The Rutland County Herald.

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THE HERALD

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—EVERY SATURDAY—

By L. BARNEY.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FRANKLIN HOTEL,
—By J. PRATT—
East side of Main St., near the Court House,
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ Carriages always in waiting at the Depot upon the arrival of the Cars. 7-1y

MOSES CURTIS,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CABINET FURNITURE, CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, LOOKING GLASSES, PICTURE FRAMES, and READY MADE *COFFINS,*
Huntoon's Building, Washington St.,
RUTLAND, VT.

JOHNSON & LITTLEFIELD,
MANUFACTURERS, AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, FINDINGS, &c., &c.,
No. 3 Merchant's Row,
RUTLAND, VT. 7—1

POND & MORSE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS, AND DEALERS IN PERFUMERY, FANCY ARTICLES, TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES, BURNING FLUID AND CAMPHENE,
Union Building, Main Street,
RUTLAND, VT. 7—1

H. T. DORRANCE,
MANUFACTURER OF HARNESSES, SADDLES, BRIDLES, HALTERS, SURCINGLES, &c., &c.,
No. 2 Park Row,
7—1 RUTLAND, VT.

H. L. SPENCER,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER, DEALER IN PAPER HANGINGS AND PATENT MEDICINES, CHOICE PERFUMERY AND POCKET CUTLERY;
Manufacturer of Spencer's Japan Ink,
A Superior Article, which is sold at Wholesale as low as any Good Ink in the market;
2 Doors South of Park Place,
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ *English Books imported to order.* 7—1

H. G. & A. W. CLARK,
DEALERS IN WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, FANCY GOODS, &c.,
Perkins' Building, near the Depot,
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ *Repairing neatly done at short notice.* 7—1

JOHN COOK,
MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN HATS, CAPS, FURS, and READY-MADE CLOTHING,
No. 1 Daniels' Block,
7—1 RUTLAND, VT.

J. R. BARNES,
MANUFACTURER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN STRAW BONNETS, FASHIONABLE MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS,
Union Building, Main Street,
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ *Old Bonnets dressed over.* 7—1

BARRETT & SON,
DEALERS IN HARDWARE, DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, &c., &c.,
West Street,
7—1 RUTLAND, VT.

BARRETT SON & Co.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS, AND DEALERS IN FLOUR, SALT, IRON, STEEL, AGRICULTURAL IMPLIMENTS, DOORS, SASH, GLASS, &c., &c.,
Washington Street,
7—1 RUTLAND, VT.

MARTIN G. EVERTS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office in the Court House,
7—1 RUTLAND, VT.

J. O. FOSTER,
DEALER IN READY MADE CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, &c., &c.,
No. 2 Merchants' Row,
7—1 RUTLAND, VT.

JOSEPH MAILHIOT,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, &c., &c.,
Over O. L. Kebbins' Store,
RUTLAND, VT.
☞ *Repairing done at short notice, and all work warranted.* 7—1

CHARLES L. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Also, a Commissioner for the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa.
Office in the Court House,
7—1 RUTLAND, VT.

J. L. STARK, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Office nearly opposite the Stark Bank,
7—1 BENNINGTON, VT.

N. B. HALL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Office in Cushman's Building,
7—1 BENNINGTON, VT.

J. C. CLEMENT & Co.
MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN A. N. MASON'S PATENT STRAW CUTTERS,
7—1 **Hydeville, Vt.**

SOULE'S PILLS.—A fresh supply of the celebrated "Universal Sovereign Saline Pills," for the cure of Coughs, Colds, and Influenza, just received and for sale by the Agents, C. BURT & SON.
Jan. 22.

FRESH RAISINS, CURRANTS, &c.—Just received fresh Bay Raisins, Currants, Citron, &c. For sale by C. BURT & SON.
Jan. 22.

Illustrated London Books.

Macaulay's Life of Johnson, 4 vols.
Book of English Songs.
Dennis' Excursion South of France.
Kenwick's Tour of the Rhenish.
Pictorum Sketches of London.
Lord of the Isles.
Schlegel's Philosophy and History.
Shakspeare's Works.
Sheridan's Dramatic Works.
Schlegel's Modern History.
Kaloolah.
Book of Scottish Songs.
History of Popular Delusions.
Narrative of a Residence in Siam.
For sale by H. L. SPENCER.

PINE FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—Co. Spice, Lemon, Vanilla, Strawberry, Rose, Bitter Almond, Peppermint, Wintergreen, Rose Water, of the best quality, for sale by C. BURT & SON.
Jan. 22.

VALENTINES.—A splendid supply, comprising a very large variety, to which we are adding daily, of the latest and best styles, and the lowest prices, for sale by C. BURT & SON.
Jan. 22.

Topics of Interest.

Australia:

ITS PHYSICAL FEATURES AND NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.

When Jason went upon his perilous expedition to Colchis in quest of the Golden Fleece, he took with him the flower of Grecian chivalry. Stimulated by the love of adventure, and, perhaps, by the hope of gain, (for on this point the heroic tradition is prudently silent) he found not the slightest difficulty in securing companions for an expedition which would require an absence of years from home and country, and which would be attended with certain danger, and, perhaps, death. The United States and Great Britain have respectively found a new Colchis in California and Australia. The tempting promise held out by the "golden fleece" of those countries are luring away the flower of their population. The young and ardent—those in the prime of life—even the aged, and tender women and children—all are filled with a desire to possess the golden treasure. Neither the love of home, the claims of kindred, nor the allurements of ease and happiness, can restrain the current which is moving towards the Ophirs of modern times. The tide of emigration sets onward with resistless impetuosity, and will ultimately completely flood the golden regions with a superabundance of labor.

With California, the people of the United States are now thoroughly familiar. Australia, the California of England, is not so well known in this country, though public attention is beginning to be directed to that quarter, and there are signs that its mineral wealth will soon draw largely upon our adventurous population. Information with regard to Australia and its productions is beginning to be sought for with interest. Lines of packets have been established to secure a portion of its lucrative trade. A country which but little more than a year since was but little known comparatively, has obtained a celebrity and importance which promises soon to eclipse the world-wide popularity of California.

Australia proper, or Australasia, comprises several islands in the South Pacific, the principal of which are New Holland, New Guinea, and Van Dieman's Land. New Holland, or what is generally known as Australia, is the largest island on the face of the globe. It is almost equal in size to the whole continent of Europe, being about 2500 miles in extreme length, and 2000 miles in breadth. Its estimated area is 2,690,810 miles. The island is almost surrounded by a chain of mountains running nearly parallel with, and at a distance of from 50 to 100 miles from the coast. The country between these mountains and the coast comprises the only inhabitable portion of the island, the interior being a desert of vast extent, which has never been explored, although it has by one adventurer been penetrated to a distance of four hundred miles, and which is destitute of water and almost of vegetation. There are several rivers which take their rise in the mountains and flow towards the interior, and it was at one time supposed that they found an outlet in some great lake; but it is now the opinion of geographers that they lose themselves or are absorbed in the marshes and burning sands of the interior. It is almost a law with the rivers of New Holland, that they are larger and have more fertile lands on their banks near their source than at their outlets. There are few rivers which can be entered by ships, and even those can be navigated but a short distance. Most of the streams laid down on the maps of Australia are dry during a portion of the year, or are but a mere succession of water holes.

Australia is a land of singularities.—In the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, there is a marked difference between its productions and those of any other land. The formation of the country is a study for geologists. It is supposed that the mountain chains with which it is surrounded, as with a collar, were once islands, and that the intervening spaces have been filled up in the course of ages by the washings from the islands, by decayed vegetable matter, &c. It is believed that the interior of the islands, the *terra incognita* to which we have alluded, is even now in an incohoate state, or, in other words, in process of formation. The table land between the mountains bears every appearance of having been but recently buried under the ocean. The scenery of the mountainous districts is very picturesque. Deep gullies, precipices, rocks piled on rocks, interspersed with the most luxuriant vegetation, by turns awe the mind and please the eye.—Lakes are abundant, but, another singularity of the island, they are neither large nor deep. Lake Alexandrina, the larger which has been discovered, is fifty miles long and forty wide; yet in many places it is so shallow that it cannot float even a boat. None of them have any outlet, but the waters are evaporated or absorbed.

The climate of Australia varies according to the locality. The northern portion of the island lies in the torrid zone, and of course enjoys a tropical climate. The southern portion, where the gold regions are situated, and which embraces the principal settlements, is in the south temperate zone, and the climate has been compared to that of Italy or France. This, however, is not strictly correct, for the extremes of temperature are greater, and there is more humidity. The seasons are divided into wet and dry. Droughts prevail during a portion of the year, though vegetation is sustained by heavy dews at night.—Once in a cycle of ten or twelve years there is a season of severe drought when no rain falls, which is succeeded by a very wet year. The seasons of course, are the reverse of those in our hemisphere—January being midsummer, and July midwinter. March, April, and August are rainy months. The elevated regions are much cooler than the seashore, and the temperature appears to decline more rapidly with the increase of elevation, than it does in the same latitude in Europe or America.—This is attributed to the cooling influence of the immense expanse of water over which the southerly winds blow. Frost occurs in the coast district but rarely, and though snow sometimes falls, it never remains upon the ground. The mean temperature at daylight during the winter months is from 40 deg. to 50 deg. and at noon from 55 to 60 deg.—The mean heat during the summer months is about 80 deg. at noon. During the three autumn months, the thermometer ranges from 55 deg. at midnight, to 75 deg. at noon. Further inland, where the gold diggings are situated, the temperature is lower in summer and the cold is more excessive in winter.

The natural phenomena of the island present some marked peculiarities.—Earthquakes are not common, though they are sometimes felt in the intertropical portion of the island. Hail storms often occur, and thunder and lightning are frequent. Sometimes a brilliant display of the most vivid electricity may be witnessed for a succession of days—flash following flash, with but brief intermissions, and unaccompanied by either thunder or rain. In the sandy districts, a singular phenomena is often witnessed, which is thus described in the Journal of the U. S. Exploring Expedition:—"Tall columns of dust or whirlwinds, twenty feet broad and from seventy to one hundred feet high, may be seen moving along in stately procession, striding majestically, like giant spirits, over brook and plain, with the speed of a race-horse. At Sydney, these dust winds, or "brick-fielders," as they are called, are a great source of annoyance; and, though doors and windows are always carefully closed when they are seen approaching, everything in the house is soon covered with a thick, fine powder, which penetrates through the smallest crevice."

All accounts agree that the climate of Australia is very salubrious. What diseases exist are easily managed, and one writer remarks that the climate appears to exert a rejuvenating effect upon Europeans, and that "old persons find much of the biliarity of youth restored to them." The soil is in many places very fertile, but for the most part is but moderately productive, and is better adapted for sheep ranges, and for pasturing of cattle, than for cultivation. The fertile portion of the soil generally occurs in patches, often on the sides and summit of a hill, the soil of the valleys being light and unproductive.

Although the soil and climate is capable of producing most of the vegetation of the tropical and temperate zones, the island is singularly destitute of *valuable* natural productions. Neither grain or the larger fruits are natives of the island, although both have been introduced and cultivated with good success. The natural vegetation is generally of the mammoth species. We have already remarked that Australia is a land of singularities, and in nothing is this more apparent to the eye than in its botanical features. Here the grass, instead of being spread evenly over the plains, grows in large clumps or clusters; the honeysuckle is a self-sustaining tree; the trees are all evergreens; raspberries, currants and cherries grow wild—but the currants are like cranberries, and the cherries are singular monstrosities, the fruit consisting of a spongy pulp, and the stone or pit firmly adhering to the outside. There is a fruit resembling our pear in outward appearance, but within it is as hard as lignum vitæ, and it is justly called the wooden pear. We are speaking now of the natural fruits and vegetation. It should be remarked that nearly all the useful fruits and vegetables of other lands have now been acclimated. The trees of the forest are of gigantic size. The most common is the "gum tree," a large but very unpropossessing tree, with a ragged bark, leaves wide apart and casting little shade. Nearly all the timber is of hard wood kind, of greater specific gravity than water, and very liable to rot. It shrinks greatly in seasoning, and is comparatively valueless to the architect. Pines, the mountain ash, and some other valuable trees are found in some parts of the island. The forest scenery of Australia bears a marked resemblance to that of Brazil. There is no underbrush, and the trees are rarely so close together as to impede traveling even in a carriage. The foliage is, however, dark and somber, and the forests possess a gloomy gradeur and sublimity.

It may be remarked before leaving this subject, that Australia has emphatically a vegetation peculiar to itself. A writer on the botany of the island says, that one-fifth part of all the species of plants in the known world are peculiar to, or in other words, are found only in this island continent. If their utility only equalled their variety, the island would, indeed be a paradise.

But with all this variety of vegetation, the native animals are few in number, and like everything else on the island, they present their anomalies and peculiarities. Nearly all the birds are songless; some of them utter discordant cries, but the woods are not vocal with melody, like those of America. The birds generally possess beautiful plumage, which, however, poorly compensates the absence of a melodious voice. There are no beasts of prey on the island which are formidable to man. The native dog is very troublesome to the shepherds, who are obliged to watch their flocks at night, to preserve them from the inroads of these animals. Of the kangaroo, there are several species, some of which have the size and proportions of a large calf. The ornithorynchus, another native of Australia, is perhaps the most singular animal in the world. It has the body and habits of a mole, the feet and bill of a duck, and the internal formation of a reptile tho' it is not cold-blooded. They burrow in the mud of rivers and swamps. Among the other animals is one also peculiar to the island, called the wambat, which is about the size of a badger, and the flesh of which is said to be very tender, and excellent for food. Animals similar in appearance and habits to our porcupine, rabbits, muskrats, and mice exist, but they are of different species from those of America.

But if the animals of Australia are not formidable to man, he has nevertheless cause for watchfulness when in the bush. The reptiles are abundant, and some of them exceedingly venomous.—Lizards and snakes are found everywhere. The land lizard or guana, and the crimson-sided snake, are of great beauty, but their bite is deadly. The black snake, the whip snake and the deaf adder, all poisonous, are often found, and it is sometimes dangerous to frequent on foot the places where they abound, as it is not easy to distinguish them when curled up amid the tufts of grass. Land leeches or blood-suckers are very common, and are much dreaded on account of their bite, as the wound always ulcerates, and is very painful. These little drawbacks the enthusiastic gold-seeker can offset against some of the natural advantages of the island as a place of temporary or permanent residence.

We have endeavored in this article to give our readers a general idea of the physical features, the climate and natural productions of an island which is beginning to attract a large share of public attention. We shall resume our remarks upon Australia in a day or two, giving some account of the discovery, settlement, and government of the country, and the character of the people.—[Boston Journal.

DEATH OF A PRACTICAL JOKER.—The death, by hanging, of young Mr Whitlock, at Albany, is thus narrated in the papers:—On the day of his death he was cheerful as usual, ate heartily, told the servant girl to wake him in the afternoon. As he was going up stairs, he turned and told the girl that it was his intention to frighten her and the companion who slept with her before his mother returned home. She begged him not to, for the other girl was very nervous, and might go into convulsions. He laughed and passed on. He and his father were the only members of the family at home. At the appointed time the servant went up stairs to awaken him, and found his body hanging. In the third story of the house, is a staple in the wall, in which is affixed a clothes line which, when not in use, is allowed to fall behind a bureau. Directly under this is a mahogany chair, with one of its legs broken. There was no doubt in the minds of the coroner and jury, that Robert saw this line as he went up stairs, and to frighten the girl, about the time that she was to awaken him, he stood on the chair, with the noose about his neck, in such a position that it might appear he was about to hang himself.—The broken chair canted, and the fatal termination came. That he made desperate efforts to extricate himself, is evident from the marks of his hands on the bureau, and of his fingers on his neck.

☞ A letter dated at San Francisco, Jan. 1, states "that Jesse Hutchinson has gone into the flour business, and says he is fully impressed that it is his duty to endeavor to persuade every man, woman and child in California that they should eat unbolted (or Graham) flour bread, which he calls the "Bread of Life," and is so eager to fulfill his mission, that I have repeatedly met him on the street with a 50 pound bag on his shoulder, on his way to some new convert."

☞ Persons addicted to fish diet are never very strong-minded, says a great Philosopher. It does seem reasonable, for on the eastern shore of Maryland, where the people live on fish and oysters, it takes about fifty of their best citizens to count up a dollar in small change, or tell who is President.

One of the old French noblesse (who had read Shakspeare) being asked why he had been forced to emigrate, said that, like the crimes of the King in Hamlet, his offence was rank.

Truth will overcome falsehood.

Miscellaneous Articles.

Sally Magna,

THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO MANAGE THE MEN.

Well, here I be! Wake! snakes, the day's a breaking! Now, I'se set my eyes on a good many strange things in my day, but this gettin' married business beats everything I ever did see. It goes ahead of cheeses to make a grindstun. When I had a husband—devil's whiskers—if he only said beans to me, I made him jump round like a stump-tail cow in fly time!

But there's Mrs Fletcher, she's three parts a natural born fool, and t'other part is as soft as a biled cabbage. A woman that don't stand up for her rights is a disgrace to my sex. How any man should ever want to marry such a molasses-candy critter as she is, is one of the secrets of human natur. And as to handsome—handsome never stood in her shoes, for she looks as if she'd break in two if she tried to lift a pot of potatoes. I suppose her fingers were made to play the pianny.

Now, it's my notion, when a woman gives a man her hand, it ought to be big enough to hold her heart at the same time. Such a hand as mine is worth giving, for I can stop a bung-hole with my thumb, and I've done it, too.

I went into Fletcher's this morning, and as true as I am a vartuous woman, he was 'busing on her like a dog for lending his receipt book to Miss Brown, who is fond of reading. I 'spose he didn't care for the receipts that was in the book, but it was the receipts that wasn't there, and ought to be, and stuck into his crop. And Mrs Fletcher hung down her head, and looked for all the world like a duck in a thunder-storm.—I just put my arms agin my sides, and looked her man right in the eye till he looked as white as a corps. It's always a way everybody's got when I fix my eyes on 'em, and the way my looks whitewashed his brazen face was better than slacked lime. There, says I to Mrs Fletcher, says I, your husband had ought to had me for a wife. When my man was alive, he'd no more think of saying nothing imperdent to me than he'd take the black sow by the tail when she's nursing her pigs; and you must larn to stick up to your man like a new hair-brush.

I never found any debility in managing these critters, for I alwas teached 'em what's sarce for the goose is sarce for the gander. There's no two ways with me. I'm all of size, stub-twisted, and made of horse-shoe nails. I'm chock full of grit, and a rough post for anyone to rub their backs agin. Any gal like me, what can take a bag of meal on her shoulder and tote it to mill, ought to be able to snake any man of her heft.—Some thinks I ought to get married, and two or three has tried to spark it with me, but I never listens to none of their flattery—though there was Blarney Bob came flutterfying round me like a tub of new butter—for I've no notion of being trammeled up in their halters of hymens. I likes my liberty, and wants no halters or bridles put upon me.

Sam Mooney was shinin' up to me, too; and then there was Jim Sweatbread, the butcher; but he didn't find me half enough for his market. It isn't everything that sticks its legs through broadcloth that's a goin' to carry off a gal of my spirit. My charms ain't to be had for the bare axing.

Gettin' married is a serious thing, as I telled my old man when I was wollopin' him with a leg of mutton, because he took my shoe-brush to clean his teeth with; wherever there's a nose, there's a mouth not far off, and that proves that natur has given woman her rights as well as man.—[Southern and Southwestern Sketches.

SCHOOL LARNING.——A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a quiet English stream, once wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith.

While she was trying to explain the meaning of the word, a small covered boat glided in sight along the stream.

Seizing upon the incident for an illustration she exclaimed—

"If I were to tell you that there was a leg of mutton in the boat you would believe me would you not, even without seeing it yourself?

"Yes, ma'am," replied the scholars.

"Well, that is faith," said the schoolmistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she enquired:

"What is faith?"

"A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer shouted from all parts of the school room.

AT a cheap boarding house on Pearl street, where board was at two dollars and a half a week, there was a huge feeder who "earned" the price of a week's board in three days of the seven. Butter was extravagantly high, and of this he was especially fond, preferring it

——"Thickly spread
On corresponding "chunks" of bread."

One day the landlady, whose patience had become exhausted, said to him:

"That butter Mr——, that you are eating, and appear to like so much, cost two shillings and sixpence a pound."

"*Did* it though?" asked the gourmand; then reaching out his knife, he took up a big lump, and putting it upon a little piece of bread, he rolled it round in his mouth appreciatingly, saying:

"Well, now, I should say that butter was really worth it!"

How Tables are made Mediums.

In the family of a friend of ours, several attempts have been made to divine the secret of table-moving, chair-dancing, and other freaks of household furniture, which form part of the spirit rapping exhibitions. Last evening they succeeded perfectly. Standing around a small table, five or six members of the family kept their hands upon its surface for a considerable time, until the magnetic current between themselves and the table was established.

They then found that by holding the hand a short distance from the table, attraction remained in full force. The table, without being touched, was thus lifted, or made to lean over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and subsequently followed the operators to some distance.

The table on which these young people experimented was a very small one. We presume that when the experiment has been a few times repeated, the table will yield to the attractive force with more ready and wonderful agility.—

There can be little doubt that it is magnetized, and if so, each trial, we believe, will increase the power of attraction. This, we take it, solves the whole mystery of the "spiritual" imposition which has been practised so long upon the credulous and superstitious.

The moving of tables by an unseen power has always been accounted a greater feat than the producing of sound. We have no doubt that the same agent can produce both effects. The imposture consists in the pretence to supernatural intercommunications. We hope soon to hear that, the key being discovered, the whole imposition has come to an end. Of the boldness of the imposture we have had and have given illustrations; and probably the rappers will find some dupes even in spite of evidence of their fraud.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.

Persevere.

How many young men in our land are wishing and sighing to be great, who nevertheless will pass away buried in obscurity! And the reason is a simple one, and soon told. They lacked perseverance. There are two principles, which if we possess we may succeed in any undertaking. They are industry and perseverance. Do you live secluded from the world, and wish to rise in its estimation, and command its admiration—set your brain to studying and reflecting and you may scatter your influence over the world. But you must persist.

Learning, honor, riches are yours if you will get to work in earnest, and never suffer your steps to flag. Drop by drop the ocean may be drained; grain by grain the mountain can be leveled: so a little knowledge acqdired every day soon swells to a vast amount. The difficulty is not so great by far as you may imagine. What others can do, why may not you? The trouble is you see the knowledge others possess and wish to get all at once. You cannot do this, and therefore you are discouraged. You forget that the road to wisdom is up hill. Who are there traveled it step by step, and if you get there you must do it in the same manner.—There are thorns in the way which will tax your patience, but every one you pass makes the next seem less frightful and difficult. Then do not go with head bowed down, murmuring and complaining about poverty, your circumstances, or—you don't know what. But if you have any energy and perseverance, the brightest jewel, you will surmount the last obstacle. Constant effort *will* succeed. How many are toiling, sweatting, bleeding for gold, who, if they had the same exertion to obtain knowledge, might sit with Franklin.

Caught in His Own Trap.

Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit, and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has he provoked by his humorous sayings. He was recently engaged at a sale of venerable household furniture, and had knocked down sundry lots of kitchen furniture and fixins. He had just got to "going, going, and a half—going!" when he saw a smiling countenance upon agricultural shoulders, winking at him. A wink is always as good as a nod, to a blind horse, or a keen-sighted auctioneer; so Smith winked, and the man winked, and Smith winked, and the man winked, and they kept winking, and Smith kept "going, going, going," with a lot of glass ware, stove pipe, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally the lot was knocked down.

"To—s—who?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger.

"Who? Goddee!" said the stranger, "I dunno who!"

"Why, you, sir," said Smith.

"Sho! *me*!"

"Yes, yes," said Smith, "you bid on the lot."

"Me! I'll be goll darned if I did," insisted the stranger.

"Why, didn't you wink, and keep winking?" quoth the auctioneer.

"Winkin? well, I did—so did you wink at me. I thought you were winkin' as much as to say, keep dark. I'll stick somebody on that lot of stuff; and I winked as to say, I'll be goll darned if you don't, mister!"

The contrast between the English and American people may be inferred from the fact that while England has only ten daily papers, we have about 550.

PRAIRIE LIFE.

A THRILLING TALE OF REVENGE.

Much has been written of prairie life; many wild adventures, and many a wilder scene have been left undescribed.—Poor Ruxton, who died at St. Louis, left us a highly entertaining and valuable work, "Scenes in the Far West," which is enriched with many a story and scene that, no doubt, to the people of the East, seem like tales from the "Arabian Nights." There is so much originality about the manners and habits of the trapper and frontiers-man, that one is struck with the peculiar language, or mode of expressing themselves, as well as their singular costume. They are, in fact, as distinct and marked a class as sailors, and have as many odd and quaint sayings.

It is generally the commission of crime, some disappointment in life, or native love of adventure and peril, that makes these men desert the comforts of civilized society for the wilds and haunts of the red man. We can imagine the terrible re-action which takes place when the storm of passion, or the wreck of disappointed hopes sweeps over the sensitive soul, and leaves a desolation, a ruin of the former man. It is misfortunes like these, which dry up and scorch the finest feeling; some mortal wrong or injustice committed by others toward them, in revenging which they have been compelled to leave their homes and become exiles in the Far West.

A story is told of an extraordinary meeting and an act of revenge, said to have taken place many years ago, on the fork of the Pawnee. A party of four, who had been roving many years in the West, all strangers to each other, were one day accidentally thrown together, when a strange and bloody scene ensued. These men presented a striking contrast in feature. The youngest was delicately made, with long light hair, and blue eyes; his exposure had given him a rich brown complexion.—He was of the medium stature, and made for strength and agility. There was a dark void over his features, which told that within him the light of hope had gone out. He was traveling on a mule, with his rifle in his gun-leather at the bow of his saddle, when he overtook a man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder, and pistols in his belt, who was over six feet, and had a deep, wide scar on his right cheek. As day was drawing to a close, they proposed to camp, and brought up at the head of the Pawnee. Shortly after they had encamped, a man was seen reconnoitering them, with a rifle in his hand, and having satisfied himself that the sign was friendly, he came moodily into the camp, and after looking sternly at the two men, was asked by Scar Cheek to "come to the ground." He was a stout, muscular man, much older than the other two, with a dread habitual scowl, long, black matted hair, and very unprepossessing features. Some common place remarks were made, but no questions were asked by either party. It was nearly twilight when the young man, who had gathered Buffalo chips to make a fire to cook with, suddenly perceived a man approaching them on a mule. He came steadily and fearlessly on to the camp, and casting a look at the three said, "Took yer for Ingins;" then glancing at the deerskin of the trio, he observed, "Old leathers—some time out, eh?" The man was about fifty years old, his grey hairs contrasted strongly with his dark, bronzed features upon which care and misfortune were strongly stamped. He was only clad by the miserable skins he wore; and as he dismounted, Scar Cheek asked, "Where from?" "From the Kaw," (Kansas) he replied, throwing down a bundle of otter skins. After unsaddling and staking out his mule, he brought himself to the ground, and taking his rifle, looked at the priming, and shaking the powder in the pan he added a few grains to it; then placing a thin dry skin over it to keep it from the damp, he shut the pan. The group watched the old trapper, who seemed not to notice them, while Scar Cheek became interested and showed a certain uneasiness. He looked toward his own rifle, and once or twice loosened his pistols in his belt as if they incommoded him. The young man and the stout man with the scowl exchanged glances, but no words passed. So far no words had been spoken, and what little conversation passed was very laconic, and not a smile wreathed the lips of any of them.

The little supper was eaten in silence; each seemed to be wrapped in his own thoughts. It was agreed that the watch should be divided equally among the four, each man standing on guard two hours,—the old trapper taking the first watch, the young man next, and Scar Cheek, and he with a scowl following.

It was a bright moonlight night, and over that wild waste of prairie not a sound was heard, as the three lay sleeping on their blankets. The old trapper paced up and down before them, and then would stop and mutter to himself, "It cannot be, but time and that scar may have disguised him. That boy, too, it is strange I feel drawn towards him; then that villain with his scowl," and the muscles of the old trapper's face worked convulsively, which the moonbeams falling upon, disclosed traces of by-gone refinement. The trapper noiselessly approached the sleepers, and kneeling down, gazed intently upon the features of each, and scanned them deeply. Walking off, he muttered to himself again, "It shall be," and then judging by the stars that his watch was up, he approached the young man and woke him, pressing his finger upon his lip to command silence at the time, and motioned him to follow. They walked off some distance, when the trapper, taking the young man by the shoulder, turned his face to the moonlight, and gazing at it wistfully, whispered in his ear, "Are you Perry Ward?" The young man started wildly, but the trapper prevented his reply by saying, "Enough, enough."

He then told him that he was his uncle, and that the man with the scowl had convicted him (the trapper) of forgery by his false oath. The blood deserted the lips of the young man, and his eyes glared and dilated almost from their sockets. He squeezed his uncle's hand, and then, with a meaning glance as he looked at his rifle, moved towards the camp.

"No, no," said the trapper, "not in cold blood; give them a chance.

They cautiously returned to the camp, and found both the men in a deep sleep. The uncle and the nephew stood over them. Scar Cheek was breathing hard, when he suddenly cried, "I did not murder Perry Ward."

"Liar!" said the trapper in a voice of thunder, and the two men bounded to their feet.

"Red skins about?" asked they in a voice.

"No, worse than red skins," said the trapper, "Perry Ward is about!" and seizing his knife, he plunged it into Scar Cheek's heart.

"Then take that," said he of the scowl, and raising his rifle, the trapper fell a corpse.

With a bound and a wild cry the young man jumped at the murderer of his uncle, and with a knife gave him several fatal wounds. The struggle was a fearful one, however, and the young man received several bad cuts, when his adversary fell from the loss of blood and soon after expired. Thus ended this strange meeting, and thus were father and uncle revenged.

INTERESTING FACTS.—Man has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these he has, in his maturity and health, 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute, and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only 50 paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in 50 seconds; but a lady bird can fly 20,000,000 times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in 7 minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that. An eagle can fly ten leagues in an hour, and a Canary falcon can reach 250 leagues in the short space of 16 hours. A violent wind travels 60 miles in an hour; sound, 1142 English feet in a second.

"WHO GIN THAT FEDERAL VOTE?"—The whig gain of members of Congress in Illinois has astonished every one. It is almost the last State, where such a gain was looked for. The Providence *Journal* thinks if any objection should be raised to Whigs taking their seats in their next Congress, on the ground of unconstitutionality, it might possibly be difficult to make a satisfactory reply to the argument. It thinks the speaker, in case such objection should be raised, might find a precedent in Maine some years ago. In one of the plantations where the vote had been always unanimously Democratic, a single vot for the Whig candidate was once found in the ballot box. The astonished and indignant moderator of the town meeting held it up, and called in a loud voice, "who gin that vote?" The Whig, whose situation our friends can have no difficulty in appreciating, did not venture to come forward. Again the moderator called forth, "who hove in that Federal vote?" Still no answer. "Nobody owns it," said the moderator, "and it is rejected." So the vote of the plantation was returned as usual, all on the Democratic side.

TRUANCY.—We never know a boy in the habit of playing truant, and wasting the golden hours of youth, to become a great and distinguished man.—Most often the idler of early life is the laggard in the world's race. Truly happy is the boy whom parental or friendly care save from this alluring danger of youthful days. The reason why truancy is so serious an evil is not the loss of a day or two at school now and then, or any other immediate or direct consequence of it; it is because it is the beginning of a long course of sin; it leads to bad company, and to deception, and to vicious habits; it stops the progress of preparation for the duties of life, hardens the heart, and opens the door for every temptation and sin, which if not closed, must bring the poor victim to ruin. These are what constitute its dangers.

An enthusiast so detests the very name of animal food that he refuses to partake of kidney beans.