

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

VOLUME 28--NUMBER 33.

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 18, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1488

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

"Poet's Career."

Heart History.

Once upon a time, a maiden
Sat beneath a hawthorn tree,
And her lover came beside her,
Murmured words of endearment,
Sweeter than the blossom
Hanging over her was she,
And her heart within her bosom
Thrilled and glowed tumultuously.

Both were young and fond, and foolish;
Neither rich, he a poor fish,
Ma was proud, and Pa was blith,
Great their loves and great their woes,
So they kissed, and wept, and parted,
Sweating to be ever true;
Died the maiden broken-hearted!
Was the lover faithful too?

Behave I shed a woeful banker,
(Slander whispered else would be)
And no city dimes outrank her
With her pockets full of gold;
Queen at every ball and party,
Decked with jewels rare,
Looking very fresh and hearty,
Reigns the victim of despair!

He, confound the lucky fellow,
Took a widow twice his years,
Fat and forty, ripe and mellow,
With a rice of little dears;
Big plantations, servants plenty,
Splendid mansion, pomp and ease,
Cured the boyish love of twenty,
That incurable disease.

Learn from this, you dotting lover,
In your anguish do not break
Anything of great value
Than the promise you make.
Hearts were made to put in motion
Blood that otherwise would cool,
Pleasure, profit and promotion,
Graduate at Cupid's school.

Girlhood.

A sweetness in the morning air,
A witching maiden in the woods,
A group of maidens everywhere,
With glowing cheeks and flowing hair,
And with sweet voices on the air,
Within their dainty robes.

An agile fleetness in their limbs,
A tint of morning on their brows,
Their posture full of girlish whims,
No dappled fawn so nimbly skims,
Along the silver laketide brims,
Beneath the dripping boughs.

They are a ruthless, roving troop,
Marauders of the nook and glen,
They disappear with every shout,
They beat the forests all about,
And ferret timid flowers out,
Then come in gladsome train.

Such knots of flowers and knots of girls,
With beauty in their busy eyes,
One playing the sweetest of curls,
Another in her finger rings,
A nosegay rich with liquid pearls,
At-tail in disguise.

Oh! girlhood is a gaudy fair,
That still is left a recent race;
There's witchery in its wayward air,
Sweeping the sunset where it goes,
Alas! that later years impair,
Its simple, guileless grace!

Miscellaneous Selections.

Waterloo Years.

The world has been listening for years to stories of Waterloo; but it would seem like a certain other commodity, long since familiar to our readers, there are a few more left of the same sort. We do not remember of seeing the following in print, though in these typographic times, were that really the case, it would be the most curious point in it:

An individual who owned a small tavern near the eventful field, was frequently questioned by visitors as to whether he did not possess some relics of the battle, and as invariably and as honestly answered in the negative. But he was very poor, and while lamenting to a neighbor to which travelers subjected him, his friend cut him short with—

"Well, make one help another. Make some relics."

"But what can I do?" inquired the poor one.

"Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle, and sat down on that chair."

Not long after, an English tourist entered, and enquiring for relics, heard the chair story. The chair was at once bought at an incredible price. The next corner was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the Wellington tumbler was accordingly sold. The third arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had hung his hat. The fourth purchased the door posts between which he entered, and the fifth became the happy possessor of the floor on which he had trodden. At the last advice, the fortunate tavern-keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting upon a bag of gold in the centre of a dappled pie formed by selling the dirt on which he house had stood.

FORTY miles to the east of Placerville stood one of those immense trees known in California as the Fremont or Sugar pine. In circumference two feet from the ground it measured twenty-nine feet, or nine feet four inches in diameter. It was chopped off only two feet from the ground, as there was no apparent diminution in size for fifty feet upward. As many men could work around it chopped off in two days. It made in all two hundred and sixty-five thousand shingles. At 12 dollars per thousand, the price they brought at the stump, we have no less a sum than \$3180 for shingles alone, besides staves, rails, and fence post. The entire height of the tree was two hundred and thirty feet.

"You flatter me," said an exquisite other day, to a young lady who was praising the beauty of his moustache.

"For heaven's sake, ma'am, interposed an Indiana Hoosier, 'don't make that chap any flatter than he is."

The aggregate value of the Liver pool trade last year, amounted to five millions of dollars.

From the Eastern Whip.

Adventures in California.

In March last we were enabled, through the kindness of a friend residing in Easton, to publish an interesting letter written by Capt. Thomas S. Hart, who traveled extensively in California. We have been permitted to make the following extracts from another letter written by the same gentleman, to a member of his family residing in this place.

I had occasion during last fall to visit the Los Angeles Valley; which, by-the-by, is one of the most fertile and finest regions of country that I ever saw in my life, settled principally by native Californians, whom I found to be a much better class of people than I expected, at least they treated me very kindly. On my way down I had followed the coast, via San Hora or San Jose, to Monterey, Santa Barbara, thence to Los Angeles. On my return I concluded I would cross the coast range of mountains, or a spur of the Nevada, rather to the Tulare Valley, and through the Southern range to the North of Sacramento Valley, to Natoma, the place where I had been located. My mode of travelling was on foot, and there were few men in California that could beat me at walking. I provided myself with about one week's provisions, consisting of jerked beef and bread, or pan, as the natives called it; I got the best direction I could, relative to the route. I was informed that the distance across the mountains was not more than from 15 to 20 miles, about half-day's walk for me. Unfortunately for me, the whole mountain range in that section of the country abounds in wild horses or mustangs, and other wild animals; and, wherever a drove of these wild horses go, they make a trail or path equal to the one I was following. I finally got upon a wrong trail and got lost. I had no gun to guide me; I travelled the whole day on one mountain after another until I came to a spot that I thought would be favorable for encamping for the night. It was along side of a ledge of rocks which stood some eight or ten feet high. I collected sufficient fuel to keep up a fire all night. Up to this time I had seen no wild animals, although I had seen considerable signs; I built a fire so that I would have the rocks for a protection. I then broiled some of my beef and ate my supper. I examined my revolver, having two of them with me; I then spread my blankets (a luxury I always carried with me in California), and laid down, facing my gun, at the position I was in. I had lain probably a couple of hours when all at once a pack of wolves and coyotes (an animal between a wolf and a fox) set up a terrible howling; it seemed to me that there were 500 of them, altho' I suppose there were not over 25 or thirty; I hid and listened to them, and their screech was anything but agreeable, although I did not mind them much, as I had frequently heard the same music before. They were some fifty or sixty yards from me. After annoying me for at least an hour and a half, they suddenly ceased their noise, and put off in a hurry. I lay some ten or fifteen minutes congratulating myself that I would have quietness the rest of the night, when, to my horror, I perceived an animal to be upon me, and I perceived not more than 80 yards from me. I sprang to my feet in a hurry, clutching my revolver in one hand and my knife in the other. I stood expecting every moment to be attacked. I was looking about in dread, when I discovered the glaring eyes of some animal. I had heard it remarked by an old hunter that there was hardly any animal that would stand fire when it would come close to it. A thought struck me to try the experiment. I caught up a fire brand, and threw it with full force at the animal. It fell close beside me, and I think struck it. In a few moments it went off, yelling and making considerable noise, until it got clear out of hearing—and I felt greatly relieved. I roused up my fire, and seated myself by it, not venturing to lay down again. I sat there in a very gloomy mood; my feelings were anything but agreeable—knowing full well that I was lost, and that I might travel for weeks in that wild range, and not find my way out. I blamed myself for my rashness in attempting to pass the mountain range alone. Thus I sat for some three hours, studying what I had best do, when the approach of some animal again aroused me. The animal drew fire at, I took to be a California lion, or what we call here a Panther. I think they are the same animal, only those in California are much larger. But I am digressing. The animal came up to within some 40 or 50 yards of me, and stopped. I thought at first they were horses; there appeared to be two of them; I could just perceive them. I concluded I would try the effects of fire again. They did not make battle at it, but they put off in haste.

I seated myself again, wondering what would come next, as the night, so far, had been a night of horrors. Just before day, light the wolves opened their setenae again, and kept it up until it began to rain. It seemed to me as if I had got into a den of animals, as I heard several that seemed a distance from me during the night. As soon as it was light, I ate some bread and meat, and prepared to start again. Before starting I went and looked for the tracks of the animals that had annoyed me during the night. The first I took to be a panther and the other two were grizzly bears.

I started on my journey, determined not to spend such another night, if I could possibly help it. I travelled almost incessantly the whole day. There was one thing I almost forgot to mention: I had seen several coyotes and wolves at a distance during the day. About noon I came to a mass of rocks surrounded by

chapparel, and, to my surprise, I discovered two grizzlies lying asleep. I quickly took the back track, and gave them a wide berth. They are an animal that is not easily disturbed, as I frequently heard of people coming upon them asleep and retiring without awakening them. They are a terrible animal to come in contact with.

But, to continue: after travelling all day, about sunset I ascended quite a high mountain, from whence I discovered the valley which I had been so anxiously looking for, about two and a-half miles distant. Never did any poor mortal feel greater relief from danger than I did. I seemed to be infused with new life, although a few minutes previous I felt so faded and worn out that I could hardly drag one foot after the other, yet now I felt as vigorous as if I had not travelled more than a mile that day. I started down, determined to get out of the mountain by the time daylight was gone, if possible; but the road had to travel over rocks and through bushes—was so difficult that I had not got more than half way down when darkness closed me in, and I began to make preparations for encamping again. I had nearly completed my arrangement when I happened to cast my eyes down into the valley and discovered a fire. I came to the conclusion that there must be a settlement there, and I was determined to reach it if possible, as I did not wish to spend such another night of horrors in the mountain. I started, and had a terrible time to get down. I had the fire as a guide although it began to get quite low. About eight o'clock I reached where the fire was, about a quarter of a mile from the base of the mountain. I stopped, and when I came to look around, the first thing that I discovered was that I was in the midst of an Indian Rancho, or settlement, which was quite unexpected to me, as I had forgotten about the Indians, and I had expected to come out into a white settlement, which was reported to be upon the opposite side of the range from where I started into the mountain.

I stood astonished for a few moments, for I had always been informed that the Indians in this region of country were hostile, and held a deadly hatred to the whites. I studied for some minutes what I had best do. It then threatened rain very much, I hardly knew what to do. There I was, alone, far from the haunts of civilization. Surrounded on the one side by the wild animals of nature, on the other by the wild savages of the desert, almost as ferocious and savage as the bear. You may judge and imagine my feelings in this trying position. Expecting every moment that the flood gates of heaven would be poured out upon me, but death and pain, I knew full well, were my lot. I knew full well that the lodge contained a dog, which took after their masters to do, quite as savage in disposition. It had been hunted around and found a good sized club or pole. I had disincumbered myself of my blankets, provision, &c. I then approached the nearest lodge and sung out Wallah, Wallah, which is an Indian howdo you do; my salute was hardly given when the dogs as I expected rushed from every lodge, and if I had not been prepared would have torn me to pieces. I kept them at bay with my club. Finally the Indians approached and drove the dogs away, when I walked boldly up to the nearest Indian, and took him by the hand and said Wallah, Wallah, and so passed around and saluted some fifteen or twenty that had come out. My boldness took them by surprise. I was afterwards informed that they were under the impression that there was a party of whites in the vicinity, or I would not venture in amongst them alone. They consulted amongst themselves for several minutes. Finally one of them approached me, took me by the hand and made signs for me to go to one of the lodges. I accordingly went, the rest of the Indians following. Their lodges are built in the shape of a large bowl inverted. They are quite small, being generally not more than five feet in the clear in the highest place inside, and about 8 feet in diameter at the bottom inside. There is a passage left in one side, and their fire is generally right in this entrance. I got in you have to step over one side of the fire. The fire is generally small. I passed into one of these lodges with the Indian. He stirred up the fire and caused it to blaze brightly, which discovered my features to them plainly, when, to my surprise, an Indian stepped in from the outside, took hold of me and said, "How do you do?" in English. He knew me, but I had not the slightest recollection of him, until he told me where he had seen me. "What I am going to relate goes to show how highly they appreciate a kindness, and also goes to show how a slight in time, benefit a person when he least expects it. I had been always, invariably, made it a practice to treat them kindly wherever I met them; and during the summer I was upon an excursion out to Mariposa, in the southern mines. On my way, I stopped at a California hotel to get my dinner. While I was eating an Indian came in, who had been wandering from his tribe for some months. He had been at the City of Stockton, working there for a white man, where he learned a little English. He was then on his way to his tribe, which was the Tulare tribe, at the head of the Tulare Valley. He had no money, and wanted something to eat. The proprietor of the hotel ordered him off, telling him they did not give people to eat without money. I called him back, and told the landlord to give him my dinner, and I would pay for it. From the manner in which he had fasted for two days; and I thought that he would starve, as he had no money, and he would get to his tribe, if he were not too remote; he was on his way to them

then. He returned me thanks as well as he knew how, and left. There are very few of them that ever show any signs of feeling or thanks for favors or kindness that you may bestow upon them; I suppose their gratitude is treasured up in their minds. This was the Indian who stepped forth and saluted me. He remembered me, and related to the rest how I had treated him, when they came forward and shook hands again, which made me feel grateful, knowing I was in their good graces. That night the rainy season commenced in earnest, and it rained in torrents. This was in November. It does not, during the rainy season, rain incessantly all the time, as a great many here think—and I was under the same impression, previous to going there. The rainy season is generally a more succession of heavy showers. I concluded to remain in present quarters for a few days and recruit. The Indians continued to treat me kindly. They had a kind of bread made of pounded acorns; I did not admire the taste of it; the Indians seemed to esteem it very highly. They also make bread from a seed they collect in the early part of the fall. The plant from which they collect grows about the height of flax, and branches in the same manner.

But to continue with my adventures if they may be so called. About two weeks previous to my going amongst these Indians, one of their children, a little girl about two years of age, had been carried off in the dusk of the evening, by one of those California lions; the child of course was devoured. This I had from one who could interpret a little by signs, and the few words of English he knew. I could not understand him pretty well. Well, the child had been carried off amongst them, and the dogs (who had become quite friendly towards me) rushed out and commenced an attack upon some animal, about nine o'clock in the evening; they appeared to have a terrible battle with it. I concluded I would go out and see the battle; it was starlight when I got out. I found that the dogs had some animal at bay; they were in a circle around it. I got within about 15 feet of the animal; I fired at it and fortunately hit it, and broke its left fore-shoulder. The animal instantly sprang at me, striking me rather on the side, tearing my clothes, and scratching me in the side, and no doubt it had not been disabled, but the force with which it came against me prevented me. The dogs in the meantime followed up the attack, and as it turned to battle with them, I got a shot at it, and placed a ball behind its fore-shoulder. There was then one of the most terrible conflicts that I ever beheld between it and the dogs during its death struggles; it killed two of the dogs; it finally fell dead across my feet and legs. I had lain still in the meantime, as I was in danger of being attacked by the dogs as well as the animal. In the meantime there had not an Indian made his appearance; finally when the noise had all ceased, they began to make their appearance with torches or fire brands, and when they came to examine and find out how matters were, they gave the Indian yell or whoop which exceeded any noise that I ever heard. The Indians came running from all quarters to the number of several hundred, young and old, women and children, as well as men. I thought that the dogs and the animal had made a noise which was terrifying, but the noise the Indians made exceeded anything I ever heard in my life. I did not think that it was in the power of human beings to make such a hideous noise. The Indians then danced in a fantastic manner around me, and would come up and pat me on the shoulder and talk Indian which I did not understand; they kept up their rejoicing for a considerable length of time.

The animal proved to be a panther of the largest size, measuring about eleven feet in length from the end of the nose to the tip of the tail. Several of the dogs were badly hurt, but the Indians applied herbs to their wounds, and cured them very soon.

I was stood higher in their estimation than ever; the next morning they called a council, and informed me through the interpreter that they wished to adopt me into their tribe, and to make a chief of me. I had no objection. I told them, however, that I would not interfere with my leaving them, which was to do when the water subsided, (nearly the whole valley being under water at this time from the heavy rains). They told me it would not, that I could go when I pleased, but they would rather I would stay with them. They then prepared to make an Indian of me, which they did, although I did not feel the transformation. They just raised the panther on his feet, propping it up so as to make it look as if it was alive; they then wanted to paint my face which I objected to; I told them I would make a good Indian without having my face painted. They then stuck feathers of all colors into my hair, until I must have looked very grotesque, for my appearance seemed to excite the admiration of the Chief, which I could not understand; he then stepped up to me, and presented me with a bow and a quiver full of arrows, these being the only arms I ever saw them use; he then put his right hand on the top of my head, and took hold of my right hand with his left, he then proceeded to name me, calling me PLANKHABTAR, at least that was the name as near as I could get it. They then gave their war-whoop, and commenced their war dance around the panther and myself. When they would dance around to a certain point, they would shoot their arrows which were pointed with the Obedian stone at the panther, and some of them with such force that they would go through the animal; they would then come up and pat me up

on the shoulder, and speak to me; some of them used the Spanish word BUNIO or BURRO, which means good, for instance they would say BUNIO, Plankhabtata. There was considerable order and ceremony, but too tedious to name. The most amusing part of the ceremony to me was towards the conclusion; they concluded as I was now one of themselves that I must have a wife or squaw, and the first thing I was aware of was that there were about forty of their marriageable females presented to me, and the interpreter told me I was to pick out a squaw or two if I wished; I was taken all back as the sailors say; I told them that that was a part of the ceremony that I could not comply with, as I already had a squaw at home. I could not refrain from laughing, when I came to look at the group of poor miserable creatures that I was to select a wife from amongst. They were without exception, the most filthy looking objects that I ever beheld. My rejecting a wife or squaw pleased the men very much; they laughed very heartily at it. I found that the California Indians generally were much opposed to their women forming connections with the whites; in this instance, the women looked at it in a different light, as they considered me an Indian, and they thought I cast a great light upon them in making a selection. Each one thought that the world had been the happy one, therefore they all took it in the same light. They would look upon me with perfect contempt, when I would meet them afterwards; still they would treat me kindly by fetching me wood, &c. I concluded the ceremony of the day, they went to work and in about twenty minutes had me a lodge completed, which I occupied very comfortably and perfectly water-tight.

The Indians are very fond of having English or American names for their children, they got me to name a number of them, and I found it very difficult to learn them to say their names. If they should retain them until they grow up there will be some conspicuous characters amongst them, for instance, there is Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, General Jackson, Washington, Scott, Taylor, Louis Napoleon, Prince Albert, Queen Victoria, and a host of other conspicuous names.

The California Indians are the most degraded and filthy Indians there are probably in North America, and yet they are susceptible of great improvement, and where they come in connection with whites improve very rapidly, making very good and industrious servants in many instances.

They are very expert at catching game, the manner in which they catch partridges or quails is interesting. The quails are very abundant in that region of country. I went out with them upon one occasion; they went a considerable distance and selected out a large patch of the chapparel. They went to work and fixt up the end of a single hair—a single hair constituting the end—in every little passage or entrance into the above patch; and setting probably from five to six hundred snares. They will then start out their dogs, and the birds generally run instead of flying. In this instance, almost every snare caught a bird. In fact I lived upon game after my provisions failed; they always furnished me abundance; they also caught a great many hares and rabbits.

But I must now bring my narrative to a close, as I have already trespassed too long upon your patience and time. There is one thing I should like to mention, and that is the bitter animosity that the Indians have for the Chinese. They do not mind being intruded upon, or knocked down a little by the white man, but look for as a matter of course, but the Chinese they look upon as another race of Indians, which they consider intruders; and to the John Chinaman they catch in their vicinity. If they do not have his long hair, it will be because they cannot catch him. I have been very much amused at seeing a party of Indians stand and gaze with supercilious contempt upon a party of Chinese. They consider themselves far superior to the Chinese; and they are in some respects.

I was with the Indians about three weeks, and when I parted with them they regretted it very much. They took care to furnish me with plenty of game, as I had some three or four days' journey before I could reach Mariposa. When I left them, two of their party—the interpreter being one—traveled with me a whole day, and frequently through water to our camp pits, to put me upon the proper trail to the white settlement, which I reached, after an arduous journey across rivers and sloughs, in four days.

AARON'S CALF.—William, look up. Tell us who made you? William, who was considered a fool, scrawling his face, and looking thoughtful, and somewhat bewildered, slowly answered, "Moses, I s'pose." "Now," said Counselor Grey, addressing the court, "the witness says he 's'poses' Moses made him. This certainly is an intelligent answer—more than I considered him capable of giving. It shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture; but I submit it is not sufficient to justify his being sworn as a witness to give evidence." Mr. Judge, said I ever saw them use; he then put his right hand on the top of my head, and took hold of my right hand with his left, he then proceeded to name me, calling me PLANKHABTAR, at least that was the name as near as I could get it. They then gave their war-whoop, and commenced their war dance around the panther and myself. When they would dance around to a certain point, they would shoot their arrows which were pointed with the Obedian stone at the panther, and some of them with such force that they would go through the animal; they would then come up and pat me up

St. Helena and Napoleon.

Mr. BERTHAM, of the Baptist denomination, who during eleven years has been a missionary on the Island of Helena, gives us the following:

The circumference of the Island of Helena is 30 miles, its diameter 10 miles, and its height above the sea nearly 3000 feet. After rising to the height of this rock, a most splendid prospect opens to view. A rich soil is found on the surface, and there every delicious fruit of tropical climates abounds. In the distance, two lofty mountains rise up in immense piles, till lost in the clouds. The prospect on the vast deep from these heights surpasses every thing for sublimity and grandeur ever beheld by man. The climate is most delightful the year round, the thermometer always ranging between 60, and 80 degrees. Winter as well as summer yields its rich and ripened fruit and harvest.—There are 6000 inhabitants on the island—2000 whites, 1000 of the African tribe, and 3000 natives, in complexion and character somewhat like our American Indians.

Napoleon here lived six years in exile. Napoleon was regarded as the greatest warrior that ever lived, and did more than any man before or since, to shake the empire and lift the world with dread; but his proud battles, splendid victories, and glittering crowns, God met him; took away his power, and confined him on that desolate Island, far away from intercourse with the nations of the earth, to humble him and to make him know, as in the case of Nebuchadnezzar, that there was one higher and mightier than he who ruled over all. The first three years he was lonely and desolate, yet he was always planning in his mind how he should burst his bondage and go forth to battle as before. The last three years he was ferrely spent. The warrior reflected on his past life, repented of his sinful career, and was often on his knees in prayer to God. He was finally brought to believe in the Bible; to hope in Jesus Christ as the Savior, and died in peace as a Christian.

The Happy Man.

The Commonwealth makes the following extract from a photographic report of a recent sermon by Rev. Theodore Parker, at Boston. The original of the picture is understood to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton. The power to be happy depends in a great measure upon constitutional temperament, as well as mental discipline. The person referred to has reason to rejoice that nature has endowed him so favorably:

The happiest man I have ever known, is one far from being rich, in money, and one who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling is his, and he likes it. In his process as much as its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks; he tends his garden before sunrise, every morning; then rides sundry miles by rail; does his ten hours work in town, whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the first smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to work with his little flower in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as it is with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows, is but a bitter animosity that the Indians have for the Chinese. They do not mind being intruded upon, or knocked down a little by the white man, but look for as a matter of course, but the Chinese they look upon as another race of Indians, which they consider intruders; and to the John Chinaman they catch in their vicinity. If they do not have his long hair, it will be because they cannot catch him. I have been very much amused at seeing a party of Indians stand and gaze with supercilious contempt upon a party of Chinese. They consider themselves far superior to the Chinese; and they are in some respects.

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Practical Preaching.

A number of years ago, Parson B. preached in a town in the interior of this State. A strong theologian was Parson B., as a published volume of his sermons evinces; but like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to doctrinal sermons; to the exclusion of practical themes.—At least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C.

Mr. B. said he one day to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach a real practical discourse?"

On very well. "If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon."

Sunday morning came, and an unusual large audience attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were present. The preliminary services were performed, and the parson announced his text. After opening his subject, he should make a practical application to the heads of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special fault. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain; and so on. While in mid-volley, the door of the church opened, and Doctor S. entered.

"There, coming in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months."

This went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C., who had requested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. C., he's a merchant—and what does he do? Why he stays at home on Sunday afternoon, and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of new goods up from New York Saturday night, he goes to his store, and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the service, the parson walked up to Mr. C., and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon."

Mr. B. was the reply, "I just what you please after this. I'll sever attempt to direct you again."

Yankee Philosophy.

An airy talk makes easy stages.
It ain't them that stare, the most that see the best, I guess.
It's better never to wipe a child's nose at all than to wring it off.
When a fellow winks till his gas gets married, I guess it's a little too late to pop the question then.
I'd rather keep a critter whose faults I do know, than change him for a beast whose faults I don't know.
Nature is natur, whether you find it in rags or in king's robes; natur's natur is spread with the thumb as well as with the silver knife.
We can do without an article of luxury we've never had, but when once obtained, it is not in human nature to surrender it voluntarily.
Never tell folks you can go ahead of 'em but do it. It spares a great deal of talk, and helps them to save their breath to cool their throats.
When I see a child, I always feel safe with these women folks; for I have always found that the road to a woman's heart is through her child.
Politics makes a man as crooked as a pack dog's pedler; not that they are so awful heavy, neither, but it teaches a man to stoop in the long run.
When a fellow is too lazy to work, he paints his name over his door and calls it a tavern, and as like as not he makes the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself.
If a man don't hoe corn, and he don't get a crop, he says it is all owing to the Bank; and if he runs in debt and is sued, why he says lawyers are a curse to the country.

All is for the Best.—"Dr. Johnson used to say, that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year." Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "for every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg let him be thankful it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission; one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

A Word to Boys.—"Boys, did you ever think that this great world with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, its oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, and with all its millions of men, and all the sciences and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the boys of the present age? It will be so. Believe it, and look abroad upon your possessions."

Doobs has broken out again. He last inquiry is—How many sheets are there in a church choir? Will poor old folks have any relief from the poor folks' anxiety?

The newspapers have been full of accounts of a movement to be made by the colored people, to be supported by abolitionists among the colored States.