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### From the Literary World.

#### THE FLOWERS.

Where'er earth's soil is by the feet  
Of unseen angels trod,  
The joyous flowers spring up to greet  
These visitants of God.

They on celestial errands move  
Earth noiselessly to bless,  
Of stooping down in balmy love,  
The flowerets to caress.

And thus their breath its fragrance leaves  
Among the woodland blooms,  
And breathing scents thro' flowers receives  
Angelical perfumes.

The scarlet and the crimson tips  
That flowery petals wear,  
May be the vermeil from the lips  
Of angels painted there.

While spirit whispers safely lie  
Within each chalice lid,  
That mutely speak to sorrow's eye  
And lift its drooping lid.

But ah, that crystal, glistening clear  
Upon the tinted leaf,  
May be an angel's holy tear,  
Dropped there for human grief.

Forever hallowed then, as fair,  
Are all the blessed flowers,  
That scent with Heaven's ambrosial air,  
These fading earthly bowers.

Through flowers Love finds fit utterance,  
And friendship sojace lends;  
For he that giveth flowers, perchance,  
An angel's message sends.

#### DEATH OF THE GIANT CANNIBAL.

FROM THE CHIPPEWAY.

The following story was obtained from the lips of a Chippeway warrior named *Maw-gun-nub*, or *Setting-ahead*. He told it with as serious an air as if it had been a matter of actual and important history, and was evidently a firm believer in the wonders therein contained:

An Indian village stood upon the borders of the Lake of the Woods. It was a summer day, and a heavy rain storm had passed over the country, when a large Giant or Cannibal suddenly made his appearance in the village. He was as tall as the tallest hemlock, and carried a club in his hand which was longer than the longest canoe. He told the Indians he had come from a far country on the North; that he was tired and hungry, and that all the wild rice and game in the village must be immediately brought to his feet that he might satisfy his appetite. His orders were obeyed, and when the food was brought, and the inhabitants of the village were collected together to see him enjoy his feast, the Giant told them he was not yet satisfied; whereupon with one blow of his huge club, he destroyed, with one exception, all the people who had treated him so kindly. The only person who escaped the dreadful blow was a little boy, who happened to be sick in one of the wigwams.

After the Giant had committed this cruel deed, he devoured a number of the dead bodies, and during the night disappeared without discovering the boy. In a few days the boy was well enough to move about, and as he went from one wigwam to another, he thought of his friends who had been so suddenly killed, and was very unhappy. For many seasons did he live alone. While very young his food consisted of such birds as the partridge, but as he grew to the estate of manhood, he became a successful hunter, and often feasted upon the deer and buffalo. He became a strong man, but was very lonely, and every time he thought of the Giant who had destroyed his relatives and friends, he thirsted for revenge.

Time passed on, and the Chippeway hunter became uneasy and discontented. He fasted for many days, and called upon the Great Spirit to give him power to discover and destroy the Giant who had done so much harm. The Great Spirit took pity upon him, heard his prayer, and sent to his assistance a troop of an hundred men, from whose backs grew the most beautiful of wings. They told the hunter that they knew all about the giant, and would help him to take his life. They said that the giant was very fond of the meat of the white bear, and that if the hunter would give a bear feast they were certain that the Giant would make his appearance and ask for a portion of the choice food. The time for giving the feast was appointed, and it was to take place in a natural wigwam, formed by the locking branches of many trees; whereupon the strange people disappeared, and the hunter started towards the north after a bear.

The hunter was successful; the appointed time arrived, the feast was ready, and the strange people were on the ground. The dancing and singing were all over, and the hot bear soup filled the wigwam with a pleasant odor. A heavy tramp was heard in the woods, and in a little time Giant made his appearance, attracted to the place by the smell of the soup. He came rushing to the wigwam like one who knew not what it

was to fear; but when he saw the array of people with wings he became very quiet, and asked the hunter if he might participate in the feast. The hunter told him he might, on condition that he would go to the mouth of a certain stream that emptied into the Lake, and bring therefrom to the wigwam a large rock which he would find there. The Giant was angry at this request, but as he was afraid of the people with wings he dared not disobey. He did as he was bidden, and the thong which he used to hold the rock on his back cut a deep gash in his forehead.

The hunter was not yet satisfied, and he told the Giant that before he could be admitted to the feast he must bring to the wigwam a gill-net that would reach across the widest stream. The Giant departed, and having obtained a beautiful net from a *mammoth spider* that lived in a cave, he brought it to the hunter. The hunter was well pleased, but not yet fully satisfied. One more thing did he demand from the Giant before he could be admitted to the feast, which was this, that he must make his appearance at the feast wearing a robe made of weasel skins, with the teeth and claws all on. This robe was obtained, the Giant was admitted and the feast proceeded.

It lasted for several days and nights, and the hunter and the strange people danced and aroused together as if they had been the best of friends. The Giant was delighted with the singing of his entertainers, and while he praised them to the skies, he did not know that in his bowl of soup the Chippeway hunter, who had not forgotten the death of his friends, had placed a bitter root, which would deprive him of his strength. But such was indeed the case.

On the last night of the feast the Giant became very tired and stupid, and asked permission to enjoy some sleep. Permission was granted, and in the centre of the great lodge was spread for his accommodation his weasel-skin robe.—Upon the stone which he brought from the river did he rest his head, and over him was spread the net he had obtained from the mammoth spider. He then fell into a deep sleep, and the men with wings and the hunter continued their revelry. Each man supplied himself with a war club, and they performed the dance of revenge. They formed a ring round the sleeping Giant, and at a signal made by the hunter they all gave him a severe blow, when the spirit-men disappeared into the air, and the weasel skin robe suddenly became alive. The little animals feasted upon the Giant with evident satisfaction but by morning there was nothing left of him but his bones. These did the hunter gather into a heap, and having burnt them to ashes, he threw them into the air, and immediately there came into existence all the beautiful birds which now fill the world. And in this manner was the great Giant of the Chippewas destroyed, and, instead of his living to feast upon the flesh of man, his own body, by the wisdom of the Great Spirit, was turned into the birds, which are the animal food of man.

#### Elegant Extracts.

There is an even tide in human life! a season when the eye becomes dim and the strength decays, and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it decomes, and much it would profit you, my elder brethren, to mark the instruction which the season brings. The spring and summer of your days are gone, and with not only joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being—and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring—or the warm temperament of your summer, there is a season of stillness or solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now that you may understand the magnificent language of heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation—it summons you to these hours when the leaves fall and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation. And while the shadow valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to these pastures and those still waters where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

“An Irishman called into a store and priced a pair of gloves. He was told they came to ten shillings. ‘Och, by my soul, thin, I’d sooner my hands would go barefoot than pay that price for ‘em.’”

#### PAY YOUR DEBTS.

Religion that does not make a man honest is good for nothing. If a man professes to be a Christian and defrauds his neighbor, the man's religion is vain. And he is dishonest who withholds from another that which is his due, when it is in his power to pay it.

We, in this country, have acquired a bad name abroad from our State repudiation, but it is not this of which we wish to speak just now. It is of the laxness, not to call it by a harsher name, of many professors of religion, who seldom or never pay their debts until after being called upon again and again, perhaps finally being threatened with a suit at law. There are some such men in almost every community.

We have one of these men in our eye. He is a very amiable, easy man, who never wished to quarrel with his neighbors, and is always willing to do them a favor when they are in want of help. But he never pays his debts, if he can avoid it. His bills at the store, at the shops of mechanics, perhaps for the food which he eats or the raiment that he wears, are unpaid, and he feels not the least compunction of conscience on the subject. He prays in his family and in the social meeting, and some people think that he may be a Christian; but men of the world say that if he would be honest, they would have a better opinion of his religion.

We see another debtor. He has no objections to buying anything that he can get on trust; he will subscribe for a newspaper, or a new edition of the Bible, and make loud profession of his willingness to aid this object and that; but when called upon to pay his subscription, he is unfortunately just out of money, he will certainly pay it in a few days; but he is no more ready a month afterwards than he was before, and he never intends to pay. He pretends nevertheless to be a pious man; but he deceives very few.

Just now we see another man of this always-owing and never-paying class. Some time ago, he contracted a heavy debt, and he has never yet seen the time when he could pay the whole of it at once, and, therefore he has paid none of it. His income has been such that he might, with a little economy and much self-denial, have paid a part of the debt every year, and by this time have extinguished it, but his conscience does not seem to trouble him at all, although he lives on that which does not belong to him.

Men may sophisticate as they please, they can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe can never make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is sin in this neglect, as clear and as deserving church discipline, as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay or withholds the payment of a debt, when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of God and of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having.

But what shall a poor man do who is in debt. Let him work and pay it.—Deny yourself all the luxuries and very many of the comforts of life; be willing to take a humble place in society, and mortify your pride; in dress and style of living be as simple and economical as possible; if necessary, live on bread and water, and labor diligently, until you satisfy the demands of your last creditor; but never lay up a cent of money nor spend a cent needlessly while you owe it to another. We wish that this principle could be ingrained into the hearts and conscience, at least of professing Christians. There is a looseness on the subject in the church that is perfectly irreconcilable with the law of God and the maintenance of a good reputation in the eyes of the world.

Let no man be trusted who neglects to pay his debts. If misfortune has suddenly deprived him of the ability to pay that is another thing; but if by his conduct he shows that he has no disposition to meet his engagements, especially small debts, let him not be trusted. He that is unjust in a little will be unjust in much. He who defrauds will steal, and there is scarcely any difference between stealing and wilfully neglecting to discharge a debt.—[N. Y. Observer.

VOICE OF THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.—WILL GEN. TAYLOR HEAR IT?—There have been two Loco-foco Conventions lately; one in Maine and one in Iowa—which revamped some of the stale slanders against the administration and uttered them to the world in the shape of resolutions. This the Union calls the voice of “the sovereign people.” We had supposed that the voice of the sovereign people was quite distinctly heard through the ballot box last November; but it seems that the Union does not admit the sturdy voters of the country to be people, unless they vote as it desires. If not “the voice of the people,” was it only thunders? Cass heard at the November elections?

#### A Prayer by Kossuth.

The following prayer offered by Kossuth will be interesting to our readers. It was offered by him kneeling amid the multitude, at the grave of the Magyar heroes who fell in the battle of Rapoyna, and was originally published in the “Opposition,” a journal of Pesth.—We translate from the German:—  
“Almighty Lord! God of the warriors of Arpad; Look down from thy stary throne upon thy imploring servant, from whose lips the prayer of millions ascends to thy Heaven, praising the unsearchable power of thine Omnipotence. O, God, over me shines thy sun and beneath me repose the relics of my fallen heroic brethren; above my head the sky is blue, and under my feet the earth is died red with the holy blood of the children of our ancestors. Let the animating beams of thy sun fall here that flowers may spring up from the blood so that these hulls of departed beings may not moulder unadorned. God of our fathers and God of the nations! hear and bless the voice of our warriors, in which the arm and soul of brave nations thunder to break the iron hand of tyranny as it forges its chains. As a free man I kneel on these fresh graves, by the remains of my brothers. By such a sacrifice as theirs, thy Earth would be consecrated were it all stained with sin. O, God! on this holy soil above these graves no race of slaves can live. O, Father! Father of our fathers! Mighty over myriads! Almighty God of the Heaven, the Earth, and the Seas! From these bones springs a glory whose radiance is on the brow of thy people. Hallow their dust with Thy grace, that the ashes of my fallen heroic brethren may rest in peace! Leave us not, Great God of battles! In the holy name of nations, praised be Thy Omnipotence. Amen.

#### Latest from the Gold Region.

The Knickerbocker Magazine tells of a place ‘down east,’ where the gold fever rages with remarkable fury. A young lawyer there, remarkable for veracity and disinterestedness, gives out that he is often receiving letters from the gold region, and he entertains his neighbors by reading them gratis. The following is his latest:

We arrived at San Francisco three weeks ago yesterday, and after stopping three or four days to recruit and make preparations, we set off for the gold regions. The country on the banks of the Sacramento is exceedingly fine, and the soil the most fertile in the world. We passed several wheat fields which had just been reaped, and would yield over two hundred bushels to the acre. There is, however, one drawback; the neighborhood is much infested with noxious serpents, and more than likely as not, in picking up a bundle of wheat you will take a huge rattlesnake in your arms! We passed along up the river without making much stop, and soon we came to the gold region. We found the gold in small grains or particles.—My companions all stopped to gather it, but I thought I would go to the head quarters, if I could find them. I soon came to where I found the precious metal in lumps as large as a walnut. Penetrating the country further, I found it became more plenty, and I frequently noticed pieces of gold the size of a common tea kettle. In fact, the appearance of the country in many places, reminded me of one of our New England corn fields, after the corn had been removed, and before the pumpkins are gathered. Still, I did not stop there, but kept on towards the source of the river. Here the country was broken and mountainous, and large boulders of gold, of the size of a five pail kettle, were quite common. I came at length to a mountain in which I supposed the river takes its rise. On the side of my approach it was very rough and precipitous. At the base of a high cliff I looked and saw about one hundred and fifty feet above me, and almost over my head, a mass of shining gold, large as a bunch of screwed hay. It seemed to be suspended by a single root or vine. I had nothing with me but my gun; it was loaded with a ball, and my first thought was to fire and cut the cord by which the glittering mass was hung; but as I was on the point of firing, it occurred to me that if I did it would infallibly fall on me and crush me: so I—

Here the reader was interrupted by a fellow with a largely developed organ of credulity, his eyes transfixed with wonder, and tobacco juice running down each corner of his mouth, who broke out with, “By thunder, I’d a fired.”

ABSENCE OF MIND.—An elderly gentleman, walking along the street, took hold of a cow's tail, and gracefully placing it over her back, exclaimed, “Madam, you have dropped your boa.”

#### How David Price Cured his Wife's Shocking Bad Temper.

David, a man of meek and kindly spirit, had long suffered from the pattering, never-ending, scolding tongue of his *worser* half. One day a herb Doctor greeted David at his work, with a—  
“Well, Master David, and how be you?”  
“Oh, I be very well, thanks to ye, but my wife's not so very riecey!”

“Indeed,” said the gatherer of simples, with a quick ear for an ailment, “what may be the matter wi' she, Master David?”

“Well,” said David in his usual and quiet way, “she hev' a bad breaking out about her mouth every now and then, that troubles her and me vary sore, I sure ye, Master Doctor.”

“Well,” said the latter, “I could make a grand cure of her, I'll warrant; I hev' a saive 'at I makes of the juice of the juniper tree, and by bilin up a vast o' different kinds o' things it quite cures in no time!”

“Dead,” said David, “an' what might your charge be now, for a box o' that 'intment 'at would quite cure her!”

“Oh,” said the herbalist, looking anxiously up in David's face, “only a matter of a shilling!”

“Well, that's dirt cheap,” said David. “If you cures her, I'll give you eighteen pence—there now.”

With this offer the doctor set off home to prepare his nostrum, and straightway hid the very next day to David's house, box in hand. There he found Mrs. Price and went at once to business.

“Well, Mrs. Price, your husband told me that you hev' betimes a bad breakin' out about the mouth, and I've brought a box o' fine 'intment 'at will cure ye!”

With this announcement Mrs. Price, firing up, at once seeing her husband's jest, raised the brush with which she was sweeping the floor, and pummeled the doctor to her heart's content, even following to beat him a-field from her house, he screaming out all the while—  
“Oh, Missus Price, be you gone mad?”  
From that day however, Mrs. Price has been wholly cured of her scolding habits. David has only to look up in her face and say, “I'll get a box of that 'intment,” and there's an end of the matter. David honorably paid the doctor his 1s. 6d. and treated him to make him forget his pummeled. The whole of these circumstances are strictly true.—*Burkham Chronicle*.

HOW MUCH BRANDY?—A correspondent of the Tribune comments upon the instructions issued by the Medical Council of New York and the recommendation of a “little brandy and water.” He asks “how much a little brandy and water is?” To which the Tribune replies that, having a sort of outsider's faith in homoeopathy, he should advise three drops of brandy in a bucket of water, and that a spoonful of the mixture be put into another bucket of water, from which he thinks the patient might safely drink. The New Orleans Picayune relates an anecdote of a man in that city, who, being seized with the premonitory symptoms, was advised to take an ounce of brandy a day, but, having no scales in which to weigh it, and luckily recollecting that eight drams make an ounce, he accordingly took eight stiff horns, and told the doctor that he felt “much better.”

UGLY EDITORS.—The editor of the Louisville Democrat, and Prentice of the Louisville Journal, have been discussing the relative personal beauty of each other lately. Prentice says that a lady, under the influence of chloroform, kissed the editor of the Democrat, and upon returning to consciousness, was so mortified at what she had done that she went away and hung herself; and that on another occasion, when the same editor tried to look his prettiest, he was knocked down by a fellow from the country, who supposed he was making faces at him. The editor of the Democrat retorts by saying that Prentice might be of some service as a ‘stare-crow,’ and Prentice in reply denies that his neighbor of the Democrat could be of any use even in keeping off the foul birds, for although he might scare away the crows, he would be sure to attract the buzzards!

HE HAD HIM THERE.—A son of Erin once accosted a reverend disciple of Swedenburg thus:

“Mr.—, you say we are to follow the same business in heaven that we do in this world?”

“Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason: for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should his creatures be?”

“Well, then, yer honor, do people die there?”

“Certainly not—they are as immortal as the Creator himself.”

“Thin, I should like to know, yer honor, what they'll find for me to do, for I'm a grave digger in this world.”

#### A Race with a Porker.

An amusing incident occurred in this city one day last week, which we think will bear telling. A Dutchman who was at work, had taken off his coat, and for want of a better peg, he hung it on the ground. Now the Dutchman being a family man, and withal rather generous, had taken care to store the pockets of his outer garment with gingercakes for the benefit of his ‘vrow,’ and his little ones at home. A long, slab-sided, gaunt looking porker came up shortly after, and smelling the savory ginger cakes, thought, doubtless, he had as good a right to steal a dinner as some of his race that walk on two legs have to cabbage things of more value. At all events he began snuffing the air for a time with a very wistful look, and finding the smell wholesome, determined to have a taste. Accordingly he made a dive upon the Dutchman's coat, and seizing it by the pocket of cakes, made off with it as fast as his legs could carry him, in a very *hoggish* manner.

“O, mine Cott! mine coat! mine cakes!” cried the Dutchman in consternation; and forthwith his two legs were moving like drumsticks, in competition with the four of his hungry friend.—Away bounded hog and coat, and onward leaped the careless native of ‘fader-land’ in the eager chase. Talk about the race between the celebrated race nags, Fashion and Boston! it wasn't a circumstance, even for a cold dinner. Mile—beg pardon—curb-stones were passed with a velocity that almost drew fire from their flinty heads, while the puffing of the racers drew persons to the doors and windows to ascertain what was going on. Some laughed at the fun, and so did the Dutchman, but on the ‘wrong side of the mouth.’ By this time the cakes had found an exit thro' a tremendous rent in the pocket and were leaving a trail behind that required none of the Indian's sagacity to follow.

At length the porker, finding the contest dubious while he carried weight, dropped the coat and seizing a plumb cake, which drew a groan from the pursuer, deliberately turned aside to make ‘assurance doubly sure,’ by devouring the precious morsel. The Dutchman stopped, picked up his coat, and examined it with a wo begone look. Then he took the backward trail to collect the scattered cakes, muttering—  
“O, mine Cott! vat a country. Even de pigs steal like ter teyfel; and nobody knows when nobody is safes. Mine Cott! I will co pack agains to Yarmay, and stay mit my mudder vat ish dead. Mine Cott! cakes losh! O, vat a Meriky for liberties. You all ish liberties here—too much liberties, by tam, a good deal!” and away he went to console himself as best he could.

#### They Say.

“They say,” tells that which is not true, at least three quarters of the time. He is about the worst authority you can produce to support the credibility of your statement. Scarcely was there ever a suspicious report put in circulation, but this Mr. *They Say* was the author of it; and he always escapes responsibility and detection, because, living just nowhere, he can never be found. Who said that Mr. E., the merchant, was supposed to be in a failing condition? Why “they say” so. On what authority do they affirm that neighbor F. has been in bad company? Why “they say” so.

Is it a fact that Miss G. is not so chaste and circumspect as she should be? Why “they say” so.

Plague on this Mr. *They Say*; he is a half-brother to that Mr. *Nobody*, who always does all the mischief, and who lives nowhere, but in the invention of those who, undeserving respect themselves, are desirous to pull down others to their own level. We always suspect the truth of a report which comes from the authority of “They Say.”

SINGULAR PROPHECY.—Lorenzo Dow, of eccentric memory, was in possession of a German work on the prophecies, which he valued highly, and frequently made quotations from. Among other remarkable sayings of the author were these:

‘I would not be a King in 1848.’  
‘I would not be a grave digger in 1849.’  
‘I would not be a soldier in 1850.’  
‘I would be either in 1851.’

The work alluded to was written about 200 years ago. It certainly possesses an interest for the curious. How frail the tenure by which Kings held their crowns, in 1848! Who would like the office of a grave digger in 1849, unless he were solely mercenary? How more than presumably it is that the military men of the earth will contribute multitudes, in 1850, to fill a wide and quiet grave! And we may hope, at least, in 1851, for the fair harbinger which promise ‘peace on earth and good will to men.’