

# JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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## Souls, Not Stations.

Who shall judge a man from manner?— Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for princes, Princess fit for something less.

Crampled shirts and dirty jacket May beset the golden ore Of the deepest thoughts and feelings— Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar Ever welling out of stone; There are purple buds and golden, Hidden, crushed and overgrown.

God, who counts by souls not dresses, Loves and prospers you and me. While he values thrones, the highest But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows, Oft forgets his fellows then; Masters—rulers—lords—remember That your meanest hands are men!

Men by labor, men by feeling, Men by thought and men by fame, Claiming equal rights to sunshine In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans, There are little weed-clad rills, There are feeble, inch high saplings, There are cedars on the hills;

But God, who counts by souls, not stations, Loves and prospers you and me, For to him all vain distinctions Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders Of a nation's wealth and fame; Titled laziness is pensioned, Fed and fattened on the same.

But the sweat of others foreheads, Living only to rejoice, While the poor man's outraged freedom Vainly lifteth up his voice.

But truth and justice are eternal, Born with love and light, And sunsets' wrong shall never prosper, While there is a sunny river;

And God, whose world-heard voice is singing Boundless love to you and me, Will sink oppression with its titles, As the pebbles in the sea.

## Parting Scene between two Irishmen.

Irishmen, generally speaking, are not noted for any great forethought concerning their temporal welfare, but anything relating to the spiritual, they exhibit an unusual share of shrewdness, as illustrated in the following case, which occurred on the frontier of the State of Maine, between Jemmy M'Gee and Pat McGlarkin.

Pat being called to visit his dying neighbor, Jemmy M'Gee, and hearing his last words of farewell, before "shuffling off his mortal coil," he donned his best suit of clothes, and smoothing his unusually cheering phiz into unusual gravity, made his appearance at the bedside of his old friend. Upon meeting Jemmy, Pat exclaimed:

"Well, Jemmy, I understand the doctors have given you up."

"Yes, Pat, it's most over wid me."

"Well, Jemmy," said Pat after a pause, "ye haven't been a great sinner; ye'll go to the good place."

"Och, yis, Pat—to be shure I stole a bit of the government timber."

"Well, farewell to ye," said Pat, taking Jemmy's hand, assuming a diplomatic air, "when ye reach the good place, tell them your well acquainted wid Pat McGlarkin."

Here Pat started for the door, but, as if suddenly thinking of Jemmy's dishonesty in stealing the government timber, he wheeled around to his friend, and seriously and earnestly exclaimed:

"But Jemmy, if anything happens to ye that ye shouldn't go to the other place, just tell them ye don't know a devil a word about me."

## Can't be Beat.

In Schuylkill county resides Mrs. Kate Dress, aged 39 years, who, in the course of 21 years ending in February, 1850, gave birth to 20 children, of whom 6 were born in the space of 18 months.

## INDIANS of the NORTH WEST.

The U. S. Treaty Expedition—Statistics of the Indian Tribes, their Customs and Peculiarities—The Character of the Country they Occupy, &c.

[The Editor of the St. Paul (Min.) Pioneer, who went to Traverse des Sioux with the U. S. Commissioners, sent to form a treaty with the Indians of the North West, has written for that journal several very interesting letters, from which we make copious extracts.]

TRAVERSE DES SIOUX, Monday, July 14, 1851.

It is now fourteen days since we landed here, and all the time since, we have been awaiting the arrival of the Red Republicans, to treat; although, in truth, we have been treating ever since we came, the Sioux bands that are here, like the bar-room toppers, have never talked treat to us once. They are very docile, under the new dispensation, the reign of Beef. They seem to say "it is meat for them to be here." But for us to remain here another week, waiting for those distant bands, would be, as old John, our French cook, would say, "meat not much and no bon;" but like a surgeon who has made up his mind on amputation, our Commission sits patiently down, tourniquet, knife and saw in hand, preparing, when the patient comes, "to do the deed, if it were done, quickly." We have read of the Devil's bobbing for a miser's soul, with a shilling on his hook for bait; so Uncle Sam baits for Sioux with bullocks; and the way they take the bait off is amazing.—Our Commissary and ordinary, is the old house occupied in the Doty treaty, and ordinary enough it is, God knows, (if he ever took any inventory of it.) Several young men of our camp started off in the morning, across the river, to see Cedar Lake, a handsome sheet, in the midst of a dark forest, distant, it is said, about five or six or seven, or it may be eight miles, or perhaps leagues, from the Traverse. They returned without seeing Cedar Lake, not knowing where to look for it, thinking, nevertheless, that they could come so near it that the artist in their company, who draws everything from the cork of a porter bottle to a queer conclusion, would be able to draw it; but he did not. The fact is, like a Mackinaw boat, he draws but very little water, but when it comes to drawing rations, wet or dry, our painter is "that."

Toward evening the Indians from the plains, who are encamped back of the Traverse, fitted themselves up in their cavalry suits, and with limbs of bushes covered with rustling leaves, mounted their horses, and came riding down among the lodges of the other bands, sweeping along like a whirlwind, to represent a foray of Comanche Indians. They were received at each encampment with a volley of blank cartridges; wheeling swiftly from one encampment to another, and finally sweeping down by the front of the Commissioners' marquee, singing a wild war song, "that hath in it," as Heenepin said of the falls of St. Anthony, "something terrible"—a sort of running disquisition on scalps.

The young men who went in search of Cedar Lake, report that they found bodies of large, thrifty black walnut—an article that will hereafter be much wanted for manufacturing purposes at St. Paul. The Lac-qui-Parle Indians have brought down with them a young wolf, of that large kind known as the white wolf, when full grown, which often attack and kill calves belonging to the Indians. He is a savage little fellow, although young; and if Mr. Barnum should signify a wish to give him a respectable place in the menagerie he is collecting, can be forwarded to him by express.—If caged, he will do nothing to corrupt "the morals of the menagerie."

I hope the people down the river will entertain the opinion that we are enjoying a life of extreme luxury; for it would be truly annoying to combat buffalo-gnats and mosquitoes here amongst the savages, for a month, sleeping out of doors and feeding upon tough beef and pilot bread, without even the poor satisfaction of being envied.

Judge Lockwood, of Prairie du Chien, is with us; who says he is the first American who ever came up the river. He was here in 1846. I will here give a list, as nearly as I can, of those who compose our camp: Commissioners Lea and Ramsey, Secretary Foster, Hugh Tyler, Col. Henderson, A. S. H. White, Wallace B. White, Alexis B. Bailey, F. Brown, R. Chute and lady, Messrs. Lord, Boury, Mayer, M. McLeod, Riggs, Williamson, H. Jackson, Hartshorn, J. R. Brown, H. L. Dousman, K. McKenzie, H. H. Sibley, J. Laframboise, W. H. Forbes, A. Farrisbault, myself, and probably several others, whose names do not at this moment occur to me. They probably never before was an Indian treaty attended by so few persons and with so small expense.

A Sisseton has arrived, who says that five days ago, a party of six Sisseton Sioux, including two of his own children, were attacked 40 miles above Lac-qui-Parle, by a band of 20 Chippewas, (or possibly Winnebagoes,) who killed and scalped all but one of their number, a boy who escaped by running.—The boy ran 30 miles without stopping.—

Two other Sioux returned to the place of slaughter, where they found the five mangled and beheaded. They laid their remains in a pile and covered them with a blanket, where they remained until the rest of the Sisseton band came down, on their way to the treaty, who found and buried the dead.

WEDNESDAY, July 16th.—As well for the information of most readers of the Pioneer in Minnesota as your readers abroad, I will, in this letter, give some particulars concerning these wide-extended people, with whom a treaty is about to be negotiated here, which I hope will prove interesting, if not as complete as might be desired. The Sioux number more than 25,000 souls, and their territory extends from the ceded lands in Iowa and Missouri, to the territory belonging to the Assiniboin and other tribes, which divides their northern boundary from British America. Their limits extend south-westward from the Mississippi, across the Missouri, as near to the Rocky Mountains as their roving bands, known as the Tetons, can follow their buffalo ranges. The Sioux of the plains, by far more populous bands than those who live nearer the Mississippi, are roving bands, and subsist by hunting the buffalo. As many as 900 lodges of them were encamped together on the plains last Summer. These bands, although they are for the most part classed in several divisions, are really independent of each other. There is really no government, no delegated power or constitutional trust among them. If they have any government, it may be called democratic. A chief, except so far as he secures influence in his tribe, by personal qualities, independent of his office, can do nothing. As matter of form rather than of fact, the bands constituting each division recognize the chief of some one of the bands as their head chief in council.

With a slight difference of dialect, the Sioux all speak the same language. Their habits, customs, superstitions, are substantially the same. Some difference in the fashion of combing the hair and the style of dress, is observable in different bands. Our information of the western bands, is comparatively little; none of the bands beyond the Missouri river, being represented in this treaty. For convenience, I will commence with a notice of the Sioux who inhabit the south-eastern extremity of their territory, and follow with a notice, in order, of the bands that are found in our progress up the west bank of the Mississippi, the valley of the Minnesota and thence westward, until we reach the wild Tetons, who occupy the western annexation end, extending indefinitely toward the Pacific Ocean.

The first division, is that of the Metawakantaw, or Spirit Lake Sioux, in the south-east. This division, comprises seven bands or villages, which contain an aggregate of about 2,200 souls. These are the only Sioux who now receive annuities. They sold their land east of the Mississippi, in 1837, by treaty at Washington. They receive \$10,000 annually, and \$5,000 more to be paid according to the direction of the President of the United States, who has never yet directed. Also, for a period of twenty years after the date of the treaty, they receive \$20,000 annually in goods, and \$5,000 more in provisions. The bands constituting this division are:

- 1st. Wabashaw band, chief, Wabashaw; who is also nominally head chief of the division—population 300.
- 2d. Red Wing band, chief Waukoota—population 300.
- 3d. Kaposia, just below St. Paul, chief Hawk-that-hunts-walking—population 400.
- 4th. Black Dog, chief, Gray Iron—population 250, five miles up the Minnesota river.
- 5th. Lake Calhoun band, chief, Cloud-Man—population 250.
- 6th. Good Road's band, chief, Good Road—population 300.
- 7th. Six's band, chief, Shawkoope—population 450.

The next division is that of the Wahkpaytawns, composed of three bands living on the waters of the Minnesota River to wit:

- 1st. The Wahkpaytaw band numbering 150, at Little Rapids; chief, Plumstone, who is nominally head chief also of this division.
- 2d. The Lac-qui-Parle band, 125 miles above Traverse des Sioux, on the Minnesota River, numbering 400—chief Big Gun.
- 3d. Big-Stone-Lake band, 50 miles north-west of Lac-qui-Parle, numbering 150.—These have no chief, being a branch of the Lac-qui-Parle band. Their head man is called The End. They are very shiftless.

The next division is that of the Sissetons, composed of three bands. No chief is acknowledged by this division.

- 1st. The Traverse des Sioux band, number 350; chief, Red Iron, (he is an industrious man, who is every day at work in his corn.)
- 2d. Little Rock band, numbering 250; Chief, Sleepy Eyes.
- 3d. Lac Traverse band, numbering 350.—(This lake is the source of the North.) Chief, The Orphan.

There are other fractional bands of the Sissetons, also; among which are the Five Lodges, numbering about 500. They are about 40 miles

west of Lac-qui-Parle; chief, Red Thunder. The germ of the Five Lodges was a family of murderers, it is said, who wandered away from the Sissetons many years ago, with the band of Cain and constituted a little Nauvoo of their own, where the rogues from other bands found refuge. They now number one hundred lodges, and have more vigor and more energy, if less docility and morality, than most other bands.

The next division is that of the Wahkpaykootays, numbering about 300; Chief, Red Legs. These people inhabit the one region between the head waters of the Blue Earth and Des Moines Rivers. They contribute but one band.

The next division is that of the Yanketons of the St. Peter Valley; head Chief, Waunahaw.

1st. The Cut Head band numbering 250; Chief, Waunahaw, (who is also head chief of this division.)

2d. People-of-the-Poles band, (Chief uncertain,) number 450.

3d. The Band-who-do-not-eat-buffalo-cows; number 100.

The next division is the Tetons; Chief and population unknown. The bands are: 1st. Ogalawla.

2d. The Sioune; and probably and some others.

The next division is that of the Yanketons of the Missouri, of whose Chiefs and numbers I have no reliable information. These are the Sioux, who are called by Lewis and Clark, "The Big Devils."

We now cross the Missouri River, into the indefinite boundaries of the wild Teton bands, of whom little is known; whose buffalo ranges extend south-westerly to the head waters of the Arkansas; where the Tetons dispute possession with the fierce Comanches of the southwest. Along the northern boundary of this far-extending region, the Assiniboin, who were originally Sioux, but are not Dakota Sioux, the Mandans, Creeks, Krees, Blackfoot, and other bands of various origin, live, in wretched, savage independence, occupying a region extending far north in British America.

A radical error in the political and social condition of these people, in my opinion, is their communism, or want of protection in the possession of individual property. If secure in the enjoyment of the fruits of their individual labors, there would be thrift, economy, avarice, (that good old gentlemanly vice,) a gradual accretion of wealth, and a taste for the comforts and luxuries of civilization, which would soon advance them beyond the savage condition of Hotentots. In their present condition, the Indian who raises a bushel of corn must divide it with the whole band. I know an instance of a Sioux, who determined to provide himself with fuel, like a white man, instead of depending upon his wife to go out into the woods and come in with a back load of faggots, whenever he needed a fire. He bought a Red River cart and harnessed his horse, and commenced hauling up his wood. Not only was his wood taken away as fast as he hauled it, but his neighbors were so incensed that he should presume to reap the benefit of his own industry, that they killed his favorite dog in revenge. As he did not desist from the encroaching upon the exclusive privilege of the squaws to pack fuel upon their shoulders, they next killed his horse. The only cure for this wretched condition of the Sioux, (short of taking their infants away from them and educating them among whites, entirely away from the wigwam,) is to put them in a small compact body, on good land, make laws for them, and induce them to work, protecting their persons and their property, and compelling them to know their priceless value of law and industry.

THURSDAY, June 17th.—Last evening, after the close of my letter of that date, there was another grand exhibition of Sioux chivalry on horseback, who made a sham descent upon the various encampments of separate bands. These Dakota dragoons, who are terrible at least in appearance, came sweeping down over the ridge, with a noise like a mob of whirlwinds, their horses cantering about as fast as a flock of sheep, some of their horses being in fact smaller than their riders, and every rider drumming the sides of his horse with his heels, every jump, as if he were working a velocipede. The Indians that are here, generally ride as badly as they swim; and they swim exactly like dogs. If there is any poetry in their motion on horseback or in the water, we fail to see it. They also had a representation of a buffalo hunt, having some of their number dressed so as to look like buffaloes; and really, to do them justice, they enact the character of beasts pretty well.

For the benefit of those amiable gentlemen who think that this Commission may be composed of leeches, who are rioting upon luxuries purchased with public money, I will here publish our regular bill of fare, at the table of the Commissioners. It is invariably the same; and consists of beef for meat, and the water it is boiled in, for soup. As for bread, we have pilot bread, harder than the horns of thunder; warm biscuit, too heavy for a lamp-lighter or a wit to make light of, and which we swallow, like pills and insults, only from "knead-cessity." Mr. W. B. White has sprained his wrist severely, by trying to raise one of these biscuit whole to his mouth. We shall take one of them down with us and have its specific gravity compared with that of platinum.

Yesterday, one of the Five-Lodge Band, thinking he had a very fleet horse (being a buffalo hunter) challenged the rider of Gov. Ramsey's horse to make a race with him.—The Indian insisted upon running nearly a mile. The Governor's horse distanced the buffalo before half the distance was run.—Many of these Indians have tolerably good

horses, being such as have been stolen from the frontiers, or taken by the Camanches from the Mexicans, and traded by them to the Sioux of the Plains; but the best of them will not at all compare with the fine stock of the English hunter and the English turf-horse, which are now found everywhere in the United States.

FRIDAY, July 18, 1851.

Scattered everywhere among northwestern Indians are the half-breeds, being children of French and Scotch, or American males by squaws; for in this mixture, it will always be observed, that the white race is aggressive and uppermost. In this present and benevolent attempt to absorb the Red race, the French have always been foremost. The Frenchman is your true cosmopolite. Wherever he finds, (as a lipping friend of ours utters it) "thoft womanth eyths," he is there.—Traders and white men, who have lived with the Indians, have almost all taken or bought Indian wives. The price of a squaw varies from a blanket and a piece of calico, to a gun and a horse; the price being paid to the father or next relative of the bride. If an Indian wishes to show an act of high generosity to a white man, he trots out and presents to him, a wild young squaw; and although the squaw do all the labor—carrying all the wood and water, building fires, packing and putting up tepees, raising corn, and in fact doing everything but the smoking and shooting—they are not slaves, or if they are, their slavery is quite voluntary. They have more energy, more sense, and more strength than the males. It is observable that squaws who are here belonging to the remote bands, have children with hair and eyes almost invariably black; which is by no means true of squaws living near the Mississippi river. Various theories may be offered to explain this fact upon physiological principles, the least plausible of which is, that it is owing to the different covering of the head.

His Majesty, Limping-Devil, head-chief of the Sissetons of the Two-woods band, has arrived. The first thing he did after asking for beef, was to inquire for Secretary Smith. With him came an Indian about fifty years old, dressed in the most extravagant style of Indian fashion, who is known as the "handsome man." He says he has had 27 wives—kept trying, but found no one that was quite the thing in every respect, although one of his wives who died was pretty near the right thing. He says that a woman is like a horse very hard to find faultless; that when a woman did not suit him he turned her off well-dressed and mounted on a good horse, and tried another; that the women were always running after him, and he never saw a girl that did not want him. Says he, "I am not a handsome man, but there is something about me, I don't know what, that makes the girls all like me." The Indians standing about and listening to this confided old dandy, said they felt ashamed to hear him talking so like a fool.

## Thrilling Incidents of Battle.

CATCHING BULLETS IN THE MOUTH.

There is a man now living in East Dixfield, Oxford county, Maine, who actually caught in his mouth a ball discharged from a musket. He was at the battle of Bridgewater, in the war of 1812, and while biting off the end of a cartridge, for the purpose of loading his gun, was struck by a ball, which entered the left side of his face, knocked out eight of his teeth, cut off the end of his tongue, and passed into his throat. He raised it, went to the hospital, stayed until the remainder of his enlistment, and returned home with the bullet in his pocket.—Exchange paper.

The New Orleans Picayune, one of whose editors was an eye-witness of most of the leading battles in Mexico, copies the foregoing paragraph, and appends to it the following:

We can relate an incident even more strange than this. At the siege of Monterey, in 1846, and while Gen. Worth's troops were advancing to storm the small fort known as La Soldada, a man named Waters, an excellent soldier, belonging to Capt. Ben McCulloch's Rangers, caught a bullet directly in his mouth. It was fully the size of a hen's egg, was rough, uneven in shape, and in its course completely carried out the four upper front teeth of the Ranger, and part of the jaw, cut off the four lower teeth as with a chisel, split his tongue in twain, carried away his palate, went through to the back of his head, and striking a tendon glanced down and lodged under the skin on the shoulder blade, where it was extracted by a surgeon, and safely lodged in the pocket of Waters for future reference.

No man thought the wounded rager could live—he could neither swallow food nor water. We saw him two nights afterwards, in a room in the Bishop's Palace, which had been converted into a hospital, sitting bolt upright among the wounded and the dying, for the nature of his terrible hurt was such that he could not lie down without suffocating. His face was swollen to more than twice its ordinary size—he was speechless, of course—his wants were only made known by means of a broken slate and pencil, and he was slowly applying a wet sponge to his month, endeavoring to extract moisture, which might quench the fever and intolerable thirst which he was suffering. By his side lay young Thomas of Maryland, a member of the same company, who was mortally wounded the morning after, and who was now dying.—Wounded men, struck that afternoon in Worth's advance upon the Grand Plaza, were constantly being brought in, the surgeons were amputating and dressing the hurts of the crippled soldiers by a pale and sickly candle-light, and the groans of those in grievous

pain added new horror to a scene which was at best frightful. We recollect perfectly well a poor fellow, struck in both legs by a grape shot while advancing up one of the streets. He was begging lustily, after one of his limbs had been amputated, that the other might be spared him on which to hobble through the world. Poor Thomas, as gallant a spirit as ever lived, finally breathed his last; we bro't Waters a fresh cup of water with which to moisten his wounds, and then left the room to catch an hour's sleep; but the recollections of that terrible night will not soon be effaced from our memory.

The above incidents occurred on the night of the 23d and morning of the 24th September, 1846. During the early part of the month of February following, while passing into the old St. Charles in this city, we were accosted with a strange voice by a fine looking man who seemed extremely glad to see us, although he had a most singular and unaccountable mode of expressing himself. We recollect the eye as being one we had been familiar with, but the lower features of the face, although in no way disfigured, for the life of us we could not make out.

"Why don't you know me?" in a mumbling, half indistinct and forced manner, said the man, still shaking our hand vigorously, "I'm Waters."

And Waters it was, in really, looking as well and as healthy as ever, and without showing the least outward sign that he had ever caught a grape shot in his mouth. A luxuriant growth of moustachios completely covered his upper lip, and concealed any scar the iron missile might have made; an imperial in his under lip hid any appearance of a wound at that point; and with the exception of his speech there was nothing to show that he had ever received the slightest injury about the face. His tongue, which was terribly shattered, was still partially benumbed, rendering articulation both difficult and tiresome; but he assured us he was every day gaining more and more the use of it, and in his own words he was soon to be "just as good as new."

It is needless to say that we were truly rejoiced to see him—to meet one we had never expected to encounter again in such excellent plight. Any one who could have seen him sitting in that apartment of the Bishop's Palace, his face swollen, and with a gravity of countenance which would have been ludicrous even to the causing of laughter had it not been for his own precarious situation and the heart rending scenes around, would have been equally as much astonished and rejoiced as we were, on again so unexpectedly beholding him.

A correspondent of the Inquirer gives the following, which is quite as remarkable as either of the foregoing:

Very extraordinary incidents have been lately published of shot having been caught in the mouths of soldiers, in the course of battle in the war of 1812, and in the Mexican war; but an incident perhaps more remarkable, for the coolness of the individual on the occasion, occurred in the battle of Fort Drake, fought in August, 1837, under the command of the late Col. D. K. Peirce. This was one of the most signal and desperate engagements of that bloody war. The Seminoles, under their renowned chief, Osceola, had taken a very commanding position in an extensive sugar field, near the stockade, strengthened on the east side by a dense hammock. Three desperate onsets were made during the battle, and the enemy was finally driven from the field to the protection of the hammock. During the hottest of the battle, a soldier belonging to the detachment, under the command of Lieut. Pickell, whose position was a little in advance of the two wings, of the name of Jackson, having just fired, received a shot from a tall Indian, not twenty yards distant, which broke through the outer part of his pantaloons, and lodged in his right hand pocket. Feeling the slight sting of the spent ball, he thrust his hand in his pocket, drew out the bullet and dropped it in the barrel of his musket, upon the charge of powder he had just before put in—then, with the unerring aim of a true marksman, levelled his piece, and as quick as lightning his adversary was measured upon the ground. The wound was fatal—the warrior survived the shot but a few minutes.

The above is one of the many incidents that occurred in the recent war with the Florida Indians, which, for brave feats, on the part of the American soldiers and officers, has scarcely ever been equalled. The above incident is stated as it actually occurred.

## Cross-Examination.

Mr. Smith, you said you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean by that, that you preached?

"No sir; I held the light for the man what did."

"Ah! The Court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only threw a little light on it."

"No levity, Mr. Smith. Orier, wipe your nose and call the next witness."

The Welsh have a saying, that if a woman was as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she could easily catch lightning enough to kindle the fires with, besides having enough left to heat the oven once every week.

A young poet, out west, in describing heaven, says, "it's a world of bliss fenced in with girls." where's the man who won't repent!