THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

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For the Register.

The Flowing Bowl.

O give me a bowl of good old wine,
Pressed from the fruit of the fragrant vine;
It warms the heart, it gladdens the soul,
There's nothing so good as the flowing bowl—
Crowned with the juice of the fruit the while,
That blooms in lone Madeira's Isle.

Lovers of wealth may seek for the gold
Which California's mines enfold;
Aye, cross o'er the boundless surging main,
And there toil and drudge for filthy gain—
May lay up their stores of wealth untold;
Yet, still their hearts are seared and cold—
While mine is as free as the waves that roll,
Warmed by the wine from the flowing bowl.

They may have their gold, but I am content,
If I am not worth the first *red* cent—
Only a fip *pass'd* me, that is mine,
To buy me a glass of rosy wine.

Ye lovers of fame to war may go
And seek for death amid the foe—
Rush 'mid the battle's fiercest shock, [rock;
Till the air grows thick and the mountains
Where the living men regardless tread,
On the torn breasts of the piled up dead;
But as for me, "the wished for goal"
Is wine to quaff from the flowing bowl.

DEBAUCHEE.

Montrose, August, 1849.

For the Susquehanna Register.

MR. EDITOR:—I do not anticipate that the origin of any great revolution [illegible] traced to my humble self; still, as in our country every person is entitled to a hearing [illegible] rious topics of interest, to the "sovereign People," it may not be improper through the medium of your excellent paper, to offer a few remarks upon the system of common school education as established in our own state. It can hardly be admitted that the majority of community, deeply interested as they are in the success of this institution, can be fully aware of the fact, that our common school law is totally defective in detail, if not in principle, and of course falls far short of fulfilling the desired and designed end. True, some of its provisions may be wholesome and salutary, and probably the whole was designed to be, but it is with this as it is with everything else—

"One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest."

Now it is very easy to venture the prediction, that until those most interested in having good schools, (I mean parents) examine this matter attentively, all the exertion put forth by others will be unavailing, and no change for the *better* will be wrought. It is a fact, that but few persons who engage as teachers at the present day dare hope to acquit themselves honorably of their charge; or to draw forth the eulogium of being passable teachers, and very many thus presumptuous, find in the end that hopes are all fleeting shadows.

The question is often asked; why do we not have good schools? and it is very often gravely remarked by those who see nothing but degeneracy in the present generation, that "we don't have such school teachers as we used to have." Now however true this may be in the abstract, it may quite easily be shown that we should have such teachers, and a plenty of them too, if our school law was what it ouget to be, and parents would do their duty. Look for instance to the provisions made for the hiring and paying of teachers, and tell me, could it have been conceived in more consummate folly? The whole matter till quite recently (not much better now) was vested in the hands of irresponsible "Directors," empowered to make all the contracts for teachers, regulate the price per month, making it uniform throughout the whole township, thus arrogating the right, not only of the teacher to set his own price upon his labor; but also of the proprietors to employ such a teacher, and at what rate they might choose. In this case, the experienced and qualified teacher is placed not in competition with the inexperienced and unqualified, but on a level with them, and from these very circumstances he sees no inducement to put forth more than ordinary exertion, being assured in the first instance, that they receive the same pecuniary reward as himself, and in the second instance, that he can hardly fail to receive his full measure of curses, and that theirs can be no more than full. But the proprietors are also disaffected as well as the teacher. They can see no tangible reason why they should be deprived of the right of negotiating with, and for a teacher as they please. This disaffection very readily communicates to the scholars, and hence every imperfection in the teacher whether imaginary or real, however trivial it may be, is magnified by them and readily reported to the parents, who oftentimes without listening to the voice of reason, being dissatisfied that the teacher is accountable to the directors, and not to them; strengthen the hands of the children in their opposition to the teacher, and the consequences may be readily forseen—the teacher leaves his charge sick at heart, and fully resolved never to teach again.

These are very few of the consequences arising from a defective system of education, and does it not become the imperative duty of every person, especially parents, to examine this matter carefully, as containing in its elements the first and brightest hopes of American citizens? A.

☞ "There is a time for all things," said a crusty old fellow to his wife. I'll believe that, answered his wife, in a sharp, vinegar voice, "when you pay for your newspaper." Hit him again old woman—we'll stand by you.

For the Susquehanna Register.

A FRAGMENT.

From "mountain Scenes," an unpublished Work.

BY ATHERTON PERRY.

* * * * There is an unspeakable poetry about mountains. There is a cabalistical lore coming down from the olden time, retained as it were by the mountain spright, in the hidden recess, in the deep dark glen, in the fitful shadow as it hovers about the dark evergreen on the distant height.—It is whispered of by the winds as they go sighing through the tall trees; the rivulet dancing down the mountain gorge, babbles forth the fairy tale;—they are songs of the mountain,—they are teachings to the heart of the past,—they adumbrate the dim regions of the future.

O ye watch-towers of nations! ye monuments built of the Eternal architect! the glorious sun gildeth your time worn crests,—the waters of old ocean surge ceaseless at your feet. But still you stand, impervious, unmoved, solemn and sublime forever.

A thousand limpid rills gush up from your inmost bosoms, and wander far away to gladden the hearts of men. Methinks I see the shepherd and his flocks, on the mountains: a thousand flocks on a thousand hills;—so many dots in the distance, but mingling they form a fleecy cloud to wander up and down the mountain side. 'Tis a scene of beauty for the eye—'tis enchantment to the soul!

* * * * * *

In the dark night, the cottage in the valley below hears the sublime roar, like ocean, on the mountain—he knows that the storm-fiends are battling—he thinks of the dreary mountain—he draws his seat to the fire, and tells the little ones at his knee, a sad, melancholy tale. 'Tis a sombre page in the mountain-history!

But the morrow's dawn!—the mountain-top glistens in the early sunbeam, the dense mass of va[illegible] ling crag, disperses and vanishes—the phantoms of [illegible] flocks begin again, to wind up the mountain side, and the shepherd's song is heard—the dismal tale was told last night, 'twas in the drear night-storm—the tale is now forgotten—'tis the enchanting morn. Thus, O mountain, the frowns and smiles in thine aspect are symbolical of the tone of feelings in man. The mountain storm—the black impending cloud hanging around the towering cliff—the wild howling tornado that rideth the mountain's back!—'tis the dark poetry of gloom and awe, to the heart of man.

But there is the balmy zephyr, at the stilly noon day, the light amber clouds floating on the fringed horizon; the soft and dreamy sunlight—the varying cadence of a shepherd's pipe, the outpoured melody of woodland minstrelsy, the murmuring of the embosomed fountain,—'tis this, the soft enchanting euphony, that steals upon the senses, and draws the heart captive up into the mountain—into the mystic shadows of the ancient mountains.

* * * The Mortal slumbereth, and the sprights keep watch—they whisper dreamy tales in his ear; in his slumber he wandereth to flowery elf-lands—a gleam of sunshine is on the care-worn cheek of the sleeper.

PICKPOCKET TRAPPED.—Mr. Simeon Price an elderly and very respectable gentlemen from one of the interior Counties of this State arrived in town a short time since, and had his pocket picked at the Post Office door. His loss was not very great—for the wallet purloined contained nothing but a ragged, shinplaster representative of $2; but Mr. Price being an ingenious man and somewhat fond of a practical joke, resolved to have some satisfaction for the impudent invasion of his coat tail pocket. In pursuance of his plan, he went to a hardware store and purchased a rat-trap, with a good sharp double row of teeth; this instrument being properly arranged for active service, was placed in the capacious rear pocket of his brown coat—and then with much artlessness of manner Mr. Price took his position at the Post Office window, among the crowd which is almost constantly assembling on the spot.

Mr. Price is an old sportsman, and has a keen relish for all sorts of hunting and trapping. He had caught many a fox, rabbit, squirrel, weasel, skunk, &c., in is time, but the game now in prospect had something of novelty, which tickled his fancy exceedingly. After he had waited with that keen expectation which sportsmen only can appreciate, for about ten minutes, a snap was heard, as a sailor might say, "under his quarter," and the exclamation, "*Ouch!*" in a tone expressive of surprise and distress, immediately followed.

On turning around, Mr. Price observed a well dressed young man, with fine auburn whiskers, holding up his hand—on two fingers of which the rat trap maintained an uneasy grip. "I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Price, "my rat trap, I believe." At the same time he disengaged the machine, and replaced it in his pocket.

As soon as the spectators understood the joke, a loud laugh was raised at the expense of the operator, whose nimble fingers were rather badly lacerated, and bled profusely. Mr. Price was quite well satisfied with the result, but a police officer who happened to be close by, arrested the knight of the bloody hand, and produced him at the customary hour of audience. Mr. Price not appearing to prosecute, the transgressor, with his offending digits still muffled up was discharged.

After this affair, we guess elderly gentlemen, with remarkably big pockets, may visit the Post Office and other public places, with more security, especially if they placard their coat tails with, "Beware of rat traps!"

PRETTY GOOD.—A Judge was reprimanding an attorney for bringing several *small* suits into court, and remarked that it would have been much better for all parties had he persuaded his clients to leave their causes to the arbitration of two or three honest men. "Please your honor," retorted the lawyer, "we did not choose to trouble *honest* men with them."

The Philadelphia Galaxy says, an artist in that city painted a cow and a cabbage so natural, that he was obliged to separate them before they were finished, because the cow commenced eating the cabbage.

MATRIMONIAL.—"My dear said an affectionate spouse to her husband, am I not your only treasure?" "O yes," was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven." What an insinuating wretch.

From Chamber's Edinburg Journal.

An Affair of Honor.

I am reminded by a recent article in the Journal, of the single combats which in former times were wont to defile the green turf of my native island. Of course I need not name that island; the two simple ideas of "fighting" and "green," will infallibly suggest to the least logical intellect in Great Britian, a compound one representing the locality intended. But altough the progress of civilzation in my country has, through many painful causes, been wofully retarded, yet there is some comfort in reflecting that the enormity of duelling, may be classed among the things that "have been, and are not." I will, however, for the amusement of my readers, relate the history of an affair of honor which took place in a district of Munster, some sixty or seventy years ago.

Albeit, a wild locality, so far as the natural features of the landscape were concerned, yet the vicinity of Barnagore, as, for the double reason of concealment and euphony, I shall call it, was a tolerably peaceable place, viewed with respect to its inhabitants. Barring the occasional beating of a tithe-protector, or ducking of a sheriff's officer, the country for miles around the village which gave it a name, was free singularly from agrarian outrage. The land was divided into moderately sized estates, each supporting the hospitable mansion of a country gentleman, with his good-natured wife and their handsome, frolicking progeny. During a long series of years various intermarriages had taken place between the several families; so that, at the time I write of, there was scarcely an individual of note in the country, who would not claim cousinship with each and every one of his neighbors.—One gentleman there was, however, who was wholly unconnected with the magnates of the district. He was a Mr. Fooks, a rich old bachelor, residing in a very pretty cottage close to the boundary hedge of a large estate which had lain for some time unoccupied. The dwelling of Mr. Fooks stood in the midst of a beautifully cultivated pleasure ground, a wilderness of sweets, where the emerald turf of the lawn was soft, and rich, and smiling, as though it lay in the heart of England's sunny Hampshire. A kind man was Mr. Fooks; beloved by the squires, with whom he never quarreled, when, in the heat of the chase, following the hounds in full cry after Reynard [illegible] standing his uniform desertion of the dining room after the first magnum of claret had gone its rounds fellowship, which would not have been easily pardoned in any one else; but Mr. Fooks was a privileged man, and, as the ladies were wont to remark, "it was really a comfort to feel sure of having *one* gentleman steady on his legs in the drawing room, so that one might venture to give him a cup of coffee without the chance of having half of it spilled on one's best satin."

With the young people he was an especial favorite. No better partner in "Sir Roger de Coverly," or merrier opponent in the game of "matrimony," could be found in the entire country; while his skill in making "hurleys" for the boys, and carving wodden babies for the girls, secured for him a wide-spread popularity among the rising generation. By common consent, he was known in the neighborhood as "holy Fooks;" and this epithet was bestowed, not in ridicule, but as a sincere acknowledgment of his singularly blameless and useful life. Perhaps it also meant to commemorate a peculiarity in his character—he was never known to fight. From the tithe-protector, whom he hospitably entertained and regularly paid—an unprecedented line of conduct, which caused that much enduring man to exclaim, "Sure Barnagore would be a heaven upon earth, if every man in it were like Holy Fooks"—from the tithe-protector down to the urchins whom he often caught snaring hares or cutting sticks in his woods, he never abused or quarreled with any one. Yet Holy Fooks was no coward; *that* the poor widow at the mill would readily testify to, whose little fair haired boy he saved from drowning by jumping into the mill pond at the imminent risk of his life. And when Tom Maloney's house was burned, who but Holy Fooks could be found to tread the falling floor; and with one hand cling to the blackened rafters, with the other to seize in succession three children, and hand them safely to those outside? Mr. Fooks was, in short, that, I grieve to say, anomalous character in Ireland—*a brave good man who would not fight.*

The estate which bounded his, had lain, I have said, for some time unoccupied; but at length a tenant for it appeared in the person of a professed duellist from Tipperary, who, having made that fiery locality too hot to hold him, and possessing as much money as impudence, resolved to settle at Barnagore, and break fresh ground among its peaceful inhabitants. Tom Magennis, for such was his name, had not been long settled in his new residence ere he managed to establish several "very pretty quarrels with his neighbors. He was an unerring shot, seldom failing to kill his man at any number of paces, as the infamous fighting Fitzgerald. He challenged one young gentleman, for accidentally touching his cap with his whip as they were leaping together across a stream following the hounds. A reconciliation was rejected by the scornful bully: they met; and an hour afterwards a fine lad, the hope of his house, was carried home a lifeless corpse.

The neighboring gentlemen tried to send Magennis to "Coventry," but it would not do; he was a man of good family, and tried to maintain his position in society literally at the point of his sword. Every one wished him away, but who was to "bell the cat."

It happened that a small field belonging to Mr. Fooks lay next to the upper corner of Magennis' lawn, to which the latter wished to have it annexed—he accordingly wrote a letter, couched in very high and mighty style, requiring his pacific neighbor to sell the piece of ground in question. A polite reply in the negative was returned; and Magennis, boiling with rage at having his will opposed, hastened to seek an interview with Mr. Fooks.—He found that gentleman seated in his pleasant parlor surrounded by his books; and after the first salutations were passed, Magennis began abruptly—

"Mr. Fooks, am I to understand from your letter that you refuse to let me have the lawn field?"

"Certainly, sir, I have no intention whatever of parting with it."

"But I tell you I want it, and have it I will."

"I should be sorry," said Mr. Fooks mildly, "to disoblige a neighbor; but I am sure Mr. Magennis will see the impropriety of pressing the matter farther, when I repeat that I am determined not to sell the field."

"You won't sell it?"

"No sir."

"Then," said Magennis, with a fearful imprecation, "if you don't give me the field you shall give me satisfaction; and maybe I'll find your 'heirs, executors, administrators and assigns' easier to deal with than yourself."

A quiet smile passed over the countenance of Fooks.

"Do you mean, Mr. Magennis, that you wish me to fight a duel?"

"Certainly; name your friend, and I'll send mine to meet him."

"I am not much versed in such matters," said Fooks; "but I believe the challenged party have a right to select the weapons and the place of meeting?"

"Oh, certainly, nothing can be fairer. Choose what you like, my boy; the sooner the better."—And the bully rubbed his hands with delight at the prospect of slaying another man.

"Then," said Mr. Fooks, "I wish to dispense entirely with seconds, to fight on horseback, and to arrange that each of us come armed with whatever he choose. Let the place of meeting be the wide common between the school-house and the mill; the time 12 o'clock to-morrow; and let him who is first driven off the field be declared vanquished."

"Queer arrangement as I ever heard," said Magennis. "Why, my good fellow, don't you know that if I come armed with a long sword, and mounted on my hunter Highflyer, I'll ride you down, and split you like a lark before you can say Jack Robinson? However, that's your look out, not mine; so of course I agree to what you propose, and have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

He then walked away, marvelling much at the coolness of his antagonist, and thinking what fun he would have on the morrow. Every one he met was told of the jest, and invited to witness the combat. Great was the consternation caused by the news throughout Barnagore.

"To think," said Mr. Penrose, one of the chief landed proprietors, "that our Holy Fooks, who would not willingly offend a worm, is to be slaughtered by this scoundrel; it must not be, I'll go to him, and offer to fight him in his stead."

Accordingly, he repaired to the dwelling of Mr. Fooks, and found that gentleman as tranquilly occupied with his books as when he was visited by Magennis in the morning.

"A bad business this, Fooks," said Mr. Penrose; "a very bad business. Why, man, rather than you should meet Magennis, I'll fight the rascal myself."

"Thank you, my friend," replied Fooks; "I feel most grateful for your kindness; but since Mr. Magennis has chosen to take causeless offence, I have resolved to give him the meeting he desires. Perhaps," he added, smiling, "the result may be different from what you anticipate."

"Oh, my dear Fooks," said his friend, "don't, I beseech you, build on *that.* The fellow is a regular assassin, and if he had his deserts, would long [illegible] friends on the ground to see fair play, and have satisfaction [illegible] equivocal piece of consolation, and a hearty shake of the hand, Mr. Penrose took leave of his friend, who, during the remainder of the day stayed within doors, and declined seeing any visitors. On the following morning a large concourse of people, including indeed, nearly every inhabitant of the parish, assembled on the common to see the approaching combat. Long and loud were the lamentations of the poorer people, who had experienced much kindness from Mr. Fooks, at the fate that awaited him; while the deepened tones and darkened looks of the gentlemen testified their sympathy with him, and their abhorrence of his antagonist. Precisely at 12 o'clock, Magennis appeared on the field, mounted on a splendid blood horse: a dagger was stuck in his belt, and he brandished an enormous two-edged sword in his hand. He cast a scornful glance around, and not seeing his antagonist, exclaimed, without addressing any one in particular, "I thought the cowardly fool would be afraid to meet me; but if he sneaks away, perhaps one of his friends, (with a sarcastic emphasis,) will take his place."

"Here he comes himself!" cried a boy, throwing up his hat, and a general cheer announced the approach of Holy Fooks.

He advanced rapidly, mounted on a Kerry pony of so diminutive a size, that it's rider's feet were raised but a little above the ground. He was completely enveloped in an ample crimson dressing gown, which waved and flaunted in the breeze after a singular fashion. In his right hand he bore something which had the appearance of a long lance; but which having both extremities covered by the extended folds of the dressing gown, was not seen clearly. With his left hand he shook the bridle, and urged his tiny steed towards the spot where the astonished Magennis was standing. Whatever the latter gentleman may have thought of Mr. Fook's costume his mettled horse seemed to have formed his own private opinion on the subject; for no sooner did the gaudy dressing gown flaunt beneath his eyes than he started, shied, and began to prance, in a manner which caused his rider to exclaim, with an expletive too forcible for transcription. "What is the meaning of this buffoonery? Come on man, and meet me *like* a man."

"Always happy to oblige a friend," said Mr. Fooks; suddenly throwing back the offensive garment he raised his weapon and shook it full in the face of his adversary. It was a long slender pole, having at one end a distended bladder, containing some dried peas. A fearful thing it looked in the eyes of Highflyer; and so appalling to his ears was the rattling noise it made that despite the furious efforts of his master, he fairly bolted, turned tail and galloped full speed across the common. After him rode Fooks, shaking his rattle and shouting, "come back, Mr Magennis! come back! 'tis a shame for you man to be afraid of a dressing gown and a child's rattle!"

But faster and faster flew the affrighted horse bearing his enraged master beyond the sound of the inextinguishable laughter which hailed his defeat, and the bloodless triumph of Holy Fooks. The bully had not courage to return to the country and brave the merciless ridicule that awaited him.—He disposed of his property and retired to England where he was compelled to live in peace as his neighbors soon learned to appreciate him and declined to indulge his propensity for fighting. Yet the few persons who did associate with Mr. Magennis, were often puzzled to account for the transport of rage which possessed him whenever the slightest allusion was made in his presence to dried peas, Kerry ponies or crimson dressing-gowns.

FRANKLIN'S POSTOFFICE LEDGER.—Mr. Cist, at Cincinnati, recently visited Washington, and of course all ancient and curious things were looked up.—He says:

I was shown by the chief clerk in the interior department of the Post Office, the first Ledger opened by the Udited States, during the administration of Dr. Franklin the first Post Master General in the service. It is a blank book of some three or four quires, very little superior to an every day blotter of the present age, but sufficient to hold all the post office accounts, three or four years from the establishment of the office in June 16, 1775. I observe Dr. Franklin charges himself with one year's salary from that date—$1000. It serves to give a forcible impression of the progress of this department since, that all the entries are made in his own writing, while at this time there are over one hundred and twenty persons employed in various capacities in this department.

☞ "I think," said an old toper, commentin upon the habits of a young man, who was fast making a beast of himself, "when a man reaches a certain pint in drinkin' he ort to stop."

"well, I think," said old beeswax, dryly, "he ort to stop before he reaches a *pint.*"

Letter from Major Jack Downing.

HEAD OF SALT RIVER, July 18, 1849.

Dear Mr. Ritchie: I can't keep from writing to you no longer. I must say we are getting most out of patience up here in this Salt river territory; and beginning to feel a good deal disappointed to think General Taylor is holding on to the Presidency so long. I was in hopes after you concluded to stay down there to Washington and fight the battle out, that you would routed him out by this time, and gin our party a chance to come back again. Not that I've got any thing agin Gineral Taylor; and I don't say but what he's a clever sort of a man enough, and fout well in Mexico; and I don't know but he and the folks round him is carrying on the Government all smooth and regular. But all that's nothin to the pint. The whole nub of the argument is they've got our places, and we want 'em. This Salt river country is a tiresome place to stray in. And we've been awaitin here now a number of months, hoping you would upset the whole apple-cart of the Administration and give us all a fair chance so pick up the fruit. But we've been disappinted. I don't see as you are any nearer getting Gineral Taylor out of office than you was three months ago. We've had a number of meetings up here about it and talked the matter over, and some of our friends are quite put out with you about it, and fling out about your being old, and lost your spunk, and don't fight with the grit you used to.

I took your part strong, and told 'em 'twas no sich a thing; if you was older than you used to be, you was tuff as a pitch-nott yet, and had as much grit in you as ever, and only wanted rousin to make you fight like a tiger. They finally agreed if I would write to you and stir you up, so as to make you come down upon the administration hot and heavy, as though you ment to do something, they'd be patient a little longer. But if not, they'd kick the "Union" over and take up another *organ* for the party. I asked 'em how they thought they could find an organ to be compared to the Union?

"Why," says Bill Jones, says he "we'll take the Salt River Herald."

"But," says I, "you know the Salt River Herald cant hold a candle to the Union for respectability."

"I dont care for that," says he, "the Herald is a smarter paper; it can tell two lies to the Union's [illegible]"

"Well, I aint agoing to brag," says I, "about the thing you ought to remember [illegible] but there's one *are always waiverin*, whilst the [illegible] *ways stood to*; and you know, according to the old sayin, which is considered worth the most."

I think I rather got ahead of Bill in the argument here, for he couldn't answer me a word. And now, my dear Mr. Ritchie, you see what sort of a pickle we are in, and I hope you will spunk up and put your best foot forward; go at the Administration in earnest; take hold of 'em like a catamount, and give 'em such a clawing that they'll be glad to clear out in a hurry, and let our party come in and have the rights again that have belonged to us this twenty years. Now, I dont want to find fault nor complain; you know it aint my nater. But I must say I think you have been quite too tame a long back, and too mealy-mouthed, as if you was afraid to speak out your mind.—The fact is you must go at Gineral Taylor in real earnest. He's the head of the Administration, and you know if we can cut the head off the critter's dead. But you must give him harder blows than any you have used yet. I dont deny but what you have used some considerable smart words towards him, I don't deny but what you've called him a "dolt," and a "cheat," and "a tool," and "a mere cypher," and "a disgrace to the country," and "an imbecile ignorant tyrant," and "a whitened sepulchre," and a man who "is disgracing himself," and "a fraction of a man;" and "an eight part of the Cabinet," and "the fly upon the coach wheel," and "a butcher," and "a Nero," and "a Moloch," and "a Cyclops," and such like. But all this dont amount to nothin. It's only just nudgin a man in the ribs with your elbow, when you ought to fist and knock him head over heels. If you really mean to do any thing, it wont do to stand mincin words in this soft kind of way. You must put the blows on with a sledge hammer. Instead of calling him a dolt, you should call him a nateral born fool. Instead of allowing him to be an eighth part of a man, you should swear right up and down (that is, if you do swear) that there isn't a particle of the hair or hide of a man about him. Talk up in that kind of a way and our party would take courage, and feel as if there was some hopes for 'em yet.

There's one thing that is very important, and I see that you feel very anxious about it; and that is, that we should get General Taylor out somehow or other on the Wilmot proviso. It is a shame and disgrace, and a crime worse than high treason, that he keeps his mouth shet on that subject. I hope you will be able to contrive some way or other to get it out of him; but I know it is a difficult matter. Cousin Nabby used to have a way of getting secrets out of folks when they was asleep, by holding a looking glass over their face and whispering to them and they would answer any question she asked 'em. Now ef you could ketch Gineral Taylor asleep somewhere, or if you co'd get one of the servants of the White House to ketch him asleep sometime, and hold a looking glass over his face, and whisper to him and ask him whether he is *for or agin* the Wilmot proviso, probably the secret would be out, and our party would be safe. It makes not a pin's difference which side he comes out on; we can fight him as well one way as t'other. The only thing is to get him out. We are ready to head him on both tracks. If he comes out *for* the proviso, we can run him down with Gineral Cass; and if he comes out *agin* the proviso, we can run him down with Col. Benton. But if he don't come out at all, I am afraid we can't run him down with nobody.

Now, do try and do your best to get him out on the proviso, for you see how important it is.

So I remain your patient but hungry friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

THE PRESIDENT AMONG THE PEOPLE.—The correspondent of the Philadelphia *News* states that the journey of the President from Bedford Springs to Somerset was marked by continued demonstrations of public admiration. He says: "At every town, village, cross-road, hamlet, and tavern, they have turned out *enmasse*—men, women and children—and greeted him as no man was ever before greeted, at least in this part of the country."

The party stopped to dine at a small roadside tavern in the mountains, and after dinner, it appears Gen. Taylor entered into conversation with a red-hot Locofoco, which is thus reported:

Loco—[Walking up to the President.] Gineral, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see ye, but I did'nt vote for ye, cause I'm a Dimocrat.

GEN. TAYLOR.—I'm just as glad to see you for all that: I came here to see Whigs, Democrats and Natives, and all, and am glad to see all.

Loco.—You said you should be President of the people, and not of a party, and that you would'nt be proscriptive; but you've turned out the Dimocrats and nobody else!

GEN. TAYLOR.—Who else could I turn out?—Nearly all of your office-holders were of your party, and I, of course, desire an equalization. If I should let your friends have all the places, and the Whigs none, it would be proscribing the Whigs!

Loco—You're right, Gineral; I never thought of that. I believe the Democrats *did* have all the places—that's a fact! They first got them from Gineral Jackson.

GEN. TAYLOR.—Yes, my good friend, they've had possession of them for nearly twenty years; and they ought to be satisfied with *their half* hereafter.

This argument satisfied the Loco, and he owned up. The whole affair ended in a general laugh, and, shaking the General by the hand, he exclaimed, "You're right, Gineral," and repeated it until the carriage rolled away.

Farmer Thorow.

Years ago—and for ought we know, it still exists—there was a statue in vogue in New Hampshire, legislating the annual election of hog reeves throughout the towns in that State. The office was a lucrative one in some places, though it was generally made opprobrious, and the most obnoxious individuals in the community were usually selected to fill this post.

Farmer Thorow resided in a small town above Nashua, and prided himself upon the neatness of his cattle, the cleanliness of his fields, the symmetry of his fences, and the thriftiness of his orchards—but farmer T. was a nervous man, penurious and close fisted.

Waking early one morning, he discovered on a sudden, from his chamber window, that four large hogs had broken into a nice young orchard of his just below the house, and in his usual excitable manner, he hurried on his clothes, and made the best of his way down to "Squire Looksharp," (the hog reeve was called "Squire,") whom he quickly aroused, with his vociferous complaint.

"Now, Squire," he said, "hurry up. Ther's four o' my neighbor's hogs got into my little apple orchard, and 'f you'll hurry, it'll be a good job for you; they're fat ones, and no mistake."

"Be right straight along," said the Squire, who remembered the details of the law relating to this sort of seizure—one half to the hog reeve, and the other half to the poor of the town—and within half an hour he had peaceable possession of four animals such as the neighborhood couldn't otherwise [illegible] town official; and were hung up [illegible] Squire's storehouse. Farmer T. righted up his broken fence, and then repaired [illegible] that his hogs should [illegible] when lo! he found that a board had been forced from the side of the enclosure, and the sty was empty!

In the meantime, Squire Looksharp had the seized hogs dressed; and now he sent for his good wife, who appeared at the storehouse door.

"Betty," said the Squire, "the statue provides in case of seizure that one haff the pigs shall go to the official, and the other half to the poor—Now Betty, who's poorer than you are?"

"Sure enough," said the Squire's wife obediently "sure enough; if anybody's poorer'n I am I'd like to hear about it."

"Well—so I cal'cate. An' thairfore, one half these pigs goes to the poor, (that's yeou) and the other half as I said afore goes to the officer—an' that's me!" and the four hogs very soon found their way into Squire Looksharps' pork barrels.

An hour afterwards, Farmer Thorow arrived at the Squire's, sprang over the stile, into the houses, through the back kitchen, out again into the yard, where he encountered the Squire quietly at work.

"I say, Squire."

"Hello!"

"What are you doing?"

"Baout what!"

"Where's the pigs?"

"Distributed cording to law."

"*What?*"

"Ha f to the hog reeve half to the poor."

"*They're mine!*" shouted Farmer T. half crazed at his loss. "They're mine, Squire—broke out o'my pen."

"You made the complaint yourself."

"I know—but"—

"An' it's too late farmer; the property's dewly divided—can't go behind the statoot."

The farmer squirmed, and threatened to be revenged on somebody at the first opportunity; but, seeing his mistake, at length returned home; and from that day forward had no occasion for a similar lesson. He never afterwards complained of his neighbor's hogs!—*American Union.*

PATRIOTIC—BY JENKS.—Brother Jenks, of the Lafayette Courier, and wife are so patriotic that they reserve all their great doings and "chicken fixins" for the fourth of July. All extras are especially prepared to *come off* on the day of the great national festival. This is Mr. Jenk's way of notifying the event:—

"Private and confidential. Joy to all the world! Sound the hewgag!—the event happened on the glorious *birth-day* of American Independence! It will add new lustre to the fourth of July in after ages!! It is an uncommon noun!!! singular number!!!! masculine gender!!!!! And it shall be called George Washington Jefferson Jackson Hancock Tom Benton Martin Van Quincy Adams Benjamin Franklin Fourth of July Ginx, so it shall!!!!"

What does the fellow mean?

A YANKEE ANSWER.—A wager was laid, that it was a yankee peculiarity, to answer one question by asking another. To sustain the assertion, a down easter was interrogated.

"I want you," said the better, "to give me a straight forward answer to a plain question."

"I kin du it, mister," said the yankee.

"Then, why is it New Englanders always answer a question by asking one in return?"

"Du they?" was Jonathan's reply.

☞ Two Dutchmen travelling, took up camp together at night. Being much wearied by their day's march they soon fell asleep. After they had slept some time one of them was awakened by a thunder storm. He got up much affrighted and called his companion to arise as the day of judgement had come. "Lie down you fool," said the other, "do you think as how the tay of shudgment would come in the night?"

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, the poet gives the following synopsis of the latest news from Europe:—

"Kingdoms to day are upside down,
The castle kneels before the town,
A monarch fears a printer's frown,
A brickbat's range!
Give me in preference to a crown,
Five shillings change."

"Charles, do you really love my daughter?" "You know I do, Mrs. Simpkins." "How much do you love her?" "I love her—I love her a [illegible]—as hard as a horse can kick." Mrs. S. was satisfied of the strength of his affection.

"Mr School-master, do you know Algebra?" "Algebra! no, but I knew his father and his gals, tew, I guess."