

CAPTAIN SMITH'S BEAR STORY.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, gives the following receipt for getting rid of one's neighbor's hogs:

About the year 1830, I settled at the Lower Peach Tree, in Wilcox county, Alabama, and cultivated a few acres in corn and cotton, besides a small potato patch, and bit of garden, as was usual in those days. My nearest neighbor, John Champion, being better off than the rest of us, had a nice gang of hogs, and feeling a little above his neighbors on account of his wealth, and being a rather overbearing man, too, was not particular whether his stock broke into other people's fields or not. My crop was too small to feed my family and John Champion's hog too; so I complained to him several times, but got no relief, when, being at old Erasmus Culppeper's house one day, I heard him say that if a foot, or an ear, or even a piece of bear skin, was thrown down in a place where hogs use, that they would never show their snouts there again. I went home and got the skin of a bear which I had killed some time before, and having supplied myself with some corn, I went out and saw about 20 fine year-olds, munching away in my fields. I "toll'd them up," and catching a good runner sewed him up in the bear skin, and then turned him loose, when he ran after the rest, who flew from the supposed bear. The last that was seen of them was at Bassett's Creek, near 40 miles from my house, only two being alive—one running from his fellow tied up in the bear skin, and he trying to catch the other.—The rest were found dead in the road having literally ran themselves to death. It is needless to add that John Champion's hogs staid at home after that.

MID-DAY TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT.

As the sun rose higher and higher into the cloudless sky, and the blanched surface of the Desert glared under his fiery beams, and the reflection from the glittering and heated waste, dazzled the eye and seemed to pierce the very brain with another matter. The camels now groaa with distress, the Arabs are silent, slipping from time alongside the water-skins, and with their mouths to the orifice, catching a few gulps without stopping; then burying their heads in the ample hernons, pace on quietly—hour after hour. The water, which smacks of the leathern bottle or zemzemra in which it is contained, warm, insipid, and even nauseous seems but to increase the parching thirst, the brain is clouded and paralysed by the intolerable sultriness, and with the eyes protected by a handkerchief from the reflected glare of the sand and swaying listlessly to and fro. I keep at the same horrible pace along the burning track. . . . The hot film, like the low of a kiln now trembles over the glistening sands and plays the most fantastic tricks with the suffering traveller, cheating his vision with an illusory supply of what his senses madly crave.

Half dozing, half dreaming, as I advanced, I fell into vague reverie, the starting mirage, whitening with magic play, expands in gleaming blue lakes, whose cool borders are adorned with waving groves, and on whose shining banks the mimic waves, with wonderful illusion, break in long glittering lines of transparent water—bright, fresh water, so different from the leathery decoction of the zemzemra. On our approach the vision recedes, dissolves, combines again into new forms, all fancifully beautiful, then slowly fades, and leaves but the burning horizon, upon which at wide intervals is seen, perhaps, a dim black speck, appearing over the rolling sandy swell, like a ship out at sea; the film of the Desert gives it gigantic dimensions as it approaches; it proves as it bears us to be a caravan of camels from Suez, coming along with noiseless tread—a few laconic words are exchanged between the Arabs without stopping; in another hour it is left far behind, until again it disappears from visions. Thus pass the sultry and silent hours of noon.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

History, in its most extensive sense, signifies a narrative of the most remarkable events that have happened in the world, arranged in the order of time in which they were transacted—an enumeration of the causes to which they may be attributed, and the effects which they may be said to have produced.

"History," says a celebrated modern writer, "is the exhibition of man, the display of human life, and the foundation of general knowledge. It expands the ideas, enlarges the mind, and eradicates those narrow and illiberal prejudices which dim and corrupt the understanding."

By the study of History we not only gratify a laudable curiosity respecting past events, but we draw the most interesting conclusions as to regards their causes and consequences. We may trace the progress of refinement, and the gradual advance from the rudeness of savage life to the elegances of the most exquisite luxury; from the garment of skins to the embroidered and jewelled robe; from the hut of bark to the magnificent palace, with its rich furniture and pictures; from the undisciplined rabble, armed with clubs and stones, to the gallant army, drawn up in battle array, with banners waving, arms glittering, trumpets sounding, and its proud steeds pawing the ground with eagerness for combat.

A contemplative mind will likewise discover, from this study, the effect which the gradual progress of refinement has on the condition of the human species, by giving rise to commerce, which opens a communication between the most distant countries on the globe, and carries on an interchange of the commodities which

each country respectively furnishes, and others need.

History likewise informs, or ought to inform us, of the rise and progress of regular government, and of laws, of societies, states and empires; of the causes of their increase, prosperity and downfall, or decay; of the conquests they have achieved, and the losses they have sustained by invaders; of their internal commotions, and the influence they have exerted on the morals, manners, and happiness of the people who have been subject to them.

From the Boston Museum.

TIRADE OF THE TINLESS.

BY GEORGE L. RING.

'Tis strange to see, where'er you be,
How much importance clings,
Not to one's self, but dirty pelf,
The transitory things.
To have it is the greatest good,
To be without, a sin;
'Tis to be homely, base, and rude,
And all for want of tin.

My neighbor A., just o'er the way,
Is quite a pattern man;
'Tis needless I should ever try
His virtues here to scan.
But people whisper that in deal
He'll shave beneath the skin;
That for the poor he cannot feel—
But then, he's got the tin.

Now as for me, though all can see
I'm clever all day long,
And good enough at stories tough,
And better at a song;
Yet still for friends, with neighbor A.,
I hardly can begin;
I see them flocking o'er the way,—
Alas! I need the tin.

Quite young in life I sought a wife
To keep my elbows whole;
Celibacy I thought for me
Was getting rather dull.
I tried all arts to please the girls,
I was resolved to win;
I viewed their feet, their waists, their curls,
But sharper looked for tin.

Miss Lucy made a great parade,
Eliza played and sang;
Kate had a way smart things to say,
Peg's tongue had quite a tang.
But oh, amid the virgin throng,
Wherever I had been,
None charmed like Miss Almira Strong
For she had lots of tin.

When I proposed, my love disclosed,
Said she, 'You can't come in';
I found the boot on t'other foot,
'Twas I that lacked the tin.
I didn't faint, I didn't swear,
But vowed through thick and thin,
I'd sail for California, where
I'd dig up lots of tin.

From an American paper.

A STREAK OF SQUATTER LIFE.

BILL SAPPER'S LETTER TO HIS COUSIN.

LIBERTI, MISSOURY, May 6th, 1 forty 5.

Cousin Jim, the aint nuthin' occurred with ritin' about in our settlement for a long spell, but about the beginnin' of last week, thur war a rumor sot afloat in town, which kept the wimen for two or three days in a continuoal snigger, and it war half a day afore the men could find out the rights of the matter—sech another fease as al the gals got inter, war delightful to contemplate. The boys kept a askin' one another, what in the yearth war the matter, that the gals kept a whisperin' and laffin round town so?—at last it cum out, and what do you think, Jim, war the matter? You couldn't guess in a week. It aint no common occurrence, and yet its mighty natral. Little Jo Allen, the shoemaker, had an addition to his family, amounting to jest three babbys—one boy and two gals! His wife is a little creter, but I reckon she's 'some' in couintia' the census, and sech another excitement as her little brood of pretty babbys has kicked up among the wimen is perfectly inticin' to bachelors. When the interestin' matter war first noised about, the wimen wouldn't believe it, but to know the rights of it thar put on thur bonnets and poased down to see Mrs Allen, in a perfect stream of curiosity; and, sure enough, thar thar war, three real peert lookin' children, all jest alike. Bein' an acquaintance of Jo's, he tuck me in to see his family, and it war really an interestin' sight to see the little creters. Thar thar war, with thur tisy faces aside each other, hev in on the prettiest caps,—all made and fixed by the young wimen, as a present to the mother,—and then thur infantile lips jest openin', like so many rose buds poutin', while thur bits of hands, transparent as sparmacity, wur a curtin' about and pushin', all doubled up agin thur little noses, and thur muther all the time lookin' at 'em so peert and pleased, jest as if she war feelin' in her own mind thar war hard to beat—addid to which, thar stood thur daddy, contemplatin', with a glow of parental feelin', the whole unanimous pictur! It aint in me, Jim, to fully describe the universal merits of sech a scene, and I guess it couldn't receive real jestis from any man's pen, 'cept he'd ben the father of twins at least.

"Gracious me!" sed Mrs Sutton, a very literary woin, who allays talks history on extra occasions; "el that little Mrs Allen aint ekill to the muther of the Grashi!"
She looked at little Jo, the daddy, for a spell, and tuk to admira him so, that she could scarce-

ly keep her hands off on him—she hadn't no babbys, poor woin.

"Ah, Mr Allen," ses she, 'you are suthin' like a husband—you're determined to descend a name down to your ancestors!'

I really believe she'd a kissed him ef thur hadn't ben so many wimen thar. The father of the babbys were mitely tickled at first, 'cause all the wimen wur a praisin' him, but arter a spell he gin to look skary, for go whar he would he found some wimen tryin' to git a look at him—thar jest besieged his shop winder all the time, and kept peepin' in, and lookin' at him, and askin' his age, and whar he cum from? At last sum of the gals got so curious thar asked him what he did come from, any how, and as soon as he sed Indianae Dick Mason becum one of the popularest young men in the settlement among the wimen jest 'cause he war from the same State.

Things went on this way fur a spell, till at last the herd of 'em in the country, and the wimen all about found some excuse to come to town to git store goods, jest a purpose to see the babbys and their parents. The little daddy war wusser plagued now, and they stared at him so that he couldn't work—the fact war, his mind wur gettin' troubled, and some of the wimen noticed the skary look he had out of his eyes, and kept a wonderin' what it meant. One mornin' it war noticed by some of the gals that his shop warn't opened, so thar got inquirin' about him, and arter a sarch he cum up missin. Well, I'm of the opinion thar war an excitement in town then, fully ekill to the president's election. Every woin started her husband out arter Jo, with orders not to cum back without him, and sech a scourin' as they gin the country round would a caught anythin' human,—it did ketch Jo—on his road to Texas! When they got him back in the town agin, a committee of married men held a secret talk with him, to larn what the matter war, that he wanted to clear out, and Jo told 'em that the wimen kept a starin' at him, so he couldn't work, and ef he war kept from his busness, and his family continuoed to increase three at a time, he'd git so poor he'd starve, and tharfore he knew it 'ud be better to clear out, for the woin would be sure to take good care of his wife and the babbys.

Old Dr. Wilkins war appointed by the men to wait on a meetin' of the wimen, and inform them of the fact, that thar wur annoyin' the father of the three babbys, and had almost driven him out'n the settlement. The doctor, accordin' to appointment, informed the wimen, and arter he had retired thar went into committee of the whole upon the matter, and appointed three of thur number to report at a meetin', on the next evenin', a set of resolutions tellin' what thar'd do in the premises, and governin' female action in the particler case of Jo Allen, his little wife, and three beautiful healthy babbys.

When the hour of meetin' had arriv, Mrs Sutton's parlors wur crowded with the wimen of the settlement, and arter appinten' Widder Dent to the cheer, thar reported the committee on resolves redy, and Mrs Sutton bein' the head of the committee she sot to work and read the following drawn up paper:—

Whereas, It has been sed by the wise Solomon of old, that the world must be peopled, tharfore, we hold it to be the inviolate duty of every man to git married, and, moreover, rear up citizens and future mothers to our glorious republic; and,

Whereas, It is gratifyin' to human natur', the world in general, Missury at large, and Liberti in particler, that this settlement has set an example to the ancestors of future time, which will not only make the wimen of this enlightened state a pattern for thur children, but a envy to the royal wimen of Europe, not forgettin' the proud mother of the Lions of England, but will elevate and place in and among the first families, fur ever hereafter, the mother that has shed such lustre upon the sex in general; and

Whereas it is the melancholy lot of sum to be deprived of doin' thar duty in the great cause of human natur', because the young men is back'ard about speakin' out, it is time that some measures be taken inimical to our general prosperity, and encouragin' to the risin' generation of young fellars round town; tharfore,

Resolved, That, as married woin, our sympathies, like the heavin' of natur's bosom, years with admiration and respect for that little woin, Mrs Allen, and as we see her three little babbys reclinin' upon thar muther's female maternal bosom, our beatin' hearts with one accord wish we could say ditto.

Resolved, That in the case of Mrs Allen we see an illustrious example of the internal and external progress of that spreadin' race, the Angel Saxons; and time will come, when the mothers of the west will plant thur glorious shoots from one pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains to the other, and until thar cry of liberti will be hollered from one pint to the next in continuoal screech!

Resolved, That Mr Joseph Allen, the father of these three dear little babbys, shall reveze a monument at his deth, and while he is livin', the wimen shall only visit his shop once a week to look at him 'cept the married wimen, who shall be permitted to see him twice a week and no offener, provided and exceptin' thar want to git measured fur a par of shoes.

Resolved, Mister Joseph Allen shall hav the custom of the whole settlement for he is a glorious livin' example of a dotin' husband.

Arter these resolutions had been unanimously passed, Mrs Sutton addressed the meetin' in a stream of elegance, wharin she proved, clear as a whistle, that a family war the furst consideration for a settler in a new country, and town lots the arter question. 'She acknowledged the corn,' she said, 'that it war soothin' to look often at thur neighbor Allen, but his

peace of mind war thar property of his family, and she hoped the ladies wouldn't disturb it, 'cause the loss of sech a husband would be a sufferin' calamity to the settlement.'

The meetin' adjourned, and Jo went back to work, singin' and whistlin', as happy as usual, and ever since he's had a perfect shower of work, for the gals all round the country keep goin' to him to git measured, thar say he deserves to be encouraged.

Your furst Cousin, BILL SAPPER.

From the New York Organ.

THE DAY OF REST.

The sweetest sensations of life are those experienced on the Sabbath day. What a delicious sensation rest is to the weary! What a soothing influence spreads over the heart of piety, in the contemplation of God. What ecstatic visions fill the mind of the ardent worshipper! As a sacred pause in the giddy whirlwind of avarice, how pacifying to the soul, harassed and worn by the cares and toils of life. How little do we appreciate the blessings of the Sabbath, which brings such sweet solace to the jaded and worn-out spirit. On such a day we feel as if brought into the presence of the great creator of life—we feel affection unbounded. If in affliction, his mercy—his love—his goodness infinite—his eternity of love; if bowed down by woe, we feel hope revived by the softening influence of the day, and the common attachment of all humanity to the great source of life. It is on the Sabbath that the memory of the past crowds on us with all the happy scenes of childhood—boyhood—youth—the crimson epoch of love, and the sombre shadowings of mature existence. The groups who haste to church, subdued into passiveness by the solemn recollection of the day, are all interesting as they hie themselves to the altar of God, to pour out the full heart at the feet of Deity. Who can contemplate the beauties of the Sabbath, or participate in the performance of its duties, without feeling the thrill of virtue disarm him of all evil passions, and purify the soul to thoughts of benevolence—deeds of charity and examples of justice, kindness and love? We feel re-baptised in the fountain of early life, as the flood of better feelings gushes upon the heart; making the parent more tender—the child more affectionate—the friend more ardent—the brother more attached—the sister more loving—the betrothed more devoted. Sacred be the Sabbath, as the source of our purest joys—the consolation of our keenest afflictions—the deviser of our noblest resolutions. Let us venerate it as a friend, and keep it holy, as the sweetest refuge of affliction.

LEARNING PUT IN THE HOLE.

A knot of rustic worthies were convened round the fire in the bar-room of an American village tavern. The blacksmith, barber, constable, schoolmaster, all were there. After they had guzzled and smoked to their hearts' content, and when all the current topics of the day had been exhausted, the schoolmaster proposed a new kind of game to relieve the monotony of the evening. Each one was to propound a puzzle to his neighbours, and whoever should ask a question that he himself could not solve was to pay the reckoning for the whole. The idea pleased, and the schoolmaster, by virtue of his station, called on Dick Dolt, whom most folks thought a fool, and a few for a kuave, to put the first question.

'Neighbors,' said Dick, drawing, and looking ineffably stupid; 'you've seen where squirrels dig their holes. Can any of you tell the reason why they never throw out dirt?'

This was a poser, and after a long cogitation even the 'master' was obliged to give it up. It now devolved on Dick to explain.

'The reason is,' said Dick, 'that they first begin at the bottom of the hole.'

'Stop, stop,' cried the pedagogue, startled out of all his prudence and propriety by so monstrous an assertion, 'pray how does the squirrel get there?'

'Ah, master,' cried Dick the Delighted, grinning, 'that a question of your own asking.—You're in for the liquor!'

"TAINT' LIKE."

A certain Lawyer had his portrait taken in his favourite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. He friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed 'Oh, how like him! it is the very picture of him!' An old farmer only dissented—"Taint, no it aint," responded the farmer. 'Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket!—'Twould be as like agin if hed it somebody else's."

ENGINEERING IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—We have an engineer in England who has made a double pathway and reared a range of arches under the belly of old Father Thames; there is another who has formed the bold scheme of suspending an aerial tunnel over the Menai Straits; there is another who has made the Cliffs of Dover topple into the sea like snow from a house-side, and would think it no great achievement to place the rock of Gibraltar on the other side of the Strait.—We have engineers in England who have put London and Edinburgh cheek-by-jowl; there are others who propose to join the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and also the Red and Mediterranean Seas; and last, but not least, there are others who have proposed to bore a hole through the Alps. All this and much more they have done and propose to do.

A DOUBTFUL ONE.—A good story is told of a physician in a neighboring town, whom you will designate Mr C., who is distinguished for changing often from one party to another. A