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Early Indiana Trials.

At a term of the Circuit Court of the United States, I was requested by Daniel J. Caswell to be employed as the United States Attorney for the District of Indiana. I was highly pleased with the employment, looking forward, of course, to a liberal fee, punctually paid, as I was assured by Mr. Caswell would be the case. It was an objection brought by David C. Longworth, against Longworth for a tract of land in Dearborn county. Judge Holman was on the bench. Mr. Caswell had to leave for Columbus next day, and wished to deliver over the case to me, as the sole attorney for Longworth. Mr. Caswell left before the case was reached on the dock at the trial last several days, and was warmly contested by both sides. Judge Holman charged the law against us, and the plaintiff recovered the land. I immediately informed Longworth, and requested him to pay me a fee of fifty dollars, about one-fourth what I should have charged him. He refused to pay me, on the ground that he was not his lawyer. Mr. Caswell then called upon him, as he told me, and Mr. Longworth refused to pay him, because he had not attended to the case. This gave me enough of rich attorney clients, who would refuse to pay for services rendered them. Longworth, besides being wealthy, was at that time a cunning lawyer. He had not then reached his high position of successful winners in spunking Catawba. His conduct in my case forcibly reminded me of the man that went into the grocery. "Let me have a glass of whiskey," "Here it is." "You may take back the whiskey and give me crackers." "Here they are." Eats the crackers and is about leaving. "Pay me for that whiskey," "I gave you whiskey for them?" "Then pay me for the whiskey?" "I gave the whiskey back." "Well hereafter, pay as you go, it may be all right, but it don't exactly look so to me."

REMINISCENCE BY HON. O. H. SMITH.

A HERO CHARGED WITH HOOTING.

The American army had reached Fort Meigs, under the command of Gen. Harrison. Major Whistler was in charge of Fort Wayne. The country on the Maumee, St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, was filled with hostile Miami Indians. Fort Wayne was besieged on all sides, and Major Whistler and his few men were about to surrender. The news of the desperate condition of the besieged reached General Harrison, who immediately set out to relieve Major Whistler. Early one morning there was seen running toward the Fort a small man pursued by several Indians from the woods. The foremost of the pursuers was Joseph Richardson, a Miami chief. The gate of the Fort was open, and in rushed Col. William Suttonfield, and fell exhausted. He soon revived, and took from one of his boots a dispatch from General Harrison to Major Whistler, informing the Major that he would promptly come to his relief, and requiring a return dispatch of the forces and position of the enemy then besieging the Forts. General Harrison had asked for a volunteer messenger to carry the dispatch as hastily as possible to Fort Wayne, but no one was willing to take the hazardous trip. Col. Suttonfield, then only a private, stepped forward and offered his services. He was accepted by the General, furnished with a fine horse, his dispatch concealed in his boot, and just at twilight he left the army camp on the Maumee river. His fine animal carried him rapidly forward, and he seemed likely to reach the Fort without even seeing the enemy, when entering a dense undergrowth he found himself in the very midst of the Miami chiefs and warriors. Chief Richardson, Joseph Richardson, Francis Godfrey, and young Lafontaine, were there. The Indians sprang to their guns, and Col. Suttonfield put spurs to his horse. Several rifles were fired at the flying Colonel. The bullets whizzed about his head, and he was just near the Colonel, when the horse ran into a mossy prairie, sank to his belly and could get no further. The Colonel sprang to his feet and ran for his life. The horses of the Indians stuck in the same morass. The most active of the chiefs dismounted and pursued the Colonel. The fastest, Joseph Richardson, the favorite boy of the old chief, was only about one hundred yards behind when the Colonel entered the Fort. The dispatch was read, giving great joy to the Major and his men. The return dispatch was soon prepared, and a volunteer messenger was called for by Major Whistler to carry it to Gen. Harrison. No one offered. Night was approaching, when Col. Suttonfield stepped forward and offered to carry the dispatch to Meigs if he was furnished with a fleet horse with untiring bottom. He was directed to select for himself, and at once made choice of a blooded sorrel of the Major's. Night had come—it was clear moonlight—the gate of Fort Wayne was thrown open, and out bounded Col. Suttonfield with the speed of a deer. The eyes of the Fort were upon him as he took his path down the Maumee and entered the woods. The sound of rifles reached the Fort—the Col. had again met the wily chiefs at a new encampment. His clothes were perforated with balls, but he and his horse escaped without harm. The next day the Col. took from his boot the dispatch of Major Whistler and handed it to Gen. Harrison. But the end was not yet. The Indian war was strictly honest. The Colonel was a positive man in all he said or did, and of course had some enemies. Among others, he had a little squawking neighbor, who had become offended at the Colonel, and in his absence at Indianapolis, spending a few weeks at a session of the Legislature, filed an affidavit before Robert H. Hunt, a justice of the peace, against the Colonel for marking and old sow with intent to steal her. The Colonel on arriving at the home heard of it, and went to the square ready for trial. The square only had jurisdiction to hear the case, acquit or recognize, as the case might warrant. The Colonel looked upon him with perfect contempt. "Square I demand a jury." "Justice," Constable put a jury in the box. "There are only eleven jurors present," the Colonel. "Put the prosecutor on the jury?" The prosecutor took his seat in the box. The square, "How shall I swear the jury?" The Colonel, "You do swear you will truly try and upon your oaths say whether Colonel William Suttonfield marked the sow with intent to steal her or not." The jury were sworn, and the prosecutor examined. The Colonel, "Now square, I demand the eyes and nose." The Colonel could neither read or write. The square, "Each juror will answer as his name is called, guilty or not guilty. Constable call the roll?" The jurors were called and all answered "not guilty," till the prosecutor was called. He hung down his head and squeaked out "guilty." The Colonel gave him another look of contempt. "Eleven to one, acquitted all most unanimously." "Square Hood," "It is considered that Colonel Suttonfield stands unanimously acquitted, except by the prosecutor, who the Court considered was 'rotted by malice prepense and a forethought."

THE STRUGGLE IN MINNESOTA.

St. Paul, N. T., July 16, 1857. I wrote you a day or two since, informing you of the revolutionary step taken by the Border-Jeffian Democracy to get control of the Constitutional Convention by force, fraud and violence, or defeat the desire of the people of Minnesota to come into the Union as a State. I also informed you that it had been asserted by Democrats, and delivered by all parties, that at 12 m. on Tuesday, the second day of the Convention, the Democratic members would attempt to take control of the Hall prepared for the Convention. Had they done so, they would have been defeated. The Republicans, knowing full well their rights, were prepared to defend them, and would have done so to the last.

THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING.

That's false sir! It doesn't owe you a farthing. You owe the world for the light of its days, the warmth of its sunshine, the beauty of its earth and sky, and for its love, affections, and friendships, which have from your childhood, young man, clustered around you, and clung to your worthless trunk. For all these, and other blessings of countless number, you are a debtor. You have never thanked God for health and life. You never made the world better by your living. You owe for the breath you breathe, and the strength you enjoy. You have not anything to your credit on the day-book or ledger of life—not a cent. You have never taken a dollar's stock in Heaven. You are a miserably, aimless, indolent bankrupt. You float down the stream of your lazy existence like flood-wood upon water. Were you to sink to-day to oblivion, you would not leave a bubble.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

The Albany Knickerbocker puts on its high heeled boots and travels off after the following high pressure style, over the prospects of the "Universal Yankee Nation." "The manifest destiny of this country, is to be the corn-bin of the world and the head-quarters of all the doubts, business excitement, magnetism, telegraphs, handsome women, levity, merchandise and printing presses in creation. America enjoys one of the best stands for business, to be found in the Universe. In a few years we will not only supply bread to an hundred millions of operators in Europe, but cotton hats to five hundred millions of shaven heads in China. New York is destined to be the London of futurity—the great depot of exchanges, and the counting-house of nations. She is cut out for the great central sun in the solar system of peace, plenty and good-headiness in God's word cannot prevent it. The time is not fifty years East of us, when a bill upon New York will bring a higher premium than a bill upon any other city, and when the tribute of millions of dollars paid by other nations upon exchange, shall be paid by them to us, and flow into our own commercial emporiums. As well might they attempt to decompose the laws of nature, which hold together men, women and the planets, as hope to sever the links of mighty lakes and rivers, of ever-extending telegraphs, rail-roads and canals, of free trade, intercourse, interest, love and glory of the past, the present and the future, which must forever bind together the American Union, and make the Island of Manhattan the lap of Croesus. Golden showers will yet saturate her till her gutters run bullion, and every merchant becomes a knight of the gold-en fleece."

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

"Mine own you no better as she ort to be, till shust before the diet, and then she was so good as before," remarked Mr. Vanderhoop to his neighbor. "Your wife was an amiable woman and you do great injustice to her memory," said Mr. Pluggins. "Well, you do know so much about mine own?" "I was not intimate with her, but I am sure all her acquaintances loved her." "Vot right had they to love her?—May be?" "May be what?" "May be you loved mine own too?" "Why do you speak so strangely?" "Vy, von day a pig ugly man shast like you, came into mine house, and kiss mine own right before her face." "Were you present?" "To pe sure I was." "I kicked him right behind his pack." "Did he resent it?" "Yaw, he broke me and to looking-glass, and all the rest of the crockery in the house, 'cept the fudder ped, into smash."

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

"What did you do then?" "Then I cried muter muter muter! and I called the shudge and the Shary, and to the police officer, and the constable to come, and he runned away." "Do you intend to charge me with taking such unwarrantable liberties with the companion of your bosom?" "Me no shudge nothing for it now, because she pe tead and perried." "I will not allow you to make such insinuations. You are an old tyrant and every body said you were glad your wife died." "Every body pe von tam liar." "I saw no symptoms of sorrow." "Me felt more worse tan if my pest cow had died!" "Your cow! What a comparison!" "She was a great loss—a heavy loss—for she was so pig an diat, (speaking of her arms), and she weighed more as two hundred pounds."

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

"Look out old man or you will see trouble—I don't believe your wife was ever kissed by any man after her marriage. At all events you must apologise for what you have said to me." "You is apologise?" "Yes, you must beg my pardon, and say you are sorry; if you do not I will enter a complaint against you, and have you arrested." "I pe sorry, then." "Sorry for what?" "Sorry that you kiss mine own." "You invertebrate idiot. This is not what you must say; for I never did such a thing in my life." "Must I pe sorry you never did such a thing?" "No—you must now take back what you have said."

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

While the Dutchman was in this dilemma, his friend Hans Hamburg-er came along and finally succeeded in reconciling the parties, when the trio adjourned to a neighboring coffee house.

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

Moore mentions a very amusing anecdote of John Kemble. He was performing one night in a country theater, in a favorite part, and being interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in one of the galleries, he came out, not a little angry at the rival performance, and with a solemn step to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tone, he said: "Unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on." The loud laugh which followed this ridiculous transposition of his meaning, relaxed even the nerves of Hamlet, and he was compelled to laugh with his auditors.

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw." "Don't say so—what is it?" "A tree which never sprouts, and which becomes smaller as she older it grows." "Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?" "From California." "What is the tree called?" "Axle-tree! It once belonged to a California omnibus."

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

VERY GRAPHIC.—The Home Journal makes the following report of a stanza as pathetically sung by a prima donna at a New York concert.—Those who are familiar with the song of the "Old Arm Chair," as sung by Russell, may discover a slight resemblance.

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

"Hi-love-it, hi-love-it, and who-o-sha-hall de-hare To-hoo-chi-hi-hi-hi-hi for lo-vo-ing That-to-hold-sharm-chai-hair?"

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

"I want to go to Albany and back, to see my granddaughter," said a respectable-looking, simple-hearted old lady to the ticket-seller of the Hudson River Railroad. "We don't sell return tickets, madam," replied the clerk, with deferential politeness. "Don't sell return tickets!" exclaimed the old lady with surprise; "then I shan't go, for I wouldn't like to go away from home forever!"

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

A little fellow five years old ran across the street, and in his course ran between the forelegs of a horse, which was rapidly passing along. A man who saw the occurrence, ran and snatched the boy, supposing he was injured in the attempt. But the boy, unhurt, very pertly ejaculated: "Let him keep his horse out of my way; what do I care!"

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

like Why are country girls' cheeks like well-printed cotton? Because they are warranted to wash and keep their color.

THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

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Choice Poetry.

AVAS, AGED SEVEN MONTHS.

BY ANNIE R. JENKINS.

These summers have shaken their robes— Their twilight hours were curtaining robes. Dropped gems where curtaining robes. An early pale dawn. A waxy, pale dawn—yet the accents Greater love than we. And stopping, bow away our glance! A win, cheer to be. Away from our eyes—the roses New bloom 'tis his bride. The bed where the earthly repose. The bright soul had fled. Another sweet land—the sun-dew! The bright angels bow! And the sheep of death keep back all shadows Away from that shore.

THE OLD MAID.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

Alas! alas! for the summer's bow! For the beautiful joys that I have known! Oh, for the roses, smiling with youth! We! for the golden hours of youth!

A CHARACTERISTIC PARODY.

DEDICATED TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

You'd scarce expect one of my age, To smoke cigars and look so sage; And if I should a moustache wear, (Although the hair is very rare.) Don't give me with a critic's eye, But pass my little whiskers by. His ACHES from LITTLE TOBACCO flow, And though my little toe is short and young, Of tender growth, and lately sprung, Yet all the whiskers in the town, Once existed but in now. But why may not JONNY'S face Be covered like others of his race— Except what Tom and Steve have done. Or any man beneath the sun? Where's the whisker, far or near, That do not find a rival here? Or where's the boy but three feet high, Who has more power than I?

WHAT I ASK NOT FOR.

I ask not for beauty—'tis a dream That tides the morning breeze; I ask not for beauty—'tis a dream That glides unheeded by; I ask not for wealth—'tis a bubble That rises and sinks away; I ask not for gold—'tis a glittering trash That comes many a day; I ask good sense, a little reason, Candour with prudence blended; A feeling heart, a virtuous mind, With steady industry combined; I ask not for a crown and scepter, I ask not for a throne and scepter, I ask not for a crown and scepter, I ask not for a throne and scepter.

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