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Original Poetry.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer.

DORA.

BY HOWARD H. CALDWELL.

Where the weeping-willow bendeth
On the breeze, her branches long,
Where the wild bee's music blendeth
Sweetly with the mock-bird's song:
Where the fragrant orange blossom
Lies on red mimosa's bloom,
Calmly sleeps, with throbbing bosom,
Loved, lost DORA, in her tomb.
Near this willow-tree we parted,
I, in anger, she in tears;
Both half-maddened, heavy-hearted,
Spoke the doom of after years.
Faint the woodland echoes sent it
Back to our astonished ears
That "farewell," for our hearts lent it
Thoughts of bitterness and tears.
We were both too high of spirit,
Each was loving, each was proud;
Love's faint sigh, how could we hear it
While our anger stormed aloud?
Far to distant lands I wandered
Striving to forget her: still,
All the while, I only pondered
Of that maiden, lovely so well.
Then, my foolish pride o'er-throwing,
I to my loved home returned:
Absence made my love more glowing,
For her how my spirit yearned!
I returned, and asked a maiden
Where my DORA might be found?
"Yonder sleeps the sorrow-laden
DORA, 'neath that grassy mound!"

Now, when brightest Morn awakes
Smiles o'er meadow, lake and sea,
By her grave I watch heart-breaking
Far more fair than Morn was she!
And, when shadowy twilight closes,
Bringing gloom o'er earth and sky,
Watch I, where her form reposes—
Night is not so dark as I!
This low grave-me-seems the portal
To a glorious land of Calm,
Where kind angel-hands immortal
Pour on wounded spirits, balm.
Here is a beautiful vision
Of that ever-blooming shore,
Where, in radiant fields Elysian,
Tears and parting come no more!
Peaceful be thy sleep, my DORA!
Peaceful as an angel's dream:
And when first dawn's Aurora
Come thou, on earliest beam,
Come to me, oh guide most saintly!
Where thou goest Heaven must be—
How long must I hope here, faintly,
Weeping 'neath the willow tree?
MARCH 1856.

A Tale of the West.

THE SHOT IN THE EYE.

The following tale of Texas border life, is a faithful portrayal of a large portion of the population of Texas, fifteen years ago. It was written by Mayor Webber, and we believe was published originally in the Democratic Review.

My word for it, reader, I should never have ventured to construct a professed romance out of incidents so wild and strange as those of this narration. It is only with the hope that you will accept in good faith the assurance given in the same spirit, that these things really did occur while I was in the country, and most of them within my personal knowledge—that I venture to relate them at all. Remember, the scene is laid in a frontier county of Texas, and if you have even a remote conception of the history of that Republic and the general character of its social elements, you will be prepared for a good deal.

Shelby county, lying in Western Texas, on the border of the "Red Lands," was rather thinly settled in the latter part of '39. What population it had was generally the very worst caste of border life. The bad and desperate men who had been driven over our frontier formed a rallying ground and headquarters here—seemingly with the determination to hold the county good against the intrusion of all honest persons, and as a sort of "Alsatia" of the West, for the protection of outlaws and villains of every grade. And indeed to such an extent had this proposition been carried that it had become notorious as much as a man's life or conscience was worth who settled among them with any worthy purpose in view; for he must fall into their confederacy—leave—or die! This was perfectly understood; and the objects of the confederacy may be readily appreciated, when it is known that every now and then a party of men would sally out from this settlement, painted and equipped like Cannanches, with the view of carrying off the horses, plundering some marked man of a neighboring county; then returning with great speed, they would rebrand their plunder, resume their accustomed appearance, and defy pursuit or investigation. Not only did they band together for their operations in this way, but a single man would carry off a fine horse or commit a murder with the most open audacity, and if he only succeeded in escaping here, was publicly protected. I do not mean to have it understood that the whole population at this time were men of such stamp avowedly.

There were some few whose wealth to a degree protected them in the observance of a more seemly life—though they were compelled to at least wink at the doings of their ruffianly and more numerous neighbors; while there was yet another, but not large class of sturdy, straight-forward emigrants, who, attracted solely by the beauty of the country, had come into it, settled themselves down wherever they took a fancy—with characteristic recklessness neither caring nor inquiring who were their neighbors, but trusting in their own stout arms and hearts to keep a footing. Of course all such were

very soon engaged in desperate feuds with the horse-thieves and plunderers around them and as they were not yet strong enough to make head efficiently—were one after another finally ousted or shot. It was to exterminate this honest class that the more lawless and brutal of the others associated themselves and assumed the name of "Regulators." They numbered from eight to twelve—and under the organization of rangers, commanded by a beastly wretch named Hinch, they professed to undertake the task of purifying the county limits of all bad and suspicious characters; or in other words, of all men who dared refuse to be as vile as they were—*if* they were, who chose to act independently of them and their schemes.—This precious brotherhood soon became the scourge of all that region. Whenever an individual was unfortunate enough to make himself obnoxious to them, whether by a successful villainy, the proceeds of which he refused to share with them, or by the hateful contrast of his course—he was forthwith surrounded—threatened—had his stock driven off or killed wantonly—and if these annoyances and hints were not sufficient to drive him away, they would publicly warn him to leave the county in a certain number of days, under the penalty of being scourged or shot. The common pretext for this was the accusation of having committed some crime, which they themselves had perpetrated with a view of furnishing a charge to bring against him. Their hate was entirely ruthless and never stopped short of accomplishing its purposes; and in many a bloody fray and cruel outrage had the question of their supremacy been mooted, until at last there were few left to dispute with them, and they tyrannized at will.

Among these few were Jack Long, as he was called, who neither recognized nor denied their power, and indeed never troubled himself about them one way or the other.—He kept himself to himself, hunted incessantly, and nobody knew much about him. Jack had come of a "wild-turkey breed," as the western term is for a roving family; and though still a young man, had pushed on ahead of the settlement of two territories, and had at last followed the game towards the south, and finding it abundant in Shelby county, had stopped here, just as he would have stopped at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, had it been necessary to pursue it so far. He had never been in the habit of asking leave of any power where he should settle, and of course scarcely thought of the necessity of doing so, now; but quietly set to work—built himself a nice log-cabin, as far off from everybody as he could get. And the first thing that was known of him, he had his pretty young wife and two little ones snugly stowed away in it, and was slaying the deer and the bears right and left.

The honest brotherhood had made several attempts at feeling Jack's pulse and ascertaining his availability; but he had always seemed so impressively good-natured, and put them off so pleasantly, that they could find no ground for either disturbing or quarrelling with him. What was more, he was physically rather an ugly-looking customer, with his six feet four inches of brown and bone; though the inclination, just discoverable in his figure, to corpulence, together with a broad, full, good-humored face, gave an air of sluggishness to his energies, and an expression of easy sympathy to his temper, which offered neither invitation to gratuitous insult nor provocation to dislike. He was the very impersonation of inoffensive, loyal honesty, slumbering on his conscious strength; and these men, without exactly knowing why, felt some little disinclination to waking him. He had evidently never been roused to a knowledge of himself, and others felt just as uncertain what the knowledge might bring forth as he did, and were not specially jealous of the honor of having it first tested upon their own persons. So that Jack Long might have been left for many a day in quiet, even in this formidable neighborhood, to cultivate his passion for workmanship, at the expense of the dumb, wild things around him, but for an unfortunate display he was accidentally induced to make of it.

Happening to fall short of ammunition, he went one day to the store for a fresh supply. This cabin, together with the blacksmith's shop and one or two other butts, constituted the "county town," and as powder and liquor were only to be obtained there, it was the central resort of the Regulators. Jack found them all collected for a great shooting match, in preparation for which they were getting drunk as fast as possible, to steady their nerves. Hinch, the Regulator captain, had always been the hero of such occasions; for, in addition to being a first-rate shot, that was known that it would be a dangerous exertion of skill for any man to beat him—for he was a furious and vindictive bully, and would not fail to make a personal affair of it with any one who should mortify his vanity by carrying off the prize from him. In addition, the band of scoundrels he commanded was entirely at his service in any extreme, so that they made fearful odds for a single man to contend with.

Everybody else in the county was aware of this state of things but Jack Long, and he either didn't know or didn't care. After they had fired several rounds, he went lounging listlessly into the crowd which had gathered around the target, exclaiming in admiration over the last brilliant shot of Hinch, which was rather triumphantly the best.—The bully was, as usual, blustering vehemently, taunting every one around him, and when he saw Jack looking very coolly at the famous shot, with no grain of that deferential admiration in his expression which was demanded, he snatched up the board, and thrusting it insultingly close to his face, roared out—

"Here! you Jack Long Shanks—look at that! Take a good look! Can you beat it?" Jack drew back with a quiet laugh, and said good-humoredly—

"Pshaw! You don't brag on such shooting as that, do you?"
"Brag on it! I'd like to see such a moon-eyed chap as you beat it!"
"I don't know as I would be very proud to beat such bungling work as that."
"You don't! don't you?" yelled the fellow, now fairly in a rage at Jack's coolness. "You'll try it, won't you? You must try it! You shall try it! We'll see what sort of a swell you are!"

"Oh, well," said Jack, interrupting him as he was proceeding to rave for quantity, "just set up your board, if you want to see me put a ball through every hole you can make!"

Perfectly astounded at this rash bearding of the lion—for it was difficult to tell whether contempt or simplicity dictated Jack's manner—the men set up the board, while he walked back to the stand, and carelessly swinging his heavy rifle from his shoulder, fired seemingly as quick as thought.

"It's a trick of mine," said he, moving towards the mark, as he lowered his gun; "I caught it from shooting" varments in the eyes; always takes 'em there. It's a notion I've got—it's my fun."

They all ran eagerly to the target, and sure enough his ball, which was larger than Hinch's, had passed through the same hole, widening it!

"He's a humbug! It's all accident! He can't do that again!" shouted the ruffian, turning pale, till his lips looked blue, as the board was held up. "I'll bet the ears of a buffalo calf against his, that he can't do it again."

"If you mean by that, to bet your own ears against mine, I'll take you up!" said Jack laughing, while the men could not resist joining him. Hinch glared round him with a fierce chafed look, before those who knew him best quailed, and with compressed lips silently loaded his gun. A new target was put up, at which, after long and careful aim, he fired. The shot was a fine one. The edge of the ball had just broken the center. Jack, after looking at it, quietly remarked—

"Plumbing out the center is my fashion; I'll show you a kink or two, Captain Hinch, about the clear thing in shooting." Give us another board there boys!"

Another was set up, and after throwing out his gun on the level, in the same rapid careless style as before, he fired; and with a pleasant nod to Hinch, started to walk off. The ruffian shouted hoarsely after him.

"I thought you were a coward!" You've made two good shots by accident, and now you sneak off to brag that you've beat me.—Come back, sir! You can't shoot before a musse half as true!"

Jack walked on without noticing this mortal insult and challenge, while Hinch laughed tauntingly long and loud—jeering him with exulting bitterness, as long as he could make himself heard, "a flash in the pan," "a danglebill cock, who had spread his white feather," while the men who had been surprised into a profound respect for Long, and were now still more astonished at what they considered his "backing out," joined clamorously in hooting his retreat.

The fools! They made a fatal mistake, in supposing he left the insult unresented from any fear for himself. Jack Long had a young and pretty wife at home, and his love for her was stronger than his resentment for his own indignity. His passions were slow, and had never been fully roused—none of them at least but his love, and that presented her instantly, forlorn and deserted, with her little ones, in this wild country should he throw away his life with such desperate odds; and seeing the turn the affair was likely to take, he had prudently determined to get away before it had gone too far. But had any of those men seen the spasm of agony which shivered across his massive features, as these gibing voices rang upon his ears in insult which no proud free hunter might endure, they would have taken the hint, to beware of clashing the silently foaming boar any longer.

This was an ill-starred day for Jack, though from this time troubles began to thicken about him. The even tenor of his simple happy life was destroyed, and indignity and outrage followed each other fast. Hinch never forgave the unlucky skill which had robbed him of his proudest boast, that of being the best marksman on the frontier, and he swore, in base vindictive hate, to dog him to death, or make him leave the country. Soon after this, a valuable horse belonging to a rich and powerful planter, disappeared. He was one of those men who had compromised with the Regulators, paying so much black-mail for exemption from their depredations, and protection against others of the same stamp; and he now applied to Hinch, for the recovery of his horse, and the punishment of the thief. This Hinch, under the contract, was bound to do, and promised to accomplish forthwith. He and some of his men went off on the trail of the missing horse, and returning next day, announced that they had followed it with all their skill through a great many windings, evidently intended to throw off pursuit, and had at last traced it to Jack Long's picket fence, and there could be no doubt but he was the thief. The planter knew nothing of Jack, but that he was a new comer, and demanded that he should be forced to give up the horse, and punished to the extremity of the frontier code. But this was not Hinch's plan yet awhile. He knew the proofs were not strong enough to make the charge plausible, even before a Lynch Court, of which he himself was both the prosecutor, judge, and executioner. His object was to first get up a hue and cry against Long, and under cover of a general excitement, accomplish his devilish purposes without question or mock trial even. So that, after a great deal of maneuvering, for eight or ten days, during which time the charge against Long was industriously circu-

lated by his myrmidons, so as to attract general attention and expectation, as to the result of his investigations—he proclaimed far and wide, that he had found the horse at last, hid in a timber bottom near Long's! This, of course, seemed strong confirmation of his guilt, and though the mob were most of them horse-thieves, to all intents, yet it was an unpardonable crime for any one to practice professionally among themselves; so that Long was loudly denounced, and threatened on every side, and ordered to leave the country forthwith.

These proceedings Jack by no means comprehended, or felt disposed to be moved by; but gave them one and all to understand, that he meant to remain where he was, until it entirely suited his convenience to go; and that if his time and theirs did not happen to agree, they might make the most of it.—And Jack was such an uncompromising snuggish looking somebody, and his reputation which had now spread everywhere—of possessing such consummate skill with his rifle, that he thought it a condescension to shoot game anywhere else but in the eyes—was so formidable, that no individual felt disposed to push the matter to a personal collision.—He might still, therefore, have been left in quiet, but Hinch had unfortunately taken up the impression, from Jack's conduct in the shooting-match affair, that he must be a coward, and if this were true, that all his skill amounted to but little; and like any other bloody, wolfish brute, he followed him up the more eagerly for this very reason, which would have disarmed a generous foe. Besides, Jack had given fresh and weightier matter of offence, in that he had refused to obey, and defied his authority as Regulator. The very being of that authority seemed to require now that a wholesome example should be made of him, for the swing of all refractory persons hereafter. The wretch, who was cunning as a fox, had sworn in his inmost heart to ruin and disgrace Long, from the moment of that triumph, now availed himself remorselessly of all his influence, and knowledge of the society around him, to accomplish it. Several horses now disappeared, and robberies of other kinds, perpetrated with singular dexterity, followed in quick succession. All these things he managed, through the clamors of his scoundrelly troops, to have laid directly or indirectly, to Jack's door.

But in the popular estimation they counted as nothing, in fixing the charge of dangerous malice upon poor Long, in comparison with one other incident. About this time not only Hinch himself, but every other person who had made himself conspicuous, by insisting upon Jack's guilt, and the necessity of punishing him summarily, began to lose, every day or two, valuable stock, which was wontenly shot down sometimes in sight of their houses; and it soon became to be remarked that every animal lost in this way, had been shot in the eye! This was instantly associated, of course, with Jack's well-known and curious predilection for that mark in hunting, and a perfect storm of indignation followed. A meeting was at once convened at the store, of which the planter was the chairman; and at it, by a unanimous vote, a resolution was passed condemning Jack Long to be whipped and driven out of the country—and Hinch with his Regulators appointed to carry it into effect! He could hardly contain himself for joy; for now, whatever extreme his pitiless malignity might choose to indulge itself in, he had no fear of after-claps or questioning.

It was the third day after this meeting, Jack, during all these persecutions, had deposited himself with the most stolid indifference. Avoiding all intercourse with the settlers, he had continued to hunt with even more assiduity than usual, and was in a great measure ignorant of the unenviable notoriety he was enjoying. He had heard something of the charges with which his character had been assailed, but attributed them all to the jealous enmity he had incurred at the shooting-match. He could understand perfectly how one man could hate another who had beat him in shooting, and thought it natural enough; but he could not understand how that hatred might be meanly and desperately vindictive, and therefore gave himself no uneasiness about it. He was only anxious that his wife should not hear and be annoyed by any of these things, and preserved his usual cheerfulness of demeanor.

He had just returned from hunting, and laying aside his accoutrements, partook of the simple meal her neat housewifery had prepared for him; then stretching himself upon the buffalo robe on the floor, roused with his two rosy-cheeked boys, who rolled over his great body, and gambled and screamed in riotous joy around him; but mother wanted some water from the branch, and the frolic must be given over while Jack would do and bring it. So jumping up, he left the little-folk pouting willfully as they looked after him from the door, and started. The stream was only about a hundred yards from the house, and the path leading to it was through a dense high thicket. It was against Jack's religion ever to leave his house without his gun; but the wife whom he loved above all the universe of sentiment and everything else, was in a hurry for the water, and the distance was so short,—so he sprang gaily out with the vessel in his hand, leaving the rifle behind. The water had been dipped up, and he was returning along the narrow path closely bordered by the brush, when he felt a light tap on each shoulder, and his career strangely impeded. He had just time to perceive that a lasso had been thrown over him, which would confine his arms, when he saw himself suddenly surrounded, and was rushed upon by a number of men. He instantly recognized the voice of Hinch, shouting, "down with him! drag him down!" as the men who had hold of the lasso about his body jerked at it violently in the effort to throw him. All his tremendous strength was put forth in one convulsive effort which would have freed him, but the infernal noose had fallen true, and bound his arms. As it

was he dragged the six stout men who held it after his frantic bounds nearly to his own door, before he was prostrated, and then it was by a heavy blow dealt him over the head with the butt of a gun. The last objects which met his eye as he sank down, were the horrified faces of his two children and wife looking out upon him!

The blow deprived him of his senses for sometime, and when he recovered he found himself half stripped, and lashed to a tree a short distance from his house.—Hinch in front of him with a knotted rope in hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty round the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and outside this group a circle of men with guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eye took in everything at a glance. A shudder like that of an oak rifling to its core, sprang along his nerves, and seemed to pass out at his feet and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead hivel of his door would have done, and the agony of that poor wife shrieking a frantic echo to every harsh slashing sound seemed to have no more effect upon his ear than it had upon the tree above them, which shook its green leaves to the self-same cadence they had held yesterday in the breeze. His wide-open eyes were glancing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who stood around—for these features are never to be forgotten!—for while Hinch lays on the stripes with all his furious strength blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if it marked them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful—so concentrated—so still—so enduring! He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed—but those intense eyes of his!—the wretches could not stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other. But it was too late; he had them all—ten men! They were registered.

We will drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say, that after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him; telling his wife that if they were not out of the country in ten days he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and as it was said, returned with his family to Arkansas, where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

About four months after this affair, in company with an adventurous friend, I was traversing western Texas. Our objects were to see the country, and amuse ourselves in hunting for a time over any district we found well adapted for a particular sport—as for bear-hunting, deer-hunting, buffalo-hunting, &c. Either of these animals, is to be found in greater abundance, and of course pursued to greater advantage in peculiar regions; and as we were anxious to make ourselves familiar with all the modes of life in the country, we made it a point in passing through to stop wherever the promise of anything specially interesting offered itself.

Prairies, timber, and water were better distributed in Shelby than any county we had passed through—the timber predominating over the prairie, though interlaid by it in every direction. This diversity of surface attracted a greater variety and quantity of game, as well as afforded more perfect facilities to the sportsman. Indeed it struck us as a perfect hunter's paradise; and my friend happening to remember a man of some wealth who had removed from his native country, and settled, as he had understood, in Shelby, we inquired for him and very readily found him.

Whatever else may be said or thought of the Texans, they are unquestionably most generously hospitable. We were frankly and kindly received, and horses, servants, guns, dogs, and whatever else was necessary to ensure our enjoyment of the sports of the country, as well as the time of our host himself, were forthwith at our disposal, and we were soon, to our hearts' content, engaged in every character of exciting chase.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

GENERAL MORGAN.

Among the incidents connected with the closing years of this rude but patriotic soldier, the following, originally published in the Winchester Republican of 1844, may be regarded as evincing in the narrator a singular combination of frankness, simplicity, and pathos:

"The thunderbolt of war," this brave Morgan who never knew fear, was in camp often wicked and very profane, but never a disbeliever in religion. He testified that himself. In his latter years, General Morgan professed religion, and united himself with the Presbyterian Church in this place, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Hill, who preached in this house some forty years, and may now be heard occasionally on London street. His last days were passed in this town; and while sinking to his grave he related to his minister the experience of his soul. "People thought," said he, "that Daniel Morgan never prayed," people said old Morgan never was afraid—people said in his blunt manner, among many other things, that the night they stormed Quebec, while waiting in the darkness and storm, with his men paraded, for the word to advance, he felt unhappy; the enterprise appeared more than perilous; it seemed to him that nothing less than a miracle could bring them off safe from an encounter at such an amazing disadvantage. He stepped aside and kneeled by the side of a munition of war, and then most fervently prayed that the Lord God Almighty would be his shield and defence; for nothing less than the Almighty arm could protect him. He continued on his knees till the word passed along the lines. He fully believed that his safety de-

ring that night of peril was from the interposition of God.

"Again he said about the battle of the Cowpens, which covered him with so much glory as a leader and a soldier, he had felt afraid to fight Tarleton with his numerous army, flushed with success, and that he retreated as long as he could, till his men complained—and he could go no further. Drawing his army in three lines on the hill side; contemplating the scene—in the distance the glitter of the advancing enemy—he trembled for the fate of the day. Going to the woods in the rear, he knelt in an old tree top, and poured out a prayer to God for his army, for himself and for his country.—With relieved spirits he returned to the lines, and in his rough manner cheered them for the fight. As he passed along, they answered him bravely. The terrible carnage that followed the deadly aid of his lines decided the victory. In a few moments Tarleton fled. 'Ah,' said he, 'people said old Morgan never feared'; they thought old Morgan never prayed; they did not know; old Morgan was miserably afraid.' And if it had not been, in the circumstances of the amazing responsibility in which he placed how could he have been brave?"

"The last of his riflemen are gone; the brave and hardy gallants of this valley that waded to Canada and stormed Quebec are all gone—gone, too, are Morgan's sharpshooters of Saratoga. For a long time too that shared his captivity in Canada were seen in this village, wasting away to shadows of their youth, celebrating with enthusiasm the night of their battle, as the year rolled round—Peter Lauck and John Schultz. But they have answered the roll call of death, and have joined their leader; the hardy Lauck wondering that Schultz, the feeblest of the band, whom he had so often carried through the snows of Canada, should outlive him. There is interest round the last of such a corps."

Select Reading.

OF WHAT WOMEN ARE MADE.

"Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life."

Simonides, a poet famous in his generation, who flourished about four hundred years after the siege of Troy, tells us, in a noted satire, that the gods formed the souls of women out of those seeds and principles which compose several kinds of animals and that their good and bad dispositions arise in them according as such and such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. He says:

"The souls of one kind of women were formed out of those ingredients which compose a swine. A woman of this make is a sloven in her house and a glutton at her table. A second kind is of the fox, foxy, and has an insight into everything, good or bad; some of this class are virtuous, and some vicious.

"A third kind of women were made up of canine particles; these are scolds, always barking and snarling, and live in perpetual clamor. A fourth kind were made out of the earth. Such are the sluggards, who pass their time in indolence and ignorance, hang over the fire a whole winter, and apply themselves with alacrity to no kind of business but eating.

"The fifth species of females were made out of the sea, and are of variable, uneven tempers, sometimes all storm and tempest, sometimes all calm and sunshine. The sixth species were made of such ingredients as compose an ass or beast of burden; these are naturally slothful and obstinate, but the husband exerting his authority, will live upon hard fare, and do everything to please him.

"The cat furnished materials for a seventh species of women, who are of melancholy, froward, unamiable nature, and so repugnant to the offers of love that they fly in the face of their husband when he approaches them with conjugal endearments. This species of women are likewise subject to little thefts, cheats, and pilferings. The eighth species of females were taken out of the ape. These are such as are both ugly and ill-natured, and endeavor to detract from or ridicule everything which appears so in others.

"The mare with a flowing mane, which was never broke to serve toil or labor, composed a ninth species of women. These are they who have little regard for their husbands; who pass away their time in dressing, bathing, and perfuming; who throw their hair into the nicest curls, and trick it up in the fairest flowers and garlands. A woman of this species is a very pretty thing for a stranger to look upon, but very detrimental to the owner, unless it be a king or a prince who takes a fancy to such a toy.

"The tenth and last species of women were made out of the bee; and happy is the man who gets such a one for his wife. She is altogether faultless and unblameable. Her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She loves her husband and is beloved by him. She brings him a race of beautiful and virtuous children. She distinguishes herself among her sex. She is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the loose tribe of women, nor passes her time with them in wanton discourses.—She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife that Jupiter can bestow on man."

GOING TO BED.

Going to bed we have always considered one of the most sober, serious and solemn operations which a man can be engaged in during the whole twenty-four hours. With a young lady it is altogether a different thing. When bed time arrives she trips up stairs with a candle in her hand, and—if she had pleasant company during the evening—with some agreeable ideas in her head. The candle on the toilette—and her luxuriant hair is speedily emancipated from the thralldom of combs and pins. If she usually wears

water curls, or uses the "iron," her hair is brushed carefully from her forehead, and the whole mass compactly secured; if not, why then her lovely tresses are soon hid in innumerable bits of paper.

This task accomplished, a night cap appears, may be edged with plain muslin, or may be with heavy lace, which hides all, save her own sweet countenance. As soon as she ties the string, probably she takes a peep in her glass, and half blushes at what she sees. The light is out—her fair, delicate form gently presses the couch—and like a dear, innocent, lovely creature, as she is, she falls gently to sleep, with a sweet smile on her still sweeter face. A man, of course, under the same circumstances acts quite differently. Every movement in his chamber indicates the coarse, rough mould of his sullen nature. When all is ready, he snuffs out the candle with his fingers, like a cannibal, and then jumps into the bed like a savage. For a few moments he thinks of all the peccadilloes he may have committed during the day—vows a vow to amend soon, groans, turns over, stretches himself, and then all is silent save the heavy groans of the slumberer.

THE "DAYS" OF THE CREATION.

The *Scientific American* gives the following summary of an recent article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, by Prof. Dana, of Yale College, on the harmony of science and revelation in regard to the creation:

"We will now endeavor to present the substance of Prof. Dana's account of the history of creation, because it is the latest, clearest and best we have seen, and must be of interest to every son of Adam. He says that geology proves our earth to have been at one time a fiery ball in space; then dry land and seas appeared, with a tropical climate over the whole globe. At a later period, mountains began to enlarge, the dry land to expand, a temperate climate to gather about the poles, and tribes of animals became more localized. Then, in the last age before man the continents take their full breadth; rivers flow, everywhere valleys are formed, and zones of climate became nearly like our own, and every region of the globe has its peculiar fauna. Finally, the features, and climate, and life, attain all their present variety, as man appears to take his place at the command of his Maker."

"His ideas regarding the production of light are peculiar, and as we have seen the same views before, and now find them endorsed as the most correct theory of light by all who have paid any attention to the subject. He says, 'without mutual molecular action, there could be neither light nor heat. But let it be endowed with intense attraction of different degrees or conditions, and it would produce light as the first effect of mutual action begun. The command, 'Let light be,' was the summons to activity in matter.' The plain meaning of this is, that the matter composing the earth was in existence before the law of gravity, and that when it (matter) was endowed with gravity, the mutual action resulting therefrom produced light; in other words, light is an effect of the law of gravitation.

"The records of the rocks, Prof. Dana asserts, declare that the creation of the animal kingdom came not forth all at once, but in long progression. There was an age when shell-fish, such as cuttle-fish, corals and trilobites, were dominant. The earth was then too warm, and the atmosphere too impure for more exalted forms. 'This was the Silurian age of geological science.' The next age was when fishes filled the seas, which is the Devonian of geology. Then followed another, when reptiles, frogs and salamanders commenced. Land plants then came forth, and were of exuberant growth, to abstract carbonic gas from the atmosphere and purify the air. The vegetable products of that age are now found in our coal fields. After this were reptiles larger than whales in the water; leviathan reptiles on land, and flying reptiles in the air.

"In each of these ages were distinct creations succeeding to extinctions of previously existing life. 'Through the Silurian Devonian, Carboniferous and Reptilian ages, in America—fifteen times, at least, the seas were swept of their species, and in the succeeding epoch not a species of the former occurs.' All this occurred during the fifth day of Genesis, according to the geologists, which may have occupied a period of more than a million of our years.

"The next epoch, the sixth day, was the advent of man, and the more perfect animals, and Prof. Dana asserts, with other geologists, that 'the whole plan of creation had evident reference to man, as the end and crown of the animal kingdom,' and science has no evidence that any living species have been created since his appearance on this globe.

WHAT REAL COURAGE IS.—It is real courage to wear old garments till you can afford to pay for new; to say no when you are asked to lend "half a dollar" to even a suffering loafer; to refuse to drink today when you are up to your head and ears in it; to be honest when it is more profitable to be a knave; to do right against the current; to be indifferent to groundless slander; to remain unchanged by rosy compliments and gilt-edged solicitations of female beauty; to walk in the "paths of godliness," when both feet are pitched another way; to go near a brilliant oyster saloon at two in the morning, hungry as a bear, and not go in; to keep your patience with a chambermaid just from Ireland; to be a man among fools; to do your duty if it takes you to the Almshouse."