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."

Ho! Watch you well by Daylight.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness,
For angels then are near;
For Heaven the sense bestoweth,
Our waking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.
Then watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness,
For angels then are near.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure,
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch in sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays;
For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To Heaven entrust the morrow,
For the angels then are near.
Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness,
For angels then are near.

Do You Really Think He Did?

I waited till the twilight,
And yet he did not come;
I strayed along the brook side,
And slowly wandered home,
When who should come behind me
But him I should have bid;
He said he came to find me;
Do you really think he did?

He said that since we parted
He'd thought of nought so sweet,
As of the very moment—
The moment we should meet
He showed me where, half shaded,
A cottage home lay hid;
He said for me he made it—
Do you really think he did?

He said when he first saw me,
Life seemed at once divine—
Each night he dreamed of angels,
And every face was mine:
Sometimes a voice, when sleeping,
Would all his hopes forbid,
And then he waked up weeping—
Do you really think he did?

Miscellaneous Selections.

Our Battle Fields.

We make the following extract from Governor Seymour's address, at the laying of the foundation of the monument on "The Andre Ground."

In no period during the Revolutionary contest was our State exempt from the evils of war. The Highlands of the Hudson constituted the strong-holds of the American army. While other portions of our country were occasionally invaded, here the contest was unceasing. The British government at all times saw that the full possession of the Valley of the Hudson, on their part, would divide and weaken the power of the Colonists, and would destroy all hopes of their maintaining the freedom of our country. The greatest effort put forth by England was confined in its operations to our own territories, and she selected for the march of her combining armies the same avenue through which commerce now pours its full tide, where the savage made his war path, and where she had struggled with her ancient foe during the French war. New York was invaded simultaneously through the Valley of the Upper Hudson by her disciplined troops under Burgoyne, by her fleets ascending the river, under Clinton, and by her savage allies under Saint Leger, who were to exert all their forms of warfare, and to combine their strength at the present Capital of our State; thus to separate the New England States from the rest of the Colonies, and thus to destroy the divided and weakened forces of the American armies. We then saw the remarkable spectacle of savage warfare, disciplined armies, and a naval power, all exerted at once upon our State. The brave and hardy settler on the Mohawk encountered, on the battle ground of Oriskany, the fierce savage under Brandt, the still more cruel tory under the ruthless Butler, and the disciplined soldiers of Saint Leger; and in the deep forests the bloodiest and fiercest contests of the revolution occurred. Animated on the one hand by patriotic courage, and on the other by a fierce hatred of those who had driven them from their homes, the settler, the savage, and the tory engaged in a contest hand to hand, and in many instances perished in each other's dying grasp. The effect of this bloody contest was the abandonment of the investiture of Fort Stanwix by the force under Saint Leger.

Thus one part of this great and combined movement was defeated by the hardy settlers upon the Mohawk, and the first check was given to this alarming exertion of British power against the liberties of our country. And yet no monument marks the spot where this important contest occurred, and little is known by our people of its details. There are but few who can point out the spot moistened by the blood of Herkimer and whitened by the unburied bones of savage and civilized combatants; and the traveler through the gentle and beautiful valley of the Mohawk is nowhere reminded that its whole length has been traversed by the horrors of Indian warfare, and that its early settlements, during the whole period of the revolutionary contest were devastated by tomahawk and torch.

☞ The difference between legs of mutton and bullet-headed legs, is this—one you cut capers to dress, while the other dresses to cut capers.

The Silent Hunter.

The narrative ensuing is strictly historical and truthful. We are indebted to the pen of the hunter-naturalist—Webber—for it:

Shortly before the American War of Independence, there arrived in New-England an orphan boy called Bill Smith.—Some friends of his parents took an interest in him, and apprenticed him—tho' only eight years of age—to an old farmer in North Carolina. The indentures stipulated that he was to have besides sufficient food and clothing, reasonable opportunities for education; but Saunders, the yeoman, thought this folly, and all Bill learned was in spite of his prejudices. There was a little daughter of the old farmer's, however—Mattie, a blue eyed child with gold ringlets and dimpled face—who took a fancy to instruct the young alien that had come under her father's roof. He learned to read and to write, and soon became so proficient in both, that he began, in turn, to teach his tutor.

This pleasant exchange of mutual kindness went on till the children grew up, and Mattie was a blooming girl, unconsciously betrothed in the spring time of her life to the orphan youth who had been perpetually by her side. The farmer discovered this, and immediately began to punish Smith by a series of petty and abominable persecutions. He made him sleep in a barn, on a pile of hay, with only one tattered blanket to cover him, and cut him off from all the consolations of little Mattie's love. He was rich, and hated any one who appeared to aim at being the heir to his fortune. He jealously watched his daughter and tortured poor Bill by every kind of cruelty till his behavior became notorious, and some humane persons resolved to summon him before a court of justice for barbarity and neglect of duty.

Before this was known however, the orphan boy had formed a plan of running away. He made up his little bundle, and one night creeping into Mattie's room through the window, bade her a gentle good-bye. He embraced her and kissed her, and told her he would come back a great man, and make her his wife; and she said, "I'll wait for you." He ran all night along the high way, and came next morning to the settlement of Raleigh. There he lived for some time,—he prowled about the kitchens of the gentry by day, subsisting on the scraps which some kind-hearted slaves bestowed on him, and when it was dark crawled into some shed to sleep.

It happened that a Judge Campbell—a very humane man was then presiding in the circuit court. He found Bill Smith one morning among his horses and cattle, half dead with hunger and cold.—He took him into his house, fed him, learned his story, and began to consider how his inhuman master might be punished. Great, therefore, was his delight when, on looking over the list of causes to be tried before him in that circuit, the very first was "Commonwealth vs. Samuel Saunders, for abducting, murdering or otherwise unlawfully making away with an indentured male child, known as William Smith."

The Trial came on. Judge Campbell compelled the strictest scrutiny into the facts. His counsel was startled, cowed, almost hopeless. The winding up was near. All felt the verdict must be 'guilty.'

Suddenly there was a commotion in Court. Carriage wheels were heard rapidly nearing the place. The sheriff came in, and with him was the boy, still attenuated from suffering, but neatly clothed, and with the bloom of life reviving on his cheek. Old Saunders was carried from the dock in convulsions—his shrieks being heard till the prison doors were closed upon him. He was acquitted, but compelled to give security for the maintenance and education of Bill Smith till the age of eighteen.

That was the first public scene in Bill Smith's career. The next was when, as an eloquent, vivacious, bold young lawyer, he pleaded his first cause at the bar. He gained many after it, and gradually rose to great honors, wealth, and prosperity. Mattie became his wife, and their home was blessed with sons and daughters, till, when the Declaration of Independence was made, men knew no happier family than that of William Smith. He was generous and he was charitable, but nevertheless one of the most opulent men in the province, for he was prudent and economical. When, however, the war of liberty broke out, his treasures flowed like water to support Washington in his tremendous campaigns. Mattie did not repine when she saw their riches melting away in the fervor of that glorious cause. "Let the gold go," she said: and the gold did go, and when America was free, it was all gone, and William Smith found himself a beggar! But he was not sorrowful; for over the Allegheny mountains was the country of Kentucky,—beautiful soil and timber, and water and game abounding. There they might settle, and thither were many going who had lost their possessions in the terrible but sacred war.

In the spring of 1784, fifty emigrants assembled at Powell's on the frontiers of the colony. They were to journey in company over the mountains, for mutual defense, for the swarthy tribes of Indians still hovered over the regions, revenging on the white men that long Iliad of calamities which had fallen on their race.

The caravan went forward. It passed through a wild territory, among mountains and defiles, with the shaggy forests still throwing their primeval shadows over the slopes. At a distance there was known to be a settlement where provisions might be obtained. Smith with a small party, went in advance to bring back supplies for the rest. He was six days away. The remainder had promised to await his return in a sequestered little valley. To that he came with his companions. There were traces of the camp, and marks of conflict, but no living being stirred there—no voice could be heard, no welcome of the dear ones he had left. A confused and broken trail showed that the emigrants were in full retreat for the Clinch river, to regain the more populous district they had quitted. Smith hurried after them. "Where is my wife—where are my children?" he asked of the first straggler he came up to. "You will find them where you left them. Ask the Shawanees; they can tell you the rest."

"You have neglected your trust—they are murdered," said Smith, in a stern and deliberate, yet trembling voice. "And yet you are retreating, you cowards!" he added, and struck the man to the ground. Then turned back, rode alone to the abandoned camp in the valley, and there in the evening he was found, looking with tearless eyes, but a countenance more mournful than weeping could make it, on the lost and the loved—Mattie and her children.

Smith with his own hands dug their graves—with his own hand he laid them side by side; his first-born on the mothers right hand, his youngest on her bosom where it had lain and nestled so long.—And then he stood for a few moments looking upon this last couch made for their earthly rest, and filled the grave, and piled stones to mark the spot and bade adieu forever to love in which his heart had made its home. His comrades were standing around in silence. They expected that when he had finished he would follow them. But he walked about the site of the camp, and found where the Indians had come and gone. Then he shouldered his rifle, waved his hand solemnly, and speaking no farewell, disappeared on the trail of the Shawanees.

From that hour a strange mystery sprang among those mountains. There was known to dwell on them a lonely hunter—a white man—who was seen occasionally by the Indians, or some solitary trappers, always with a rifle in his hand, but perpetually silent, never speaking one word to any. If he was addressed he turned and retreated into the woods. Gradually he was lost sight of altogether, except to Daniel Boone, that far famed hunter, whose name is familiar over the whole continent of America.—Daniel Boone was believed to have frequent interviews with him, and to supply him with powder and ball, but he never spoke of him, and only replied to questions by shaking his head and touching his heart with his hand.

This went on for two years, and men had almost forgotten Bill Smith. But at the end of that time a Shawanee Indian was taken prisoner by the people of Boone's fort, and he once more revived the excitement as to the mystery of the Silent Hunter. He said that a terrible spirit had for two years haunted the war-path of the Shawanees—an evil demon, whose sight was appalling to their nation. More than thirty of their best braves had already fallen under his hand. This fearful Medicine Man was sent they believed, to punish them for some portentous sin. So dreaded had he become, that the tribe had met, and were nearly determined to quit forever their ancient hunting grounds in Kentucky. When asked whether they had ever seen the demon, they said they had never seen it distinctly, though their young men had pursued it often, and always came back with one, at least of their number missing. At length none dared to follow the terrible apparition.

After this story had rumored abroad, men began again to speak of Bill Smith. They spoke of him however, with an unaccountable dread, always in a low voice. The Shawanees had been formerly one of the most formidable and best organized of the red nations. They now became timid, and carried on the most desultory warfare. They were beaten by every hostile tribe, for whenever a battle took place, the Silent Hunter made his appearance suddenly, fighting with their enemies. If they attacked a fort, he was always among the defenders; if they defended a strong hold, he was never away, but regularly headed the assailants. But he came and went without speaking. He never greeted any man, and no man ever said farewell to him. The border people looked on him with respect and fear; the Indians shuddered at his name, and the Shawanees especially looked on him as a curse sent from the Great Spirit to exterminate their race.

At last they became so terrified by this phantom of the silent hunter perpetually haunting their paths, that they all collected and fled across the great stream of Kentucky. But he followed them over, and was ever on their hunting grounds. So they fled again and passed over the Green river. He passed it too and never crossed it again. Still the Indians were appalled by hearing of the braves slain in the forest and at their camp fires, by an arm which they now so fully believed to be the arm of some avenging spirit, that they never dreamed of a conflict. The silent hunter never lost their trail. Then they once more burned their wigwams and went away forever from that country. And when the last of the Shawanese had launched his canoe upon the Ohio, Bill Smith rose from amid the bushes on the shore, and fired on the little bark.

Revenge was his monomania. When he buried his wife and children a rash and bloody resolution fixed itself in his mind. It became madness. He never spoke to man, but silently and remorselessly haunted the trail of the Shawanese to slay every one that came within the range of his far-famed rifle. Then, after that Indian tribe had gone from its ancient hunting grounds, he retired mute and alone, to the most inaccessible part of the Green River Hills. There, in a shady dell, remote from the habitations of men, he built himself a hut, where in solitary quiet, he passed the remainder of his days. He hunted to supply himself with food and skins to exchange for powder and shot, which an old man at an out settlement down on the Green River was accustomed to supply him with. His life was protracted to the age of eighty-eight.

One day the old man at the settlement was heard to say that something must have happened to the silent hunter, for he had not come as usual, to fill his shot bag and powder pouch. Bidding no one to follow him, he went out to the Green River Mountains, and when he came back though many questioned he said nothing of what he had seen or where he had been. From that day, however, no man saw the silent hunter. No one heard of his fate, but it became a dim tradition in the country that his spirit was still among the mountains of Green River.

Not many years ago however, Webber, the naturalist-hunter, started with a companion in search of game among the Green River Hills. After wandering many days among their solitudes, they came to the dwelling of an old trapper, living alone with his dogs—an hermit of the forest full of its traditions, and familiar with all the spots they haunted. He said that near the place, under an old black oak, lay the grave of a mighty hunter. He had been a mysterious inhabitant of these mountains, and his resting bed was marked by a stone. He had chosen it himself years before he died. It was near a spring of which he had drank and an old man had buried him, though no one since had visited the grave. Webber offered the trapper some money if he would lead him to the spot; but he shuddered and refused, though at length with visible trepidation, he consented to guide him in sight of it.

He walked in front of them for some time, among cliffs and trees, over streams and through hollows, till from a bluff eminence they looked down on a narrow, wild plain.—Over the surface of this, lay what seemed a number of flat rocks, but were in reality, stone sarcophagi, or graves, which are to be found in thousands, sometimes covering miles of ground in the southern part of Kentucky and portions of Tennessee. The people who used this curious mode of sepulture are now extinct. They existed long before the Indian nation—long before the red-skins hunted through those woods and savannas. Their burial-grounds are all that remain of them. They were apparently pigmies, for the graves are not, on an average, more than three feet in length. Some have imagined that these were the graves of their children but the children of the Aztec nation in this case, must have died by thousands when they were just about three feet high, and the older people must have been buried secretly.

In one of those burials [illegible] body of Bill Smith was discovered. It was a sarcophagus sunk into the earth, almost eighteen inches deep, by the same in width. The explorers examined the grave—they even disturbed the remains, but they laid them again in their place of rest, and left once more to his solitary repose the Silent Hunter of the Green River Hills.

What a dark and mournful story. How strange and checkered a life. It was the faith of this man to his early love, and the affection of his heart for her children, that made the terrible, silent, remorseless being he afterwards became. But he was not in his nature wicked. During the latter part of his life his mind was shaken by remembrances of that melancholy day, when Mattie and her little ones had been buried by his hands in the "Vale of Pines."

A Moonlight Lover.

The Portsmouth (Va.) Globe tells the following good story:

A young man was promenading the streets of Portsmouth last night, before the moon went down, and overtook a young lady in a span new dress of the latest fashion in material and make, and whom our promenader took to be one of the finest if not the finest formed woman he had ever seen. Portsmouth is proverbial for the beauty of its females; but this specimen he thought the most charming. He followed her on at a respectful distance, determined to find out where she went, with a view to make a profitable investment of his affections and small talk in the form so bewitchingly enveloped in the silk and lace that were swelled and rounded out by her graceful proportions.

Here they walked along High street, there they turned down a cross street, up another, and so on, through several of the highways and by-ways, until from the monotonous sameness and distance of a certain tread behind her, the beautiful young lady with the Hebe-like form quickens her pace, and at length reaches, and strange to say, goes in at the door of the very house the promenader himself lives in.

He follows in—no harm to follow one in one's own house—the entry is nearly dark; he sees her form dimly, like that of an angel in twilight; she is exquisitely moulded, has such a splendidly full rounded neck and shoulders; he cannot help what he does; her astonishing loveliness has completely overcome his sense of prudence and propriety; his arm encircles her waist, and an impulsive moment more, plants a burning kiss upon two of the most delightfully ripe, mellow, pouting lips that ever said a sweet thing or sang a sweet song. She, of course, shrieks; a servant runs with a lamp from the parlor, and our promenader is discovered with his sister, the Belle of —— street, in his arms. He had often kissed his beautiful sis, but never before, in the character of a lover.

Now the corollary from the above is this: the women (lasses and grown ones) of Portsmouth cannot be surpassed for beauty and grace in the world, when a brother don't know his own sister in a new dress.

To Cure Warts.—Bind a leaf of house leek, from which you have removed the skin, upon a wart a few nights in succession, and then see where your warts are.

The Unexpected Return.

OR WHO IS IT?

'It's nearly a year now, since I was home,' Lucy Gray said to her husband, 'and so you must let me go for a few weeks.'

They had been married some four or five years, and had never been separated during that time for the space of twenty-four hours at a time.

'I thought you called this your home,' Gray said looking up with a mock-serious air.

'I mean my old home,' Lucy replied, in a half affected tone of anger. 'Or to make it plain, I want to go and see father and mother.'

'Can't you wait three or four months, until I can go with you?' asked the young husband.

'I want to go now. You said all along that I should go in May.'

'I know I did. But then I supposed I should be able to go with you.'

'Well why can't you? I am sure you might, if you would.'

'No, Lucy, I cannot possibly leave home now. But if you are very anxious to see the old folks, I can put you in the stage and you will go safe enough. Ellen and I can take care of little Lucy, no doubt. How long a time do you wish to spend with them?'

'About three weeks or so.'

'Very well, Lucy, if you are not afraid to go alone, I shall not say a word.'

'I am not afraid, dear,' the wife said in a voice changed and softened in its expression.

'But are you perfectly willing to let me go Henry?'

'O, certainly,' was the reply, although the tone in which the word was uttered had something of reluctance in it. 'It would be selfish in me to say no. Your father and mother will be delighted to receive a visit just now.'

'And you think that you and Ellen can get along with little Lucy?'

'O yes very well.'

'I should like to go so much.'

'Go then by all means.

'But won't you be very lonesome without me?' suggested Lucy in whose own bosom a feeling of loneliness was already beginning to be felt at the idea of a separation from her husband.

'I can stand it as long as you can,' was Gray's laughing reply to this. 'And then I shall have our dear little girl.'

Lucy laughed in return, but did not feel as happy at the idea of 'going home,' as she thought she would be before her husband had been gained. The desire to go, however, was strong, and it was finally settled that the visit should be paid. So all the preparations were made and in the course of a week Henry Gray saw his wife take a seat in the stage, with a feeling of regret at parting, which required all his efforts to conceal. As for Lucy, when the pinch came, she regretted ever having thought of going without her husband and child; but she was ashamed to let her real feelings be known. So she kept on a show of indifference, all the while that her heart was fluttering. The 'good bye' was finally said, the driver cracked his whip, and off rolled the stage. Gray turned homeward with a dull, lonely feeling, and Lucy drew her veil over her face to conceal the unbidden tears from her fellow passengers.

That night poor Gray slept but little. How could he? His Lucy was absent, and for the first time from his side. On the next morning, as he could think of nothing but his wife, he sat down and wrote to her, telling her how lost and lonely he felt, and how much little Lucy missed her but still to try and enjoy herself, and by all means to write him a letter by return mail.

As for Mrs. Gray, during her journey of two whole days, she cried full half of the time, and when she got home at last, that is, at her father's, she looked the picture of distress, rather than the daughter full of joy at meeting her parents.

Right glad were the old people to meet their dear child, but grieved at the same time, and a little hurt too at her weakness and evident regret at having left her husband, to make them a brief visit. The real pleasure that Lucy felt at once more seeing the faces of her parents, whom she tenderly loved, was not strong enough to subdue and keep in concealment, except for a very short period at a time, her yearning desire to be again with her husband, for whom she never before experienced a feeling of such deep and earnest affection. Several times during the first day of her visit, did her mother find her in tears, that she would dash aside, and then endeavor to smile and seem cheerful.

The first day after her arrival brought her a letter—the first she had ever received from her husband. How precious was every word! How often and often did she read it over, until every word was engraven on her memory! Then she sat down, and spent some two or three hours in replying to it. As she sealed this first epistle to her husband, full of tender expressions, she sighed as the wish arose in her mind, involuntarily, that she could only go with it on its journey to the village of ——

Long were the hours and wearily passed to Henry Gray. It was the sixth day of trial before Lucy's answer came. How dear to his heart was every word of her affectionate epistle! Like her, he went over it so often that every sentiment was fixed in his mind.

'Two weeks longer! How can I bear it?' he said, rising up and pacing the floor backward and forward, after reading her letter for the tenth time.

On the next day, the seventh of his lonely state, Mr. Gray sat down again to write to Lucy. Several times he wrote the words, as he proceeded, in the letter,—'Come home soon,' but as often obliterated them. He did not wish to appear over anxious for her return on her own account, who were much attached to her. On forgetting this reason for not urging her return, he had commenced again writing the words, 'Come home soon,' when a pair of soft hands was suddenly placed over his eyes, by some one who had stolen slyly and softly up behind him.

'Guess my name;' said a voice in feigned tones.

But he had no need to guess, for a sudden cry of joy from a little toddling thing told that 'Mamma' had come.

How 'Mamma' was hugged and kissed all round need not here be told. That scene was well enough in its place, but would lose its interest in telling. It may be imagined however, without suffering any particular detriment, by all who have a fancy for such things.

'And father, too!' suddenly exclaimed Mr. Gray, after he had almost smothered his wife with kisses, looking up with an expression of pleasure and surprise, at an old man who stood looking on with his good-humored face covered with smiles.

'Yes. I had to bring the good-for-nothing jade home,' replied the old man, advancing and grasping his son-in-law's hand with a hearty grip. 'She did nothing but mope and cry all the while, and I don't care if she never comes to see us again, unless she brings you along to keep her in good humor.'

'And I never intend going alone again.' Mrs. Gray said, holding a chubby little girl to her bosom, while she kissed it over and over again, at the same time that she pressed up close to her husband's side.

The old man understood it all. He was not jealous of Lucy's affection, for he knew she loved him as tenderly as ever. He was too glad to know that she was happy with a husband, to whom she was as the apple of his eye. In about three months Lucy made another visit home. But husband and child were along this time, and the visit proved a happy one all around. Of course, 'father and mother' had their jest and laugh, and their affectation of jealousy and anger at Lucy, for her 'childishness,' as they termed it, when home in May, but Lucy, though vexed at what she called a weakness, nevertheless persevered in saying that she never meant to go anywhere again without Henry. 'That was settled.'

A Curious Fact

IN LEGISLATIVE HISTORY.

From the National Intelligencer of March 11, 1818.

It cannot have escaped the observation of those who have attended to the Legislative history of our country, that with the growth of our government the composition of the Senate of the United States has gradually varied from that which it appears to have been in the infancy of our political institutions; and that the character of its deliberations more and more nearly approaches the Representative Chamber.

The Senate, on its first organization under the Constitution, secluded itself from the public eye, and appears to have been considered rather in the light of a Privy Council to the President than as a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature. Indeed, if we mistake not, it was so termed in conversation occasionally, if not in official proceedings of that day. There are not many, probably, of the present generation of readers, who remember the fact that in the first session of the first Congress of the United States, President Washington personally came into the Senate, when that body was engaged on what is called Executive business, and took part in their deliberations. When he took the Vice President's Chair, and the Vice President took that of the Secretary of the Senate, one or other of the Secretaries [heads of departments] occasionally accompanied the President on those visits. The President addressed the Senate on the question before them, and in many respects exercised a power in respect to their proceedings which would now be deemed entirely incompatible with their rights and privileges. The practice, however, did not long continue. An occasion soon arose of collision of opinion between the President and the Senate on some nomination, and he did not afterwards attend, but communicated by message what he desired to lay before them.

At this period, the Legislative as well as the Executive proceedings of the Senate were always transacted in secret session, and the public knew of the proceedings of that branch of government only from its messages to the other House announcing its decisions. It became evident, however, that, in practice, all responsibility to the constituent under such circumstances was ideal; but it was not until the 20th of February, 1794, after a considerable struggle, that the Senate came to a resolution that legislative proceedings should, after the end of that session, be public, and that galleries should be provided for the accommodation of auditors. On this question we find the yeas and nays registered, nineteen members having voted for it and eight against it.

From the day of this triumph of popular principles the Senate has gradually parted with the character of reserve which appears to have belonged to it.—By the increase of its members from the admission of new States into the Union, its legislative business has become so laborious that its peculiar character of an *Executive Council* is almost overlooked, notwithstanding the great importance of this feature in our government, and the debates in the Senate are of much greater length at this day, in proportion to the members composing the body, than those of the House of Representatives.

☞ Do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by seeking that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and as it were forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

Taking the Starch out of Him.

A lot of idlers stood upon the end of a pier which ran out into the Hudson river in one of the small towns near Albany a few days ago, amusing themselves with hurling stones into the broad stream, each vieing with the other in endeavoring to pitch a missile at the farthest distance from the shore, when a tall, rugged son of Vermonter, direct from the Green Hills, suddenly made his appearance in their midst, and for a while remained a quiet observer of their movements. He was a brawny, strong looking Yankee, and was very decently clad. The efforts of the little party had been exhibited over and over again, when the stranger quietly picked up half a brick which lay near him, and giving it a jerk, it fell into the stream a long way beyond the line which had as yet been reached by the foremost of the crowd. At the conclusion of this feat a loud bravo went up from half a dozen voices around him.

It was a clear day in October, and the men, determined not to be outdone, renewed their attempts; but the Vermonter, without saying a syllable to any one, continued to pitch the pebbles far into the stream, which seemed to annoy one of them, in a green jacket, the apparent leader of the gang, who declared he wouldn't be beaten by a 'feller right straight out o' the woods, no how,' and sliding up to the stranger, he determined to make his acquaintance.

'Where do you come from, neighbor?' inquired the other.

'Me? Wal, I hails from Vermont, just now, friend!'

'Ha'nt been in in these parts long, I reckon?'

'Wal—no. Not edsactly *yere*—but up and down, sorter.'

'Yis—so I 'spose.'

'Yaas,' continued the green 'un, carelessly, and seizing a big billet of wood, he twirled it over his head, and it landed several rods from the shore in the water.

'You've a little strength in your arms, neighbor.'

'*Some* pumpkins in them flippers, neighbor. Up in aour reown, more'n a month ago, I driv them are nuckles right slap through a board, more'n a inch and half thick!'

'Haw! haw!' shouted his hearers, the man in the green jacket laughing the loudest.

'May be you don't b'leve it?'

'Not much,' answered the crowd.

'We aint *very* green down here in York—*we* aint,' said the fellow in the green jacket, 'we've been about, you see.'

'Wal, jes you look here,' continued the Vermonter, in the most plausible manner, 'up in aeur country, we've a party by river, considering—Lugyn river, it's called, alm-ost as you've heard on it—I love a man clean across that river the other day, and he came fair and square t'other side.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' yelled his auditors.

'Wal, waow, yew may laff, but I hem dew it again.'

'Do what?' said green jacket quickly.

'I can take and heave you across that river yonder, jest like open and shet.'

'Bet you ten dollars of it?'

'Done!' said the yankee, and drawing forth an X (upon a broken down cash bank) he covered the bragger's shin plaster.

'Kin you swim, feller?'

'Like a duck,' said green-jacket; and without further parley the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the seat of the pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort dashed the bully heels over head from the dock, some ten yards out into the Hudson river.

A terrific shout rang through the crowd, as he floundered into the water, and amid the jeers and screams of his companions, the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

'I'll take that ten spot, if you please,' said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stake holders. 'you took us for green horns, eh? We'll show you how to do things down here in York—and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

'Wal, I reckon yeou wont take no ten spots in yit, cap'n.'

'Why?' 'You've lost the bet.'

'Not edsactly. I didn't calkilate on dumin it the fust time—but I will yes, by kin dew it'—and in spite of the loafer's utmost effort to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards further into the river than upon the first trial!

Again the bully returned, amid the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

'Hold on!' said the almost petrified victim.

'And will den it, if I try till to-morrow morning.'

'I give it up!' shouted the sufferer, between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger's—'take the money.'

The Vermonter then opened pocket and the money, and as he turned to go remarked—

'We aint much acquainted with you smart folks down here in York, but we sometimes take the starch out of 'em up our way—and perhaps you may spark on to strangers again. I reckon you know,' he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections.

Gooseberry or Apple Pies.—Put in a boil the fruit with a very little water, and till it is quite tender. Then to every pint of fruit add a pint of milk, with two tablespoons of flour smoothly mixed with it; let it just boil up, so as to thicken the flour, and add a good tablespoonful of butter, and a little nutmeg or ginger. This is a dish which, with a bit of plain pastry, makes such a supper for children as I consider a treat; and is very good and wholesome for any one.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*