Coopers 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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THE SAILOR AND THE JEW.

Saturday used to be a happy night to poor Jack. Then it was that as the end of the week brought him nearer to the port of his destination, he looked forward with pleasure when he should be released for awhile from the hardships of another voyage, and anticipated the fun of a frolic ashore. On such occasions the steward regularly came forward with a bottle of rum and the compliments of the captain, when the little half gill cup would be handed around, and as each man tossed off his grog, proceded by some quaint and original sentiment, a hearty laugh would follow—such a laugh as only sailors can give. Then came the anecdote and the yarn, while others employed themselves in their watch on deck, in scrubbing out a pair of trowsers for the coming Sabbath—for sailors always dress up at sea on Sunday, provided the weather would permit. It was on Saturday night, then, when it was expected the ship would make the land during the next week, and the crew had been speculating on what "high old times" they would have when they got ashore, that Sam spun the following yarn:

"I've heard of him," replied one of the sailors

"Well," continued Sam, "he was a chum of mine the first time I ever went to sea, and he used to be the life of the whole ship. There was not a part in the world, I believe, he has not been to, and if any sailor ever knew 'the ropes' it was Jack Ringbolt, for there wasn't anything but he was up to. He said he came home once in one of your frigates—it was a long time ago—a fiera three years' cruise, in which he had served as captain of the fore-top. The frigate arreived at Philadelphia, and he was paid off there. In those days there was no railroad, and so Jack, after having a regular spree, concluded to take the steamboat and stage coach to New York, and go to Boston to see his friends. On leaving his landlord, he called for his bill, and told him he wanted to pay double, for fear that when he came back he might have no money."

"But I might forget you," said the landlord.

"Oh, no you won't," said Jack, holding up a stick in his hand, "you see this stick," and he took up his tarpaulin and put it on, at the same time giving a whirl, and winking at the landlord "well when I come back, you shall know me by this sign."

So off Jack went, and on the boat, and in the stage coaches, taverns, &c., he did the same thing, paying double for everything and giving the countersign of recognition, telling them that he expected to return shortly, and would prefer standing a double shot, as he might not have anything in the locker when he wanted to come back. Jack arrived at Boston under a full press of sail, with all colors set, and after spending some time with his friends—the result he had anticipated having taken place, for he was completelly cleaned out—he thought he would return. So he up stick and made a straight wake for the Delaware.

As the stage stopped at a farm house in New Jersey, a Jew, who was a fellow-passenger observed that Jack never paid for anything as he went along, but merely gave a whirl of his hat on his stick, and a wink to the coachman or landlord, who immediately recognizing old Jack, sung out "all right." The Jew was taken all aback at this, and thinking he had some mermaid's charm about his hat or stick, was dying to find out the mystery. At last the Jew could stand it no longer, and itching with curiosity, he opened his guns upon Jack to find out his secret.

"How is it, Jack," asked he, "that you don't pay for anything along the road?"

"What do you wan't to know for?" said Jack, eyeing the Jew as one of the land sharks that fleece us on shore.

"Why," said the Jew, seeing that he was not going to get anything out of Jack easily, "why, I'd give something to know."

"Well," said Jack with a wink at the balance of the passengers, whose attention had been directed to the conversation, "d—n me if I care here—do you see this hat?" and Jack put his tarpaulin on his stick and gave it a whirl. "That's a ticket you can travel the world over with."

The coach soon stopped at a tavern to change horses and give the passengers a chance to dine. The Jew watched Jack to see if his hat really had the magical effect which he was becoming a believer in. Jack called for liquor on entering the tavern, which he tossed off, and after smacking his lips, perceiving that the barkeeper recognized his colors, said nothing. After dinner the driver blew his horn, and the passengers hurried to the stage.

"Stop! stop! you sailor man, you hav'nt paid!" said the landlord.

"Avast there a bit, old blowhard," said Jack, taking off his hat and giving it a turn on his stick, at the same time winking at the landlord, who responded "all right" to the utter astonishment of the Jew.

On re-entering the stage the Jew asked him what he would take for his hat and stick.

"Why," said Jack, "I would'nt part with them. I got this hat and stick at Shanghai, from a Chinese princess, who gave them to me for saving her child, who fell out of a boat, from a shark, and she told me that I never should want for anything as long as I kept them, and bless her little top-light, if it has'nt proved true."

They were near the end of their journey, when the Jew, who having seen such strong and unmistakable evidence of the magic of Jack's hat and stick, determined to purchase it at any rate.

"What would you take for your hat and stick?" asked the Jew again.

"Oh, more than you can give! Why, bless your old clothes!" said Jack, "you havn't got money enough to buy them."

"You don't know that," said the Jew, pulling out a well-filled pocked-book and showing its contents to Jack. 'Come,' said the Jew, holding up the money temptingly, "what do you say, what price do you ask?"

"Blow me," said Jack, "if Uncle Sam's got money enough to buy *this* hat and stick."

"Well, let me look at them," said the Jew, attempting to take hold of the stick.

"Hands off," cried Jack, "or I'll knock seven out of ye. You'd steal the charm if you ever got your picker and stealers on them."

"Here's the money," said the Jew, perseveringly, again showing his bank notes, "name your price."

"No," said Jack, "I'm going to stop at the next town, and I know you won't give me what I'd ask."

"How much?" asked the Jew, eagerly.

"Why, I was reckoning that I was going back to the East Indies shortly and could get another, I'd take two hundred dollars."

"Done," said the Jew, "here's your money;" and he counted out the sum, while Jack took off his old tarpaulin and handed it over with the stick.

"Here," said he, "take my hat, and give us your bank notes."

The Jew received them eagerly, and gave Jack his cap in the bargain.

At the next stopping place Jack got out and bid the Jew good-bye, who continued on his way. As the stage drove off, Jack burst into a fit of laughter, and slapping his hands on his thighs, turned to the jolly host and said, "I wish I may never see the land again, if I didn't sell my old hat and stick to that Jew for two hundred dollars!" And Jack roared again; and asked the landlord to join him in a drink, as he enquired when the next stage would come along.

The Jew soon arrived in Philadelphia, and exulting over his fortunate purchase, with a ravenous appetite he entered an eating-house, and determined to have a glorious dinner. Having called for the best of everything, and drank a bottle of wine, he rose to depart, and, putting Jack's tarpaulin on the stick, he gave it a turn, and winked at the landlord in imitation of Jack. "What do you mean by that?" asked the host. "Why, don't you know?" said the Jew, going through the motions again. "Come, come, none of your cursed nonsense," said the host. "but pay for your dinner." "Pay for my dinner," replied the Jew in surprise; and thinking that perhaps he had not done the thing right, he tried it over again, and cocking up his eyes he gave the landlord another wink. "What the devil do you mean?" asked the landlord, who now got into a furious passion. "You needn't think to come it over me with your winking and tom foolery; pay me for your dinner, sir, or I will have you taken up." And here he seized the Jew by the throat, whose top-lights looked as if they would start from his figure-head, and carry away his top gallant eye-brows. The Jew sung out for mercy, and tried to explain by once more attempting to make the landlord understand, and gave the hat another whirl on the stick, when the landlord, boiling with rage, knocked him over.

"Tell that to the marines," said one of Sam's messmates, who had been laughing nearly to split his sides, "for you cannot make us swallow that for 'duff,' (dough.)

"Its true," said Sam, "every word, just as old Jack told it to me, for he said when he got to Philadelphia, he heard the Jew had been arrested for swindling, and on being brought before the court, he told the story and went through the motions, which raised such a shout of meriment among the bystanders that the Judge, who came nigh blowing his chop sheets out of the bolt ropes, thinking that the Jew was crazy, ordered him to be set free."

Another roar of laughter followed, when Sam was called to take his turn at the wheel.

THE END OF A GLUTTON.—English papers mention the suicide of Mr. Roylstone, who ten years ago was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, which he has since squandered in the gratification of his appetite. He had agents in China, Mexico, Canada, and other places to supply him with the rarest delicacies, and a single dish sometimes cost him fifty pounds. At length on the 15th of last April, nothing was left but a solitary guinea, which he had served up in the highest style of the culinary art; he gave himself two hours for an easy digestion, and then jumped into the Thames from Westminster bridge.

For the Register.

To M. R. H., of L.

BY SON-MAR.

"There are TONES that will haunt me, though lonely
Be my path, o'er mountain and sea;
There are LOOKS that will part from me only
When memory ceases to be.

"There are HOPES that my burdened soul lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And DREAMS, that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is purer than day."

O! then pity the heart that is sighing
For the TONES that in memory live;
For the LOOKS that, unfading, undying,
Add a charm to all mem'ry can give.

For the HOPES that affection has cherished,
Have but lived in the DREAMS of the night;
May the FEARS that lived with them be perished
By the JOYS of fruition's delight.

"A Child's Evening Prayer."

"Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear,
In health and strength for many a year:
And oh! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I best my thoughts employ
To be my parents, hope and joy;
And oh! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth;
And may we love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother;
And still, O Lord! to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen!"

From the "Olive Branch."

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL.

"You are mistaken. I would sooner die than to wed a mere country beauty."

"But, Fred, suppose her intelligent, moral, full of nature's poetry—tender-hearted, graceful, unspoiled by adulation—a guileless, simple, loving creature—"

"Aye!" said Fred, laughing, "a choice cluster of virtues and graces. Country beauties are always sweet and simple, so are country cows. No! I tell you if she was lovely as an angel, with the best sense in the world, still, if unskilled in music and literature, with no soul above churns and knitting-needles, I wouldn't marry her for a fortune."

"Ha, ha," laughed Helen Irving!—but it was a very pianissimo laugh, away down in the corner of her little musical heart. Hidden by the trunk of a large tree, she sat reading within a few feet of the egotist.

In another moment the young man came in sight. Fred's face was crimson, and he whispered in visible trepidation, "do you think she heard me?"

"No," rejoined the other, half audibly—"she shows no resentment, she has not even looked up from her book; you are safe; she could not have heard you—but what an angel she is!"

Yes, Helen was an angel as far as outward beauty might merit the encomium. She sat half reclining on a rustic seat, striving to smooth out the dimples in her cheeks, as she laid her book aside and began to twine a finished wreath of wild roses.

Leaning on one white arm, the gnarled white oak trunk a back-ground, flowers stewn around her, peeping from her bright locks and scattering over her white dress, she sat quite at her ease, apparently unaware that two handsome young gentlemen were so very near.

Approching with a low bow upon which his mirror had set the seal of fruitless elegance, Frederick Lane took the liberty of asking if the young lady would be kind enough to inform him where Mr. Irving lived.

With an innocent smile the beauty looked up. "Mr. Irving! the only Mr. Irving in the village is my father," she said, rising in a charmingly graceful manner. "The large house," she continued, "on high ground half hidden by trees and thick shrubbery—that's where we live. I believe it was an—an academy once—that's a sort of select school isn't it?" with the most natural simplicity, turning to Fred.

He replied with another graceful bow.

"Tell your father," said he, "that I shall do myself the honor to call on him to-morrow. He will remember me—Frederick Lane, at your service."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell him word for word," replied Helen, tucking her sleeve round her pretty arm, and making rather a formal courtesy. Then catching up her book and gathering the scattered flowers, she hurried towards home.

"Now father, mother, aunt and sis," exclaimed the merry girl, bounding in the room where the family were at supper, "as sure as you and I live, that Mr. Lane you talk about so much is in this village. He will call here to-morrow, the first specimen of a city beaux; (as of course he will be) all sentiment, refinement, faultless in kids, and spotless in dickey—important and as self-assured as one of that like can possibly be.

Promise me, all of you, that you'll not lisp a word about music, reading or writing, in my presence—because I have a plan.

Father will not I know; only give him a newspaper. Aunt Minnie never talks, I mean in company, and mother will be too glad to see me churn butter and mend stockings. Sis, your rattle of the tongue is the only thing I fear, but if you keep quiet and ask me no questions, I will give you that work box you have coveted so long."

"Ella, you are not quite respectful," said her father gravely.

"Forgive me, dear father," and her arms were round his neck, "I always mean well, but I'm so thoughtless. There all is right now," she added, kissing him lovingly on the temple.

"Come, sis, what say you?"

"Why, on that condition, I'll be as still as a mouse; but what's your reason?"

"Ah! that's my own," sang Helen, dancing out of the room.

"You knit admirably," and Fred looked on with an unconscious smile of admiration.

Helen sat at an open window, through which rose-bushes thrust their blushing buds, making both a sweet shade and fragrance. The canary over-head burst out every moment in wild snatches of glorious music. Helen was at work on a long blue stocking, nearly finished, and her fingers flew like snow birds.

* * * *

"You knit quite admirably. Are you fond of it?"

"Yes, quite. I like it better than—than anything else—that is, I mean I can churn very well."

"And do you read much?" Fred's glances had traveled from the corner of his eyes, over every table, shelf and corner, in search of some book or paper.—But not a page, not a leaf, yellow or sere, repaid his search.

"O! yes," said Helen with a self-satisfied glance.

"What books, permit me to ask?"

"I read the Bible a good deal," she answered gravely.

"Is that all?"

"All, of course not; and yet, what do we not find in that holy volume? History poetry eloquence, romance—the most thrilling pathos—" blushing and recollecting herself, she added, with a manner as childish as it had been dignified,

"As for other books—let me see. I've got in my library—there's the primer, (counting her fingers) second class reader, Robinson Crusoe, nursery tales, fairy stories, two or three elements of something, biography of some persons or other, mother's magazine, King Richard the third—there, isn't that a good assortment?"

Fred smiled.

"Perhaps I don't know as much as those who have been to school more," she added, as if disappointed at his mute rejoinder; "but in making bread, churning butter, and keeping house, I am not to be out done."

The young man left her more in pity than in love, but his visits did not always so result. He began to feel a magnetic attraction which he vainly attributed to Helen's beauty; but the truth is, her sweet artlessness of character, engaging manners and disposition, quite won upon the city-bred and aristocratic Fred Lane. There was a freshness about everything she said and did. She perplexed as well as delighted him.

Often as he was wondering how some homely expressions would be received in good society, some beautiful sentiment would suddenly drop like a pearl, from her lips, more remarkable for originality than brilliancy.

If I should fall in the snare, thought he, I can educate her. It would be worth trying.

It was useless to combat with his passions, so at last he fell at Helen's feet (figuratively speaking) and confessed his love.

"I care not, Helen, only be mine," was his invariable answer to her exclamations of unworthiness, how she should appear in fashionable society, &c.

They were married—had returned from their wedding tour, and yet at the expiration of the honey-moon Fred was more in love than ever. At a grand entertainment given by relatives of the bride-groom, Helen looked most beautiful.—Her husband did not insist that she should not depart from her simplicity, and indeed without jewels or laces, with only that fresh white robe, simple sash of blue, and ornaments of fair moss roses, she was the most lovely creature in the room.

As she entered the great saloon, blazing with light, her heart failed her.—"Shall I love him as dearly," she asked herself, "if I find he is ashamed of me. I cannot bear the thought; but should he overcome all conventional notions, then I have a husband worthy to be honored—then shall he be proud of his wife."

How she watched him as he presented her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent girl, resplendent with diamonds, as she curled her lips and passed by. The observation escaped neither Helen nor her husband. She looked at him. He smiled a lover's smile, and only drew her closer to his side. Many in that brilliant gathering pitied poor Fred, wondered why he martyred himself on the shrine of ignorant rusticity.

But he, oh, joy! he seemed only to love her the more, as she clung to his arm so timidly. His noble face expressed the pride he truly felt; he looked as if he would have swept back the scorners with one motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of his pride. He seemed to excuse every look, every word not in strict conformity to etiquette—and Helen's heart beat high; tears came to her eyes when she thus felt how noble a heart she had won.

The young bride stood near her husband, talking in a low tone when a new comer appeared. She was a beautiful, slightly formed creature, with haughty features, and ill-concealed scorn lurked in her brilliant eyes, whenever she glanced towards Helen. Once she had held sway over the heart of Fred, and hearing who he had married, she fancied her hour of triumph had come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" said a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled—her fair brow flushed indignantly. She turned to her husband. He was gone—speaking at a little distance with a friend.

Presently Marion Summers turned toward her.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lane?" she asked; there was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen her cheek burning.

"And sing?"

"A little," was the calm reply.

"Then do favor us," she exclaimed, looking askance at her companions; "come! I myself will lead you to the instrument."

Hark! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half spoken word arrested—the cold ear and haughty head were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such correct intonation! Such breadth, depth, and vigor of touch!—Who is it? She plays like an angel!

And again, hark! a voice roll, a flood of melody, clear, powerful, passing sweet, astonishment paints many a fair cheek a deeper scarlet. There is silence unbroken as the silvery tones float up.

"Aye! care I not for cold'neglect,
Though tears unbidden start;
And scorn is but a bitter word,
Save when it breaks the heart.
If one be true.
If one be true
The world may careless be,
Since I may only keep thy love,
And tell my grief to thee."

"Glorious voice," said Fred to his friend, who with the rest had paused to listen. "Who can it be?"

The words were suddenly arrested on his lips. She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his own wife.

"I congratulate you, Fred," said the young man at his side, but he spoke to marble. The color had left his cheek, as he walked slowly towards her.

If he was speechles with amazement, so was not she. A rich bloom mantled her cheeks, triumph made her eyes sparkle as they never did before; they flashed like diamonds. A crowd gathered to compliment her. In graceful acknowledgement she blended wit and humor. How well she talks; who would have thought it? Fred's little wife; he found a treasure, were whispered round the room.

Meanwhile Frederick Lane, Esq., stood, like one enchanted, while his little rustic wife quoted books with perfect abondon; admired this one, commended that. A sedate looking student lost himself in a latin quotation. Helen smiling finished it, and she received a look eloquent with thanks. Bonmots, repartee, language rich in fancy and imagery fell from her beautiful lips, as if she had just received a touch from some fairy wand.

Still Fred walked by her side like one in a dream, pressed his hands over his bewildered sight to be sure of his senses, when he saw her bending, a breathing vision of loveliness, over the harp—her full arm leaning its golden strings—heard again that rich voice, now planitive with some tender melody, rise and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," said he, when once alone what does this mean? I feel like one awakening from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Helen gravely, then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed, "Forgive me: I am that very rustic that you would rather die than wed. Are you sorry that you married me?"

"Sorry, my glorious wife! But, Elly, you could not deceive me. Did I not understand you that you had never—"

Been at an academy, she broke in, never too a music lesson; never was taught how to sing; all true. And yet I am all you see me to-night; myself my own teacher; with labor and diligence, I trust I am worthy to be the wife of one so good and exalted as I find my husband to be.

Reader, wouldn't you and I like to be there just now and hear her story, she laughing between smiles, her pretty face all dimples as she tells him how she banished piano, books, harp, portfolio, music all in an empty room by themselves, and locked the door, leaving them to seclusion and dust; while the little country girl, without any very deep laid scheme, succeeded in convincing well-bred city gentlemen that he could marry a charming rustic, even if her fingers were more familiar with churn and knitting needles, than the piano or the harp.

THE DUEL BETWEEN CUMMING AND McDUFFIE.—A correspondent of the Charleston Mercury gives an account of the duel between these distinguished men and mentions the circumstances heretofore unpublished, that a reconciliation took place between them:

They first fought in "Sister's Ferry," in Georgia, where McDuffie was shot in the hip, and afterwards met on the North Carolina line, where they adjourned without fighting, on account of a misunderstanding between the seconds. The third and last time they met at Campbell on the Savannah River, where McDuffie was shot in the small of his back and had his left arm broken, leaving him in a wretched state of infirmity, which kept him a lingering invalid all the rest of his days. Some time afterwards they were in Augusta Georgia, at the same time when McDuffie's intense sufferings were about to be relieved by the dying out of life's flickering lamp, and where he had gone to die. Through the instrumentality of John Bones, Esq., Cumming was induced to visit McDuffie, who was in Bones' house. He told him of McDuffie's presence within it, and of his situation, and frankly said to him, "Go up up yourself and be reconciled. I know that you harbor no malice, and that he has no single feeling of hostility towards you in his bosom." The suggestion was frankly adopted and acted upon. The parties met as if they never had been enemies. Cumming sat an hour with his prostrate rival, left him with the most amicable interchange of feeling, and the tear was in his eye, as he said to Bones on his departure: "What would I not give to relieve him from his cruel suffering!" It was one which own hand inflicted, and he bitterly regretted the shot.

Harry Sampson Obtains Revenge.

Mr. Snarl resides in Forsyth street. Mr. Snarl is an old bachelor, with an Irish girl for a house keeper. Snarl lives in good style, but has some queer notions. He dislikes dogs above all things, organ grinders and beggars not excepted.

Snarl's next door neighbor is Harry Sampson. Now Harry is the very opposite of old Mr. Snarl. He sets a high value on a dog, and thinks there is only one article equal to 'a Newfounlander,' and that's a woman.

Harry has several specimens of the canine race. The other evening they got up a howling match because the moon became eclipsed. They commenced about ten o'clock and kept it up till the sun got an inch above Williamsburg. This so annoyed Mr. Snarl that he had Harry jerked up for a nuisance, and fined ten dollars.

Harry paid the money, but resolved on revenge.

The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the Herald:

"WANTED—At Forsyth street, two bull dogs and four spaniel pups; for full blooded dogs the highest price will be paid. Call between four and six P. M.
JAMES SNARL!"

We need not say the advertisement was by Harry. His reason of making the calls 'between four and six,' was because Mr. Snarl was always out at that hour, taking an airing around the battery.

As the hour specified began to draw near, several specimens of dogs and pups might have been seen going up the Bowery to Grand street, down to Forsyth and up Forsyth to the mansion occupied by Mr. Snarl.

The first person that pulled the door bell was a butcher boy from Centre Market, with a pair of bull dogs "that would tear h—ll out of a tiger." Maggy answered the bell, when the following colloquy took place:

"Does Mr. Snarl live here?"

"He does, why do you ax."

"I've got some dogs for him."

"Dogs for Mr. Snarl—mother of Moses! did you ever, you've mistook the door."

"Devil a bit of it—read that."

Here Syskie took out the morning Herald, and showed Maggy the advertisement. Maggy was thunderstruck, still there was no denying the advertisement; she accordingly told Syskie to go into the back yard 'wid the dogs,' and await the return of M. Snarl. Syskie did so.

In about two minutes, Maggie was again summoned by the door bell.

"What do you want?"

"Mr. Snarl—I've got them dogs he wanted."

"You have—well then go into the yard wid the other blackguard."

No. 2 followed No. 1. No. 2 was soon followed by No. 3, who was succeeded by lots 4, 5, 6 and 7. By half-past five 'the back yard' contained twenty-one bull dogs and fourteen spaniels. The former got up a misunderstanding, and by the time Mr. Snarl arrived, seven spaniels had been placed *hors du combat*, while a brindle bull dog from Fulton market was going through his third fight with a 'yaller terrier' from Mott street.

Mr. Snarl reached home a few moments before six. Maggy opened the door and burst out as follows:

"For the love of the Lord, go back and stop 'em. They are ateing one another up, and if not choked off will devour the cestern. Since the days of Crummel, I've not heard such a hullabaloo entirely.

Snarl 'went back'—Snarl looked into the yard and would have swore, but he could not find oaths sufficiently powerful to do justice to his feelings.

When we left, Mr. Snarl was emptying the 'back yard' with an ax-helve.

The next morning Harry Sampson complained of him for having a 'dog fight' on his premises. Snarl was fined twenty-five dollars—fifteen dollars for having 'such a fight,' and ten dollars for being 'an old hypocrite.' It is not necessary for us to say that Harry Sampson slept better that night, than any night since the war with Mexico.—*N. Y. Dutchman.*

A Huge Pile of Serpents.

Baron Humboldt says: "In the savannahs of Izacubo, Guiana, I saw the most wonderful and terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the natives, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead in order to sound the passages, while I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the men who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop and called to me, 'Here, sir, come and see serpents on a pile.' He pointed to something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company said, 'This is certainly one of the assemblies of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these, but never saw any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near them.'

"When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our approaching nearer, to which none of us inclined. On a sudden the pyramid mass became agitated; a horrid hissing issued from it, thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, and shot forth out of the circle their envenomed tongues and fiery eyes to us. I own I was the first to draw back, but when I saw this formidable phalanx remain at its post, and appear to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then thought what could be the design of this assemblage; and concluded that this species of serpent dreaded some colossal enemy, which might be the great serpent or cayman, and they reunited themselves after seeing the enemy, so as to resist him in a mass."

An Amorous Æronaut.

While Mons. Godard was filling an immense balloon in the *Champ-de-Mars*, he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man the perfect resemblance of M. Thiers, without the spectacles. The little man being filled with gas, rose majestically into the air, and was lost soon to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale which impelled him on his course, the little balloon man arrived the same day afternoon in the sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of her toilet. It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows, which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of a corset-lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind followed by a strange noise; and immediately the casement was thrown open, and the little balloon man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror, and throws her shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as the wife in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Juan, "Ah Monsieur, away, or you will ruin me!" the husband furiously rushed in, crying, "Ah! the wretch I have him now!" and goes in search of his sword to run him through the body.

The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates in the midst of sobs: "Fly! fly Monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy."

The husband arrives armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to molify his anger.

While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who, utters not a word, and catches him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when lo!—Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the beadstead, raises himself erect, swells out, and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators, while the poor, jealous husband slinks away, sword and all.

Castration, Preparation of Grass Seeds.

BALTIMORE CO., Feb. 27th, 1855.

To the Editors of the American Farmer.

In looking over the article on castration in your paper for the present month, it struck me that the most important part of the operation was entirely overlooked. From an experience of about 25 years, I have come to the conclusion that the main secret in the whole operation lies in the orifice made in the outer skin; let that be made as large as the parts will admit, and with reasonable care in the rest, you will have no trouble. Before I made this discovery, I lost several old hogs and pigs, and had considerable trouble with calves, frequently having to open them a second time, and had horses, altered by experienced persons, do badly. Since I have adopted the above, together with drawing the cords instead of cutting, or scraping, I have had no trouble. My colts have always been operated on by professed hands, who invariably use the clamps, but I always see that the orifice is sufficiently large to prevent it from healing over until all is right within. If you attend to this, you need not fear tetanus.

While I have my pen in hand, I will, with your permission, give a hint to such of our brethren of the plough as may intend setting their oat-ground with grass, that will save some labor if they think proper to adopt it: myself and neighbors have satisfactorily tested it; it is as follows:

When ready for seeding, place any convenient quantity of oats upon your barn or granary floor, with a due proportion of grass seeds scattered through; moisten the whole sufficiently to cause the seeds to adhere to the oats, and if convenient, sprinkle the mass with a little plaster, shovel over thoroughly with a common dirt shovel, and it is ready for sowing; after which it may be covered as oats are usually done, you thereby save the extra marking and sowing, a matter of some importance when labor is scarce, besides the seed can be distributed more evenly.

EXPERIENCE.

HORN SNAKE.—The Easton (O.) Register says that a gentleman living some miles west of that place, lately killed a "Horn Snake," a reptile often talked of, but rarely seen. It is said to be a most venomous snake. The Register thus describes it:

The monster killed measured four feet in length; and the horn at the end of the tail—through an almost imperceptible hole from which the poison is ejected—was about an inch and a half long, spiral, sharp at the point, and so hard as to defy the effort to cut it with a knife.

IN LUCK AGAIN.—The great body of readers will have experienced some gratification in the announcement contained in the late California advices relative to the famous Colonel Sutter, the discoverer of gold in California. Considerable sympathy has been recently excited by the recital of a series of misfortunes which had reduced the veteran pioneer from affluence to poverty, but he has suddenly become rich again by the land commissioners confirming his claim to thirty-three square leagues of land.

☞ The Calhoun, a steam tow-boat, was burned fifteen miles from Georgetown, S. C., on the 21st ult.