THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME XXIV. MONTROSE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1849. NUMBER 26.

THE REGISTER,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
James W. Chapman.

Advance payment in Cash per year,	$1 50
If paid within the year,	2 00
If not at the end of the year,	2 50

There's room enough for all.

What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is their no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men, hear wisdom then,
In friendly warning call
Your clans divide; the world is wide—
There's room enough for all!

What if the swarthy peasant find
No fields for honest labor,
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbor,
There is a land of sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving:
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living,
Oh, fellow-men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide; where those abide
There's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus tainted allies,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts
In fertile hills and valleys.
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to Independence.
Oh hasten then, from fevered den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide; in land beside
There's room enough for all!

In this fair region far away,
Will labor find employment,
A fair day's work a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment.
What need then, of this daily strife,
Where each wars with his brother?
Why need we through the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime that distant clime
Will free the pauper's thrall;
Take fortune's tide, the world so wide,
Has room enough for all!

Why is no room if one may own
The land that others toil on?
Should no day or grain be seen
Nor drones to gorge and spoil on;
But if to each the equal chance
To plough and dig be guarded,
To competence may all advance
Through honest toil rewarded,
There's room, and more than room, we're told,
And gold beyond the mountains:
Go let the land, and chance for gold,
Be free as Nature's fountains.

Doubt Not.

BY J. M. KNOWLTON.

When the day of life is dreary,
And when gloom thy course enshrouds—
When thy steps are faint and weary,
And thy spirit dark with clouds,
Steadfast still in thy well doing,
Let thy soul forget the past—
Steadfast still the right pursuing,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

Standing still and onward pressing,
Seek no future years to know,
But deserve the wished for blessing,
It shall come though it be slow;
Never tiring—upward gazing—
Let thy fears aside be cast,
And thy trials tempting—braving,
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

Keep not thou thy soul regretting,
Spite the mind—spurn evil's thrall,
Let thy path besetting,
Time—Time—triumph o'er them all;
Though earth's joy but brings thee sadness,
And thy youth be fleeting fast,
There'll be time enough for gladness—
Doubt not! joy shall come at last.

His fond eye is watching o'er thee—
His strong arm shall be thy guard—
Duty's path is straight before thee,
It shall lead to thy reward.
By thine ills thy faith made stronger,
Mould the future by the past—
Hope thou on a little longer!
Doubt not! joy will come at last!

Village Aristocracy.

In every little village where
Smoke curls around a steeple,
Is found a class who seldom care
To walk with common people.

EXCUSE FOR SMOKING.—In the reign of James I of tobacco-hating notoriety, the boys of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and indulged it night and day, using the most ingenious expedients to conceal the vice from their masters; till one luckless evening when the imps were huddled together round the fire of their dormitory, involving each other in vapors of their own creating, lo! in burst the master and stood in awful dignity before them.

"How now," quoth the dominie to the first lad; "how dare you be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to head-aches and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you! and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth," another cholic; the third a cough; in short, they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the doctor to the last boy, "what disorder do *you* smoke for?"

Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining hypocritical tone, "*Sir, I smoke for corns!*"

THE DIFFERENCE.—A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of young ladies away down east, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed, "Be done, sir! Don't insult me!" The gentleman instantly apologized, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

"No?" she replied, archly, "Well, if you didn't—you may do so again," she added, to the no small amusement of the company.

THE TWO HUSBANDS.

A Story of Thrilling Interest.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts, from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was the captain of a merchant ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful, and no less lovely in character.

After living with her in the most interrupted harmony for five years, during which two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was but three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hopes of his return. But month after month passed away, and he came not, nor did any letters, those insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found a grave beneath the weltering ocean.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions, and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was the only resource, and for ten years she labored early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on an humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and, pleased with her gentle manners and extreme beauty, endeavored to improve their acquaintance with friendship.

After some months he offered his hand, and was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries, such as she had never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away; the daughters married, and by their step father were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of house-keepers. But they had hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that time until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strangest part of the story. After an absence of thirty years, during which time no tidings had been received from him, the *first* husband returned as suddenly as he had departed.

He had changed his ship, adopted another name, and spent the whole of that long period on the ocean, with only transient visits on shore while taking in or discharging cargoes; having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family, no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation. There were strange rumors of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct, he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon his successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats, in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the husband, assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had already released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws, was so manifest that it was at length agreed by all to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was on a bright and beautiful afternooon in spring, when we met to hear the singular case.—The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the court room, and shed a halo round the long grey locks and broad forehead of the defendant; while the plaintiff's harsh features were still thrown into bolder relief by the same beam that softened the placid countenance of his adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by the touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his earthly goods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his thin finger to one of the pages, desired the referees to read it, while he retired a moment to bring in the *principal witness*.

We had scarcely finished the section which hastily decided the matter in our minds, when Burr reentered with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large straw bonnet, and a face veiled completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then raising her veil disclosed to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect as well as if it happened yesterday, how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present.—Turning to the plaintiff, Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone—

"Do you know this lady?"

Ans.—"I do."

Burr—"Will you swear to that?"

Ans.—"I will: to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter."

Burr—"Can you swear to her identity?"

Ans.—"I can."

Burr—"What is her age?"

Ans.—"She was thirty years old on the twentieth day of April."

Burr.—"When did you last see her?"

Ans.—"At her own house about a fortnight since."

Burr.—"When did you last see her previous to that meeting?"

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued—the question was repeated, and the answer at length was—

"On the fourteenth day of May, 17—."

"When she was just three weeks old," added Burr. "Gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such, I think, she is. The plaintiff's counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and who returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband's return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred, and finally, the overwhelming agony which came upon her when the last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself a widow? Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the bitterest scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch who would thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not enquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness—she who stands before us with the frank fearless brow of a true hearted woman—let us ask which of these two has been to her a father?"

Turning to the lady in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent that had just characterised his words, he sought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life. A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face as she replied:

"My first recollections are of a small ill-furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisom visit to her employer, and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She often spoke of my father, and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever.—I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our only support was a bit of dry bread; and she was accostomed to sew by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children, because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother contracted her second marriage, and the change to us was like a sudden entrance into paradise. We found a home and a father." She paused.

"Would you excite my own child against me?" cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as she spoke.

"You are not my father," exclaimed she vehemently. "What, call you my father! you who so basely left your wife to toil, and your children beggars! Never! never! Behold there my father, pointing to the agitated defendant, "there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the [illegible] my inexperienced youth. There is he who claims my affection and shares my home; there is my *father*. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties: let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare insult the ashes of my mother by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children."

She drew her veil hastily around her as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

"Gentlemen," said Burr. "I have no more to say. The words of the law are express in the book before you; the words of truth you have just heard from woman's pure lips; it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decrees of justice."

I need not say that our decision was in favor of the defendant, and the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable person who was present at the trial.

Policy for Young Ladies.

It is said there is policy in taking advantage of circumstances, and turning them to the accomplishment of those objects one wishes to secure. Policy is, therefore, necessary for those young ladies who wish to secure good husbands. But the policy which most of them pursue, is exceedingly erroneous—they seem to think that it is degrading to them to be seen in any ordinary dress about their household affairs. But this is the very condition which every young man, who is worth securing, would prefer to find them if he were seeking a wife. A foolish, simpering fop, who is more indebted to his tailor and barber for importance, than to his brains, may wish to find young ladies dressed in silk and shut up in the parlor, like dolls in a show case. But a sensible man wants a wife that knows something and can make herself useful. A judicious writer advises all young men to seek their companions for life from the class who are willing to be found in the kitchen, without making apologies for it. This is sage advice, and if young ladies were aware that those young men who are worth their seeking generally act upon it, and had rather find them at the wash tub than weeping over the "last new novel," they would not run away from their work and hide when a young man is approaching the house, as they often do. They would let him know they are worth more than mere play things—that they are not butterflies, very pretty to look upon, but if handled, perish with the touch. Nothing recommends a young lady like industry.—To understand labor and perform it well, is one of the finest qualifications. Ladies should never be ashamed of being caught at work.—*Olive Branch.*

HOW TO KEEP DRY.—Dow jr., is one of the *driest* chaps we know of. Here is one of his dry morsels, furnishing a little good advice to those who are troubled with a super-quantity of cold water. Some of our readers may think of it when caught in a rain storm:

To keep continually dry, always wear an oil cloth dress, carry a good umbrella, and practice rum drinking. The first two articles are only essential in protecting the outside, but the latter keeps the inside dry as a stovepipe. I never knew a drinker but he was eternally dry in all kinds of weather. He goes to bed dry and gets up dry, and keeps himself dry through the day. It is not to be wondered at; for how can he be otherwise than dry when he keeps the blue blaze eternally burning in his bosom, by pouring distilled destruction down his throat forever. In fact, my friends, the more he drinks, the dryer he gets. On his death bed he cries for more drink, for the last time and then goes out of the world as thirsty as if he had lived on codfish all the days of his life.

A school teacher preparing for an examination of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions, and answers to the questions, he would put to them on examination day. The day came, and so came the hopefuls all but one. The pupils took their places, as had been arranged, and all went glibly on till the question for the absentee when the teacher asked. "In whom do you believe?" The pupil who sat next the vacant seat, without noticing whose question it was, answered, "Napoleon Bonaparte." "No," exclaimed the teacher, "In whom do you believe?" "Napoleon Bonaparte." Here the teacher began to smell the rat, and hastily said, "You believe in the Holy Ghost, do you not?" "No," said the pupil, amid roars of uncontrollable laughter, "The boy that believes in the Holy Ghost hasn't come to school to-day. He's at home sick a bed."

WHY BE AFRAID?—Some quaint writer says: "I have seen some women so delicate that they were afraid to ride for fear the horse might run away—afraid to sail for fear the boat might upset—afraid to walk for fear the dew might fall—but I never saw one afraid to get married."

Newspaper Subscribers.

The following classification of newspaper subscribers we take from the Prarie Farmer, and from our own experience we can safely say that the picture is drawn as natural as life itself. First comes the

UPRIGHTS.—These are men who take newspapers, pay for them and read them. Observe the order in which these things are done: The pay comes first—the reading next. These men consider they get the worth of their money in the bargain. It seems as fair and just to them that the newspaper should be paid, as a barrel of sugar or a new coat. They never entertain any other opinion. When the year runs out, or a little before, they are on hand with the pay. There is no more difficulty with them in remembering this period than Sunday or the first of January. If one of them wishes to stop his paper, he either calls or writes a letter by his postmaster, in due season, like a man. This class is dear to the heart of the editor. Their image is embalmed in his warm affections. May they live a thousand years, and see their son's sons to the fourth generation. The second class now in mind is the

DO NOTHINGS.—This class is nearly related to the other—so near, that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other ends. These men always pay in advance in the beginning and intend to do so continually. But memory fails a little, or some mishap intervenes, and the time runs by—sometimes a little—sometimes quite a period. But their recollection, though nodding occasionally, never gets sound asleep. It pronounces the word in due time, "The printer is not paid," and forthwith their will to do well kindles into activity. Now comes the paying up—"Meant to do so before. Don't mean to let such things pass by." A publisher can live with such men. They have a warm place in his memory—only a little back of the Uprights. If such a man dies in arrears his wife or son remembers that part of the benefit was theirs, and estate or no estate, see that the printer's bill are not among their father's unsettled accounts. Next comes the

EASY DOZES.—These men believe in newspapers. They have settled it in their own minds that a newspaper is a good thing. They take them too. Sometimes at the first they pay up for the first year—at any rate they meant to, pretty soon. If they have done so, they sit down with the comforting conviction that their newspaper is now settled for, and thinking [illegible] their heads refuse obstinately to be dislodged, but keeps its hold from year to year—a truth once—no illusion, gray and rheumatic with years. The editor making the elongated and elongating space in the accounts current of their dollars, begins to ask if they are dead or gone to California. Now he begins to poke bills at them. They suddenly start up to the reality that they are in arrears; and like men as they are, at the bottom, they pay up. They never dispute his bills—they know books tell better stories than moss-covered memories. If the publisher has faith enough or a long purse, and can live a hibernating year, he may survive them. But if he is a mortal, only, woe to him. The next class is that of the

DOWN HILLERS.—Here we begin to slide over to the other side. The picture suddenly gets sombre. We shall despatch the down hillers suddenly. One of these may take a paper because his wife wants one or his children are zealous to read it—or a neighbor persuades him. When it begins to come he dismisses all thoughts about it further. If the editor sends a man directly to him at the end of two or three years, he may get some pay for his paper, but with growls and surly looks. He never pays any debt, if he can get red of it, and a news paper least of all. Still he hates law suits and constables and all that. A dun has the same effect on him that a bullet does, on a hippopotamus—glancing from his hide, or sinking into the blubber harmless. He is always sliding down till he soon merges into another class that of

THE NIX CUM ROUSE.—No matter how the man began his subscription, he never pays for it—not he "He don't like that sort of a paper. It don't give no news. He never did like it. He didn't want it in the first place, and told the postmaster so. He sent back one more than a year ago—besides he never began to take it till a long time after it came, and he hadn't had only two or three of them at any rate, and those he hadn't read. Wipe him off. Here comes the

SCORE GRACE.—It is enough to say of him that he never fails to have a newspaper—two or three of them. When he thinks they have come about long enough for the publisher to want pay, he sends back with "stop it." Or he takes up his quarters and leaves for parts unknown. He does not want to pay, and he don't mean to. Get it if you can. Enough for him.

☞ Reader! to which class do you belong?

"Nothing but a Printer anyhow!"

Some person having uttered this sneering expression within hearing of the editor of the Cincinnati Times, he indignantly replies as follows, in defence of the profession he follows in pride:

"Nobody but a printer," forsooth!—it makes our free blood run rampant through our veins to hear such expressions from the lips of those nursed on republican soil.

And has labor become disgraceful? Is the name of a Printer a reproach in the land? We can not believe it. Whoever gains a livelihood by toil, is a nobleman. Let those who scorn the laborer look back to their grand fathers, and they will see noblemen after the mark of God's own hand—men who stood and sung among the waving corn—men who wore their human nature like a crown!

"Nobody but a Printer, anyhow!" And who were Wm. Caxton, the Stephens', Mablas', and other fathers of modern literature? Nothing but printers! What have Earl Stanhope and other rich men followed as the noblest of amusements?—Printing! What were Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, and Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher and statesmen? Once, printer's-devils! Who are Ex-Gov. Armstrong, of Mass., Hill, of N. H., and Anthony, of R. I., but printers? Samuel Woodworth, James Otis Rockwell, N. P. Willis, and a host of other poets, were also printers! Senators Dix, Cameron, and Niles, and scores of Members of the other House of Congress, can boast they too are printers! And those persons who exert such great influence on the nation—Prof. Morse, Wm. W. Seaton, many Preachers, Horace Greeley, George P. Morris, Edwin Forrest, Jas. Harper, Robert Sears, Dr. Francis, and many not less conspicuous names—who are they? "Nothing but printers, anyhow!"

Let the mistaken souls of our land scorn those who honestly work out the penal condition prescribed by the Creator, and if justice is not gone for ever, they will blister their hands with manual labor. We have seen justice even in our day.

A WHIG DOLLAR BILL.—A dollar bill accidentally fell into our hands the other day (fact reader, don't stare so! nor chuckle ye creditors of the printer, for it's gone,) bearing the following prophetic inscription:

"Success to TAYLOR & FILLMORE! the people's candidate, the favorites of all true citizens! Their triumph is certain! On, then, to victory, friends of Old Zack!

A Noble Act.

Lieutenant Beall, U. S. Navy, is already well known to the country, having particularly distinguished himself, on several different occasions, as a bearer of important despatches to and from California, both through the heart of Mexico during the war, and across the prairies and Rocky Mountains, forcing his way, with equal spirit, through civilized and savage enemies. As a gallant naval officer and intrepid traveller, with the courage to face and the energy to overcome every difficulty and peril, we can well believe he has no superior; but we have recently heard an anecdote told of him, being the account of a circumstance which happened on the last journey to California, from which he has only so lately returned, which, while it illustrates the dangers of the road, proves that there is another quality in him higher than mere resolution and bravery,—a humane and generous disposition, which gives to those virtues the character of heroism.

It was, we believe, in the Gila country, that Lieut. Beall, having encamped his party, and placed it in safety, went out hunting. He set out alone, on a favorite saddle mare, which was generally kept up or spared for such occasions. About six miles from the camp, he had the good fortune to kill a deer; and he was on the ground dressing the carcass, when, on looking up, he suddenly beheld a troop of mounted Apaches, who, had discovered him, and were dashing furiously towards him. They had, doubtless, heard the report or seen the smoke of his rifle, and so were on him before he was aware; but he knew very well that to be overtaken by them, a single white man among those hills which they called their own, was certain death; and, accordingly, leaving his quarry and mounting in hot haste, he relied upon the mettle of his mare, which he put to her full speed, to carry him back in safety to the camp. Away darted the young lieutenant, and on rushed the savages, thundering and yelling in the certain assurance of their prey. But confident as they were, the fugitive was quite as well satisfied of his ability to escape; although their horses were fresher than the mare, and it was pretty certain they were gaining slightly upon her, and would give her a severe contest before reaching the camp.

Thus assured of his safety, but not relaxing his speed, Lieutenant B. had recovered half his distance from the camp, when dashing over the crest of a hill, he was horrified at the sight of one of his own men, on foot, climing the hill, and in, fact following in his trail to attack him in the [illegible]. The sight of the lieutenant flying down the hill at such a furious rate was doubtless, enough; perhaps the poor fellow could hear the whoops of the Indians ascending the hill from the opposite side; at all events, he understood his fate, and spreading his arms before the horse's head, he cried out, with the accents of despair, "Oh, Mr. Beall, save me! I am a husband and the father of six helpless children." Never was prayer more quickly heard, or more heroically answered.

The lieutenant though riding for his own life, immediately stopped his mare, dismounted, and giving her to the man, said, "You *shall* be saved. Ride back to the camp, and send them out to give my body a decent burial!" And so they parted,—the footman to escape, the officer, as he supposed, to be slain; for the hill was utterly bare, without a single hiding place, and thought of nothing but selling his life as dearly as possible. For this purpose, he drew his revolver, and sitting on the ground, waited for the savages; who in a moment came rushing over the brow of the hill, and then, to the unspeakable amazement of Lieut. Beall, rushed past him down the descent like madmen, not a soul of them paying the least regard to him, not a soul, in fact, seeing him. They saw, in reality, nothing but the horse and the horseman they had been pursuing for three miles; they knew nothing of a footman; and perhaps the sitting figure of the Lieutenant appeared, to eyes only bent on one attractive object, as a stone or huge cactus such as abound on those sterile hills.

At all events, Lieutenant Beall, by what seemed to be almost a direct Providential interposition in his behalf, remained wholly undiscovered; and in a moment more the Apaches were out of sight, still pursuing the horse and his rider to the camp. The latter barely succeeded in escaping with his life, the Indians having overhauled him so closely just as he reached the camp, as to be able to inflict one or two slight wounds upon him with bullets, or perhaps with arrows. As for Lieutenant Beall, he was not slow to take advantage of his good fortune; and selecting a round-about course, he succeeded in reaching the camp just about the time the poor fellow whom he had saved, and the other members of the party, were about sallying out to obey his last request, and give his body decent burial.

Upon such an act as this it were superfluous to comment. It is an act, however, which deserves to live in men's recollections like the story of a great battle and victory.—*U. S. Gazette.*

IN OLDEN TIMES, when the best of men were apt to indulge in convivialities, without fear of greatly shaking the then moral sense of the community, two old codgers, whom we shall designate by the uncommon names of Smith and Jones, spent an evening abroad in a very happy manner. Jones became very much "elevated" by the excess of indulgence—so much so that he was incapable of self-volition. Smith, though himself somewhat excited, undertook the graceful task of conducting his partner in joy to his residence. This, with much difficulty, from the *crookedness* of the streets and up-and-downess of the sidewalks, he accomplished. Jones grasped the handle of his own door, and oscillating to and fro, with a look of comical gravity, hiccoughed out—"*Well, Mr. Smith, I guess you can go alone now: you wont need any more of my assistance.*"

Supplementary to the above, we would add another which we have either heard or read. Another devotee of Bacchus being absent from home rather later in the day than suited the sovereign will and pleasure of his "*spare-rib*," she devolved the task of announcing the arrival of the delinquent spouse, upon her eldest boy. Very soon the little urchin ran into the house, exclaiming—"*Marm, here comes daddy,* LEADING HOME TWO MEN."—*Yankee Blade.*

AN EXAMPLE.—President Taylor, since his arrival at Washington, has visited Georgetown, and exchanged salutations with some of its principal citizens.

Georgetown is famous for its good wines, and several attempts were made to persuade the General to taste a glass, but he declined, and finally said: "Gentlemen, I will drink to your health in water, most cordially; but I must positively be excused from using wine, as it is not my custom—you can do as you please."

TAKING PAPERS.—"What paper do you take?" asked one loafer of another.

"Why," replied the other, "I take every one I can lay my hands upon."

The world produces too many such newspaper takers.

A friend of ours says he always looks under the marriage head for the news of the week. Ladies he's an old bach!

Lawyer and Witness.

There is a noted criminal lawyer—and by the term we mean a lawyer in a criminal court—we remember, who in almost every case that comes under his charge, puts the following question to witnesses at the closing of his cross-examination: "Hem! Witness—*were you ever in the State Prison?*"

Of course the almost invariable reply, amid the astonishment of the embarrassed witness is "No, sir."

"You can stop down," continues the lawyer without a syllable of explanation, and the witness stares at the witness as he moves away, while the counsel pauses, and utters an expressive "*whew*"—as much as to say, "Gentlemen of the jury, you can judge of *this* fellow's character for veracity; I say nothing—I don't—I couldn't prove it readily; you may believe as much as you like!"

Occasionally, however, the learned counsel alluded to, meets with his match. Not long ago he ran foul of a "notty customer," whom he sifted thoroughly to the end of his customary chapter, and to whom he put his final stereotype question—"Ahem! were you ever in the State Prison?" when, to the attorney's evident surprise, the witness replied in a low tone, "Yes, Sir!"

"Ah! I thought so," continued the counsel, "I thought so. Gentlemen, you will please give your attention to the witness. You have been in the state Prison, then?"

"Yes, sir," continued the other meekly.

"And how long since?"

"About two years, sir."

"Two years ago, gentlemen—you will please bear in mind—this witness, now by his voluntary confession, admits he was in State Prison. His memory, as I have already taken pains to impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is most extraordinary, and you can place as much confidence as you think proper in a man's testimony who has been an inmate of the State Prison. How long were you there witness?"

"About an hour, sir."

"Eh? A *hem!* How long?"

"I was there, sir, about an hour, on a visit of curiosity to examine the prison, and I very well remember seeing *you* there, at the time, and *had look you to be a convict!*"

"A-hem—*you can step down, sir!*" said the discomfitted attorney, and though the above uncourteous reply might almost have been construed into a contempt of Court, yet in this case, a smile pervaded the faces of Judge and Jury, and the witness "respectfully retired!"

There is a disposition to worry and hamper witnesses, altogether too common among the legal fraternity, and it is high time that this evil should be abolished. The cause of justice and equity requires this.

Excessive Politeness.

Rowland Hill, (a celebrated English preacher,) was always annoyed when there happened to be any noise in the chapel, or when any thing occurred to divert the attention of his hearers from what he was saying. On one occasion, a few days before his death he was preaching to one of the most crowded congregations that ever assembled to hear him. In the middle of his discourse he observed a commotion in the gallery. For some time he took no notice of it, but finding it increasing, he paused in his sermon, and looking in the direction in which the confusion prevailed, he exclaimed

"What's the matter there? the devil seems to have got among you."

A plain, country looking man, immediately started to his feet, and addressing Mr. Hill in reply, said:

"No sir, it arn't the devil as is doing it—but a fat lady wot's fainted; and she's a werry fat one, sir, and don't seem likely to come to in a hurry."

"Oh, that's it is it?" observed Mr. Hill, drawing his hand across his chin; "then I beg the lady's pardon—and the devil's too."

An exchange paper says: "We learn that during the last year five hundred and forty young ladies fainted away on various occasions. More than two hundred of them fell into the arms of young gentlemen; forty were caught by their aunts and grandmothers; and only one had the misfortune to fall on the floor. She however, picked out a soft place to fall upon, and was providentially received by an ottoman."

☞ A newly married couple went to housekeeping not long since in Boston, in Poplar street. At breakfast, the next morning after their entrance, the gentleman said to the lady, "My dear, this is Poplar street, and by putting a (you) in it, it becomes *popular.*"

"And by putting *us* in it," promptly replied the lady, "it will become *populous.*"

A western editor gives the following as the approved method of killing fleas in those parts:—

"Place the animal on a pine board, and edge him in with putty; then read him an account of all the railroad and steamboat accidents which have happened in the last twelve months; when he becomes so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death."

☞ George the Second, at a masquerade, observed a lady whose dress displayed rather a large portion of her shoulders and chest. "Madame," said the Monarch, "allow me to place my hand upon that soft bosom!" "Sire," replied the lady, "give me your hand, and I will place it upon a much softer place." She took his hand and laid it on—*his forehead.*

TWO OF THE SAME SORT.—A learned Clergyman of Maine was once accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education. "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?"

"Yes sir," was the reply.

"I am thankful," replied the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth without any learning."

"A *similar* event," replied the latter, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence in the present day."

General Fessenden of Me., once doubted whether a little boy, who was offered as a witness, understood the nature and obligations of an oath, and proposed to examine him on that point. "My boy, *can you repeat the Lord's Prayer?*" "Yes sir," was the instant reply, "*can you?*"

TOMMY FLYNN ON THE WEATHER.—"Yesterday was a shocking cold day. By Mr. Jones's [illegible] son's *thermometer* it was forty degrees of [illegible] *sence!* He says there hain't been the like of it thirty years, and he's kept a diarhoea of the weather for that air time."

☞ A village Postmaster, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. "Yes sir." "Well, what is it?" "I know it very well by sight, but awakes me I can remember its name."

NOTE OF OUR RELATIONS.—"Mother, who is *Aunt Alice* that they have found dead upstairs?" "I don't know—some old maid—none of our relations, that's certain."