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.

Cooper's Clarksburg egister s published in Clarksburg Va, every Wednesday morning, at $2,00 per annum, in advance, or at the expir[illegible] of six months from the time of subscr[illegible]; after the termination of six months $2,50 will invariably be charged. No [illegible]ription received for less than six mo[illegible]. No paper will be discontinued [illegible] put the option of the proprietor, until all arrearages are paid up, and those who do not dorer their paper to be discontinued at the end of their term of subscription, will be considered as desiring to have it continued.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at $1,00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequens insertion. liberal disco unt on the above ratet made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisement counted less than one square.—'Tha number of inseritons must be specified or fhe advertisement will be continued and charged tor accordingly.

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All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and postpaid.

THE BITER BIT.

Mr. Travers Denham, a resident of Calcutta, was a civilian of dashing exterior and plausible ways, though in fact a *rogue*—an adventurer—one who sought to bet and to play at every opportunity, and who *always* won, and won in such a manner as to raise strange suspicions, and something worse than suspicions in the breast of a certain Major Byrne, whose regiment was then stationed in the above city.

It so happened that the latter one day entered the house of an official personage—one who, in a manner, figured high in the society of Calcutta—whose hospitality was equal to his wealth, and whose urbanity and fine nature were on a par with both. On being shown into a splendid drawing-room, where some furniture just received from Europe lay unpacked, he found Mr. Travers Denham, arrived there before him, in conversation with the host, who was warmly pressing him to dine with him the next day, carelessly saluting Denham, Byrne advanced to the chimney-piece, at the side of which a small concave mirror, of an elegant but still old fashioned shape, was fixed among a group of small paintings.

When Denham was gone, Major Byrne turned to his host, and said, 'If Mr. Denham offers to make a bet wi h you about that table,' pointing to a new one, 'take him at his word.' 'A bet! The table? my dear fellow'—began the other.

'Whist, and listen to me,' said the Major; and he communicated to his friend what, by the extravagant fit of laughter it produced, must have been highly amusing.

The morrw came; the guests assembled, and with them were Major Byrne and Mr. Denham. Among the articles of furniture remarked, was the new dining table, and as Byrne had expected, Denham was on the *qui vive*.

'The table would be a splended one, were it not a little too high,' observed the latter, with a knowing glance at its proportions.

'Too high! Nonsense,' returned its owner, laughing. 'It's only the usual height—say thirty inches.'

'My eye is rarely deceived,' said Denham, confidently; 'and I am certain that it is more than that—nay, that it is one and thirty inches high.'

'Well, I think this time your eye *does* deceive you,' retorted the host; 'and ——'

'And I am so confident of the contrary,' continued Denham, 'that I should not mind making a wager it is the full measure I state.'

Their host looked at Byrne, who winked drolly in return, unobserved by the clever gamester, and then he quietly replied:

'A wager! My dear fellow, you would be sure to lose, take my word for it.'

'Lose, eh!' and Denham smiled. Well, if you like I'll bet you a cool thousand—aye two—that it is you who are in the wrong.'

'Two thousand!' and their host shook his head and looked very gravely at Denham, and again at the table.

'Yes, two thousand,' said Denham, getting warm with eagerness, and taking out his pocket-book, from which he counted out notes to that amount. He had fleeced several young fellows lately—been 'lucky,' he called it, without remorse—and tolerably flush of money.

'Why,' hesitated the challenged, 'I think it would be a foolish wager, but by gad! I don't like to be put at defiance, and so I'll bet,' and at the instant he drew forth the like sum, which, with Denham's two thousand, was deposited with a gentleman present.

'You are sure to lose,' cried Denham, triumphantly, and scarcely able to conceal his delight.

'I am certain to win,' the host said very gravely, as with expectation on tiptoe, a private in the engineers, who was at hand and called in, proceeded to measure the height of the table.

'*Thirty* inches,' pronounced the latter, after a pause.

'*What?*' cried Denham with a start of rage flushing, and then turning pale, 'It must be a mistake.'

'No,' several of the guests said. 'Thirty inches is the height. Come and judge for yourself.' And unmistakeably the height so turned out.

'The devil!' exclaimed Denham, carried away by his ruinous failure. 'I'm certain that yesterday I measured it to be hirty-one inches.'

'Yes, faith,' said Byrne, stepping forward, 'and its meself that saw ye, me boy marking the same on your hip as ye stood beside it, and, thinking what ye were up to, bedad we had the *legs sawed off an inch;* and now I think, for once, the tables are turned upon ye! and amid a roar of laughter, as the money was handed over to the winner, the discomfited gambler rushed from the room, and was soon after probably missed from his haunts and circle.

☞ Many thanks to the fair authoress in far-off prairie home, who has awakened a world of sweet memories by the following beautiful and touching lines, on which our eye has accidentally lighted in the Louisville Journal of the 6th inst.

[*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

LINES

Suggested by "'Tis Such a Night."

Respectfully inscribed to Oliver I. Taylor.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

A thousand memories to-day
Come thronging from the past,
Some bringing with them pleasant thoughts,
And some with clouds o'ercast.
A name—and old familiar name
Has chanced to meet my sight,'
That brings before me him who sang
The song—"'Tis such a night."

It calls to mind the long ago—
The school-house on the hill,
The grove beyond, the stream below,
Ned, Charlie, Ben and Will;
Young Rhoda, with her raven hair,
Sweet Cynthia's eyes of blue,
Gay Lottie, with her warm, true heart,
And gentle Mary too

Old schoolmate! I have not forgot
Thy first attempt at rhyme;
How earnestly thy feet began
The hill of fame to climb;
'Twas then I dared to prophesy
In future we should see
A laurel wreath upon thy brow,
The gift of poesy.

And as I spoke young Rhoda sighed,
Then quickly turned away;
Ah me! she wears a starry crown'
In brighter realms to day.
E'en then the rose upon her cheek
Was deepening in its bloom,
And well she knew the spoiler's hand
Had marked her for the tomb.

Thou wast not happy, then, my friend,
Ambition's kindling fire,
Blinding thy sight to passings joys,
Chained thee to one desire.
"A name to win"---this was the theme
Of all thy noonday dreams:
To me it seemed an empty sound,
And still as empty seems.

It was thy wont to sit for hours
Unheeding all around,
And search for mental food on which
To feast, whenever found.
I dreamed not then that nature's charms
Would c'er entrance thy sight—
That words of melting tenderness
Would flow on "such a night."

Say, hast thou ever wandered b ck
To homes of other years,
And viewed the strangely altered scenes
Through slowly gathering tears?
Hast ever stood by Rhoda's grave
At twilight's dreamy hour
And felt across thy senses steal
A holy sense of power?

Or when the moonbeams tremble down
Upon the soft wind's breast,
And gently laid their shining forms
On slumbering flowers to rest,
Hast ever strayed on "such a night"
Into the grove alone,
To muse a while on early friends
Now gone, forever gone?

And have these musings brought to mind
The teacher of our youth,
Who warned us to beware of vice,
To cherish love and truth?
I'm sitting by his side, my friend,
His locks are silvered now,
And many furrows wide and deep,
Are printed on his brow.

And tell me, canst thou guess who dares
These simple lines to trace?
Or must I take my visor off
To let thee see my face?
In early years no "nom de plume"
Concealed each other's name;
'Twas "Isaac and Rebecca" then--
Still let it be the same.

What though with laurel wreaths thy brow
The lovely Nine may crown;
What though thy genius, unsurpassed,
May claim a world's renown;
What though around thy path, each year
Fresh honors may be cast—
'Twill matter not—to *me* thou'lt seem
The *schoolmate* of the past.

PRAIRIE COTTAGE, 1854.

INTERESTING SKETCHES OF RICH MEN.

Vincent Nolte, the great speculator, financier and traveller, was born in Leghorn, November 21, 1779, and is, consequently, now in his 75th year. His father, though a native of Hamburg, and educated in England, had followed the mercantile business for thirty years in Italy, in connection, as clerk or partner, with the firm of Otto Frank & Co., of Leghorn.—After enjoying the private instruction of Professor C. F. Hipp, young Nolte entered, in 1795, the counting-room of his father, but in the latter part of 1797 he removed to Hamburg, sojourning there until his departure for Paris in 1804, when Napoleon was in the full flush of his success. In the same year Nolte became acquainted with the house of Labouchere & Troteau, at Nantes, for the extension of whose business he subsequently proceeded to the United States. About this time he became interested in the projects of the celebrated French banker, G. J. Ouvrard, whose remarkable financial adventures occupy a considerable portion of the work before us.

This production, entitled "Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres," finished by the author at Hamburg, in his 74th year, has been translated from the German and just published for Redfield, of this city. It is a vivid chronicle of varied and remarkable experiences, and will serve to rectify the errors which too often pass among men as veritable history. But perhaps the character of these memoirs cannot be better described than in the preface by the translator:

His book professes to give the history of fifty years, but the reader will find that it embraces seventy, and makes him acquainted with half the people in the world. In Europe and America, let him wander where he would, he never, of late years, failed to find an old acquaintance. Men recognized him through the dust clouds of Odessa, as in the bar-rooms of Natchez-under-the-Hill. Napoleon, at the age of 24, examined him. Victoria has given him private audiences. He watched the rise and fall of Louis Philippe, after witnessing the accomplishment of the catastrophe of the Restoration. He has doffed his hat to Ferdinand of Austria, in Trieste, and shaken hands with the savage kings west of the Mississippi. He was a German citizen of the United States, born in Italy, and lived all over. He built flatboats at Pittsburg for the navigation of the Ohio, and shouted among the crowd who cheered Robert Fulton's steamboat as the first started from the wharf at New York. He has been wrecked off the coast of Florida, and imprisoned in the Queen's Bench at London. He was suspected of having the plague at Malta, and had the yellow fever in New Orleans. He peeped into the crater of Etna, and was shaken by the earthquake at Louisville. Napoleon's whole career and Aaron Burr's conspiracy are made a couple of items in his extraordinary existence.

This Yankee cotton speculator arranged the conversion of a loan for his holiness the Pope. This confidential adviser of the Austrian premier Von Kueback was a soldi r of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. This commissary of Louis Phillippe and Duke Charles of Brunswick was the intimate friend of the republican Lafayette. This lover of Livornese opera girls was mingled in the plans of Nicholas Biddle. This handler and possessor of untold thousands, of millions of money, lived on bread and cheese in Venice; and to get even that much, translated some English title-deeds for the monks of San Lorenzo.

The very names in this volume are wonderful. Kings, Emperors, Presidents and Popes jostle each other through its pages. Poets and Printers are criticised and gossiped about—Chantrey and Nollekens, Delaroche and Delacroix, Nerly and Landseer. Now you have a story of Gœthe, and again an anecdote of Chataubraind. Byron and Lamartine, Kotzebue and Cooper come quite familiarly to the tip of his pen, and when tired of telling what he knows about these, he writes verses himself—verses of great mediocrity.

One of the richest of modern merchants and most daring of speculators, he yet never neglected his love for art nor his talent with the crayon. When his commercial greatness had culminated and waned, he became every thing by turns—commissary for arms and provisions; agent for a machine to engrave circular lines; editor of the little free port newspaper of Hamburg; political squib-writer in the United States; clerk in a third-class house of business; translator of manuscript for Italian friars.

Vain, amusing, garrulous, scandalous old fellow; with the dryest common sense, that is not to be tricked; with the keenest eye for a defect either in person or in character, and a bitter or comic humor to help him in describing it. Mr. Vincent Nolte presents to our eyes one of the most curious life-panoramas that it is possible to see.

You must take his personalities, especially about people here, *come grano salis.* He seldom looks at the bright side of a character, and dearly loves—he confesses it—a bit of scandal. But he paints well, describes well, seizes characteristics which make clear to the reader the nature of the man whom they illustrate.

We proceed to make some extracts from Nolte's autobiography, beginning with his first visit to the United States in 1806:

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—The argument which Parish had made use of with Mr. Gallatin, for the purpose of procuring permission to send out ships in ballast, to bring back sums of money from abroad that were due in the United States, had found favor in the eyes of a man who had distinguished himself from the mass of German emigrants by his important successes, his speculative spirit and his great wealth, and had won a certain celebrity. This man was John Jacob Astor, the founder of the American colony of Astoria, on the northern coast of the Pacific ocean, which has been so graphically and picturesquely described by the pen of Washington Irving. Astor was born at Heidelberg, where the original name of his family is said to have been Aschthor, and had come to New York as a furrier's apprentice. His first savings, that is to say, the wages he got in the peltry warehouse for beating out and preparing bear, doe and other skins, he invested in the purchase of all kinds of peltry, bear, mink and rabbit skins, which he got from Indians, who at that time wandered about the streets of New York; and so soon as he had collected a certain quantity, he sent them to Europe, particularly to the Leipsic fair. There he traded them off for Nuremberg wares, cheap knives, glass beads and other articles adapted to traffick with the Indians on the Canadian frontiers, and took them himself to the latter points, where he again exchanged them for furs of various kinds. As he has often told me from his own lips, he carried on this traffick untiringly for twelve long years, going in person, alternately, to the Canadian frontiers, and then to the Leipsic fair, and lived all the while, as he had ever been accustomed to do, humbly and sparingly.

At length he had managed to bring together a considerable capital, and gradually became a freighter of ships and fitted out expeditions to the northwest coast, to trade with the Indians of Nootka Sound for furs. Another circumstance contributed to the increase of his means. At the peace concluded in 1783 between England and her revolting provinces, the thirteen United States, many acres of land in the State of New York, some even in the neighborhood of New York city, were voted by Congress to the German soldiers who had fought in the American army. The latter were chiefly Hesse-Darmstadters. Most of them died in the course of the year, without having succeeded in converting this property into money; but the relatives and heirs they left behind them in Germany did not forget these little inheritances. Upon the occasion of a visit made by Astor to Heidelberg, in later years, most of the parties last referred to, as inheriting the allotments of the deceased German soldiers, and residing in Heidelberg, united and made our friend their legally authorized attorney, in order to realize something, if possible, from their hitherto useless acres. But the hoped-for increase of the value of this property was, on the whole, rather slow in coming, and the heirs wanted money, money, quick and ready MONEY.

Astor having been applied to on this score, told them that in order to get ready money, they must reckon up the real present value of the cash itself, and not any imagined value of the land, and that only through pretty considerable sacrifice could they get the cash for the same. Thereupon the parties advised with each other, and finally Astor received peremptory orders to sell, without delay. Unknown speculators were found; the proceeds were small, but the heirs got what they wanted—money. At the present day, many of these pieces of ground are among the most valuable and most important in the city, and have gradually passed through Astor into other hands; the unknown speculators, however, faded from the memory of every body.

Astor, at the moment of the embargo, was in the possession of several millions, so that he was enabled to give his son, William B. Astor, who was educated at Gottingen, the magnificent hotel on Broadway called the "Astor House," which cost the sum of $300,000.

The permission, procured by the parish, to send out ships in ballast, to bring home silver, had given Astor the idea that the same privilege might be extended to vessels dispatched for the purpose of bringing home the amount of debts due abroad, in goods. With this view, he went to Washington, and there, under the pretence that he had an important depot of teas at Canton, obtained the desired permission to send a vessel thither in ballast. This step, however, was only the forerunner of another one. Astor, in reality, owned no depot of teas at Canton, and hence it simply came to this, that he would, according to the usual custom, send money to purchase the article.

The exceptional favor of sending schooners in ballast to Vera Cruz, which Parish had up to this time enjoyed, but which was now gradually extended to other vessels, whose destination was not to bring back gold and silver values, but goods on American account, sufficiently showed that under certain circumstances, there was no disposition to grant free exit to ships in ballast for a particular object.—And now arose another point—namely, whether empty vessels, which, however, had silver on board, could be regarded as in ballast. The precious metals are, in most countries, not looked upon as wares, although in some they are so classified.

It was not exactly advisable to bring on a discussion of the question, whether the exportation of silver in otherwise unladen vessels should depend upon it or not.—The query was, whether a foreign creditor, who had come to collect the money owed him by American merchants, would be permitted to take the funds really thus received, back with him. In Washington there appeared every disposition to allow this. Now it was well known, in the northern ports of the United States, that the leading native merchants of Canton had never hesitated to accord their regular correspondents, returning year out and year in from the United States, certain credits which amounted to considerable sums. Upon this Astor based his plan. He hunted up, among the Chinese sailors, or Lascars, on the ships lately arriving from China, a fellow suited to his purpose, dressed him as a Mandarin, and took him with him to Washington, where he had to play the part of the Chinese creditor, under the name of Hong Qua or Kina-Holu. No one dreamed of suspecting the Mandarin's identity, and Astor pushed his scheme safely through. The $200,000 he sent to Canton were expended there in tea and other Chinese articles, and within a year afterwards returned in that shape to Astor's hands, and were used by him to excellent account. A stroke of skill had been achieved whose morality no one in the United States doubted for a moment.

Astor has left a fortune of about $12,000,000, chiefly to his only son. His mind was incessantly busied with the increase of his resources, and had no other direction. He was compelled by a physical infirmity, to repair to Paris, where he could avail himself of the skilful assistance of Baron Dupuytren. The latter thoroughly restored him, and advised him to ride out every day. He frequently took occasion himself to accompany his patient on these rides. One day—and this anecdote I have from the Baron's own mouth—when riding, he appeared by no means disposed to converse; not a word could be got out of him; and at length Dupuytren declared that he must be suffering from some secret pain or trouble, when he would not speak. He pressed him and worried him until, finally, Astor loosed his tongue:—"Look ye, Baron," he said, "how frightful this is! I have here, in the hands of my banker at Paris, about 2,000,000 francs, and cannot manage, without great effort, to get more than 2½ per cent per annum on it. Now, this very day I have received a letter from my son in New York, informing me that there the best acceptances are at from 1½ to 2 per cent a month. Is it not enough to enrage a man?"

REMINISCENCES OF STEPHEN GIRARD.—I cannot let this opportunity slip by without saying something of another mercantile celebrity of the United States, viz: Stephen Girard. This man was born in a village near the banks of the Garonne.—He was the son of a peasant, and had left his own country as a common sailor.—Having gradually risen to the post of second mate, he came as such to Philadelphia, where he remained and opened a tavern on the banks of the Delaware for such of his countrymen as were engaged in the West India trade, particularly that with St. Domingo. The revolution in St. Domingo caused an emigration which continually brought him fresh customers, and having built some small vessels to bring his fugitive countrymen away in safety from the Island, he bartered flour and meal for coffee, until his capital, which had scarcely been worth mentioning at first, gradually increased, and enabled him to build larger vessels and extend his spirit of enterprise in all directions. His frugality bordered on avarice. Sailor's fare was to him the best, and the freighting of vessels his favorite pursuit. The success which attended his exertions at length became unexampled; for he never had his ships insured, but always chose skillful and experienced captains, thus saving himself the heavy expense of taking out insurance policies, and continued acting on this principle, gradually increasing his capital more and more, until it had finally swelled to an enormous amount.

Illiterate as a French common sailor must needs be, and scarcely able to write his own name, he called all his ships after the great authors of his native country, and thus enjoyed the sensation of beholding the American flag waving above a Montesquieu, a Voltarie, a Helvetius, and a Jean Jacques Rousseau. His ships, which he was in the habit of sending successively to the island of Mauritius, at that time the Isle de France, to Calcutta and Canton, and each of which cost from forty to sixty thousand dollars, brought back cargoes worth from one to two hundred thousand dollars to Philadelphia, and thence to Europe, particularly to Messrs. Hope & Co., at Amsterdam, and were never insured. Remarkable good fortune attended all these enterprises. Until the year 1815 not one of his ships was ever lost or captured. It will be easy to form an idea of the amount of capital accumulated by this saving of insurance premiums, when one reflects that the latter went as high as from ten to fifteen, and even twenty per cent.

Girard's right hand man was a countrymen of his, named Roberjeot, who, however, had received his mercantile education entirely at Hamburg, under the tutelage of Professor Busch. This Roberjeot was the only man whom he now and then, and only now and then, took into his especial confidence, and he had worked in the house of Girard for a respectable, yet very moderate salary, during the lapse of twenty years; frequently something was said about increasing it, but nothing of the sort was ever done. Roberjeot, who had some desire to be taken care of in his old age, resolved to let his patron know that if he desired to keep him any longer, he must take that matter into serious consideration, and give him a handsome sum, that he might put aside and turn to good account. Girard, a little nettled by this, replied that he would give him ten thusand dollars, but Roberjeot demanded sixty. He was told to wait until the next day, when, without hearing another word in relation to the matter, he received what he asked for—sixty thousand dollars.

Magnanimous as Girard could be in many things, he was, on the other hand, equally petty in many others. Of his numerous relatives in France, who were all poor peasant folks, he would never hear a syllable mentioned. When some of them upon one occasion ventured to cross the ocean and visit him in Philadelphia, he immediately sent them away again, with a trifling present. In one particular instance he exhibited unusual hard haertedness. His captains had received the strictest orders to bring either strange goods, passengers or letters with them. One of his ships was returning from Bordeaux, and though another, which had hurried on before it, he learned that it was conveying him some relations of his as passengers; he instantly sent to Newcastle, on the Delaware, where the ships coming in from sea usually touch, an order to the captain, forbidding him to land any passengers, but to remain at that point until another had been procured to take them back to Bordeaux, when he might come up to Philadelphia with his cargo. The captain was then replaced by another person. He, however, made an exception in favor of two nieces, the orphaned daughters of a brother who had died in poverty. He allowed these girls to come to him, and one of them permission, along with some twenty thousand dollars, to marry the brother of General Lallemant, who emigrated to America upon the restoration of the Bourbons, after the battle of Waterloo. In his will he bequeathed to the other an equal sum.

☞ An incorrigible wag, who lent a minister a horse, which ran away and threw his clerical rider off, thought he should have some credit for his aid in spreading the Gospel!

☞ The next session of the University of Virginia, promises to be the largest since the commencement of that Institution.

☞ Religion, the pearl of [illegible] price, is not to be found in a [illegible] store.

GRIZZLY BEAR HUNT.

The Knickerbocker Magazine through a correspondent, furnishes the following graphic description of a grizzly bear hunt on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, near the head of the Marias river:

We had been five days out from camp, when late one evening we saw a large moving object afar off upon the prairie. We had been some days out of fresh meat, and the idea of rich, juicy buffalo hump induced Lander, a Texan named Guy, a young Blackfoot, (whom we had as a guide across the Blackfoot pass,) and myself to ride out in pursuit.

We three were all pretty well armed with revolvers: and Guy had in addition a double-gun loaded with slugs. Lander particularly prided himself on his horse—an old buffalo hunter—from whose back he had a short time previously shot a "Lone Bull."

Guy was mounted upon a 'pony' which had been brought a few days before at a camp of Grosventre's, whose capacities for running were, if Guy's word was to be credited, unequalled. The Blackfoot was mounted on a mule, while I had a sturdy built horse, 'good for wear, and not much for run.'

When we drew nearer our 'buffalo' was seen to be a grizzly bear, of the largest class! He had come down from the mountains to dig roots; and, as we approached, he moved slowly off to a covert of small bushes.

Now I'm not particularly cowardly myself; but there was a certain something in the appearance of that customer that involuntarily brought to my mind the many stories I had heard of the ferocity of his kind when molested, and his lumbering motion, as he went sideways over the prairie, was suggestive of considerable speed when he chose to "let himself out."

I halted at once; and, looking back, saw that I was already in advance of Guy and the Indian, who seemed to have no more stomach for the fray than I had.

Lander, however, shouting for us to come on, dashing into the covert after Bruin, the old horse, true to his lessons in the buffalo hunt, galloping upon the right side. The bear waited no attack, but came furiously out from his shelter, and charged, at racing speed, upon horse and rider.—Lander and the bear went headlong one way, and Guy, the Indian, and I, in about as nearly an opposite direction as was possible upon so short a notice, until we were out upon the open prairie again.—Here, looking back, we could see Bruin, still in fierce pursuit of "Old Buffalo;" every instant getting farther from the covert, receiving the balls from Lander's revolver as he would turn in his saddle and fire at him.

Again he shouted for us to come up; but we would not trust our horses in a trial of speed with the now maddened animal, and so kept at a wary distance.—Lander appeared to have exhausted all the loads of his revolver, and yet, save a limping motion of gait, the bear appeared unharmed, but the headlong speed at which he had gone had evidently told upon him, and as Lander galloped towards us, he slowly turned again toward the covert.

He tried to prevail upon Guy to ride up, telling him there was no danger, and that both of his barrels, loaded with slugs, would certainly kill him. But Guy's sole answer was:

"Look-a-here, Kernel, you can stick along after that b'ar jist as long as you've a mind tu, and here's my six shooter, but you can't toll me up thar, no how! I don't mind taking a turn with a big black Arkansaw, but when it comes to hunting *grizzlies* on a pony, jist *count me out!*"

But nothing could prevail upon Lander to allow the bear to escape; so, exchanging revolvers, he again dashed into the bushes.

The bear, we could see, had lain down in a tangled spot in the covert and seemed to await the coming of his enemy.—Lander, supposing that most of his shots had been futile, from the swerving of his horse, determined to make surer work this time, and so he rode down within twenty feet of the bear, and, taking deliberate aim at his forehead, fired.

In a bound the bear was almost on him, and I held my breath and closed my eyes but was too paralyzed to attempt to render any assistance.

Guy seemed frozen on his horse; but the Blackfoot, with a wild whoop, charged down in a circle, waving his blanket upon his gun, and making loud outcries to engage the attention of the bear; but all would have been fruitless had not the gallant old horse, true to his training, darted off to the right, and so suddenly that I could scarce believe he had escaped when I saw the brute, with a mad howl, fall where they had stood a moment before.

One of the stirrups caught in a low bush, and the rider was thrown backward upon the saddle, and I found myself writhing in my seat as I fancied that all was lost. But no; by a violent effort he recovered himself, and I again breathed more freely; but only again to suspend my breath, as, a moment later, the old horse stumbled over a grassy mound.—The bear was within six feet of him, and it seemed as if all earth could not save the rider.

I dashed madly down only to have ridden to my own destruction; but again the brave old horse redeemed himself nobly, and though evidently much blown, stretched out across the prairie like the wind, the bear close behind. Swinging along with a rolling gait, his green eyes seemed to strike fire; foaming at the mouth [illegible] over and howling with rage and pain [illegible] and again Lander would tu[illegible] the saddle and fire. When the [illegible]ched the open prairie, Old Buffal[illegible] gradually widened the distance [illegible] seen them; and firing low, the leg of the bear was broken; and rolling over on the prairie and groaning over the wounded limb, the air grew frightful with his howlings. Once more basking his horse do[illegible] Lander fired the last [illegible] in his revolver [illegible] "Old Grizzly," [illegible] the bear's head, when [illegible]ing upon his hind legs, stood a moment [illegible]wing the air frantically, and then fell [illegible] dead!

After a man has, upon [illegible] lonely prairie, stood his watch throu[illegible] the dark hours of the night, momenta[illegible] expecting an attack from hostile Indi[illegible] and his blood has chilled, and his flesh [illegible] as he imagined, or really had seen, [illegible] lurking foe through the gloom, and ye[illegible] dare not fire, lest he expose his own person a target; after a man has gone through this night after night, he may imagine he can realize the meaning of *anxiety.*

All this I have undergone; but never before did my heart stand still, as it did during that half hour's combat—knowing as I did that with one false step of the horse, the rider's life was not worth the purchase. it impressed more forcibly upon me the next day, when I saw Guy thrown amid a herd of buffaloes by his stumbling horse.

On taking off the skin, it was found that eight revolver bullets had passed into 'vital parts.' One had broken a foreleg; one had made a deep wound in the shoulder; and the last shot had given the death-wound in the head.

Of twelve shots fired in the heat of the contest, eleven had hit the bear, nine of which would have been death-wounds to anything but a grizzly. We estimated him to weigh about twelve hundred pounds.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AND THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS."—The Archbishop Hughes, delivered in New York on Sunday, a sermon, as an exordium to the proceedings of Council of Bishops and Theologians of the Province of New York, which body commenced its private business sessions on Monday, and would probaly continue through the week. The Bishop does not distinctly declare the objects for which the Convention was called, but the tenor of his discourse leaves no room to doubt that the convocation was dictated or at least much hastened by the Know-Nothing movement and the street preaching disturbances in New York and in other cities. He says, addressing the Bishops, "You seem to have lost your right to walk the streets without being reduced to the necessity of bearing insults too strong for the proud spirit of men who take their standard from the model of freedom that is recognized in this country." He asks what justice their is in holding the church responsible for the acts of individuals, and councils his hearers to be prepard for the hour of trial, if it shall come, with charity. An allusion to the former and present course of the newspaper press, which he said had more power than the Government and Mayor, was abruptly left unfinished. He closed his sermon by imploring the guiding wisdom of Providence in their undertakings.

A LIBERAL AND PROMPT RESPONSE.—The American Colonization Society lately issued a special appeal to four hundred and twenty-six of its friends, asking them to give $10 each, making in all $1,260, the amount needed to colonize sixty-three slaves, and eight free people connected with them by marriage, belonging to Rev. Mr. Herndon and family, of Fauqueir county, Va. This appeal, the Society announces, has met with a most liberal response, three hundred and thirty-seven persons having remitted $6,265.18, just $2,005.18 more than the original amount asked for. After the appeal was issued, however, the Society had offered for colonization fifty-eight more slaves, belonging to persons in Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia, who were very anxious that they should sail in the November vessel. To colonize these requires $60 each, making $3,480. It is proposed, therefore, to devote the balance of $2,005,18, now on hand, to this purpose and the remainder, it is expected, will be made up by such of the four hundred and twenty-six friends, originally appealed to, as have not yet been heard from, or by such other friends of the colonization as may think proper to contribute for the purpose.

WHEN YOU SHOULD TAKE YOUR HAT.—Young men, a word. We want to tell you when you should take your hat and be off. And mind what we offer. It is:

When you are asked to 'take a drink.'

When you find out that you are courting an extravagant or slovenly girl.

When you find yourself in doubtful company.

When you discover that your expenses run over your income.

When you are abusing the confidence of your friends.

When you think you are a great deal wiser than older and more experienced people than yourself.

When you feel like getting trusted for a suit of clothes, because you have'nt got the money to pay for them.

When you "wait upon" a lady just for the "fun of it."

THE SULTAN AND HIS WARRIORS.—In a French paper we read:—Some one asked a squadron of Turkish lancers if they duly received their rations?

"Yes," they answered.

"Are you contented?"

"What food do you get?"

"Bread."

"A[illegible]hat else?"

"Nothing but bread—the Sultan cannot do any thing more for us."

"Are you paid?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"28 piasters, (4s. 8d.) per month."

"Are you paid regularly?"

"We have got no pay for nine months, the Sultan is not able to pay us."

What can be more touching than this patriotic self-denial.