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WILLIAM F. COOPER, Editor.

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WHOLE NO. 40.

TERMS

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BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

It was in the latter part of November (1805) that Napoleon, on riding over the country around Austerlitz, determined to make it the battle-field on which he would overthrow the combined armies of Austria and Russia. Rapidly concentrating his forces here, he on the last night of November, found himself at the head of nearly eighty thousand men. His army was drawn up in a plain, with the right resting on Lake Menta, and the left six miles distant on a hill, which was covered with artillery. Two little streams flowed past the army into the lake, bordered with marshes to protect it, while on a high slope was pitched the Emperor's tent, overlooking the whole scene. Opposite the French army was a waving line of heights, the highest of which, Mount Pratzen, a few miles distant, formed the centre of the allied forces, numbering twenty thousand men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria in person. Under Soult, was placed the finest corps in the army, for the weight of the battle was designed to rest on him, and the heights of Pratzen, forming the enemy's centre, was to be his field of combat.

Napoleon had been on horseback all day long, and after dark was riding along the lines previous to his departure to his tent, when the news of his approach spread like lightning through the whole army. Suddenly the soldiers seized the bundles of straw that had been supplied for their beds, and lighting them at one end lifted them on poles over their heads, making an illumination as splendid as it was unexpected. All along through the valley these blazing torches lighted the path of the astonished Napoleon—the first anniversary of his coronation. Suddenly the enthusiastic shout of Vive l'Empereur, burst around him. The cry was caught by the next and the next battalion as he advanced, and prolonged by those he had led, till the shout of that immense host filled all the valley, and rose like the roar of the sea over the heights, miles away—filling with an ominous sound on the camp of the enemy. It was a scene that baffles description. Those myriad torches swinging to and fro in the darkness—a broad mass of flame losing itself in the distance—and the shout of that army rolling in such deafening accents after Napoleon, formed together a far more imposing ceremony than his coronation in the Capitol.

Next morning, at four o'clock, Napoleon was on his horse beside his tent. The moon had just gone down—the stars shone pale and tremulous in the sky, and all was silent and tranquil around him. Not a sound broke from the immense host that slumbered below, over which the motionless fog lay like a white covering—or it might be a shroud in anticipation of the thousands that ere night would there lie stark and stiff in their last sleep. But amid this deep hush his quick ear caught a low continuous sound beyond the heights of Pratzen, like the heavy tread of marching columns and rumbling artillery-carriages over the ground. The deep murmur passed steadily from right to left, showing that the allies were gathering their forces against his right wing. At length the sun rose slowly above the horizon, tinging with gold the heights of Pratzen, on which were seen moving dense masses of infantry, and pouring its glorious light over the sea of mist that slept in the valleys below. It was the "Sun of Austerlitz." The hour, the scene—the immense results at stake, and the sudden bursting of that blazing fireball on his vision, made a profound impression on Napoleon, which he never forgot.

The allies, intent on outflanking the French, weakening their centre by drawing off the troops to the left. The Marshals who stood around the Emperor asked to take advantage of it. But he turning to Soult, whose troops were massed in the bottom of the valley near the heights, covered by the fog, asked him how long it would take to reach the summit of Pratzen. "Less than twenty minutes," replied the Marshal. "Wait a little then," said Napoleon, "when the enemy is making a false movement, it is necessary to be careful not to interrupt him." It was now eight o'clock in the morning, and soon after he gave the impatiently expected signal, and Murat, Lannes, Bernadotte, and Soult, who had stood around him, parted like lightning from his side, and swept in a headlong gallop to their respective corps. Napoleon rode towards the centre, and as he passed through the troops, said, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your strokes. Finish the campaign by a clap of thunder!" "Vive l'Empereur!" answered him in one long, and protracted shout.

In the meantime, Soult emerged, with his strong battalions, from the covering mist, and clothed in the rich sunlight, as-

condemned with an intrepid step, the slopes Pratzen. It was a magnificent sight, and Napoleon watched with intense anxiety the advance of that splendid array. With banners fluttering in the morning sunlight, and drums and trumpets sounding the air, the massive columns streamed upward and onward. In a moment the top of Pratzen was covered with smoke, from whose bosom issued thunder and lightning, as if a volcano was there hurling its fiery fragments in the air. Covered from sight, those two hosts—mixed in mortal combat—struggled for the mastery, while the curtain of smoke that folded them in, waved to and fro, and rent before the heavy artillery, and closed again, and rolled in rapid circles round the hill, telling to the armies below what wild work the stern Soult was making with the foe. At length the fire and smoke, which Pratzen had belched forth for two hours, grew less—the sulphurous cloud lifted in mid-day sun, and lo! there waved the French standards, while a victorious shout went pealing over the armies struggling in the valley.

Soult, having pierced the enemy's centre, next descended like an avalanche on their left wing. Bessieres was charging like fire, below with the Imperial Guard, and the whole field shook with the shock of cavalry and thunder of cannon, while the entire valley was filled with rolling smoke, in which were Murat, Davoust, and Angereau, sowing the fields with the dead. At length help being sent to Soult—the left of the enemy was borne away, and the allied army routed. Fleeing before the victorious Marshal, Buxhowden bravely attempted to cover the retreat, and forming his men into close column, strove gallantly to direct the reversed tide of battle. But pierced through and trodden under foot, seven thousand fell before the victorious French, while the remainder attempted to escape by crossing a frozen lake near by with the artillery and cavalry. In a moment the white frozen surface was covered with dark masses of infantry, amid which were seen the carefully advancing squadrons of cavalry. Pressed by the enormous weight, the ice could scarcely sustain the multitude, when Soult suddenly ordered his cannon to play upon it. The iron storm crushed through the yielding mass—the whole gave way, and with one terrific yell, that rose over the tumult of battle, more than two thousand men sunk to rise no more. Amid the swimming multitude, the frightened cavalry-horses plunged to and fro, while on the struggling mass the artillery continued to play with deadly precision.

On the left, Bernadotte, Murat and Lannes, were equally successful, and the bloody battle of Austerlitz was won. Nearly thirty thousand bodies strewn where they had led, till the shout of that immense host filled all the valley, and rose like the roar of the sea over the heights, miles away—filling with an ominous sound on the camp of the enemy. It was a scene that baffles description. Those myriad torches swinging to and fro in the darkness—a broad mass of flame losing itself in the distance—and the shout of that army rolling in such deafening accents after Napoleon, formed together a far more imposing ceremony than his coronation in the Capitol.

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How TO SOFTEN HARD WATER.—A half ounce of quick lime dipped in nine quarts of water, and the clear solution put in a barrel of hard water, the whole will be soft water as it settles clear. This is a practicable and practical recipe or direction. But the precipitate will not be chalk, as the Scientific American states, unless the hardening substance is lime or chalk, which is seldom the case. Common hard water contains gypsum, as well as carbonate of lime or chalk, both of which will be removed by the solution of lime as above.—Prof. Devey.

A writer in the British Times tells a rather remarkable anecdote of a lizard in the collection at Clifton Zoological Gardens. "One about a foot long, had swallowed another nearly as long as itself, but not having taken the precaution to bite off its head, it commenced stretching when it got down, and actually stretched a hole in the side of the other, through which it emerged in safety, while the voracious one died from the injury, and was speedily gobbled up in turn by his relations."—Grey hairs make cool heads.

Written For the Register.

Say have you seen at early dawn, the first faint flowers that play Upon the rose-enameled flower, or dew-drop's glittering spray? When light-wingedephyrs kiss the flowers, or 'mid their petals sport, Then lovelier far, is Caroline, the Flower of Bridgeport.

The moss-rose opening to the sun, the dew of Heaven refined Can nought of purity display, to emulate her mind.

Her form and face, her modest grace, are fair to look upon, And pure as light, is Caroline, the rose or Harrison.

The soft light from her milk blue eye, is gentle as the dove, And nature sets the signet there, that all that light is love—

Her light brown hair in ringlets fair, upon her bosom sport, And shades the brow of Caroline, the flower of Bridgeport.

Her voice is sweet as vespere chimas, that charm the ear of even, Her smile is bright as summer stars, that gem the vault of Heaven.

Her footsteps' light as angel-tread, the ground scarce rears upon, To leave a trace of Caroline, the rose of Harrison.

The stranger stops to gaze at her, as at some lovely flower, That has been reared in tender shade, in some soft sylvan bowser— And as he sighs a sad adieu, to Heaven's holy court, He lifts his eyes and cries, "God bless the flower of Bridgeport."

A FRIEND.

FARMER'S DAUGHTERS.

"It's all owing to her learning!" exclaimed Aunt Judy, as she commenced rubbing her glasses with her new calico apron. "If they hadn't sent her away to such a fine school, she'd never had such stuck up notions in her head! I never yet saw a note of good come of it. Nobody need tell me, it is in the bringing up, for a nicer woman than Susan Grey's mother never was made. She's up airily and late, one thing is certain, she don't feel herself above the meanest creature that walks. I hold to ministers and school-masters larned, and sick like folks, but it don't seem as if there was a might of need of farmer's girls having sich larning."

"But what is the trouble with the daughter, Miss Beman?" inquired the new school teacher, as Aunt Judy replaced her glasses and resumed her knitting.

"Law sakes! I don't know hardly how to tell you, only they have gin her a sight of schooling here, and away from home too, and they have just about spoiled her; but Mrs. Green here can tell you enough sight better than I can."

"As to that," said Mrs. Green, "Aunt Judy and I are such good friends that we will agree to differ in our opinion of these matters. It seems to me that time will rectify Susan's errors, for I do not deny that she has some foolish notions, but not, as I think, owing to her education, but only for the want of a little more."

"Bless me," exclaimed Aunt Judy, how in the world could she have any more?"

"I will tell you what I think of these things, Aunt Judy, and perhaps we shall one day see even in Susan Grey's case, whether these opinions are correct or false."

Farmers' daughters from their earliest childhood are, as a matter of course accustomed to country notions and country fashions. Comfort, happiness, and usefulness, rather than show, are what they are familiar with. Farmer's children do not see labor performed by servants only, but they see father and mother engaged in the active duties of life. Now it is not at all strange if a young miss who looks not beneath the surface at first, is quite fascinated with the glitter and display of a city, or that she should begin to think her quiet home in country very homely, or that she should rather conclude that it was better to have servants to do all the work. But ought the fear that the farmer's daughter will despise the home of her youth, and regard labor with aversion, deter her parents from giving her all the advantages of education which their means will allow? Why, it seems to me it would be quite as ridiculous to exclude the pure air of Heaven from our dwellings for fear of breathing the pestilence, or to refuse to build a fire in mid-winter, for fear our children would be burned. Let a farmer's daughter acquire as much information as possible, and let her be as accomplished as she pleases, but it seems to me she is, or ought to be, the last one to despise common things. Not that her being a farmer's daughter should prevent her having her full share of New England pride, but one ought never to despise any business or affairs which may claim a tolerable share of one's time and attention in after life. Although there may be no actual merit in being well versed in these common things, yet there is great folly in being willingly ignorant in regard to them. One of these common things of which you suppose Susan ignorant, Aunt Judy, is cooking."

"Law, yes; if I had gals, they should n't be educated to be afraid to burn their fingers with a hot pancake."

"The truth is," resumed Mrs. Green, "few young ladies, while at school, have any idea how close an oversight the mistress of any well-regulated household has of her kitchen affairs. Although she may not be required to do her cooking, &c., entirely with her own hands, yet she is obliged to have the care of, and see to the whole."

"There are many ladies of superior education, who commencing housekeeping with small families, choose to dispense with help, and do their own housework."

Depend upon it, many a young housekeeper would gladly exchange her knowledge of French and Italian, for the ability to place before her husband and guests a dinner which should be satisfactory to herself. Not that the exchange would be justifiable, but for the time being, the need of the one is felt to be almost as great as that of the other.

"A lady who was reared and educated at the South, married a New England clergyman, who, not unlike many of his brothers of the same profession, was not overburdened with this world's goods. The lady, not from necessity alone, however, took the charge of her domestic affairs. Visiting her one day, I could not but observe the ease, and perfect order, with which all her arrangements were carried out. As I remarked this to her, she replied that the satisfaction which the discharge of these duties afforded her, was sufficient to repay her for all the anxiety and care which she endured while attempting to learn. 'Were I mother of a score of daughters,' said she, 'they should all learn to cook under the home roof; I was a novice in this branch of housekeeping, and finding, after some vain attempts, that I could not learn without a teacher, my husband brought the daughter of a farmer out to the city to our house, to give me lessons.'

"Often as twilight gathered around us, and she would solicit me to play some favorite piece of music, did I think that I would gladly have exchanged my acquisitions in this delightful art, with my beautiful instrument which I brought from home, for her knowledge of cooking. But as was a tractable pupil, I soon acquired this knowledge which you see is so useful to me; of my tears and discouragements at my first attempts and failures, I will say nothing."

This is no uncommon case, but is the experience of hundreds.

"But farmer's daughters, above all, should not be ignorant of this branch of education. They can acquire this more easily than others in different situations, for they are less liable to be interrupted by visitors, and usually have every convenience and facility at hand, and in truth there is no earthly reason why they should be ignorant of any of these things. But I have almost forgotten Susan Grey, of whom you were speaking, Miss Beman."

"Will now, do tell me, Mrs. Green, after all you've said, which sounded well enough, if you don't think it would be better for Susan, if Mr. Grey had a took that very money which he paid out for her schooling, and bought two cows a purpose for Susan, and put the rest on'to the Savings' Bank? Don't you think she, and all that has anything to do with her in futur, would have been a sight better off in the long run?"

"By no means, Aunt Judy; why the cost of an education is the last thing one ought to think of, but I will talk to you of this another time, for I fear Miss Holt is getting impatient to hear the end of our talk."

"Oh, no, I was just thinking I would ask if the young lady was not blessed with common sense?"

"Oh, yes, I never heard any body say but what she is bright enough; when she was a very little girl I used to think she was proper bright, but I can tell you all I've got agen her is this, since she's got her education, I can't help minding that she appears proud in the meeting-house, and when she walks along in the road, and she ain't near so free to take hold and help her mother, and if any body knocks at the 'fore door,' off will come her calico apron, and I could tell more sich things if I was a mind to, but mind you, it wasn't so afore they sent her away."

"Perhaps these things are all true, Aunt Judy, but depend upon it, that as Susan has a good heart and good sense, these notions which you rightly call foolish, will be of short continuance, and you will say that Susan is a better woman, a better neighbor, and a more valuable member of society, than she could have been with little or no advantages of education."

At this moment little Emma Green reaching up, whispered, "Mother, the great girls said at school to day, that Susan Grey was going to be married to John Wright." This was spoken loud enough for Aunt Judy to hear, who exclaimed,—

"Mercy on me! mercy on him, I mean. Wall, I know it will be the undoing of him. I can't think but he has lost his senses. Now, I see 'twas well his dear mother was taken away from the evil to come. At the same time rolling up her work without knitting into the middle of her needle, a thing, which under any ordinary emotion she would never have done."

"It would be difficult to determine," said Mrs. Green, after her sudden departure, "which is greater, Aunt Judy's surprise, or her desire to communicate the news, and witnessing the surprise of all she will see before reaching home. Aunt to all in general, and no one in particular, she cares equally for the good of all, but her love of gossip had already grown to a passion; slow as she is in her motions, yet like the magnetic telegraph, if there is any news to be communicated, it is done quickly."

"I've been in to see John Wright's wife," said Aunt Judy, as she stopped before Mrs. Green's sitting room window, two years after the above conversation.

"You know I always make a pint of good soup to see every body—I should a gone as soon as they married, if I had not had the rheumatism so bad."

"Did she catch off her calico apron?"

"Law no, I did not go in to the 'front door,' I like to go through the kitchen and look round a bit; but she had some pretty grand company come in while I was there, from N—"

seem a might put out, but would make me stop to tea; her supper was proper nice, and I looked round considerable, while she was getting tea ready, and every thing was neat as wax. I did not think of sitting down to the table with the rest of the company, but she wouldn't take no for an answer. I thought I would try her once, so I says right at the table, 'your butter is beautiful, Miss Wright, did you make it yourself?' You see I thought she would be kinder ashamed to own it before them smart folks. 'Oh yes Miss Beman, I have no girl, and I do all my work,' she said. 'Most I'm afraid of, Mrs. Green, is that she will work too hard.'

"I see you have changed your mind, Aunt Judy."

"O, wall, I don't know but it is partly owing to her making out so well marrying, but she is a beautiful woman, not a mite proud; but I must go, for I see my cow is waiting at the bars."—New England Farmer.

FROM THE NEEVES VALLEY. SKETCHES BY A MUSTANGER.

You will remember that in my last, Harry Hay had reached the village of Bajo Sol. He was soon installed into a family as a Caleb Quotem of all work.

He told me many an incident of Indian life, many a hardship endured, many a rough day has he had. I resume his narrative.

It was their usual custom to make Sortis, a Mexican boy prisoner, and myself spend the day in herding the horses and mules. One day whilst dreaming of home and the scenes of my boyhood, I was aroused by a cuff from Keatuka who ordered me out to herd the mules. I was dreaming sweetly and awoke to find myself surrounded by my captors—happy dream, sad reality. I sprang up and mustering my charge into a herd, drove them to a hill-side which overlooked the camp, and sat upon the brow to gaze upon the scene below. The tribe that morning were in high glee, for a hunting party had returned the night before, with well loaded animals. During the chase they had succeeded in securing by the lass some five or six Buffalo calves which had been run down, and from the preparation going on I soon found that a "Calf fight," was about to come off. It is a boy's game but certainly as exciting as most of the scenes in a Plaza de Toros.

A circle of Indian squaws and children were soon formed, leaving an arena of some fifty yards in diameter. A calf was led into the ring and let loose, and ere it realized that it was unbound, a boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, sprang into the circle and running up the calf, belloved it around by the tail, until his belloving was heard from my high observatory, and thus continued to tease it until it fell exhausted and giddy. As soon as it recovered its equanimity, the calf rose to its feet, and seeing its tormentor near at hand made a rush towards him and succeeded in tossing him by a well directed stroke several yards from the spot. Nothing daunted, the boy still clasping his knife, prepared for a renewal of the attack, and at the very instant the calf bent its sturdy form to repeat the blow, the knife entered its neck by a well directed thrust, and the poor thing fell dead at its conqueror's feet. Three more followed and were similarly disposed of by three other Indian lads, amid the plaudits and cheerings of those wild roving imitators of Rome and Greece. The fifth was led in, and from the other side, pushed forward by his tormentors appeared the form of the Mexican greaser Sortis. He was half idiot at the least, and had a way of gazing vacantly, apparently in a sort of trance. At such times no danger could arouse him. No noise startled him, no object commanded his attention. He seemed to be listening, and after the spell was over, he would say he had heard his mother singing a song with which in childhood she used to soothe him when sick, and lull him into sleep when the days work was over.

Unluckily youth! the excitement noise and confusion around him was too much for his weak tottering mind and as he was pushed into the open space, he was seized with one of his spells. He stood in a graceful attitude with his head reclining to one side, with his hand to his ear, apparently catching the softest notes of his imaginary song, utterly unconscious of where he was. The calf which had already been aroused turned upon him, rushed headlong upon him, and by a well directed butt, a posterior, pitched him sundry yards from where he had been standing. He was all a bustle for a minute, but soon the spell resumed its sway, and in his usual attitude, he seemed lost to all outward ills, forgetting calf, lash, hunger, every thing, in the intensity of attention to the magic music notes of an imaginary mother's song of childhood. An Indian lad then came to his rescue, and after a short struggle the calf was despatched as the others had been. Unluckily Sortis! His trials for the day were not yet over. The Indians were determined to arouse him. In the head that I was tending was an unbroken mule. Had he been the scape mule of Mexico with all been the vices of the whole republic in or on the vices of his head, he could have been no worse. Had he been heir at law to all the apparatus and vices of his paternal race he would not have been more obstinate, malicious, wild and untameable. Four limping squaws yoked for his kicking propensities. Six scars on the same number of Indian's backs bespoke his biting qualities. His own smooth, sleek, unscarred back told of his pinching facilities. Five or six lariat ends, dangling from his neck evinced his rope-breaking powers, whilst his incessant braying and well-a-peak ears argued much in

the way of wildness. Oh, how I have cursed that mule.

Many a day when hatless and bare-backed I have reposed at night-fall after a long and tedious march through a hot sunny day, has his head come upon me like a new screw of torture to the flesh. He never brayed at such a time but what he ran, and he never ran but what the whole cavalcade followed at his heels, and they never followed, but what he led them over the bluffest hills, or through the most miry sloughs, or into the thickest or thorniest clapparral, or amongst the thorniest cactus. Oh, how I have cursed that mule, when by him deprived of rest, and forced for hours to chase the drove to bring them back to camp.

"Did we happen to reach some water hole in a long and dreary jornada, when all were nearly famished for drink, his quick nostrils would smell the fluid for miles, and with tail erect, off he went followed by every straggler of the herd, and when he would reach the place—behold him coming out daubed all over—his majesty had wallowed in it, and left it all mud and stirred up mire. Who suffered do you reckon? Spike, No, not he, for 'scouting danger from afar' away he would scamper, nickering or braying in cool delight and ecstasy, whilst the herd for the nonce was cuddled, beaten, and made the recipient of all the party's cruel spleen. Oh, how I have cursed that mule.

Unluckily Sortis, whilst he stood in his usual attitude in the song, and his tormentors were consulting about some means to arouse him and afford them amusement, Spike gave out one of his most alto and stentorian brays, which drew the attention of the band to him, and it was unanimously decided to mount Sortis upon Spike.

No sooner was the idea seized upon than was I ordered to bring in the drove.

The most agile riders, each selecting one of the fleetest horses, were mounted in an instant and in full cry after Spike. For a moment, so used was the mule to be left unmolested, that he paused in wonder at their manoeuvres, seeming to think that they must be mistaken in their pursuit of him; but no sooner did the truth flash upon his muleship, than with a loud snort of defiance, and mane and tail "flying in the wind," off darted Spike to the very muddiest part of a marsh near at hand. Through went Spike.

"Like Ariel on a message bent," Not so his pursuers. Four mired down, three were pitched head foremost from their chargers, and the remaining five had to circle around to cross over. On they went. It was a beautiful scene, those dashing Indians on their prairie ponies. On, on they went for a mile or two, when Spike, doubling on his tracks with the dexterity of a hare, came rushing back towards the camp, having en passant diminished the number of his pursuers to three by showing his heel-taps so snugly between the eyes of two of the horses that their brains and riders reached the ground in less than no time. But Spike, to use a jockey word, never craned, when taking the leap, and in bounding over a gully he so closely grazed a sapling whose boughs had been broken off, that it passed between his neck and five or six ropes ends which were dangling from it. Thus his former transgressions told against him in the long run, and left him in a fix from whence there was no way for him to extricate himself.

For the first time in eighteen months Spike was newly roped. The Indians soon blindfolded him, and brought him into camp, amidst the loudest shouts and hurrahs of the whole band, all of which seemed like the rambling of a mill to lull poor Sortis still deeper in his trance. It is no use to say that Indians don't laugh and shout.

Entranced they surrounded Sortis, entranced they placed him on the mule, entranced they fastened the end of the halter to his neck in front, and thus braced tight fore and aft, the handkerchief was removed from Spike's eyes, and entranced, off went this modern Mezeppa, with his head bent intently forward and to one side, with his hand to his ear, listening to the imagined lullaby of his innocent years of childhood. Spike pitched, tossed and reared, then suddenly, with a more awful and hideous bray than I ever heard from even Spike before, he started off through the mire, over the gully, up the hill, beyond the horizon and out of sight.

A PERSECUTED MAN.—Hamilton of the Marysville Tribune, was travelling in the cars, the other day, from Bellefontaine to Kenton, when he fell in with a decided character. He was tolerably drunk.—Let Hamilton tell the rest.

He said he lived in Urbana; that the Methodists had a great revival there a year or so ago, and that more than a hundred were converted; that he had been converted some years before, and joined the church. We asked him if he still belonged to it.

"No," said he, "they turned me out for the most frivolous thing in the world; if I'd a knowed they'd turned me out for such a little thing as that, I'd never joined."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, nothing—only I bet my horse could beat another fellow's; I won the money, got drunk, and had two fights; that's all; and they turned me out for that!"

There is a rule in an old debating society which might be advantageously recommended to some of our public bodies:—"That any gentleman wishing to speak the whole evening should have a room to himself."

A Punctual man, is rarely a poor man.

GETTING A SUBSCRIBER.

Tired and fatigued from a long day's ride—covered with dust, we had gathered on a dry and sandy road, we rest at Squire Hobbs's and have a chat with the Squire. On our part, however, there was a disposition very soon to talk less and doze more. This man Hobbs—a good natured soul—perceived as by intuition, and soon lets us to the soft influences of Nature's "sweet restorer."

Now how long we slept we needn't tell, and our readers needn't know. It wasn't long, however, for loud talking in the old Squire's office soon aroused us, and we listened to a conversation highly interesting to us. It seems that Joacum Gulie—Old Joe—a clever, sober-sided, classed neighbor of the Squire's—had called in to talk about "the scraps" and matters and things in general.

"Well, Squire," said Mr. Gulie, "do you know where a fellow can buy a right smart chance of a negro boy, these times?"

"Really, Uncle Joe, I don't know at this time. There was a sale in town last week, of some six or eight at one time."

"There was?"

"Yes, and I got a right likely negro boy, eighteen years old, for \$150. My word for it, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him to-day."

"Just my luck—why I never heard a word of it. Who told you, Squire?"

"O, you know I take the paper," I saw the sale advertised, and as I had to go to town any way, I went on the day of sale, thinking perhaps, I might hit a bargain; and I did it a bargain sure."

"Well, I swear I have got to have a hand, somehow. You see I have put in more than I have hands to work. Who's got a hand to hire any wheres about?"

"You're too hard for me again, Uncle Joe; the hiring season is over. About a month ago all the negroes belonging to the estate of H— deceased, were let out at auction, and I am told they went very low."

"The d—l you say. Why didn't you tell me, Squire?"

"I hardly know why. I saw it advertised in our paper, and I supposed every body took that. More'n that, I didn't know that you wanted to hire. Did you know I have sold my Harden tract of land?"

"No, indeed. Who to?"

"Why to a rich old fellow from Alabama. It was day before yesterday; and I got the 'yaller boys,' cash up—only six dollar per acre. He said that he came across our paper in 'Old Alabama,' he liked the description of the country; saw my wee bit of an advertisement, and came to see about it—we struck a trade in no time."

"Jerusalem! And here I've been trying to sell a tract of land for the last two years, and couldn't get a dollar and a half an acre. It's better land than your'n too, and you know it, Squire. Well, what is 'tis, and it can't be 'dier; but I reckon Squire, I've beat you on sugar. I bought, last week, two barrels of sugar at 6 cents, when every body else had to give 7 cents. Beat that."

"With all ease, Uncle Joe—I bought mine at five cents."

"No, sir—I don't believe it. Now say where?"

"At the house of W & Co. I got a rare bargain. You see they advertised in the paper that they were selling off at cost. I know green in a year's supply. Their groceries were all sold before night, I didn't pay the money either, for they took my United States Land Warrant at \$1.25 per acre."

"Now I lawyer! Squire—that can't be, for my lawyer told me that it wasn't legal to sell my land warrant."

"Very true, some time ago; but the news came lately in the paper that Congress had made them assignable."

"Well, 'tisn't fair! It's rascally!—What right has these editors to get all the news and keep it to themselves?"

"Ah! Uncle Joe, you misunderstand it. Editors and printers labor night and day to gather the news, and give it to the people—to instruct their readers—to inform them of all the improvements of the age—and ameliorate the condition of society. Their paper goes abroad, recommending our people and country to interesting and intelligent emigrants. Can they labor thus for nothing? Should they not be paid? Is there a man who is not benefited by a paper? Is not every subscriber paid four fold for the purchase of two dollars, his subscription price?"

"Stop, Squire! stop right there! I'm going to take the paper. I'll take six, and send some back to my kinfolks in Georgia."

"You needn't go far at that—here's the editor right in the room."

Here the parties rushed in upon us, we were acting out most admirably a person fast asleep. It is enough for us to say, that after an introduction, the name of Joacum Gulie was entered upon our note book as a subscriber—paid in advance. And now, when the parties alluded to shall read this, we hope they will pardon us for giving to the public the substantial facts urged by the Squire—adding us so effectually in "getting a subscriber!"

A New Yorker, writing to the Harrisburg Keystone, says—

"In conclusion, permit me to assure you that Pierce and King will certainly carry the thirty-five electoral votes of New York."

A distinguished Democrat here has just assured me that General Pierce will have at least 25,000 majority in this State over Scott, and if the abolitionists run a separate ticket that Scott will be beat over 60,000. You may rely upon this statement. The greatest unanimity exists here for Pierce and King. Hang out your banners on the outer wall, the cry is still the same."

Depend upon it, many a young housekeeper would gladly exchange her knowledge of French and Italian, for the ability to place before her husband and guests a dinner which should be satisfactory to herself. Not that the exchange would be justifiable, but for the time being, the need of the one is felt to be almost as great as that of the other.

"A lady who was reared and educated at the South, married a New England clergyman, who, not unlike many of his brothers of the same profession, was not overburdened with this world's goods. The lady, not from necessity alone, however, took the charge of her domestic affairs. Visiting her one day, I could not but observe the ease, and perfect order, with which all her arrangements were carried out. As I remarked this to her, she replied that the satisfaction which the discharge of these duties afforded her, was sufficient to repay her for all the anxiety and care which she endured while attempting to learn. 'Were I mother of a score of daughters,' said she, 'they should all learn to cook under the home roof; I was a novice in this branch of housekeeping, and finding, after some vain attempts, that I could not learn without a teacher, my husband brought the daughter of a farmer out to the city to our house, to give me lessons.'

"Often as twilight gathered around us, and she would solicit me to play some favorite piece of music, did I think that I would gladly have exchanged my acquisitions in this delightful art, with my beautiful instrument which I brought from home, for her knowledge of cooking. But as was a tractable pupil, I soon acquired this knowledge which you see is so useful to me; of my tears and discouragements at my first attempts and failures, I will say nothing."

This is no uncommon case, but is the experience of hundreds.

"But farmer's daughters, above all, should not be ignorant of this branch of education. They can acquire this more easily than others in different situations, for they are less liable to be interrupted by visitors, and usually have every convenience and facility at hand, and in truth there is no earthly reason why they should be ignorant of any of these things. But I have almost forgotten Susan Grey, of whom you were speaking, Miss Beman."

"Will now, do tell me, Mrs. Green, after all you've said, which sounded well enough, if you don't think it would be better for Susan, if Mr. Grey had a took that very money which he paid out for her schooling, and bought two cows a purpose for Susan, and put the rest on'to the Savings' Bank? Don't you think she, and all that has anything to do with her in futur, would have been a sight better off in the long run?"

"By no means, Aunt Judy; why the cost of an education is the last thing one ought to think of, but I will talk to you of this another time, for I fear Miss Holt is getting impatient to hear the end of our talk."

"Oh, no, I was just thinking I would ask if the young lady was not blessed with common sense?"

"Oh, yes, I never heard any body say but what she is bright enough; when she was a very little girl I used to think she was proper bright, but I can tell you all I've got agen her is this, since she's got her education, I can't help minding that she appears proud in the meeting-house, and when she walks along in the road, and she ain't near so free to take hold and help her mother, and if any body knocks at the 'fore door,' off will come her calico apron, and I could tell more sich things if I was a mind to, but mind you, it wasn't so afore they sent her away."

"Perhaps these things are all true, Aunt Judy, but depend upon it, that as Susan has a good heart and good sense, these notions which you rightly call foolish, will be of short continuance, and you will say that Susan is a better woman, a better neighbor, and a more valuable member of society, than she could have been with little or no advantages of education."

At this moment little Emma Green reaching up, whispered, "Mother, the great girls said at school to day, that Susan Grey was going to be married to John Wright." This was spoken loud enough for Aunt Judy to hear, who exclaimed,—

"Mercy on me! mercy on him, I mean. Wall, I know it will be the undoing of him. I can't think but he has lost his senses. Now, I see 'twas well his dear mother was taken away from the evil to come. At the same time rolling up her work without knitting into the middle of her needle, a thing, which under any ordinary emotion she would never have done."

"It would be difficult to determine," said Mrs. Green, after her sudden departure, "which is greater, Aunt Judy's surprise, or her desire to communicate the news, and witnessing the surprise of all she will see before reaching home. Aunt to all in general, and no one in particular, she cares equally for the good of all, but her love of gossip had already grown to a passion; slow as she is in her motions, yet like the magnetic telegraph, if there is any news to be communicated, it is done quickly."

"I've been in to see John Wright's wife," said Aunt Judy, as she stopped before Mrs. Green's sitting room window, two years after the above conversation.

"You know I always make a pint of good soup to see every body—I should a gone as soon as they married, if I had not had the rheumatism so bad."

"Did she catch off her calico apron?"

"Law no, I did not go in to the 'front door,' I like to go through the kitchen and look round a bit; but she had some pretty grand company come in while I was there, from N—"

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