

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME XXV.

MONTROE, PENN'A., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1850.

NUMBER 46.

On her way from Boston to Philadelphia, Jenny Lind stopped overnight at Bridgeport, Conn., where Mr. Bartram resides, and the Yankee Editor of the *Bridgeport Standard* thus facetiously chronicles the important event.

Arrival of Jenny.

Well, we seen her! Yes, we did!
It was nine o'clock at night;
Not a cloud the azure hid—
And the moon was shining bright!
When we saw her the immortal
Jenny Lind,
From a common rail car port,
As Pat would say—*"Descend!"*

We saw her rather dimly,
For the shadows fell down grimly
From the cars and things around;
And her bonnet and her veil
Were an eye-proof coat of mail.
While the smoke from the rail-road
Locomotive "chimbley,"
Died in the atmosphere around.

We did not see a feature
Of the creature,
Nor catch a single smile from her lips;
Nor did we meet a glance
From those eyes that so entrance;
But that hat, and veil, and all,
And her comfortable seawal,
That in graceful folds did fall,
O'er her bust, and waist, and hips!

Them we saw
With pleasant awe!
We felt the mighty truth deep impressed,
That beneath that veil and shawl,
And gown, and pet—*that is, all*
The clothes her form that dressed,
The glorious creature was!
No mistake about it, pos!
And we trembled in our boots—
Like a man does when he shoots
For the first time in his life, a deer or a moose—
A feverish ague shake

With eagerness to make
Your body tremble like a goose.
I was more than we could bear,
So we leaned against a car,
While a singing in our ears,
Like the music of the spheres,
A gentle strain thro' us,
Said melodiously to us,
"She is there!"

Jenny's there!
But echo did not answer, (not as we know of,
I war!)
And we heard her honey tones
Go thrilling through our bones,
And doubtless we shall feel them a week;
Yes, that sweet, soul-probing voice,
I whose power we all rejoice.

That could teach a new song to a bird,
We have heard!
It's true, we heard it say—
In our nursery we lay—
In silvery sounds we heard her
Most delicately murmur
The English of the King,

Yes! we heard her voice and her face in the
ring.
(The engine of the train had just begun to shriek)
When from the coach she said,
As she forward bent her head:
"No, no, tricker, quick! no on, quick!"
Twas too much for us to bear,
We shuffled, gasped for air,
Fell, and fainted, then and there!

McDonough, the Miser Millionaire.

A former acquaintance of John M. McDonough, the millionaire who died lately in New Orleans, furnishes the Newark Advertiser with the following reminiscence of him—

He resided, for many years of the latter part of his life, in Algiers, a village on the opposite side of the Mississippi to New Orleans, where he cultivated and maintained the strictest habits of industry and economy. His custom was to visit the city daily, and to avoid the expense of the ferry boat, the usual mode of crossing, he kept a small skiff, in which he made his house servants row him over. The foundation of his fortune was laid by the transfer of Louisiana to the United States, when a large tract where New Orleans is now located was acquired by him. The rise in value of this would of itself have constituted him at this day a large fortune. The income of his possession he studiously, and with much good judgment, invested in improved property in the city, and so particular was he in the collection of his rents, that he made out with the most perfect exactness, himself, every bill; and he had a collector employed, he would never suffer him to append his name to a receipt. He was never known to have a friend call upon him except on business, which he would compel him to despatch with all convenient speed, lest his time should be occupied with something which would not result in his pecuniary advantage.

The old gentleman whom he employed to collect his rents, &c., was not even allowed to leave his brother call on him, lest, as McDonough alleged, it would cost him an extra meal. His apparel, when in the city, was always neat and clean, but bore the unmistakable evidence of being very ancient. So particular was he to save his clothes from the usual wear, that he has been known frequently to take to his linen closet at this day a large quantity of replace it with that which was of less value.

The umbrella which he invariably carried with him was said to have been found by him during his services in General Jackson's campaign against the Indian tribes. When he put on a new coat, it was stuffed and made, the subject of familiar conversation among business men throughout the city, as a matter of antiquarian interest.

A few years ago, a nephew visited him, and was told he need not repeat his visit, as it was expensive, and he subsequently died in the Charity Hospital, his uncle contributing nothing towards his funeral expenses. On one occasion, he applied to the legislature for the passage of an act appointing himself executor to his own estate, by which he intended to save the usual fee of two and a half per cent. to the Probate Court. In answer to his petition, the legislature replied, that if he would make affidavit that he was dead, they would act favorably upon his petition.

Much is said about his liberating his slaves, and an erroneous impression has gone abroad in relation to it. When he purchased one, he at once opened an account with him, charging his cost, expense of clothing, &c., and when the slave had paid him his first cost, expense and interest of money, with a fair consideration for his life, he gave him his freedom, provided the Colonization Society would take charge of him.

When a lawyer asked to "pop the question," he can hear his lawyer a thousand ways. Here is one of the latest cases.

"Please take a half of this poor people!" said a noisy shouter on a busy street, as the other, wearing a blue coat and a yellow hat, was being carried by a horse and carriage.

Adventure in a Mill.

A gentleman of New York formerly of this section, related the following incident, which was enjoying the luxury of a cool sea breeze on a hot summer's night. The subject of conversation was the narrow escapes from death that are often experienced by mankind in the ups and downs of life.

When my father, said he, emigrated to Jefferson county in the days of its first settlement he located with his family in one of the southern towns. Among other improvements on his premises, there had been erected one of the first essentials to a new settlement—a saw mill. It was one of those old-fashioned concerns common to those days, rigged with the huge undershot water wheel, long heavy pitman, and cumbersome saw frame. Those unwieldy wheels are now quite forgotten in the improvements that have been made in these agents, but I shall never forget the end attached to my father's mill.

I was engaged in getting out lumber, when an accident happened to the water works, and I went alone the next day to repair the damage. Carelessly kneeling upon one of the floating boards of the wheel, without observing the position of the crank, I proceeded to survey the derangement. While thus occupied, I did not observe the slight motion towards a revolution which had commenced by the wheel, caused by my weight, and my attention was first called to the nature of the fact by a slow heavy pressure above my knee. At a glance I comprehended the peril to which I had made an effort to extricate myself, but it was too late! I was fast wedged between the floats of the wheel and the sill of the frame.

With considerable alarm I now observed that the crank of the wheel was turned up, and that my weight had slightly moved it from the perpendicular. A momentary reflection increased my alarm, as I fully comprehended that the heavy pitman, and the saw frame above that, were pressing with their combined weight upon the crank.

To complete the horror of my situation I perceived that the crank was moving almost imperceptibly; and I knew that without instant relief I should inevitably be crushed to death between the wheel and the flume. I gazed around and called loudly for help; but no human being was near; and no answer was given to my cries. My eyes fell again upon the crank, it was still moving and drawing me into that awful death. I now looked around for assistance and saw an axe that I had brought with me lying alone end of the wheel, but the joy that was lit up within me by the sight of this object was dispelled in a moment, on finding that with my utmost exertions I could not reach it. In my desperation I then tried to wrench something from the wheel but everything resisted my utmost strength. My last hope was that somebody might pass upon the road which ran along the opposite bank of the stream; this hope died within me when I reflected how seldom it was that travelers came that way.

The crank had now reached an inclination of about thirty degrees; and I knew that its motion would soon become fearfully accelerated. My limbs gradually benumbed as the circulation of the blood became interrupted, and in a sort of listless daze I lay back upon the wheel, and then in vain for help. While in this lay, I had supposed that I was explaining my thoughts, but with a sort of impulsive alacrity from the Almighty to a noise upon the bridge that crossed the stream below the mill, and I fairly screamed with delight as I recognized the sound to be that of a horse's tread. After crossing the bridge the horse commenced a slow trot, and I knew there must be a rider upon him, although the bushes on the roadside prevented me from seeing him. When the sounds came up the post the mill, I hallooed as I supposed, and enough to be heard forty times the distance to the road; but owing to exhaustion my voice could not have reached for the horse did not stop. Still the sounds moved on, and as I fell back in utter despair upon the wheel, it seemed to me that the horse and its rider in that steady tramp, tramp, tramp, were barbarously treading upon my heart.

This disappointment was so great that, for a while, I settled into a partial unconsciousness. A squeak of the pitman on the crank, however, recalled me again to the horrors of my situation—My limbs had been gradually drawn down so that I lay on the beam by the flume. He seemed to me an angel from Heaven. Again inspired with hope, I uttered a faint cry of joy. The man turned round, and as he saw me, in an instant he bounded to the crank and endeavored to raise it with his shoulder, but could not. He then seized a plank, and placing it under the crank, secured it from moving any farther down. Then I heard him adjust a lever, and in a short time the inaccessible felicity of feeling myself gradually elevated from my terrible situation, by the slow turning back of the wheel, which caused me to faint entirely away.

When I again opened my eyes, I was lying upon the grass, and my preserver, by chafing my limbs, had partially restored sensibility to my half dead body. With both hands I feebly grasped one of his, and endeavoring to speak; and the pleasant but anxious smile that lit up his countenance, told that he appreciated my acknowledgements of great gratitude.

My deliverer happened to be a man with whom I was well acquainted, and he was also the man that passed the mill when I was in my perilous situation. He heard a faint noise as he rode by, but being engaged in thought was not attracted by it. While going up a hill shortly afterward, the train of his reflections was broken and then it occurred to him that possibly the noise might have been a cry of distress. He perfectly sure, he turned his horse around and came back, and thus I was most providentially rescued.—*Waterloo Journal.*

OXING UP.—The old proverb that "man's a true word is spoken in jest" was forcibly illustrated a few Sundays since. A Free Church minister, in Glasgow gave out as the morning lesson the 14th section of the 19th Psalm; and while the congregation were looking out the portion in their Bibles, the Doctor took out his mull, and seizing a heavy pinch with thumb and finger, regaled his nose with the sniff—he then began the lesson: "My soul cleaveth unto the dust!" The sterner that ran round the church, and the confusion of the poor, priest, showed that both the congregation and he, felt the Psalmist's "pinch."

The Law of Marriage.

[Major Noah has always some new and sensible ideas upon all subjects of general interest, and we copy his opinion as valuable on the subject of the Law of Marriage.]

In a recent case tried at Brooklyn for the recovery of a debt, it was decided by Judge Rockwell that a man living with a woman, and calling her his wife, and informing others that she was his wife, make her so to all legal intents and purposes, and becomes answerable for her debts. He further decided that a person so circumstanced cannot marry while the woman is living whom he declared was his wife, without incurring the risk of a charge of bigamy. While we concur in the opinion that the man is answerable for the debts of a woman who he declares is his wife, and ought of right to be compelled to pay them, we cannot recognize the further decision, that he commits the crime of bigamy if he marries another during her lifetime.—The law of marriage requires something more than the mere declaration that his mistress is his wife.—The declaration is an important link in the chain, and very properly, if there is no check upon the principle of a man, there should be one upon his pocket; but the falsehood of the man should not lead to the establishment of a doctrine which makes no distinction between a married woman and a prostitute. A man may declare that he has committed murder; but the law requires the proof that the murder has been committed, and that the self-accuser is the murderer. The law is charitable even to the faults and falsehoods of the criminal. There are certain ceremonies and certificates which the law requires to legalize a marriage, and without which no declaration of marriage should be deemed binding.

In a party of young persons of good character, where a young man and woman have stood up and declared themselves man and wife in a sham marriage, and for amusement only, it has been held that such a declaration is a legal marriage. Even this decision is wrong, for in every act there must be a motive and an intention to commit the act.—Marriage is an important link which binds a community together. It involves the happiness of families and the disposal of property, and cannot be loosely defined. A wild oath, reckless and misguidedly, may be uttered by a designing woman into a declaration of her being his wife. So far as any injury is done to the rights of others by this declaration, he ought to answer, but a false avowal is no declaration of marriage. Again, it is a well established principle that to a certain extent the law will protect the just claims of a creditor, but that law also requires that a creditor to a certain extent shall protect himself.

"If a man declares that he owns a house in a street, and by a number specified, in order to establish a credit, it is a false pretence if he does not own said house; yet the owner of goods bought or purchased on credit should ascertain that fact as information for his own protection, and within his reach. If a storekeeper tries to sell a woman on a declaration that she is his wife, a creditor is compelled to pay the debt, because it is the general law of falsehood; but to a certain extent again the storekeeper should if possible, ascertain that fact himself; for if the storekeeper knew that she was not his wife, he ought not to receive the debt from him. He would be an answerable for the debt but how could he be answerable for bigamy? We have long been of the opinion that a new marriage act is necessary—defining what constitutes a legal marriage, and providing penalties against false declarations of marriage, and other important and necessary legislation—to have a protective operation.

"While on this subject we will notice a police case of bigamy, in which a Jewish Rabbi has distinguished himself as I supposed, and which is worth relating to the parties and afterwards remarried them, and a third time divorced the man and remarried him to a third woman. The Mosaic law of divorce is loose enough, and does not belong to the times; but in this case the learned Rabbi and all the parties should be given to understand that they must study the laws of the country where they have chosen to live and see that they are properly so-called, not violated. The general looseness of our laws on marriage probably induced the parties to believe that the Mosaic marriage laws were better than none."

Reminiscence of Fulton's first Voyage.

Some twenty years since, I formed a traveling acquaintance upon a steamboat on the Hudson river, with a gentleman, who, on that occasion, related to me some incidents of the first voyage of Fulton to Albany, in his steamboat, the Clermont, which I have never met with elsewhere. The gentleman's name I have lost, but I urge him, in the time, to publish what he related; which, however, so far as I know, he has never done.

I chanced, said my narrator, to be at Albany on business, when Fulton arrived there in his unheard of craft, which every body felt so much interest in seeing. Being ready to leave and hearing that this board, and enquiring for Mr. Fulton, I was referred to the cabin, and I there found a plain gentlemanly man, wholly alone and engaged in writing.

"Mr. Fulton, I presume."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?"

"We shall try to get back, sir."

"Can I have a passage down?"

"You can take your chance with us, sir."

"I inquired the amount to be paid, and after a moment's hesitation I said, 'I think six dollars was named. The amount in coin I had in my open hand, and with an eye fixed upon it, he remained so long motionless that I supposed there might be a mistake, and said to him, 'Is that right, sir?' This roused him as from a kind of reverie, and as he looked up at me, the big tear was brimming in his eyes, and his voice faltered as he said, 'Excuse me, sir; but memory was busy as I contemplated this, my first preliminary reward I have ever received for my exertions in introducing steam to navigation. I would gladly commend to the occasion over a bottle of wine with you, but really I am too poor even for that, just now; I trust we may meet again when this will not be so.'

"Some four years after this; when the Clermont had been greatly improved, and two new boats made, making Fulton's fleet three boats regularly plying between New York and Albany, I took passage in one of these for the latter city.

"The cabin in that day, was below; and as I walked in, I saw, on the table, a book, which I picked up and read. I saw I was in close observation, and I recalled the features of Mr. Fulton, but without disclosing this continued my walk and waited the result. At length in passing his seat our eyes met, when he sprang to his feet, and eagerly seizing my hand exclaimed, 'I knew it must be you, for your features have never escaped me; and although I am still far from rich, yet I may venture that but for your aid I should not be where I am now. I had been scattered through his whole career of discovery, up to the very point of his final crowning triumph, at which he so fully felt he had at last arrived. And in reviewing all these said he, I have again and again recalled the occasion and the incident of our first interview at Albany; and never have I done so without its renewing in my mind the vivid emotions which were originally caused. That seemed and still does seem to me the turning point in my destiny—the dividing line between the past and the future of my career upon earth, for it was the first actual recognition of my navigation—a dawn so recent as to be still fresh in my memory—and such Fulton related to me the early appreciations by the world, of a discovery which has invaded all waters, causing a revolution in navigation which has almost literally brought the very ends of the earth in contact.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

A GOOD JOKE.—The following joke is too good for us to take the responsibility of it, particularly as it was sworn never to mention it, but editors, oaths, lovers' promises, and pastry cooks' pie crust, are about of a magnitude; so here goes: Young manumans are proverbially fond of displaying the precious intellects of their "buds of beauty." A friend of ours, dropping in at the dinner hour of a youthful pair, not two hundred miles from the city, was treated to a gratuitous entertainment on the score of maternal solicitude by the charming hostess. "You've not seen our Willie, shake hands with the gentleman." Of course Willie obeyed directions, and of course our friend as in duty bound was filled with admiration from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. "He's so polite too," urged the mother, "says yes, sir, and no ma'am, and can use his knife and fork like a gentleman."

"Now, Willie," said she, placing him at the table, "the better to give a practical proof of her assertion; 'now, Willie, what will you have?' Our friend was all ears for the reply, and prepared to go into immediate ecstasies, but no reply came."

"Now, Willie," said she, "precious."

"No!—is that the way to speak to your mother? No—what?"

"No beans!" shouted the little curiosity, flinging the plate into his mother's head, and upsetting the soup tureen into our friend's lap. "Deliver me from smart children hereafter," exclaimed our friend as he related to us the mishap, at the same time threatening to "pull our very offensive nose if we should ever make a capital of it. We did not relish the threat, of course, we did the story, and so told it, in consequence of which, we beg to assure our readers, that from this time henceforth, we consider our nose pulled in several places.

A ROYAL BHOY.—Frederick, King of Prussia, was so remarkably fond of children that he suffered his grand-children to enter his apartment at any time they thought proper. One day, as he was writing in his closet, one of these young princes was playing at shuttlecock near him. The shuttlecock happened to fall on the table at which the king sat, he threw it at the young prince, and continued to write.

The shuttlecock happening to fall a second time, the king again threw it back, looking sternly at the child, who promised that no accident of the kind should happen in future. The shuttlecock, however, fell a third time, and even upon the paper on which the king was writing. Frederick then took up the playing, and put it into his pocket. The little prince begged pardon, and begged, the king to return the shuttlecock.

The king refused. The prince redoubled his entreaties, but no attention was paid to them. The young prince, at length tired of begging, advanced boldly towards the king put his hands on his sides, and said in a threatening tone—

"Will your majesty give me my shuttlecock? Say yes or no—I demand an explicit answer!"

The king immediately burst into a fit of laughter, and taking the shuttlecock from his pocket, returned it to the prince, saying—

"You are a brave boy—you will never suffer Silesia to be taken from you."

A negro was brought up before the Mayor of Philadelphia for stealing chickens. The Mayor was conclusively proved. "Well, Toby," said his Honor, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Nagin, but dis, Boss: I was as crazy as a bed-bug when I stole dat 'n' pulled cos' into habitation. I de big rooster an' I habber done it. Dat show's conclusively dat I was laboring under de delirium tremens."

Don't Fret.

Has a neighbor injured you?
Don't fret—
You will come off the best;
He's the most to answer for,
Never mind it, let it rest.

Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret,
It will run itself to death,
If you let it quite alone,
It will die for want of breath.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret,
They can't injure you a whit;
If they find you heed them not,
They will soon be glad to quit.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret,
Fortune's wheel keeps turning round,
Which, like you is going down,
Don't fret.

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Interesting Reminiscence.

The Albany Evening Journal of Saturday, has the following interesting reminiscence:

Twenty-five years ago this day, the Erie Canal was announced as navigable from Lake Erie to the Hudson River. On the 26th of October, 1825, eight years and four months from the time the work commenced, the Erie Canal was completed, Clinton, then Governor of this State, Lieutenant Governor Tallmadge, and various Committees on board, led Buffalo for the Hudson River, the starting of the "Seneca Chief" with De Witt Governor Tallmadge, and various Committees on board, led Buffalo for the Hudson River, the starting of the "Seneca Chief" with Buffalo as fast as sound could travel, and by the same means it was announced in Buffalo that this great event was known in New York. This was before the present mode of communicating information by telegraph had been made known; but the plea was so well executed that in one hour and thirty minutes from the firing of the first gun at Buffalo, the echo was heard in New York and returned to Buffalo. It was a day of great rejoicing throughout the State; and the arrival of the "Chief" at the various places along the line was signalized with great pomp and splendor. Every city and village had prepared its festival, and throughout the whole line, from the Lake to the Ocean, it was a voyage of triumph. On the second of November the "Seneca Chief" reached this city, eight days from Buffalo, and on the fourth she arrived in the City of New York. When the fleet which was composed of the "Seneca Chief," Sandy Hook, Governor De Witt Clinton proceeded to perform the ceremony of clinking the buttons of the Lake with the Ocean, by pouring a keg of Erie water into the Atlantic Ocean. The clinking was a navigable communication which has been accomplished between our Mediterranean Seas and the Atlantic Ocean in about eight years, and to the extent of more than four hundred and twenty-five miles, by the wisdom, public spirit and energy of the people of the State of New York; and may the God of the heavens and the earth smile most propitiously on this work, and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race.

Kind Words do not cost Cosr Much.—They never blister the tongue or hurt the ear. They never offend of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

They help one's good nature and good will. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more freely.

Kind words make other people good natured.—Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wealthy words make them wealthy.

There is such a rush of kind words in our days that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and bawdy words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is—their own image—the comfort of the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

THEY BLUE.—A Quebec correspondent of the Boston Ranger, tells the following story of a Yankee, who had been "all around" at that place. The Yankee approached a group of English gentlemen in front of the Hotel, and flourishing a red bandana, observed—

"Well, I've been all around, and I've concluded we don't want 'ee."

An Englishman addressed him with—"what do you think of the Citadel?"

"Oh, Scott would make anything of taking that; he'd land fifteen miles down the river, and starve them out."

"But it is stocked with three years' provisions," replied the other.

"Well, he'd stay five, then."

Go it, Anglo-Saxon, thought we.

THE HEART.—The little I have seen of the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone, I would find leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hand it came.

How is it so?—Dante.—An Irishman who was very near sighted, about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other did to him, and that they were both to fire at the same time. This beats Sheridan's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thug one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's portly person, and if the latter hit him outside the chalk line it was to go for nothing.

At a fancy ball in Louisville one of the guests appeared in the character of census taker. He had his schedule with him and caused much amusement by his questions as to the age, wealth, &c., of all the pretty ladies.

One way to fight a duel.

A Scotch major who had been so skillful with his sword as to fight several duels, with repeated success, but who on account of his extreme desire for quarrelling, when a little intoxicated, and for his boasted courage, was deserted and despised by his brother officers, came one evening into a large company. There happened to be present a Yankee, an officer of the same regiment, which was then stationed at Montreal. This Yankee related among other things, the failure of a certain expedition, in which he had the misfortune to be wounded. That was because you was a rascally set of cowards, observed the Major. You are a dandy liar, says the Yankee. The company started. The Scotchman looked down upon him with his mouth open, as if Goliath did upon David, and immediately asked, are you a man to meet me? Yes, replied the Yankee, any time and where you please, only with this proviso, that we meet without seconds. Well, then, to-morrow morning at five o'clock.—Agreed. The company present endeavored to dissuade the Yankee, telling him the Major had every advantage there he had none, and he had better compromise. "Even so he would have cause to repent his rashness, but he still persisted. The next morning the Yankee repaired to the place appointed, and the Major, after the appointed hour, armed with a large musket; shortly after the Major made his appearance with his brace of pistols and sword. Before he had advanced far, the Yankee in an austere tone, bid him stop or he would blow his brains out. The Major struck with amazement at this unexpected stratagem, reluctantly obeyed but expostulated with him on the injustice of such gentlemanlike proceedings; the Yankee was implacable, and determined to publish him for his past conduct, and the abuse he himself had received. Lay down your sword and pistols, says he, (still presenting his musket) and be on the right about face march!

The poor major was again under the necessity of obeying, and uttering a volley of curses against his star, passively submitted. The Yankee then quietly took possession of his arms. "The base, 'tis cowards' duty to disarm me of all defence, says the major. No, replied his fellow combatant, I deal honorably with you, therefore, make my musket (throwing it towards him) and defend your life. He, quite incensed, seized the weapon with a mixture of exultation and precipitate vengeance, and rushing forward, demanded his arms, or he would blow him to. Blow away, and—says the Yankee. Provoked as such unparalleled insolence, in a fit of phrenzy he drew the trigger. But alas, the musket had not been charged. The glory of a mortally wounded by his indignity, that he sold his commission and left the place.

Kindness.

This word redolms again an article in newspapers, but "cruelty," or "murder," more often interest. It is a pleasure to record an act of kindness, especially that we have not frequent opportunities. Yet such an act made our heart glad, filled it with a new love for our kind, only a day or two since, with a young school-girl, about ten years of age, was passing under the shade of a tree. Just then a gentleman observed the group. His attention was particularly attracted by the child, still supported by the arm of her friend.

"What's the matter, my little Miss?" he inquired, in a kind, soft tone.

"She's sick, sir," replied the Miss!

"And are you taking her home?"

"I'm trying, sir."

"How far off does she live?"

"Down by the Long Bridge."

"A mile or more, and you would carry her through the hot sun in shade on the way, either?"

"I must try, sir," answered the school-girl.

"No, you must not," said the kind gentleman; "it would kill both of you."

A carriage passed at this moment. A word and a waving arm caused it to draw up to the pavement. All the party entered it, and all right merrily, except the sick one, but even she looked up with a faint smile, fixing her large, tender eyes on the face of the stranger. The driver had been instructed by her mother, that her destination had been paid, and now drove away.

"Poor little girl!" said the gentleman, to himself, in a low voice.

"Good-by, sir!" said all the children, in a high tone.

The activeness of a sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. An ear will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand, all braying at the same time. Besides, the distinguishing of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who, amid the deafening sound that have ever amused me here, that sheep bleating, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hill, and then set out the ewes, to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice it rushes from the crowd to meet her; but instead of finding the rough, well-cared-for comfortable mamma which it left an hour or a few hours ago, it meets a poor, naked, shivering, and most deplorable creature. It wheels about, who stretches a loud, tremulous bleat of perfect despair. It sees the mother, and then it dashes forward, and arrests its flight; it returns, flies, and returns again generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconciliation is fairly made up.—*The Erie Standard.*

A Democratic office-holder in the Sixth Auditor's office, saved himself, they say, by a too easy Many men, in revolutionary times have, as history records, saved their heads in that way.

In this case, the Democratic office-holder acknowledged his crime of democratic politics, but claimed exemption from punishment under that clause of the Constitution which reads: "that person shall be subject for the same offences to be punished in any territory;—he having been turned out by Congress, a Locofoco, in 1844.

PARTRICE'S LIST.—The news from almost every part of Mississippi is good. Gen. Quitman's reasonable proclamation finds no sympathetic response in the hearts of the masses. Mississippi, it is true repudiates the bonds of the Union Bank, but will not repudiate the bonds of the Union, and Louisville Journal.

Look not mournfully into the past.—It is dead and gone; wisely improve the present.—It is thine; and forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, as with a manly heart.

A little girl visiting Niagara with her father, seeing the foam at the foot of Falls, exclaimed—

"Pa, how much soap it must take to make so much suds!"

The market that kicked the boy over his back, arrested, and made to give back. The plea that was "cooked" at the time, was ruled out of Court.