North-Carolina Star.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
WILLIAM C. DOUB,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

If paid strictly in advance, two dollars per annum; two dollars and fifty cents, if paid within six months; and three dollars at the end of the year.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding sixteen lines will be inserted one time for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Those of greater length will be charged proportionally. Court Orders and Judicial advertisements will be charged 25 per cent. higher than the above rates. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

Book and Job Printing done with neatness and despatch, and on accommodating terms.

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COMMISSIONERS.

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" A. Adams.
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" R. H. Battle,
" G. W. Haywood.
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" Jackson Overby.
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COURTS.

The *Supreme Court* of North Carolina is held in this city semi-annually, on the second Monday in June; and the 30th day of December

Judges.—Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice,
" R. M. Pearson, Associate Judge,
" W. H. Battle,
Edmund B. Freeman, Clerk; Ham. C. Jones, Reporter; J. J. Litchford, Sr., Marshall.

The *United States Circuit Court* for the District of North Carolina is held semi-annually in this city, on the 1st Monday in June and the last Monday in November.

Judges.—Hon. J. M. Wayne, of Georgia; Hon. Henry Potter, of Fayetteville; District Attorney, Robert P. Dick; Clerk, Wm. H. Haywood, Sr.; Marshall, Wesley Jones.

The *Superior Court* for this County, is held on the first Monday after the fourth Monday in March and September.

John C. Moore, Clerk.

Jos. B. Batchelor, Attorney General and Solicitor of the fourth Judicial District.

The *Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions* is held on the third Monday in February, May, August and November. Jeff. Utley, Clerk.

Chairman of the County Court.—William Boylan.

County Solicitor—K. P. Marriott.

Sheriff of Wake County—William H. High.

Coroner—Willis Scott.

Register.—H. Hutson.

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Charles Dewey, Cashier.
J. H. Bryan, Jr. Teller and Notary Public.
W. E. Anderson, Discount Clerk and Notary Public.
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Offering day Monday, Discount day Tuesday

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W. W. Vass, Treasurer,
J. M. Peel, Assistant Treasurer.
C. B. Allen, Depot Agent,
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North Carolina Railroad Company.
Chas. F. Fisher, President.
C. P. Mendenhall, Treasurer.
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William White, Sr., Post Master.
Office hours, on week days, from Sun-rise to 9 P. M.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

(ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS AT RALEIGH

NORTHERN MAIL—(BY RAILROAD.)

Through Mail closes daily	at	6½ a. m
Way Mail " "	at	9 p. m
Arrives daily	at	6½ p. m
The Cars leave the depot	at	6½ a. m

SOUTHERN MAIL—(BY TWO-HORSE HACK,

Closes daily	at	½ p. m
Arrives daily	at	6 p. m
The Hack leaves	at	7½ p. m

WESTERN MAIL—(BY RAILROAD.)

Closes daily	at	9 p. m.
Arrives daily	at	4½ p. m.
The Train leaves	at	¼ p. m

GOLDSBORO' MAIL—(BY RAILROAD.)

Closes daily,	at	9 p. m
Arrives daily	at	5 a. m
The Cars leaves daily at 10m after 5 a. m		

TARBORO' MAIL—(BY TWO-HORSE HACK,)

Closes on Sunday, Tues. and Thur.,	at	9 p. m
Arrives Tuesday, Thurs. and Sat.,	at	7 p. m
Hack leaves on Mon. Wed. and Fri.,	at	3 a. m

PITTSBORO' MAIL—(BY THREE-HORSE HACK

Closes on Tuesday and Saturday, at 9 p. m
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WE are now receiving the largest stock of *staple and fancy dry goods, Hats, Caps, Shoes, Crockery*, and *Groceries*, that has ever been presented in Raleigh, and as they have been bought carefully they will be disposed of on the most moderate terms.

We shall be pleased to show them to our customers, friends and the public generally.

W. H. A. & S. S. TUCKER.

Sept. 19 '55. 41—

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LADIES' Walking Shoes, Ladies' Cover Shoes, Ladies Goat Bootees, Ladies' Morocco Bootees, Black and Colored Gaiters.

The above mentioned Boots and Shoes will be sold at the lowest market price. Call and examine them at

H. L. EVANS'.

Oct. 4, 1855. 100—

North Carolina Star.

VOLUME XLVII. RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 5. 1856. NUMBER 10.

Miscellaneous.

[From Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE DACOTAH'S CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF THE LEAD MINES OF IOWA.

BY SEN. PERLEY POORE.

While the Spanish colonists ravaged the southern portion of North America in quest of gold, and the English planted the germ of self-governing on the eastern coast, the French were but the agents of home-merchants, who enjoyed a monopoly of the various traffics, and were sustained in the enjoyment of it by the strong arm of military power. To the trading association in particular, we owe the discovery of the Mississippi, by the son of one of the members—the intrepid La Salle. In his day lead was first discovered within the present limits of the State of Iowa, but the noted Juliet, Du Buque was the first that taught the Indians to collect the ore, and make an article of trade of it. He was not only a brave, but a crafty man, and after his death the savages, in compliance with his dying wish, deposited his remains upon the summit of a high cliff overlooking the "Father of Waters," securing the mouth of the mausoleum with a massive leaden door of a ton weight. They then burned his dwellings and erased every trace of civilized life around his settlements, except the orchards planted by his own hands. Vandal whites afterwards cut up the door to sell, but the name of Du Buque will ever be remembered in Iowa.

Years passed away. The white flag of France no longer waved over the Mississippi valley, and the bold frontiers-man, advancing on the foremost wave of civilization, crossed the river in quest of the lead ore, game and fertile soil. One of the first settlements thus established, was formed by a party from Kentucky, led by the grandsire of the younger generation—old Joe Bates, a noble specimen of frontier's man. Seventy winters had whitened his long locks, but he was still hale and hearty, able to wield an axe with any of his sons, or to draw a bead on a rifle with that fatal accuracy of aim which had enabled him to render good service at the battle of New Orleans. Selecting a good locality on the very shore of the Mississippi, old Joe and his sons built a log cabin, surrounded by a stockade to keep off the Dacotahs. They then surrounded a "clearing" with a worm fence, deadened the standing trees by the fatal axe circle, and planted corn. When their corn was well above ground and freed from weeds, they began to "prospect" for lead ore.

Thus far they had seen no Indians, and began to flatter themselves that the "red-skin" had left the country to their peaceful possession, but the wily savages had kept a constant watch upon their movements. Perhaps, had they confined themselves to agricultural labors, the intruders might have gone unmolested, especially as the Dacotahs wished to conciliate the United States government into a profitable treaty, but when pick-axes were wielded in search of lead ore, the destruction of the pale faces was resolved upon in council.

The first object of savge vengeance was the oldest son, Frank Bates, who had built him a cabin about five hundred yards from "head quarters," despite the warnings of old Joe.—Frank, however, had no fear of Indians, and lived with his wife and their babe in great happiness, until one summer's night, when he was awakened by the loud barking of his dogs.—Springing from his bed, he looked through an opening in the logs, and saw to his horror, at least fifty Dacotahs, in full war costume, evidently seeking the easiest way to force an entrance into the cabin. Arousing his wife he raised a cellar trap-door, and was about to send her down, when the child she had left in the bed began to cry.

"I cannot leave my babe," said she.

"Nay," he exclaimed, "I will take care of the boy," and almost forcing her down into the small cellar, he closed the unhinged door, over which he drew a large chest. Then, seizing his rifle and hatchet, he took the infant and ascended to the loft of the cabin, pulling up the ladder after him. A moment more, the door was forced from its hinges and the Dacotahs entered eager for their prey. But Bates did not remain to watch their movements, for lashing his boy to his shoulders, he cautiously opened a shutter in the gable of the loft, and seeing that no Indians were beneath, jumped to the ground, rifle in hand.

Ere he had traversed the little garden, the air resounded with the blood-chilling tones of the war-hoop, a volley of arrows rained around the fugitive. Happily only one struck him, and that in the fleshy part of the arm, so that he kept on, straining every nerve to reach the stockade around his father's cabin. But ere he had gone many paces a gigantic Indian overtook him.—Turning, like a stag at bay, he faced his antagonist, knocked him down with the but of his rifle and then sped on his way. But new to his horror, he saw a large body of the Dacotahs around his father's dwelling as he approached, firing over or to the roofs of the cabins with arrows to which burning tow was attached.

He paused—but the cries of his boy aroused him to a sense of his own danger and his wife's perilous situation. Directing his steps towards the river, where he found his "dug-out" safely moored, he soon was paddling across the river, to a settlement where there were a large number of whites.

Day had scarcely dawned on the succeeding morning, before twenty miners, good men and true, were ready to accompany him across the river. They cared no more for Dacotahs than for prairie-dogs and acted upon the spur of the moment, regardless of consequence. Crossing above his residence, young Bates led them towards his clearing, but on arriving there, nothing remained of his house but a mouldering pile of ashes. His beloved wife had evidently perished in the flames, for among the ashes and charred beams in the cellar, they found some blacken bones. Just then they were joined by old Joe Bates and two of his younger sons armed to the teeth. They were delighted to see Frank alive for they had feared that the column of smoke that had arisen from his cabin was his monument, but now they did their best to comfort with him in their rough way. He said but little, but secretly vowed to avenge his wife's death, and well did he keep his word. To have seen him, no one would have supposed that the mild-looking, slender-built Frank Bates was an incarnate demon in a fight with the Dacotahs, yet within a year after his cabin was burnt, he had twenty scalps hanging at his girdle. "Vengeance" seemed his only thought—his life's desire.

For some time after this outrage, the Dacotahs kept away from the miners but at last a party of them came prowling about, and the miners determined to have a brush with them—who was so competent to lead the party as that sworn enemy of the "red skin," Frank Bates? The party chose two Winnebagoes as guides, and then struck into the forest, following a recent trail. The third night of their journey, the weary leader insisted on standing sentry, and about midnight the clear crack of his rifle awakened every sleeper. In an instant, every man was on his feet, rifle in hand, ready to repel any lurking foe, but a low whistle from Frank announced there was no danger. Hurrying some of as the party crowded around the sentinel to learn the cause of the alarm, he merely pointed to what appeared to be a bags boat; a nearer approach to the object discovered to their astonishment the grim visage of a "red Dacotah, enveloped in the skin of a gigantic bruin, who thus disguised, had attempted to reconnoitre the position of the frontiers-men.

Frank now felt secured they were none their enemy, and followed the trail in silence, on the alert of their foe. On reaching the summit of a knoll, they saw the village before them—a collection of high, conical tents, made of dressed buffalo-hides sewed together, and ornamented with rude representations of the battle or the chase.—On the outskirts were the squaws, engaged in the laborious occupations which fall to their lot.—Their infants, tightly bound to straight strips of bark were tied to small bent over birches, which gently danced them to sleep, and the boys of the village, with bow and arrow, were firing at the representation of a Kansas hunter. In the centre of the village, before towering tent of the chief, sat the braves, smoking their tomahawk with stoical gravity.

The white men looked at the priming of their rifles, put their sharp hunting-knives between their teeth and with a deafening yell rushed down through the frightened squaws, ere the Dacotahs could comprehend what caused the alarm. Dashing into the startled group of warriors with fierce warhoops, they dealt destruction around them. The chief was the first slain, bravely defending himself and encouraging his warriors who nobly struggled to avenge his death, but all in vain.

Frank Bates fought like a demon, but at one time was nearly a victim to a stalwart warrior. But on glancing at his opponent, Frank recognized, in a gay red handkerchief around his head his marriage gift to his wife. This added renewed strength to his body and increased activity to his fury, as he seized his assailant by his left arm lifted him from the ground, and at the same time with nervous force thurst his knife into his heart. This decided the battle, for the surviving Dacotahs, panic-struck at the sudden attack, rushed to the spot where their horses were tethered and escaped into the forest. Upwards of fifty dead warriors remained on the bloody field and others grievously wounded, but not a single white man was seriously injured.

The women and children fled to the woods, and the whites found an abundance of plunder, comprising blankets, rich furs, horses, dried meats and tents. But Frank Bates felt sad at heart, for the sight of his wife made him fear she had been tortured before perishing in the flames.—Night came on, and feeling positive that he could not sleep, he volunteered to keep watch. It was a bright moonlight night, and as he was pacing his solitary round, planning new schemes of vengeance, he heard a light step approach from the thicket.

Frank, at first, raised his rifle to shoot down the intruder, but a secret influence led him to call out: "Who comes?"

"Are you a white man?" was the reply, in tones that produced as idle a bable effect upon the stout-hearted pioneer.

"Yes, and you?"

"I am Frank Bates's wife, who was taken prisoner over on the Mississippi," and as she spoke, she advanced.

The rifle fell to the ground, and Frank stood as if under the influence of a magic spell. His hands were convulsively clenched, his hair stood erect on his head, a shiver ran through his frame, and he tottered back several paces. But not so to the female, who had recognized her husband as she drew near, and now exclaimed as she threw herself into his arms:

"Frank! my own Frank! Do you not know your wife?"

Yes, it was his long mourned bride, her features stamped with sorrow, but still retaining her early beauty. Mutual explanations followed, and when the delighted wife learned the safety of her boy, all her hardships vanished. It now appeared that when the Indians had entered Bates's house, they found a keg of whiskey which they drank freely, and then plundered everything, removing the chest in their searches. Sign two of them quarrelled for the bankerchief Bates had seen the day previous, and drawing their scalp-knives, one speedily received a mortal stab, and fell directly upon the trap door, through which his blood ran upon the hidden wife. She believing that it came from the veins of her husband, shrieked aloud, thus betraying the place of her concealment. Dragging her forth, her captors bound her, then rifling the cabin, applied the torch. The body of the slain Dacotah was consumed, and over his bones Bates had mourned as for those of his wife.

That day they "packed" the plunder upon what horses the Dacotahs had left, and started for their homes, which they regained in safety.—The proceeds of Frank Bates's share of the spoils enabled him to rebuild his house, but this time close to that of his father and enclosed with a high stockade. The Dacotahs, however, never returned, and in the course of time were driven to the Far West. Frank Bates is now one of the wealthiest land-holders in Iowa, a member of the State Senate, Judge of the County Court, and Major General of Militia. Time has dealt leniently with him and his wife, but neither forgets her captivity. Their son never passes the scene of his father's flight on that memorable night, without feeling a renewed sense of his filial obligations, and a deeper love for his boyhood's home.

Amusing Duels.

A work on "Duel and Dueling" has recently been published in Boston, which contains far more amusement than one would expect to find in such a volume. The case of Majors Hillars and Felton in Ireland, in which the former gentleman was shot, is an illustration. The Judge in summing up the evidence said to the jury:

"Gentlemen it is my duty to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says the killing a man in a duel is murder, therefore in the discharge of my duty I tell you so; but I tell you at the same time a fairer duel than this I never heard of in the whole course of my life!"

Two physicians, by the name of Mead and Woodward, fought in England, and the latter slipping, his opponent exclaimed, "Take your life." To which the prostrate God replied, "Anything but physic."

"Old Pat," one of the heroes of our Revolution, was very odd, also, in the ideas of the code. He agreed to meet a British officer at a specified place and hour, without seconds. When the Briton repaired to the spot he was greeted by a shot from "Old Pat," lying *in ambush* about thirty rods off. While "Pat" was reloading the officer approached and asked, "What are you about to do. Is this the conduct of an American officer and man of honor?" "What am I about to do?" replied the general. A pretty question to put to a man you intend to murder! I am about to kill you, and if you don't beat the retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." The officer fled.

The old wolf hunter accepted another challenge from a British officer. At the appointed time and spot the officer found him seated near a barrel—apparently of gunpowder—smoking a pipe. He asked the Englishman to sit on the other side of the barrel, and remarking that "there was an equal chance for both" set fire to the match.—The officer retreated in a hurry, when Old Pat laughed so long, saying: "You are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions to try you by; but you don't like the smell."

Dr. Thompson, proprietor of the "Atlanta House," (Atlanta, Ga.) is well known as a rotary of accomplishments. We were highly amused the other day at the recital of the following exchanges of civilities between the doctor and a traveller, who called at the office to "settle his bill," when the Doctor happened to be behind the counter.

"What do you charge?" asked the traveller.

"Well," replied the Doctor, hesitatingly, "if we charge your bill, it will be a dollar, but cash down, only fifty cents."

"You may charge it then said the fellow, quickly turning on his heel, and paying out, took his seat in the cars.

The Doctor, half amused, half angry, followed, and confronting the stranger, asked if he did not intend to pay the bill.

"Certainly not—I told you to charge it," was the blunt reply.

The Doctor was non-plussed; but placing his forefinger thoughtfully for a moment beside his nose, "Stranger," said he, "when you come this way again, *bring your hat and stay a week.*"

From the Baltimore Patriot.

Recollections of My First Buffalo Hunt.

BY S. N. CARVALHO, ARTIST.

We were encamped on Salt Creek, about two miles from the Kansas River, and about 650 from St. Louis, awaiting the arrival of Col. Fremont, who had returned to St. Louis for medical advice. It was now the 25th of October 1853 and the weather was exceedingly pleasant. We were in the midst of the buffalo country, and daily our Delaware Indian Hunters would sally out to the the chase, frequently accompanied by the gentlemen attached to the expedition. I was, at this time, the only one who had not taken an active part in a buffalo hunt. I was most anxious to to do so, yet had serious objections, which I had not learned to overcome. At day-light, on the 25th October, the hunters were at breakfast. At our mess, feats of daring and gallant horsemanship were being related, while our roast was preparing. Welauchus, a most successful hunter, and as brave and daring an Indian as ever fashioned a Moccasin or fired a rifle, approached me, remarking, "What for you no hunt buffalo,—got buffalo Pungo? (horse)." I had, while at breakfast, almost made up my mind to go—this, however determined me. In quick time I had my horse saddled, and fully equiped with rifle, navy revolver, and sheath knife, was all ready for a start. On this occasion, our party consisted of eight Delaware and four white men, besides myself. I rode out of camp, side by side with Welauchus, who seemed gratified that I accompanied him. The buffaloes, from being daily hunted for several weeks had gone south about 15 to 20 miles; and we had to ride that distance before we saw any game.

After about three hours gentle trotting, one of the party started a cayote, and we chased him until he disappeared in the brush. When we reached the brow of a hill, Welauchus ejaculated in deep, low tones, "Buffalo," "big herd"—"plenty cow," I turned my eye, and, for the first time, beheld a large herd of buffaloes occupying an extensive valley, well wooded and watered, and luxuriant with the peculiar short curled grass, called "Buffalo grass," on which this animal principally feeds. I gazed with delight and astonishment at the novel sight which presented itself. There must have been at least 5000 buffaloes, including cows and calves. It was a sight well worth traveling a thousand miles to see. Some were grazing, others playfully gamboling, whilst the largest number were quietly reclining or sleeping on their verdant carpet, little dreaming of the danger which surrounded them, or of the murderous visitors who were about to disturb their sweet repose.

Taking the word of command from Capt. Wolff, a big Indian, and one of the finest proportioned men I ever beheld, we kept silent, to await the direction which the herd would take when they discovered us. An old bull was stationed several hundred yards in advance of the herd as Sentinel; (they invariably follow him as leader, even into danger.) He soon espied us; and suddenly, as if by magic, the whole herd was in motion.—We occupied such a position that they passed within rifle shot.

At a signal, the whole party, except myself, galloped after them. I was intensely absorbed by this mighty cavalcade passing with majestic pride, as it were, in review before me. My pony, anxious for the chase, fretted and champed his bit. I singled out what I thought a fat cow, (the bulls are tough and hard, and are only hunted by the Indians for their robes—their flesh never being eaten when cows can be obtained,) and in a few seconds, I was riding at full speed. It requires a very fleet horse to overtake a buffalo cow. A bull does not run quite so fast. After a chase of about two miles, I was near enough to take aight with my rifle, by stopping my pony. I fired and wounded him in the leg—reloaded, and started again at full speed, the buffalo running less swiftly. I fired again, but this time without effect. Not wishing him to get too far ahead of me, I took out my revolver, and got within pistol shot, when I discovered I had chased an old bull instead of a cow.

I fired with my pistol four times at full speed, and was endeavoring to sight him again, when the bull suddenly turned upon me, within five yards of my horse. My well-trained pony instantly jumped aside. The bull, in turning, got his wounded leg in a painful position, and stopped, which gave me time and opportunity to save my life; for, with my total inexperience, I should not have been able to have mastered him. My horse jumped aside without any guiding from me, having been trained to this by the Indian from whom we purchased him. I reloaded my rifle, and took deliberate aim at a vital part.—When dying, I approached the monster that had given me such a fright, when he turned his large black eyes mournfully upon me, as if upbraiding me with having wantonly and uselessly shot him down.

A Delaware Indian, in hunting buffaloes, when near enough to shoot, rests his rifle on his saddle, balances himself in his stirrup on one leg; the other is thrown over the rifle to steady it. He then leans on one side, until his eye is on a level with the object, takes a quick sight, and fires while riding at full speed, rarely missing his mark, and seldom chasing one animal further than a mile.

After recovering from my fright, and the intense excitement incidental to the chase, other sensations of a different character, altho' not less disagreeable, immediately filled my mind. I discovered that I was entirely alone, in an uninhabited, wild country, with not a human being in sight. I had chased my bull at least five miles. My companions had taken a different direction, nor was a single buffalo to be seen. My mind was fully alive to the perils of my situation. I had left my pocket compass in camp. I mounted my horse and walked to the top of a hill to see if I could find any traces of the party. I discovered looming in the distance, Smoky Hill, some twenty miles off. My mind was in a slight degree relieved, altho' I was almost as ignorant of my geographical position as I was before. I did not despair, but unwaddling my horse, I gave him an hour's rest, the grass was fresh, and he appeared totally unconcerned at my situation.

Poor fellow! Little did I think that day, as he carried me, so full of life and high spirit, that in a few weeks he would be reduced to a mere skeleton, and that I should be obliged, in order to save my own life on the mountains of snow, to partake of his flesh. I shed tears when they shot him down, and I never think of his generous, willing qualities, but I lament the stern necessity that left his bones bleaching on the mountains.

I re-saddled my pony, and turned his head in the direction of Smoky Hills, fervently hoping to fall in with some of our party; nor was I disappointed, for after riding about an hour, I discovered to the left of my course a horse without a rider. As I approached it, I recognized the animal, and in a little while I saw its owner, my friend Welauchus, walking slowly, with his eyes intently fixed on the ground. He told me he was looking for his tomahawk pipe, which he had dropped while hunting. I joyfully assisted him in finding it, after a persevering search of an hour. He had been at least an hour on the spot before I came up. To this lucky circumstance I attributed my arrival in camp that night, for when we resumed our journey, he took a course some six points variation from the one I was traveling. On our way we fell in with Captain Wolff and another Delaware, who were busily engaged cutting up a fine fat cow. I was soon at work, but I gave up after an ineffectual attempt to cut the liver, which is very delicate eating, my knowledge of human anatomy not being of any service to me in dissecting buffaloes.

While jeweling rawheads I related to the party my adventure with the old bull. I of course finished it by stating I had slain him.—Capt Wolff looked at me with a most quizzical and incredulous smile, and emphatically remarked, in his broken English, Carvalho no kill buffalo. I insisted that I had left him dead on the field. At this the whole party laughed at me. I felt annoyed, but was found it was no use to contend with them. Welauchus, who was really my friend, and to whom I had rendered several services, such as bleeding him and curing him of fever, could not believe the statement I had made. Capt. Wolff, seeing me look offended, said, in these exact words: When Captain Wolffe kill buffalo he cut out the tongue. Indian shoot buffalo, bring home tongue. Carvalho no bring buffalo tongue; he no kill buffalo. This was powerful argument, and the inference perfectly logical; and I soon changed the subject. Gentle reader, do you think I was equal to cutting out, by the roots, a tongue from the head of an old buffalo bull, after telling you that I did not succeed in getting out the liver of a young cow, after the animal was opened? Surely I was not; but even if I had been, the alarming situation I found myself in, at the time he fell, prevented me from attempting it, if I even had known it was the hunter's rule to do so.

My messmates, to whom I related my adventure, had not the slightest idea that I had lost my way in the chase. I came into camp with the rest of the party, that night, about seven o'clock, tired and hungry. After eating a hearty supper, I wrapped myself in my blankets and was soon asleep, dreaming of the disputed horns I had gathered in my maiden hunt after a buffalo bull.

Taking in a Native

A FISH STORY.

A ludicrous scene occurred the other day in Anthony street, near where the new theatre is in course of construction, which, if a brief description may convey an adequate impression of it, is well worth telling.

One of the laborers growing thirsty beneath the influence of a hot sun, went hastily over to the nearest hydrant for a drink, and, clapping his mouth to the spout, imbibed the Croton as it came, in the most forcible and plenteous manner imaginable. Hardly had poor Paddy, however, tasted the gushing fluid that distended his cheeks, when he bolted upright, and with a look of agonized horror commenced a series of pantomimic contortions which were absolutely painful to witness.

"Ow—ow—ough!" he groaned convulsively, at the same time clawing at his throat in a frenzied manner, while he spurted the water out again with the energy of a wounded whale; then, suddenly recovering the use of his speech, he shouted—

"Och murther! but he's gone; its all over with me now!"

"What's gone?" exclaimed the crowd that had gathered around him.

"I've swallowed him! Oh, howly St. Patrick, I've swallowed him."

"And what the deuce is it that ye've swallowed?"

"A snake, a murthering snake! Oh, holy Patrick protect me!"

"Share then, ye've made a savin o' yer dinner," said a fellow-laborer, more alive to fun and sympathy, while a shout of mingled incredulity and laughter followed in which the poor sufferer could hardly refrain from joining.

"But was it alive, man?" inquired a sympathizing individual, when the excitement subsided.

"Alive, did ye say? By the blessed powers, ye did'nt think I'd be after ating him dead.—Alive, is it? And did'nt he jump down my throat in spite of my teeth?"

Then clapping his hands to his stomach, he exclaimed:

"Oh, hone, he's squirming now. Oh, howly St. Patrick! Oh, why did'nt ye do yer work entirely, and kill the snake in this murthering country too? Help, he'll bite the insides of me. Oh, howly Moses! Help! murther! fire!"

And poor Pat, distracted by fear, cut up more capers than a Camanche Indian would at a war dance.

"Tut, tut, tut! Be quiet, man," returned another.

"How do you know it was a snake?"

"How do I know, is it! Did'nt I feel him wriggling his tail? Oh, howly St. Patrick deliver me!"

A benevolent looking gentleman here suggested that it might possibly be a fish, or perhaps an eel, and remarked there ought to be a filter attached to every hydrant in the city, as the water was full of all sorts of animalculæ.

"It's an ail, it's an ail!" howled a bodman, catching at the idea. "Mike, it's an ail. Run for a filter, and ye'll catch the rascal presently."

"A filter, a filter!" was the general cry; "run for a filter, Mike!"

Without pausing to inquire into the feasibility of using the article in question for the purpose desired, the poor distracted son of Erin started with the speed of a race horse for the office in Broadway, where the figure of Hale, standing in the window, "pours for never ceasing flout."

"A what dy'e call 'em?" cried he rushing frantically into the establishment.

"A snake catcher, for the love of ———! A snake catcher! Oh, howly St. Patrick!" he continued, snatching up a filter and applying it to his lips.

"Come out wid ye, ye thafe of the world."

"My good fellow," said the astonished hero of diaphragms, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter, is it? is'nt everything the matter? A snake is the matter! I've got an ail in my belly! Oh—hallaboo—hullaboo."

"An eel! How came an eel in your stomach?"

"And did'nt the varmint jump in my mouth without saying 'by yer leave,' said the bewildered sufferer, endeavoring to screw the filter into his lips.

"But, my man, that won't do you any good now. It should have been attached to the hydrant, and then you might have drank with perfect safety."

"And won't it catch him now?" asked our Mike, in a piteous tone, turning aghast as he dropped the instrument in despair.

"Of course not—how should it?"

"Och, murther! what will become of me?" exclaimed Mike, with an agony truly painful to behold.

"Get a soodbiger fish hook," said a wag from the crowd.

"Run for a doctor," said another, "and get a stomach pump."

The suggestion was immediately followed, and he started for a drug store near by. The Apothecary, however, applied an emetic instead of the pump, and the poor fellow, after a violent retching, ejected a lively black eel about six inches long.

"O, howly St. Patrick," he exclaimed, experiencing immediate relief, "why did'nt ye make clean work of it and kill the nix as well—and sure they're first cousin to the ugly serpints.—Divil a drop of water will I drink again in the blessed country."

And, with sundry other resolutions which would have shocked the ears of a temperance man, Mike, pale and trembling with exhaustion, returned to his work.—*N. Y. Paper.*

THE WAY TO CURE JEALOUSY.—The *Critic* gives the following anecdote concerning Rogers:—"I was in company," says our informant, "with the late Thomas Campbell, the poet, when some one made a remark on Rogers' habit of saying ill-natured things. Campbell, in the high tone of voice he sometimes spoke in, said:—'There is a way of preventing Rogers saying ill-natured things, either to you or about you.'—'Indeed!' was the somewhat incredulous reply, 'pray how is that to be managed?' 'Why,' said Campbell, 'just borrow money of him, and you will never hear an ill-natured word till it is repaid.'"

Julius.—Sam you're a drunkard; you's allers drunk, and your battle is loose, tiggs, your habits is loose.'

Sam.—'Well, ate my dis day, how do mislikef as my habits is as when I is tight all de time.'

Literary Items.

WASHINGTON'S PERSONAL HABITS.

He was an early riser, often before daybreak in the winter when the nights were long. On such occasions he lit his own fire, and wrote or read by candle-light. He breakfasted at seven in summer, at eight in winter. Two small cups of tea and three or four cakes of Indian meal, (called hoecakes,) formed his frugal repast.—Immediately after breakfast, he mounted his horse and visited those parts of the estate where any work was going on, seeing to everything with his own eyes and often aiding with his own hand.

Dinner was served at two o'clock. He ate heartily, but was no epicure, nor critical about his food. His beverage was small beer or cider, and two glasses of old Madeira. He took tea of which he was very fond, early in the evening, and retired for the night about nine o'clock.

If confined to the house by bad weather, he took that occasion to arrange his papers, post up his accounts, or write letters—passing part of the time in reading, occasionally aloud to the family.

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Washington delighted in the chase. In the hunting season, when he rode out early in the morning to visit distant parts of the estate, where work was going on, he often took some of the dogs with him for the chance of starting a fox, which he occasionally did, though he was not always successful in killing him. He was a bold rider and an admirable horseman, though he never claimed the merit of being an accomplished fox-hunter. In the height of the season, however, he would be out with the fox-hounds two or three times a week, accompanied by his guests at Mount Vernon and the gentlemen of the neighborhood, especially of the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, of which his and his friend George William Fairfax was now the proprietor. On such occasions there would be a hunting dinner at one or the other of those establishments, at which convival repasts Washington is said to have enjoyed himself with unwonted hilarity.

Irvings Washington.

VANITY VS. DESPAIR.

Dr. Franklin did not acquiesce in the very general depreciation of vanity. He was accustomed to say that when he saw the many things in the intercourse between men, which grew entirely out of vanity, and without which the world would be worse, he was tempted to think that we should thank God for our vanity as much as for any other gift. Perhaps one phase of this is not distant from the thought of Burke, that vice loses all its grossness. Be this as it may, the following characteristic story seems to illustrate it in another phase:

As Fenelmans resolved to kill himself. In order to make his departure for the other world the more heroic, he wrote the following on his table: "I followed the teaching of a great master, for Moliere has said—

"When all is lost and hope no more is nigh,
Life is a shame—our duty is to die."

The knife was already applied when a sudden thought stopped him: "Ah! was it really Moliere that said this now? I must be very sure of that, for otherwise I shall look excessively ridiculous." He at once set about resolving this point and read through two or three of Moliere's comedies, which, restoring his good humor, saved his life.

A DELICATE HINT.

In England it is the rule for ladies to attend the services; in Ireland it is the exception. At any place the practice is absurd and indelicate. The fair sex who visit the Courts of Law; listening for hours to evidence and speeches which they could take no interest in, even if they understood them, evidently go to exhibit their charms and their wardrobe! An aggravated murder case pleases them—as a tragedy would. But their peculiar delight is to listen to the details of an action for breach of promise of marriage. In cases of seduction and *prim. con.*, the crier of the court gives a preliminary warning—"Ladies and boys will leave the court." I recollect one of these cases, in which the bulk of the petticoated spectators did not vacate their seats, their prurient curiosity was predominant. In stating the facts, the prosecuting counsel, see ladies in the court, and not wishing to wound their sense of delicacy, hesitated for words in which to wrap up the necessary grossness of the details. "Brother," said the judge, "as all the modest women have left the court, you may call things by their proper names." Then followed a great fluttering of bonnet-plumes, and, in five minutes after the reproof, the fair sex left the court. *Sketches of the Irish Bar, by Richard Lalor Shiel.*

Dancing Turkies—A Barnum Dodge.

"Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Come in, and see the turkeys dance! It's cur'ous—real cur'ous. Come in and see, if you don't believe it. It's only few shillin', any how; and if 'taint as you can have your money back!" This was a speech which I heard before the door of a shanty at a "General Training"—an October gathering in one of the interior towns of New York State, in one of its medland counties. My curiosity being excited, I disbursed the "two shillin," referred to, and entered, as did many others, who, similarly attracted, followed me into the shanty. "Wal, gentlemen," said the exhibitor, "expect we might as well begin. You see that 'ere long coop of turkeys. Wal, I shall feed 'em fust, and pretty soon arter, when they begin to feel their cats (but that's a joke, 'cause we give 'em corn,) you'll see 'em, as soon as the music strikes up, you'll see 'em begin to dance." Into the coop referred to our exhibitor threw perhaps a peck—or at least half a peck—of corn. This was soon gathered up, not without much squabbling and fighting on the part of the feathered recipients, who wanted to see fair play—Shall kind of "fair play" meaning, which would give to the complainants the largest half of the "present." Presently it was all devoured; and the "audience" called for the "performance," as promised. "Yes, yes," said the ex. hitor, "don't be in few big a stew. Give us time, if you please. Strike up music—give 'em a lively tune!" At this, a cracked flute, an old black, greasy fiddle, "manned" by a big thick-headed negro, and an "accompletting fife," started off with "Yankee Doodle" at very quick time; and, sure enough, every turkey in the coop began to dance, hopping from one leg to another, crossing over, balancing, cheasing—doing everything, in short, known to the salatory art except "joining hands" and "turning partners." "Well, that is curious!" exclaimed the audience, simultaneously. "I never saw anything like it before!" "No," said the exhibitor, "expect you didn't. 'Its all in edic tion,' as the poet says.—I educated them turkeys; and there aint one on 'em that has not a good ear for music." Hereupon he turned to the audience and added: "Wal, you've seen it, and seen how natural they do it; now we want you to vacate the room, and give them a chance that's on the outside. There's new