# THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

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

VOLUME 27---NUMBER 4. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, JAN. 22, 1852. WHOLE NUMBER, 1408.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,
*(A Weekly Newspaper.)*
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY
J. C. MILLER.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum cash actually in advance.

Two Dollars if paid within the year.

Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

*No subscription will be permitted to remain unsettled longer than two years.*

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## "Poet's Corner."

### A Poetic Gem.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I cannot brook
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left unsaid;
And then I feel, as well I may,
Dear Mary! thou art dead.

If thou couldst stay even as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where the smiles have been;
While even thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But as I lay thee in the grave,
I feel that I'm alone!

I do not think where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

## Selected Miscellany.

From the Drawing-Room Companion.

### THE LITTLE SWEEP:
### OR
### The Christmas Present.

BY LIEUT. MURRAY.

The keen atmosphere of a Christmas morning was sweeping over the west end of London, when our story commences. If any observant persons had been stirring abroad so early, they might have heard the plaintive chant of a chimney sweep from lofty house-top, as he struggled gradually towards the top of the flue. He must have been at work long before daylight to have got so near thro' his job at that early hour. But as the faint rays of the sun struggled with the mist and fog of a London morning, the little laborer emerged weary and dirty from the scene of his labors.

"Well," said the boy, "they do say as how St. Nicholas goes down them ere flues of a Christmas morning, but he'd a got wedged in there, blow me if he wouldn't, less he'd been up to a sweep's took."

The boy stretched his arms and legs after the severe work he had just accomplished in so contracted a space, and looked about him to see the prospect from his elevated position, and even went down to the gutter of the house top, to look down into the street below.

"My boss, that old cove as beats me and drives me up these ere flues, will give me a regular rouser if I don't go down in no time; so here goes," saying which, he mounted the chimney top to begin his descent.

Down, down went the little sweep, chanting his melodious though monotonous song to while away the dreariness of the work. Once or twice the boy paused as though a little surprised at something he saw, but his voice was heard again chanting on merrily as he proceeded.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the little sweep (which by the way was about all of the boy's face that could be discerned at all through the thick coat of smut that shrouded his feature), "My eyes!" he repeated, "if here ain't a go! Why I'm blowed if I haint gone and come down the wrong flue! What a jolly fine place this—somebody's chamber! Wel, who'd thought of such a thing?"

As the little fellow emerged from the fireplace, he found that he had come down probably the flue of the next house to that which he had ascended. The apartment into which he had emerged was a splendid one, indeed; but to his inexperienced eye it looked like enchantment. Everything so rich, clean and comfortable. In his wildest moments of imagination he had never dreamed of such luxury. He seemed almost afraid to advance into the room from the hearth, and his first impulse was again to ascend.

"Blow me, if I didn't think I was a coming down the wrong flue when I was up there," he said, musingly.

Then he reasoned that if he went back, he would get a thrashing for being gone so long, or if his mistake was discovered by his master, he would be whipped, for that. He had been robbed of half a night's sleep in order to accomplish this very job; he was tired—very tired.

"What a jolly fine sleeping a cove might get on that ere bed. My eyes! how soft it is," continued the sweep, as he laid his hand upon the soft white counterpane, and left thereupon, an imprint of soot!

It was a temptation too potent for his weary limbs! He was tired and sleepy; he thought he would just lie down for a moment, to see how such a bed would feel. But hardly had the poor boy realized the luxury of a soft feather bed before nature asserted her rights, and he slept. What a dream that poor boy had! Can we describe it?

He dreamed he was in paradise, and soft music sounded in his ears, and food, abundant, luscious and refreshing, was by his side. A gentle hand smoothed the hair from his forehead and kissed him. How his heart beat at a kiss! He did not recollect of ever being kissed before. He had seen kind folks kiss little children; but an angel had kissed him now! He was clothed in his dream in clothes as white and spotless as those on which he was lying, and an exquisite sense of refreshed powers stole over him.

But while the boy lay thus in dreamy forgetfulness, the mistress of the house entered. Scarcely able to suppress the astonishment that possessed her, she yet reasoned upon the matter, and tracing by the boy's tracks from the chimney-place the fact that he had descended the flue, she even guessed the truth of his mistake, and with a heart full of kindness on this Christmas morning, she resolved to turn the event into one of real happiness.

When the little sweep awoke some three hours after having thrown himself down to sleep, he felt frightened at his own audacity and crept trembling from the bed to the center of the room. But scarcely had he shown signs of being awake, before the stout housemaid, stationed there for the purpose, seized him by the arm and said:

"Here, you blackamoor, missus says you are to be washed, and master has sent these clothes home for you. So come along to the bath-room, and don't stand there staring as though you saw a ghost."

All this was Greek to the poor sweep, and half undecided whether he was to be punished for something he had done, or whether the proposed bath was intended as a kindness, the boy yielded himself up to the staid old housekeeper, who doused him headlong into a bath-tub, and then wiped him so thoroughly with a coarse crash towel that his flesh burned for an hour afterwards.

"Well I declare," said the housekeeper, surveying the young sweep, after the soot was completely removed from his head and face, and the neck of the boy was encircled by a clean linen shirt, "if this here aint almost a miracle. Why the boy is really handsome, now he's clean and Christianfied. Well, what a lutheration soap and water will make sometimes, to be sure."

Now it happened that Mr. and Mrs. Howland had a large Christmas dinner prepared that day, and many of their town and country relatives and intimate friends were to dine with them, and the good matron resolved to prepare for them a pleasant surprise in the matter of the little sweep who had come into her house in such a singular manner, and for this purpose she had privately instructed the housekeeper to dress him up nice and clean, and make the most of him.

But Mrs. Howland was much surprised as any one, when just after the Christmas dinner, the housekeeper brought the boy into the room. He had been thoroughly washed, and his hair trimmed by a barber, a nice suit of clean clothes and linen shirt and collar put upon him, and he had further been refreshed by a nice dinner of beef and vegetables, and a cup of such coffee as he thought he should remember forever.

"Why, what a handsome boy he is," exclaimed half a dozen voices at once.

"You should have seen him as he lay sleeping up in my room," said Mrs. Howland; "he was as black as the ace of spades."

"He's as clean as a pin, now," suggested some one.

"What can you say for yourself, my little fellow?" asked Mr. Howland.

"Nothing," replied the boy, demurely.

"Guess he can sing," suggested the housekeeper; "all sweeps sing."

"O, let us hear him sing, by all means. A song, a song?"

The boy could sing, for the old fellows who employed the little sweeps taught them songs that they might know they were safe while in the flues by their songs. —And thus urged, the boy sang one or two rude chants, until at last he struck into one that he seemed rather at a loss to give any definite words to, but the air of which he gave with great beauty and correctness.

The song seemed to thrill to the very heart of Mrs. Howland, and her husband watched her face while in progress.

"That was the song," she said to her husband, "that we sang to our little William."

"I know it well," he said.

"Strange that this child should know the air."

"It is."

"Where did you learn that song, my little fellow?" asked Mr. Howland.

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know!"

"No, sir. I have always sung it since I can remember."

"Indeed!"

During this conversation Mrs. Howland had taken the boy's hand in the utmost trepidation, and leading him hastily to the light, paused back his hair from the right temple, and looking there, a deep, scar, almost covered by the hair, she cried:

"This is it is William, our boy—"

Six years before this, passed Mr. and Mrs. Howland had had their only child, a boy of some three years of age, who had been drowned quite unexpectedly; and with many ornaments about his little person. The child had been left by a servant for a single moment, exposed alone at the door, and had been carried off by some thief, and by a strange thread of circumstances had been brought up a little sweep, and now Providence had sent it back to its parents, as a *Christmas present.*

### The Mischief-Maker.

"Nor do they trust their tongues alone
But speak a language of their own,
Can read a nod, a shrug, or look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
Or wink a reputation down."

The duties and obligations of social life are often misunderstood, as well as sadly violated. The confidence of friends is abused, and the insidious, the hypocritical, and the malignant, take advantage of thoughtless expressions, uttered perhaps, in moments of excitement, to provoke distrust, foment jealousy, and thus cause bitterness and ill-will. It has been well and forcibly said, that to "repeat what you have heard in social intercourse, is sometimes a deep taeachery, and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish." The idle tattler, who runs from door to door, listens eagerly to all that is said, then repeats, exaggerates, or by wicked insinuation, conveys a meaning that was never intended, is a source of infinite mischief, and often of bitter and hopeless feuds between neighbors and families. We can conceive of no treachery more deplorable or more censurable, than that which abuses the frankness and confidence of an honest nature, and by persuasion or distortion, creates an offence and inflicts a wound, where nothing of the kind was intended. Thus, a confidential conversation will be repeated, with the most solemn injunctions not to betray the mischief-maker, who not only tells the whole truth, but *adds* some unauthorized interpretation, or describes the *manner* as having been offensive, when the fact was exactly otherwise. Some dark suggestion, hint, or inuendo is also made, and thus a playful remark or a frank expression, is tortured into a slander, an insult, or a slight. The breach thus created—unwittingly created, so far as the original parties are concerned—is widened from day to day, by a double system of treachery and betrayal—the mischief-maker professing to be confidential with both parties, and enjoining secresy upon both. Hence, hearts become estranged, friendships are broken, and affection is stifled. There are, we are aware, many mischief-makers, who are so, thoughtlessly, foolishly, and without any deep, deliberate, or serious design of doing evil. They are simply babblers or tattlers, who lack discretion, judgment, and common sense, and who have never been able to practice the philosophy of holding their tongues. The infirmity of such is soon detected, and thus by the practice of a little caution, their power to do harm is nullified. But there are others who are subtle, wily, and adroit, and who, as if prompted by some incarnate fiend, seek for and study every opportunity to undermine, underate, darken character, destroy reputation, impair confidence, and sever friendship. We can conceive of no darker illustration of human depravity.

"A lip of lies—a face formed to conceal."

There is scarcely an individual in existence who could not be injured, seriously if not fatally, by such insidious and double-faced guile. It is impossible at all times to be watchful and wary, especially in social life, and when the intercourse is free, frank and undisguised. At such moments the thoughts and feelings are apt to be expressed with the utmost freedom, and even the weaknesses and prejudices of cherished friends to be alluded to, not in bitterness or unkindness, but in confidence, sincerity and sympathy. If, however, a malicious mischief-maker happen to be at hand, it is the easiest thing in the world to misrepresent the real facts of the case, so as to annoy, irritate, and inflame—to create a sentiment of distrust and of coldness, and thus to lay the foundation of a misunderstanding which if followed up, is sure to end in enmity and ill-will. Some persons are moreover quite sensitive on certain subjects, while others are particularly credulous. The mischief-maker is sure to discover all this, and to play his game accordingly. We some time since heard the particulars of a sad case.—A young lady was engaged to be married, and the wedding day was fixed. Meanwhile her affianced was accidentally thrown into the society of a former lover, and he either recklessly or maliciously made an insinuation, utterly unfounded, as was afterwards shown —which shook the confidence of the intended husband, provoked a misunderstanding, and led to a final separation. He soon after left the city for California, was seized with illness, and died on the way! Her fate was equally melancholy, and is embodied in the touching lines of the poet:

"A whisper broke the air—
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe—
Now might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.
Ah me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip—from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke!"

But who cannot point out illustrations? The vice is heartless, cruel, and dangerous, and its victims, directly or indirectly, may be counted by thousands. It is such an easy thing to wound a sensitive spirit. It is so light a task to stain or soil the reputation! Confidence may be so readily disturbed—sarcasm may be so promptly excited! How many merchants have had their credit ruined—how many hearts have been lacerated—how many families have been made miserable—by the thoughtless or the vicious, the heedless or, the crafty and malignant propensity of the mischief-maker! The poor wretch who, in a moment of necessity, and laboring under all the horrors of hunger, commits some paltry theft, with the object of satisfying the cravings of nature, is promptly arrested, convicted, and sent to "durance vile." But how many destroyers of the peace of families, disturbers of the happiness of households—in brief, moral assassins of character—perform their wicked work so artfully, stealthily and hypocritically, that they see the ruin and the wreck they make, and yet contrive to escape the responsibility. Let them be assured, however, that a day of reckoning will come!—*Penn. Inquirer.*

### The Irish Exodus.

The following article from the Times is full of matter for the most serious considerations both on the part of England and America. It is startling in its omens but there seems great probability of their fulfillment.

"We have repeated almost *ad nauseam* that the people are leaving us at the rate of near a thousand a day. Very well; what of that? They are only Irishmen, with a sprinkling of the ever wandering Scotch, and some of the less fortunate or respectable of our own countrymen.'—Be they what they may, the fact remains that we are witnessing a phenomenon of the same class with the migrations of the Gauls, the Goths, the Huns, the Turks, the Magyar, and other tribes that before the settlement of Europe, roamed about looking for a home.

"In Ireland the Journals have styled the movement the Celtic 'Exodus;' and, considering the actual difference between the condition of an average Irish peasant at home and that which he easily attains in the United States, we shall not quarrel with the reflection which the names seem to cast on the rulers left behind. The writers who treat of this exodus, tell us that it will go on till the whole race is departed and their place left untenanted. Having once begun, the migration will go on; and the strong social instincts that have hitherto bound the Irishman to the soil of his birth, will now operate in drawing him into the great western stream. In England it has been anticipated by some writers, that when the Irish population should be reduced to a certain low level, the inducement to remain would rise so high that the migration would stop, and the remnant left behind would be contentedly and permanently attached to the soil. The Irish authorities, as we are disposed to think very correctly, do not expect the migration to stop as soon as the population has assumed its proper proportion to the work to be done. The people who have been in the habit of paying 30s. an acre would not now remain on the land if it were reduced to 20s. or 10.—they will have it at no price. Their minds are completely made up to go after their friends—to go home, that home not being 'Ould Ireland,' but the 'Far West.' The stream once that way it will not stop till Ireland is absolutely depopulated, and the question is, when will that be? Twenty years at the present rate would take away the whole of the industrious classes, leaving only proprietors and their families, members of the learned professions an those whose age and infirmities keep them at home. Twenty years are but a short time in treating great social or political questions. It is more than twenty years since the passing of the Emancipation Act, and the introduction of the Reform Bill. What if it should really come to pass that before another twenty years the whole Celtic race shall have disappeared from these isles, and the problem of seven centuries receive its grand solution.

And when will this movement stop? Incuriousness and prejudice are ready with the reply, that it will stop at all events, when th Celtic race is exhausted. The Englishman we are assured, is too attached to his country, and the comfortable at home, to cross the Atlantic. But surely it is very premature to name any such period for this movement, or to say beforehand what English laborers will do when seven or eight million of Irish have led the way to comfort and Independence. The Englishman is now attached to his own home, because he knows no other. His ideas of other regions are dark and dismal. He trembles at the thought of having to grope his way through the Cimmerian obscurity of another hemisphere. The single fact that he will have no "parish" in America is, in his mind, a fatal bar to locomotion. But all this is quick passing away. Geography, union workhouses, ocean mails, and the daily sight of letters arriving in ten days from prosperous emigrants, are fast uprooting the British rustic, and giving him Cosmopolitan ideas. In a very few years the question uppermost in his mind will be whether he will be better off here or there? Whether he should go with the young and enterprising, or stay at home with the old and stupid? If a quarter of a million British subjects have left this country for the Australian colonies in the present generation, there may easily be a much larger movement to a nearer and more wealthy region. It has been imagined, indeed, that such a migration will have a natural tendency to stop itself at a certain stage. We are told that the English laborers will find a new field in Ireland, deserted by the Celt. It will however cost no more effort of mind to cross the ocean at once and done with it than to cross the Irish channel for a land, which in their mind, must ever be associated with violence and blood. High wages again we are told, the enjoyment of a liberal government, and an improved condition, will lead the Englishman Irish to the soil of his adoption. But when you make an English laborer richer, more independent, more intelligent, and more of a citizen you have put him more in a condition and temper to seek his fortune, wherever it may be found. The men who in the United States leave their homes for the Far West are generally they who have prospered where they are, and who want the excitement of another start in life.

"On the whole, we are disposed to think that the prospect is far too serious to be neglected, or treated as a merely speculative question. The depopulation of these isles, supposing the Celtic exodus to run out its course, and a British exodus to follow, constitute about as serious a political event as can be conceived; for a change of dynasty or any other political revolution is nothing compared with a change in the people themselves. All the departments of industry, the army, the navy, the cultivation of the fields, the rent of landed property, the profit of trades, the payment of rates and taxes, depend on the people, and without the people there must ensue a general collapse of all our institutions."

From the Western Christian Advocate.

### MINISTER'S WIVES.

Mr. Editor:—You know that a minister's wife is willing to do her duty, when she knows what it is. To obtain this knowledge is often very perplexing. I have "searched the scriptures" for it, but in vain. The strange silence of the sacred writers increased my perplexity, until my husband very kindly explained it in the following manner:

"The scriptures," said he, "do not descend to particulars. They lay down general rules, leaving the responsibility of amplifying, specifying and applying them with the world. Therefore, *public sentiment* is to be our guide where the scriptures fail, and one principal thing for which ministers are set apart is to expound and enforce its precepts. Still, to clothe our teaching with authority, we observe the good old custom of taking a text from the bible in all cases. In a moment my difficulties vanish: I open my bible and read, "A bishop must be the husband of one wife."—I *Tim.* 3, 2.

In this passage, a general rule is laid down; a bishop must have a wife, but in determining her particular duties, the Scriptures fail. Hence we turn to the other rule of faith and practice—public sentiment—from which we learn that a minister's wife should be—

1. Like Mary, always sitting at the feet of Jesus, in possession of the one thing needful, regardless of every worldly interest.

2. Like Martha, she should do all the serving, yet without being cumbered by it.

3. She should be a little more prompt than Sarah of old, and have refreshments always ready for those travelling angels whose visits at the minister's house are *not* "few and far between."

4. Like Dorcas, she should "keep constantly on hand a supply of ready made clothing," to bestow upon all the poor saints and sinners in the community, where she resides, with a spare box for the "beneficiaries in college, and the servant who has escaped from the blessings of the patriarchal institution."

5. Like the prophetess Anna, she should "not depart from the temple day or night," for the multiplied meetings of the church and benevolent societies require an almost constant attendance in the sanctuary, and "it is the *duty of the minister's wife* to attend them all."

6. Like the widow of Sarepta, she must have the art of using meal out of one barrel, and oil out of one cruse, the year round without diminishing the quantity.

Lastly, she must be apt to please everybody—becoming "all things to all men," women and children: grave and gay, refined or rude, intelligent or ignorant, affable or reserved, as suits the company in which she may chance to fall.

REMARKS.

1. We perceive that it is the duty of churches to set apart young women, and educate them for minister's wives.

2. When a church is about to call a pastor, they should appoint a special committee to visit his wife, and ascertain whether she be able and willing to perform the labor of five ordinary women, without any compensation except the crumbs which fall from her master's (husband's) table.

3. The minister's wife should be always at home, and always abroad, always serving God, and always serving table.

Lastly, she must be a little more prudent than our Saviour, for he had favorites among his disciples, which in her is unpardonable. To prevent this, let a committee of the jealous, meddlesome, fault-finding women be appointed, to dictate to her when, and how often, she shall visit each family.

Oh, who would not be A Minister's Wife.

### Rain Water is the purest in Nature.

It is not generally known says the Albany Register, that rain water, when protected from the atmosphere, is the purest healthiest and sweetest water one can use. Mr. J. S. Van Rensselaer has for a great number of years, used it for drinking and culinary purposes, at his late residence No. 109 State Street, and could never meet with any he considered as good. He was first informed of its quality by a sea captain, who used it in his voyage from the United States to the West Indies, and who found that by carefully preserving it from exposure, casks which had been shipped at Key West and made their outward voyage, were, on their return to New York, found to be as pure and as good as the day they were put on board. Acting on this suggestion Mr. Van Rensselaer built two cisterns in his yard, covered, connected, with light, one of which acted as a reservoir, communicating with the other, from which it was conducted into the dwelling. The cisterns were capable of holding seventy-five hogsheads, and from the time of their erection, long since, Mr. Van Rensselaer has had a bounteous supply of pure, soft and excellent water.

The only communication with the airwas by pipe which led the water from the roof, every rain refreshed the supply, and as it was drawn from the bottom of the cistern the temperature was cool and pleasant. Rain water, as is known, is the purest in nature. In this case it was conducted from a high slate roof, on which no dirt could well accumulate, and the cisterns had required cleaning but once in six years and then from no defect in the water; at no time has that been disturbed or lost in the least its pure and wholesome taste, and the flat and rainy taste, peculiar to it when caught in open vessels, has never been noticed.

It is strange that these simple and interesting facts are not more generally known and acted on; were it so, our citizens on the hill might now be supplied with an abundance of water, instead of suffering as they are from the drought.—The cost of cisterns does not exceed $75, and to places where there is a deficiency of good water, we recommend this cheap and effectual plan of obtaining it.

### Farmers.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest, upright and patient was a farmer, and his stern unyielding endurance has passed into proverbs.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

St. Luke was a farmer, and divided with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the Muse found him at the plow and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

To these names may be added a host of others who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic Lafayette; the steadfast Pickering; the scholastic Jefferson; the fiery Randolph, all found an El Dorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green and verdant lawn that surrounded their several homesteads.

An article in the Western Lancet, by Dr. C. W. Wright, of Cincinnati, states that the hunters of Ohio, in ancient times, had a curious way of preserving their bear fat from becoming rancid, by melting it along with the powder of fine shreds of the bark of slippery elm—about a drachm of the former to a pound of the latter—and then straining it. The bark communicates an odor to the fat resembling that of the kernel of the hickory nut. Dr. Wright has subjected other fatty bodies, including butter and lard, to the same experiment, and in every instance he states with success. Butter, thus prepared, he says, was, a year afterwards, as sweet and free from disagreeable odor as on the day it was made—a fact, if it really be a fact, of no mean interest to housekeepers and others.

### Hunting in South Africa.

"On the 14th I dispatched Hendric to bring on the wagons, which came up in the afternoon. Night set in warm, calm and still, with a good moonlight. Elephants, sea-cows, and panthers kept up a continued music above and below us, along the river, until I fell asleep.

On the 15th I felt very ill, but in the forenoon I went down to the river, where I shot two sea-cows. In the evening, feeling worse, I bled myself, but strong fever was on me all night.

Next morning I marched, halting at sundown on the Mokojay, a gravelly-bedded periodical river, where elephants occasionally drank.

On the 18th, at dawn of day, I took leave of Mollyeon and Kapain, of Bamangwato, as they would not follow me further. We then unspanned and held down the Limpopo. I regretted to observe that the spoor of elephants did not seem to increase in the same ratio as I had allowed myself to imagine. We were in a remote and secluded corner of the world, quite uninhabited; yet the elephants, though frequenting it, were decidedly scarce. I felt extremely weak and nervous from the fever, and the quantity of blood which I had lost, in so much that I started at my own shadow, and several times sprang to one side when leaves rustled in the bushes. I walked along the bank of the river with my gun loaded with small shot, intending to shoot a partridge for my breakfast. Presently I came upon the fresh dung of bull elephants, and at the same time my people at the wagons saw two old bull elephants within two hundred yards of them, and the wind being favorable they walked up suspiciously. After a very short chase I succeeded in killing both.

My fever still continuing on me, and the natives having deserted, I determined on turning my face homeward. Accordingly, on the 21st I ordered my men to unspan and retrace their spoor. A troop of lions had killed some game within a few hundred yards of us, and had been roaring very loudly all the morning. These were as a parting salute as we were unspanning. Their voices sounded to me ominous, perhaps from the nervous state of my health. I thought they said, "Yes, you do well to retrace your rash steps; you have just come far enough." I must acknowledge that I felt a little anxious as to the safety of proceeding further, several accounts I had from the natives had spoken of Moselekatse, now resident not very far in advance, as one who would most unquestionably murder me, and seize all my property. They also told me that I should lose all my cattle by the fly called 'Tsetse,' and I had also reason to believe the country in advance not very healthy for man.

My followers received my orders to turn homeward with sincere gratification. We treked till sundown, halting on the march for a sick ox, which we eventually left behind a prey to the lions, and slept on the Mokojay, where the Bamangwato men had left me.

On the 29th, we arrived at a small village of Bacalahri. These natives told me that elephants were abundant on the opposite side of the river. I accordingly resolved to halt here and hunt, and drew my wagons up on the river's bank, within thirty yards of the water, and about one hundred yards from the native village. Having outspanned, we at once set about making for the cattle a kraal of the worst description of thorn-trees. Of this I had now become very particular, since my severe loss by lions on the first of this month. And my cattle were at night secured by a strong kraal, which enclosed my two wagons, the horses being made fast to a trek-tow stretched between the hind wheels of the wagons. I had yet, however, a fearful lesson to learn as to the nature and character of the lion, of which I had at one time entertained so little fear, and on this night a horrible tragedy was to be acted in my little lonely camp of so very awful and appalling a nature as to make the blood curdle in our veins. I worked till near sundown at one side of the kraal with Hendric, my first wagon driver; I cutting down the trees with my ax, and he dragging them to the kraal. When the kraal for the cattle was finished, I turned my attention to making a pot of barley-broth, and lighted a fire between the wagons and the water, close on the river's bank, under a dense grove of shady trees, making no sort of kraal around our sitting place for the evening.

The Hottentots, without any reason, made their fire about fifty yards from mine; they, according to their usual custom, being satisfied with the shelter of a large dense bush. The evening passed away cheerfully. Soon after it was dark we heard elephants breaking trees in the forest across the river, and once or twice I strode away into the darkness, some distance from the fireside, to stand and listen to them. I little dreamed, at that moment, of the imminent peril to which I was exposing my life, nor thought that a blood-thirsty, man-eating lion was crouching near, and only watching his opportunity to spring into the kraal, and consign one of us to a most horrible death. About three hours after the sun went down I called to my men to come and take their coffee and supper, which was ready for them at my fire; and after supper three of them returned before their comrades to their own fireside and lay down; these were John Stofolus, Hendric, and Ruyter. In a few minutes an ox came out by the gate of the kraal, and walked round the back of it. Hendric got up and drove him in again, and then went back to his fireside and lay down. Hendric and Ruyter lay on one side of the fire under one blanket, and John Stofolus lay on the other. At this moment I was sitting taking some barley-broth; our fire was very small, and the night was pitch-dark and windy. Owing to the proximity to the native village, the wood was very scarce, the Bakalahari having burned it all in their fires.

Suddenly, the appalling and murderous voice of an angry, blood-thirsty lion, burst upon my ear within a few yards of us, followed by the shrieking of the Hottentots. Again and again the murderous roar of attack was repeated. We heard John and Ruyter shriek "The lion! the lion!" Still, for a few moments, we thought he was but chasing one of the dogs round the kraal; but, next instant, John Stofolus rushed into the midst of us almost speechless with fear and terror, his eyes bursting from their sockets, and shrieked out "The lion! He has got Hendric! he dragged him away from the fire beside me! I struck him with the burning brands upon his head, but he would not let go his hold. Hendric is dead! Oh God! Hendric is dead!—Let us take fire and seek him!" The rest of my people rushed about as if they were mad. I was at once angry with them for their folly, and told them if they did not stand still and keep quiet, the lion would have another of us; and that very likely there was a troop of them. I ordered the dogs, which were nearly all fast, to be made loose, and the fire to be increased as far as could be. I then shouted Hendric's name, and all was still. I told my men that Hendric was dead, and that a regiment of soldiers could not now help him, and, hunting my dogs forward, I had everything brought within the cattle-kraal, when we lighted our fire and closed the entrance as well as we could.

"My terrified people sat around the fire with guns in their hands till the day broke, still fancying that every moment the lion would return and spring again into the midst of us. When the dogs were first let go, the timid brutes, as dogs often prove when most required, instead of going at the lion, rushed fiercely on one another, and fought desperately for some minutes. After this they got his wind, and, going at him, disclosed to us his position; they kept up a continual barking until the day dawned, the lion occasionally springing at us them, and driving them in upon the kraal. The horrible monster lay all night within forty yards of us, consuming the wretched man whom he had chosen for his prey. He had dragged him into a little hollow at the back of the thickbush, beside which the fire was kindled, and there he remained till the day dawned, regardless of our proximity.

"It appeared that when the unfortunate Hendric rose to drive in the ox, the lion had watched him to his friends, and he had scarcely lain down when the brute sprang upon him and Ruyter (for both lay under