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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"Poet's Corner."

Lines.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The May sun sheds an amber light
On new leafed woods and lawns between;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentl and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung:
But she whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear,
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

Collins Line of Ocean Steamers, to the Congress of the U. S.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Not as beggars at your portals,
Stretching out imploring palms,
Have we asked ye, do we ask ye,
Will we ask ye for your alms,
No! as those who, true and valiant,
Added glory to your zone,
Here, the Masters of the Ocean,
We but ask ye for our own!

We have bridged the mighty Ocean;
We have made the fiend of flame
Like a god appear while urging
On the Steamer's stalwart frame;
We have made the red cross tremble—
How the haughty island quailed
When the "Atlantic" or the "Baltic"
Through her wondering channel sailed!

How the decks that Blake and Nelson
Called their country's truest throne,
As we thundered down the tempest,
To each other made a moan—
As we triumphed o'er our rivals
Of the olden English land,
As we proudly placed the trident
In our own Columbia's hand!

Will ye then refuse a guerdon!
Will ye let the mighty main,
Which we thus from her have wrested,
To Britannia lapse again!
Hark! the decks of Bainbridge, Lawrence,
Haunted by their spirits still,
Whisper in a tone defiant,
"Let them do it if they will.

Let the clime whose starry banner
We have hallowed with our blood,
This refuse—no more our memory
Lingers in the Land or Flood!"
Only as the fond Earth stretches
To the Sun her eager palms,
Asking from the gracious Sovereign
For a store of sunny alms—

Do we ask from ye a guerdon:
Knowing well that as the earth
Gives that Sun himself new splendor,
Ye had splendor from our birth.
Then as those who, true and valiant,
Added glory to your zone,
Here, the Masters of the Ocean,
We but ask ye for our own!

Selected Miscellany.

Tom Shelby's visit to the Country.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Near the home of my early childhood, there lived a plain but wealthy farmer by the name of Austin. He was a pleasant, intelligent man, and his wife was an excellent woman. They had a fine family of children—from Anne about sixteen down to Johnny a bright little rogue of six. But the pleasantest and cleverest of all was Frank the eldest son—a happy, handsome, hearty, funny fellow, whom everybody liked, although he was rather mischievous, and fond of playing little tricks. More was pardoned to him than to any one else, because he was never ill-natured even when he seemed most wild and lawless.

Mr. Austin had a sister married to a rich merchant of the city of Albany, Mr. Shelby, who had a son about the age of Frank, a good enough boy at heart, but rather wild in his ways and full of foolish fine-gentleman notions. One spring, when Frank was about thirteen, he made a short visit to the city, and when he came home brought his cousin with him to spend the summer and fall. It was whispered about the neighborhood that Master Tom was sent into the country because "his folks couldn't manage him at home." I do not know that this was the case, but very likely the report was correct.

I was very intimate with Hattie Austin, one of the dearest and prettiest playmates of my childhood, and happened to be making her a visit when the boys arrived. Frank leaped down the steps first, embraced his mother heartily, and hugged all the children. Master Tom Shelby descended with slow dignity. He was dressed in a suit of fine blue broadcloth—the pantaloons tightly fitting and strapped down under a pair of stylish, narrow toed, high heeled boots. His delicate hands were encased in dark kid gloves, and very much on one side of his head he wore a black velvet cap with a long dangling tassel. His hair was long and straight; by the way, Frank could afterwards vex him very much by telling him that it curled *naturally* in Albany, but somehow it straightened out more and more, the further he travelled from French hair dressers. I remember Tom so plainly, because he was the first dandy I ever saw.

The first thing he did was to brush the dust from his polished boots with his cambric handkerchief; then looking up to the driver he drawled out, "Boy will you hand me down my dressing case?"

"Yes, grandfather" answeree the good-natured driver, taking off that elegant article, and the other baggage.

That afternoon, a number of the boys and girls of the neighborhood came to welcome Frank home, and to have a peep at the young stranger. I never shall forget the airs that fellow gave himself. He walked about the yard when we were at play, for all the world, as a fine peacock struts among a crowd of pullets, ducks, and young roosters. How scornfully he eyed our homely clothes, and refused to join in our merry game of "tag," saying it was too rude and childish! Some of us took off our shoes, to run the faster, and he looked down at our bare feet with as much horror as though they had been hoofs or claws. But he soon found out, as some great people had done before him, that it was tiresome work to be grand. We let him alone, and he soon came down from his stilts. He began to talk about Albany: "We do this," and "We have that, in Albany;" everything was handsomer and finer there than in this country.

"Dreadful big of his Albany!" said little Johnny. I had read in my copy-book, that God made the country, and man made the town," and I told him so right to his face, and said I didn't think men had better set up to do things better than God.

"I don't know about that," he said; but I do know that we city people put up handsomer buildings than you country people ever dreamed of. My father now lives in a great *brass* house, with a *brick* knocker on it!"

What a laugh we had at his blunder!

In the morning we all went to take a stroll in the woods. On the way Tom amused himself, and I must confess, us also by telling of the tricks that before he left home he had played off on Frank, who, he said was "as green as that meadow," pointing to a wheat field. He had made his poor visitor drink the water from his finger glass, for lemonade; he had sent him to the Female Academy, telling him it was the Capitol; and to an undertaker's to buy a new trunk; and one evening he sent him home on the full run, by pointing to a watchman, and telling him that after one appeared in the streets all strange boys were liable to be dragged off to the watch-house. Frank laughed good-humoredly while Tom was relating these cunning exploits; but shook his head once in a while as much as to say, "Wait a bit my lad, and I'll pay you."

As we were passing through a cow-pasture on the edge of the wood, we came upon a flock of geese with a host of goslings, and a fierce old gander flew at us, hissing like a serpent. Tom started back, and called out, "Why Frank, what is the matter with that great white goose, that it hisses so?"

"It does behave strangely said Frank, quite soberly; what can ail it? *Can it be that it has gone mad?*"

In a moment Tom took to his heels and did not stop till he reached the wood, rods off. While we were screaming with laughter, Frank called out, "Stop, Tom, it's only a gander; you're the goose yourself!"

In the afternoon, Tom brought out his fishing tackle—his nice jointed rods, his delicate lines and his flies—and invited Frank to go trouting with him. Though he talked large, as usual, Frank saw that he knew little or nothing of that sort of fishing. So he went with him, stopped at the first piece of water they came across, put his finger on his lip in token of silence, then lazily flung himself down on the grass under a willow to watch the sport. The little sheet of water was nothing but a frog pond, weedy and muddy, where fish had never made their appearance. Tom had heard that trout were exceedingly shy, and went very softly to work, never speaking above a whisper to Frank. After above an hour, he concluded flies were not an inviting bait, and, by Frank's advice, used worms instead.

"Do they bite now?" whispered Frank yawning, for he had taken a nice nap in the shade of the willow.

"No," said Tom, "but they begin to nibble;" and in a minute after he cried, joyfully, "Now I have one! Come, Frank, and help me out with it. I think it must be a salmon trout."

But before Frank reached him he pulled up a great turtle which he had hooked by the leg. Frank rolled on the ground with laughter, and Tom did not soon hear the last of his fine "salmon trout."

The next day however Frank took his cousin to a real trout stream, some miles distant, and taught him how to capture that most shy and delicious fish.

Not long after this Tom proposed a hunt. Now, Frank was a good shot, but Tom knew about as much of hunting as he did of trouting. But you would have supposed from his way of talking, that he was a perfect Nimrod—a "mighty hunter." He had an elegant little fowling piece, and all the accoutrements even to a hunting jacket of the latest English fashion. But alas! his fine outfit brought him neither skill nor luck; he popped away incessantly, and as the boys say "killed nothing but powder." At last, Frank, who had separated from him, and had nearly filled his game-bag with squirrels and partridges, took pity on the poor fellow. He happened himself to have shot an owl, and, climbing a tree, he fixed this on a large limb, so that it looked very lifelike and natural. Then, going for Tom he led him softly within sight of the game, telling him that there was a big bird of some sort he might have for the shooting. Thinking that a big bird would require a big charge, Tom put in a double quantity of powder and shot, and the consequence was, that he was kicked clean over—boys will understand how. But he brought down the owl, and never would believe but that he had the first shot at him.

A few days after this, Mr. Austin said to his young guest, "I've a letter from your father, my boy, and he tells me to set you to work, and get some of the nonsense out of you. I don't want to put you to hard labor; you may do as you please; but Frank, here, has been fooling about long enough—he must go to work." Tom turned up his aristocratic nose at the thought of his working on the farm; and when he saw Frank shoulder his hoe, and go cheerfully over the hill to the corn field, he wondered at and pitied him.

But Tom had somehow become attached to his good-natured playmate; and, as he idled away hour after hour of the pleasant morning, through the house and about the yard, he found himself very lonely and stupid.

By the middle of the afternoon of the second day, he felt that he really could not stand it any longer; so he paid a visit to the corn-field, "just to see how they got along," he said. After watching his cousin a while, he went to Mr. Austin, and asked for a hoe—"just to help Frank a little." His uncle gave him one with a smile, telling him to be careful of his fine clothes. Though Tom found that his work was even harder than fishing for trout in a frog pond—though it made his back ache, and almost blistered his hands—yet he liked it, and hoed his row bravely. The next morning, after an early breakfast, he drew on an old pair of boots, rolled up his pantaloons, shouldered his hoe, and set out with the other workmen, feeling very stout and important. In the course of a week, he found in his room a regular farmer's suit of clothes, more easy than elegant, and of strong but cool material. These he put on with much pleasure; indeed, it was soon hard to persuade him to dress himself in broadcloth, even to go to church. He said, that in tow jacket and corduroy trousers, a man had room, a man could do as he pleased, and that a good straw hat was *the* thing for a man, after all.

Mr. Austin gave his nephew a small piece of land in the corn field for a melon patch. Tom planted and cultivated it, and was very proud of the thriving condition of his watermelons and canteleups. It happened that a neighbouring farmer had a fine melon patch in the very next field. This Mr. Johnson was a cross, disobliging man, on whom the boys loved to play little mischievous tricks—so, I suppose, Tom did not think he was proposing anything wrong, when he said to his cousin one evening in September, "Frank, let's go to-night, and hook old Johnson's water melons."

"Do you mean to steal them, Tom?" asked Frank.

"Why, yes; if you've a mind to call a little fun by such a hard name. I don't see, for my part, what harm there could be in taking a few watermelons from such a stingy old fellow."

"Frank, with all his wildness, had never been guilty of a mean or a dishonest act; yet now, after thinking a moment, he agreed to go with his cousin, but persuaded him to wait till the moon was down, and it was quite dark. Then, by a roundabout way through the woods, he led Tom *to his own melon-patch*, where he told him to hurry and fill the basket, while he kept watch a little distance. He afterwards said that he never came so near dying with silent laughter, as he did when he saw Tom creeping softly about on all fours, stealing his own melons, thinking that they were Mr. Johnson's! At last, hearing some noise near—a cow, or a colt, perhaps—he shouted, "Run, Tom! run! Look out for old Johnson!" and started for home at full speed. Tom followed fast, breathing hard, and dropping a melon or two, in his fright. But he reached the house with three fine ones, of which he ate enough to make him so ill that he was obliged to lie abed and take medicine the next forenoon. At night, when he was much better, Frank confessed the trick he had played off; and I assure you the poor fellow made up a worse face at the story than he had at the bitter dose of the morning. Yet he did not keep anger long, and he never forgot the hard lesson he had learned—never attempted to steal again even from himself.

Tom Shelby was more and more liked, the longer he stayed with the Austins; and in little more than half a year he grew to be a sensible, industrious, agreeable lad. So much did he become attached to his cousin, that he could not be persuaded to return home without him; and it was finally agreed that Frank should be sent to one of the excellent schools in Albany, and that the two friends, if they remained good boys, should be educated together.

I remember the day they left us. They were to go by stage some twenty miles, to the town of S——. It was a keen morning in November, yet these two hardy, ruddy cheeked boys chose to ride outside with the driver. The night before, they had gone all about the neighborhood, to bid their friends good-by; and everybody, even old Johnson, was sorry to see the merry lads go. Tom had laid out a generous portion of his pocket money in parting gifts—from a "Pilgrim's Progress," in large type, for grandmother Austin, to a bag of painted marbles for little Johnny. But to Hattie, his favorite, he made half a dozen handsome presents, for her "to remember cousin Tom by," he said. If he could have known how she cried over them, when he was gone, he would have been both glad and sorry, I think.

After the boys had taken a hearty leave of us all, and clambered to their seats, while the driver was gathering up the reins, Tom called out, "If any of you happen to meet a slender, long-haired, milky-faced young dandy from Albany, who was about here for awhile last spring, just bid him good-by for me, for I never shall see him again."

THE CONDOR HUNT.

BY LIEUT. WM. F. LYNCH.

In each division of the American Continent, nature seems to have carried on her operations with boundless magnificence, and upon a gigantic scale. Chateubriand, reclining by his watch-fire on the banks of the Niagara, where the thunders of its cataract were only interrupted by the startling yell of the Iroquois, could yet *feel*, in the midst of tumult, the amazing silence and solitude of the North American forest. And the hardy mariner, whose bark has escaped the perils of the Southern sea, and is wafted along the western coast of Chili, looks with no less admiration upon the fertile plains gradually receding into the swell of the Andes, which literally lifts its smoking craters and towering eminences above the clouds, and upon its snow-capped and sunny summits, scarcely feels the undulations of the storms which gather and burst around its waist.

With the stars and stripes of the Union floating from the mast-head of our frigate, we were sailing along that part of the coast of Chili, where the waving line of the Andes rounds within a short distance of the Pacific, and were unusually solicitous, after the perils and privations of a tempestuous sea-voyage, to tread upon al soil on which nature, from her horn of abundance, has poured forth the choicest of her gifts.

Older sailors than ourselves had spoken of the generous hospitality of the Spanish colonists, and there were historical associations connected with this favored land, well calculated to render a visit agreeable. Who that has been nurtured in the lap of freedom, would not long to look upon the only race of native people on the western continent who had never been subdued, and who, to this day, tread the soil of their forefathers unvanquished and invincible!

The Aracanians, who inhabit the southern portion of this delightful country, like the Saxons of the European continent, are the only native race who have successfully repelled every invader, and who, happier than the Saxon, still rejoice in their unbridled freedom.

Neither Diego Almagro, with his brutal treachery, nor Valverde, with his unsparing cruelty, could ever subdue or intimidate a race of freedom whose liberties still survive the frequent convulsions by which they have been agitated. The flame of freedom among this gallant people, like the volcanoes of their native mountains, seems destined to burn on, for ever unextinguished. But I proposed to speak of the Condor Hunt on the plains of Chili.

Every one has heard of the Condor or Great Vulture of the Andes, rivaling in natural history, the fabled feats of the Roc of Sinbad. Even the genius of Humboldt has failed to strip this giant bird of its time-honored renown, and his effort to reduce the Chilian Condor to the level of the Lammergyer of the Alps, is a signal failure.

Although he has divested this mountain bird of all its fictitious attributes, and stripped a goodly portion of romantic narrative of its wildest imagery, yet the Condor still floats in the solitude of the higher heavens, the monarch of the feathered race. The favorite abiding-place of this formidable bird is along a chain of mountains in our southern continent, whose summits, lifted far above the clouds, are robed in snow, which a torrid sun may kiss but never melt. Above all animal life, and beyond the limit of even mountain vegetation, these birds delight to dwell, inhaling an air too highly attenuated to be endured by other than creatures peculiarly adapted to it. From the crown of these immense elevations they slowly and lazily unfold their sweeping pinions, and wheeling in ever widening and ascending circles, they soar upward into the dark blue vault of heaven, until their great bulk diminishes, to the merest speck, or is entirely lost to the aching sight of the observer.

"All day thy wings have fanned,
At that fair height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.
There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering—but not lost.
Thou art gone—the abyss of Heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form."

In those pure fields of ether, unvisited even by the thunder-cloud, regions which may be regarded as his own exclusive domain, the Condor delights to sail, and with piercing glance surveys the surface of the earth, toward which he never stoops but at the call of hunger. Surely this power to wait and to sustain himself in the loftiest regions of the air—the ability to endure, uninjured, the exceeding cold attendant upon such remoteness from the earth, and to breathe with ease in an atmosphere of such extreme rarity—together with the keenness of sight that, from such vast heights can minutely scan the objects beneath, as well as the formidable powers of this bird, when the herds are scattered before him: were sufficiently admirable to entitle the Condor to our attention, and to give us promise of goodly sport in the approaching Condor or Lasso Hunt.

A large landed proprietor, a descendant of one of the early Spanish patentees, to whom we had been indebted for abundant supplies of fruit and provisions, as well as for numberless civilities, conveyed to us at length the welcome tidings that the Condor, numerous as the sands of the shore, had stooped from his sublime domain, to the base of the mountain, and that the hunt would commence in the morning.

The sun had scarcely risen in the heavens, when our party of from fifteen to thirty-five, sprang from the boats to the beach. The plain before us ran in a gentle ascending slope to the base of the hill about one mile distant. The hunt was up—and the field in the distance was dotted with scampering herds of cattle and groups of horsemen mingled in one dusty melee, the sight of which lent wings to our speed, as vaulting into the deep Spanish saddles, prepared by our worthy host, we sprang onward to the field of blood. Impelled by the cravings of resistless appetite, the Condor, regardless of danger, pressed forward to assail the herds of the plain, while the watchmen, having sounded the alarm, the numerous population turned out, as well to protect their cattle, as to hunt the mountain-bird the Chilian's manly pastime.

From the midst of a canopy of dust, spread wide over the plain, there came forth sounds of noisy conflict, resembling the heady current of a "foughten field," and mountain and hill-side were shaken by the shouts of the hunters, the tramp of scampering horsemen, and the bellowing of enraged and affrighted cattle. The Condor, alone, rapid as the cassowary of the desert, pursued in silence his destined prey. As we rapidly approached, we perceived one of the herd bursting from the western extremity of the cloud of dust, lashing his sides with his tail, and his blood-shotten eyes starting wildly from their sockets, while foaming at the mouth, he bellowed loudly with pain. With a wonderful unity of purpose, he alone was closely pursued by the whole flock of birds, who, disregarding the other animals, seemed to follow, as with a single will, this stricken one, who was at the same time cautiously avoided by his terrified companions.—Like all gregarious birds, the Condor appeared to have a leader, who, rushing at their head, into the midst of the herd, pounced with his greedy beak upon this devoted animal, the fatest and the sleekest of the multitude, and tore a piece of flesh from his side. Attracted by the sight or the scent of blood, the whole flock, like a brood of harpies, joined in the mad pursuit.—Swift of foot as the fleetest racer, they keep close to his side, ever and anon striking with unerring sagacity at his eyes.

Tell me not of the gladiators of martial Rome, or of the Tauridors of modern Seville—they were pastimes for children compared with the thrilling excitement of the Condor Hunt. Away they fled and away we hurried in the chase. A thousand horsemen were wheeling rapidly in pursuit—a thousand cattle, terrified and frantic, swept over the plain—and a thousand Condors mingled in the crowd—until, by the rapid movement, herd and Condor were again hidden from the view in clouds of dust. A loud shout soon after attracted us to the scene of conflict. Bursting forth once again from the cloud of dust into which he had vainly rushed, the devoted animal plunged madly forward, yet more closely followed by the whole field of vultures. Black with dust and streaming with blood from a hundred wounds, inflicted by the remorseless beaks of his pursuers, he still fled onward, but with diminished speed. As if looking to man for assistance in his extremity, he rushed through the midst of our cavalcade, and the Condor, regardless of our presence, hung upon his side, or followed in his footprints.

From the altered movement of the animal after he had passed us, with his head on high, plunging and blundering over the uneven ground, it was evident that his course was no longer directed by sight. His eyes were gone—they had been torn from their bleeding sockets!

Wearied and panting, his tongue hangs from his mouth, and every thirsty bank is upon it.—Still onward he flies, hopeful of escape—and onward presses the Condor, secure of his prey. The animal now appeared to be dashing for the water, but his declining speed and unequal step rendered it doubtful whether he could reach it. He seemed suddenly to despair of doing so, for wheeling round with one last and desperate effort, he gathered himself up in the fulness of his remaining strength, and rushed into the midst of the herd, as if he sought by mingling in the living mass, to divert the attention of his pursuers. But the mark and the scent of blood was upon him, and on the track of blood the Condor is untiring and relentless. Beast and bird once again were lost to view beneath the curtain of dust which overspread the trembling plain. But, in a few moments, pursued by every bird, he broke from the midst of the herd, and made a few desperate plunges toward the water, and reeling onward, fell at length bleeding and exhausted, on the very margin of the sea!

"Sternitur exanimique tremens procumbit humi bos."

In an instant he was buried up among his pursuers, his flesh torn off, yet quivering, by hungry beaks, and his smoking entrails trailed upon the ground. In the distance, on the verge of the horizon, the last of the herd might still be discerned, flying upon the wings of the wind from the fate of their companion.

Our host gave the signal, and we hurried to the spot to rescue the carcass, with a view to visit upon the Condor vengeance for the mischief he had done, and the blood he had spilled. At our near approach they took reluctantly, and lazily to wing, and wheeling in oblique circles, they were soon seen floating over the crest of the mountain, dark specks in the firmament. The hunters, prepared with stakes about seven feet in length, commenced driving them in the ground, a few inches apart, and in a circular form around the carcass, leaving a small space open. As soon as we retired from the spot, the birds descended upon the plain, and entering the inclosure, renewed their feast, and again took wing. In the course, of a few hours, the huntsmen returned, and throwing into the pen an additional supply of food, drove down other stakes in the open space, leaving just sufficient room for the admission of the Condor.

The birds, more numerous than ever, returned to their filthy banquet.

Meanwhile having refreshed our horses, and partaken of the hospitality of our worthy host, we once more took the field of vengeance on the gorged and lazy foe. As the wings of these birds have a sweep of seventeen feet, they are not so readily unfurled, so that when the Condor has alighted on the plain, he is only enabled to rise by running over a space of fifteen or twenty rods, and gradually gathering wind to lift himself on high. While in the midst of their ravenous feast, a few of the hunters warily approached and closed the opening; and thus, unable to soar aloft from a spot so confined and crowded, the Condors were captive. But a Chilian scorns thus to slay a foe. Armed with a lasso, each of the natives sits upon his horse, eagerly awaiting the turning loose of half a dozen birds from the inclosure.

They are out—and away scamper the Condor, fleet as the winds of heaven—and away, in rapid pursuit, wheels the mounted Chilian, swinging around his head the noose of the unerring lasso, which, falling upon the neck of the bird, makes him captive. This line is played out, and away sweeps the powerful bird, and away the practised horseman after him. Springing upward, the Condor now unfolds his wings and flutters in such width of circle as the rope will permit—and now shoots perpendicularly upward—and now falls headlong, and is trailed exhausted on the ground.

The lengthened shadows of evening had fallen along the plain before the sport was up, and the last Condor was captured. We returned to our ship, well pleased with the entertainment, and swinging into our hammocks sunk into a deep slumber, for which the exercise of the day had prepared us—but our sleep was too sound for refreshing visitations from friends, far away.

"O'er the glad waters of the deep blue sea."

The Rival Politicians.

About the year 1830, politics ran very high in Arkansas. Col. A. H. Sevier was a candidate for the office of Delegate to Congress, and Ben Desha was his opponent.

Judge Andrew Scott was a warm friend of Desha, and bitterly hostile to Sevier. He had a neighbor living about fifteen miles from him on the "far" side of the Galley creek, named Logan, commonly called "stuttering Jim Logan," who was exactly "wice wersey" in his politics; and so frequent had been their encounters, that the two neighbors had come cordially to hate each other.

One pleasant morning in the Spring, when the sun shone out warmly, and all nature was green and fresh after a heavy rain of two or three day's duration, Logan went down from his house, through the little strip of creek bottom, to the bank of the creek, and sat himself down on a "lick log," musing perhaps, as Col. Jack McCarty once said, "*on the evanchenthe of all thubluary things.*"

The creek was about twenty yards wide, and the rain had raised it so that it was swimming, covered with foam, and running like a mill-race with a full head of water. Where the road crossed, on the edge of which Logan was sitting, was the only opening in the woods, which fringed the stream on each side. Above and below the trees bent over, and their branches hung gracefully in the water, and swung to and fro in the swift current.

After Logan had set there a while, Judge Scott came riding down the road on the other side, but halted when he reached the water's edge, and looked across without saying anything, but looked as if he thought, "Blame you if it's swimming, why don't you say so?" Logan took out his jack-knife, split a piece from the lick-log and commenced whittling it, looking steadily towards Scott all the while. Logan was a large, stout, heavy looking man;—Scott small, wiry, passionate, petulant, and as brave as a bull-dog.

After waiting a moment—for each hated the other too much to speak—Scott tightened the reins and rode into the water. His horse had not taken more than six steps, before *kerchug* he plunged in over head and ears. In a moment more Scott was washed from his back—the rider went one way, the horse the other, and the saddle-bags a third. The horse turned towards the side on which he went in, and got a shore a little way below; Scott managed to reach Logan's side of the creek, and got hold of the swinging limb of a sycamore which dipped into the water.

"Help, Logan, help!" cried Scott, "I shall be drowned! Help!"

"S-s-say you'll v-v-vote for Savier!" bawled Logan.

"Help, Logan, I shall drown! Help!"

"S-s-say you'll v-v-vote for Savier!" again bawled Logan not rising from the lick-log.

Just then the sycamore limb snapped, and the same moment Scott sung out,—"I'll see you hung first, you infernal old rascal!" and away he swept around the tree and out of sight.

Luckily the current made a sweep below, eddying round in the concavity at the upper edge of a sand-bar, upon which Scott was flung, and scrabbled out. He walked up the bank toward Logan, sputtering with rage, and streaming with water. He had no weapon but a pistol, and that of course, was unfit for service; and Logan was too big to be whipped by him in a fist fight.

"Blast you," cried Scott, as he got near him, do you stop to ask a man how he's going to vote before you save him from drowning?"

Logan never stopped whittling, but looking composedly up, slowly said,—"Every g-g-gentleman has a right to v-v-vote as he likes, and d-d-drown when he likes; and I d-d-don't suppose anybody's bound to dive into the creek to f-f-fish out a vote to k-k-kill his own."

The Himalaya Mountains.

The mean height of the Himalaya is stupendous, certainly not less than from 16,000 to 20,000 feet, though the peaks exceeding that elevation are not to be numbered, especially at the sources of the Sutlej; indeed, from that river to the Kalee the chain exhibits an endless succession of the loftiest mountains on earth. Forty of them surpass the height of Chimborazo, the highest but one of the Andes, and many reach the height of 25,000 feet at least. So rugged is this part of the magnificent chain, that the military parade at Subathoo, half a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad, is said to be the only level ground between it and the Tartar frontier on the north, or the valley of Nepaul to the east. Towards the fruitful valley of Nepaul and Bothan the Himalaya is equally lofty, some of the mountains being from 25,000 to 28,000 feet high, but it is narrower, and the descent to the plains excessively rapid, especially in the territory of Bhotan, where the dip from the table-land is more than 10,000 feet in ten miles. The valleys are crevices so deep and narrow, and the mountains that hung over them in menacing cliffs are so lofty, that these abysses are shrouded in perpetual gloom, except when the rays of a vertical sun penetrate their depths. From the steepness of the descent the rivers shoot down with the swiftness of an arrow, filling the caverns with foam and the air with mist. At the very base of this wild region lies the elevated and peaceful valley of Bhotan, vividly green and shaded by magnificent forests. Another rapid descent to the plain of the Ganges. * * Most of the passes over the Himalaya are but little lower than the top of Mont Blanc. Many are higher, especially near the Sutlej, where they are from 18,000 to 19,000 feet high, and that northeast of Khoonawur is 20,000 feet above the level of the sea, the highest that has been attempted. All are terrific, and the fatigue and suffering from the rarity of the air in the last 500 feet is not to be described. Animals are as much distressed as human beings, and many die. Thousands of birds perish from the violence of the wind; the drifting snow is often fatal to travellers, and violent thunderstorms add to the horror of the journey. The Niti pass, by which Mr. Moorcroft ascended to the sacred lake of Manassa in Thibet, is tremendous. He and his guide had not only to walk barefooted from the risk of slipping, but they were obliged to creep along the most frightful chasms, holding by twigs and tufts of grass, and sometimes they crossed deep and awful crevices on the branch of a tree, or loose stones thrown across. Yet these are the thoroughfares for commerce in the Himalaya, never repaired nor susceptible of improvement from the frequent landslips and torrents. The loftiest peaks being bare of snow gives great variety of color and beauty to the scenery, which in these passes is at all times magnificent. During the day the stupendous size of the mountains, their interminable extent, the variety and sharpness of their forms, and above all the tender clearness of their distant outline melting into the pale blue sky, contrasted with the deep azure above is described as a scene of wild and wonderful beauty. At midnight, when myriads of stars sparkle in the black sky, and the pure blue of the mountains looks deeper still below the pale white gleam of the earth and snowlight, the effect is of unparalleled solemnity, and no language can describe the splendor of the sunbeams at daybreak streaming between the high peaks and throwing their gigantic shadows on the mountains below. There, far above the habitation of man, no living thing exists; no sound is heard; the very echo of the traveler's footstep startles him in the awful solitude and silence that reigns in these august dwellings of everlasting snow.—*Physical Geography.*

FORMATION OF A NEW REPUBLIC.—Advices from the Society Islands (received via California and Honolulu) announce that the natives of Raiatea have changed their form of Government to republican. It has has hitherto been under the rule of Queen Pomare, and she had appointed one of her sons to be Vice-Regent or Governor of Raiatea. Before the arrival of Pomare's son, the natives of that island, and of several of the neighboring islands, held a council and elected a ruler for the term of two years, and declared the several islands in confederacy to constitute a "Republic." The chief magistrate elected is a half white, and is represented as a very capable man. The "Republican" party, as the natives term it, is very strong, and little doubt exists but that the change of government will be permanent, as the French officials at Tahiti are indifferent in the matter, and Queen Pomare's power is too weak to compel the islanders to return to her rule, and intelligent foreigners say that it is quite likely that the new form of government will extend to other neighboring islands and groups.