishment she saw the battle raging at less than half a mile distant; she instantly returned to the house, secured a large bag of currency so much wanted at this time, and a few small articles, then taking one child of two years old in her arms, and having two older hanging to her apron, she sallied forth to go to a Captain Whitmore's, about two miles distant across the fields, on the bank of the Mystic river, (women and children had already fled there, to the number of a hundred of the former, and two or three hundred of the latter.) She had scarcely set foot on the road when one child cried for bread; she returned to the house, and cutting a loaf, gave a piece to him that wanted it and wrapping the remainder up in her apron, she was again in the road. In the meantime the battle had approached so near, she was within point blank shot of the retreating enemy, who let go a whole volley at her, which did no other damage than to pass two balls through her cap. The Americans saw her perilous situation and called out to her, "Run, good woman!" She did so, and arrived safe at the house of refuge.
The enemy in the meantime, sent out a flanking party with the intention of cutting off the retreat of the mother and child—an object which they came nigh accomplishing—for the Americans did not succeed in turning their flank until they had approached the house near enough to lodge bullets in it—and a very large elm tree, within twenty-five feet from the house, was spattered with them which I took great pleasure in cutting them out ten or twelve years after.
After my mother's escape, they entered the house, took every article of clothing and bedding, except the beds themselves, which they ripped open, split up the furniture, and then set fire to the house—but the building was saved. They also killed a horse in the stable and some hogs in the pen.
Near my father's dwelling was Bradish's Tory tavern. When they arrived at that Mrs. Bradish, was in delicate health, rose from her easy chair to retire from the front of the house; she had not left it a minute, when a ball—passed through the back of it: it was the only one fired at the house, and was probably done inadvertently. The British officers, who had been in the habit of making trips to the country particularly on Sunday, knew every family which was Tory, for many miles around, and dealt with them accordingly, when they had the opportunity.—It was not until dark that they arrived in Charlestown, when the Americans withdrew from the contest, and the British encamped on Bunker's Hill. The next morning they entered Boston.
The loss on both sides has been differently stated and my memory does not serve with certainty on this subject; but a pamphlet which I remember to have read, affidavits of many occurrences of the day, it seems to me put down the loss of the British at 245, besides many wounded, and that of the Americans at 140—but I am not certain, nor have I any authorities at hand to refer to on the subject.
Drink Less with your Meals.
One great error we commit is that we drink too much at our meals. Before we have sufficiently masticated and insalivated our food to enable us to swallow it, we force it down by taking water or warm drinks. This not only dilutes the saliva, but weakens the action of the gastric juice after the food gets into the stomach. Most persons take a swallow of fluid with almost every mouthful of food. Look along the side of the dinner table in any of our hotels, and you will be surprised at the quantities which are drunk during the meal; and, if your mind be not too much taken up with observing the errors of others, you may discover the same evil in yourself, and thus be led to correct it. This habit, sooner or later, ends in producing dyspepsia and constipation, than which there are no affections more destructive of comfort and health. When we are thirsty, at our meals or at other times we should drink to allay thirst only. All solid food should be thoroughly ground and mixed with saliva, in the mouth, unaided and undiluted by other drinks. Rely upon it, this apparent necessity for drinking is a mere habit which we can correct at will, and all who prize health at its true value will not consider its preservation or purchase too high at the cost of attention to so simple a matter.
In this age of tobacco smoking and chewing the salivary glands seem to be turned to a new office—that of cleansing this filthy narcotic from the teeth and gums. Were they endowed with language, verily might they exclaim—
"To what vile uses have we come at last!"
Who can wonder at the hollow and wan cheeks of mankind, when such a continuous drain is established upon them—a kind of perpetual catarrh or lachrymosis of the mouth. Take warning by what we say: If you would have good digestion, proper action of the system, and full ruddy cheeks eat slower, masticate your food better, drink less at your meals; and you who smoke, if smoke you will, avoid spitting as much as possible. The latter have a two-fold reason for observing our last injunction: they will save, at the same time, their own health and the feelings of their friends.—*Medical Specialist.*
The sieve through which the man, "strained every nerve" is for sale at half the first cost.
There are only two things in which the false professors of religion have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

LIFE AMONG THE HILLS.
BY LACKAWACK.
(From the Newark, N. J., Mercury.)
George McMullen became a settler of Wayne county, Pa., in the year 1800, and was then fourteen years old. He came from Luzerne county, below Wyoming. His father was in the battles with the Indians and escaped into the fort, the balls from his rifles having riddled his clothes. He soon after moved north and took up his abode where the son, George McMullen, now resides. The whole country was then a wilderness. The nearest settlement was six miles off. The country was all wooded, a wilderness of trees. Nor was it then so cold in the spots cleared up as it is now. Good wheat could be raised in the clearing sheltered by the woods. This is McMullen's statement; undoubtedly he felt the cold less, because sheltered; but the winters must have been long and dreary, as no sun could reach and melt the snow which lay with an even surface throughout the woods. As the country is cleared, the winds are more piercing and the snows in drifts more than formerly. The rain, when it falls, runs off more speedily, and consequently the mountain streams quickly rise and fall. This fact has compelled the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company to provide immense reservoirs of water for the dry season.
I have given you several sketches of conflicts which our hunter had with the wild animals in the woods. Perhaps your readers will be interested to hear something more—When I set down by the side of an old settler in the wilderness and hear him relate his adventures, I feel more interested in his story than in any of the fictitious narratives got up in modern taste for the amusement of mankind. I seem to place myself in his circumstances. The battles with beasts and Indians were a part of their occupation. They were obliged to become hunters. Often the safety of the family depended upon the food procured by the rifle. Protection for their flocks and herds demanded the extermination of the enemies which would destroy them. George McMullen has killed in a season sixty-five deer and eleven bears, besides other wild game. There is one hunter in Wayne county now, who, within a few years, has killed one hundred and twenty deer in a single season.
Sometimes a wounded deer becomes a most formidable foe to the hunter. George McMullen on one occasion caught a glimpse of a fine buck on a ledge of the mountain; aiming at his head, he planted his bullet at the root of one of his antlers. It knocked out a piece of it, and the buck fell to the ground as if dead. George advanced with his knife to cut its throat. He had thrown down his rifle without having taken the precaution to load it. For a hunter usually charges his gun the first thing after a shot, to be always ready. But in this case our hunter was armed with his sheath knife only. Suddenly the buck, which had been only stunned, rose upon his feet, and his hair all bristling with rage, he made a dash at him, knocked the knife out of his hand, and tore his hunting coat from bottom to top. There was no refuge but in dodging behind a tree, the deer after him. Long was the battle waged in this way, the hunter fleeing from tree to tree, and the enraged buck following with fury, and aiming to get him within the toss of his horn. At length, wearied with his impotent efforts, the buck stood a moment to get breath, when seeing a hemlock lying at his feet, George seized it and struck him a powerful blow upon the small of his back, which broke it, and he fell.
A mad buck is most fearful to a hunter.—He strikes so powerfully with his antlers and his hoofs as greatly to endanger life. Many an old hunter has told me that he has been in more danger from a wounded buck than from all the bears and panthers he ever found in the woods.
The way a deer kills a rattlesnake is to strike it with both feet while it lies curled up, and to do it so quickly that the snake is killed before it can strike. An old settler on the Wallen Panpack once told me that he was with a neighbor pursuing deer after a deep snow had fallen, and they came upon a buck which seemed to be tired. His neighbor, being upon snow shoes, rushed upon him, though admonished of the danger, and took the buck by the horns, when the enraged animal instantly struck him with his sharp hoofs as quick as lightning, and severed the main artery of the man's thigh, so that he bled to death in a few moments.
A Yankee pedlar stopped at the house of an old settler of Mount Pleasant, who kept a tame fawn in and about his house. The stranger appeared disposed to handle it, and took hold of its ears, when the hunter told him to be cautious or he might receive some harm. The pedlar laughed at the suggestion of being in any danger from such a little quadruped, and seized hold of both ears and held them rather more tightly than the juvenile animal relished, when it rose on its hind feet, and at a blow with both his fore feet stripped the man of his clothing and left him standing with only a remnant of a coat and a vest hanging upon his shoulders, and but for this, as naked as when born.
Elk were formerly in great abundance in Wayne county. Some of the early settlers killed numbers of them during a season.—But in George McMullen's time they had become scarce. As man became an inhabitant of the wilderness, the elk retired. One of the last that remained fell under the aim of George McMullen's rifle. It had been pursued by the hunter to his vicinity and left. He took the trail, followed it about ten miles, and shot it in the mountain near the head-waters of the Sterucco, which empties into the Susquehanna at Lanesborough, where the Erie Railroad crosses the Sterucco viaduct.
George was out on one occasion at some distance from his house when he saw four bears upon a chestnut tree gathering chestnuts. They would creep out upon the strong boughs, bite the small limbs, and then pull them in with their claws, breaking them, and thus reaching the fruit. Who will say that bears are not cunning? Presently a young bear

descended to gather the nuts which had fallen, and at this one George leveled his rifle and shot. The bullet went through his body, but too far behind to prove fatal. The bear screamed, and the others hastened down and seemed to hold a consultation about the wounded one. Presently they concluded to beat a retreat, and rushed into a neighboring swamp. George crept along after them into the outlets and saw them all standing about the wounded bear. He then shot one of the old ones in the shoulder, high up, and he ran off crying with pain. They all retired, and he crept after them. Presently he saw the bear wounded first under a birch tree which had fallen into the crotch of another so as to throw its roots high out of the ground. He was on the point of firing when he heard a crackling behind him, and turning saw the old bear coming at him with mouth wide open, prepared to take vengeance. He instantly ran up the birch, and she started to come after him, when he shot her through the eye. The bullet entered her brain and she fell dead. He loaded immediately, and the other young bear hove in sight, which he shot. He then shot the bear first wounded, which made three out of the four dead; and the next day he found the other one dead also.
It must require a good deal of nerve thus single-handed to encounter the beasts of the forest, and when, if his gun had missed fire, it might have cost him his life.
On one occasion George had been to Dunderdoff for medicine, and was at the Lackawanna at the foot of the mountain which he had to cross, when night overtook him. He crossed the stream upon a fallen tree, hitching along with a log each side of it, as well as he could. Presently he heard a rustling behind him, and found it was a pack of wolves upon his track. He got to a clearing and stood with his back against a tree, to bring them out into the snow where he could see them. He tried to strike fire, but lost his flint. After skirmishing around him for some time, the wolves left him in pursuit of some less dangerous game. He returned next day, and found that he had held thirteen wolves at bay. It was the same side of the mountain where he had previously entered a cave and destroyed eight young ones, having shot an old one at the entrance.
We will now take our leave of George McMullen. He is only one among many who are now fast passing away. I have spent many a pleasant hour at the houses of these hunters, taking notes of their adventures, and conversing with them upon their life in the woods, while as yet they were inhabitants of a mighty wilderness, and before the country had become settled.
I was ever a lover of nature; and though now shut up in town, yet my thoughts delight occasionally to roam over the wild woods, the streams, hills, valleys and mountains of one of the most lovely countries ever trodden by the foot of man.
Volcanic Eruption.
The volcano at Hawaii still continues in violent action. The flow of lava has reached within five miles of Hilo, the capital of the island, and the total destruction of that town is confidently expected. A native, in attempting to avoid the stream of lava a few days since, plunged into the Wailuku river, but was scalded to death almost immediately, as the lava had penetrated an arm of the river, and had in its advance heated the water to almost boiling temperature. As the current is now running the advance of the lava is about one mile per month, the stream of burning matter is from three hundred yards to a mile in width, and at night presents a magnificent spectacle; in many places there is an outer crust so solid as to bear a person's weight. The liquid fire beneath occasionally bursts a vent through, and a stream is projected far into the air. One entire side of the island of Hawaii seems in fire when seen from the sea, so dense is the smoke which the fiery torrent raises in its track. It is now rapidly burning through the woods back of the town of Hilo, and ere long will no doubt reach the devoted place, and passing on find a terminus in the waters of Byron's Bay.
A day of fasting and prayer has been appointed, and the inhabitants were commencing to make preparations for leaving the town.
FACTS ABOUT MILK.—Cream cannot rise through a great depth of milk. If, therefore, milk is desired to retain its cream for a time, it should be put into a deep, narrow dish; and if it be desired to free it most completely of cream, it should be poured into a broad flat dish, not much exceeding one inch in depth. The evolution of cream is facilitated by a rise, and retarded by a depression of temperature. At the usual temperature of the dairy—50 degrees of Fahrenheit—all the cream will probably rise in thirty-six hours; but at 70 degrees it will perhaps rise in half that time; and when the milk is kept near the freezing point, the cream will rise very slowly, because it becomes solidified. In wet and cold weather the milk is less rich than in dry and warm, and on this account more cheese is obtained in cold than in warm, though not in thundery weather. The season has its effects. The milk in spring is supposed to be the best for drinking; hence it would be the best for calves; in summer it is the best suited for cheese; and in autumn the butter keeping better than in summer—the cows less frequently milked, give richer milk, and consequently more butter. The morning's milk is richer than the evening's. The last drawn milk of each milking, at all times and seasons, is richer than the first drawn, which is the poorest.—*Western Agriculturist.*
A humorous young man was driving a horse which was in the habit of stopping at every house on the roadside. Passing a country tavern, where were collected together some dozen countrymen, the beast as usual, ran opposite the door, and then stopped in spite of the young man, who applied the whip with all his might to drive the horse on. The men on the porch commenced a hearty laugh, and some inquired if he would sell the horse.
"Yes," replied the young man, "but I cannot recommend him, as he once belonged to a butcher, and stops whenever he hears the calves bleat."