# Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER,] "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* [EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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**TERMS**

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From the North Carolina University Magazine.

## JUNALUSKEE---THE LAST OF THE CHEROKEES.

The wars of no country, conducted upon the same principle, and carried on to the same extent, have furnished so many little incidents of "noble daring," as those which have marked the early history of the American government. And no people have been so assiduous in gathering and preserving every little deed of valor that has arisen among their soldiery, which can contribute the smallest quantum to the establishment of a military name, as the American people. They are sufficiently sensible of the merits of their own warriors; and in their zeal to reward them they have been led, it seems, to regard services in the field as a necessary preparation to the assumption of civil authorities. A successful "charge," or a skillful manœuvre, evincing only *some* proficiency in tactics, which, together with casual circumstances, may have obtained a victory over a feeble foe, must be succeeded with the bestowal of some important civil power. This is a great mistake of Americans, which will very justly entitle them to the appellation of "Hero-worshippers."

But we are entirely pursuaded that this feeling is altogether selfish. How many brave hearts have passed away neglected and forgotten, who, in the same wars, and for the same cause, put forth the noblest efforts of their nature; and gave birth to deeds which might impart a rich color to the sketches of the historian?—Those deeds have sunk into forgetfulness by the side of their brave perpetrators, because they sprung from another people. How many acts of the coolest daring performed by those magnanimous children of the forest, who once held our lands for hunting-grounds—acts the most disinterested, for advancing the white man's cause—

Have been buried in Oblivion's murky bed.

It is not our purpose here to attempt a general delineation of the Indian character; but if we do justice to the subject of the present sketch, the reader will be furnished with a fit example of Indian heart and Indian courage.

Junaluskee was born about the year 1776, in what is now Macon Co., N. C., on the head waters of Tennessee river. Here he spent the earlier part of his life, and received instruction in those arts which constitute the accomplishments of his race. In a country which seems favored by nature in the beauty and magnificence of its geological arrangement, and endowed with a discerning and comprehensive intellect, every thing around was to him full of teachings. At early age he became remarkable for sound judgment and unswerving integrity.—Combined with these he possessed physical capacities even beyond the most of his fellows, and the admirer of God's handiwork could but feel pround that he was of the same order of beings, when beholding the graceful ease with which young Junaluskee would scan the broad mountain side, or bound from cliff to cliff. Such an Indian must certainly be destined to hold a prominency among his people. When he reached manhood he removed from the place of his nativity to now Haywood county, and settled among the Quallatown portion of his tribe. Here he became equally esteemed, and soon so engrafted himself in the hearts of his tribe, that he was chosen to the responsible position of high sheriff; an office at that time, (before the whites had introduced their customs,) requiring great determination and physical ability to bring to justice the offenders under his jurisdiction.

However much he was distinguished among his own people, he was but little known abroad until the war of 1812. Indeed no occasion had offered him, up to that time to manifest the extent of his magnanimity, bravery, and true patriotism. It was the last to be hoped for, that one, sprung from a race so obscure, and a country so hidden, should ever find a field for the display of his latent virtues; but they led him to action. When General Jackson was leading his forces against the British and Creek Indians at the same time, Junaluskee was aroused, and prevailed on some of his tribe, to the number of only eight or ten, to follow him and join Jackson in battling against the Creeks—the Cherokees' inveterate foe. They met the American General in Alabama, who was so much pleased with the address and personal appearance of Junaluskee, that he made him captain over the entire number of Cherokees under his command, then about one hundred.—Thus they took up their line of march in pursuit of the Creeks, who were gathered in considerable numbers about the bend of Talapoosa river, where the famous battle of the Horse Shoe was fought.

At this engagement he is said to have remarked, that Jackson's big guns destroyed in him all fear of death, and inspired an uncontrolable anxiety to beat the very breast-works, and engage directly in the work of death. In consequence of the width of the river, which divided the two armies, their rifle balls could produce but little effect. Junaluskee felt this great inconvenience, and perceiving a canoe resting on the opposite side of the river, immediately under the enemy's breast-works, he threw himself into the stream, swam across, and in the midst of the thick and fast firing of the enemy—which was now principally directed to him—cut it from its fastenings, and brought it over to his comrades. They accordingly placed themselves and arms in it, re-crossed with great rapidity, and all that were not killed in crossing, at once mounted the breast-works, Junaluskee leading, and with their rifles, tomahawks, and butcher-knives, did the deed for which they went. Thus was performed a feat, by that gallant young captain, which, had justice been done, would stand in favorable contrast by the side of the charges of Walker and May, or the retreats of Marion and Putnam. How many of our own countrymen who have been long trained in the arts of warfare, and lived for periods within the cannon's terrible roar, to whom the field of carnage has become as an every-day element, would hazard somuch for another's victory.

Junaluskee in this war evinced much natural capacity for tactics, and did much other efficient service to our country; for, in his own language, he "drew a bead on many a Creek." He was wounded in the Horse Shoe engagement; for which misfortune, and the services rendered, he has been amply rewarded by way of land-bounties and pensions from the government. At the close of these services he returned to Macon N. C., where he lived in respectable retirement, until 1820, when he removed to what is now called Cherokee county, on the head of Valley river. Nothing more of note has been said of Junaluskee until the year 1838, except that he passed an unusually fair reputation among the whites for integrity and peaceful deportment.. In consequence of the treaty of 1835, troops were stationed in Cherokee county, for the purpose of forcing the natives to move west of the Mississippi. And the old and venerable warrior, who had sought a sweet retirement among his native hills to spend his declining years in the delightful companionship of his family and friends, was, with many of his people, now compelled to bid adieu to his mountain home—his hunting-grounds—the resting place of those once dear to him, and take up his abode in a distant and unknown country. At such reflection the iron-hearted soldiery might be seen to wipe occasionally a falling tear. In 1838, having been taken a prisoner to be forced into compliance, he said to the officer of the guard, "my fate is a hard one; and harder because I have always been a friend to the President and his people. I have not only professed friendship to the President, but have helped to fight his battles, in defence of his country, I have hazzarded my life and shed my blood. I know that Jackson is a brave man, and I've always fondly cherished the belief that he was a great and good man." Here he paused for a moment—"Yes," continued he, "I am not deceived, Jackson is a good man; and if Jackson were here he would not suffer me to be made a bondman.—The remnant of my days, which can be but few, would be breathed out here with my dear ones that are living; and my bones would rest at last with the dear ones that have gone before me;" here a significant tear stole down his manly face. All his entreaties were vain; he reluctantly submitted, and went his way westward; taking with him his family.—Among them the companion of all his afflictions, who, enfeebled with cares and years, tottered on her journey of expulsion as if she was wending her way to her last resting place.

Such acts of cruelty and ingratitude toward the native Americans, quite reverses the oft-told tale of their savage ferocity, in burning the houses and butchering the families of the whites, and is sufficient to sow the seeds of that revenge which can be satisfied only by the destruction of life and property.

Junaluskee remained in his banishment but few years. Having been bereft of his whole family, his life became one of extreme melancholy, so that he determined upon returning to his boyhood haunts; and in 1843, he came to Cherokee county, where he now resides, on a portion of land granted to him by the Legislature of this State—which act partially erases the reproach for the many wrongs once heaped upon him.

At the passage of the grant, he appeared and addressed both brancheo of the Legislature. He manifested his appreciation of their kindness in the most feeling terms. In the course of his remarks he is reported to have said: "If I had as many lives as I am old, to devote to the service of North Carolina, I could not repay her for the great gift she has given me." He married the second time, and is quite well known as an upright and hospitable citizen. Junaluskee is a man of great physical powers—is five-feet ten inches high—has large cheek bones, and exceedingly keen eyes. Thus concludes our unadorned sketch of the character and services of one who deserves the highest meed of praise from the American patriot.

☞ A young fellow entered a church and took his seat with his hat on. An elder noticing it, stepped up and requested him to take it off. His request not being complied with, he came to the young man a second time, and seeing he still hesitated, the elder gently lifted it off, when to his (the elder's) chagrin, out rolled a *quart of shell burks* on the floor, making rather more noise than was consistent with the rules of the church.

"Man," quietly responded the youngster, looking up composedly, "see what you have done."

Written for the Register.

## SCENE IN BRIDGEPORT.

BY MARIE JANE TAYLOR.

A widow sat by her cottage door,
In the purple flush of even—
While the lingering sun-beams wandered o'er,
The dark blue vault of Heaven.
While the lark shot up through clear, cold air,
And carrolled his farewell song,
While the listening valleys caught the strain,
And echoed it for along.

And the South-wind kissed the blushing rose,
As it fanned her fevered brow—
And brightened the image of the past,
O'er which she was dreaming now.
And as it brushed her care-worn cheek,
Her pale lips wore a smile—
And she dreamed she was again a bride,
And stood in the old Church-aisle.

And a manly form stood by her side,
As she breathed the mutual vow—
But in the Church-yard old and gray,
That husband slumbered now.
And then she thought of a noble youth,
A fair-haired laughing boy—
Who sported round her lonely hearth,
At once her pride and joy.

But far away that son now sleeps,
By Ohio's silvery wave—
And the drooping willow sighs and weeps,
In dew-drops o'er his grave.
And a burning tear fell from her eye,
As she murmured "all are gone"—
And her bosom heaved a troubled sigh,
And she felt herself alone.

Just then the full moon gently rose,
And mounted the clear blue sky—
While tree and river, rock and rill,
Grew bright beneath her eye.
And the distant stars in boundless space,
And ether depth profound,
Shook light and glory from their orbs,
As they marched their queen around.

And the widow's face grew bright with hope,
For those beneath the sod—
She felt were shining like those stars,
Before the throne of God.
And though their lives had set in night,
Yet calm as the rising moon—
She knew their spirits had rose in light,
To enjoy eternal noon

Then mourner dry thy bitter tears,
For the eternal mind—
Like a kind shepherd to his fold,
Will gather all mankind.
And though He smite, 'tis done in love
Thy feelings, He can tell;
Then always say "though He reprove;
He doeth all things well."

From the Valley Democrat.

## SACRED MUSIC.

*The "Harmonia Sacra, a compilation of Genuine Church Music, comprising a great variety of metres, harmonized for three voices, With a Copious Explication of the Principles of Vocal Music, by Joseph Funk and Sons; Mountain Valley, near Harrisonburg, Va.* 1851.

I love sometimes to seek communion with the *hidden sources* of our purer enjoyments. I find myself insensibly withdrawn from the agitations of common life, and placed in the centre of a most wonderful system of organs, and powers, and elements. I behold the utmost *grandeur* of *conception* wrought out into the purest *simplicity* of *action;* the most powerful exhibition of *effects* resulting from the most delicate adaptation of *causes.* Oh! it would be ungrateful indeed, not to ascribe all this merciful adaptation to an unfathomable Infinite Wisdom whose benevolence is as boundless as his Omnipotence! We move and breathe in the midst of an atmosphere which might have been so constituted as to crush our delicate organs in moments of violent agitation. But instead, we have discovered that it may be thrown into vibrations of inconceivablrapidity, and that very rapidity be rendered a source of our most exquisite delight. It is known that the undulating current which diffuses itself upon our organs of hearing, *must* perform at least thirty vibrations in a second, before the soul can become conscious of that sweet intonation to which we give the name of melody; and that this same current *may* perform thirty thousand seven hundred and twenty vibrations, and still be so far from torturing the auditory nerve, as to fill the soul with a transport of delightful emotion. Suppose a feeling of gladness rises in the bosom of my friend. He is impelled to utter it in song. The little column of air which passes through the *glottis* is instantly thrown into a vibratory motion, say fifteen thousand pulsations in a second which would express the tone of G major. It issues from his lips and rushes through the air at the rate of eleven hundred and forty-two feet in a second. It enters the *labyrinth*, and trembles upon the *lyra* of my ear. Instantly my own soul kindles into the very glow which gladdened a moment before the bosom of my friend. Yet this is but the beginning of the miracle. A hundred voices may all utter their joy at once. They may set the air in a tumult of vibrations, expressed by all the geometrical ratios of thirds, fifths, and octaves, from thirty to thirty thousand. Still my ear will not be pained. The transports of my soul will be *increased* a hundred fold. I will feel the inspiration of *harmony*. The twelfth and the seventeenth which are not uttered; and if I keep very calm and composed, and suffer not my attention to be *engrossed* by the *real* tones that crowd upon me, I will hear the soft, remote, unearthly *harmonies*, which *cannot* be uttered by human voice, but which the overflowing goodness of God has indissolubly blended with the grosser tones granted to man.

And still this is not all. Those delicious but evanescent melodies, this harmonious complication of melodies, may all be recorded; and the eye being caused to perform the office of the ear, I may look over the artifical staff, and catch the profound emotions which first rose in the bosom of Beethooven or of Handel. I have now before me a collection of Sacred Music. The excellent and pious compiler Mr. J. FUNK, has devoted the profitable leisure of a long life to those delightful exercises. He has issued, I believe, several compilations of a similar kind. He has from his youth made himself thoroughly acquainted with the principles of music; and his soul, tempered as it is now by many years of experience, kindless into a glow on the contemplation of this divine philosophy. His *Elucidations*, consisting of eleven chapters unfolding the rudiments and principles of the science, present a rich and beautiful system of progressive analysis. Whoever wishes to behold the mysterious obscurity which involves the import of *Clef, Scale, diatone, Semitone, time, measure, rhythm, transposition, chords, expression*, completely dissipated, will be amply gratified in the perusal of these pages. In his chapters on Notation the author has adopted seven distinct characters for the solmization of the Diatonic scale, as to the propriety of this, there may be a difference of opinion; but when it is considered, that a great majority of singers cultivate the practice of this science merely for the agreeable amusements which it affords; that a ready adaptation of the syllables to every key as it occurs, though a very desirable, is by no means an easy attainment, most people no doubt will be disposed to wave their objections, and thank the author for performing throughout the work, what they have no inclination to be vexed at every step in performing for themselves. The various subjects discussed in chapter sixth, seventh, eight, to the eleventh inclusive, furnish the reader with admirable examples of lucid illustration: and he will be induced to review, with increasing delight, the beautiful system of Derivations; the harmonic triad, its alternations and inversions; the progression of semitones; the relation of the two modes, with their transpositions by chromatic signatures; and most especially all the instructions which are given for the attainment of *purity, fullness*, and *firmness* of musical expression. And here it may not be improper to remark, that Mr. FUNK has suggested the substitution of "musical Elocution" for the term "Dynamics," as I believe, with the greatest propriety. It seems to me the mind naturally revolts at the use of the term *Dynamics* in music. Those unacquainted with the language of mechanical philosophy, will never attain a clear conception of the force of that term; while those who have made that acquaintance, must be shocked by the strange perversions, which would confound the laws of *motion* with the laws of *expression*. A Quaker indeed, might understand the term *literally;* but the *figure* is a little too deep for ordinary dilittanti.

Let the curious admirer of this science only propose to himself a short exercise every day in these principles. Let him fill a bar or two in each of the seven measures of time with its primitive notes, and pursue for himself the successive derivations, observing as he proceeds the admirable diversity of accent, emphasis, and cadence, which is thus secured. Let him form the harmonic triad on each of the twelve semitones in the octave. Let him perform the various alternations and inversions, as indicated in the examples of the author, for every position of the tonic and dominant. Let him carefully determine the proper signature for the staff, in each position of the tonic, counting five flats for every semitone, ascending and five sharps decending, not forgetting to take the complement to twelve whenever the number of flats or sharps exceed six. Let him determine the relative *minor* to every *major* key which he assumes. In studying the nature of "Musical Elocution," let him reflect on the singular fact, that the same identical tone, as C for instance, may be produced by a hundred instruments or a hundred voices, all in the same octave, and yet there will be a very *distinguishable* difference in the tone produced by each instrument or by each voice. Let him meditate deeply upon these wonderful properties of sound, and the beautiful uniformity of its laws, and his knowledge of the science will not only be expanded, but his admiration and delight will be enhanced and the labors of our author more justly appreciated.

I believe, however, that the reader will find nothing in these rudiments more worthy of his admiration, than the principles delivered in the twenty-ninth section, with their elucidation. He will here perceive that there is a deep elementary principle somewhere, from which the kindred arts of music and of poetry derive all their beauty and power.—It would seem that the Spirit of Nature and Truth, pouring her inspiration into the language of the poet, according to the emotions of the moment, conforms that language into the Iambic, the Trochee, the Dactyl, or the Anapaest, while the musician, obedient to the same divine impulse, breathes out the melodies of his heart, in the movements of Tripple, of Common, or of Compound time. Mr. FUNK, in the section alluded to, has traced the coincidence of the four species of poetical feet, with the rythmical movements in the modes of time; and he has here exemplified, with his usual perspicuity, the important distinction between Common and Tripple time. It may be asserted, indeed, with great confidence, that a more comprehensive and practical knowledge of English versification, may be acquired by an hour's application to this short section, than many elaborate chapters on English prosody. This beautiful comparison of the two arts, has led the author in his thirty-first section to correct a singular error into which some eminent writers on music seem to have fallen. He there proves, by examples as luminous as they are true, that a measure in Tripple and in Compound time, may each contain *six* articulate sounds or syllables, but that nature has divided the Tripple measure into *three* impulses or movements of *two* articulations each,—the Compound, into *two* movements only, each of *three* articulations.

The "Harmonia Sacra" is divided into two parts. The First Part comprises a great variety of sacred melodies for public worship, exemplifying all the diversities of modes, measures and keys; and besides a reference to the most popular hym-books from which the lines of each melody are taken, it affords, I believe, the only systematic example of the classification of metres in the English language. To the student of polite and elegant literature; whatever be his department, this will be regarded as a most invaluable feature of the work. When we consider the methodical and progressive arrangement of these metres, amounting to no less than fifty-three in the First Part, we may form some conception of the labor to which the author subjected himself. The Second Part, continues the classification of metres up to the number of sixty-eight, exemplified by a choice selection of longer and more elegant pieces of music, and interspersed with a sufficient variety of our noblest anthems. One is forcibly struck on reviewing the work, with the great fertility of our language in its poetical combinations. With only four elementary feet,—the Iambus, the Trochee, the Dactyl, and the Anapaest,—though restricted to a line apparently so limited as not to admit more than six Iambics or four Dactyls, we have here actually exemplified sixty-eight varieties of verse; while, calling to our aid the laws of permutation, we find the *real* number of varieties to be almost beyond our comprehension.

It is impossible not to perceive the immense advantages which *must* be realized from this arrangement, provided as it is with metrical and alphabetical indices;—the great facility of reference, and the unfailing aid afforded to the *memory* by this unbroken association of ideas. At a time when a cultivation of a taste for music seems to be extending through every order of society, it is presumed that these advantages must receive their due appreciation, and that the valuable labors of Mr. FUNK will secure their merited reward. Indeed we cannot imagine how the best results of this elegant accomplishment, could have been more effectually promoted, than by the principles which characterize the work before us; and we believe most people will admit the benefits connected with this divine exercise, to be almost innumerable. Besides the positive delight which ever attends the exercise itself, the evident improvement of the heart, and even of intellectual vigor, seems to be a consequence as necessary as it is natural. Under that sweet interchange of tender emotions, so frequently renewed and repeated by the habit of singing together in choirs, the domestic and social affections are purified and softened in to harmonious sympathy. The spirit of accordant feelings, invisible but not unfelt, winds its indissoluble webs from bosom to bosom, and each member always retires from the exercise a purer Christian and a warmer friend. And then how wonderfully do these continued habits of attention, improve and correct the powers of *perception*—enabling the mind to appreciate the most minute and delicate distictions? The mere infant, it is true, can readily distinguish the harsh tones of displeasure, from the soft cadence of affection and tenderness, but the musician only, after long habits of attention, can perceive those deeper and more intimate relations of sound,

"Untwisting all the chords that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

And even should there be some whom the exercise can never bring into a deeper comprehension of the Unseen, it must at least bring them into a closer sympathy with the Permanent and the Pure. Never, perhaps, shall we be able to comprehend the true nature of *sound*. We may talk about vibrations and vibratory nerves, but these are only the vehicles, the telegraphs of *sound*. It will never do to mistake the instrument for the agent—the *container* for the *thing contained*. Who knows but what it is the lore of a universal soul, ever swelling and surging upwards from the great sea of the Unknown,—voiceing the silence with the cadence of waterfalls, the wild roar of wintry storms and the softer music of small cascades,—that it is an inspiration yielding up the poetic interpretation of Nature, a mysterious reality *musquam majis quam in minimis*,—the medium which unites the eternal verities of the universe, with the world of semblance in which we move in our superficial being.

Without adverting to the wonderful accounts which have been handed down from past ages,—the unearthly sweetness of the Lydian, the subduing tenderness of the Sub-Phrygian modes,—the achievements of Orpheus, of Amphion, or of Timotheus, the taming of wild natures, the soothing of insanity, we have abundant examples in modern times of a power which is almost superhuman. There are many yet living who have seen the effects of the Rans des Vaches, the rational, quaint, pensive Mazurka, the thrilling Marscillois, the melodious Notturni, and the stately Polonois. There is nothing perhaps which can bring a more certain relief to the gloom of age, or the melancholy vicissitudes of life; and it is truly affecting to hear the inimitable Dante courting the solace of song, in the darkness of its unmerited doom, and wooing his Casella in the twilight shade of Purgatory, to sing away agonies of his hopeless bale. We are told that Chopin, shattered as he was by a pulmonary affection, was sometimes seen to take his place at his instrument, a livid, worn, meagre, panting man, his face *seamed* with pain and anxiety; but as he proceeded, shadow after shadow would disolve, and fold after fold would soften, and the flush of health would come back into his cheeks, and his dim, glassy eye would brighten with a cheerful and living intelligence.

PHILOMELOS.

### Scraps of Natural History.

The horns of the Abyssinian ox are nearly four feet long, and seven inches in diameter, at their base.

The sloth crawls on its belley, and does not advance above 100 yards a day. It is two days in climbing and decending a tree.

Marmots are known to make spacious and convenient habitations of several chambers—some of them several feet in diameter.

The dam of the northern foxes will follow those who kill her young 60 or 70 miles and howl round them by night and day, till she has in some way revenged herself.

In mountain flocks of sheep, a ram or wether takes the lead, and will kill a dog or resist a bull; and at times, the whole draw up in battle array, and fight without retreat.

Herds of cattle when attacked by a wolf, regularly place the calves in the centre of a circle, and resist in military form—or the bull advances and drives away the enemy.

One pair of pigs, according to Allnut, will increase in six years to 119,169,—taking the increase at four teen times per annum. A pair of sheep in the same time would increase but 64.

A fish in Java, called the jaculator,—catches flies and insects by squirting from its mouth some water, and seldom misses its aim. At six feet it will bring down a fly with a single drop.

AMOUNT OF FOOD REQUIRED BY ANIMALS.—Of hay, an ox requires two per cent. a day of his live weight—that is, if the ox weighs 2000 pounds, he requires 40 pounds of hay. If he is working, he will take two and a half per cent. A milch cow should have three per cent. of her weight, as she is proportionably lighter than the ox, and part of the substance of her food goes to form milk. A fattening ox may be fed five per cent. when half fat, and afterward four per cent.—This is independent of other food. A grown sheep will take three and a third per cent. of its weight in hay, to keep in good store condition. Animals in a growing state requires most food, and it is very poor economy to stint them.—*The Plough.*

JOHN KEMBLE, BASIL MONTAGUE, AND THE LION.—Kemble was at one time immensely delighted by the present of a young lion whelp, which with his famous cat, "Mustapha," (immortalised by Matthews,) he reared with a most tender and solicitous care. While the animal was yet very young, John and his friend, Basil Montague, got into a coach to take a drive before going to the theater, and the lion was favored witn a seat. This peculiar mode of traveling, however, did not seem to be very agreeable to the animal, which became very restless, and set up a tremendious howl, as the wheels rattled over the rough stones. "Hush, hush!" said John, as if he were speaking to a spoiled child, and patting the whelp on the head. "Hush, my poor, *poor* fellow, remember, ah! the good citizens!" But the lion was quite indifferent either to the good citizens or Kemble's blandishments; so he uttered another "hoo-ow-ooh!" and making a leap, smashed the window, and thrust out his head.

The alarmed driver turned hastily round, and seeing the head of the wild beast grinning at him from behind, he leaped from his seat in terror, and left his vehicle and its unfortunate contents to go anywhere they pleased. The horses, freightened at the noise behind, and freed from all control, started off at a fearful pace. "Do you know, my dear friend," said Kemble, "that I am afraid the horses have run away?" "I should not be astonished," said Montague, stretching his neck from the window. "Hoo-ho-ow-ooh!" howled the animal, again thrusting his grizzly head through the window.—"Now do, for Heaven's sake, be still!" remonstrated Kemble, soothingly; the only response being a louder and prolonged growl, that frightened half the people in the street. On they went faster and faster. A sharp turn was before; the wheel caught the edge of the pavement and over went the coach with a tremendious crash, the horses galloping off with the shafts.

A crowd gathered round in an instant, and Kemble (who was unhurt) smothering his discomposure, stepped from the wreck with his usual dignity of manner. Turning round to look for his friend, he found poor Montague with his head buried in the foot-rug, and his feet in the air, the unhappy lion nearly squeezed to a jelly beneath him. "Here, here, my dear friend," cried Kemble, displaying unwonted activity, and pulling up Montague from the bottom of the vehicle, "I am sorroy my dear friend, that you have suffered—" Montague was about to interrupt by protesting that he had not suffered a great deal, when Kemble added, "Yes, my friend, that you should have suffered yourself to become the instrument of inflicting serious injury upon my poor unfortunate animal!" and he pointed to the lion, which had rolled itself up like a ball.—"The animal!" shouted Montague, enraged at the misplaced confidence of his friend, and sputtering out a mouthful of dust; "*dem* the animal!" "No, don't do that," said Kemble, drawing himself up with a princely air; "but," and here, he drew his companion, nearer to him, putting aside the impropriety of the expression, allow me to say, that the proper pronunciation of the word is "*damn!*"

☞ St. Louis, Missouri, contains a population of 77,860.

### FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

Some years ago, a populous town, located towards the interior of Mississippi, was infected by a gang of blacklegs, who amused themselves at times, when they could find nobody else to pluck by preying upon each other. A new importation of these sporting gents caused some alarm among the inhabitants lest they should be overrun; they therefore determined upon their expulsion. A poor wretch of a country editor, who was expected by virtue of his vocation, to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might choose to shrink; was peremptorily called upon by his patrons—that is, those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and therefore presumed they owned him body and soul—to make an effort towards the extermination of the enemy.. The unfortunate editor being gifted with just about as much brains as money, skull and purse both empty, said he would indite a "flasher" sure enough.

In the course of his observations he gave the initials, of the fraternity, whom he desied to leave as soon as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

The next morning, while the poor scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a meagre parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and presently an individual, having accomplished the ascent made his appearance. His first salutation was rather abrupt.

"Where is the Editor of this dirty lying paper?"

Now, aside from the rudeness of this opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the Editor to believe there was trouble on foot. The person who addressed him bore a cow-hide in his hand, and, moreover seemed exceedingly enraged. That was not all; he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the sporting gentry, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties. It was without the slightest hesitation, therefore, that he replied to the introductory query

"I don't know."

"Do you belong to the concern?"

"No indeed, but I presume the Editor will soon be in."

"Well I'll wait for him," said the visitor, and suiting the action to the word, he took up a paper and commenced reading.

"If I meet him," said the frightened knight of the scissors and quill, "I will tell him there is a gentlemen here who wishes to see him."

As he reached the foot of the stairs in his hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person, who thus made himself known:

"Can you tell me where I can find the the sneaking rascal who has charge of this vilianous sheet?" producing the last number of "Freedom's Echo, the Battle Axe of Liberty."

"Yes," replied the Editor, "he is up there in the office now, reading, with his back to the door."

"Thank you!" exclaimed the stranger, as he bounced up stairs.

"I've got you, have I?" ejaculated he, as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity, and they came crashing to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding the ismilarity of their vocation happened to be unacquainted with each other, a very pretty quarrel ensued. First one was at the top, then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, and oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted and bloody, and with features resembling Deaf Burke, after two hours' pugilistic encounter, there was by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath enough to ask—

"Who are you? What did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel!"

"Me! I'm not the Editor. I came here to flog him myself!"

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired to "bind up their wounds." As the story comes to us, the distinguished gentleman whose vocation it was to enlighten the world by an aid of that great engine, the public press, escaped scots free.—*Arvine.*

### Gum Arabic.

In Morocco, about the middle of November, that is after a rainy season, which begins in July, a Gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principle branches of the acacia tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in the furrow, down which it runs, either vermicular (or worm) shape, or more commonly assuming the form of oval and round tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg of different colors, as they belong to the white or red gum tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the ha vest lasts six weeks.

The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. Gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey, and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it; and experience has proved, that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man during twenty four hours.

☞ Calomel is said to be an infallible remedy for the bite of a mad dog.—Cleanse the wound as soon as possible with soft water and castile soap, then apply a plaster of mercurial ointment.

☞ The prisoners in Sing Sing, N. Y., celebrated the Fourth on Monday.