

The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Commerce, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Independent of Party or Sect.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE!

BRIDGETON N. J. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

VOL. XI--NO 597

HAIR JEWELRY,

Charles Neher,
Artist in Wax,
No. 612 Arch Street, above Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.

WEST JERSEY R. R. CO.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after WEDNESDAY, April 6th, 1859,
the Cars of the West Jersey Railroad Co.
will leave daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

LEAVE PHILADELPHIA,
at 8:00 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Bridgeton, Woodbury, and Woodbury, N. J.
and 8:00 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.
For Camden, Philadelphia and Woodbury, N. J.
RICHARD SHIPPEN, Agent.

Henry Neff,

SURGEON DENTIST,
COMMERCIAL ST., a few doors east
of the Presbyterian Session
Room and directly opposite the new
Papier Church, will continue to practice
Dentistry in all its various departments.
I have been using electricity to treat and
I have been using electricity to treat and
I have been using electricity to treat and
Bridgeton, June 27, '57.

D. H. SMOCK,

Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery,
BRIDGETON, N. J.
Office in the brick building S. W. corner of Com-
merce and Pearl sts. Ap 10-11.

PEDRICK & CHEESMAN,

DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL,
AND
BLACKSMITH COAL,
Bridgeton, N. J.

ISAAC FIDELER,

JOHN CHEESMAN, JR.
THOMAS W. WILLIAMS,
ELECTROPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
BRIDGETON, N. J.

J. K. HOAGLAND,

Attorney at Law,
Solicitor in Chancery in the County of
DELRWARE, N. J.
Office on Commercial St., over the Commercial
Office.

HEIK & LAWTON,

MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
DEALERS IN
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
No. 322 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

C. S. MILLER & CO.,

CHAPMAN'S DRY GOODS,
CROSS-STREET, BRIDGETON, N. J.

O. S. BELDEN,

Practitioner of Medicine,
OFFICE SITUATED ON LAUREL ST.,
Opposite the First Presbyterian Church,
Bridgeton.
Bridgeton, June 12, 1858.

A. C. RIBBY,

Successor to J. D. Harbert,
The Public are respectfully invited to call and
examine specimens.
April 23, 1859-ly

S. B. WOODRUFF,

No. 26 Commerce Street,
DEALER IN
Hats, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.
May 29.

WALTER DIMMORE & CO.,

Gallery of Photography,
730 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

EDWARD R. MOIGAN & CO.,

Photography and India Ink Gallery,
No. 702 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

P. S. MORRIS,

GENERAL AGENT
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 13 North Water Street, 2d floor,
PHILADELPHIA.

C. E. EDWARDS,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST,
CORNER OF MAIN AND SECOND STREETS,
MILVILLE, N. J.

Taylor & Newkirk,

DRY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS STORE,
COMMERCIAL STREET,
BRIDGETON, N. J.

Heber, Davis & Co.,

Boot, Shoe and Leather Store,
No. 10, CARLE'S BUILDING,
Bridgeton, N. J.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL IS EARTH"

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Oh God! how beautiful is earth,
In sunlight or in shade,
Her forests with their waving arch,
Her flowers that gem the glade,
Her hillsides, white with fleecy flocks,
Her fields with grain that glow,
Her sparkling rivers, deep and broad,
That thread the valley flow.
Her crested waves that dash the shore,
And lift their curling foam,
Her mountains with their solemn brows,
That woo the yielding cloud,
Oh God! how beautiful is life,
That thou dost lend us here,
With tinted hopes that line the cloud,
And joys that gem the tear.
With cradle hymns of mothers young,
And tread of youthful feet,
That scarce in their elastic bound,
Bow down the grass flowers sweet.
With brightness round the pilgrim's staff,
Who, at the set of sun,
Beholds the golden gate thrown wide,
And all his work well done.
But if this earth, with changes mar,
This life, to death that leads,
Are made so beautiful by Him
From whom all good proceeds,
How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure are blessed,
From chance, and fear, and sorrow free,
Attain eternal rest.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

The Under Dog in the Fight.

I know that the world, that the great, big world,
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.
But for me—I care not a single fig
If they say I am wrong or am right—
I shall always go for the under dog.
For the under dog in the fight,
I know that the world, that the great, big world,
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in the fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.
But for me, I never shall pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

NOTES.

On the text "Ask and it shall be given you."
I have no patience with people who are
clamored or afraid to ask, even unasked, for
things they need or want. I know it is much
easier to ask God for a favor, than a man,
and many a time it is easier to ask a total
stranger, than a near relative. Now there
is something wrong about this; it argues
either pride on one hand, or distrust on
the other. When you really need assistance,
ask for it; not with the fawning servility of
a beggar, but the open, candid face of an
honest man. The self-esteem, I can tell it by
no better name, that would lead one to suf-
fer misfortune, or to starve, rather than sue
for help, should never be for one moment
encouraged. Many times people do not know
what they less by not asking, and I doubt
whether they ever will know in this world.
I have known women to pine months in
poverty and want, rather than apply for assis-
tance, where they might have received a
liberal supply. I have thought reactions,
that of women were more prone to this species
of false pride, than men. This reminds me
of the answer a poor young man, with con-
siderable assurance, made to a friend of mine
who was wondering how he managed to suc-
ceed in an alliance in marriage with a rich,
beautiful, and accomplished lady. "Well,"
said the fortunate individual, bursting into
a laugh, "I took care to ask for the good
thing, and to them that ask, shall be given."
It would be well for us to consider what we
may lose by not asking. I think I know it
is possible that every individual in the wide
world, may be in danger of losing something;
and something, too; that to him is of great
importance. The poor man may lose em-
ployment for himself, and sustenance for his
family. The widow may lose opportunities
for educating and supporting her children;
and this is not all. We may lose the favor
of God by not asking for it. We may lose
an interest in the blood of Christ by not
asking for it. We may lose a place at the
right hand of God, in the great day of judgment,
by not asking for it. We may lose an eter-
nal habitation in the house not made with
hands, by not asking for it. We may lose
the society of angels and holy spirits through
all eternity by not asking for it. We may
lose an immortality of blessedness by not
asking for it. Oh sinners, beware how you
neglect to ask.

TO THE MAN WHO ASKS.

"To them that ask shall be given." Blessed
words! comforting assurance! It is a du-
ty, a privilege to ask. The man or woman
who needs assistance of whatever kind, and
through mistaken notions of pride, or false
delicacy, refuses to ask for it, is quite as
reprehensible as one would be to refuse help,
was the petition presented to him or her.—
But you are ashamed of being poor; ashamed
of being unable to help yourselves. You
dread the exposure; in your view, it is a spe-

cies of infamy. But ah! we all poor, and
blind, and naked, in the sight of God, until
clothed in the garments of his grace? Are
we not all alike dependants upon his bounty?
The rich are merely his stewards and almon-
ers, and we to them should his children
ery in vain.

Those who need assistance should not hesi-
tate to ask for it, while those who are rich
and able, are bound to heed and relieve when
the call comes before them; if they refuse, it
is at the peril of their souls. We know that
rich men are apt to be mistaken in regard to
what they shall do with wealth. They admit,
theoretically at least, that all things are
of God and through his bounty, and that
they all have got to render an account to
him of the manner in which they use the
wealth with which he has entrusted them.—
Notwithstanding all this, instead of going
boldly and bravely to work to do the most
good possible, do not many seem to shun all
contact with suffering and sorrow? Do they
not avoid the poor as they would a pestilence,
and shun to keep where no sign of distress,
no cry of misery may reach them, and if by
accident they are thrust into the way of such
things, they shut their eyes, stop their ears
in disgust, and hurry to escape to their com-
fortable and easy homes. New this is all
wrong. It is cheating the Lord, the poor,
and your own souls. Christ left the care of
the poor as a precious legacy to his Church.
"The poor ye have with you always." It
should be borne in mind that in the division
between the sheep and the goats, at the great
day of judgment, those on the right hand
were chosen on account of their performance
of the most simple acts of beneficence and
mercy. They had fed the hungry, clothed
the naked, comforted the afflicted, visited
the sick and the prisoner; while those on the
left were condemned for non-performance of
the same duties. It is the highest honor that
our Lord bestows upon the poor, that he ac-
cepts an act of charity done to them, the
same as though it was bestowed upon him-
self.

Christian, don't you think that had you lived in the days of Jesus, you would have delighted to administer to his wants, from your temporal sustenance? If so, seek out some poor brother or sister, relieve his or her wants in the name of the Lord, and you shall not lose your reward. It was for this very purpose that the great Giver bestowed wealth upon you. Whatever he gave him- self away from the reach of the poor, he gave himself away also from spiritual enjoyment. If he refuses to contemplate their wants, Christ will refuse to him the light of his reconciled countenance.

The poor are entitled to the aid and sym-
pathy of the rich, and the souls of the rich
require the elevating and enriching influ-
ences consequent upon benevolent feeling and
action towards the poor. It is frequently
said that the middle classes are much more
charitable than the upper. Why is this?—
There can be no natural difference in the
minds of the people, but the "middle classes"
have not become so far removed, so lifted up
above the sight of the misery of the poor, as
have the wealthy class, and it is not in hu-
man nature, especially after that nature has
become regenerate, to see much of want and
woe, and feel some anxiety to relieve it. It
would be well for those who have plenty of
time and plenty of money, to consider how
much better it would be for them to employ
the frail and dying body which is so soon to
become the food of worms, in seeking oppor-
tunities to assist and relieve the suffering of
their fellow-mortals, than to waste time and
money in pampering themselves, and aiding
the folly of their companions. Let those
seeking the favor of God, of whom I would
fain believe there are many, remember the
words of our Savior to the rich young man,
who came inquiring what he should do to be
saved, "sell all thou hast, and give to the
poor," or let them emulate the example of
Zacchaeus, who, in token of his repentance,
divided his goods with the poor, and deter-
mined to deal justly with all. T. D.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

In the Highlands of Scotland there is a
mountain gorge twenty feet in width and
two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular
walls are bare of vegetation, save in their
crevices, in which grow numerous wild flow-
ers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining
specimens of these mountain beauties, some
scientific tourist once offered a Highland boy
a handsome gift if he would consent to be
lowered down the cliff by a rope, and gather
a little basketful of them. The boy looked
wisely at the money, for his parents were
poor; but when he gazed at the yawning
chasm, he shuddered, shrunk back, and de-
clined. But filial love was strong within
him, and after another glance at the gifts,
and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew
strong, his eyes flashed, and he said:
"I'll go, if my father will hold the
rope."

And then, with unshaking nerves, cheek
unblanched, and heart firmly strong, he
suffered his father to put the rope about
him, lower him into the wild abyss, and to
suspend him there while he filled his little
basket with the coveted flowers. It was a
daring deed, but his faith in the strength of
his father's arm, and the love of his father's
heart, gave him courage and power to per-
form it.

PLEASANT FAMILY GATHERING.

Mr. Editor:—DEAR SIR.—It was our
privilege on Thursday last, July 28th, to
minge by special request with a social fam-
ily gathering, held at the Mansion of Mr.
Michael Potter, of Willow Grove.

This gentleman who has been long and
favorably known to the citizens of Salem,
Cumberland and Gloucester Counties, has
just completed his 75th year, and is still
 hale and vigorous. Mrs. Potter, though
not quite so old as her husband, has very
nearly completed her "three score years
and ten." This aged couple who form a
kind of connecting link between the past
and the present generation, have lived to-
gether 48 years. They reared a family of
11 children, all of whom are still living, ex-
cept Ephraim H. Potter, who died July 10,
1858, in the 31st year of his age. The re-
maining children are all married save one.
Upon numbering the grand-children, two of
whom are married, it was found that they
amounted to 41. Of great-grand children,
there are three who were also present on this
occasion. So that the children, grand chil-
dren and great-grand children of Mr. Potter
who are now living number fifty-four souls.
These were all present at the family gather-
ing looking joyous and happy save three
children of Ephraim, who with their mother
are visiting their relatives who reside in
Cape May County. Mr. Potter, venerable
with age, loved and respected by all by
whom he is known, surrounded by such a
numerous family as on the above occasion,
reminiscent one of the Patriarch of olden
times.

The former part of the day was chiefly
spent in greeting each new comer on his ar-
rival, and in pleasant and social conversa-
tion, during which many pleasant reminis-
cences connected with the family history
were called up. After the dinner which was
excellent, and to which all did ample jus-
tice. We were entertained for a season, by
a number of spicy dialogues, spoken by some
of the grandchildren, interspersed with occa-
sional singing.

Mr. F. B. Bateman, the gentlemanly and
obliging store-keeper of Willow Grove, now
visiting the Mansion of Mr. Potter, accom-
panied by his amiable Lady, to request the
whole company to favor him with a brief
call at his store. With his request all agree-
d to comply. Mr. and Mrs. Potter seated in
a carriage rode ahead, two or three carriage
loads of the smaller of the children follow-
ed, and the rest of the company forming in
a line, according to their respective ages,
marched up to the front of Mr. Bateman's
store. He with that liberality which has
ever characterized his course, since his resi-
dence among us, treated the whole company
to refreshments.

After partaking of these refreshments and
listening to a few brief and appropriate re-
marks, made by the Rev. A. Matthews, who
was requested to address the company, we
returned to Mr. Potter's to tea. This over,
we took the parting hand, bid each other
farewell, and repaired to our respective
homes, highly pleased with our social fam-
ily gathering, nothing having occurred to
mar in the least, the pleasure of the occa-
sion.

A PARTICIPANT.

Curiosities of the Law.

A lady was coming out of the opera house,
when a thief snatched at her diamond ear-
ring, and tore it completely from her ear,
causing it to bleed. Upon her return home,
she found the ring lying in the tresser of
her hair. The man was tried for stealing
this ring, and being found guilty by the jury,
the opinion of the judges was taken
whether this would be considered a sufficient
taking; the opinion of the judges was affor-
ward delivered, in which they held that, as
the ring had been entirely removed from
the lady's ear, and was wholly in the pos-
session of the prisoner, although but for an
instant of time, when he lost it in her hair,
the taking was complete. So, where a thief
had a horse from one part of a field to another,
or intending to steal it, the horse was taken
before he could get the horse out of the
field, it was decided the taking was com-
plete.

In all these cases you will have noticed
the principle upon which they have decided,
is that the property must be completely sev-
ered from the possession of the owner, no
matter, in each case, for how short a period
of time. Two or three cases showing what
is not a sufficient taking, and we will then
proceed to consider another branch of the
subject. One Wilkinson put his hand into
the pocket of another, seized his purse; and
actually succeeded in taking it out of his
pocket. However, the purse being tied by a
piece of string to a bunch of keys which
still remained in the person's pocket, the
thief was unable to complete his object, and
was arrested and tried for attempting to
steal; but it was held that the purse was
still attached to the pocket of the owner by
the string and keys, it was still in his pos-
session, and the prisoner was entitled to be
acquitted. So, where a thief went into a
shop, took up some goods, intending to steal
them, but before he had removed them far
from the spot on which they lay, discovered
that they were tied to the counter by a cord, up-
on being tried for stealing, it was held that
the property never was either completely
severed from the possession of the owner,
nor completely in the possession of the pris-
oner, and he was acquitted.—Hand Book of
Crimin.

FELT HATS.

We feel confident that every gentleman
that has been a victim to all the discomforts
occasioned by having his head encased in
one of the stiff, uncomfortable "stove pipes"
which the impetuous fashion of the day
has established for the head-gear of the mas-
culines, will say "Amen!" to the following
very sensible remarks of the editor of the
Central Presbyterian. For nervous intel-
lectual gentlemen like ourselves, they are
particularly oppressive, almost invariably oc-
casioning a bad headache. Where they are
so tight as to create the heat, they are pos-
sibly injurious, because they stop the free
circulation of the blood. A good soft felt
hat, easy and comfortable to our intellectual
organs, is the kind for us. The editor of
the Presbyterian says:

"Indeed, this is the only sensible hat
now worn. Instead of the shiny hard and
stiff fur or silk hat, so lately universal—a
perpetual annoyance to the owner; in his
way in every conceivable way, and in every
crowd never protecting him from sun or
rain, but keeping him anxiously trying to
protect it; very much in the shape, and
about as pleasant to the head as a section of
stove pipe would be; always getting blown off,
or mashed, or weatherstained—instead of
all this, we now have the broad-brimmed,
flexible, elastic, easy fitting hat, without fur
or silk, or causing headache, never injured by
rough handling; always in shape, it shape
it might be called, which shape has never
always shading the face from the sun, and
sheltering it from the storm; and last though
not least, the prettiest hat, if beauty is asso-
ciated with utility, and the fitness of things;
this is one of the hats which constitute one
of the most-to-be-lauded inventions of the
present day, one which should universally
supplant all absurd pretensions, and be
worn by all classes, clergyman included."

Bather Green.

In the quiet village of Haverstraw, sit-
uated on the banks of the Hudson, about 40
miles from New York city lives a bat-
ter who endeavors to keep pace with the fash-
ions of the city. Not long since a farmer
who lives a considerable distance from the
domestic affairs to go to the village, latter
and purchase for himself a new hat, his old
one being in rather a dilapidated condition
from the effects of long wear. Accordingly
on Saturday afternoon, the farmer present-
ed himself to the hatter, and in a short time
was furnished with a patent ventilating hat,
which suited him to a nicety. It was car-
ried home and worn with a happy heart.

The next morning being Sunday, the far-
mer attended himself in a new suit for the
purpose of making a fine appearance at the
country church. The new hat was carefolly
taken from the box, and the farmer, who
was standing opposite the window, lifted it
to place it on his head, but his concentra-
tion on discovering that through the top of
it, the effect of this discovery was terrible
in the extreme. Large drops of perspira-
tion stood upon his forehead and he sank
upon a chair close by. Of course it was ut-
terly impossible for him to attend church
with a damaged hat. It was slowly exam-
ined by himself and wife, and sure enough
there were five large holes in the crown,
which rendered it quite worthless in their
estimation. An early hour the following
Monday morning, found the disappointed
farmer at the store of the hatter, in no very
pleasant mood. He inquired of the man of
hats if he was aware that the hat which he
had sold him was a damaged one, determin-
ed, no doubt, should the hatter appear con-
fused or guilty to give him a severe thrash-
ing.

The hatter in astonishment unhesitat-
ingly answered that he did not, and asked
to see it. The farmer drew forth from
the box, and holding it up between the hat-
ter and the window, said in an excited man-
ner, "Do you see them or holes?" Several
of the villagers had entered the store in
the meantime, and the roar of laughter
which ensued might have been heard a
block or two from the place. The use of
the "holes" was explained to the farmer and
he departed satisfied, though somewhat mor-
tified at his own gressness.

The Rev. Dr. McNeil, the editor of the
North Carolina Presbyterian, has recently
been traveling at the North. In one of his
letters we find the following:

"A START IN BUSINESS."

As we stood one evening on the steps of a
Philadelphia hotel, a ragged little urchin,
barefooted, but with a bright face, accosted
us in the most earnest, undeniable terms,
"Mister, give me a start in business." It
was a novel request, and was presented in
such a droll manner and expectant tone that
we ventured to inquire in what way we
could accommodate him. He evidently did
not intend to pass for a common beggar, and
was anxious to show that he disdained to
be ranked as a street mendicant.

"In what business do you wish us to give
you a start?"

"Oh," said he, "it is the newspaper busi-
ness that I wish to enter. Please set me
up in the newspaper business!"

Here was a character indeed, and when
we told him that we were trying to "get a
start" in the same business, it increased his
importance, and he imagined that we de-
tected in his countenance a look of pity and
sympathy for us.

His tale was soon told. His method of
getting a "start" was very simple and easy.
"Give me a quarter of a dollar, and I will
run down to the Evening Journal's office and
buy a dozen papers at two cents apiece, I
will sell them for three cents, come back
in the morning, and return your quarter,
and have a 'levy' besides—won't you
give me a start in the newspaper business?"

We hope the little fellow has got a start,
and made a "levy." It were idle to specu-
late concerning his future, but Franklin's
prospect was one day as dark as his, and the
wheel of fortune makes some curious turns.

A Singular Affair.

Some fifteen years ago a man named
George Bristol left this city for the shores of
the Pacific. At the time he left, he had a
wife and one child, the latter only three
years old. They resided in the town of
Westerly. At that time his wife and child
were living with her father. Some two
years after, the father and mother of the
woman died, their estate disposed of to sat-
isfy mortgages, and Mrs. Bristol and her
child were thrown upon the cold charities of
the world for a living. She was very feeble
in health, and of course was unable to
take care of herself.

The mother and child came to this city,
where they lived for some five years, at the
expiration of which time the mother died,
and the girl was left alone in the world, to
do best as she could. Being now about ten
years old, and a smart, active, good-looking
girl, she soon found a situation in a respect-
able family. Here she remained till she
was fifteen years old, when she bound her-
self out to a milliner. She served three
years at that business, and had a severe mis-
take of her profession. Now, the strange
portion of this revelation is to be told. The
girl is now over 18 years old, and a perfect
model of her sex.

During this long interval it must be re-
membered that the girl lost all track of her
father. Her beauty attracted the attention
of a man who met her on Broadway. He was
about 40 years old, but his appearance did not
indicate that he had ever seen over 25 sum-
mers. An acquaintance was made between
her and the gentleman above alluded to, and
a final engagement entered into for marriage.
The day was set and all the necessary ar-
rangements made for the ceremony.

On the appointed day the pair accom-
panied by their respective friends, met for the
purpose of having the nuptial rites joined in
wedlock. Just before the minister com-
menced the marriage rites, an old couple en-
tered. They were formerly neighbors of the
Bristol family, and had watched the girl
grow up from infancy, and were now anx-
ious to see the choice she had made in a
partner for life. Imagine the surprise of
both when the old couple above refer-
red to, recognized in the "man of the girl's
heart," her own legitimate father.

For a moment all was amazement and
astonishment, but on the state of things being
fully realized, the scene turned to one of joy.
An absent father had recovered a lost daugh-
ter, and the assembled throng of friends were
highly delighted that the affair had resulted
as it did. The love that had before burned
so brightly between this twain, had now be-
come the same as next to godliness as the first
of virtues. A queer world this.—*Albany
Standard.*

SWIMMING.

The author of "Hints Toward Physical
Perfection," thus extols the noble art of
swimming. He thinks it will be seen that
women should learn to swim.

"When the ancient Athenians wished to
designate a man who was good for nothing,
they were accustomed to say, 'he cannot
swim.' This shows how important
swimming is considered by them. With the
moderns it is by no means a common accom-
plishment; notwithstanding we are so often
placed in situations in which it may at any
moment become of more importance to us
than all the rest of our boasted acquirements
put together, and even essential to the pres-
ervation of our lives, or of other lives even
dearer than our own. Really good swim-
mers are scarce, and it is a pity that the
young men who might bring the Hesperides
very far love, and Byron did for glory—are
very rare indeed among us. Even sailors,
it is said, are not infrequently unable to
swim a stroke.

"As a hygienic agency, and means of
physical culture, in which aspects mainly it
concerns us here, swimming very properly
takes a high rank. In fact, we consider it
one of the most efficient of bodily exercises.
Its free and graceful movements give health,
refresh and invigorates the body; and the
conquest of a new element dilates the
whole being with a sense of triumph and of
power."

POLITICIANS AND FARMERS.

Politicians who want an office, frequently make
great pretension to agricultural knowledge,
and figure largely at the cattle shows. It
is said that Gov. — is one of this sort.
Farmers, and in illustration thereof, the
following good stories are related.

Not many springs ago, his excellency, in
company with another distinguished citizen
of — was riding in the country. In pas-
sage a beautiful field of grain, just begin-
ning to mature, attracted the eye of the
Governor, and burst in rapturous admiration of
the wheat.

Quoth Ned—"Governor, how much will
that yield to the acre?"

"Oh, from seventeen to twenty bushels."
"What kind of seed is that from, Govern-
or?"

"Common winter. This is by far the
best for this soil."

"You are the President of the Agricul-
tural Society, are you not, Governor?"

"I am, sir."

"Delivered the address before the Agricul-
tural Society of New York last year?"

"Yes sir."

"You are the author of an eloquent pas-
sage about the cultivation of roots and tops?"

"A mere trifle, Ned."

"Well, you are the only agricultural writ-
ter I ever saw who could not tell oats from
wheat!"

Selections for Scrap Books.

No. 38.

The Lion's Strength.

Well authenticated accounts prove that a
lion will carry off an ox, or a horse, with
nearly as great ease as a fox would a goose.
A young lion has been known to carry a
good sized horse a mile from the spot where
he killed it, and an instance occurred in
Senburgh, where a lion carried off a two
year old heifer, and when his track or spoor
was followed by the hunters for five hours,
on horseback, throughout the whole dis-
tance the carcass only once or twice was
discovered to have touched the ground.—
Spartan says he saw a lion, at the Cape,
legst trailed on his mouth, and though the
lion was a cat would a lion, he carried it off
as a cat would the least difficulty. Like all
the feline tribe, the lion lies in wait for his
prey, crouching among the grass and reeds
near pools and fountains, or in narrow rav-
ines, he will spring from nine to twelve
yards at a bound, and can repeat these
springs for a long time.

Canning of a Bear.

Three villagers went to hunt in the fore-
st. They got separated—two of the fol-
lowing one bear, and the third another,
which he pursued until dark, but without
success. He then returned to the camp,
expecting to find his friends; but hour after
hour passed, and they did not appear. He
ate his evening meal, piled logs on the fire,
and was soon fast asleep. Two or three
hours after, he was awakened by something
near him, and saw by the light of the fire,
a large bear going down the bank, to the
little stream. He divined the object of the
brute in an instant. Bruin was going for
water to put out the fire, previous to devour-
ing it. The hunter seized his rifle, and
descended into the water, he heard him,
descend into the water, saw him remount
the bank, and, as the creature came fairly
into the light of the fire, shot him dead.—
It is a fact well known that the bear will
not attack a man sleeping by the fire; but
if water is near, he will go into it, saturate
his shaggy fur, return and put out the fire,
and devour his victim at his leisure.—*At-
kinson's "Travels in Oriental and West-
ern Siberia."*

Another Black Bear Story.

A friend of the author's, while traversing
a wood near Port Snelling on the Missis-
sippi, saw a sh-bear, accompanied by two
cubs, (about the size of puppies at a
month old) a short distance before him.—
The cubs immediately ascended a tree, and
the dam, raising herself on her hind legs,
sat cross-legged in order to protect them;
the rifle, discharged with a fatal aim, laid
the parent lifeless on the earth. The hunt-
er then approached and stirred the body
with the butt of his gun, on which the lit-
tle cubs hastily descended the tree and at-
tacked him with great eagerness, attempt-
ing to bite his legs and feet, which their
youth and want of strength prevented them
from injuring. When he retired to a short
distance, they returned to the dead body of
their dam, and by various caresses and play-
ful movements, endeavored to rouse her
from that sleep which "knows no waking."<

