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### THE BANNER:

### TERMS:

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### Choice Miscettany,

# HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WEATHERFORD. A LEGEND OF THE GREEK WAR.

Several historians, in narrating the events of our second war with Great the grand attempt to gain possession of New Orleans was not made sooner. But, in truth, the attempt was being made two entire years earlier than the date usually given in popular history. With the declaration of war itself, the Court of St. James organized a masterly, but most infamously cruel scheme of conbinations, to grasp the 'Crescent City'—the commercial and military key of the Mississippi valley—and with the organization they also begun the execution of the mighty armament at Vien Venn, on the 3rd of December, and the assault of the American lines on the

glorious 8th of January, were not the

first, but only the last bloody steps.

The primary and most important movement was to excite the South-western Indians to hostility against the Union, so as to occupy the unerring riflemen of the adjacent States, and thus leav the emporium of the west in a detenceless. Accordingly, in 1812 an English trader, named Elliot, accompanied by a chief of the northern tribe of Pottawatamies-the far famed Tecumseh-visited the Alabama savages, and by the means of large bribes paid down in British gold. and delusive promises of plunder and extended domain, these emissaries finally succeeded in cementing the formidaable Creek confederacy, actually comprising ten thousand of the bravest warriors, and directed by the unparalleled genius of Weatherford, one of the most remarkable prodigies that ever appear ed in the annals of mankind.

Like the ancient Gauls, the Creeks of that period might be considered under three divisions. One of these inhabited the Alabama, another the Coosa, and the third the Tallapoosa. The two latter are the upper main forks of the Alabama river. The section of the Coosa was much the strongest, and stretched westward beyond the Tombig-

The neighboring settlements saw the ominous cloud gathering, but could conceive no means of shelter from its terrors, or safety from seemingly inevitable destruction. As a temporary relief, they flew into small forts. What then delayed the dreadfu! blow? What chained for a time the lightnings of the storm, all ready to sweep the whole west with a bosom of fire? The great generalship of Weatherford was not unquestionable. Why then did not the Indian Hannibal-who afterwards almost proved a match for the genius of ato warriors at once in a resistless torrent of ruin over the Mississippi territory, before the American government could even issue a single order? Had sents a mystery which the sagacity of involved a secret of nature's own thrilling romance, as strange as it was unspeakably mournful. As the present writer was traveling last summer brough Alabama, he learned the follow-

on the Black Warier. A quadrangular wall of enormous pine logs, and proteeted at the four corners by four strong block houses, it might have been tute of artillery. It was impregnable to other arms, if properly guarded.—
Its garrison numbered two hundred and seventy-five, of whom nearly onehalf consisted of women and children. having left their own homes for this unfortunate asylum. It was bright noon- roared with exploding rifles; touched day, the 3rd of August, 1813, and off by the wives and sisters of the slain, an alarm, though it had now been man- A conflict, still more terrible than the several weeks past, and hence a fatal holds, and with a single exception, all feeling of security had possessed almost the women and children perished in the every one. There was one heart with- flames. in, however, throbbing with fearful forebodings.

Seated on a wooden stool, in the company of some dozen others of both sexes, a beautiful young girl was seen, whose pale and troubled features attested the keen anxiety of her soul.

'What ails my fair flower, Lucy Dean, to-day? Has she seen a ghost, or been dreaming about Indians?' asked a fine looking young officer, who had just entered.

'Oh! she thinks that we will all be Britian, have expressed surprise that scalped before night, because the handsome. Maj. Montgomery left us this morning,' cried one of the maidens, laughing. Lucy's own face colored with sweeter crimson than ever blushed on the cheek of an evening cloud.

'No, that is not it, said a merry, madromp, arching a pair of pretty black ed his hair crisped, and his clothes on eye-brows into a comical expression .-She is afraid her old beau, Sultan form of Lucy Dean-that precious bur-Weatherford, will pay her another vis- den; for whom he would have plunged, it, and she objects to being made 'the light of the harem.'

Lucy turned deadly pale at this rally of wit; but she darkened the smile playing around the circle, by suddenly addressing the officer, in tones so solemn that they seemed like an unearth-

meet him, is the only method to ensure | tar. success,' answered the officer.

Then look at vonder open ga to meet an enemy?"

'My spies came in not an hour ago, and assured me that there are no Creeks within fifty miles,' replied the commander, confidently.

'Oh! then, you do not know the wonderful art of Weatherford, and we shall all perish!' sighed Lucy Dean, in standing, and gesticulated with much a voice of despair.

Just at that moment a small boy rushed into the room, with looks of wonder depicted on his countenance, crying bler specimen of human organization. out, eagerly -'Oh! sister Lucy, you can't guss what I saw in the cane, near the river.'

'What did you see, my son?' inquired Major Beasly, something down the golden locks of the child.

'I saw a negro with straight hair, pokeberries, and he had feathers on his head like a bird.'

ut of the door.

'Indians! Indians!' screamed the women, gathering their children, and flying wildly to the block house.

'Indians!' resounded from all parts of the fort, as the aroused soldiers grasped their guns.

But the alarm came too late. Two hundred painted warriers, headed by the barbarously brave Weatherford, in person, already occupied the large gate, which was literally bristling with the steel of British bayoners, supplied by Jackson-pour his ten thousand desper- the infernal felon Ellict, by the order of the court -- a court ever devoid of common humanity as the domestic ministry of Lucifer himself.

A tremendous contest ensued. The he done so, New Orleans, in all proba- Americans, animated by the example bility, would now be a part of the Brit- of Major Beasly, strove to push their endured so much on your account.' ish Empire. That such a cloud should enemy from the gate. The Creeks, go on accumulating and blackening, inspired to phrensy by the trumpet- at length appeared to produce its effect not poised as it ought to be, if it be without bursting, even for months, pre- tongue of Weatherford, struggled to on the young girl. She raised her pale maintain their ground. The weapons face and tearful eyes, and remarked the little joys and endearments of a no historian has hitherto been able to employed by the front ranks of combatsolve. Little did the many minds ants, were swords, knives, tomahawks moothing this dark riddle, dream that it and bayonets. Those behind, who could not get within striking distance, better of your proposal.' on account of the throng fighting before them, resorted to the rifle and musket. After fifteen minutes of frightful slaughg solution, from an old farmer of not till every officer of the garrison was show Bend, at whose house he dead, or all the soldiers slain or mortalchanced to stop over night. It agrees ly wounded. One might have supposperformed as to demonstrate its plete. No doubt they thought so "Your artful deception misled me once." own truth, a priori, very nearly to the themselves, as they raised a wild and It cannot do so again. Six months his thoughts, and its permanent effects wondering Shuball.

forest, near the forks of the Tombigbee, gild the green pine tops of the western woods.-They had murdered all the heroes. What then? They had that day to learn, if they knew not previously, that despair can always mould heroines deemed secure against any force desti- out of the American women. Suddenly the majestic form of the great chief, Weatherford, trembled .-- He heard the voice of Lucy Dean, giving orders and encouraging the females in the block houses, to resist to the last extremity. Immediately every angle of the fort fort Mimms had not yet experienced and fifty Indians fell to rise no more. ned for two long months. The scouts first, followed, which was finally termihad reported no signs of Indians for nated, when the enemy fired the strong-

"Come down Lucy; you shall not be harmed. Oh! come down,' cried the chief of the Creeks imploringly, as he saw the red blaze mounting over the house where he had distinguished her voice .-- But his words were drowned in the shricks of mothers and their babes, burning away in the agonies of the mort torturing of all deaths.

"Five thousand dollars,' exclaimed the frantic chief, to the man who breaks open that iron-bound door!' and soon the shutter started from its binges, beneath the hail of blows from rocks, hammers, and hatchets. Weatherford cut loose with his sword from the friends who would have detained him, and disappeared in the burning building. After some ten minutes, the chief issued forth from the flames, his face blackenfire, but bearing in his arms the fainting without shrinking, into fathoniless hell

this dark dungeon of a world from a sun which beams above all the stars; and thou bright essence of celestial ly warning-'What said Gen. Clai- ether, such as the angels breathe, it is borne, when he parted with Major God gives thee even to the hardest at 1 savagest hearts, pure as rain drops, and 'To repect an enemy, and prepare to as sweet as the cream of Olympian nec-town, in the rear. But lo ! no town

That evening the Creek commander, vith one division of his army, set those children running outside of the for his own plantation on the Alabama fort, exclaimed the young girl, with a river. The reader needs scarcely to slight shudder. 'Is that preparation be informed that the beautiful young orphan was carried along with them.

Five days after the Massacre of Fort Mimms, a man and woman might have been seen conversing in the porch of a framed house, overlooking the Alabama. The woman was scated, and appeared to be weeping. The man was animation, as if engaged in the delivery of an eloquent speech. The world could not have offered to the view a no-Tall in person, straight and admirably proportioned in figure, with every memper east in classic mould, he might be pronounced matchless in material perfection. All who have perused Clairborn's "Notes on the War in the South," will recognise in our portrait the dreadford.

"Yonder is my farm, and fity slaves," 'Indians!' shouted Beasly, leaping said the Chief, pointing his finger in the direction of a fertile plantation; I am assured of a General's commission, soon, from the greatest nation on the earth; and when New Orleans and Louisiana are conquered, I shall be a B-itish Governor; and all shall be yours. if you will share my fortune, as you already possess my heart, undivided.'

Weatherford paused for an answer

n vain, and then continued: "I have loved you for years; I have given you every possible proof of tenderness. The fortune of war threw you in my power, and, although my passions are ardent as the sun in summer, I have never even breathed in your ear an immodest wish. Oh be! just, be generous, dearest Lucy; at least be merciful to one who has done and

The deep earnestness of the speaker mournfully ....

"You say you love me; then give me one more evidence, and I may think "What is it?' he asked with a look

of intense anxiety.

women and children." "Never!' replied Weatherford, in ac-

Fort Mimms was situated in a vast | the dust ere the evening sun should | as a confederate of Britain. Did you make good that implied pledge? Let your conscience answer! But for my foolish reliance on your word, I should be master of the whole Mississippi ter-

"Then never speak to me again of love,' retorted Lucy Dean, bitterly. "Very well,' answered the other, sadly. And now listen to my fixed resolution .- I shall never harm you, or suffer you to be harmed; but I cannot, will not live without the light of your sweet face .- You have Lyola. They shall attend you always, and you shall go with my army. You shall be in hearing of my battles. I shall see you every day, but will never speak to you more-no, not one syllable-unless you get on your knees and pray to me as God. Thus we two live in a strange and terrible wedlock; and when you die.

Lucy to her apartment. Weatherford was true to his fearful promise. The wretched girl was in the rear during every succeeding engagement, and was carried away by her dusky attendants in the van of every fight. How awful must have been her emotion amidst the horrors of a dozen combats. At all these, Lucy Dean was in hearing of the clangor, kept by her unchanging guard; and still, every day the great chief would feast his eyes beauty, and yet never addressed her

Never did the sun of sixty centuries shine on braver soldiers than the Creek Indians; and never were brave men led to battle by a more consumate general than Weatherford. But nature's heroism was forced at last to yield to equal courage, aided by the magic of tactics.

Oh! miraculous light of lave, thou art in truth the only ray that ever reached hareh 1814 Clean this dark dungeon of a world from a with this entire force, o assault from lines of Weatherford, entrenched in a bend of Tallapoosa, called, from its singular shope the 'Horse Shoe.' As the position in front was stormed, the Indians turned for shelter to their was visible only an impenetrable sea law. It was no use to remonstrate, ed he to himself.

of rolling smoke surmounted by pillars the Squire, with all the inflation of a The following no of soaring fire. During the ol engagement, the Cherokee allies of the Americans had swum the river, kindled the dry huts, and cut off all chance of retreat. From the first moment of the attack, foremost amongst the self-appointed 'forlorn hope' who ascended an old, unpainted, steep-roofed box, twal' were fast approaching. The merthe perilous wall, was the accomplished placed upon a sleigh bottom, and cov- ry sleigh bells had ceased their music, Major General Montgomery of Virginia--- (the capital of Alabama speaks his name to all time.) -After the route. his humanity urged him to rush through the blazing village, to rescue from the flames the women and children. Suddealy he met an American girl flying wildly forwards. She was so pale, and her features were so distorted by terror, that he did not know her until she sunk fainting into his arms.

"Oh, Lucy! my own Lucy!' was all the astonished officer could murmur, kissing her clay-cold cheeks. Then came a quick flash and a sharp roar, and his face all over stained red with ful Creek half-breed Chief, Weather, and Major Montgomery lay on the ground a corpse. Weatherford, in passing, hotly pursued by a score of Cherokees, had fired a pistol at Lucy Dean, which took effect in the heart of her chosen love.

The Creek chief himself appeared to amidst all the carnage, he distanced the swiftest racers, and plunging into the river, through a rain of hissing bullets, escaped to the farther shore, and was lost in the lofty forest. My informant near the point where Weatherford fought at the storming of his lines, and raised his head for once in his life and heard him exclaim in tones of terrible despair: "God's curse be on England eternally, for the death of my nation!'

Note.-Lucy Dean resides in the town of Montgomery, Alanama, and is the wife of a respectable merchant, and mother of several promising children.

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS-I hold it indeed to be a sure sign of a mind insensible to the pleasure of home, to family, to the affection of relations, to the fidelity of domestics. Next to being well with his own conscience, the friendship and attachment of a man,s family and dependants seems to me one "Break off your bloody alliance with of his lot. His situation, with regard arth I've done; soliloquized the poor ter, the savages entered the fort, but the enemies of my country, and bid to either, forms that sort of bosom com- victim, as he patiently followed like a your warriors cease to murder innocent fort or disquiet that sticks close to him sheep to the slaughter. In a few minamidst the bustle of public or the hurry exclusion of every other possible suppo- deafening yell of infuriated joy. But a ago you encouraged me to hope, pro- on his happiness, at every pause of amhundred more were yet destined to bite | vided I should not take part in the war | bition or of business,

### Selling A Justice.

BY BARNACLE. "O, that he were here to write me down-an

ass! but, remember, masters, that I am an ass; though it may not be written down, yet forgot not that I am an ass;—"

Shuball Watson was a true specimen of a live Yankee pedler; shrewd, cautious and perservering. At bargaining he was a 'whole team,' as he expressed himself, and could sell more tin ware in a day than any other man in the Bay State. He owned and occupied a small, old fashioned, and crazy looking house, surrounded by an acre lot, the heir-loom of the family, and the birth-place of a long line of Watsons, which fate, fortune, and the flowing tide of population, willed should now be the very centre of the aristocratic village of C- Several large and elegant modern mansions looked down with a true lordly air from what had I will die also; and we shall be burried been a few years since vacant lots, upin the same grave. And the chief called the savage guard, who bore off on Shube's humble home, and seemed to be thoroughly disgusted with the view and odor of his potato patch and great danger of the life and limb of the barn yard. Squire Wigglesby, the Dogberry of C——, and fully worthy the honors of his celebrated prototype, was Shube's nearest neighbor, and was particularly ashamed of his proximity may this be a solemn warning to you in to the moss-covered and dirty red hov- future, and sanctified to your good. el. He, together with his sympathizing neighbors, heartily wished it at -,

el. He, together with his sympathizing neighbors, heartily wished it at —, any where rather than where it was, and had made several Jew-like efforts with a melancholly gaze on her fading to purchase from Shube that single acre; but he was in no disposition to sell, of the little thimble jingling things that ever replying: 'Dod rot it, I don't zac- are on your sleighly like ter sell the humstead; I don't know what I might be tempted tu du for money; but dod rot it I don't zacly like ter sell.'

For this, if for no other reason, they hated him, and felt a disposition to annoy him as much as possible—enough, perhaps, to force him to sell at their price. Numberiess, then, were the antempt of capable so, required by so, required b ding. If his hers flew over the fence drawing his cot skin purse, they never returned, alive; if his cow whilst his face brightened as a new took a moment's advantage of an open gate and wandered into the street, she fine and left the office in a brown study, was in pound as if by magic, and poor Shube summoned before Squire Wigglesby and fined to the extent of the little brief authority, only put it on har- clear, and the stars twinkled out coldly der, and Shube was soon unhappy as a from their coverts in the sky. The 'cat in a strange garret.' One morning earth was clothed in its wintry mantle, this winter he prepared for a profes- and the ice covered trees glistened like sional tour among the neighboring daimonds. The air was stiff and biting towns. He first packed his wares in whilst the 'wee sma hours ayant the ered it with sundry specimens of his and the inhabitants of C-bad long wares; such as tin lanters, pans, pots, collenders, wooden ware, &c., and or suddenly a terrific crash and ringing namented in the rear with a huge bay was heard in the streets that started to contain miscellaneous plunder; he every one from their beds. What then fastened between the thills old could it be ? was it fire? was it the 'Barebones,' as he was generally known dreaded Peter Rugg? Windows flew in the neighborhood, a sleeply looking up, and night caps protruded, despite skeleton of a horse of a tarry white col- the severity of the atmosphere. On it or, whose head and tail felt the attrac- comes -crash-bang -ding-dongrat tion of gravitation forcibly, and then finished off by buckling around 'Bare- old 'Barebones' ambles along, his head bones's' neck a string of large, old fashioned bells, many of which were so worn | bolt upright, and flourishing his stick, that clappers had fallen out long since. with five large cracked church bells at-Thus equipped Shube wrapped an old tached to his cart in various places ringpatch quilt around his feet, flourished ing on horrid discordant peals upon the his stick, and proceeded down the night air. Some wondered, some street at an ambling pace, whilst the laughed, some swore, and closed their few deep, frog-croaking base bells at old 'Barebone's' neck, like the castanets in the Cachuca, kept time to the you that thus disturbs this neighborbear a charmed life. Without a wound motion of his feet. He had not pro- hood, making night hideous?' cried the ceeded far before he was suddenly as- enraged dispenser of justice, Squire tonished to see two myrmidons of the Wigglesby, as he learned from his winlaw in the shape of constables rush into dow? 'who are you? I'll have you tathe street and seize old 'Barenones' by ken up!' the bridle, who not being accustomed to such highwayman-like proceedings,

'Hollo! yeou -I say-what are yeou about ?' asked Shube, with astonish- dar street hurried Shube; old Bare-

'About? about to take you before the Squire.'

'What for ? I shu'd like ter know!" 'Never you mind what for; come along and you'll find out fast enough,' 'Git cout, now-yu don't fool mesay-let go, yeou.

'Make a fool of you? no, no, somebody ahead of us there-but come, along quietly or we'll complain of you for resisting an officer, and then 'tl be double fine.

of the most comfortable circumstances now I shu'd jist like ter know what on at all times and seasons, and which, utes the party were in the presence of though he may now and then forget it, the veritable Squire Wigglesby himself.

'Silence! thundered Dogberry, as

be dignified air, 'bring in the bells.'

In a few moments the string of bells and bellfries from 'Barebones's' neck were in the court.

'Examine and report,' said the sapient Justice. Three, yer honor; three, only, are

Three! very good. Shuball Wat-son, said Wigglesby, assuming a se-

vere look and pompous tone as he turned to the amazed pedler, how is it that you are daily before me? how is it that you are ever breaking the laws of your country? trespassing upon the rights of your neighbors? interfering with the regulations of the commonwealth? cau-

'Now, Square, I swow; as 'tis for

'Silence! not a word of contempt .-Shuball Watson, I fine you five dollars and costs of court for being upon the the number shall be 'five or more,' and

ness knows, them ere three 'I make more noise than a hul bushel basket full

'Silence! a bell is a bell-the Statute knows no distinction between bells.' 'Sho'ow!-wa'al, now, but Square, mine are as large as cow bells."

'Cow bells or chusch bells, it matters not; a bell is a bell, cried the now fur him busy in the yard, merry as a grig,

thought struck him. He soon paid the shaking the dust from the shoes as he crossed the threshold. 'Bells is bellsyes-zactly so-bells is bells,' mutter-

since retired to their slumbers, when tlety whang ! and to the wonder of all and tail drooping as usual. Shube sitting

windows with an impatient slam. 'Hallo! hallo! what is this? who are

Bells is bells ! shricked Shube as he shot round the corner of the Squire's house, whilst Wigglesby drew in his head like a turtle. Down Chestnut, up Grove, through Walnut and along Cebones seeming to gather life at every step, and evidently well pleased with his mission.

'Good heavens! has that demon come again?' cried many in dismay; shall we never get sleep ?'

Old 'Barebones' was aboard again, and Shube flourished his stick and handled his ribbons as graceful as if making time 'inside of 2:40.'

'Mr. Watson! Mr. Watson! cried Wiggleshy from his window; 'do go double fine.'

'Fine! O snakes and beeswax! come, that's a good man, do; a joke is Now if this don't beat all! Wa'al, a joke, but this is carrying it a little too far.

Bells is bells, Squire, ye know, and clouds of frowns gathered on his brow. managed to drive sleep from the lids of | neither tough nor strong flavored!"

'Constable,' continued he, with a would be diguified air, 'bring in the bells.' ly dawned when the heads of several of the 'first families' were seen picking their way slowly towards Wigglesby's house, as if by common consent. They found that gentleman in a high state of nervous excitement, pale and haggard from his watchings and irritated feel-

ings. What the devil is the meaning of all this, Wigglesby ?' asked one; 'this is

scandalous.' Oh / I've been taken in /- sold ! numbugged completely-made an ass of myself-an old ass f returned the Squire, in angry tones, as he threw his cap in the curner and the set and

'True, true,' said Mr. Portly, ab-

'Humph,' grunts another.
'Ayeio-u!, yawns a third.'
'But what's to be done?' asked No. 1— we must do something to step this
—we shall all be sick—my family are
all sick;—this fellow will haunt us to

our graves. 'True, true,' ejaculates Pertly. Buy him off, says Grumbler-11 give a 5 spot.'

'Ayei-ayei-buy-v-y him off,--yi-yi-'ll give a 5 spot says Yawner. 'Agreed; that's it—make up a purse and buy him off—he will have all the rowdies in Christendom with him an-

other night. But who shall be agent ? do the business? 'Wigglesby,' cried several. It was no avail for him to attempt retreating; he was forced to submit; the call was unanimous. He submitted with a good grace as possible, and buttoning up his coat he left the house, looking as dis-consolate and woe-begone as if attend-ing his own funeral. Wigglesby 2000. arrived at Shube's house, and found

Morain, Squire-how de du ?' said



Wa'al, lot me sez ... The following night was bright and you and Jones offered inclast summer?"

'And I ask'd ?'

"Two thousand." 'Wa'al, Squire, I've concluded that land is risen, and as I've gone inter . the bell-metal speckilation, and as the feller ses in the play, knows the vally of peace and quietness,' seein' its you,

I'll sell for Four thousand and 'Stop Squire-stop a minit; you's in such a pesky hurry you didn't wait ter hear me out. If I sell the land I must sell my interest in the bell-metal speckilation with it,' said Shube, winking mischeivously.

is that, pray?' Four hundred! to be sure it din't. cost me but two, but I've cracked the stock on hand at 50 per cent, and consequently so much easier converted inter ra-al ginwine bell-metal.

'Interest in the bell-metal! how much

'Forty-four hundred is your price, then?' said the Squire, savagely." Wa'al, yis, 'tis mernin;' to-morrow mornin' it will be Five Thousand, but I scorn to take advantage of the markit.'

Well, I suppose it must be so-sleep and quiet must be purchased at any erice,...but hang me if I ever fine a pedlar again!

FATHER. - Father is a word with me, wonderously influential, nor can I think of it without mingled reverance and all. ection. "As a father pitieth his children." says David, and we feel the pity he dest cribes. 'Hear, ye children, the instruct tion of a father," says Solomen-and we acknowledge the authority with reverence, "I will arise and go to my father," said the poor prodigal—and his words thrill through the heart. , My father! my father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof, cried out Elisha, where Elijah went up by a whir wind into hea-ven; and the exclamation arrests our very souls. Few who have felt kindly correcting, sustaining and fostering influence of a father, but must fell, at at the name, somewhat in the way that I have described. And yet the greatest pullty of a father lies in what we may call the preventive service"... not letting the son have his own way, nor his own will.

COOKED LION .- "The skins of all lions killed throughout the regency, says Capt, Kennedy in his Journey. 'Bones' and me is taken a sleigh-ride, through Algeria and Tunis," are sent cried Shube as he flew past. A party to the Bey, who pays a handsome pre-of the b'hoys, who had heard of the joke, mium upon each. The flesh is cater were at the next corner, and cheered and, contrary to our expectation, we amidst the bustle of public or the hurry 'Wa'al, now, Square, isn't this—I Shube as he rattled past, and soon found it excellent, and made a capital of active life, will resume its place in shu'd like ter know,' commenced the joined in chase with every sort of vehicle supper upon the ends of the ribs stowed to be mustered, and the noise of Shu- with a little salt and red pepper. It be's bells and the shouts of the b'hoys tasted like very young beef, and was