White Cloud Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

LE MARAIS DU CYGNE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A blush as of roses,
Where rose never grew;
Great drops on the bunch-grass,
But not of the dew!
A taint in the sweet air,
For wild bees to shun!
A stain that shall never
Bleach out in the sun!

Back, steed of the prairie!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the Border
Have crept from the dead!

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unarmed and unweaponed,
The victims were torn—
By the whirlwind of murder,
Swooped up and swept on
To the low, reedy fen-lands—
The Marsh of the Swan.

With a vain plea for mercy,
No stout knee was crooked;
In the mouths of the rifles
Right manly they looked.
How paled the May sunshine,
O, Marais du Cygne!
On death for the strong life,
On red grass for green!

In the homes of their rearing,
Yet warm with their lives,
Ye wait the dead only.
Poor children and wives!
Put out the red forge-fire,
The smith shall not come;
Unyoke the brown oxen,
The ploughman lies dumb!

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O, dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain!
Kiss down the young eye-lids,
Smooth down the gray hairs;
Let tears quench the curses
That burn through your prayers.

Strong man of the prairies,
Mourn bitter and wild!
Wail, desolate woman!
Weep, fatherless child!
But the grain of God springs up
From ashes beneath,
And the crown of His harvest
Is life out of death.

Not in vain on the dial
The shade moves along,
To point the great contrasts
Of light and of wrong;
Free homes and free altars,
Free prairie and flood—
The reeds of the Swan's Marsh,
Whose bloom is of blood!

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry;
Henceforth the Bad Angel
Shall harmless go by;
Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day!

Select Story.

A PLEASANT LOVE STORY.

All my life I had known Mary Moore; all my life I had loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates, and first cousins. My first recollections are of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Church; that baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the old school-house, drawing my little chaise up to the door, that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her; and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps, when I called her name; how sweetly her blue eyes looked at me; how gaily rang out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so soon to her lips. I followed that laugh from my days of childhood; and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and my children climb upon my knee, and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that, even in gray hairs, I am following the music still.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my heart. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This to me was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things, after all.

I left college in all the flush of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to imagine how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful mental attainments, and never thinking that she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust that I may be believed when I say, that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home of two days, I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding school at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered a sigh to the memory of my blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man" again.

In a year, I thought, as the vehicle whirled away from our door—in a year, or three years, at the very most—I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why, then, perhaps, I may marry her.

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that, had Mary met me then, she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, I should have perhaps found myself mistaken. India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and had made me a better man. When, at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, which I knew had taken place. They loved me as I was, I murmured to myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I picked up many a token from that land of romance and gold, for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough, virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little toy strangely thrilled me, as I balanced it upon the tip of my finger.

To the eyes of others, it was but a small, plain circlet, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance, of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it. But not to me—how much was embodied there—all these delights were hidden within that little ring of gold.

Tall, bearded, and sun-bronzed, I knocked at the door of my father's house. The lights in the parlor window, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped that sister Lizzie would come to the door, and I might greet my family where no strange eye was looking carelessly on.

But no, a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long-absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this ran through my mind, as I heard the sound from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before making myself known, or asking for any of the family. And while I stood silent, a strange apparition grew up before me; from behind the servant peered out a golden head, a tiny, delicate form, and a sweet, childish face, with blue eyes, so like to those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary Moore."

"And what else?" I asked, quickly.

She lifted her hands, to shade her face. I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and answered, in a sweet, bird-like voice:

"Mary Moore Chester," lisped the child.

My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me. This was their child—his child and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, beneath the blow, and hiding my face in my hands, I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor and called my sister out, to see who it was that conducted himself so strangely. I heard a slight step, and a pleasant voice saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked at her for a moment, and then stilling the tempest of my heart, by a mighty effort I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?"

"Harry! oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast, and wept as if her heart would break.

I could not weep. I drew her gently into the lighted parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush, and a cry of joy; and then my father and mother sprang toward me, and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears. Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn traveler. As I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that all was not yet lost; and although another had secured life's most choice blessing, many a joy remained for me in the dear sanctuary of home.

There were four other inmates of the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister; and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid glance, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy!" he said, with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. "You have changed so, that I never would have known you; but no matter about that, your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure, he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away; but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart which changes him. He is my boy still."

"Aye, mother," I answered, sadly, "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! At that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom, as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the beating of my heart, and the tremor of my lip, and answered quietly, as I looked into his full, handsome face—

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered, with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name, and keep silent still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimsoned cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is no such other in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hallo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness which made me start violently, "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates, in your younger days—yes, Harry," and he slapped me on the back—"for the sake of old times, and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once; but mind, old fellow, you are not to repeat the ceremony. Come, here she is; I for one want to see how you will manage those ferocious moustaches of yours in the ceremony."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, towards me. A gleam of light and hope almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out, before I thought, "Not Mary."

It must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said; even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore!" I said, in a low, eager tone, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned, and laid her hand in mine, and said hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry."

Simple words, and yet how blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up that moment for an emperor's crown. For there was the happy home group, the dear home fireside, with sweet Mary Moore. The eyes that I had dreamed of day and night were falling beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness, until that moment.

Many years have passed since that happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy is fast turning gray. I am now grown to be an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be? At heart I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of other days. To me she has never grown old or changed. The heart that held her in infancy, and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood, can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it. Not even then, for love still lives above.

The Burial of Dumas.

Although it is many months since Alexander Dumas died, his final burial took place only on the 17th instant, at the little village of Villers-Cotterets, where he was born. His son, Alexander, made the funeral oration. He explained the cause of the delay in the burial. For a long time the department in which was situated the native town of the popular dramatist was occupied by the Prussians, and when they retired a cold and dreary winter set in. It was the wish of the family to bury M. Dumas only when the sunlight would fall on the fresh sod of his grave, and when the air was redolent with the perfume of flowers and melodious with the song of birds. Both Dumas and Auber—two of the most popular men in literature and art whom France ever produced—died during the war, and at a time when pious rites and formal ostensations were neglected. In both instances, however, the omissions have been made good.

THE following story is told of a young lady and a gentleman at a fashionable party in Nashville: "The young man was handsome and happy, the young lady arrayed in lavender, rose, &c., with gold powdered hair flowing over her swan-like neck. Finding the heat of the room too much for them, they sought the cool shade of an arbor, where they might listen to the fountain's fall. The music rose and fell, time flew on silver pinions, and after an absence of at least an hour our young friends re-entered the brilliantly illuminated parlors. The lady passed on in the dance, but the young man was slightly taken aback by his next neighbor informing him that around his neck was the unmistakable print of two arms in chalk and diamond dust, on one shoulder a large pile of yellow powder, and on his upper lip and cheek diamond dust, bloom of youth, and yellow powder mixed up generally. The lady's hair was observed to be several shades paler."

CHAS. NORDHOFF says: "If you have been on a street-car when it ran off the track and was dragged over the cobbles, you may easily know the sensation of a California earthquake."

Miscellany.

THE LEVEL AND THE SQUARE.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square:
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are!
Come let us contemplate them: they are worthy of a thought—
With the highest and the lowest, and the rarest they are fraught.

We meet upon the Level, though from every station come—
The King from out his palace, and the poor man from his home—
For the one must leave his diadem outside the Mason's door,
And the other finds his true respect upon the checkered floor.

We meet upon the Square, for the world must have its due;
We mingle with the multitude—a cold, unfriendly crew;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we meet upon the Level, to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are hurrying to it fast—
We shall meet upon the Level there, when the gates of Death are past;
We shall stand upon the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer with His own unerring Square.

We shall meet upon the Level there, but never thence depart;
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;
There's a mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there,
Who have met upon the Level, and been tried upon the Square.

Let us meet upon the Level, then, while laboring patient here;
Let us meet, and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools, and be tried upon the Square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons, form the bright fraternal chain;
We part upon the Square below, to meet in Heaven again.
Oh! what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are—
We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square.

SIMON GIRTY.

WYANDOTTE, FEB. 5th, 1872.

GOV. WM. WALKER: DEAR SIR: I have this day received a letter from my uncle, A. H. Dunlevy, of Lebanon, Ohio, from which I make extract as follows:

"I have been urged to give some account of Crawford's defeat—as I learned from my father, who was in it—and I want to know all about Simon Girty. Girty was in the battle preceding Crawford's defeat, as is well known, but his history *afterwards*, and especially after he left Girty's town, (now St. Mary's, O.) is what I want to learn. I presume that Gov. Walker, of the Wyandottes, now living, I believe, at your town, could give the desired information. I would be glad to learn all about Girty after he left Girty's town, especially. I once went to see a man who said he was a son of Girty; but I found his tale was not reliable. Some say Girty was killed in the battle of the Thames. Others, that he died at Malden in 1815. Another story is that he died in 1842, en route with the Wyandottes for Kansas, and was buried some 10 miles west of Brookville, Ind., on the roadside. Such are the contradictory statements. The man who pretended to be his son, told me that after Wayne's victory Girty settled in Louisiana Territory, near Ft. Chartres, on the west side of the Mississippi, below St. Louis—there opened a trading house with the Indians—but after a few years of successful operations was robbed of all his possessions by the Indians, and escaping with his family, settled near the lower end of Lake Erie, leased a farm and built mills, and gathered quite a handsome property, which he left to his children, if I recollect rightly, at his death, about 1830. Could you get from Gov. Walker some information on this subject, I would be glad to have it."

The above will show you the scope of information Mr. Dunlevy wants, and what rumors he has also had in the premises. It would afford him pleasure to receive a letter directly from you, and as he is one of the earliest settlers of southwestern Ohio, and has had large experience as a newspaper editor, he could probably reciprocate your favor by many reminiscences of early scenes in the Miami valleys that would greatly interest you. I would be pleased to see you as soon as the weather will permit.

Respectfully yours,
M. B. NEWMAN.

GOV. WALKER'S REPLY.

Some time about the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, Girty was captured in some part of Northern Pennsylvania by a war party of Iroquois known as the Six Nations. How long he remained in captivity I am unable to state; but he remained long enough to acquire their (the Seneca) language, which he spoke with ease. He made his escape and returned to his home in Pennsylvania, and became an arrant Tory. Getting into difficulty with his neighbors on account of his loyalty to the crown, and hearing of the Elliotts, McKees, Colwells, Stockwells, and other Tories going to Malden, in western Canada, the headquarters of the British Indian Department, determined to expatriate himself—leave the country and friends, and follow their example. He set out for the Northwest, and somewhere between Lower Sandusky and the Huron river was captured by a war-party of Wyandottes and brought into their village. There happened to be in this village, at this time, some Senecas who recognized the fugitive, and demanded the prisoner, stating at the same time the nature of their claims upon him; they intended to kill or send him back to Cattarangus village, from whence he escaped. Leatherlips, a distinguished Wyandotte chief, ignored their claim to the prisoner, arguing that by their own showing he escaped, regained his liberty and had returned to his country and people, and was found in our country bearing arms, and was captured by our warriors as a spy; therefore their claim was inadmissible.

Girty now finding himself out of immediate danger, stated to his captors—in the Seneca language—that for the reason that he was true to the King and his cause, he was very badly treated by the people, and was forced to leave the country; and was on his way to Canada, to join Elliott, McKee, Colwell and others from Fort Pitt, and fight for the King's cause. He was set at liberty and pursued his journey.

Now, this is the Wyandotte version of his advent among the Indians—indeed, it is corroborated by his own statement to my parents, who became well acquainted with him afterwards. It does not appear that he received any appointment in the Indian, or any other department; owing, perhaps, to two reasons, if no more. First, he had no education—could not even write his name; and, second, was a man of ungovernable temper, violently abusive even to his best friends, especially when intoxicated, which was a common habit with him. Failing to receive the patronage he expected, he now identified himself with the Indian allies; sometimes with the Shawnees, sometimes with the Wyandottes and Delawares, accompanying their war parties against the frontier settlements. Here a hiatus occurs in this man's career which I am unable to fill; from 1780 to '82, when he appears upon the stage conspicuously in Colonel Crawford's defeat, in June of the latter year.

I will here give the Indian version as related to me in 1825, by an aged man who was present, and of undoubted veracity, of Girty's conduct towards Crawford, not mentioned in Doctor Knight's statement. This ill-advised and unauthorized campaign, it is well known, resulted disastrously, Crawford and Doctor Knight being the only prisoners taken. The latter, in his narratives, states that after Crawford's capture he expressed a strong desire to see Girty. He was permitted to have the interview. A protracted conversation took place between Girty and the prisoner. Among other matters, Crawford offered Girty a thousand dollars if he would save him from what he was now aware was to be his doom—*the stake*. Girty promised to do his utmost. Whether by design of Captain Pipe, the war Chief of the Delawares, and Wingemund, another distinguished Chief, or by accident, a Delaware named Tom Jelloway, who spoke quite fair English and French, was, unperceived, near by and overheard the conversation and reported it to his chiefs. (This Jelloway I remember having seen frequently at my father's house when I was a small boy.) It should be borne in mind that the Delawares really believed that their prisoner was no other than Col. Williamson, who in cold blood slaughtered so many of their Christian friends on the Tuscarawas, the year previous, and commanding another exterminating army. Girty assured them they were mistaken in the man. The prisoner was not Williamson. He knew the man, knew his name and knew where he lived. Of Girty's standing and influence with these people, it might be said, the former, infamous as a *renegade*, and the latter amounting to *nothing at all*, could make no impression upon the Chiefs; and added to this was the damaging effect of the proffered reward made by the prisoner. Failing in his efforts to save the Colonel, he now turned to him the 'cold shoulder,' and manifested a perfect indifference to the terrible fate that awaited him, and coolly witnessed the torture to its *finale*.

Girty next appears in the following August with a large party of warriors, besieging Bryant's Station in Kentucky; but this is written history.

He was with the Indian army which defeated Gen. St. Clair, in 1791, and bore his part in that action. Among the dead he found and recognized the body of Gen. Richard Butler, the second in command. On the retreat and general rout, Girty captured a white woman. A Wyandotte woman, who accompanied the warriors, as several others did, (more for plunder than any other object,) perceiving this, demanded the prisoner, on the ground that usage gave all female prisoners to the women accompanying the warriors. Girty refused and became furious, when some warriors came up and enforced a compliance with the customs. Girty subsided—to the great relief of the prisoner, the transfer was made. This woman was afterwards sold to a respectable French family in Detroit.

Some time after this, Girty was engaged in the Indian trade at Lower Sandusky. How long he continued in that business at that place, I am unable to state; but he afterwards opened a trading house on the St. Mary's river, but he must have abandoned the post on the approach of Gen. Wayne's army it 1794, for scarcely anything had such terrors for him as the idea of falling into the clutches of the Americans.

After Wayne's treaty the following year, peace having been permanently restored, he sold out to an Irishman named Charles Murrah. I have a clear recollection of this man staying all night at my father's house, being on his way from Detroit to his trading post, leading a pack horse carrying two kegs of nails, through a wilderness of 170 miles.

After this, Girty quit the Indian trade, and settled on a farm two or three miles below Malden, where he remained till Gen. Harrison's invasion of Western Canada. He married in that neighborhood, but of his family I have no knowledge. In vain he tried to become a decent citizen, and command some degree of respect from his staid and sober neighbors; but "the ruling passion," the depravity of his untamed and undisciplined nature was too strong. His neighbors looked upon him as a hard case.

There were two brothers who followed Simon, some two or three years after the arrival of the latter; James and Thomas. The former the older of the two, and the latter the junior. James was a lazy, worthless old reprobate. Thomas lived and died among the Shawnees. My parents used to speak of him as quite a decent man as compared with his brothers. James Girty did not survive the war of 1812—died in 1814. It may be necessary here to state that my father resided a mile east of Brownstown, at the head of Lake Erie, and immediately opposite Malden, and was an officer of the U. S. Indian Department; was well acquainted with Elliott, McKee and many other renegades in that country, though there was but little of the *entente cordiale* between him and them. In the war of 1812 James and Simon, from age and bodily infirmities, were incapable of active service; the former crippled with rheumatism, walking on crutches, and the latter being nearly blind. After the capture of the British fleet on Lake Erie in the summer of 1813, and the British army commenced the retreat, Girty followed, leaving his family at home, and took up his quarters at a Mohawk village on Grand river, Canada. On the proclamation of peace, he returned to his home and family, and died in 1818 or '19. His age was over 70.

The last time I saw him was in the summer of 1813. From my recollection of his *personnel*, he was in height 5 feet, 6 or 7 inches, broad across the chest, strong, round, compact limbs, and of fair complexion. To any one scrutinizing him, the conclusion would forcibly impress the observer that Girty was endowed by nature with great powers of endurance. His countenance when in social intercourse or in repose did not indicate a cruel or barbarous disposition; on the contrary he was "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," somewhat inclined to the genial propensities of a wag, and fond of fun and frolic. At the wild Indian dances he was in his element.

Whatever may have been his antecedents in early life as regards good morals, he afterwards abandoned himself to the indulgence of the worst passions of our nature. As compared with the barbarous disposition of his Indian associates, he out-heroded Herod; yet his apologists and those best acquainted with him, gave him the credit of being not entirely destitute of generous impulses. That there were some latent remains of the milk of human kindness in his composition—some good qualities which would occasionally loom out like a star in a dark cloud, is probable.

A few words about this Pretender—not the preux chevalier Charles Edward, of Culloden notoriety, but this pretended son of Simon Girty. His statement that after Wayne's treaty in 1795, Girty established a trading house at Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, is a fabrication. Girty never saw that river; was never further west than the Wabash, and that only once. "Went to Canada—settled near the lower end of Lake Erie." This would be near Buffalo and Black Rock on the American side, or old Fort Erie and Chippewa on the British side of the line, a distance of 300 miles from where he *did* settle; instead of the lower end, he settled at the head of this Lake.

"Built mills," &c. Never built or owned a mill in that country. There was but one mill between Malden and Hartley's Point, a distance of about twenty miles, and that was a wind mill, built and owned by a Frenchman named Reaume—the only mill at which he could get his grinding done. If this man was a son of Girty he was profoundly ignorant of his father's history; and I incline to the opinion that he was an impostor.

ANECDOTES.

In the summer of 1796, the British government surrendered the northern posts to the United States. Girty was at Detroit when the boats laden with the American troops which were to occupy that post hove in sight. He became so alarmed that he could not wait for the return of the ferry boat, but plunged his horse into the river, at the risk of drowning himself and it—reached the Canada shore, then poured out a volley of maledictions upon the U. S. Government and troops, mingled with all the diabolical oaths his imagination could coin.

While trading on the St. Mary's, he became involved in a bitter quarrel with a Miami conjuror, or "medicine man," who claimed supernatural powers. The conjuror threatened Girty's life with his magic arts or invisible agencies. Girty received his threats in high dudgeon, and being dressed in the primitive Indian costume, bowed himself down, and, removing a certain garment which is detached from the other clothing, exposed that part of his body which is below the dorsal region, told the conjuror to "fire away with his magic missiles." The latter left in disgust, astonished at the audacity of the man.

Another time he got into a quarrel with a Shawnee, caused by some misunderstanding in their trade. While bandying hard words to each other, the Shawnee, by innuendo, questioned his opponent's courage. Girty instantly produced a half keg of powder, and snatching a firebrand, called upon the Shawnee to stand by him. The latter, not deeming this the easiest nor most legitimate mode of settling disputes about goods and peltries, evacuated the premises with greater haste than he entered them.—*Wyandotte Gazette.*

RICHES.—Don't say you will become rich till you have asked your wife. Of all the spendthrifts nature invented, a thoughtless woman is the most so. We care not how much money a man may make, if his wife does not second his endeavors he is just as sure of dying poor, as if he kept a grocery store and trusted everybody.

IT is 130 years since Handel brought out for the first time the oratorio of the Messiah. Its success was so great that at its repetition the ladies of Dublin left their hoops at home, in order that an additional one hundred listeners might be got into the room.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

BY ROSE TERRY.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it, the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go,
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And the mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see, in the cooling night,
Twinkling stars of household light;
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut;
All the village lie asleep,
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh—
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to *that* home, from this below—
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child;
And heareth, praying, this answer full—
"Patience! That village shall hold ye all!"

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

I shall preach to-day from this text!

My foot slipped, and I fell down;
'Twill never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown.

My hearers, this is a slippery world, full of slippery places, and peopled by a slippery set of beings, who slip through the fingers of the fisherman back into his native element. I say you slip through life, because you make a good many slips as you go. Whoso standeth, let him take heed lest his feet slip up and he slip down; for many and many a man, while promenading the path of affluence, has thought himself secure to the very edge of the moment when he found himself sprawling in the mud-puddle of poverty. When the man of wealth and fashion falls, the dust shows conspicuously upon his fine dress; and those who were wont to smile and bow, scarcely deign to notice him with a nod; but the poor man can have his little ups and downs, unnoticed by the world, and without the risk of incurring more damage than a week's work may mend. So, you see, my friends, the advantage the lowly and humble have over the high and haughty. When the former fall, but very little mischief is done—when the latter plough the ground with their nose, what a fall is there, my congregation! Down go pailfuls of pride, heaps of vanity, and half a bushel of self respect!

My friends—as you travel over the mountains of manhood and descend into the dull vale of years, your feet are occasionally liable to fly out from under you; but, when you find yourselves sprawling, say, "Twill never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown,"—then up and at it again. No, it won't answer to relinquish it in such a manner. Push ahead, with a deal of perseverance, a quantity of pluck, some little pride, and any amount of hope—and you will overcome all obstacles, just as easy as a full grown earthquake can shake a shanty. If while endeavoring to jump into some high station, my friends, your feet should slip and you should fall far short of it, don't be discouraged; but rub the tar of determination upon the bottoms of your boots, and give another leap. Try to jump half a mile beyond the place you desire to reach, and you will come nearer to it than you ever expected. If you would be an alderman, or obtain a situation in the custom-house, aspire to the Presidency; if you are not honored with either of these offices, you may, at least, expect to be made assistant dog-killer, or appointed night inspector of morals in Church Street. But, brethren, you had better have some other more certain and steady employment; and then should your feet happen to slip and you fall down, you will have a chance (if you have your healths) to rise again, like "Truth when crushed to earth."

My hearers—in all your pursuits, don't let an occasional slip-up deter you from obtaining your ends. If you go a-courting, and the girl offers you the bag, decline accepting, as my friend Gen. Taylor says, to the request. Work away at her—try to worm yourself into her affections—tell her that you never retrograde in your movements, and that she might as well come to terms first as last, for you are bound to take her. Should the fortress of her heart prove impregnable to your amorous assaults, and you be compelled to beat an inglorious retreat, never think of retiring forever into the shades of bachelorism, but commence an attack upon somebody else. If you can't marry a princess, there is many a female between her and a peasant girl who would make a fellow as good a wife as he need possess—considering the little space alloted between the altar and eternity. If, while wife-hunting, your feet should slip, and you are brought upon your knees to no purpose, you must quickly regain your erect position, and say emphatically, 'Twill NEVER do to give it up so,' and so here goes for conquering some pretty piece!

My dear friends—in pushing our wheelbarrow loads of care and responsibility up the steep acclivities of life, our feet often slip, and the ponderous mass rolls back upon us with an agonizing crush; still we must make up our minds that it won't do to give it up so. We must fight, tug and wrestle with the woes of the world; and if we get upon our backs, be as old Jo. Haskins was when a brick wall fell upon him—"too d——d spunky to holler for help." So mote it be! DOW, JR.

Discovery of a Submerged City near St. Augustine.

During the heavy gales which prevailed last fall, the tide on one occasion was driven so low in the North river, that a remarkable discovery was made. About seven miles north of St. Augustine, on the west shore of North river, the remains of an ancient city were discovered. Several wells walled in with coquina, are now visible under water; but the foundations of the houses can only be felt with a pole. On the occasion of the discovery a gale had prevailed for four or five days from the north, driving the water out of the river to an extent never before known. Further investigations have also brought to light a coquina quarry on this same site. What is most remarkable, the quarry is in the midst of a dense hammock, and which any one can see now by taking the trouble to go there. The rock is a quality equal to any on Anastasia island, and the quarry has been extensively used, doubtless for the purpose of building this city, or settlement—for one or the other it certainly was.—*St. Augustine Press.*

A VALUABLE relic of antiquity has, says the Levant *Herald*, been discovered in the grounds of the Russian pilgrims' monastery outside the walls of Jerusalem. It is a monolith cut out of a single block, and only half complete. From a description in the history of Flavius Josephus it is believed to be a column intended for the decoration of the ancient Temple of Solomon; but that, as the column split while it was being worked, it was left unfinished, the lower part of it remaining in a rough unhewn state. The monolith, which is thirty-nine feet in length by six in diameter, will certainly prove an object of keen interest to archæologists; and it is to be hoped that it will be retained in a place of safety—the pillage of monuments of antiquity in the East being now systematic.

THE New York Scientists are engaged in pointing out some of the popular errors in regard to earthquakes. They explain that "the heterogeneous parallaxes prismatically converging are not due to the silicious introduction of photospherical asteroids, but rather to parabolic stratification of igneous zygema."

THE Louisville *Journal*, referring to the fact that somebody is going to build a hotel in Rhode Island ninety-two feet long and sixty feet high, expresses astonishment that the authorities should "permit anybody to put the State all under one roof in that way."

A WRITER has calculated that as the average area of the human mouth, when open, is about four square inches, the combined mouths of the 25,000 singers at the Boston Jubilee will form a cavity of over seven hundred and thirty-six square feet.

GEORGE ELIOT says that a great many strong men "hold half their rectitude in the mind of the being they love best."

WILD BILL.

Among the white scouts were numbered some of the most noted of their class. The most prominent man among them was "Wild Bill," whose highly varied career was made the subject of an illustrated sketch in one of the popular monthly periodicals a few years ago. "Wild Bill" was a strange character, just the one which a novelist might gloat over. He was a plainsman in every sense of the word, yet unlike any other of his class. In person he was about six feet one in height, strait as the straightest of the warriors whose implacable foe he was; broad shoulders, well-formed chest and limbs, and a face strikingly handsome; a sharp, clear blue eye, which stared you straight in the face when in conversation; a finely-shaped nose, inclined to be aquiline; a well-turned mouth, with lips only partialy concealed by a handsome moustache. His hair and complexion were those of the perfect blonde. The former was worn in uncut ringlets, falling carelessly over his powerfully formed shoulders. Add to this figure a costume blending the immaculate neatness of the dandy with the extravagant taste and style of the frontiersman, and you have "Wild Bill," then as now the most famous scout on the plains.

Whether on foot or on horseback, he was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I ever saw. Of his courage there could be no question; it has been brought to the test on too many occasions to admit of a doubt. His skill in the use of the rifle and the pistol was unerring; while his deportment was exactly the opposite of what might be expected from a man of his surroundings. It was entirely free from all bluster or bravado. He seldom spoke of himself unless requested to do so. His conversation, strange to say, never bordered on the vulgar or blasphemous. His influence among the frontiersmen was unbounded, his word was law; and many are the personal quarrels and disturbances which he has checked among his comrades by his simple announcement that "this has gone far enough!" if need be followed by the ominous warning that when persisted in or renewed the quarreller "must settle it with me."

"Wild Bill" is anything but a quarrelsome man; yet no one but himself can enumerate the many conflicts in which he has been engaged, and which have almost invariably resulted in the death of his adversary. I have a personal knowledge of at least half a dozen men whom he has at various times killed, one of these being at the time a member of my command. Others have been severely wounded, yet he always escaped unhurt. On the plains every man openly carries his belt with its invariable appendages, knife and revolver, often two of the latter. "Wild Bill" always carries two handsome ivory-handled revolvers of the large size; he was never seen without them. Where this is the common custom, brawls or personal difficulties are seldom if ever settled by blows. The quarrel is not from a word to a blow, but from a word to a revolver, and he who can draw and fire first is the best man. No civil law reaches him; none is applied for. In fact there is no law recognized beyond the frontier but that of "might makes right." Should death result from the quarrel, as it usually does, no coroner's jury is impannelled to learn the cause of death, and the survivor is not arrested. But instead of these old-fashioned proceedings, a meeting of citizens takes place, the survivor is requested to be present, when the circumstances of the homicide are inquired into, and the unfailing verdict of "justifiable," "self defence," etc., is pronounced, and the law stands vindicated. That justice is often deprived of a victim there is no doubt. Yet in all the many affairs of this kind in which "Wild Bill" has performed a part, and which have come to my knowledge, there is not a single instance in which the verdict of twelve fair-minded men would not be pronounced in his favor.—*"My Life on the Plains," by Gen. G. A. Custer, in April Galaxy.*

Henry Winter Davis' Oratory.

It will remembered that a Maryland Representative, Harris, uttered words in eulogy of Jeff. Davis and the Confederacy, which showed a condition of mental treason at least. A motion of expulsion was offered, wild excitement followed, Mr. Colfax left the chair in order to sustain it, and did so in a speech of marked and impetuous power. By the way, Mr. Colfax is known to reportorial memories as the most rapid speaker of the time. Beck, of Kentucky, is their present *bete noire* in this respect. The motion to expel failed to obtain, by a few, the necessary two-thirds vote. Then came one to censure. On this, debate proceeded for nearly a week. The whole subject of free speech, and whether it had or not any limitation, passed under review. With the progress of the debate men's minds became confused. At last one day, just as the morning hour expired, Henry Winter Davis came in. Taking his seat, in a few moments his clear, firm "Mr. Speaker" thrilled through the House, and at once hushed all the turbulent hum. As described to me by a master of the picturesque, who both heard and participated, the scene that followed must have been a striking one. A few swift sentences stated the various positions assumed by preceding speakers. In a clear and striking manner he arranged and summed them up, and then proceeded to analyze the offense of which Mr. Harris has been guilty, showing how freedom and license diverged, and that disloyal utterances like his were as treasonable in their degree as the act of war, the raising of rebellion, and the marshalling of armies. As the orator proceeded the House gathered about, in front and all around him. The Senate Chamber was emptied; the galleries above were dark with the throngs that leaned down with breathless attention. There was no sound heard but the music of the speaker's voice, for the hushed breath of the great audience seemed silence before those tones. His colleague, the one whose offense was under consideration, a Southerner even to Quixotism, stood close to the orator, nay, almost in front of him, leaning on some friendly shoulder, while his face became a wrapt study, showing evident unconsciousness of how much he had to do with the occasion, in the intellectual delight the display gave him.

At the most caustic part of Davis' argument, when everybody was listening with an intenseness almost painful, Harris was heard by the orator and those about him to say in excited tones, almost audible to the galleries, "By G—! old Maryland is ahead yet!" Could State pride go further? There is no one now in the House able to so electrify a friend, let alone an antagonist.—*Correspondence of the Boston Globe.*

Spare the Trees.

From 1866 to 1868 inclusive, the French government conducted a series of elaborate experiments in relation to forest trees. These experiments were under the direction of