

# The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

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## THE BANNER:

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Rev. FREDERICK RUSSELL, is a travelling Agent for this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same.

## Choice Miscellany.

### HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

#### WEATHERFORD.

#### A LEGEND OF THE GREEK WAR.

Several historians, in narrating the events of our second war with Great Britain, have expressed surprise that 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 combinations, to grasp the "Crescent City"—the commercial and military key of the Mississippi valley—and with the organization they also began the execution of the mighty armament at Vien Yenn, 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 rifle-men of the adjacent States, and thus leave the emporium of the west in a ruler totally defenceless. Accordingly, in 1812 an English trader, named Elliot, accompanied by a chief of the northern tribe of Pottawatimies—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 formidable 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 appeared 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 Tombigbee.

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 dreadful 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 Jackson—pour his ten thousand desperate warriors at once in a resistless torrent of ruin over the Mississippi territory, before the American government could even issue a single order? Had he done so, New Orleans, in all probability, would now be a part of the British Empire. That such a cloud should go on accumulating and blackening, without bursting, even for months, presents a mystery which the sagacity of no historian has hitherto been able to solve. Little did the many minds mothing this dark riddle, dream that it involved a secret of nature's own thrilling romance, as strange as it was unspeakably mournful. As the present writer was traveling last summer through Alabama, he learned the following solution, from an old farmer of the Shoe Bend, at whose house he chanced to stop over night. It agrees perfectly with the well-known character of Weatherford as to demonstrate its own truth, a priori, very nearly to the exclusion of every other possible supposition.

Fort Mimms was situated in a vast forest, near the forks of the Tombigbee, on the Black Warrior. A quadrangular wall of enormous pine logs, and protected at the four corners by four strong block houses, it might have been deemed secure against any force destitute of artillery. It was impregnable to other arms, if properly guarded.—Its garrison numbered two hundred and seventy-five, of whom nearly one-half consisted of women and children, having left their own homes for this unfortunate asylum. It was bright noonday, the 3rd of August, 1813, and fort Mimms had not yet experienced an alarm, though it had now been manned for two long months. The scouts had reported no signs of Indians for several weeks past, and hence a fatal feeling of security had possessed almost every one. There was one heart with-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 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, mad-rump, arching a pair of pretty black eyes into a comical expression.—She is afraid her old beau, Sultan Weatherford, will pay her another visit, 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 unearthly warning—"What said Gen. Claiborne, when he parted with Major Beasley?"

"To repeat an enemy, and prepare to meet him, is the only method to ensure success," answered the officer.

"Then look at yonder open gate, and those children running outside of the fort," exclaimed the young girl, with a slight shudder. "Is that preparation 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 a voice of despair.

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

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

"I saw a negro with straight hair, and his face all over stained red with pokeberries, and he had feathers on his head like a bird."

"Indians!" shouted Beasley, leaping out 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 warriors, headed by the barbarously brave Weatherford, in person, already occupied the large gate, which was literally bristling with the steel of British bayonets, supplied by the infernal felon Elliot, 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 Americans, animated by the example of Major Beasley, strove to push their enemy from the gate. The Creeks, inspired to phrensy by the trumpet-tongue of Weatherford, struggled to maintain their ground. The weapons employed by the front ranks of combatants, were swords, knives, tomahawks and bayonets. Those behind, who could not get within striking distance, on account of the throng fighting before them, resorted to the rifle and musket. After fifteen minutes of frightful slaughter, the savages entered the fort, but not till every officer of the garrison was dead, or all the soldiers slain or mortally wounded. One might have supposed the triumph of the Indians then complete. No doubt they thought so themselves, as they raised a wild and deafening yell of infuriated joy. But a hundred more were yet destined to bite

the dust ere the evening sun should 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 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 roared with exploding rifles, touched off by the wives and sisters of the slain, and fifty Indians fell to rise no more. A conflict, still more terrible than the first, followed, which was finally terminated, when the enemy fired the strong-holds, and with a single exception, all the women and children perished in the flames.

"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 shrieks of mothers and their babes, burning away in the agonies of the most 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 hinges, 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 blackened his hair crisped, and his clothes on fire, but bearing in his arms the fainting form of Lucy Dean—that precious burden, for whom he would have plunged, without shrinking, into fathomless hell itself.

"Oh! miraculous light of love, thou art in truth the only ray that ever reached this dark dungeon of a world from a sun which beams above all the stars; and thou bright essence of celestial ether, such as the angels breathe, it is God gives thee even to the hardest and savages hearts, pure as rain drops, and as sweet as the cream of Olympian nectar."

On the morning of the 28th of March, 1814, the lines of Weatherford, entrenched in a bend of Tallapoosa, called from its singular shape the "Horse Shoe." As the position in front was stormed, the Indians turned for shelter to their town, in the rear. But lo! no town was visible—only an impenetrable sea of rolling smoke surmounted by pillars of soaring fire. During the obstinate 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 the perilous wall, was the accomplished 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. Suddenly 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 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 bear a charmed life. Without a wound 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 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, Alabama, 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 not poised as it ought to be, if it is insensible to the pleasure of home, to the little joys and endearments of a 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 of the most comfortable circumstances of his lot. His situation, with regard to either, forms that sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks close to him at all times and seasons, and which, though he may now and then forget it, amidst the bustle of public or the hurry of active life, will resume its place in his thoughts, and its permanent effects on his happiness, at every pause of ambition or of business.

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 territory."

"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, I will die also; and we shall be buried in the same grave." And the chief called the savage guard, who bore off 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 with a melancholy gaze on her fading beauty, and yet never addressed her again!

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

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. Numbersless, then, were the arrows that flew over the fence which they never returned alive; if his cow took a moment's advantage of an open gate and wandered into the street, she was in pound as if by magic, and poor Shube summoned before Squire Wigglesby and fined to the extent of the law. It was no use to remonstrate, the Squire, with all the inflation of a little brief authority, only put it on harder, and Shube was soon unhappy as a 'cat in a strange garret.' One morning this winter he prepared for a professional tour among the neighboring towns. He first packed his wares in an old, unpainted, steep-roofed box, placed upon a sleigh bottom, and covered it with sundry specimens of his wares; such as tin lanterns, pans, pots, cullenders, wooden ware, &c., and ornamented in the rear with a huge bay to contain miscellaneous plunder; he then fastened between the thighs old 'Barebones,' as he was generally known in the neighborhood, a sleazy looking skeleton of a horse of a tarry white color, whose head and tail felt the attraction of gravitation forcibly, and then finished off by buckling around 'Barebones's' neck a string of large, old-fashioned bells, many of which were so worn that clappers had fallen out long since. Thus equipped Shube wrapped an old patch quilt around his feet, flourished his stick, and proceeded down the street at an ambling pace, whilst the few deep, frog-croaking base bells at old 'Barebone's' neck, like the castanets in the Cachaça, kept time to the motion of his feet. He had not proceeded far before he was suddenly astonished to see two myrmidons of the law in the shape of constables rush into the street and seize old 'Barebones' by the bridle, who had been accustomed to such highwayman-like proceedings, raised his head for once in his life and snorted.

"Hollo! yeon—I say—what are yeon about?" asked Shube, with astonishment.

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

"What for? I sh'd like ter know."

"Never you mind what for; come along and you'll find out fast enough."

"Git out, now—you don't fool me—I say—let go, yeon."

"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 't'll be double fine."

"Fine! O snakes and beeswax! Now if this don't beat all! Wa'al, now I sh'd jist like ter know what on arth I've done; solitiquized the poor victim, as he patiently followed like a sheep to the slaughter. In a few minutes the party were in the presence of the veritable Squire Wigglesby himself.

"Wa'al, now, Squire, isn't this—I sh'd like ter know," commenced the wondering Shubal.

"Silence! thundered Dogberry, as clouds of frowns gathered on his brow.

## Selling A Justice.

BY BARNACLE.

"O, that he were here to write me down—as us! but, remember, masters, that I am an ass; though it may not be written down, yet forget not that I am an ass!"

Shubal Watson was a true specimen of a live Yankee pedler; shrewd, cautious and persevering. 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 been a few years since vacant lots, up on Shube's humble home, and seemed to be thoroughly disgusted with the view and odor of his potato patch and 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 to the moss-covered and dirty red hovels. He, together with his sympathizing neighbors, heartily wished it at—, any where rather than where it was, and had made several Jew-like efforts to purchase from Shube that single acre; but he was in no disposition to sell, ever replying: "Dod rot it, I don't zactly 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 zactly 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. Numbersless, then, were the arrows that flew over the fence which they never returned alive; if his cow took a moment's advantage of an open gate and wandered into the street, she was in pound as if by magic, and poor Shube summoned before Squire Wigglesby and fined to the extent of the law. It was no use to remonstrate, the Squire, with all the inflation of a little brief authority, only put it on harder, and Shube was soon unhappy as a 'cat in a strange garret.' One morning this winter he prepared for a professional tour among the neighboring towns. He first packed his wares in an old, unpainted, steep-roofed box, placed upon a sleigh bottom, and covered it with sundry specimens of his wares; such as tin lanterns, pans, pots, cullenders, wooden ware, &c., and ornamented in the rear with a huge bay to contain miscellaneous plunder; he then fastened between the thighs old 'Barebones,' as he was generally known in the neighborhood, a sleazy looking skeleton of a horse of a tarry white color, whose head and tail felt the attraction of gravitation forcibly, and then finished off by buckling around 'Barebones's' neck a string of large, old-fashioned bells, many of which were so worn that clappers had fallen out long since. Thus equipped Shube wrapped an old patch quilt around his feet, flourished his stick, and proceeded down the street at an ambling pace, whilst the few deep, frog-croaking base bells at old 'Barebone's' neck, like the castanets in the Cachaça, kept time to the motion of his feet. He had not proceeded far before he was suddenly astonished to see two myrmidons of the law in the shape of constables rush into the street and seize old 'Barebones' by the bridle, who had been accustomed to such highwayman-like proceedings, raised his head for once in his life and snorted.

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"Silence! thundered Dogberry, as clouds of frowns gathered on his brow.

"Constable," continued he, with a would-be dignified air, 'bring in the bells.' "Yes, yer honor."

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

"Examine and report," said the sagacious Justice.

"Three, yer honor; three, only, are bells."

"Three! very good. Shubal Watson," said Wigglesby, assuming a severe look and pompous tone as he turned to the amazed pedler, 'how is it that you are laid 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? causing—'

"Now, Squire, I swow; as 'tis for that—"

"Silence! not a word of contempt.—Shubal Watson, I fine you five dollars and costs of court for being upon the highway of the commonwealth, to the great danger of the life and limb of the commonwealth, with but three bells attached to your sleigh or vehicle, when the law clearly and expressly says that the number shall be 'five or more,' and may this be a solemn warning to you in future, and sanctified to your good."

"Whow! Je-hos-i-phat! five dollars for the bells! now, Squire, an't you a leetle tu hard on a feller, when goodness knows, them ere three 'I make more noise than a hul bashel basket full of the little thimble jingling things that are on your sleigh—"

"Silence! a bell is a bell—the Statute knows no distinction between bells."

"Sho'ow!—wa'al, now, but Squire, mine are as ferge as cow bells."

"Cow bells or church bells, it matters not; a bell is a bell," cried the now furious Justice, 'pay your fine immediately and be off, or I'll fine you for contempt of court.'—

The following night was bright and clear, and the stars twinkled out coldly from their coverts in the sky. The earth was clothed in its wintry mantle, and the ice covered trees glistened like diamonds. The air was stiff and biting whilst the 'weo sma hours ayant the twal' were fast approaching. The merry sleigh bells had ceased their music, and the inhabitants of C— had long since retired to their slumbers, when suddenly a terrific crash and ringing was heard in the streets that started every one from their beds. What could it be? was it fire? was it the dreaded Peter Rugg? Windows flew up, and night caps protruded, despite the severity of the atmosphere. On it comes—crash—bang—ding—dong rattling things whang! and to the wonder of all, old 'Barebones' ambles along, his head and tail drooping as usual. Shube sitting bolt upright, and flourishing his stick, with five large cracked church bells attached to his cart in various places ringing on horrid discordant peals upon the night air. Some wondered, some laughed, some swore, and closed their windows with an impatient slam.

"Hallo! hallo! what is this? who are you that thus disturbs this neighborhood, making night hideous?" cried the enraged dispenser of justice, Squire Wigglesby, as he learned from his window? 'who are you? I'll have you taken up!'

"Bells is bells!" shrieked 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 Cedar street hurried Shube; old Barebones seeming to gather life on 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 Wigglesby from his window; 'do go home, Mr. Watson, and let us sleep; come, that's a good man, do; a joke is a joke, but this is carrying it a little too far.'"

"Bells is bells, Squire, ye know, and 'Bones' and me is taken a sleigh-ride," cried Shube as he flew past. A party of the 'b'boys, who had heard of the joke, were at the next corner, and cheered Shube as he rattled past, and soon joined in chase with every sort of vehicle to be mustered, and the noise of Shube's bells and the shouts of the 'b'boys managed to drive sleep from the lids of

the victims that night. Day had hardly 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 feelings.

"What the devil is the meaning of all this, Wigglesby?" asked one; 'this is scandalous!'

"Oh! I've been taken in—sold I humbugged completely—made an ass of myself—an old ass!" returned the Squire, in angry tones, as he threw his cap in the corner.

"True, true," said Mr. Pearty, ebulliently.

"Humph," grunts another.

"Ayco—u! yawns a third.

"But what's to be done?" asked No. 1—"we must do something to stop this—we shall all be sick—my family are all sick;—this fellow will haunt us to our graves."

"True, true," ejaculates Pearty.

"Buy him off," says Grumbler—"I'll give a 5 spot."

"Ayco—ayco—buy-yy him off,—yi-yi—I'll give a 5 spot says Yawner.

"Agreed; that's it—make up a purse and buy him off—he will leave all the rowdies in Christendom with him another 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 disconsolate and woe-begone as if attending his own funeral. Wigglesby soon arrived at Shube's house, and found him busy in the yard, merry as a grig, alternately singing and whistling.

"Mornin, Squire—how do du?" said Shube.

"Wa'al, let me see— you and Jones offered in-last summer?"

"Eleven hundred."

"And I ask'd?"

"Two thousand."

"Wa'al, Squire, I've concluded that land is risen, and as I've gone into the bell-metal speculation, and as the feller sea in the play, 'knows the rally of peace and quietness,' sein's it you, I'll sell for Four thousand, and—"

"Stop Squire—stop a minute; you'n such a pesky hurry you didn't wait to hear me out. If I sell the land I must sell my interest in the bell-metal speculation with it," said Shube, winking mischievously.

"Interest in the bell-metal! how much is that, pray?"

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

"Forty-four hundred is your price, then?" said the Squire, savagely.

"Wa'al, yis, 'tis mornin'; to-morrow mornin' it will be Five Thousand, but I scorn to take advantage of the market!"

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

FATHER.—Father is a word with me, wonderfully influential, nor can I think of it without mingled reverence and affection. "As a father piteth his children," says David, and we feel the pity he describes. "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father," says Solomon—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, when Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven; and the exclamation arrests our very souls. Few have felt kindly correcting, sustaining and fostering influence of a father, but most fell, at the name, somewhat in the way that I have described. And yet the greatest utility 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 through Algeria and Tunis "are sent to the Bey, who pays a handsome premium upon each. The flesh is eaten raw, and contrary to our expectation, we found it excellent, and made a capital supper upon the ends of the ribs stewed with a little salt and red pepper. It tasted like very young beef, and was neither tough nor strong flavored!"