

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Original Poetry.

For the Journal.

To Miss R.

There was a time, I need not name,
Since it will be forgotten be,
When all our feelings were the same,
As still my soul hath been to thee.
And from that hour when first thy tongue
Confessed a love which equalled mine,
Though many a grief my heart hath wrung,
Unknown and thus unmet by thine.
None, none hath sunk so deep as this—
To think how all that love hath flown;
Transient as every faithless kiss,
But transient in thy breast alone.
And yet my heart some solace knew,
When late I heard thy lips declare,
In accents once imagined true,
Remembrance of the days that were.
Yes! my adored, yet most unkind,
Though thou wilt never love again,
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find
Remembrance of that love remain.
Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,
Nor longer shall my heart repine,
Whate'er thou art or e'er shall be,
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine!
ROCK ISLAND, Oct 19, 1855.

Miscellaneous.

THE ESQUIMAUX INDIANS AND THEIR HABITS OF LIFE.

The first time that the Kane party came in connection with the Esquimaux was in March, 1854, about the time when the long winter night comes to a close, and when there are two or three hours of natural light in the twenty-four. The ship was visited by nine of these Indians, each driving a sledge drawn by eight or ten Esquimaux dogs. These sledges are of a peculiar construction. They are between four and five feet long, and four or five inches wide. The body is made of pieces of the walrus' tusks and of the horn of the narvald or unicorn, cut into pieces about an inch long, and lashed together by sinews. The runners are faced with the ivory of the narvald's horn. The Esquimaux are very ingenious, and manage to bore holes by means of a drill worked in a hole in the front tooth. The sledges are thus, on account of the work bestowed on them, very valuable, and are bequeathed from father to son as a most precious legacy. It is no uncommon circumstance, when the community want to get rid of a bad and lazy member who has a good sled and team of dogs, to induce him to go out on a hunting expedition, and when at a great distance from land, to take away his sledge and spear him.
These Indians who visited the Advance had some walrus meat to dispose of, which they did for jack-knives. They were, however, very shy and timid; but Dr. Kane and Mr. Peterson, the interpreter, went out to meet them and at length overcame their timidity, and induced them to come on board.
The Esquimaux settlements are some forty miles apart, and generally consist of but two or three huts, containing a population of some eighteen or twenty. These huts are generally built of massive stones, some of them several tons weight, and it is a matter of surprise how they could possibly have got them up. Like the sledge the huts are handed down as most valuable property. Some of them have been seen built of whalebone—probably from a fish taken by them after being killed by whalers. In summer they form tents of skins, and, at a pinch, of snow. They are hospitable, and fond of visiting, and so these settlements keep up an interchange of communication and live very happily. Their huts are heated by means of stone lamps, cut by themselves out of a sort of soapstone, fed with blubber, and with which of ground moss. By this means they manage to keep up a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit, while the temperature out of doors is as many degrees below zero.—They usually eat raw meats—the flesh of the walrus and seal; but when they do cook anything or make any soup—which they make very good—it is by means of these lamps.
Their sleeping places are platforms, built of stone, raised some eighteen inches from the floor—so as to keep in the warm atmosphere—and covered with grass taken from islands at a distance. Their clothing consists of fox-skin jumpers or coats, with an inner jumper of bird-skin, the feathers inward; bear-skin trousers, bear-skin boots and bear-skin gloves. The dress of the women is similar to that of the men, except that the former wears boots extending half way up the thigh, while those of the men do not extend to the knee; and that the ladies also wear a sack to their hoods, which they call neskack, in which they carry their children.—The men are of a medium size and stoutly built, while the women are of smaller stature and slighter. They do not practice

the Mormon habits of polygamy, but are, on the contrary, extremely particular about their matrimonial relations. This has been the universal testimony of travellers who have visited them. As with all savage nations, the onus of the labor devolves upon the women. The men come in from the hunt, throw down the prey they have secured, walrus, or seal, and the women have then to go to work, skin the animals, prepare the flesh for food, extract the bones and prepare the sinews for sewing purposes.

One of the ordinary acts of hospitality or civility on the part of the ladies is to take a fowl, or piece of meat, chew it up very nicely, and hand it to the visitor, who is expected to be overcome with gratitude and to finish the operation of chewing. It would give them dire offence if there should be any failure to do due honor to this act of hospitality. In all other respects they exercise to a remarkable degree the same virtue. The Esquimaux of the Northern regions profess to have a dread of going to the Danish settlements, lest they should be eaten up by their Southern brethren, while these latter entertain the same dread, and with more reason, of the Northern tribes. Those tribes, however, which live as high up as the expedition penetrated, seem to be becoming gradually extinguished, and we understand that Dr. Kane has formed a philanthropic scheme of collecting these people together. He proposes, we are told, to gather them from the most Northern regions and bring them down to the Danish settlements, where they can enjoy more comforts and be subject to less vicissitudes.

The Esquimaux have a priest, whom they call Anjekek, who performs marriages and burial services, and is supposed to have some influence over the heart. When a couple is married, their friends have imposed upon them, for a certain length of time, abstinence from certain kinds of meats; and when a young man or a young woman dies, all the young men and young women of the settlement are condemned to the same sort of abstinence. The priest is believed to have power over the walrus and seal, and in a time of pressing scarcity to be able to call them up to the surface of the water. Their faith in the Anjekek is the only approach they have to religious belief. They spend their long winter of four months' total darkness, in sleeping and eating, never going out to hunt unless pressed by necessity. They have no sort of amusement except singing and an accompanying motion of the body which can hardly be designated dancing. They do not use tobacco in any shape, nor do they smoke any other weed or root for the purpose of stimulants, nor would they allow any smoking in their huts. The children always get a name selected from whatever subject happens to be on the tapis in the parental hut where they are born.

In Leavely or Godhaon, island of Disco, the population of 250 or 300 is composed principally of Esquimaux, pure and half blood. They manage to keep up a good deal of social enjoyment by means of dancing, singing, and music. They have a peculiarly good ear for music, and can manage to play on the jewsharp or violin any air they hear. The women are said to be great rogues, if not in stealing gentlemen's hearts, at least in pilfering pots and plates and anything of that kind. We saw one young gentleman connected with the expedition, who had no less than three specimens of the hair of young ladies of Leavely. One of them is dark as the raven's wing, of the silkiest texture, and came from the locks of a full-blooded Esquimaux. Another is dark brown, very fine, and belonged to a half-blood; and the third, of golden color, and of equally fine texture, show unmistakably the Danish blood of the lady's sire. We presume these love tokens will be duly treasured, though not in the National Museum at Washington. This same gentleman had a quantity of skins and furs which he has brought home as reminiscences of Greenland. But they will have to be fumigated or undergo some other process of purification for the Esquimaux ladies, who have the tanning operation in charge, not being able to procure bark, have recourse to a liquid which answers as well, but which careful chambermaids do not tolerate the presence of in a room.

The Esquimaux never resort to the barbarous mode of cutting off frost-bitten limbs. They apply to them a piece of rabbit-skin, and always with good effect. We are sorry to see that one of the expedition lost his life by the amputation of a frost-bitten foot, and that three others had to suffer amputation.

The expedition has only brought home two dogs; one of them an Esquimaux, who

was the leader, or boss dog, as he was called, of Dr. Kane's sledge; the other a very intelligent animal of the Newfoundland breed. Several good stories are told of the sagacity of these animals. One of them is a very hard one, and we will not vouch for its veracity. It is said that the "boss" would sit quietly looking at the other dogs taking their feed, when he would walk over quietly, seize one of the best crammed by the back of the neck, and make him disgorge, and then indulge in the fruits thereof.

A Little Physiognomy.

The nose. A large nose (says the physiognomists) indicates force of character.—A prominence on the nose just above the tip is a sign that its possessor will be prompt to defend himself. A prominence near the upper end is the mark of pugnacity and proneness to give offence. A broad nose, like that of the Jew denotes acquisitiveness. A turned-up nose is the sign of inquisitiveness; the pig has it. A turned-down nose denotes a suspicious mind. Secretiveness is shown in wide nostrils, such as the Chinese and negroes have; the fox has very wide nostrils so have the French and Italians. The ridge between the nostrils is called the septum, to variety of which the physiognomists assign a faculty. A prominent septum is a sign of originality and force, particularly if it is large under the tip of the nose.

Love, according to the physiognomists, resides in the chin. Prominence of any part of the chin indicates some kind of loving faculty in an uncommon degree. A sharp prominence denotes congeniality, or love of one's own race, and the preference for friends of our own temperament. A double chin is frequently the sign of the love of property. A broad square chin of a man who could go mad for love. A full round chin is commonest in the female face and denotes fondness or ardor of affection. Dr. Redfield says: "The particular faculties of love which are generally strongest in man cause a growth of hair on the chin. These are, a desire to be loved, violent love, fond love, and faithful love; and a beard on the female chin is unusual, its existence there indicates an unusual degree of more of these faculties; the action of love on the chin is also frequently shown in the motion and position of the head, congeniality and desire to love throwing the chin forward, and desire to be loved and violent love throwing the chin sidewise. It is nature, too, which sometimes prompts a rude young man to take an attractive young lady by the chin and act which he feels no temptation or desire to indulge in toward an individual of his own sex."

To the jawbone physiognomists assign the faculty of will; but the different varieties can not be understood without engravings.

The cheeks. A prominence of the corner of cheek bone, just under the outer angle of the eye, indicates strong protractive tendencies. A man who has it will have good fences and strong locks. Our Indians, who build nothing, have it; not; but the Chinese, who built the great wall and the Dutch, who owe their country to dykes, have it large. High cheek-bones, like those of the Indians denote the love of hurling. Soldiers, firemen, monkeys, and boys, noted for throwing well, have them. An elevation in the arch of the cheek-bone is the mark of a man who has an instinct for the art of healing. All the great doctors have this peculiarity; so has the wild turkey; which doctors itself and its young very skillfully. A fullness of the cheek-bone at the outer angle of the eye is the sign of a love of graceful motion, such as dancing. The Irish, whose jigs are the opposite of graceful, have this sign small, but the Spaniards, the most graceful of people, have it very large. A prominence of the cheek-bone under the eye denotes watchfulness; Napoleon had it, he was remarkable for the little sleep he required.

The Ear. A large ear indicates good nature and capability for improvement.—"Men in a civilized condition," says the physiognomist already quoted, "have much larger ears than those in a barbarous or savage state, and domestic animals have much larger ears than those of the same species which run wild. The Indian, who resists with such pertinacity the influence of civilization, has a comparatively small ear, while the white man has a comparatively large one. By far the largest ears are found among the refined classes, and the smallest ears among the most natural and uncultivated. In animals there is the same agreement between the size of the ear and susceptibility of improvement or docility. The horse, cow, sheep, ass, rabbit, hog, elephant, etc., all

improve in the state of domestication, and are superior to the same animals in a wild state. Other things being equal, the animal is docile in proportion to the size of the ear—the ass more than the horse, the rabbit more than the squirrel, the hog more than the sheep, the dog more than the cat, the elephant more than the camel, and so on. The domestic fowls, on the other hand, have not the sign of docility, and instead of improving by domestication, always deteriorate; the domestic turkey, hen goose, duck, etc., being far inferior to the wild."

The Eye. A very small eye is incompatible with serious belief, a reverent and devotional habit of mind. A large eye is a sign of mental activity. On this point, too, Dr. Redfield has some striking corroborative remarks. "Persons with large eyes," he says, "have very lively emotions, think rapidly, and speak fast, unless there be a predominance of phlegmatic temperament. Of persons with small eyes the reverse is true. The former are quick and spontaneous in their feelings and in the expression of them, and are therefore simple, like the Scotch, Swiss, and all who inhabit mountainous regions. The latter are slow and calculating, and therefore artful, like the Gipsies, a people who generally inhabit countries. There is a connection between activity and the ascending and descending of acclivities—a fact we evince in running up and down stairs, and which an active horse exhibits when he comes to a hill; and hence the Scotch Highlanders, as well as the sheep, goat, chamois, etc., have large eyes, and very great activity. The rabbit, the squirrel, the cat, the mouse, the gazelle, are instances of the sign of activity in a very superior degree; while the hog, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the sloth, are instances of small eyes and very little activity. Insects which are so exceedingly sprightly have very large eyes, occupying full half the head; while ponderous animals have comparatively very small eyes, indicating their adaption to the smaller species of the animal creation."

The Mouth. A gloomy disposition draws the corners of the mouth downward; while habitual good temper gives them an upward tendency. The pointing of the underlip denotes a contemptuous disposition. A "stiff upperlip" is the well-known sign of self-esteem and egotism.—The desire to approve and be approved opens the mouth and exposes the teeth.—There are many other signs in the lips and mouth but it is difficult to understand them without pictures.—*Life Illustrated.*

A Beautiful Simile
A few days since a lovely child of four summers was buried in this town. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Jay, plucked up by the roots a beautiful little "forget-me-not," and took it with him to the grave.

After the little embryo of humanity had been deposited in the grave, the clergyman, holding up the plant in his hand, said:—"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower, which I picked from the garden we have just left. By taking it from its parent home it has withered, but I here plant it in the head of this grave and it will soon revive and flourish."

"So with the little flower we have just planted in the grave. It has been plucked from its native garden, and has withered, but it is transplanted into the garden of immortality, where it will revive and flourish in immortality, glory and beauty."—*Ohio Farmer.*

Heroism of a Dog in the Crimea.
The following account of the exploit of a dog in the Crimea is translated from the Gazette of Trieste, and surpasses everything heretofore recorded of the devotion and bravery of this noble animal:

"A great sensation has been caused in the camp of the Allies by the heroic deeds of a dog belonging to Col. Metmann, of the 73d Regiment of the Line. On the 16th of August, during the battle of the Tchernaya the quadruped broke his chain, fought in the ranks of the army, saved the life of a sergeant and a soldier, and took three Russian prisoners. A ball struck his foot, but the wound only embittered the animal the more. He threw himself upon a Russian officer, flung him to the ground, and dragged him prisoner by his coat collar to the French. A physician has bound up the wound, the four-footed hero is convalescing. He will probably receive some mark of honor, as another dog in the English army has been rewarded with a medal for his devotion to his master."

NOVEL IMPORTATION.—The Oswego Palladium announces the arrival of the schooner J. B. Collins, with twenty tons of pigeons!

BLACK-HANDED BLARNEY.

An Irishman, one Barney Brady, was brought up for a combination of the national Hibernian characteristics—getting drunk and fighting—which he carried to the "admired extreme." Having drunk his skin full of whiskey he became amiably pugnacious and wanted to whip anybody or anything that would step out "just for the fun of the fracas." He had picked a loving quarrel with the keeper of a porter house, had kindly knocked down two apple women and a newsboy, in a commendable spirit of pleasantness had kicked in a basement window in the hope of inducing the owner to come out and have a "scrimmage," and at the time of his arrest was throwing bricks against the door of Engine No. 97, hoping that some of its Milesian members would sympathize with a gentleman in his pursuit of a quarrel under difficulties, and would come out and take a friendly knock down just out of pure national love and good-fellowship.—Policeman 1,001 soon settled him with a few blows of his club, and Barney was brought into Court with his head cut open in several places and his nose knocked sideways as if it had been run over by a meat cart. He was well acquainted with the Judge, having been indebted already to his Honor for a gratuitous trip up the river, and although he probably anticipated pretty correctly the result of his examination, he could not resist attempting to "blarney" the Justice, probably from sheer force of habit; however, to the tail of every one of his "soothing" speeches, he tagged on an undertone a qualifying phrase, or direct reversion of that part of his conversation intended for the ear of the Judge, so that while the spoken part of every answer contained one meaning, it would be materially qualified the addition of the whispered after-part.

Judge—Why, Barney, have you come again?

Prisoner—Yes, your Honor; this gentleman wid the star on brought me here to see your Honor's noble countenance once more; an' I never saw a pair of worse lookin' thieves in all my life.

Judge—Have you been drunk again?

Prisoner—Slightly elevated, your Honor, not half so drunk as the man that wears your boots gets every day of his dirty life.

Judge—Dont you think you'd better let whiskey alone, Barney?

Prisoner—Perhaps I had, Sir. You old squint-eyed blackguard, ye know ye git blind drunk and rowl on the floor among the spaniel pups every dinner ye ate.

Judge—The law says I must fine you ten dollars.

Prisoner—Yer noble self that knows so much about the law can't find it in yer heart I know, to be heard on an unlettered devil like Barney Brady knows the law, an' our law, an' more of it than could be hammered into that thick old scound of yours wid a pildriver; ye can't tell Blackstone from a broomstick, and don't know yer little finger from a speakin' trumpet, ye conciated old vagabone.

Judge—And you was disorderly, too, and wanted to fight; that is an additional offense.

Prisoner.—Plase yer Highness, it was only Dutchman and darkies, an' the likes of them blackguards, I was disputin wid; I never got so drunk yit that I couldn't tell a rale gintleman like yerself—an' wouldn't I like to bate the eyes out of yer black muzzled head! if I only put my fist wank gently between yer pig-colored eyes, or let my bit of stick drop aisy on the top of your empty auld pate, ye'd think ye was struck wid chain lienin, or that ye'd suddenly transformed into a galvanized steam engine an' was goin, ravin' distracted mad wid a worse fit of delirium trianque than iver ye had yit.

Judge—Can you pay your fine?

Prisoner—T'in dollars is it? Iv'e not just the exact change at this minit wid me, yer Honor, but I'll pay ye as sure as the devil's a nigger—if I iver pay was single cent to that accomplished blackguard, Mister Justice Brinnan, may I be caught in a muss without a shillelah an' no stones handy, may I be waked without whiskey or snuff, an' may that same divel fly away wid what's left of me on a pitchfork for his sunday morning lunch.

Judge—Can't trust you Barney—have to lock you up.

Prisoner.—I suppose it's the best ye can do for me, an' Im thankful to yer Honor; whin I git out call an' see me, av ye please—but if I iver see your ugly mug inside my door, first I'll lock up my two spoons an' hide the whiskey an' thin I'll give my personal and immediate attention to batin' yer so black an' so blue that yer own mother couldn't swear whether yer her nephew or her niece.—*Tribune.*

An Indian Execution in Michigan.

The Clinton county (Michigan) Express publishes the following and vouches for its authenticity. It certainly is a curious history:

In the different parts of Central Michigan there are two tribes of Indians, the Ottawas and Chippewas. They are friendly to each other, and during the hunting season, frequently encamp near each other. In the fall of 1853, a party of one tribe built their cabins on the banks of the Maple river, and a party of the other tribe, about eighty in number, encamped in what is now called the town of Dallas. It is unnecessary to speak of their life in these camps—suffice it to say that the days were spent in hunting, and the nights in drinking "fire water" and carousing. In one of the revels at the camp on Maple river, and Indian, maddened by liquor, killed his squaw, and to conceal the deed threw her body upon the fire. Recovering from the stupor of the revel, he saw the signs of his guilt before him, and fearing the wrath of his tribe, he fled towards the other encampment.

His absence was noticed—the charred remains of the poor squaw were found, and the cry for blood was raised. The savages were soon upon his track—they pursued him into the encampment of their neighbors—he was found, apprehended, and in solemn council doomed to the death which, in the stern old Indian code, is reserved for those who shed the blood of their kin. It was a slow, torturing, cruel death. A hatchet was put in the victim's hands, he was led to a large log that was hollow, and made to assist in fixing it for his coffin. This was done by cutting into it, the distance on the top, in two places, out the length of a man apart then slanting off, and digging the hollow until larger, so as to admit his body. This done he was taken back and tied fast to a tree. Then they smoked and drank the "fire water," and when evening came they kindled large fires around him, at some distance off, but so that they would shine full upon him. And now commenced the orgies—they drank to intoxication—they danced and sung in their wild Indian manner, chanting the dirge of the recreant brave. The arrow was fitted to the bowstring, and ever and anon, with its shrill twang, it sent a missile into the quivering flesh of the homicide and to lighten his misery, they cut off his ears and nose.

Alternately drinking, dancing, beating their rude drums and shooting their arrows into the victim, the night passed. The next day was spent in sleeping and eating, the victim meanwhile still bound to the tree. What his reflections were, we of course cannot tell, but he bore his punishment as a warrior should. When night was closed around, it brot his executioners to their work again. The scene of the first night was re-enacted, and so on for a week. Seven long and weary days he stand there tortured with the most cruel torture, before his proud head dropped upon his breast, and his spirit left its clayey tenement for the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. And when it did, they took the body, wrapped it in a new clean blanket, and placed it in the log coffin he had helped to hollow.

They put his hunting knife by his side that he might have something to defend himself on the way, his whiskey bottle that he might cheer his spirits with a drought now and then, and his tobacco and pipe that he might smoke. Then they put on the cover, drove down the stakes on each side the legs, and filled up between them with logs and brush. The murdered squaw was avenged. The camp was broken up and the old stillness and quiet once more reigned over the forest spot where was consummated this singular act of retributive justice.

Our informant has visited the spot often since then—the log is still there with its cover on, and beneath may be seen the skeleton of the victim.

—A curious question for the lawyers has arisen in London: A lady was courted by a gentleman, who promised to marry her, and was accepted. But he did not fulfill his promise, and she sued him for breach. It turned out, however, that he couldn't marry her because he had a wife living at the time. In answer to the suit he says: "Barkis is willing, but the law won't allow it," and the lady can only demand a fulfillment of his engagement by an act *contra bonos mores*. The question then arises, "what damage has the lady sustained in not being married to a married man?" There is a stability of casuistry suggested by this, which the Chief Baron himself did not like to encounter, and an arbitration was recommended. It is a nut which even a Philadelphia lawyer might perhaps be unable to crack.

Popular Song.

VILLIKINS AND DINAH.

In London's famed city a merchant did dwell,
He had a fine daughter, an uncommon fine gal,
Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen years old
With a very large fortune in silver and gold.
Coutous—Tural li tural li tural lo la

As Dinah was walking the garden one day,
Her papa came to her, and thus he did say,
Go dress yourself Dinah in gorgeous array,
For I've got you a husband both gallant and gay.
Oh papa, dear papa, I've not made up my mind,
And to marry just yet, I don't feel inclined,
My very large fortune I'll freely give o'er,
If you let me stay single a year or two more.

Go, go boldest daughter, the father replied,
If you will not consent to be this gentleman's
bride,
Your large fortune shall go to the nearest kin,
And you shall not have the benefit of one single pin.

As Villikins was walking the garden around,
He spied his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground,
With a cup of cold piss right down her side,
And a billet doux staning how by pison she died,
He kissed her cold corpse a thousand times o'er,
And call'd her his Dinah tho' she was no more;
He gulped down the pison like a lover so brave,
Now Villikins and Dinah both sleep in one grave.

Now all ye young maidens take warning by her,
Never, by no means, disobey your governor,
And all you young fellows mind what you clap
eyes on,
Think of Villikins and Dinah and the cup of
cold pison.

Our Chip Basket.

—An expeditious mode of getting up a row is to carry a long ladder on your shoulders in a crowded thoroughfare, and every five minutes turn around to see if any one is making a face at you.

—It is strange how a ruffled shirt will make a boy grow. Master Stubbs mounted one the other day, and what was the consequence? In less than a week he was 'too big' to eat with a steel fork.

—'Piston.'—Under this head, Ohio papers now place marriage notices. We clip the following from the Chillicothe Gazette—

—'FRESH.'—Mr. R. Van Slyck with Miss Abbey Scott, all of this town.

—A curious custom prevails in Paris of annually proclaiming the "king of the pumpkins," and of making a solemn procession in honor of the largest vegetable of the kind which can be discovered. The "king" of the present year was grown at St. Mandé, and weighed 348 pounds, being a little less than seven feet in circumference.

—The great shooting match between Mr. King, of Georgia, and Mr. Duncan of Louisville, for \$10,000 a side, was decided near Cincinnati on the 8th inst. Mr. Duncan was the victor in this most extraordinary display of skill. Each party had 75 shots, two pigeons being let out at each shot. Mr. Duncan shot 130 birds, and missed 21. The money was lost by a single bird only.

—In Dr. Franklin's time, when the king of England sent some of his convicts over to this country, Dr. F. sent a box of rattlesnakes to his Majesty's Prime Minister, advising that they should be introduced into his Majesty's gardens at Kew and expressing the hope that they would propagate and increase until they should become as beneficial to Great Britain as the British convicts were to this country.

—An interesting discovery has been made in France, with regard to engraving fruit trees. Instead of making use of a graft, a slip is taken from an apple tree, for example, and planted in a potatoe, so that a couple of inches of the slip may remain visible. It soon takes root, develops itself, and finally becomes a handsome tree, bearing fine fruit. This method is due to the Bohemian Gardener.

—THE MISSING AERONAUT.—Over two weeks have now elapsed since Mr. Winchester ascended in a balloon at Norwalk, Huron county, Ohio, and no tidings of his fate have been received. There cannot be much doubt of his loss. Most probably he descended in the lake and perished.—His family reside at Milan, Ohio, and their anxiety and distress can easily be imagined. Their only hope is that he has been wafted across the lake, and has descended in some out-of-the-way place in Canada.

—A gentleman sent his servant up to his room for a pair of boots, and at the same time told him to be sure and get mates, as there were two and two pairs together in the closet. Patrick returned with two boots, but odd ones. "Why, didn't you see that these are not alike? One is a long top and the other is a short one," said the gentleman out of patience with the fellow. "Bedad, your honor," said Pat, in apology, "and it's thrue for ye, but thin the other pair was just so, too!"