

"YOU BLACK TIVIL."

Some years since, when the only mill for gadding any thing for several miles was in the village, then but a small settlement of 22 houses, an honest old Dutchman, living near the Owasco lake, brought his grist to the mill to be ground; and towards nightfall, having accomplished his object, mounted his old mare, with his meal, on his return home. He had eight or ten long miles to ride, and the most part of it through woods, with now and then a clearing. Some six or seven miles of the way was performed, and the moon, which had lighted his way thus far, was nearly set, when all of a sudden, his old mare stopped short, and would not budge an inch. In vain he laboured the old beast,—start ahead a hair, she would not. It was so dark that he could not see objects distinctly a few feet from him, and what "deaderation" to do he did not know. At length, dismounting, he thought he would give the *critter* a mouthful of meal, hoping by that means to coax her a long; accordingly, he untied the mouth of his bag, and made an opening large enough for one hand, which he thrust in, while the other was employed to prevent spilling his meal. As he was about drawing his hand from the bag, he felt himself suddenly embraced behind with a hug that mad him grunt loudly; and casting his eyes over his shoulders, he discovered who was giving him the loving embrace—it being a large black bear. "O ho! I sees vat is de mudder now," says he, "you vant de meal, does you? Vell den, and you shall have it," he continued, and drawing his hand forth with as much as he could clutch, he threw it suddenly into the eyes of brain, which completely blinded him, and caused him to let go his hold, growling in agony, and bounding first one way and then the other. "You wanted meal, did you? You plack tivil! vell, den, yous got em now; and I will leave you?" So, tying up his bag, and mounting his old mare, he ha-ha-had a hearty laugh, and jogged on his way home, which he reached in safety, tickling himself at his narrow escape.—*A flora Miscellany.*

OPEN CONVENTS.

As the public attention has been for some time past turned towards the character and tendency of Catholic institutions, and particularly their convents and seminaries, we are disposed to explain, with more particularity, the principal proposition contained in a small work lately published in New York, under the general title of "Open Convents." After recapitulating a variety of charges brought against convents, &c. by several writers in this country and in Europe, accusing those by whom they are conducted and governed of the grossest crimes and immoralities; and of carrying on their system of wickedness under the cover of impenetrable secrecy, and the mask of religious rites and ceremonies, the author of "Open Convents" proposes that all Catholic institutions, whether established for the professed of instruction, or for other purposes, shall by law be opened to the inspection of persons appointed by the legislative authority of the several states, whenever such persons shall think proper to visit and examine them.

He argues justly and conclusively, as we think, that there can be no well founded objection to his proposition; because if there is nothing improper or wrong in the management of those institutions, nothing allowed that is either immoral or illegal, there can be no good reason for involving them in such profound secrecy. All our colleges and schools of every description are opened to the public, so that nothing offensive to law, morals, or decency, can be practiced in them without immediate detection and disclosure, and consequent liability to prevention and punishment. What exclusive privilege can catholics justly claim in their own behalf to shut up their schools and convents from both public and private inspection and examination, and prevent even parents from watching over the moral safety of their own children? The very circumstance of their being conducted in secrecy furnishes strong ground of presumption that there is something in them which will not bear the light.

The proposition is that the states shall pass laws, appointing persons to visit convents, and thoroughly examine them, and thus prevent them from being scenes of licentiousness and crime.

THE CAMEL.

The Arabs assert that a person who strikes them without reason finds some difficulty in escaping from their vengeance, and that by a remarkable conformity betwixt their dispositions and that of their masters, they treasure up the remembrance of the injury till they have an opportunity to gratify their resentment. Indeed, when an Arab happens to have excited the anger of a camel he puts his clothes in the place where the animal is to pass, and arranges them in such a manner that they seem to cover a man lying down.

The camel recollects the garments of him by whom he has been unjustly treated seizes them with his teeth; shakes them with violence, and tramples them with fury. When his rage is over, he quits them; the owner of the clothes may then show himself without fear, and conduct and load at his pleasure the animal, who, with astonishing docility, submits to the will of a man that a moment before it was his intention to destroy.

From a Wisconsin paper.

Some of our eastern brethren say that "The Frontier" would have been an appropriate title

for our journal. Not a bad idea. But then either our *local habitation*, or our *name*, as I can't find a way to stop 'em short as soon as I've got a pair of hands to spare."

A Spunky Dame.—There is something in the subjoined notice from a Portland paper, that tickles our fancy amazingly. Mrs. Elizabeth is one of the right kind of women to manage some men. "This is to certify, that I, Elizabeth Wright, wife of George Wright, have left his bed and board, on account of his misconduct. I do, therefore, give up all right and title to him for life, as I flatter myself that I can take care of myself, as I have always done since and before marriage."

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there At Greenland, Zembia, or the Lord knows where?"

None of the fraternity will be safe in arrogating any such title, till they set up their banner within reach of the tide water of the Pacific.

From the Missouri Republican.

THE GRAND RIVER MURDERS.

On hearing of the murders lately committed upon Grand River in this state, Col. Kearney, of the dragoons, despatched Captain Duncan to inquire into the particulars of the affair. His account has been communicated to the executive of the state, and is as follows:

"The party of Pottawatomies were emigrating to Skunk river, on the Mississippi, where they spent the last winter with their families, to join those of their nation now on the opposite side of the Mississippi river, and that the five engaged in the affair were out as a hunting party, for the purpose of killing provisions for the use of their families; that, on the preceding evening, they were visited by five white men who came to their camp with whiskey for sale, but they refused to purchase or be treated with it. About daylight in the morning on which the transaction took place, they discovered that eight of their horses were missing, and saw, by the signs, that they had been stolen, and presumed they had been taken by the Sac and Foxes, and took trail immediately after them. After travelling six or eight miles, they saw a smoke in a thicket, where they found their horses in possession of the same white men who had been with them the previous evening when a Sac, who had a Pottawattomie wife, and who was living with the nation, stepped up to the white men and claimed the horses; this he had scarcely done before he was shot by one of the white men, when he raised his gun and shot also. Another white man then shot a Pottawattomie through the folds of a silk handkerchief he had around his head so as to cut the skin, by which he was so stunned as to fall, when one of his companions, supposing that he had been killed also, shot the man who had killed him, when the remaining three ran off and left the Indians in possession of the horses they had taken from them, the ropes and bridles with which they were confined, and a gun belonging to one of the men who had been killed. The ropes and gun they have given to Major Davis, their agent."

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

"We learn, that in consequence of the earnest desire expressed by himself and friends to the Navy Department, the secretary of the Navy has within a few days past, directed Commodore Elliott "to transfer Mr. Barton to the first public vessel returning to the United States." His emancipation from the domineering thralldom of such a courageous and humane commander, will be hailed with rejoicing by every one who loves the Navy. In truth, the conduct of Elliott in this instance, deserves the investigation of a court martial.

We trust that immediately on his return, Mr. Barton will prefer his complaint personally to the Secretary of the Navy. This, with characteristic magnanimity, he may perhaps decline. Dr. Boyd, too, who is also relieved, has causes quite sufficient to arraign Elliott for an un-officer-infringement of his rights. We sincerely hope that the secretary of the Navy will be beforehand with both these officers, by voluntarily ordering a court of inquiry, to overhaul Elliott's behavior—which, if we may judge from the almost unanimous voice of the press, has deeply offended the people at large. There is a feeling of humanity in the public which is hurt by such barbarism as that of commodore Elliott; and as to the officers of the Navy, high and low, there can be but one opinion among them, on the subject."

We find in the London Sun of the 18th of July, the following extract from Madame Trollope's new work, entitled "Jonathan Jefferson Whittall."

A Mississippi Squatter.—"This here tree," said the squatter, who had just disembarked on the desolate shore of the Mississippi, with his wife and sister, "this here tree must come down smack, and then there three small ones into the bargain; then this one, and that one, and the two o'thers shall have their heads and branches cut off slick, and there's the four corners of the house as clean as a whistle, and we must roll up the logs round them. I say gals, don't I know the river? I expect this will prove a most profitable privilege of a wooding station of any 'twixt New Orleans and Cincinnati. What with that there elegant creek, and this here handsome elevation (the spot selected for his house was at this time at least six or seven inches above the level of the river) and what with them there capital hickories, and this dreadful beautiful sweepin of the river, that will bring the steamers up to me, whether they will or no—I say gals, that if things but go on at New Orleans as bravely as they do now, I'll make dollars enough, by wooding their boats for 'em, to open a store for all the notions in creation at Natchez, before ten years are out. Why, since we've landed, I've seen half a dozen first rate timbers shoot the creek; but I'll soon see

British Entomological Society, on the 4th of April, a paper was read, developing a plan to keep flies out of houses. The means adopted are simply a net of different colored threads, the meshes three quarters or an inch square, which is hung before the window. The flies, it seems are stupid enough to suppose that this net presents an absolute bar to their entrance, and therefore do not make the attempt.

To destroy Insects in Gardens.—A mode of destroying insects in gardens which may sometimes be adopted to advantage is as follows:—Make a small coop for each hen that has chickens so that the brood can run in and out; place it near your squash or cucumber beds, and the chickens of three and four weeks old will be very active in picking up worms and bugs, without scratching or doing any mischief among the vegetables.

To Kill Rats or Cranes.—Crude half an ounce of nux vomica, and soak it twenty-four hours in warm water; then add four quarts of corn, and soak it twelve hours; then sow the corn on the ground immediately after planting.

Le Roy.—One of the gentlemen concerned in Le Roy, has brought to our office a specimen of Coal from the bank at that place. This coal is bituminous, and has been examined by competent judges, who pronounce it equal to the best Pittsburgh. The veins is upwards of six feet in thickness. The specimen can be examined at our office.

The Baltimore American has the following hit at the mania speculation which rages at present:

"The more distant a region is the more likely is it to become a field for speculation, for there is the greatest scope for hope, the moving power in all speculations. We once heard this wild spirit ridiculed by a gentleman of our city, who on its being objected to him that he asked more for his lots than mr. such-a-one did for his, answered, 'true; but, my dear sir, consider—mine are further out of town.'

Massacre.—A correspondent of a St. Louis paper gives the horrible details of a massacre among some half breed Indians near Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone river, in June. A half breed family named Duchamp had murdered another half breed Jack Ram, for which the half breeds determined to exterminate them, and accordingly attacked a block house of the Duchamps, and massacred the whole with the exception of a few small children.

[N. Y. Star,

Dinner Orotry.—At the late Lincoln Conservative Festival, on "The army having been drunk in due course with the other toasts, loud calls were made upon capt. Grantham, but without effect. All that could be got from the gallant captain was, 'I do not know what to say if I get up, and I had better keep my seat.' The calls for him were then more vociferous, but he refused to obey, observing, "What's the use of making a fool of myself? I can't speak, and I shan't get up." (Rounds of laughter.)

HUMAN HORNS.—A remarkable instance, says an English paper, of a horny substance growing on the head of a female, has recently come under the notice of a surgeon in Norfolk. A woman, near 70, residing at Rushmore, near Lowestoft, perceived about 50 years since, a hard excrescence growing from her head, which gradually increased until it attained the length of 8 inches. It is perfectly hard and horny in texture; in figure resembling a ram's horn, and arched over the forehead in a singular manner. From its extreme length it became a source of uneasiness, and the woman consented to the removal, which operation has been successfully performed.

Whipping at the tail of a cart.—This mode of punishment is still resorted to in England, and with good effect. The persons to be whipped are placed in a cart, and one of them is tied by his wrists to an iron rod at its rear. He is thus compelled to walk behind the cart for about one-fourth of a mile through a populous street, while the hangman brings up the rear with a cat-o'-nines—giving him a severe cut at short intervals on the bare back. When the journey is performed, the whipped culprit takes his place in the cart, while one of his companions is compelled to undergo the flogging on the return journey, and so on. When all have received their punishment, a portion of beef brine, or French brandy is applied to the flogged part, (which has some thing the appearance of a buckleberry pudding,) and a plaster is then furnished for healing it.—Sun.

More Romance.—There appears to be a prevailing mania "for broughes" among the ladies of our metropolis, which seems the very error of the moon. On Tuesday evening, a blooming, beautiful, bouncing young widow, residing in Second street, with two little featherless responsibilities and a fair réputation, was recognized in Broadway with jacket and trowsers; & the wicked discover of the cheat gallantly communicated the fact to a parcel of loungers at Palmo's, she soon found herself surrounded and in a fair way for getting into an uncomfortable scrape. A watchman, whose good sense and gallantry deserves commendation, rescued her from rudeness by taking her by the arm and escorting her to the watch

room, where she was, however, prevented from proceeding further than the door, and were soon dispersed from that; when the widow after explaining the why and wherefore of her disgrace, was allowed to depart unmolested. It appears from her statement that she had a young sweetheart, of whom, for some reason or other, which she did not explain, she entertained jealous suspicions, and disguised herself before stated, for the purpose of watching her gallant, and satisfying her own observation, the suspicions that agitated her troubled bosom. If, after this demonstration of her passion and sincerity, her lover should indeed prove unfaithful or inconstant,

"May he be deep in the churchyard laid, And we loved in his stead." Sun.

An Adventure.—A party of our citizens, with several ladies, we have been informed, (says the Buffalo Star) made an excursion on the fourth, in a small boat to enjoy the cool breeze of the lake, and keep the day in the own way.

They landed at Fort Erie; and went ashore to have a *pic-nic* sort of refreshment. They also took ashore their flag and hung it upon some part of the dilapidated walls of the old fort. But

"Major Kirby with his armed men Marched to Fort Erie—and then back again," taking the unfortunate party all prisoners of war.

We cannot but highly applaud the great gallantry and excessive loyalty of the Major, who is thus prompt to resist every encroachment upon his majesty's soil. This making war upon women is a deed of heroism, which ought to place the name of Major Kirby high upon the roll of fame. The boat was seized, the prisoners were marched on foot, beneath a blinding sun, several miles down the river, to Waterloo, where the magnanimous Major Kirby granted them the gracious privilege of departing upon parole of honor!! There is no disputing the claim of such men as Major Kirby to the title of a hero. If the soldiering heats of this act of gallantry, and does not confer on him the honors of knighthood, we have no opinion of his esteem for heroes who are brave in war against ladies. The accolade should be given with the rope's end.

To Prusser Cork for Bonnax.—Extract of a letter from a subscriber in Canada:

"Traveling the ugly country the early part of May, I was surprised at eating green corn—on recollection, I had seen several methods of preserving it for winter use in your "Farmer." On asking the lady of the house, her method seemed to be far different from any you have stated. I beg to introduce its simple way to you. Place the corn when fit for eating, strip down the husk so as to remove the silk, and then replace it; pack it away in a barrel, and pour on a strong pickle, such as is used for meat, with a weight to keep it down, and you will have a good sea stock—parboiled and then boiled to make it perfectly fresh and sweet as when taken from the husk.—*Genesee Farmer.*

To Apprentices.—Would you pass apprenticeship happily, be careful always to consult thewishes rather than the orders of your master or employer. A few extra steps taken to oblige, are often worth to the apprentice more than he is aware of, or can imagine. Do you live in his family? Seek above all things to please the lady of the house. The good will and confidence of that department always smooth the path which to apprentices appears rough and uninviting. You have only to satisfy the heads of the family that you are determined to merit their good opinion, and you are sure to obtain it.—*Apprentices Companion.*

BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON.—On Friday evening we witnessed one of the most brilliant displays of the Aurora Borealis, which have frequently taken place within a few years. During the evening the ordinary aurora appeared, although more intense than usual, until about half past nine o'clock, when a bright arch varying from one to four degrees in width, suddenly appeared, spanning the heavens from east to west with a baldric of pale and pink colored light. Its appearance constantly changed sometimes exhibiting a smooth and well defined arch, then it would break into detached portions mottling the sky for several degrees each side of primitive arch, resembling the white clouds which sometimes dapple the east at dawn, and then resuming its smooth and condensed appearance, several lines of light of unusual brilliancy were seen to shoot across the arch transversely.

At eleven o'clock it had removed about ten degrees southward of the zenith, when it gradually disappeared. The thermometer stood at 50 degrees. We have had unusual cold weather during the whole of the month, accompanied on Wednesday morning last with frost.

Capt. Ford of the United States Army is now at his residence in this vicinity. We are told he has returned to this state, for the purpose of receiving the services of from 70 to 100 active and enterprising young men, who wish to explore the western wilds in the service of their country. The company proposed to be raised by Capt. Ford is destined to act as dragoons on the western frontier, and will be furnished with horses, clothing, accoutrements and rations. Those who wish