The Huntingdon Journal.

WM. BREWSTER, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE." Editor & Proprietor.

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Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which this fluid becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which genders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as ERUPTIVE and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, RHEUMATISM, SYPHILITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "*impurity of the blood*" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice*, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions.

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FOR THE RAPID CURE OF

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that almost every section of country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs that are incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted they can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.

LOWELL, MASS.

JOHN READ, Agent Huntingdon, Pa.

Nov. 10, 1858.—1y.

SELECT POETRY.

THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where we were school-boys in old time,
When manhood was a dream:
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away—
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been plowed up by stranger hands
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bow;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare,
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring
That bubbled down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grew upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot this many a day,
It seems has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill;
'Tis darker than it used to be
And seems so lone and still!
The birds sing yet among the boughs,
Where once the sweep grapes hung;
But not a voice of human kind,
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
The same half panel in the path,
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how o'er the bars of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

A SELECT STORY.

THE SCALPED TRAPPER.

BY EDWARDS ELLIS.

When the fact became known that gold existed in fabulous quantities within the wilds of California, the greatest excitement probably that has ever taken place in modern times convulsed the world. Thousands from the remotest corners of the civilized world hastened to the El Dorado to delve the precious metal. The wild, romantic valleys of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Range, which had never been trodden by the foot of a white man, were now thronged with hundreds, eager and excited; the streams which had flowed undisturbed for ages were turned from their natural course, and their beds analyzed, and the adamantine ribs of the great mountains were forced asunder by the one impelling desire. The Overland Route was alive with human beings, and, for a time, it seemed that a new era had dawned upon the world.

Some months after the wild reports had been confirmed beyond a doubt, there entered the city of Independence two trappers who had just returned from their sojourn at the head waters of the tributaries of the Missouri. Snapper Jack, as he was termed, and Steve Hale, at first treated these rumors with indifference and even contempt. Not even the affirmations of their own companions could convince them and they started upon their next trapping journey fully believing that the multitude that had left the States were sadly deceived When a few days distant from the Mississippi, they met a trapper, who was an old friend, and who, in the short time he had been in California, had made his 'pile.' This fact was a convincing argument, and did really convince Snapper Jack that there was a fortune to be made in that country. Hale, however, was immovable.—Even the most earnest declarations had no effect, and he sneered at Jack's credulity.

The three trappers spent the night together, and the conversation that then took place fixed the determination of each. In the morning they separated, each taking different directions. The trapper from the West continued his journey towards the States; Snapper Jack kept on towards California, and Hale started in a northwest direction towards 'trapping grounds.' Leaving the former and the latter to themselves, we will follow the strange fortunes of Snapper Jack, as he proceeded hopefully and cheerfully on his way.

Jack, although he mentioned it to no one, had entertained a belief that gold existed in any quantity in the Wahsatch Mountains, and it was his determination to visit them alone and satisfy himself in regard to it. For the purpose of greater safety, however, he joined a company of emigrants, and remained with them until they had nearly proceeded as far as Pike's Peak. While he was with these travelers he was the means of saving the company from a wholesale slaughter by the Indians. As is generally the case, they placed too great a reliance upon their numbers, and paid no attention to the suspicious appearance of several savages hovering in the distance during the daytime.. Jack announced to them the startling fact that they were watched by a large number of savages, who meditated an attack the next night and, as a consequence, they were fully prepared. The prediction was true; and the whites, about midnight, were set upon by an overwhelming number of Indians, who after a short but terrible struggle, were repulsed and scattered by the deadly discharge of the rifles of the emigrants; this occurrence was a lesson to the company, and no night after that was spent on the prairie without a sufficient guard.

Jack, as we said accompanied them for some distance further, when bidding them adieu, he alone with his horse, struck boldly southward toward the Wahsatch Mountains. He was a too experienced hunter to be heedless or careless of the danger which he knew he had incurred by this proceeding, and when he encamped upon the prairie, it was not until he was assured of his safety. More than once he spent the twenty-four hours without a moment's sleep, and proceeded cautiously and slowly through the day, watching anxiously, and avoiding the slightest appearance of danger At length, however, he reached the mountains one afternoon, and spent the night at the base. The grass was rich and luxuriant, and choosing a secluded spot he turned his horse to graze, intending not to disturb him again until he left the mountains. Then taking his 'traps' and 'fixin's,' and marking the spot, he deposited them in a sort of half cave, where he judged there was no danger of their being disturbed by intermeddling Indians. Here, in his cave, he spent his first night in the Wahsatch Mountains.

At morn, he ascended the mountain and was somewhat startled when he discovered that there had been Indians very recently in the vicinity. He was, however, confident that with due caution he could avoid an encounter with them, and had really little to fear from an attack.

He was, however, disappointed. At noon, weary with wandering over the rugged wilds of the mountain, he stopped at a small, crystal stream to slack his thirst. While drinking, he noticed a quantity of yellow shining particles of sand, and he believed at once that he had discovered the gold. Delighted with his success, he gathered a few grains in his hand and holding them between his thumb and finger held them up to the light to survey them. As he did so, several cracks from behind the surrounding rocks and trees, and a bullet whizzed directly between his thumb and finger, scattering the grains to the winds. At the same instant a score of yells reverberated through the forest and as many dusky savages sprang exultingly toward him. The trapper saw that but one was directly in his way, and taking a half aim, he sprang over his writhing body and darted like a wounded animal towards the base of the mountain, the whole pack plunging after him.

He had gone but a short distance when he found that he had been wounded by the fire of the Indians, and would be unable to continue his flight for any length of time. He turned his head and saw the blood trickling down his thigh, and at every step it seemed as if a knife were thrust in his flesh. Finding matters desperate he gathered all his strength and made towards the point where he supposed his horse was grazing Providence favored him, and he came directly upon him, without loosing a moment in the search. Springing on his back, he brandished his rifle over his head and giving an exultant yell, galloped away.

'Now catch me, you cowardly devils,' he shouted. 'S'pose you'd like to lift ha'r, wouldn't you. How does that suit?'

In an incredible short space of time he had reloaded his rifle; and as he uttered the last words, he covered the form of the foremost Indian and fired. The wounded savage returned the fire as he limped forward; but the aim was wild, and the bullet sped wild its mark.

'There's another of the same sort. How does that suit?'

The shot, however, owing to the difficulty of aiming while on horseback, but slightly wounded a savage; and the trapper deeming it prudent to get beyond the reach of his pursuers as soon as possible, turned and struck his horse into a fast run.

The savages, fearful of losing their prey, fired together; yet strangely enough, missed Jack, who returned a yell of defiance, as he again brandished his gun above his head. He was startled, however, to find that, although unhurt himself by the shots of his enemies, his horse was severely injured, and limped painfully. The savages seemed to be aware of this; for again giving vent to their yells of triumph, they plunged forward and continued the pursuit.

Luckily for Jack, the night was coming on; and he felt confident that, could he avoid his pursuers until then, he could elude them altogether. Still, his chances were desperate, indeed. As he re-loaded his rifle, he urged his horse forward, and the animal seemed conscious of the danger hanging over his master, and strove manfully to carry him beyond the reach of it.

Jack turned to fire, and, as he did so, he saw that two of the foremost of the savages had halted and brought their pieces to their shoulder, and the next instant a red jet of flame sprang from before them. As quick as lightning he dropped upon his face, and the bullets whizzed over his head, passing clean through the neck of his horse. The noble animal vented forth a groan, seemingly as much of sorrow as of pain, staggered a moment, and as his rider leaped from his back, fell to the earth.

'Thunder, lightning, redskins, beavers, and bufflers, if Snapper Jack isn't in a tight place!' exclaimed the trapper, leaping away.

The shades of night were now settling, yet there was a faint moon; and it was necessary for the trapper to keep his pursuers at a considerable distance in order to be beyond their sight. His pursuers numbered about a dozen, and as he turned he saw that two were rapidly gaining upon him—too rapidly indeed for comfort or assurance. His wound was becoming intensely painful, and he could hardly bear the weight of his body for an instant upon it. The savages feeling confident that the trapper was within reach, halted, and but two continued the pursuit. Jack discovered this, and took hope. Gathering his strength, he ran forward for a short distance, when from the great pain sank to the he ground.

The darkness had become so intense, that the savages were not in sight; but in a few moments the two appeared, and gave a simultaneous yell of triumph, as they beheld the prostrate form of the trapper. Jack's face was turned from them; and waiting until he judged they were nigh enough, he rolled over toward them, and before it could be avoided shot one of the savages in the heart. The other with a howl of fury, leaped toward the trapper, who fell back and fainted, for the first time in his life. The savage thinking him dead from his frightful looks, jerked his cap from his head seized the hair in his hand, and running the keen point around the crown, commenced scalping him. This new pain revived Jack, who, realizing his danger, plunged forward, and drove his knife to the hilt in the body of the savage. The Indian gave his death yell as he sprang aloft, his hand still clutched the hair of the trapper, and carried it with him, thus *actually scalping him*. The two beings closed round each other, in their death struggle; and as the savage breathed out his life, Jack also became unconscious.

When the trapper came to himself, the sun was high in the heavens, and he was alone upon the great prairie. The blood from his wounded head had flowed down over his face, and, drying, had so closed his eyes that it was only with great difficulty that he opened them. His head seemed burning with pain; and hardly conscious of what he was doing, he crawled a few rods to the left, where was a stream of water, and washed his wounds. This done he felt considerably relieved, and placing his cap upon his head, began to really think that it was not time for him to 'go under.' The wound in his thigh pained him little, but his scalpless head was terrible.

'Ugh! you thundering devil!' hissed he, as he surveyed the fallen savage, 'you got enough o' ha'r liftin' that time, didn't yer. Whoop.'

As if some sudden hope had sprung up in the trapper's heart, his ghastly countenance twisted into a sickly smile.

'Spoz'n we trade ha'r!'

As he said this, he stooped, and seizing the tuft upon the savage's head tore it off by the roots, and then gave the body a contemptuous kick.

'That ar affair, I calc'late, is wot hain't never been done. Just think, a decent white man tradin' ha'r with a theiving, cowardly, all-fired copperskin! Wagh!'

Jack felt a strange feeling darting through his system. His pain seemed to cease, and the prairie appeared alive with Indians, all with horrid visages, hurrying towards him. Full of terror, he uttered a fierce yell, and darted away. He was delirious.

Late one afternoon, as a company of emigrants were slowly wending their way over the far plains of the West, toward California, they espied a solitary hunter in the distance approaching. They watched him with interest until he came up when they seemed at a loss to tell whether he was an inhabitant of this world or some strange phantom that their imagination had conjured up. His bloodshot eyes protruded from their sockets, and his sunken face was covered with grizzly hair, while hardly a fragment of his garments remained upon him. In reply to their questions, he gave a vacant stare, and seemed unconscious that any person was near him. He permitted himself to be handled and examined, and was as docile as a child.—When by accident his cap was removed, the spectators shrunk back in horror. He seemed literally a walking corpse!

The good emigrants came to a halt for the day, and the trapper was committed to the care of a physician who accompanied them. Day after day they nursed him until they arrived at California, where he was still taken care of, and finally recovered—thus presenting the strange spectacle of a *living man who had been scalped!* He related his story to his friends; and thanking them as best he could, left them.

But what is probably as singular as anything that has been related, is the fact that Snapper Jack actually visited the Wahsatch Mountain again upon a horse. He affirmed that he came across the two mouldering skeletons of the savages who caused him so much trouble; and in the whitened bones of one hand he beheld *his own scalp*, and carried it with him. But what affected him the most was the remains of his faithful horse.

He remained a number of months in the mountains, without encountering an enemy; and finally returned to Independence seemingly well pleased with his fortune. Whether he actually discovered gold is unknown and will probably remain so until he chooses to tell.

☞ A clam merchant, meeting one of his own fraternity the other day, whose pony might be considered as a beautiful specimen of an equine skeleton, remonstrated with the owner, and asked him if he ever fed him. 'Ever feed him! Come, now, that's a good 'un,' was the reply; 'he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home now, only he ain't got no time to eat 'em!'

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

THE LAST BULLET.

AN INCIDENT OF COMMODORE STEWART'S ALGERINE EXPERIENCE.

The United States ship of-war Constellation was anchored in the harbor of Algiers, whither she had proceeded under command of Commodore Preble, having on board, among other officers, Charles Stewart, then an acting Lieutenant,

It was the watch of young Stewart, and he was pacing to and fro on the deck, about half an hour after sun set, when he saw a small boat containing a single person, coming off from the Old Port, as the western part of the town is called, and heading for the ship.

This person was rowing with all his might, and Stewart was not long in discovering the cause. Close behind the single boatman was seen a large rover filled with men, whose presence was announced by a continued firing at him of whom they were in such determined pursuit, holding on their way until they were under the very guns of the ship.

'Now, by my soul!' cried Stewart, 'may I be shot if I don't teach those fellows a lesson. Stand by, Mr. Rogers,' he added, addressing a favorite gunner, 'throw a little grape into that fellow.'

An instant later a wreath of smoke curled up from the side of the ship, and as the report went booming over the water the iron messenger sped on its way, crashing into the pursuing boat, severely wounding two or three of her crew. She instantly turned to put back, at the same time that the fugitive reached his destination and came up the side into the presence of the officer of the deck. He was an elderly man, with a stout frame and brownish features; but it required but a single glance from the Lieutenant to see that he was English or American As soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his overexertion to breathe he went on to tell his story, to which Stewart listened with much excitement. The new comer was an American citizens, named James Collins, a native of New York, who with his wife and daughter, had been taken from an American vessel at the same time as its commander and crew, two years before, by an Algerine pirate. His wife had since died, and he and his daughter had been enduring since his capture all the horrors of a hopeless and aggravated captivity; but the worst part of the poor man's story, and that which moved Lieutenant Stewart the most was the announcement that his daughter, a gentle and beautiful girl, was on the eave of being forced into a detestable union with the very wretch who had bought her and her father as slaves.

'My agony at these circumstances culminated not two hours ago,' finished the father, 'when I struck the persecutor insensible to my feet and fled. By dint of exertion I managed to reach the water side, and embarked before the pursuers could prevent it. But though I have succeeded in reaching this place of safety, my poor Alice is still in the power of her tormentor, exposed to his vengeance; and I am almost crazy at thinking that she may even now be subject to a fate worse than death. If I could only guide a boat's crew under your orders'——

'One moment,' interrupted Stewart.—'Stay where you are until I have seen Commodore Preble.'

One moment the young Lieutenant was engaged with his commander in the cabin, and then he came forth with a stern smile of satisfaction on his features. Ten minutes had not passed before a cutter with twelve chosen men pushed off in the darkness, with the Lieutenant and the stranger in the stern and rapidly struck out for the shore.

'Our owner,' said Mr. Collins, 'resides in the western part of the city. There is a coast guard established, but I do not apprehend that we shall have any special trouble from that source. I think we can land below, go up the streets to the house, and carry off my child, and all without losing a man.'

The boat landed, after twenty minutes of rapid progress, at a small wharf near the Geleta, in the western part of the town. The arrival was certainly observed, but not a great deal of attention was bestowed upon it by the stupid Algerines. Leaving part of his men in the cutter with orders to lie down under the wharf, Lieut. Stewart and the remainder of his force followed the footsteps of Mr. Collins, who led the way rapidly up the intervening streets.

On arriving at his late prison, an old, dingy looking structure, extremely spacious, having all the looseness of the Moorish style, the party discovered that silence and darkness were the principle features of the scene. Not a sound was heard nor a word uttered. The whole building seemed deserted. The agony of the father was extreme.

'O, my child, my child!' he cried, no longer able to control the terrible emotions which had been surging through his soul during the last hour, 'shall I never see thee more?'

A Moorish slave came around from the rear of the building, and assured his fellow captive that the girl had been carried off by the master, and that no one was at home save himself. But even as the lying rascal uttered the concluding words a wild shriek was heard in the chamber, and the next moment a young and beautiful girl of seventeen summers appeared at one of the front windows, looking like a spectre in her garments of spotless white.

'My child, my Alice!' said Collins.

'Save me, father!' was the response; and while shouts and groans proceeded from the interior of the building the maiden threw herself from the low window, falling into the very arms of her father and Lieutenant Stewart.

The very moment of this re-union was destined to be that in which a company of Algerine troops came round the nearest corner, marching up the street in the direction of Lieut. Stewart and his men. It was also at the same moment that the old Moor, who had so long considered himself the proprietor of Mr. Collins and his daughter, came to the window and set up a startling yell.

'This way!' cried Mr. Collins, and he dashed open the front door of the building, and conducted the entire party within.

'Look to your weapons, and take the rascals off their pins the instant they halt!' said Stewart.

A sharp and determined struggle soon commenced, in the course of which half the Moorish soldiers were killed, and the remainder finally gave way. But the rescuers had expended all their ammunition, and only a single bullet was remaining; that was in a large horse pistol, in the hands of Lieutenant Stewart. He was just wondering what he should do with it, when the old Moor came down stairs with a hugh sabre in his grasp, and made a furious dash at Mr. Collins and his daughter, with murder written on his features and flashing from his eyes. This sudden arrival decided the destination of the last bullet.

'Take it, you black devil!' said Stewart, just as the blow was descending, and he fired his weapon, the ball passing through the miscreant's head, and bringing him dead to the floor.

'Now, boys,' added Lieutenant Stewart, 'we are a going to finish with a hand to hand fight. The powder and ball are out; we must trust to the sword.'

Closely followed by his men, as well as by Collins and Alice, the Lieutenant led the way towards the boat. It seemed as if Algiers had turned out to witness the triumphal retreat, the streets being filled with thousands of men and women, collected together by the brief contest at the Moor's house, but not an attempt was made to intercept the progress of the party, the Algerines contenting themselves with scowls and denunciations. Ten minutes later and the rescuers were at the cutter, twenty minutes more and the entire party were safely back to the Constellation, not having lost a man. The young Lieutenant received the hearty thanks of his superior, to say nothing of the gratitude of Mr. Collins and his daughter whose family proved to be of consequence in New York; and we are assured that Charley Stewart was never happier in his life than when Miss Alice was united to one of his 'chums,' a noble hearted Lieutenant, now a commodore who fell in love with the rescued maiden, during the Constellation's homeward passage.

A TURK AT FISTICUFFS.

During the operations of the allies in the Crimea it was resolved to carry the water from a beautiful spring of the finest Croton, to the camp. Leather pipes, or hose, were employed, which were laid on the ground, One morning, while the water was being supplied, the minaret sounded to prayer, and one of the Turkish soldiers immediately went flop on his knees to praise Allah! Unfortunately he went down right upon the hose, and his weight consequently stopped the current of that 'first of elements' as Pindar calls water, in his first Olympiad.

'Get up,' cried an English soldier.—'Vouley vous avez, la bonte, mon cher Monsieur le Turque,' cried a Frenchman with his native politeness, '*to git up.*'

'That ain't the way to make a Turk move,' cried another, 'this is the dodge.' So saying, he knocked his turban off.—Still the pious Musselman went on with his devotions.

'I'll make him stir his stumps,' said another Englishman, giving him a remarkably smart kick. To the wonder of all, still the unturbaned, well kicked follower of the Prophet went on praying as though he was a forty-horse parson.

'Hoot awa, mon—I'll shew ye how we serve obstinate folk at auld Reekie,' quietly observed a Scotchman. He was, however, prevented; for, the Turk having finished his 'Allah-vis en allah,' rose and began to take of his coat—then to roll up his sleeves, and then to bedew his palms with saliva, and then to put himself into the most approved boxing attitude, *a la* Yankee Sullivan. He then advanced in true Tom Hyer style to the Englishman who had kicked him on the lumber region. 'A ring! a ring!' shouted the soldiers and sailors, perfectly astonished to see a Turk such an adept in the fistic art.

The Englishman, nothing loath to have a bit of fun with a Turk, of such a truly John Bull state of mind, set to work, but found he had met his master—in five minutes he had received his *quantum suff.* As the Turk coolly replaced his coat and turban—he turned round and said to the admiring bystanders, in the pure brogue—'Bad luck to ye, spatpeens! when yere afther kicking a Turk, I'd advise ye the next time to be sure he's not an Irishman!'

The mystery was solved—our Turk was a Tipperary man!

A KEEN REPROOF.—Did our readers ever hear the dry *bon-mot* of Talleyrand, which so took the conceit out of a young coxcomb at some table in Paris where he chanced to be dining? 'My mother,' said the dandy, 'was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I have ever seen.' 'Ah!' said Talleyrand, looking him through and 'taking his measure' at once, 'it was your *father*, then, who was not good-looking!'

POETICAL.

PRAYER.

There is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts
When sink the beams of light;
There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When early loves decay;
That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That ear is filled with angels' songs;
That arm upholds the world on high;
That love is throned beyond the sky,
But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain—
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain,
That power is Prayer, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss beyond the sky.

OUR CHIP BASKET.

COMBAT BETWEEN TWO FROGS.—A few week since some masons were at work repairing Hollis' oil factory at Somerville, Mass., when they became the witnesses of a singular combat of about an hour's duration, between two monster bull-frogs, inhabitants of two pools in the rear of the building, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and approached each other cautiously, each eyeing the other, until they were about a foot apart, when they jumped at each other and commenced the fight. They struck, bit, and clinched furiously, and when a fall decided a round, both would draw off and puff for a moment, when they would renew the combat. After about an hour spent in uninterrupted fighting, with the exception of two or three brief respites, each crawled off to his pool and disappeared. Neither was "exactly dead" but both were "kinder gin eout." The fight itself was singular enough, but the fact that it was witnessed, but not interfered with, by some thirty or forty frog spectators, of all kinds and sizes, adds to the novelty of the incident. Our informant, (Mr. Edward Grace, officer of the U. S. Courts,) says that at the beginning of the fight the frogs assembled about the fighting ground from the surrounding pools attracted doubtless by the noise made by the combatants, and that they continued peaceable spectators of the "mill," occasionally interrupting it by excited croaking, but at no time approaching the parties engaged in it nearer than within two or three feet. When the contest was ended, they nearly simultaneously departed. —*Boston Traveller.*

COMMON WORDS.—The last edition of Webster's Dictionary gives the following definitions:

Zouaves—The name of an active and hardy body of soldiers in the French service, originally Arabs, but now Frenchmen who wear the Arab dress. It is derived from the Arabic word Zouaoua, a confederacy of the Arabic tribes who live on the mountains back of Algiers.

Magyars is the name of a people who in the 9th century invaded and overrun Hungary, previously settled by the Huns. The Magyars are still the dominant race in Hungary.

Coolie, or Cooyl, or Kuli, is a Hindostan word and means day laborer. The Europeans in China have adopted it to designate Chinese day laborers. The term is therefore applied to the day laborers both of India and China.

Sepoys (Hindo, *sephai*), means a native of India employed in the military service of a European power."

☞ The secret band of Douglas Democrats seems to be spreading. Already there is an organization in every city, and soon will be in every village and hamlet in the country. The object of the secret order is to secure delegates to the Charleston Convertion, who will go for Douglass and pull the wires to secure his nomination. Douglass is the oldest, and at the same time the most corrupt politician in the Democratic party. As a statesman he has many superiors, but as a wire pulling, unscrupulous demagogue no equal. His friends are sanguine of success, and if fraud and trickery can secure his nomination, we may expect to see him a candidate. If he cannot succeed in securing that nomination, then we may expect to find him an independent candidate, for candidate he is bound to be.

THE SLAVE TRADE.—It has been the cry of the northern democratic press, for some months, that the slave trade has *not* been re-opened—that all the stories circulated to that effect are bash—mere inventions of the enemy. What mean, then, the resolutions which Democratic State Conventions in the north are now beginning to adopt, denouncing the re-opening of this traffic? If it is or has *not* been re opened why denounce it? And if it *has* been re-opened, is not the Administration responsible for what it could easily prevent, if it would?

BALTIMORE.—Rowdyism has reached such a height, and the authorities seem so powerless to repress it, that the citizens have called a public meeting to take such measures as may be necessary to preserve the public peace. The latest notable incident in the reign of rowdyism was the attack, by one of the notorious blackguards of the city, upon an editor in an omnibus. The latter shot the rowdy in three places, successfully defending himself from attack.

SHE "FLU THE TRACK!"—A Mississippi co. Court Clerk, having issued a marriage license for a young man, shortly after received the following note from him:

STEATE OF Miss July the 5 1859:

Mr. Moody ples let This matter staud over untill further orders the girl has Flu the track By her own Request and Release my name off of this Bond if you ples.

☞ The Pittsburgh *Post*, a Democratic paper, which, a few weeks since, with a flourish, announced *James Buchanan* as a candidate for re-election, appears to have found out that that was a foolish movement. It has now a call for a meeting of the friends of Stephen A. Douglas, numerously signed, for the purpose of nominating him as the Democratic candidate for that office.

THE EXPORT OF SPECIE.—The export of specie from New York, from Jan. 1st up to Saturday last was in round numbers, $47,000,000, and from Boston about $10,000,000,—total $27,000,000. The receipts in the same period, from California and other sources, have not exceeded $28,000,000. The difference, $29,000,000, has been drawn from the banks and the pockets of the people.