

# THE PORTAGE SENTINEL

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## THE PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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## MISCELLANY.

### LONG CHERISHED REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE OLD WORLD AND EARLY MICHIGAN.

The history of jurisprudence embodies among its dusty archives many a tale of love, of sorrow, of blighted affection, of bitter, remorseless persecution, and of long cherished vengeance, which needs not the pen of a Warren or a Dickens to invest it with every attribute of startling interest which can make the wildest narrative of fiction.

In the year 1835, there came into the county of Lapeer a German from the province of Wurtemberg, by the name of Ulrich, bringing with him a young attractive wife, to whom he had been some years married. This lady, when a girl, had been a belle in her little neighborhood in Wurtemberg, and had been sought in marriage by more than one anxious suitor, and among them was one Daum, by whom she was courted, and to whom she had extended such encouragement as led him to fix his affections upon her with all the fervor of the German heart. Daum was of an unusual strength of mind, of stern and impressive demeanor, of great depth of feeling, but, as the sequel will show, of most implacable disposition when his animosities had been aroused. He loved the girl with that intensely natural to a man so constituted, having few or no affinities with others, owing to his reserved and morose disposition, he commenced by lavishing his hours of leisure and the earnings of his industry upon her alone. Unlike her lover in all respects, the girl was attractive, fond of society, and unstable in her affections; and, when the wedding day came to which Daum had long and impatiently looked forward as the consummation of his bliss, after the wedding guests had met, she told him that she loved his estate and removed at once from the scene of his discomfiture to a distant province.

Time passed on, and the lady was again wooed and won by a light-hearted and comely youth, her former suitor's superior in personal appearance, but his inferior in wealth and intellect. His courtship was followed by marriage, the news of which reached the self-banished Daum, roused every latent feeling of rage and jealousy, of which his strong heart was capable, and he returned to the scene of his former happiness instigated by some desire—for revenge! He stalked about the neighborhood, lying hid during the day time for the most part, but watching every opportunity to way-lay and destroy his rival. At length they met in a wild, untrodden mountain pass, a deadly and fierce struggle took place, at the termination of which, Ulrich was left upon the ground slain, as his assassin supposed. Daum fled and Ulrich returned to his wife, pale, bleeding and faint. The officers of justice sought for Daum in vain; he had fled to England, where he spent the next six years of his life.

The circumstance passed away from the public mind, and the parties interested had ceased to think of them, or to feel any appreciation of Daum's return.

Five years passed on, and the married couple with their children, joined a party who were emigrating to America and settled in the county of Lapeer. There they resided in quiet comfort and happiness for three years. The wild man had begun to assume the appearance of cultivation—the log house to be encircled with creepers and flowering shrubs; the white haired children played around the door; the old German hound lay watchfully at the gate, and the trout sweet-heart now a comely matron, sang at her wheel the sweet song of her lacer-ladder. All was peace in this sequestered home, when at the close of a bright day in August 1838, a knock was heard at the door, which was answered by the woman, who, upon opening it, met face to face, her old suitor. The recognition was mutual; not a word was said between them; but while the heart of one of them sank within her from very fear, that of the other was roused to a frenzy which made itself manifest in a wild gleam of long pent up vengeance.

The husband was absent, having gone upon a hunting excursion in pursuit of deer and all that night with doors and windows barred a sleepless, trembling watcher awaited his return. He came not, and his step never again crossed the threshold.

Precisely one year to day, from the time of the occurrence just related, Mr. Thorn, an old resident of Lapeer county walked upon a balmy Sunday morning upon the borders of one of those beautiful little lakes which lie embosomed upon the flowery openings of that country, found upon the beach just within the water's edge, a human skull. At a loss to account for its appearance there, he followed up the steep bold bank which overhangs the lake, and upon its verge, found the body to which the skull belonged. A jury was summoned to the spot; and the remains were at once identified by the half frantic widow, whose wounds were opened afresh by the discovery which had lingered in her breast for a sad long year.

The cause and manner of the death of the murdered man, were obvious by an examination of the skeleton—a rifle ball piercing through the vertebral column from behind, and passed out through the breast bone. The murdered man had never known who or what took his life. He lay as he fell upon his face. With his undischarged rifle resting by his side, and upon his bleaching skeleton the hunting pouch, belt, knife and powder horn, which he had brought with him from the old country home. Autumn had deepened into winter—winter into spring—spring had

blossomed into summer yet there he lay, within three miles of his home, unnoticed and undiscovered.

Upon the discovery of the dead body, Daum was arrested, and his trial, which was very long and arduous, in consequence of the necessity of taking all the testimony through interpreters, was had before the Hon. Charles W. Whipple, in March, 1839. The principal counsel engaged in the cause were, Hon. Peer Morey, then Attorney General, Hon. A. H. Hanscom, Hon. T. J. Drake, Hon. E. H. Thompson, and George W. Winsor, Esq.

During the twelve days occupied by the trial, the prisoner Daum remained impressive except when on permission granted by the Court, the bones of the murdered man, which had been wired together and placed under cover of a table were suddenly drawn out at the very feet of the prisoner, when a deadly paleness overspread his face, and a strong and involuntary shudder passed through his frame.

The evidence as may be gathered from the foregoing sketch, was entirely circumstantial, there being no direct testimony whereby to connect the prisoner with the death of Ulrich, and the jury found themselves unwilling to convict; and giving the unhappy prisoner the benefit of the slight doubt by which the occurrence was surrounded, brought in, after a lengthy consultation, a verdict of not guilty.

The prisoner then left the court-house amid a deep and thrilling silence and was never more seen in Lapeer county.—*Detroit Enquirer.*

### Nicholas of Russia.

By Mr. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States, and Minister to Russia.

No admitted merit—no length of service—no elevation of rank can avert the blow with which he is ever ready to strike the culpable or disloyal. To maintain the discipline of his troops, he is in the habit of suddenly visiting their stations, without warning—when, to the officer or private then detained in fault! He has been known, on the instance of discovering remissness or inattention, to tear off, with his own hands, the epaulettes and decorative badges of a veteran and favorite officer. There revels in his temperment what may be called a dash of romance, which set off by a form of great elegance and muscular strength gives to his actions grace, vivacity and interest.

When representing the imperial chief, his details of grandeur and magnificence may be truly and orientally gorgeous—his audience, banquets and festivals as imposing and dramatic as those in the Arabian Nights—yet often from them he breaks abruptly away—travels through his kingdom, unknown and unobserved; gaining, perhaps, admission to the palace of some neighboring sovereign, under a fictitious name; or, as a mendicant by the wayside, claims the charity of his Express—or, it may be, as an awkward captain of a steamer, affects to run down some lumbering captain of a small craft on the Baltic—and, while supposed to be thus roaming over the Empire, alarms his minister by presenting himself amongst them.

A few years ago, an American frigate—alike celebrate for the beauty of her proportions, the solidity of her form and quickness of sailing—entered the harbor of Cronstadt. Her arrival was at once communicated to Nicholas, and, before her ornate steamer was observed approaching across the wide bay. The steamer stopped at about one hundred yards distance from the frigate, and a dashing group of officers were seen to enter a barge, the course of which was immediately directed towards the ship. Acting as coxswain to this barge, and seating himself at the stern, appeared a conspicuous figure, with a small white cap encircled by a red band, and attired in a single-breasted dark green frock coat, the attire corresponding with the individuals subordinate capacity, and presenting a singular contrast to the epaulettes and other finery of those under whose orders he seemed stationed. Always prepared to receive such visitors, our naval commander met them at the gang-way and gave them a cordial welcome.

Among them was the vice-chancellor of the empire, the minister of marine, and a number of admirals and general officers, who went "aft" in the cabin of the commodore, whilst their coxswain, as if conscious that he must look out for himself, walked "forward" and mingled carelessly with the common sailors. As he examined the battery and scrutinized the bulwark, asking now and then some questions, the hardy tars trained to discern the air and tone of real authority, instinctively touched her tarpaulin hats, and winked knowingly to each other, whispered their conviction, that it "was the old boy himself!" This suspicion circulated with rapidity throughout the frigate, but no one deemed it decorous, by the slightest word or look, to intimate its existence to him who thought himself, as he wished to be, absolutely unrecognized. After inspecting this proud specimen of our naval architecture and ornament, the splendid cavalcade re-entered their barge.

And now arrived the moment when the commodore was to decide whether he should give the ordinary salute of twenty-one guns, or twice the number, constituting an imperial salute. The suspected coxswain was then observed, alone, and leaning on the wheel of the steamer, as the man of war's heavy cannon thundered from her ports. He remained silent and stationary until at the sound of the twenty-second gun—he started with surprise—gathered his officers around him—and after he had explained to them that the "cute Yankee" had seen through his disguise, he issued his orders for the resumption of his true character, signals were immediately noticed to be exchanged with the surrounding forts, and ten or twelve Russian ships in the harbor. The star-spangled banner was then hoisted at the mast-head of the steamer, gracefully flying across the bows of the American ship, while every armed vessel commenced firing answering salutes.—

When these ceased, to flag of the Union slowly descended, and Nicholas proclaimed his real presence by hoisting in its stead the standard of his house—the dark, double-headed eagle, on yellow ground—whose appearance, as if by magic, awoke the cannon, both on the shore and the bay, producing the deafening roar of two thousand guns. The Self-confidence which leads to those eccentric movements characterizes the department of the sovereign everywhere and at all times. Our fancies are apt to imagine him always moving in state, and hedging himself around with guards and attendants, with all the show and pomp of the apertures of tyranny. Such is not the case. Why, the elected citizen, the King of France, with powers expressly defined and restricted, feels safe only within his palace walls, or surrounded by his soldiers, while Nicholas, the unrestricted and irresponsible despot, maintains, with all his intercourse with his people, the freedom and carelessness of unimportant privacy.—He is seen at all hours—in a small, single-horse sleigh—in an open carriage—on horse-back or on foot, unaccompanied and undistinguished except by those familiar with his general personal appearance or physiognomy, strangers often, unaware of his presence, pass him without respect.

At a meeting of the Historical Society of Philadelphia, recently held, Mr. Fisher, on behalf of the Committee on Indian Nomenclature, read the following extract of a letter from Mr. J. Biddle, of Pittsburgh, in reply to the Committee's circular, which will doubtless be interesting to a portion of our readers:

"There are still living on the Allegheny river some very aged Indian Chiefs. Five or six years ago, Mr. Lyman D. Draper visited the upper Allegheny, where he found no less than three who were verging on one hundred years old—all of them over ninety-seven. Among them was one long distinguished as Blacksnake. From them he obtained considerable information in relation to historical matter for a work he is now engaged upon, and for which he has manuscript matter, greater at all events in that relating to the West, than can elsewhere be found.

"The last Indian Chief who flourished in the neighborhood was Gusota. He resided a few miles up the Allegheny, and was a prominent man, for many years, in Indian affairs. His name frequently occurs in the written transactions of the period. He was rather a specimen of the half civilized, than of the thorough bred Indian, retaining all the proud lofty bearing of his blood, which he thought improved by some of the vices of education. In this light, the late Mr. Ross used to tell some characteristic anecdotes of him. One was on the occasion of his being called as a witness. It was on the trial of the celebrated Capt. Sam. Brady, charged with the murder of an Indian in a time of peace. Gusota was Brady's witness, and appeared before the Court with his usual proud and imposing bearing. Upon being offered the Bible, to be sworn, he waived it off—'Gusota speaks in the presence of the Great Spirit, who knows and will remember the truth of what he says.' He then gave his testimony, upon which, mainly, Brady was cleared.

"After the trial, Mr. Ross, who had been Brady's counsel, and who felt that every word Gusota uttered, was false—asked him 'how he could stand up there in the presence of the Court, and of the Great Spirit, and tell such big lies as he had done?' 'Am I not Brady's friend? Was I not called there to get him clear? For what else did Brady want Gusota?'

"In one of my excursions after records of bygone times, I chanced upon an article I have regarded as possessing value, though no way relating to the subject of your inquiry, but which I take the liberty of mentioning. It is an original portrait of General Washington, painted during his encampment at White Marsh, or Valley Forge. The tents are true to fact, and are the same unmistakable as were lately exhibited through the country. The portrait, which has the true distinguishing line of features, differs materially, however, from Stuart's and others, so common in the country. It is not old enough for President Washington, but with an older look than that which we have for Col. Washington. It is an undoubted original, but without the name of the painter.

"The history given of it, given me by the lady in whose possession I found it, is, that it was painted for the well known Indian Chief, Complanter, on the occasion of a visit he paid to Washington during the war. That Complanter brought it out with him as far as Pittsburgh. The lady's father was a merchant here, with whom Complanter dealt, and in loading his canoe with supplies to take home, he could not make any place to carry the portrait safely, as it was in a frame, the same it now occupies, and the old chief said he would leave it to take up some other time. A more favorable time never occurring, the painting remained with the lady's father, and as his immediate heir, fell to her. The lady resides in Allegheny city, where I saw it some years ago. Her father, John Wilkins, Esq., also the father of her half brother, the present Gen. William Wilkins.

"I profess to be no way cunning about paintings, and cannot speak of the merits of this as a work of art, any further than to say, it is not daub—but the features are unlike those we are accustomed to. I felt somewhat disposed to exclaim, as West is said to have done on seeing the Apollo Belvidere, that it was 'a young Mohawk'—it having the same high cheek bone. To the truthful faithfulness, however, of the lady—the only original of the painting I had ever seen, I feel bound to bear testimony. They were the identical articles I had just seen exhibited, as General Washington had it painted expressly for a distinguished chief whom he was desirous to conciliate, he no doubt employed the best talent he had at command; and as original portraits of him are not common, you must take it as an excuse for troubling you with this, my account of what may not interest you.

I remain Sir, your ob't serv't.  
J. W. BIDDLE.

### Oregon—Her Progress.

A correspondent of the New York Times, under date of March 9, gives this interesting account of this interesting territory. Ohioms will always feel an abiding interest in it; as there are many Buckeye boys abiding there. He says: "It would be a bad omen, indeed, for Oregon, if with a population not much short of 40,000, and still increasing at an unprecedented rate, and fast settling into the order of a republican State—no adequate provisions had been made for the intellectual cultivation of the people.

From the earliest settlement of Americans here, however, there has been felt a want of the means of educating the youth. A few, at least, in every class of society have manifestly been deeply impressed with the importance, not only to this people but to the world, of instamping upon the Pacific coast, purity, liberality and intelligence. The most praiseworthy exertions have consequently been put forth in various quarters, for the establishment of permanent and efficient institutions of learning. These exertions, in spite of the difficulties incident to all new countries, have been so far crowned with success, that Oregon will now compare favorably with any State in the Union in respect to its schools and educational facilities—considering its age and position. Indeed, few of the old States have accomplished as much for the cause of education, within the first twenty years of their settlement, and the first eight of their civil and political existence, as Oregon. The Methodist Episcopal Church have three flourishing academies now in operation, and a fourth soon to go into operations. The Willamette University, chartered last winter and located at Salem, is also under the direction of that body, and a faculty will soon be organized, and ample facilities provided for a full collegiate course.

The Baptists have also a flourishing school in this place, under a charter which embraces all the powers and provisions of a college. They have now a permanent teacher, and already afford to young men the advantages of collegiate education. Their institutions, call the Oregon City College, has received a donation of a tract of a land near this place, and mostly free from financial embarrassment, bids fair to be a source of much good to the territory.

There are also two institutions to which the Congregationalists are generally friendly, but which are really under the direction and control of no particular denomination of Christians.—These are the Tuatlat Academy and Pacific University, and the Clackamas County Female Seminary. The former is an Academy with Collegiate powers, and a professor already at work in the collegiate department.

The Episcopals are also making a move toward the establishment of a seminary or college for the education of young men. The Cambellites are making liberal provisions for the immediate establishment of a high school for their denomination.

In addition to these, there must be taken into consideration the village and neighborhood schools, besides many private or family schools, the number of which cannot be easily ascertained. There is a school law and a school fund, providing for the support and regulation of public schools in every county; but the sparseness of the country population, and their mixed character—having come from various and different parts of our Union and the world, and being comparatively strangers to each other—have rendered its provisions, as yet, of comparatively little use.—Still, it is an evidence of a fruitful interest in the cause of education.

The books so far as I know, are well provided with books of the very best kinds. The latest and best publications of your New York publishers have been introduced, and are generally used.

The public sentiment, however, notwithstanding all that has been and is being done, will not yet bear a high standard of scholarship—one at least that requires some years and considerable expense to reach. Much of the interest felt in education, it must be confessed, grows out of its considerations of its practical, immediate utility. An education is deemed rather as a means of enabling and re-fining human nature. Education, carried out according to the prevalent idea here, would, after one or two generations, provide only the qualifications of a nation of shopkeepers.

The Legislature of this Territory have had quite a harmonious session, and have done considerable good work.

Several railroads were chartered. The most important one in respect to the immediate wants of the country, is to have its terminal at Canemah, just above the Falls of the Willamette, and at some point on the Willamette below the Falls. It is probable that if it is built at all, the lower terminus will be Milwaukie, six miles below.—This work, or an improvement of the Rapids at the mouth of the Clackamas, is seriously needed. The Rapids and at all times a hindrance, and during a large part of the year, and almost total destruction to the passage of any except the very smallest steamboats.

The question of forming a State of Government is to be submitted to the people in June, and if the vote is for a Convention, the members of the same will be chosen in September, and the Convention will meet next winter. What the people will require is not easy to predict, but I apprehend that the politicians are quite as much interested in the matter as the mass of the people.

"Now let us sing one of those Do-it's," said Mrs. Partington to a musical friend. "You can sing base; Isaac will do the treble, and I will breathe the air," and she fell to wiping her specks with the corner of her apron. Prim looked sober and bit his lips, while Ike commenced the "terrible by pulling the kitten's extremity.

"The remains of the bachelor who 'burst into tears' on reading a description of married life, have been found.

### Mr. Jefferson as a Lover—Personal Description of him.

With Mr. Jefferson, the lover succeeded the school boy in the due time honored order, as laid down by the "melancholy Jaques." The only record of this affair is to be found in a series of letters addressed by him to his friend Page, commencing immediately after he left the college, and extending at intervals through the two succeeding years. These are to be found at length in Professor Tucker's life of him, and in the Congress edition of his correspondence. They possess some interest perhaps in relation to their subject matter, but most, as the earliest specimens of their author's epistolary writing which have been preserved. Though they display something of that easy command of language—that "running pen"—for which he was afterwards so celebrated, they exhibit no peculiar grace of style, or maturity of thought. Perhaps however these would scarcely be expected in the careless, off hand effusions of boyish intimacy. It causes a smile to see the future statesman "highly like furnace" in a first love; concealing, after the approved fashion of student life, the name of his mistress under awkward Latin puns and Greek anagrams, to bury a secret which the world of course, was supposed to have a vast interest in discovering; delightfully described happy dances with his "Belinda" in the Apollo (that room in the Raleigh tavern where we shall soon find him acting so different a part,) vowing the customary despairing vow, that if "Belinda" will not accept his service, it never shall be offered to another; and so on to the end of the chapter in the well beaten track of immemorial prescription.—The object of his attachment was a Miss Rebecca Burwell, (called Belinda as a pet name or by way of concealment,) whom tradition speaks of as more distinguished for beauty than cleverness.

Mr. Jefferson's proposals seem to have been clogged with the condition that he must be absent for two or three years in foreign travel before marriage. Whether for this, or because her preference lay in a different direction. Miss Burwell somewhat abruptly married another man, in 1764.

Mr. Jefferson was generally, however, rather a favorite with the other sex, and not without reason. His appearance was engaging. His face though angular, and far from beautiful, beamed with intelligence, with benevolence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy hopeful spirit. His complexion was ruddy, and delicately fair; his reddish, chestnut hair luxuriant and silken.—His full, deep eyes, rather light in color, and inclining most to a blue or brown, accordingly to the light in which they are viewed, were peculiarly expressive and mirrored, as the clear lake mirrors the cloud, every emotion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and half inches in height, and though very slim, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements displayed elasticity and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no inany exercise in which he could not well play his part. His manners were unusually graceful but simple and cordial. His conversation already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm which, in after years, was so much extolled by his friends, and to which enemies added so seductive an influence in moulding the young and the wavering to his political view. There was a frankness, earnestness and cordiality in its tones—deep sympathy with humanity—a confidence in man and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny—which irresistibly won upon the feelings, not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those grave men whose commerce with the world had perhaps led them to form less glowing estimates of it of such men as the scholar-like, Small, the sagacious Wythe, the courted and gifted Fauquier. Mr. Jefferson's temper was gently, kindly and forgiving. If it naturally had anything of that warmth which is the usual concomitant of affections and sympathies so ardent, it had been habitually subjugated by control. Yet, under its placidity, there were not wanting those indications of calm self-reliance and courage which all instinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal rencounter, or his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the accomplishments, he avoided the vices, of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a class of habits, which if not vices themselves, were too often made the prelude to them. He never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another, he was moderate in the enjoyments of the table, to strong drinks he had an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstances, his mouth was unpolled by oaths or tobacco. Though he speaks of enjoying "the victory of a favorite horse," and the "death of the fox," he never put but one horse in training to run never run but a single race, and he very rarely joined in the pleasant excitement—he knew it to be pleasant for the aspiring student of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, and even of vicerealty to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was not a young man to be lightly regarded by the young or the old of either sex. He became of age in 1761.

### Domestic Scene.

Henry dost thou love me, dearest! Ask the stars if they love to twinkle, or the flowers to smile! Love you! Aye, as the birds to warble or the breeze to fly. But why asks the flannel of my heart! Because my soul is grieved—care has overcast the joy which once spread a sunshine o'er thy face, anguish sits on thy brow; and yet your Helena Ann knows not the cause. Tell me my aching heart who drops my soul! Has mutton ris? No, my Helena, thank the gods for that; but my credit's fell! Cleaver, from this day forth sell me credit for cash. [Helena screeches, falls into her husband's arms who in the anguish of the moment stabs himself over the left shoulder.]

### An Adage.

If mine enemy cheat me once, shame on him; if he cheat me twice, shame on me—is an old and good adage, and is brought forcibly to the recollection at the present time. It was no shame to the people of the North that they were drawn into sectional excitement on the Wilmot provision question, some years since. The question was new, and the consequences of agitation were not clearly seen. But it is a shame upon the people of North that any portion of them allowed themselves to be cheated the second time—have permitted themselves to be engulfed in another anti-slavery crusade.

But thank heaven, the experience of the past is worth something. The cheat cannot last long. It is too bold—to transparent. In three months no one will own to having been a dupe.

**SURPASSING ELOQUENCE.**—The following passage from the speech of the Rev. Mr. Chapin, at the Crystal Palace opening, is sublimely eloquent. Another person enumerating the great eras of the world's history might have added this great orator to the constellation, for his intellectual gifts surpass those of other mere men.

"That was a great era when truth found in the printing press the gift of a tongue, and around the stagnant souls of men with volleys of thought. That was a great era when Columbus unveiled to the Old World a virgin bride—the mother of a splendid and incalculable destiny. That was a great epoch when Bacon shattered Aristotle's Web and Agrippa's Mirror, and taught men to explore nature with the lamp of experiment and the tailman of fact. That was a great era inaugurated by the Declaration of Independence when in the cradle of battle and the baptism of blood, a nation was born in a day. [Loud and enthusiastic cheers.] Era! Why every man and every woman, (without hinting at any of them as having reached and incalculable and mysterious age,) every child has passed through them.— You have seen our New York growing from a provincial town to a vast metropolis, heaving in its heart with the pulsation of the world, and wearing this Crystal Palace like a diadem; you have seen space canceled by steam and time beaten by lightning, and tissues of identities and networks of sympathies stretched and woven round the globe—you know it is characteristic of our epoch. I say it has great and sudden changes. Therefore, evidently, it is but a transition epoch, leading to a third, and which we can hardly yet conceive; which I may not linger to describe, but which we may believe will be an epoch of comparative quiet—not stagnant quiet, but serene, full, deep life—a sunset epoch; and it may be of an unimaginable splendor, when the rip of world shall be plucked for ulterior purposes by the hand of God. [Cheers.]

**HUNTING HYENAS.**—In the precincts of the Major tribe of Arabs, in the southern part of Tunis, in Africa, are situated the ruins of the ancient city of Sufetula—ruins, amid which, says a recent traveller, one might almost fancy himself wandering through the majestic time-worn palaces of Baalbec. The ruins are beautifully situated upon an eminence which commands a panoramic view of a charming expanse of country.— They are very extensive and uninhabited by human beings, save by a few wild Majors, who find a home among its decaying walls. The various holes, caverns and clefts among the ruins are resorted to for shelter by hyenas, who are occasionally captured in a very curious manner, by the Arabs. The mode of taking them is said to be as follows: The subterranean abode of the animal is generally so narrow as not to permit of the animal turning in it. Therefore it must have two doors, the one for entrance, and the other for a place of exit.

"The Arabs, lying concealed in the vicinity of one of these dens, watch the particular note by which the hyena enters, and then proceed to place a strong rope net over the opposite hole—whilst one of their fraternity skilled in the business, and prepared with a rope, works his way in by the door which the animal has entered. As he hears the brute (which cannot turn upon him) he "charms it," saying—"Come, my dear little creature; I will lead you to places where many carcasses are prepared for you. Plenty of food awaits you. Let me fasten this rope to your beautiful leg, and stand quiet whilst I do so."— This sentence, or something very similar to it, is repeated till the operation is effectually achieved, when the daring son of the Sahara begins to gore the brute with a dagger till he is forced to rush out, when he is caught in the net and either killed on the spot or carried off alive. If any blunder happens, however, as is sometimes the case, through which the hyena is enabled to struggle and re-enter its abode, the "charmer," in spite of his charming, falls a victim to its savage rage, and frequently his companions cast slyly contrive to get clear without feeling something of its effects."

### Domestic Scene.

Henry dost thou love me, dearest! Ask the stars if they love to twinkle, or the flowers to smile! Love you! Aye, as the birds to warble or the breeze to fly. But why asks the flannel of my heart! Because my soul is grieved—care has overcast the joy which once spread a sunshine o'er thy face, anguish sits on thy brow; and yet your Helena Ann knows not the cause. Tell me my aching heart who drops my soul! Has mutton ris? No, my Helena, thank the gods for that; but my credit's fell! Cleaver, from this day forth sell me credit for cash. [Helena screeches, falls into her husband's arms who in the anguish of the moment stabs himself over the left shoulder.]

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**SATISFACTION OF A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.**—All that Nicholas wanted of Turkey was, a trifling note. Instead of that he has got a serious check.