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SONG OF THE PEN.

BY HOBACE B. DURANT.

But a puny thing from the eagle's wing,
I dopt from his course on high;
Or as weakened his might of his onward flight,
In the tread of the deep blue sky.
With a fearless sweep, I have skimmed the deep,
While Ocean was 'tossed below,
And bathed in the blaze of the sun's hot rays,
Thence plunged to the Alpine snow.
I have whedded me away where the wild winds play,
On the brow of the mountain's lone;
And in evening hour, on some ruined tower,
Have listened to the wind-harp's moan;
Then with sweeping rush, in the morn's first gush,
O'er hills and the plains away,
I have speeded me on at the breaking dawn,
To welcome the god of day!
My light form is shaken, when the breezes wane,
The sleep of the gentle flower;
And the howling storm bears my fragile form,
Away in its wrathful power;
Yet stronger am I than the zephyr's sigh
Or the tempest that skirts the plain;
And I scorn its strength, as it dies, at length,
In the waves of the sounding main!
What is like to me—so misty and free,
On the face of this lower sphere?
Lo, my servants are all, on this earthly ball,
And bow to my sway in fear!
With a tireless plow, o'er Time's dominion,
I'm borne at my iron will;
As a giant I'm strong, as I pass along,
And the spires of earth are stilling!
Hail what do I care for the lightning's glare,
When its gleam on the cloud appears?
By its glittering flash at a single dash,
I number the countless years!
For I wander each spot where the wing of thought
Mounts up in its flight sublime,
And my glance is shed to the changes fled
O'er the trackless waste of Time!
The nations awake, at the sound I make,
As I haste on my journey forth,
And start from slumber in their thronging number.
From South to the distant North
I utter my word and the changing sword
Leaps forth from its brazen sheath;
The strife grows black in my onward track
And the world is strewn with death!
I breathe again on the hearts of men,
And they sink to the calm of peace;
The storm-cloud of war looms off afar,
And its echoing thunders cease.
From the battle-plain up rises the bending grain,
Where the foot of the foeman prest,
And the isles grow bright in my joyous light,
That sleeps on the billows crest.
I speed to the birth of the changeful earth
And wander its mystic lands—
With the kindred hid in the Pyramid,
Far away in the desert sands.
Ah, I know then well how they raved and fell,
While the circling ages went,
Eor my lips unfold the deed of old
In oblivion's shadows lent!
On the lofty walls of Eternity's halls,
I tell of the child of foam,
Who at lone midnight by the taper's light,
Toils on for a deathless name!
His praises I trace which no hand shall efface,
Or witness his glorious wreath;
A victim I wove o'er his silent grave
While mingles wife dust beneath!

MY WIFE'S NEW FRIEND.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

FROM PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Mrs. Jones has quite a habit of cultivating sudden friendships, which have every appearance of blooming eternally, but which soon wither in the world's cold blasts. I used to think this characteristic was confined to letters crossed and recrossed, but forget each other as soon as they have caught a lover.

My wife's last acquisition in the way of a bosom friend, is Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray, with whom she became acquainted last summer, while we were boarding out of town. Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray had her carriage with her, and created quite a sensation; in fact, every lady in the house was eager to become her confidant; but the amiable deportment of Mrs. Jones, combined, I doubt not, with her intellectual accomplishments, rendered her the favorite; and she it was who daily occupied the spare seat in the coach, and had the honor of advising Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray in those thousand grave perplexities under which women suffer.

We returned to the city after the Mowbrays, but my wife, though usually very firm on questions of etiquette, waived her privileges on this occasion, and made the first call. She was graciously received, and came home in high spirits. All that evening she could do nothing but talk of Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray. "Such an elegant establishment," she said. "A footman, with manners like a prince, waited at the door. The drawing room was the perfection of luxury and taste. Mrs. Mowbray had on such a sweet cap, and altogether looked so lady-like. Her manners were, indeed, most aristocratic; just what one would suppose those of a countess to be."

In a few days Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray returned my wife's call, coming in a shining new carriage, and a new span of horses. Her equipage created quite a sensation in our street.

Mrs. Jones, soon after this, began to act as if brooding over some vast design, which not being yet quite matured, she deemed it wisest to be silent respecting. At last, however, the mighty secret was broached.

"I was thinking, Jones," she said, one night,

Just as I was composing myself to sleep on my pillow, "that we ought to give a party. Not a regular ball, indeed, but a select entertainment, where a few congenial minds may be brought together. I should like to introduce my dear Mrs. Mowbray to some of the choicest of our set."

Now I defeat parties, small or large, but as the delicacy of my wife's nerves does not allow of her being thwarted, I made no objection to this proposal, though I sighed to myself.

"Of course, my dear," I said. "You know best."
"We'll ask about thirty," continued my wife, warbling with the subject. "There's Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Horace Shinn, and Mrs. Price, and the three Misses Trelawneys, and thus the dear creature ran on until she had mentioned about forty names, and I saw that her 'select party of congenial souls' was going to be, after all, a crowded rout.

"You have forgotten the two Misses Howell," I said, at last, when my wife stopped for want of breath.
The two Misses Howell were amiable, intelligent and pretty girls, in whom I took a personal interest; their father had once been an extensive shipping merchant, but having become reduced and died bankrupt, the sisters were compelled to earn a livelihood by standing in a store. They had numerous rich relations on whom they might have billeted themselves, but with a spirit of proper independence, they preferred to work for their maintenance, instead of eating the bread of charity. I had long nourished a romantic idea of seeing them married well, and had consequently made it a point always to invite them to our parties; to praise them highly to the young gentlemen there; and, in every other indirect way, to assist in realizing my pet scheme.

"My wife, heretofore had seconded me in my benevolent plan; but on the present occasion, she hesitated to reply; and I knew, at once, that there was something the matter.

"Ahem!" she said, at last, clearing her throat. "Alas! the Misses Howell are very nice girls to be sure—that is, in their place—but as it is to be a select party, and as I have already mentioned too many, and as Mrs. Mowbray may not want to meet all sorts of people, and—"

"Stop, my dear," said I, with a sigh, for I saw that my favorites were not to be invited, "you have given reasons enough. It is a great pity, though." And I sighed again—a sigh eloquent of passive resignation.

My wife heard my sighs, and her tender heart was touched. She paused a moment in embarrassment, and perhaps even revolved the idea of yielding to my wishes, but, in the end she raised herself on her elbow, and said:

"Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You don't know how foolish you make yourself about those Howell girls. They've been unfortunate, to be sure; and they're very passable, indeed; but there's a prejudice, you are aware, against girls who stand in stores; and who knows but what Mrs. Mowbray would take offence at my inviting such persons to meet her. I shouldn't like to do it, indeed, without first asking her; and I can't do that this time. She's very particular, and so excessively highbred."

"Then I don't think she'd regard you the less, my dear," I ventured to say, "for being acquainted with two such excellent girls as Patty and Lizzy Howell."

"Mr. Jones, don't be a child," replied my wife, flinging herself to the other side of the bed. "At your age you should know something of the world. Exclusive people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care to meet nobodies.—She was very choice, as you saw, when she admitted to her acquaintance this summer; I may say, indeed, that I am the only one, of all she met, whom she recognizes now."

To have protracted the conversation would have excited my wife's nerves, and deprived her of sleep, so I said no more, but closed my eyes and courted slumber anew. I have no recollection of anything after that, till I woke the next morning, and leaving Mrs. Jones abed, as usual, went down to see that the fires were right, and to do the marketing while breakfast was being prepared.

The invitations to the party were issued that week, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray graciously promising to attend.

When the important evening arrived, my wife was all nerves. At every ring of the bell, the color rose to her face with expectation, but guest after guest entered without Mrs. Mowbray appearing. Her nervousness soon began to change to anxiety, and this, as the hours wore on, to disappointment and dismay. She delayed the supper for a full hour; thinking that her new friend might yet arrive; but in vain.

"What can be the matter, I wonder," she said to me, as soon as we were alone. "I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Mowbray is herself sick. Dear me, I am afraid I shall not sleep for anxiety. The first thing I'll do to-morrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray, and see what is the matter."

"Wouldn't that be against etiquette?" I ventured to ask. "It seems to me that Mrs. Mowbray should send you a note, or message, or something of that sort, at least, to apologize for her absence."

Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but she gave me a look. And such a look! It expressed all the indignation which her outraged bosom felt, at having the slightest suspicion cast upon her friend.

When I came home to dinner that day, I saw at a glance, that something had occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She had nothing whatever to say to me, but she scolded the servants and children incessantly. I was too wise to inquire what was wrong. I knew that Mrs. Jones, if she thought proper, would tell me; and if not, idle questions would only aggravate her secret troubles.

But the next day, having heard something that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's absence from our party, I could not contain myself when I came home.

"Did you ever hear, my love," I said, as I began to carve the turkey, at dinner, "that the Misses Howell had a married sister?"
Mrs. Jones looked sharply up, as if she suspected I meant more than I said; and then answered haughtily:

"I heard it, casually, but never asked further."
"It seems, I continued, "that Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray is that sister."

"I've heard so since," said Mrs. Jones, sharply; and turning to our second child, who was asking for the wing-bone, she rapped him over the head, exclaiming, tartly, "haven't I told you to wait till you're helped? Take that, now, and learn manners."

I allowed a minute and more to elapse, in order that my wife's ebullition might subside, when I remarked:

"Mrs. Mowbray, it seems, expected to meet her sisters here."

"I shouldn't wonder if she did," snappishly said Mrs. Jones, looking down in her plate, and apparently absorbed in parting a wing joint.

"When she found," I continued, "that her sisters were not asked, she grew indignant.—She heard the reason, it seems. Your friend, Mrs. Wharton, whom you had made a confidant, told some lady, who told her; and hence her anger."

"I am sure I don't care if I ever see the proud thing again," said my wife, reddening very much; but still without looking up. "One could not have supposed that she was a sister to the Misses Howell."

After another pause, I said:
"Did you call on Mrs. Mowbray, as you intended?"

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full minute, and seemed half disposed to decline answering altogether; but finally she blurted out her reply, as follows:

"Yes, I did, since you must know. And she wasn't in. So, at least, the footman said, but if I didn't see her at the drawing-room window, and here she burst into tears of mortification and rage, 'may I never eat another mouthful.'"

I saw that it would not do to continue the conversation; so I quietly ate my dinner, kissed the children, and, like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, "went my way."

Of course the intimacy of my wife with Mrs. Mowbray ceased from the date of that fatal party; and, I am sorry to say, that the Misses Howell also have, as the phrase goes, "cut our acquaintance."

To the Democracy of Jefferson County.

St. Louis, December 13, 1851.

It was my wish to have been present at your meeting on the 15th instant, but a telegraph dispatch just received, calls me to New York on business which cannot be delayed or neglected. I owe a cordial visit to your county, which I mean to pay, and hope this will be the last promise that precedes the performance. Your county is a star, and a bright one, in the political firmament of Missouri, and true to the name which it bears. It is not only always right in the elections, but in all its acts and sentiments. When the nullifiers undertook to get their secession resolutions sanctioned by popular meetings in the counties, in the spring of 1849, and had actually succeeded in some half dozen counties, they were first balked and repulsed in yours. Now, when the reunion of democracy is proposed, your county is among the first to make principle the basis of re-union, and to repel all approaches on the basis of dividing spoil, or of proscribing a man. I admire the spirit of the resolutions which you adopted at your late preliminary meeting, and commend them to the favorable consideration of all good friends of the cause. They contain the principles upon which every true Democrat can unite, and have only to be made known and understood, to reconquer all who have been innocently and temporarily led astray.

First. The repudiation of the secession resolutions adopted by the General Assembly in 1847. There is no longer room for any candidate to be deceived about the treasonable character of these resolutions. There was room for deception at first, and a great many good men were deceived. Incredulity was excusable two years ago, and even honorable to the hearts of those who could not then believe in the enormity of a settled design to break this Union, and to establish a new confederacy of the slaveholding States. Few could believe then, even upon the strong proofs which I exhibited; but the season for incredulity has passed by.

The events of 1850 have proved everything which I proclaimed in 1849, and which I knew in 1847. That was a proud day for me—that Friday, 17th of February, 1847—when Mr. Calhoun first produced in the American Senate those disunion resolutions afterwards adopted in Missouri, and some other States. I struck them upon the spot—proclaimed them as firebrands—and in a fierce passage with the author, told him where I should be found when we came to their trial: "on the side of my country." Where were the great defenders of the Union then? Sound asleep and sleeping on till 1850 when the thunder of disunion, loud enough to awaken the dead, awakened them also. I saw the cloud that was charged with that thunder when it first appeared above the horizon in 1847, and drove it out of the Senate. It was then sent to Missouri to be gathered up by the little Jaspers here, to be sent back to drive me out of the Senate; and they were sent back accordingly. But the end is not yet. I saw what they were at—came home, and appealed to the people; and although that appeal shared the usual fate of movements which are ahead of the times, and which I said could not be successful, yet it found credit enough to do one thing—to save the State of Missouri from the infamy of being represented in the Nashville Convention! There is no room for any candid man to doubt now.

The intent of the resolutions is proved by facts, and will be recorded by history and by all who may now adhere to them (though innocent in the beginning) will take their place by the side of the original conspirators. Though not carried into effect in 1850, these resolutions are still upon the statute book of the State, and Missouri now stands upon the record, precisely on the same footing with South Carolina—a co-operation State, bound by a legislative pledge to "co-operate" with other slaveholding States, when they unite for secession. The Whigs in the General Assembly of the last session were faithless to their principles; and to their previous conduct, in not joining the Democratic mem-

bers in expunging—(rescinding, if that word recalls a painful reminiscence)—that treasonable pledge from the journal. They disappointed my expectations. I expected them to have been true in that. On the contrary they were false. And this sacrifice of principle, as flagrant as it was shameful, was explained as a bargain by the events of the session, and by the address of the fifty-six Democratic members, and received a new aggravation from that cause.

It was the price (part of the price) paid by the Whigs to the rollens and nullifiers for their corrupt and traitorous votes during the last session. I declare war during life against these traitorous resolutions—the same which I declared in the Senate of the United States against the nullification and bank Whig vote of censure upon General Jackson in 1835—sway to the knife—and in which war the American Democracy sustained me, and enabled me, in two years, to inscribe upon the journal of the Senate a certain black-line diagram, pretty much in the shape of a coffin, and to write therein these words: "Expunged, according to the will of the people."

Now, as then, expunged is the word, and life the limit of the war that is to do it, and confidence the same in the virtue of the people.

Secondly, you repudiate the vote of the recent, self-called Democrats of the last session of our General Assembly, for voting for a Whig Senator. This is right. That vote and those who gave it, and those who were too fussy to give it themselves, while encouraging others to do it, and all who approve it, are forever outlawed from the Democratic party. It was a crime against the Democratic party. It was anti-Benton, but anti-democratic. It was against the Democracy of Missouri—against the State character and position, which had better have been un-represented two years than mis-represented six; and has no excuse except in the corrupt consideration which was paid for it.

To refer the election back to the people was the Democratic course—the one dictated by principle, and followed in all Democratic States. All the Democracy in the Legislature proposed that course; but the traitors who had sold themselves to the Whigs were afraid of the people, and also afraid of losing their pay; and so screwed up themselves, and were screwed up by others—to the commission of the deed. They did it, and in doing betrayed the Democracy of the State, and committed that treason to their party which involves a breach of allegiance, and which, in the feudal law upon treason, taints the name of the offender, and cuts him off from the community which he has betrayed and which can no longer trust him. To complete their infamy, some of these traitors violated the special pledge on which they were elected, especially one in Boone county, whose name is the synonym of political dishonesty, and whom I could name as quick as I could say "Jack Robinson;" if I chose; but it is not worth while to single him out from the rest. These people—the present approvers of their conduct, as well as the original offenders—are cut off from the party. They have gone to in the language of Sheridan, after quitting the party as deserters they should not be allowed to return to it as spies. Your proceedings repudiate them, and in that you are right.

Thirdly, you adhere to the right of instruction within the limits of the Constitution, and according to the will of the people. This is the old Democratic ground; but nullification, in the plenitude of its fantastic power, has introduced a new phase of that right, which excludes the Constitution and the people, and makes the General Assembly the supreme autocrat of both. According to this new phase, the General Assembly represents the sovereignty of the State, and the senators in Congress are their ambassadors to the Federal Government. From this new doctrine it results, very logically, that the ambassador Senators, like all other ambassadors, are subject to the absolute will of their master, and bound to obey his instructions in all particulars whatever, or tramp it back home. This is the new fangled nullification view of the doctrine of instruction; the old doctrine was, that the General Assembly was only the organ of the people, and had no power to instruct Senators except according to their will; and, even then, had no power to give criminal instructions—such as violations of the Constitution, commission of high treason, dissolution of the Union, &c; or to work a Senator out of his seat that one of the conspirators might get into it. This is the difference between the old and the new doctrine of instruction, and to give these remarks a practical application let us recapitulate the existing case. In the year 1847 a set of disunion slavery resolutions are brought into the American Senate. I strike them one lick, and they fall dead on my feet. There is no resurrection for them there. Then they are sent out to all the slaveholding States, (my own State inclusive,) to be adopted in the State Legislatures and sent back as "instructions" to those who had killed them in the American Senate. They are adopted in all the nullification and secession States, and also in the Legislature of Missouri, under the lead of the old nullifiers of 1833 and 1844. They are adopted upon a conspiracy confined to about a dozen accipitres—half incia, and half out of the Legislature; and innocently voted for by the body of the democratic members. Knowing that I would not obey treasonable resolutions which I did kill in the Senate, a plot was laid to "head" me. Meetings were to be held in all the countries, to get the people to sanction them before I came home; for they had been adopted without the consent of the people, and after failing in the attempt to obtain their consent in some counties—as in Howard. They were at this work when I came home, and with some success; but were brought to a dead stand by my Jefferson City speech. Suspecting that I would appeal to the people against their resolutions, they prepared before hand to counteract me, though they themselves were in the net of appealing to the people for their sanction. The State was districted in every district to meet me at his line, and background me through it. "Dram shops, beer cellars, whisky groceries," were to vomit forth their drunken tenants to assault me. (Alchison's letter to Birch.) Every nullification press in the State was secured and tutored. All this was arranged before the resolutions were passed, which shows the depth of the conspiracy, and the wickedness of its au-

thors. Thus combined and organized, with a ramification extending into every county, the conspirators felt themselves safe in their work, and wrote letters of triumph and congratulation to one another. "We have him now; he cannot escape now; we thought we had him in 1844, but he escaped; he cannot escape now; it is impossible; our combinations are so extensive, and so strong that he cannot escape again." (Alchison of Liberty, in Clay county.)

Such was the plot, the preparation, and the confidence of the conspirators. I came home—appealed to the people—and called for their judgment upon the instructions which had been given in their name, and which had not yet been presented to Congress, for they were passed too late for that session, and there was full time to consider them before the next. Instantly the conspirators took a new turn. Knowing the treasonable character of their instructions, and that they could not stand discussion, they endeavored to "head off" the appeal, and to deny the right of the people to hear it, though they themselves had appealed to the people for an explicit, one-sided confirmation of it before I got home. They denied the right of appeal thereby contradicting themselves, confessing the criminality of their instructions which could not bear discussion; denying the right of the people to have any voice in instructions given in their name, and claiming for the Legislature a despotic right of instruction independent of the popular will, and extending to the greatest crime—even to high treason.

This denial brought up the question of the doctrine of instruction, both the old and the new—that which had existed from the foundation of the government, and rested upon the sovereignty of the people, and that which was born of nullification and rested on the sovereignty of the State Legislatures. Your county got for the old doctrine, such as it existed heretofore in this State, and in all the Democratic States, and especially as it was administered in that, most glorious of popular triumphs—the passing of the expunging resolution—which threw so many refractory Senators overhead, reversed the bank-born sentence against Gen. Jackson, and bore upon its face its title to respect in the authentic declaration, that it was done according to the will of the people." I drew that resolution. The Democratic American Senators passed it. The American Democracy sanctioned it—and I adhere to it to its basis—the will of the people, the foundation for the instruction. It is your doctrine; and the elections of August next will prove it to be the doctrine of the Missouri Democracy.

Fourthly, Adhesion to the Baltimore platform of 1848 is another point on which I hold you to be right, and the Nullifiers wrong. That platform contains the Democratic ground in relation to slavery. The Nullifiers wish to engraft upon it a new dogma which was expressly, and almost unanimously rejected by the convention which framed it, namely, that Congress has no right to legislate upon slavery in the Territories. This dogma, like all the doctrines of the school to which it belongs, is of modern invention, and only invented for the purpose of multiplying chances to find pretexts to resist the laws of Congress, and for flying off into that new confederacy which is to consist wholly of Slave States, and to be christened "United States South."

The Democracy take the Baltimore platform as it was agreed to—not as it was not agreed to—still less as rejected—and above all as attempted to be interpolated by the dogs of the party which made the effort, and so miserably failed in it at Baltimore.

These are the points, "four in number, on which the Nullifiers, (and formerly some real Democrats,) divided from the party; and on all which points the resolutions which you have adopted are most authentically right, and worthy of all acceptance. To recapitulate they are these: 1. Repudiation of the Nullification, Secession resolutions of 1849. 2. Repudiation of the vote, and voters, and their backers, for a Whig Senator. 3. Adhesion to the right of instruction within the limits of the Constitution, and according to the will of the people. 4. Adhesion to the Baltimore platform of 1848. These are your tests of Missouri Democracy, and they are mine; and on these tests I am ready to give the right hand of political friendship to all returning brethren—to sit with them in council, stand by them in trials, and comfort them in tribulation. I cannot refuse fellowship to any one for not believing in 1849, provided that he believes now. There are men so constituted that they cannot believe, though the prophets should speak, until they see and feel; and they cannot be blamed, because they are so constituted. But after having seen, and felt, they are bound to believe, like the rest of mankind, or to take their place among the wilfully blind and the incorrigibly wrong. This will be the case with the disunion believers of 1849. They might be incredulous then because they had only my word for it; but after seeing the Nashville Convention of 1850, and witnessing the interpretation put upon the same resolutions by all the slave States adopting them, it is time for incredulity to cease, and for all sincere Democrats to stand together upon the ground which reason and patriotism point out, and abjure the treasonable resolutions which dishonor our statute book, and falsify the character of the State. Those who do not, and who still adhere to them, and to the heresies flowing from them, there can be nothing but political divorce from the Democracy of Missouri—a result I should grieve to see in the case of any Democrat. As to the Nullifiers, no return is expected from them. Their separation from the Democratic party is fixed, and I would advise them to act then, and to name of anti-Benton; a name truly distinctive of a party which has no principle, and only hang together upon the diabolical feeling of hatred to one man; and that, because he is a stumbling block in their road to the dissolution of this Union.

If too weak for that, and afraid to expose their insignificance in a separate organization, or to unmask their motives in longer wearing a name which announces personality and malice, then let them do the sneaking thing—slide off into the Whig ranks, disappear from all distinctive view, submerge in Whiggery, and dangle forever at the tail of a party which will scorn to permit them to approach its head. In citation

event, either as allies or recruits to the Whigs, the purified Democracy will bring them back out in August next to the old time of 18,000 majority—and be stronger and cleaner by the operation.

This letter having no other object than to reply to that part of your proceedings in your preliminary meeting which applies to the re-union of the Missouri Democracy, and to thank you for the honorable manner in which my name is mentioned, I here conclude it, reserving for a future and face to face occasion what else I may have to say on other topics.

Your obliged fellow-citizen
THOMAS H. BENTON.

HOW THE 'BUSHMEN OBTAIN STRIPES.

A favorable method adopted by the wild bushmen of approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which taking care of the wild, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principle ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow rarely exceeds three feet in length; its string is twisted sinews. When a Bushman finds an ostrich's nest he encloses himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world.—[A Hunter's Life in South Africa.

"Tom," said an impudent veng to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful creature who wishes to make your acquaintance."

"Glad to hear it—fine girl—struck with my appearance, eh?"

"Yes, very much so—thinks you would make a capital playmate for her little poodle dog."

Some time last winter about the period of drawing in "saw-logs," a shrewd Vermont farmer, with an old miserly fellow who owned a saw-mill, to saw some very knotty logs which he had. The old fellow agreed to saw them into any kind of stuff Jonathan wanted, under a forfeiture of \$50. About two months after, he met the Yankee in the road, and intimating his readiness to saw the logs, desired to know what kind of stuff Jonathan wanted them sawed into.

"Wal," said the Green Mountain boy, "I reckon I'll have them sawed into clear pine boards."

"What! saw knotty hemlock into clear pine? You're crazy!"

"You agreed to do it," said Jonathan, coolly.

"I shan't do any such a thing," said Hans; "it is impossible."

"If that's the case, I'll trouble you for them fifty dollars," said the speculating Vermont. The old man stormed, swore, spit, and expostulated, but 'twas no use; he had to "fork over."

A SPURRY RAILROAD MAN.—At the Railroad meeting here on the 12th inst., when it was a little doubtful whether the stock would be subscribed, a patriotic old citizen, who has a large family to support and whose circumstances are slender, stepped forward and made a proffer of 27 turkeys as a subscription to the stock, exclaiming, "gentlemen, I have no money, but if you will accept the turkeys, which are all I have I will give them freely. He's a spunky Railroad man, certain.—Warrenton News.

The natural bridge in Virginia is not the only geological wonder of the kind in America. In Carter county Kentucky, there is a natural bridge across the Rockbridge branch of the Cany Fork of Little Sandy it is 105 feet span, 12 feet wide, 20 feet thick in the middle of the arch, and 107 feet above the water. In the county of Walker, in Alabama, there is another similar natural curiosity, which was discovered in a recent geological exploration. The span is 120 feet, and the height nearly 70. This bridge is formed of sand stone, and is very symmetrical.

PRETTY GOOD.—An Irish traveling merchant, alias a pedlar, asked an itinerant poultryer the price of a pair of fowls.

"Six shillings sir."

"In my country, my darling, you might buy them for sixpence apiece."

"Why didn't you remain in your dear country, then?"

"Case, we had no sixpences, my jewel," said Pat.

A QUANDARY.—A baker with both arms in the dough up to his elbows, and a fist in the legs of his trousers!

Nothing more easy than to do mischief; nothing more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

He who lives only to benefit himself, gives the world a benefit when he dies.

It is said that a terrible and singular disease has just broken out in Gallicia, Poland, which defies all the efforts of the medical faculty to explain or cure. It is an epidemic—has received the name of the sleeping fever.

We understand, says the Liberator (N. H.) Whig, that the United Literary Society at Dartmouth College have invited Hon. S. Foote, of Mississippi, to deliver their commencement oration.