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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"Part's Corner."

The Heart's Fine Gold.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

There a little girl
That shivered by my side,
And the sparkling snow, with a whiff and whirl,
Wove a frosty wreath in her hanging curl,
As she pushed her hair aside.

I saw her tearful eye,
That spoke in tender power,
And the throbbing heart, with a thrill and a sigh,
Were the sparkling tongues that assured me why
She came in that chilly hour.

I asked what brought her there—
In accents low and sad,
She asked for some food, for a crust was the fare
Of mother and babe 'mid the heart's despair—
In rags they were thinly clad.

Her father with the dead
Had gone to take his rest;
Had struggled along with the toil and the dread
Of life in which the laborers tread,
And had always done his best.

Her simple tale I heard,
Nor did she speak in vain;
For the prayerful tone, and the sigh and the word
Of the pale, thin lips, all my pity stirred,
As she spoke in tears again.

Her wants I well supplied
With such as I could spare,
And the poor girl wept in her soul's grateful tide,
For her heart was full and she vainly tried
To utter its prompting there.

My heart grew rich that day—
My soul more noble grew—
For her tears that fell were the gems in the ray
Of the great love sun that shall chase away
The night and its gloom forn dew.

I would that I could spend
My life in by like this,
I would gather gems, and the gold with them blend
Of a thousand hearts, till my life should end
In a heaven of love's pure bliss.

One Story's Good till another is told.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind,
'Tis an old one—a kind one—and true as 'tis kind
'Tis worthy of notice wherever you roam,
And no worse for the heart, if remembered at home!

If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend,
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!
Say to-morrow will come—and then time will unfold
That "one story's good till another is told!"

A friend's like a ship, when with music and song
The tide of good fortune still speeds him along,
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck
And any mean billow can batter his deck;
But give me the heart that sympathy shows,
And clings to a messmate, whatever wind blows;
And says—when aspersion, unanswered, grows cold—
Wait—"one story's good till another is told!"

Selected Miscellany.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S GRAVE.

A Thrilling Story of "Black Pond."

BY C. M. KENDELL.

Few have visited the flourishing town of New Braintree, in Massachusetts, without becoming acquainted with the beautiful and romantic vicinity of Black Pond.

Shortly after the expiration of the French and Indian war, a hardy settler named Warner, built his little cot near the pond on the banks of the beautiful Ware river. On the morning when the defenders of Fort Edward sailed forth under the command of Col. Williams to meet the advancing enemy, led by Baron Cieskau, when the former suffered defeat, Warner, then a private, was one of the last who sought the returning shelter of the fort, and distinguished himself a short distance from its wall-, by a long and obstinate "hand to hand" encounter with a gigantic chief of the Oneida Tribe, whom he killed and according to the rude fashion of the day, bore his scalp in triumph to the camp. During the war by his courage and ability, he won the then enviable title of Captain.

One morning a few years afterwards, he surprised his wife by his speedy return from the forest where he had intended to remain during the day. He entered the house without speaking, and hastily seized his rifle. She noticed his firm step, the unwonted flashing of his eyes, and compression of his lips.

"Husband," said she with an anxious look, "what has occurred to move you thus."

"Moved," he replied, "do I really appear moved? Yet it may be so, but not with fear—fear cannot move me."

"Fear!" she exclaimed with alarm, "have you been in danger? speak, oh I entreat you!"

He smiled, and that smile served partially to dissipate her apprehension, while she shrunk back almost ashamed at the vehemence of her alarm.

"Do not agitate yourself, dear wife," he replied, "you see I am now safe and with you; but bring me my box of flints, and quickly, for I require one that will not miss its fire."

When she returned with the box, he, after a minute selection, affixed one to the hammer of his rifle, then carefully cleansed the vent hole and reloaded it.

"Now," he said as his eye glanced along the barrel of his beautiful piece, "I am prepared."

His wife, who had noticed all these precautions, said in a calm but sad tone, "husband I fear you deceive me."

"If I had kept aught from you," he replied, "it was affection that prompted that act; but now you shall know all.—A week since, I learned that an Indian had been lurking in our neighborhood. From inquiries he made of the neighbors, I found that I was the object of his search. This morning I unexpectedly saw him. He retreated hastily but turned for a moment with a look of deadly hatred and defiance. I understood his language—the look of an Indian is more expressive than his words—it plainly said *your life or mine.*"

"Oh, husband, you surely will not go forth to meet this savage—it would be madness. Why cannot you fly from this place and thus elude him."

"Fly! it cannot be, poor trembler.—By heavens it shall never be said that I fled from a single Indian, besides I know this blood-thirsty savage; it is Black Wolf, the celebrated chief of the Oneidas and the brother of him I slew at Fort Edward. In revenge for his brother's death he now seeks my life."

"Then for my sake," said the afflicted wife, "and for the sake of the little innocent," she pointed to the cradle which contained a prattling boy, "do not go alone."

"It must be so," he replied firmly tho' apparently moved by her affectionate appeal, my safety depends upon it. As a savage I must meet him as such, and defeat him in his own barbarous manner.

"Remember you are the wife of a soldier, be firm, or at least" he said with an emotion he could not control, "do not unman me. If I fall," he hesitated for a moment, then suddenly caught up his child, kissed him again and again, pressed a burning kiss on the cold brow of his wife, hastily embraced her, and rushed from the house.

He had not been absent an hour before he discovered the lurking place of the Indian. The wary eye of the savage was too busy to see as soon as he was seen. Then commencing those fearful, agile movements by which the sons of the forest strive to make their adversary, during the rapid changes, leave some portion of his body unsheltered, which is instantly made a mark for their deadly rifles.

The chief, though the most renowned of his powerful tribe, found the captain in every respect his equal, and after a half hour of intense labor and suspense, neither gained the slightest advantage.

The Indian at this moment saw Warner suddenly leap from his lurking place and disappear behind the trunk of a large fallen tree. What was now to be done he scarcely knew, he was too wary not to apprehend some stratagem taken by Warner; he therefore neither advanced nor retreated, but covered himself securely behind the trunk of a gigantic oak. At length to his great joy he discovered the hat of his enemy slightly emerging above the body of the tree, but it quickly disappeared. This was several times repeated each time being more plainly visible. The Indian smiled with savage delight as he muttered "the pale face is a great warrior but a fool. The son of the forest would not lie upon the ground, when he stands behind a tree. He would not expose his head to hide his feet."

During the solil quy he was slowly poising his rifle, ready to take the first advantage of the imprudent movements of his adversary. The hat was now so clearly visible that he fired. It quickly fell—all was silent a few moments, then a wild exulting war whoop re-echoed through the forest, and the Indian rushed forward to secure the scalp of his fallen enemy. When within two rods of the fatal tree he paused with amazement.—Before him with a poised rifle stood the powerful form of Warner. One look of unutterable hate, it was the chieftain's last. The report of the rifle resounded through the forest, and the Black Wolf of the Oneida, lay writhing among the fallen leaves.

The captain was not the fool the Indian had supposed him. Feeling that neither had gained any advantage, and being desirous of bringing the combat to issue, he resolved to hazard all to a stratagem, which if successful would give him a fatal advantage over the Oneida. He therefore threw himself behind a tree, and slightly elevated his hat upon a stick. This the Indian first saw and afterwards fired at it with a result we have shown above. Warner looked on his dead foe with

> The stern joy which warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

"You have been a great chief but a cruel warrior," he soliloquized, "yet your weapons have been used with courage and skill; you shall not be deprived of them even in death.

With words he seized the rifle that had proved fatal to so many, to the cold hand, placed the tomahawk and scalping knife in their wonted places, tied a large stone to the feet and placed the body in a canoe. When near the centre of the pond he lifted the inanimate form with his face towards the setting sun, and the smooth waters became the Indian's grave.

Warner, though a conqueror, returned with sadness to his friends, whose joy can be better imagined than described.—From that day this beautiful sheet of water has been known as the *Black Pond.*

THE WAY SHE TURNED HIM.

BY A WESTERN CORRESPONDENT.

The most bigoted and unreasonable party man I ever met with, was Jack D., now a prosperous and influential Attorney, in S—— county, in this State.

At the hour of which I am writing, he was a red hot Democrat, and his chief pleasure seemed to consist in making the fact as notorious as possible to the world. His friends and acquaintances, who knew him well, and whom he had repeatedly "victimized," with one consent proclaimed Jack a bore, and his politics a nuisance; but, with a stranger the thing was essentially different. Seized by the button, at the moment of introduction, Jack would astonish him by a rapid rehearsal of the articles of his political creed—branch out into an interminable rhapsody on the manifest destiny of the great progressive party, and if the victim was unusually passive, wind up with an eloquent eulogy on the great "I did," as the living embodiment of his peculiar opinions, and, in consequence, the greatest man of the age. Such was Jack D., as the time of our story, acknowledged, on every side as a firm and incorruptible Democrat. But, alas! let us, however, not anticipate—but to our story:

One unlucky day, Jack met at the house of a friend, a young lady of great personal beauty and accomplishments; attracted by her loveliness, and captivated by her intelligence, he became assiduous in his attentions, forgot for a while his "principles," and without inquiring what might be the political preferences of his "lady love," imprudently proposed, was accepted, and they were married.

The wedding was over, the guests had departed, and the happy pair had retired to their chamber, and were snugly ensconced in bed; when Jack, in the course of a quiet conversation with his wife, unwittingly alluded to his favorite subject, by casually speaking of himself as being a Democrat.

"What!" exclaimed she, turning sharply and suddenly towards him, "are you a Democrat?"

"Yes, madam, replied Jack, delighted with the idea of having a patient listener to his long-restrained oratory. "Yes, madam, I am a Democrat—a real Jeffersonian Democrat, attached to the principles of the great progressive party; a regular, *out* and *outer*, double-dyed and twisted in the wool."

"Just double and twist yourself out of this bed, then," interrupted his wife. "I am a Whig. I am, and I will never sleep with any man professing the abominable doctrines you do."

Jack was speechless from absolute amazement. That the very wife of his bosom should prove a traitor, was horrible—she must be jesting. He remonstrated—in vain—tried persuasion—'twas useless entreaty—'twas no go. She was in sober earnest, and the only alternative left him was a prompt renunciation of his heresy, or a seperate bed in another room.—Jack did not hesitate. To abjure the great and established doctrines of his party—to renounce his allegiance to that faith that had become identified with his very being—to surrender those glorious principles which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to the mere whim and caprice of a woman, was utterly ridiculous and absurd, and he threw himself from the bed, and prepared to quit the room.

As he was leaving the door, his wife screamed out to him, "I say, my dear, when you recant your heresy, and repent your past errors, just knock at my door, and perhaps I will let you in."

The door was evidently slammed, and Jack proceeded wrathfully in quest of another apartment.

A sense of insulted dignity, and the firm conviction that he was a martyr in the "right cause," strengthened his pride, and he resolved to hold out until he forced his wife into a capitulation.

In the morning she met him as if nothing had happened, but whenever Jack ventured to allude to the rupture of the night previous, there was a "laughing devil" in her eye, which bespoke her power and extinguished hope. A second time he repaired to his lonely couch, and a second time he called upon his pride to support him in the struggle—which he now found was getting desperate. He vented curses, "not loud but deep," on the waywardness and caprice of the sex in general, and of his own wife in particular—wondered how much longer she would hold out—whether she suffered as acutely as he did, and tried hard to delude himself into the belief that she loved him too much to prolong the estrangement, and would come to him with morning—perhaps that very night, and sue for reconciliation. But then came the recollection of that unbending will, and of that laughing and unpitying eye—and he felt convinced that he was hoping against hope, and despairingly he turned to the wall for oblivion from the wretchedness of his own thoughts.

The second day was the repetition of the first—no allusion was made to the forbidden subject, on either side. There was a look of quiet happiness and cheerfulness about his wife, that puzzled Jack sorely, and he felt that all idea of forcing her into a surrender, must be abandoned.

A third night he was alone with his thoughts. His reflections were more serious and composed than on the night previous. What they were of, of course were known only to himself, but they seemed to result in something decided, for about midnight, three distinct taps were made at his wife's door. No answer—and the signal was repeated in a louder tone; still all was silent, and a third time the door shook with violent attacks from the outside.

"Who's there!" cried the voice of his wife, as if just aroused from a deep sleep.

"It's me, my dear, and perhaps a little the best Whig you ever did see."

The revolution in such opinions was radical and permanent. He removed to another county, became popular, offered himself as a candidate on the Whig ticket for the Legislature, and was elected, and for several sessions represented his adopted county as a firm and decided Whig.

Pitcairn's Island.

The *Valparaiso Neighbor* of September 25, contains a highly interesting account of a visit made by the Commander of the British man-of-war [illegible] to Pitcairn's Island, which, it will be recollected is inhabited by descendants of the mutineers of the English ship *Bounty.* An abstract of the account of this visit will be read with much interest.

The time at which this visit was made was in July last. When the Cockatrice was within about two miles of the city a boat manned by half a dozen fine looking men put off to meet the brig, and expressed the most unbounded delight at the arrival of another man-of-war. At their request, a party from the brig soon landed and proceeded up a rough path and very steep ascent to a level spot where the village is built. Here were found assembled all the inhabitants of the island, men, women and children, with their pastor, Mr. Nobbs, and all dressed in a clean and becoming manner. The declarations of delight at this visit were renewed, and all united in saying "that the few visits from our countrymen form the happiest days of our lives."

The visitors were next conducted to the school-house, a large substantial building fifty feet long by twenty feet wide, conveniently fitted up with desks, and well furnished with slates, a supply of moral and religious books, and other requisites for the instruction of youth. At one end there was a pulpit and a small space allotted for the use of a pastor—the house being used for a chapel on Sunday. Here was also kept the book containing the records of the island, the births, deaths, and marriages, and the number and names of the ships which have visited it since its occupation. The average number of vessels, formerly, was eight per annum, but of late years it has very much increased. In 1850 there were forty-seven, twenty-eight of which were American whalers which put in for supplies, and of the conduct of whose crews the inhabitants speak in the highest terms of praise.

There were then 160 souls residing on the island—64 males and 96 females. The average number of births was eight, while but four deaths had occurred in six years, of which one was that of Susannah Young, the last survivor of the Bounty, who died July 15, 1850, aged 75 years. There are at present fourteen males and nine females marriageable, who are unmarried. The whole community consists of twenty-three families, inhabiting seventeen houses. The diseases they suffer mostly from are rheumatism, asthma, ague, and billious attacks. The small pox has never appeared amongst them, neither has a soul on the island been vaccinated. In April, 1850, five passengers were left on the island in a very destitute condition by the captain of a ship. The "Record Book" bears a very high testimonial to the kindness and christian-like treatment which these islanders bestowed upon them.

After the visit to the school was finished, the visitors from the Cockatrice were treated to an excellent dinner, very nicely cooked after the Otaheitan fashion. Dinner being finished the party went out to take a walk, and here we quote a few paragraphs from the account before us:

"Some of the women accompanied us and entertained me very much by their lively and cheerful conversation. I learnt from it that they do the most laborious work, such as preparing the ground for planting, digging potatoes and yams, which they have to carry some distance to their houses by rough and precipitous paths. They also thatch the roofs, cook, wash, and attend to other domestic duties, whilst the men are employed building houses, and in other mechanical work, as well as fishing, and hunting goats. The children have not much attention paid to them after they are able to run about; when they are seven years old they are sent to school, and attend regularly until fourteen. Consequently there is not a soul on the island that cannot read and write. Most of them are exceeding intelligent and well informed, indeed much more so than it is possible to conceive from their isolation and little intercourse with the world.

"But what must strike strangers more than anything else, is the happy manner in which they live together; there does not appear to be any jealous or bad thoughts existing among them; the women in particular are very fond of each other; such a thing as a quarrel between them never occurs; and nothing can happen to any one on the island without its being a source of grief to all, they are so knit together by friendship and love.

"A magistrate is appointed yearly by a majority of votes; all, both male and female, above eighteen years of age, are voters. He has the management of the affairs of the island, and settles disputes, with the assistance of a jury, if necessary. Should any decision be deemed unsatisfactory, they do not quarrel over it, but let the subject drop, and settle it by mutual consent to the captain of the first man-of-war that visits them with the express understanding that his decision is final. The magistrate takes charge of any spirituous liquors that may be given them by ships visiting the island, and issues a small portion to any one who wishes it on holydays, of which they have but two in the year, one to celebrate the arrival of the Bounty in January, the other the Queen's birth-day; by this means drunkenness is entirely avoided. However they are not addicted to it. I was told by Arthur Quintal that such a crime had not taken place for thirteen years."

During the entire stay of the officers of the Cockatrice, the utmost attention was paid to their wants and comfort, and everything was done to render their visit agreeable and pleasant. The commander of the vessel speaks of the inhabitants of this island "as the happiest, most moral and kind-hearted people he had ever fallen in with during a long service in all parts of the habitable globe;" and if his account of them is correct, (and it agrees with previous narratives of visits to the island,) they certainly deserve this high praise.

Characteristics of great men.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant.

Dante was either taciturn or satirical.

Butler was sullen or biting.

Gray seldom talked or smiled.

Hogarth and Smith were very absent-minded in company.

Milton was unsociable and even irritable when pressed into conversation.

Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public address, was meagre and dull in colloquial discourse.

Virgil was heavy in conversation.

La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen, but then he was the model of poetry.

Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation.

Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturine and reserved.

Descartes was silent in mixed company.

Corneille, in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying. He did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master.

Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors.

Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism.

Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence.

Junius was so modest that he could scarcely speak on the most common subjects, without a suffusion of blushes.

Fox, in conversation never flagged: his animation and variety were inexhaustible.

Dr. Bentley was loquacious.

Grotius was talkative.

Goldsmith wrote like an angel, and talked like a poor Poll.

Burke was eminently entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation.

Curran was a convivial deity, he shared in every region, and was at home in all.

Dr. Birch dreaded a pen as he did a torpedo; but he could talk like running water.

Dr. Johnson wrote monotonously and ponderously, but in conversation his words were close and sinewy, and if a pistol missed fire he knocked down his antagonist with the butt end of it.

Coleridge in conversation, was full of acuteness and originality.

Leigh Hunt has been well termed the philosopher of Hope, and likened to a pleasant stream in conversation.

Carlyle doubts, objects, and constantly demurs.

Fisher Ames was a powerful and effective orator, and not the less distinguished in the social circle. He possessed a fluent language, a vivid fancy, and a well stored memory.

Fluency in Conversation.

Roll an empty barrel down hill and what a rattling noise it makes! So with an empty carriage over the pavements. So also with an empty head. When it contains but a few scattering ideas, every body can hear them rattle. You almost see them, when that fellow who carries such a head passes by you. Have you not such an individual in your minds eye. We have. His name may be Dick, or Jim, or Bill, or Joe—but he is the same everywhere—he wags the same tongue, shoots forth the same ideas. He thinks he is wise but every body else thinks otherwise. Had he real knowledge, he would talk less and say more. Generally a man of sterling talents talks but very little, yet every word tells. Addison was a person of this description. He was always embarrassed in company.—Some of our best living authors—men of genius and talent—have been noticed for their paucity of words in common conversation. Yet men who know scarcely more than twice two make four, are always rattling off words and pass for persons of some consequence. They utter sentences without meaning and words that would puzzle an editor to understand.

An incessant talker we always avoid. In his presence we feel about as happy as on the brow of a cataract—only there is some sense to the latter. In an office or store, what is more trying than a person with the gift of gab!—what but a strugging musician under your window, or a fiddler in your garret.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—A young spark who boarded at one of our principal hotels, managed for a long time by one artifice or another, to postpone the payment of his bill. At last the landlord became impatient, and stepping up to his juvenile boarder, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and asked him for some money.

"I have not got a red cent about me at present," was the laconic reply.

"But, my dear sir," said the landlord, "I can't afford to keep a boarding-house without being paid.

"Well," exclaimed our young philosopher, "if you can't afford it, sell out to some that can."

Machine Poetry.

[He was a "man of letters" who wrote the following. It is a new style of poetry, altogether. It will be seen that every letter of the final word must be pronounced as though the schoolmaster presided at the perusal. The letter or letters in italics will be found to constitute the rhyme. There is a good deal more of it, but this is sufficient to serve as a specimen:

"On going forth last night a friend to see,
I met a man, by trade a *s-a-w-y-e-r;*
Reeling along the path he held his way.
'Hol-lo!' quoth I, 'he's *d-r-u-n-k-l-r.*'
Then thus to him: 'Were it not better for
You were a little *s-o-b-e-r-l*
'Twere happier for your family, I guess,
Than playing off such wild *r-i-g-s;*
Besides, all drunkards, when policemen are ken,
Are taken up at once by *t-h-e-m!*'"

Wagon Artillery.

About 1824, an expedition of the U. S. troops, composed of a detachment of the 6th Foot, left Fort Leavenworth, then a mere cantonment, for the far west. On the route they were completely infested by a large body of wild indians, who charged up to the very lines, shaking their long copper lances in the very face of the Foot, and menacing them, in case one should break the line, with certain destruction. Charge after charge was made, until the veteran officer in command—the present Gen. Riley—gave the command—Fire: The fighting Sixth threw in its leaden hail, and the chivalry of the prairie swept from before them like a summer cloud.

The command of Maj. Riley had with them a 9lb. gun, which they had been on the point of abandoning half a dozen times, but which now came to play. Elevating it to an angle of 45 degrees, and filling it almost to the *tompion* with langrage, the Major waited his opportunity. The indians after the fire of the Sixth, had retreated to the top of a bold *prairie teton,* or mound, and made all imaginable derisive gestures at the Americans. A group of several hundred had gathered on the very pinnacle of the hill when Maj R. gave the order to fire the solitary gun. The shot and langrage fell on the limestone of the hill, each fragment of the rock proving fatal as a shot, and more than 20 of the redskins falling dead and wounded.

Away went the party of indians; and after a rapid retreat, went into the *departimiento* in Texas, which did not belong to Uncle Sam, exhibiting the greatest alarm.

Maj Riley returned home, and after the lapse of some time, visited St. Louis, where he met a gentleman named Coffee, a son of the famous defeuder of Mobile, in 1815.

"Hallo, Riley!"

"Hallo, yourself!"

"What did you do to the Camanches?"

"Whipped them."

"You did more than that."

"What?"

"I will tell you. They came to my post last fall, and said: 'We have been beaten. The Manitou is angry. We do not care for rifles, for we have them. We do not care for *horn gun,* (musket and bayonet) but the man in the prairie *shot a wagon at us!*'"

This was the first time the Camanches had ever seen artillery, and poor Ben Moore used to say, when the Indians came it was only necessary to wheel your wagons into a battery, and they would never wait for you to fire at them.

Your babies not my babies.

About thirty five years ago there resided in the town of Hebron a certain Dr. T., who became very much enamored of a beautiful young lady in the same town.

In due course of time they were engaged to be married. The doctor was a strong and decided Presbyterian, and his lady love was as strong and decided a Baptist. They were sitting together one evening talking of their approaching nuptials when the Doctor remarked—

"I am thinking my dear of two events which I shall number among the happiest of my life."

"And pray, what may they be, Doctor?" asked the lady.

"One is the hour when I shall call you my wife for the first time."

"And the other if you please?"

"It is when we shall present our first born for baptism."

"What, sprinkled."

"Yes my dear, sprinkled."

"Never shall a child of mine be sprinkled."

"Every child of mine shall be sprinkled."

"They shall be, ha!"

"Yes, my love."

"Well, sir, I can tell you then, that your babies won't be my babies. So good night, sir."

The lady left the room, and the Dr. left the house. The sequel to this true story was, that the Dr. never married, and the lady is an old maid.

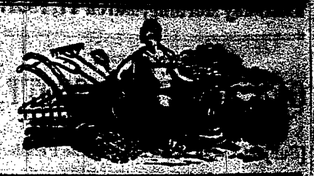
TURNED ROUND.—A young sprig of a doctor once met at a convivial party, several larks who were bent on placing in his hat a very heavy brick, or in plain language, to make him gloriously drunk, which they accomplished about 10 o'clock at night. The poor doctor insisted on going, and the party accompanied him to the stable, to assist him to mount his horse, which they at length did with his face to the animal's tail.

"Hallo," said the doctor, after feeling for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind. I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow."

"So you are," exclaimed one of the wags, "just get off, doctor, and we will put you on right."

"Get off!" hiccuped the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse around, and it will all come right—you must all be drunk."

☞ Never speak evil of a friend.



Agricultural.

Farmer's Clubs.

Now is the season for farmers' clubs to hold their meetings. Nothing has ever been devised more likely to advance the best interest of agriculture, than farmers' clubs. Every district has a school-house, and such meetings may be held without expense. If the farmers of a neighborhood get together and spend a single hour at a conversational meeting once a fortnight, some good result is sure to follow. The conversations at these meetings should not be conducted diffusely, but a chairman should be appointed, a subject chosen, and such members as may choose to speak should address the chair on the subject of the evening, and in this way the reading and experience of all present will become the common property of the neighborhood. We have attended many such meetings, and never without learning some new and valuable facts.

Winter evenings are long, and at this season of the year, when the farmer is not required to rise as early in the morning as in the summer, he can sit up to a later hour if necessary or profitable, and therefore should, as often as once each week, meet his neighbors to communicate and receive information. A farmer must have been slothful indeed, if during the past year he has not learned one new fact in relation to agriculture, and should a hundred neighbors meet, and each communicate one new fact, then each will learn ninety-nine new facts for one communicated. Those who repudiate the use of books, could have an opportunity of learning without their use, and they need not fear of being deceived by some ingenious theorist—for with ten or even twenty farmers present, the theorist would find it difficult to propagate an error, where all felt free to contradict his views.

Merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics, hold such meetings, and why should not farmers? Can any one man, working alone on his farm, learn as much as one hundred men? May he not even discover some practical fact, and should not his neighbors know it? How else can the improvements of this day be made known?

Take your sons and workmen to these any employment which calls into active use the talent of all. If you have a sick animal, you may take advantage by the experience of all your neighbors, & probably save the life of the animal. If you have excess crops, such as are annually used on the farm, or are short of others, may you not at such meetings learn where you may sell or exchange? Do not such meetings tend to soften asperities, cement friendships, and do away with peculiarities of temper, which always occur with men who work alone? We would sooner prefer much of reading than to lose the recollection of such practical improvements as we have been made acquainted with at farmer's clubs.—*Working Farmer.*

Signs of Rain.

When cattle snuff the air, and gather together in a corner of the field, with their heads to leeward, or take shelter in the sheds—when sheep leave their pasture with reluctance—when goats go to scattered spots—when asses bray frequently and shake their ears—when dogs lie down about the fireside and appear drowsy—when cats turn their backs to the fire and wash their faces—when pigs carry themselves more than usual in litter—when cocks crow at unusual hours and flap their wings much—when bees stay home—when ducks and geese are unusually clamorous—when pigeons wash themselves—when peacocks squall loudly from trees—when the guinea fowl makes incessant grating clamor—when sparrows chirp loudly, and clamorously congregate on the ground or the hedge—when swallows fly low, and skim their wings in the water, on account of the flies upon which they feed, having descended to avoid the ground—when the carrion crow croaks solitarily—when water wild fowls dip and wash constantly—when moles throw up hills more industriously than usual—when toads creep out in numbers—when frogs croak—when bats squeak and fly about houses—when the singing birds seek shelter—when the robbin approaches nearest the dwelling of man—when the swans fly against the wind—when bees leave their hive with caution, and fly short distances—when ants carry their eggs busily—when flies bite severely—become troublesome in assemblies—when earth worms appear on the surface of the ground crawl about—and when there is a paris of snails upon—*look out for rain.*

☞ Whether you are opposed to pounds less upon your talents than your good fortune. Had Wallace fought the battle of Yorktown he would have been hung as a traitor. As he was successful he became the Father of his Country. Another man would throw up pounds altogether when he had got licked.

The Belfast Journal tells about a man who stepped into a store where liquor was kept for "medicinal and mechanical purposes," and produced a bottle which he desired to have filled. On being asked for what purpose he wanted it, he said mechanical purposes, as he was going to grease an ox-yoke in the afternoon."

Punch asks, "Why is a man who is not hot, as bad as a man who is dead? because he is no better."

That his father's head is no longer fair.

their cause, when Colonel Morgan, no longer able to contend with his feelings,

ing and sleeping, are by no means the lowest class of mind in community. The

The person in question is a certain Chevalier Wykeham—Chevalier of Industry we presume—who was the factotum

attended Miss G. by suggesting "fair suitors." On the way to Genoa another Courier followed, and she insisted against

manner, and showing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some

The two strangers grew so fond of their once having been in a similar situation