

LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

H. C. HICKOK, Editor.
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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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The following lines were sung to a piano
accompaniment, by a lady at a social party the
other evening, for our special benefit. A copy
has been politely furnished, at our request, for
publication, and we hasten to lay them before our
readers though not without some faint misgivings
that we shall hear "fanaticism" muttered with
ocular dignity through the teeth of some of our
contemporaries. We regret we can not furnish the
jolly music as well as the words. The latter can
not be fully appreciated without the former.

EN. CHRON.

The Slave's Banjo Song.

What are the joys of white men here?
What are their pleasures, say—
We want no joys, no illis me fear,
While I my banjo play.
I sing all day, I sleep all night,
I hab no care, my heart is light,
Me tink no what to-morrow bring,
Me happy, so me sing.
But white man's joys are not like these,
He proud, and he is gay;
He great, he rich, he haughty, fine,
While I my banjo play.
He sleep all day, he wake all night,
He hab much care, he heart no light,
Much he want, he life he get.
He sorry, so he fret.
Me envy not de white man den,
Me poor, but me is gay,
Me glad at heart, me happy when
Me on de banjo play.
I sing all day, I sleep all night,
I hab no care, my heart is light,
Me tink no what de morrow bring,
Me happy, so me sing.

Red Coat vs. Red Shirt.

Not long since, at a convivial party at
which Mr. Webster and several distin-
guished lawyers were present, the conver-
sation happening to turn on the legal pro-
fession, Mr. Webster related the following
story. We do not pretend to give it in his
own peculiar and delightful style:
"When I was a young practitioner,"
said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man
at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was
afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There
were few men who dared to enter the
lists with him. On one occasion, Barnaby
was employed to defend the suit for a
piece of land, brought by a little, crabbed
cunning lawyer, called Bruce. Bruce's
case was looked upon as good as lost when
it was ascertained that Barnaby was re-
tained against him. The suit came on
for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce
had worked hard, and left no stone un-
turned to gain the victory. The testimony
for the plaintiff was very strong, and,
unless it could be impeached, the case of
the defendant was lost.
"The principal witness introduced by
plaintiff, wore a red coat. In summing
up for the defence, Old Barnaby com-
menced a furious attack on this witness,
pulling his testimony all to pieces, and ap-
pealing to the jury if a man who wore a
red coat was under any circumstances, to
be believed. "And who is this red coated
witness," exclaimed Barnaby, "but a de-
scendant of our common enemy, who has
striven to take from us our liberty, and
would not hesitate now to deprive my poor
client of his land, by making any sort of a
red-coated statement?"
"During this speech, Bruce was walk-
ing up and down the bar, greatly excited,
and half convinced that his case was gone,
knowing as he did, the prejudices of the
jury against any thing British. While,
however, Barnaby was gesticulating, and
leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent
appeal, his shirt bosom opened slightly, and
Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby
wore a red under-shirt.
"Bruce's countenance brightened up.
Putting both hands in his coat pockets, he
walked to the bar with great confidence,
to the astonishment of his client and all
lookers on. Just as Barnaby concluded,
Bruce whispered in the ear of his client,
"I've got him—your case is safe!" and
approaching the jury, he commenced his
reply to the slaughtering argument of his
adversary.
"Bruce gave a regular history of the
ancestry of his red coated witness, proving
his patriotism and devotion to the country,
and his character for truth and veracity.
"But what, gentlemen of the jury," broke
forth Bruce in a loud strain of eloquence,
while his eye flashed fire, "what are you
to expect of a man who stands here to de-
fend a cause based on foundation of right
or justice whatever? of a man who under-
takes to destroy our testimony on the
ground that my witness wears a red coat,
when, gentlemen of the jury—when, when,
when a gentleman of the jury?" [Here

Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby
by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open,
displaying his red flannel!—"when Mr.
Barnaby himself wears a red flannel coat,
concealed under a blue one!" The effect
was electrical; Barnaby was beat at his
own game, and Bruce gained the cause."
[N. O. Picayune.

For the Lewisburg Chronicle.

LOVE.

TO ANSWER BY "NOVUS."

Oh, it is sweet—surpassing sweet—
That gushing, guileless passion—Love!
Whether in halls where proud ones meet,
Or hearts warm in the grove.

The light that paints the radiant eye,
The flame that flashes through the cheek,
Where sighs find no responsive sigh,
Nor shivers, with breasts discovered, seek—
Hath purer streams than they can know,
And deeper thrills than e'er can flow,
From every other fount within.

No voice beneath the clouds of earth,
Can comfort to the lone heart give,
Like that untainted breath whose birth,
Held young Affection true and live.
The frame controlled—the soul on fire—
The breast upheaving like the surge—
The breast's warm peans mounting higher,
That fling o'er Care a floating derg—
Tell on the bosom's many strings,
A welcome tale of Passion's power;
And trembling Nature meekly brings
Her wisest thoughts to Love's green tower.

Far in the desert Thought may rove,
In search of some oasis bright,
Where ravished senses feast on Love,
And dwell in more than human light—
Let me but know thy heart will greet—
The love thy beaming eye hath moved;
For oh, its sweet—surpassing sweet—
To love, and be thyself beloved!
LEWISBURG, FEB. 14, 1851.

ORIGINAL NARRATIVE.

Notes of a Seven Months' Journey to CALIFORNIA.

VIA FORT SMITH, SANTA FE, GILA RIVER, AND THE TULE LAKES.

From the Private Journal kept by
WM. H. CHAMBERLIN, of LEWISBURG, PA.

CONTINUED.

Sunday, July 15.—The Virginians lost
a mule yesterday, and Capt. Dixon found
a good one, running loose. The bank of
the river is so beset with underbrush and
drift, that we can not get a supply of
water without extreme difficulty. Re-
mained in camp to-day, to rest and graze
our animals. Some of our men tried to
catch some fish, but met with poor success.
I preferred gunning, and killed a few
quails, doves, &c., saw a great many long-
eared hares, but they were very wild. I
spent several hours in wandering over the
site of these ancient settlements, but could
find nothing but the pottery and founda-
tions of buildings, denoting the existence of
a once numerous people. The weather for
some days, has been excessively warm,
and the indifferent shade of a mesquite
bush is the only protection we have from
the scorching rays of the sun. We would
prefer traveling, if we could do so in justice
to our animals.
Monday, July 16.—Trail continues
down the valley of the river, which is from
one to three miles wide. Passed more
ruins, which were in a greater state of
preservation, than any we had yet seen—
broken portions of walls, and posts, are
yet standing. We also saw some large
stones, hollowed out in the shape of a mor-
tar; these were no doubt used for grinding
grain. The valley of this river was once
inhabited by thousands—perhaps millions
of human beings, now wholly extinct. They
cultivated the soil, which required irrigation;
some of their ditches can be seen to this
day. The sand and dust in our trail is
very deep, and so heated by the rays of
the sun, that an egg could be roasted in it,
in a few minutes. The barrels of our
guns became so hot that we could scarcely
touch them, and our bridle reins "almost"
blistered our hands. We passed along be-
tween the base of Mr. Graham and the
river. The top of the mountain is immer-
sed in clouds, and showers are falling
around its summit, while it is perfectly
clear in the valley. The water which
falls around the mountain, flows down the
ravines in which there appears to be some
verdure, and at the base there is said to
flow a subterranean creek. Encamped on
the river bank, had some grass, but the
water of the Gila, is very warm and brack-
ish. Distance, 30 miles—1404.

Tuesday, July 17.—Meeker and Barn-
ean abandoned their worn-out riding horses
yesterday. Our course is down the river,
the trail pretty solid. In the afternoon
we crossed a rocky point extending into
the river, and encamped a few miles below,
directly opposite or north of Mount Turn-
bull. This afternoon we intersected a
large trail, which we suppose is that tra-
veled by Sonora traders to barter with the
Indians. Saw the "frames" of a number
of cattle and horses lying along the route.
To-day we again passed the Knickerbocker
company, many of whom are on foot, two
or three of them packing one horse, and
that probably on its "last legs." We had
a cool breeze to-day, and got along very
comfortably. Saw a great many beaver
and other "signs" on the bank of the river,

but none of the "critters." Distance, 30
miles.—1434.

Wednesday, July 18.—Kept down the
river, with a good road, until 12 o'clock,
when the river canoned, and we were
"brought to a stand." We, however,
found a small trail leading south, around
the western side of Mr. Turnbull, and
started on it, but, unfortunately, neglected
to water our animals, and fill our canteens,
expecting to strike the river again in a
few miles. In this we were disappointed.
We continued traveling south, leaving the
river behind us, and ascending mountain
upon mountain. Found no water, and it
was late to return to the river. On
looking back, we could see the Gila flow-
ing off to the S. W., and the Rio San
Francisco emptying into it directly north of
us. The latter appears to be a considera-
ble stream, running south, through a small
valley. We still keep our course up the
mountains, in hopes of finding water, but
fearful of having to encamp without it.
The mules belonging to the Virginia and
Heddenburg mess began to fail; they hal-
ted in a ravine, and declared they would
go no farther, but return in the morning to
the river. The Texans, Capt. Dixon's
mess, and ourselves went on, toiling up
the ravine, and finally came to what was
apparently the end of the mountain we
were upon. Two or three persons descend-
ed in search of water, and after a delay
of an hour, reported an abundance of wa-
ter in the ravine. This was joyful news to
us; we had had none since morning, al-
though none of us were suffering for want
of it. We wound around the end of the
mountain, and descended several hundred
feet, into a deep, dark, rocky defile, in the
bottom of which ran a small but pure rill
of water. Here we encamped, and turned
our animals up the side of the mountain, to
graze upon the scattered bunches of gram-
ma that grow amongst the rocks. We
here found several deserted Indian huts,
where they had encamped to prepare their
mezal, which grows in great abundance
amongst these mountains; they had a bur-
den of stone built, in which they baked it.
The mezal plant resembles the pine apple
somewhat in appearance, but is of more
luxuriant growth, and sends up a long
straight stalk, from 10 to 20 feet high,
bearing at the top a number of handsome
yellow flowers. We sent word of our
good fortune to those we left behind, but
they failed to come up—think that their
animals will require several days rest be-
fore they will be able to proceed. A mu-
tual division of our small company must
take place, which is much to be regretted,
after having traveled so far together. Our
provisions are fast disappearing, which
oblige us to push forward, while they have
a pretty good supply. We have little
breadstuffed left, and but 4 or 5 days' rations
of bacon, in this desolate region. There
are some sycamore trees in this ravine,
resembling the same species in the States
excepting the leaves. Distance, 30 miles
—1464.

Thursday, July 19.—The first step
this morning was to ascend the high and
almost perpendicular mountain-side, out of
this ravine, where in all probability the rays
of the sun never reach. We almost des-
paired of accomplishing the task, but af-
ter a hard struggle the mules reached the
summit. One poor animal, with a heavy
pack, lost its equilibrium, fell down a pre-
cipice, and rolled over several times, pack
and all, but soon recovered his footing,
and again commenced the toilsome ascent.
We then continued ascending and descend-
ing one rugged steep after another. As
far as the eye could reach, nothing presen-
ted itself to our vision but high mountains
and corresponding ravines. Our trail is
very irregular, branching in different di-
rections, which satisfies us that we are fol-
lowing an Indian path, perhaps never trod
by the foot of white man before. Occa-
sionally we could catch a glimpse of the
Gila on its course, far off to the north.
We all walked leading our riding animals.
It has been a most toilsome day's march
on man and beast. We crossed several
small streams of water, in the beds of ar-
royos, which run a short distance and then
sink in the sand. The prickly pear (lad-
do) with fruit, has been very abundant for
some days. When ripe it is of a deep red
color, full of seeds, and of a pleasant taste;
but beware of the small sharp prickles, with
which the fruit and stalk is armed. About
12 o'clock we reached the top of the
mountain and passed between two high
and rocky pillars, which towered upon our
right and left. Here our further progress
appeared at an end. The path led down
into a deep chasm, from which there did
not seem a single point of egress. Sever-
al of us started in search of a passage in
the direction we wished to travel; others
ascended the pillars, to "view the land-
scape o'er." When out of each other's
sight, they commenced "hallooing," and
were immediately answered by some Indi-
ans in the ravine in front of us, who soon
made their appearance. After the usual

signs of friendships had passed between
us, we advanced to hold a talk with them;
they were entirely naked, both male and
female. We gave them to understand,
that we wanted to reach the Gila river, at
the mouth of the Rio San Pedro. They
directed us upon a trail running down the
ravine to the S. W., this we descended
with little difficulty, for a few miles, and
encamped with water and grass. The
day has been cloudy and pleasant. Dis-
tance, 16 miles—1480.

Friday, July 20.—Continued down the
ravine, without much interruption, until
we reached the Gila. Here the river comes
foaming and tumbling out of one canon
and immediately enters another. We
crossed, and commenced climbing the
mountain on the north side. This is the
point where Gen Kearney reached the river,
after four days' of toilsome travel over the
mountains, on the north side of the river,
to avoid the canons above. During the
same time, they lost a great number of
animals. We have accomplished the same
object, on the south side in two days,
and by traveling less than half the distance.
He had the celebrated Kit Carson for
guide; we had none. The inexperienced
will sometimes fall into good luck. Again
passed the Knickerbocker company, many
of whom are destitute of provisions, and
were "nooning it" upon the fruit of the
prickly pear—a flimsy substitute for food.
To-day we met with the first of a new and
singular kind of cactus. It is a tree with-
out limb or leaf, but with branches similar
to the main stalk, putting out about half
way up the trunk, it is an evergreen, flat-
ted and armed with prickles, or barbs.
There are great numbers of these peculiar,
yet beautiful trees growing on the south
side of the mountains. We are now in
the Pinon Lano range; they are high,
rocky, barren, and very difficult to pass,
of which we had a specimen this afternoon.
We climbed three successive mountains,
and then descended all at once, for a sharp
descent of two miles, over rocks, sharp
stones, cactus, &c., and encamped in an
arroyo, near the river, down which ran a
small, clear stream of pure cold water,
which was a most gratifying treat to us,
after a hard day's march beneath a burn-
ing sun. There is no grass in the neigh-
borhood for our suffering animals. There
is cotton-wood, ash, and willow, growing
in this ravine. We found some small
sour grapes, and saw a humming bird, a
wren, and a ground squirrel. Distance,
20 miles—1500.

Saturday, July 21.—After crossing the
point of a most precipitous mountain, we
again reached the Gila, and then com-
menced the winding descent of the river,
for through these apparently impassable
canons is now our only course. We
crossed the stream 30 times in the course
of to-day's march, sometimes swimming
our mules, wetting our packs, &c. The
bed of the river in places is very rocky,
and in others composed of quicksand,
which makes it unpleasant to ford. It
places the current was so rapid as to wash
the legs of the animals from under them,
and carry them down the stream; but
they invariably recovered, and reached
the shore in safety. In these tremendous
canons, nature displays her powers in the
widest form. The stupendous rocks,
reared perpendicularly above each other
for hundreds of feet, present a grand but
gloomy spectacle to the beholder. Noth-
ing like vegetation, or animal life, cheer
the solitude of the scene, except the lonely
cactus tree, which has the appearance of
so many armed sentinels, stationed by the
infernal powers to guard these dark passes.
We measured one of these trees that had
been blown down, and found it to be 39
feet in length, and 25 inches in diameter;
some of them have five or six arms, gen-
erally two to three, sometimes one, and fre-
quently none. These singular stalks, ris-
ing out of the earth to the height of 40
feet, and two feet in thickness, are an odd
looking "vegetable." We found a species
of nut-to-day, resembling the almond in
taste, which sickened some of the boys
who ate of them. We met 5 naked
Apaches, who were about taking dinner
when we came upon them. The "pre-
pared dish" lay in the sand, around which
they were seated; it consisted of several
yards of the entrails of a dead horse, con-
taining all the filth, roasted in the ashes;
but having yet a small supply of more pal-
atable food, we thanked them. No doubt
this would have been an "affecting" sight
to persons of weak stomachs, but we have
become indifferent to "sights," and do not
know how soon we may be compelled to
imitate their example. We traveled far-
ther than we intended to-day, in hopes of
finding some grass, but were obliged to
encamp at last upon a sand bed, without a

blade in view. This is certainly hard
feed for our mules, but we can not rem-
edy it. We were visited this evening by
some "poverty-struck" Apaches, mostly
squaws and children, they wore no cloth-
ing but the simple beechcloth, which is
made of buckskin. We ordered them to
leave at dark. Distance, 16 miles—
1516.

Sunday, July 22.—This morning the
Indians again visited us; they had nothing
to trade but some jerked horsemeat, which
we did not relish, if we were out of meat.
They were very curious, handling and ex-
amining everything within their reach.
We gave them some trifling presents, with
which they were much pleased. Several
of the young squaws were passably good
looking, having regular features, an ex-
pressive countenance, &c. One of them
had a point stone, resembling red chalk,
suspended from her neck, with which they
striped themselves in our presence, using
their fingers for a brush, and spittle to mix
with. After descending the river through
a number of canons, and crossing 6 times,
we emerged from the mountains upon a
barren, sandy flat, opposite where the
Rio San Pedro empties into the Gila on
the south side. We are much rejoiced to
find ourselves again in an open country,
after several days of incessant toil, to our
selves and animals. Passed Saddle Back
Peak, which is situated on the south side
of the river, a short distance above the
mouth of the San Pedro. This mountain
has been appropriately named for the sum-
mit very much resembles the seat of a
saddle. Here the Gila, which has for
some time been running almost south,
changes its course to N. of W. We found
a few bunches of coarse grass, about 1
o'clock, when we stopped and rested until
5, then packed up again, and traveled until
dark, saw numerous flocks of quails and
doves. This flat is covered with mezquite
timber, weeds, and but little grass. The
weather is very hot, no air stirring. Dis-
tance, 12 miles—1528.

Monday, July 23.—There being a little
grass here, we concluded to rest for the
day, and graze our stock, for from all ac-
counts we will find but little feed on the
balance of our route. The day was ex-
cessively hot, and the small mezzal trees
afforded us but poor shelter from the burn-
ing sun. The Virginians came up and
passed by us to-day; the New York
company also passed by us.
Tuesday, July 24.—Our camp had been
pitched in a thicket of mezquite and weeds,
and making an early start this morning,
we had traveled several miles before we
discovered that one of our pack mules was
missing. After packing it no doubt wand-
ered into the thicket, and was left behind.
Three of us started back, but there were
several Indians ahead of us, who no doubt
found the prize, and drove it off into the
mountains. We engaged two Pinon Lano
Indians to go in search of it, offering
them a large reward, and amongst other
things, a gun with powder and ball, upon
which they exclaimed, "muy bueno" (very
good), and set off at full speed, promising
to bring it into camp this evening. But
neither the Indian or the mule came, and
we have given up all hopes of ever seeing
it again. It was a good mule, belonging
to the company, and carried the most val-
uable pack. We estimate the loss at
about \$100. All the most necessary and
valuable clothing belonging to Armstrong,
Howard, Musser, Schaffle, and myself,
were upon it, including my gold watch and
chain, and other articles of value. My
individual loss is not less than \$175.
The pack also contained some business
letters of introduction, and many small
but useful articles, which we had packed
into India-rubber bags for preservation.
Altogether we considered it a serious loss
in our present situation. It is the first
stroke of ill luck we have yet met with;
I hope it is not the commencement of a
series. We had not traveled far to-day
before the river again canoned, and we
were obliged to ford it 21 times during
the march. We encamped on the south
side, and turned our animals upon the
hills to feed on the gramma, which is very
thin, but "better than none." We crossed
Mineral creek this afternoon, it is a small
stream emptying into the Gila on the
north side. This stream is said to abound
in gold and other minerals, but we did not
stop to explore. Distance, 22 miles—
1550.

Wednesday, July 25.—No tidings of
the lost mule and packs, and we have
given up all hopes of recovering either.
No doubt my watch already bedecks the
tawney bosom of some squaw, of no more
value to her than a brass button. After
passing through a number of canons, and
crossing the river 10 times, we once more
reached where the river "spreads out its
valley." The dust in the trail is almost
knee deep, which, with the intense heat,
makes traveling difficult and oppressive.
This flat, as the former ones, is covered
with mezquite and other bushes, but no

grass—and the same traces of ancient set-
tlements. To-day we met two Pigma In-
dians; they said they were out after
horses and mules to exchange with the
American emigrants. Encamped on the
river bank. Distance, 25 miles.—1575.

Thursday, July 26.—Dust and under-
brush annoyed us very much in our course
down the valley. This afternoon we en-
tered Gen. Cook's wagon road, which
comes up from the east. This evening, a
pack mule company by Capt. Day, came
up by that route. They gave a very fa-
vorable account of the route which must
be preferable to the one we have traveled.
They had passed through a number of
Mexican villages, and had an abundance
of feed for their animals. Capt. Day has
his wife with him; she is a Spanish wo-
man, and the first female emigrant we
have seen on the route. She was mount-
ed upon a mule, riding along in the train
covered with dust, holding an umbrella
over her head, and a child in her arms.
Distance, 25 miles.—1600.

Friday, July 27.—Early this morning
we were visited by a number of Pigma
(Pimo) Indians of both sexes. We find
we are encamped within a league of their
principal village. We have found a small
patch of coarse grass, that has been re-
peatedly grazed off by the animals of
companies in advance of us, but it is much
better than we have met with for many
days. The condition of our stock, and
the prospects of obtaining a supply of pro-
visions, require us to remain here a day
at least. We have been on short allowance
for sometime. We have had no bacon for
two weeks; the last of it had melted
away until there was but little left but the
skins. Our supply of coffee is beginning to
fail. We are obliged to drink it very
weak, without sugar, which with a scanty
allowance of Mexican flour, has constituted
our entire fare for sometime. The flour
was ground by hand power, and contains
all the bran. Could our empty provision
sacks be replenished with a sack of flour,
and a few pounds of bacon, we would feel
as happy and contented as lords, nor envy
the epicure enjoying his choicest luxuries.
This is a pretty fix to be in, wanting the
bare necessities of life; but we have no re-
ason to complain, Providence has favored us
thus far, and we are once more where we can
obtain something to sustain life. Could
mules travel the Gila river route and carry
heavy burdens, we might have reproached
ourselves for leaving Santa Fe with so
small a supply, but that is impossible; we
have seen no emigrants on the route who
fared better than ourselves, and many far
worse.

We were not long in commencing a
barter with the Pigos, who showed a
very friendly disposition. They brought
us small quantities of wheat flour, very
coarse, some green corn, and watermelons,
for which we gave them shirts and other
articles in exchange. We could not pro-
cure meat of them, it being the article we
most need. Being an agricultural peo-
ple, they require what few animals they
have, for that purpose. We had hoped to
exchange some of our weary mules for
fresh stock, but were disappointed, and
will have to perform the balance of our
journey, with our broken down animals,
as best we can. The Pigos resemble
most other Indian tribes we have met, but
are not so finely formed, athletic, and dig-
nified as the Apaches, of whom they are
in great dread. I was amused upon offer-
ing them a pair of buckskin leggings,
which I had purchased of the Apaches; they
instantly recognized them by the orna-
ments, and appeared actually afraid to
touch them, exclaiming, "Apache's
Apache's malo! malo!" They are
disposed to be peaceful. The more sa-
vage tribes sometimes steal their stock, which
is very unfortunate for them. They have
some animals left by Gen. Kearney, Major
Graham and Cook. The dress of these
Indians is very simple, and many wear
but the simple breechcloth. A shirt is the
height of their ambition in the dress line.
The climate is so mild the year round,
that much clothing would be superfluous.
At present, the heat is very oppressive;
our thermometers stand at a 126° above
zero in the shade. These Indians appear
to be perfectly honest. The old Chief or
Governor visited us to-day, and took din-
ner with us. He wished to know how his
subjects behaved towards us, and said that
if we caught them pilfering or misbehave-
ing, we should inform him, and that he
would punish them accordingly.

Thus do this singular and simple
people live in peace and contentment, en-
joying the fruits of their labors, in this
isolated portion of the world, and if igno-
rant of many blessings attending more en-
lightened nations, are alike unacquainted
with their vices.
[To be continued.]

The number of Divisions of Sons of T. in
Pennsylvania at the present time is 447.
In Virginia the number of Divisions is 350.
In North Carolina 135. In Tennessee 350.

Who is the Useful Man?

The three great essentials to religious
usefulness, are piety of life, constant
activity, and firm reliance in God. Very
erroneous estimates are made of the com-
parative usefulness of different individuals.
One judges that he whose lips are eloquent,
and whose feet are swift; whose hand
seems to have a species of religious ubiq-
uity, is accomplishing vast good. Perhaps
he is; perhaps he is doing more evil than
good. There may be sinuosities of life,
which destroy respect for his character;
self-seeking may be so glaring that none can
love him; or he may be one who knows
not prayerful trust in God. A defect in
either of these respects is radical. Too
much may be attributed to the usefulness
of one whose character is principally nega-
tive. He has no marked and prominent
faults, he does nothing ostentatiously nor
obtrusively, and men generally speak well
of him. If we were to inquire why they
praise him, perhaps the most they could
say would be, "He is an inoffensive and
harmless man."

We may err in judging of the usefulness
of men by the position which they occupy.
If prominent and attended with much eclat,
the multitude think that man excelling
most others in influence and usefulness. It
may be so, and it may be far otherwise.
The prominence of his position gives em-
phasis to all his acts; and if men see almost
as many follies as virtues, and as much
that is indiscreet as that is wise and true,
they may not after all, be much the better
for his influence. It may be that another
person, whom the world knoweth not, and
whose name will never be blazoned or
chronicled, is exerting an influence, silent,
deep, and permanent, that will endure and
increase through many years, and in suc-
cessive generations. He is noiselessly, but
actively and vigorously, prosecuting plans
of usefulness; and every step, and action
is accompanied with prayer. While he is
constantly looking forward, he is as con-
stantly looking upward. He moves care-
fully—thoughtfully—circumspect. What
is done by his labors, and in answer to his
prayers, is not undone by the obliquities
of his life and conversation. The harmony
of living, laboring and praying—the power
of example, works, and faith united—these
give symmetry to the Christian man, and
efficiency and success to his endeavors for
the highest usefulness.—[N. Y. Evangelist.

To the Springfield Boys.

A lady met us in the street, the other
day, a lady we delight to meet, too, (by
the way) and with a tear upon her cheek,
and sobbing as if her heart were broke,
she faintly essayed to speak, and thus
the gentle creature spoke: "Oh, Mr.
Bowles! Dear Mr. Bowles! if you have
mercy on our souls, and hold the feelings
of a man, just put in the Republican a
solemn law, a terrible law, that all those
boys who hand sleds drive, shall leave the
side walk free and clear, nor slide at all
there; will you, dear?" Nor said she
more, but raised her skirt and showed an
ugly looking hurt upon her ankle, and her
stocking was fractured awfully—fractured
shocking! The mute appeal was eloquent
as thunders from the hand of Jove, and
straightway to the work we went, and
heretby swear by all we love, that if we
catch a shaver sliding his sled along the
side walk guiding, we'll most assuredly
crack his head. So now, my youngsters,
"draw your sled." We give fair warning
at beginning, you'll be "more shinned
against than shinning."—[Springfield Re-
publican.

Great Slaughter at Atlantic Dock.—An
exciting fight, attended with great slaughter,
came off at the Atlantic Dock yesterday
morning. The workmen were clearing out
store No. 34, when on removing a lot of
old grain, a large body of rats was dis-
covered. The renowned terror Fashion
was fortunately on hand and immediately
set to work. In eleven minutes from the
commencement, one hundred and five of
the vermin lay dead before her, not, how-
ever, without having been badly bitten and
injured about the head. She never
finched while one remained. Many per-
sons assembled to view the pile of dead
bodies, and a verdict of justifiable raticide
was unanimously rendered.—[N. Y.
Tribune.

Officers Dismissed.—On Wednesday
night, Marshal Keyser stationed a large
body of his men at Richmond Philadelphia
Co., for the purpose of preserving the
peace. During his absence four of them
became intoxicated, and demeaned them-
selves in a most unofficerlike and disgraceful
manner in a tavern. These officers
were reported by their Lieutenant, the next
morning, when the Marshal at once dis-
missed them.
REMARKABLE.—Mr. William Fowler, a
much respected citizen of Neasecock town-
ship, a short distance above this place, is,
according to his own statement, 54 years
old, has 54 children and grandchildren,
and what is still more remarkable, there
has not been a single death in the family.
—[Berwick Telegraph.
It is said Col. Bigler has 100 of the del-
egates to the next Democratic Governor-
Conventions.