

VARIETIES.

AN INDIAN COUNCIL.

The subjoined stirring sketch is from a new work by Judge Hale, entitled "The Wilderness and the War Path," and is descriptive of the coolness and presence of mind of Col. George Roger Clark, at a council at North Bend.

"An Indian Council is one of the most imposing spectacles in savage life. It is one of the few occasions in which the warrior exercises his right of suffrage, his influence, and his talents, in a civil capacity, and the meeting is conducted with all the gravity, and all the ceremonious ostentation, with which it is possible to invest it. The matter to be considered, as well as all the details, are well digested beforehand, so that decorum must prevail, and the decision be unanimous. The old sages—the leaders and orators—occupy the most conspicuous seats; behind them are arranged the younger braves, and still further in the rear appear the women and the youth as spectators. All are equally attentive.—A dead silence reigns throughout the assemblage. The great pipe, gaudily adorned with paint and feathers, is lighted, and passed from mouth to mouth, commencing with the chief highest in rank, and proceeding by regular gradation to the inferior order of braves, if two or three nations be represented, the pipe is passed from one party to the other, and salutations and courtesy exchanged, before the business of the council is opened by the respective speakers. Whatever jealousy or party spirit may exist in the tribe, it is carefully excluded from this dignified assemblage, whose orderly conduct, and close attention to the proper subject before them might be imitated with profit by some of the most enlightened bodies in Christendom.

It was an alarming evidence of the temper now prevailing among them, and of the brooding storm that filled their minds, that no propriety of demeanor marked the entrance of the savages into the council room. The usual formalities were forgotten, or purposely dispensed with, an insulting levity substituted in its place. The chiefs and braves stalked in with an appearance of light regard, and seated themselves promiscuously on the floor, in front of the commissioners. An air of insolence marked all their movements, and showed an intention to dictate terms or to fix quarrel on the Americans.

A dead silence rested over the group; it was the silence of dread, distrust and watchfulness,—not of respect. The eye of the savage band loated upon the banquet of blood that seemed already spread out before them; the pillage of the fort and the bleeding corpses of the Americans were almost within their grasp—while that gallant life band saw the portentous nature of the crisis and stood ready to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

The commissioners, without noticing the disorderly conduct of the other party, or appearing to have discovered their meditated treachery, opened the council in due form. They lit the peace-pipe, and after drawing a few whiffs, passed to the chiefs, who received it. Col. Clarke then rose to explain the purpose for which the treaty was made. With an unembarrassed air, the top of one accustomed to command, and to easy assurance of perfect security and self-possession, he stated that the Commissioners had been sent to offer peace to the Shawnees, and that the President had no wish to continue the war—he had no resentment to gratify, and if the red men desired peace, they could have it on liberal terms. "If such be the will of the Shawnees," he concluded, "let some of the wise men speak."

A chief arose, drew up his tall person to its full height, and assuming a haughty attitude, threw his eyes contemptuously over the commissioners and their small retinue, as if to measure their insignificance, in comparison with his own numerous train, and then stalking to the table, threw upon it two belts of wampum, of different colors—the war and peace belt.

"We come here," he exclaimed, "to offer you two pieces of wampum; they are of different colors, you know what they mean, you can take which you like." And, turning upon his heel, he resumed his seat.

The chiefs drew themselves up in the consciousness of having hurled defiance in the teeth of the white men. They had offered an insult to the renowned leader of the "Long Knives," to which they knew it would be hard for him to submit, while they did not suppose he would dare retaliate. The council-pipe was laid aside. Those fierce wild men gazed intently at Clarke. The Americans saw that the crisis had arrived; they could no longer doubt that the Indians understood the advantage they possessed, and meant to use it, and a common sense of danger caused each eye to turn on the leading

commissioner. He sat undisturbed and apparently careless, until the chief who had thrown the belts upon the table had taken his seat; then, with a small cane which he held in his hand, he reached as if playfully, towards the war-belt, entangled the end of the stick in it, drew it towards him, and then with a twitch of the cane, threw the belt in the midst of the chiefs. The effect was electrical. Every man in council, of each party, sprang to his feet—the savages with a loud exclamation of astonishment, "Ugh!"—the Americans in expectation of a hopeless conflict against overwhelming numbers; every hand had grasped a weapon—Clarke alone was unawed. The hue of his countenance changed to a ferocious sternness, and his eye flashed, but otherwise he was unmoved. A bitter smile was slightly perceptible upon his compressed lips, as he gazed upon the savage band whose hundred eyes were bent fiercely upon him, as they stood like a pack of wolves at bay, thirsting for blood, and ready to rush upon him whenever one bolder than the rest should commence the attack. It was one of those thrilling moments of uncertainty when the slightest weight turns either scale—a moment in which a bold man, conversant with the secret springs of human actions, may seize upon the minds of all around him and sway them at his will. Such a man was the intrepid Virginian. He spoke, and there was no man bold enough to gainsay him—none that could return the fierce glance of his eye. Raising his arm, and waving his hand towards the door, he exclaimed;

"Dogs, you may go!"

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is nothing more appalling to a modest and sensitive young man, than asking the girl he loves to marry him, and there are few who do not find their moral courage tasked to the utmost.

Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount a breach, and "seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth," trembles at asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate for ever. Ladies may congratulate themselves that nature and custom have made them the responding party.

In a matter which men have always found so terrible, yet which, in one way or other, they have always contrived in some awkward way to accomplish, it is not easy to give instructions suitable to every emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he admires. If she be serious, he will approach the awful subject with due solemnity—if gay and lively, he will try to make it an excellent joke—if softly sentimental, he must woo her in a strain of high wrought romance, and if severely practical, he relies upon straight forward common sense.

There is no maxim of universal application. Never lose an opportunity. What can a woman think of a lover who neglects one? Women can not make direct advances, but they use infinite tact in giving men occasion to make them. In every case it is fair to presume that when a woman gives a man an opportunity, she expects him to improve it; and though he may tremble and feel his pulse throbbing through every limb, though his heart fills up his throat, and his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, yet the awful question must be asked—the fearful task accomplished.

In the country, the lover is taking a romantic walk by moonlight, with the lady of his love—talks of the beauties of the scenery, the harmony of nature, and exclaims—

"Ah! Julia, how happy would existence prove if I always had such a companion."

She sighs, and leans more fondly on the arm that tremblingly supported her.

"My dearest Julia, be mine forever."

This is a settler, and the answer ever so inaudible, makes or undoes him quite.

"Take pity on a forlorn bachelor," says another in a manner which may be just or earnest—"Marry me at once and put me out of misery."

"With all my heart, whenever you are ready," replies the laughing fair. A joke carried thus far is easily made earnest.

A point is often carried by taking a thing for granted. A gentleman who has been paying attention to a lady, says—

"What, Mary, when is the happy day?"

"What day, pray?" she asks with a conscious blush.

"Why, everybody knows we are going to get married, and it might as well be one time as the other; so then it shall be."

Cornered in this fashion, there is no retreat.

"Jane, I love you? Will you marry me?" would be somewhat abrupt, and frankly given.

"Yes," would be short and sweet for an answer.

"Ellen, one word from you would make me the happiest man in the universe."

"I should be cruel not to speak it then, unless it is a very hard one."

"It is a word of three letters, and answer the question—Will you have me?"

The lady, of course, answers "Yes," unless she happens to prefer a word of only two letters, and answers, "No."

And so it is an interesting and terrible process, in practice is simple as it is in theory, is varied in a hundred ways according to the circumstances and various dispositions.

The timid gentleman asks: "Have you any objections to change your name?" and follows this up with another which clenches its significance, "how will mine suit you?"

Another says; "Will you tell me what I most wish to know?"

"Yes, if I can."

"The happy day when we shall be married."

Another says: "Eliza, we must do what all the world evidently expects we shall."

"All the world is very impertinent."

"I know it—but it can't be helped. When shall I tell the parson to be ready?"

As a general thing, a man need never be refused. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have, before the matter comes to a point of declaration.

MAKING LOVE TO THE WRONG PERSON.

A Cincinnati paper is responsible for the following:—

A young gentleman who had been paying his addresses in propria persona to a young lady in this city, left a few months ago and went down the river on business.

A correspondence was immediately opened between the enamored pair, and after exchanging several letters, the young lady was mortified to find that her letters were unanswered, and consequently she ceased writing. But the real secret of her not receiving letters, was the fact that another young lady of the same name, supposing they were intended for her, took them from the post office and opened a correspondence with her proxy lover.

Some two months passed away, when the young man wound up by a direct and insisted on an immediate answer, averring at the same time that he thought the tone of her letters very different from those received when they first left Cincinnati, and upbraided his fair love with inconsistency. This last epistle was too much for our romantic incognito, and conscience smitten for the part she had been acting, and fully persuaded that some other lady had been pining for the man she was wooing, sought her out and delivered up the letters to their rightful owner. The matter was speedily arranged, and the real lovers have since become united in the bands of wedlock.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

There's a world of buxom beauty flourishing in the shades of the country.—Farm-houses are dangerous places. As you are thinking only of sheep or of curds, you may be shot through by a pair of bright eyes, and melted away in a bewitching smile that you never dreamt of till the mischief was done. In towns and theatres, and thronged assemblies of the rich and titled fair, you are on your guard; you know what you are exposed to, and put on your breastplate, and pass through the most deadly onslaught of beauty safe and sound. But in those sylvan retreats, dreaming of nightingales, and hearing only the lowing of oxen, you are taken by surprise. Out steps a fair creature—crosses a glade—leaps a stile.

You start—you stand lost in wonder and astonished admiration! You take out your tablets to write a sonnet on the return of the Nymphs and Dryads to earth, when up comes John Tompkins, and says, "It's only the farmer's daughter." What! have farmers such daughters now-a-days! Yes, I tell you they have such daughters. Those farm-houses are dangerous places. Let no man with a poetical imagination, which is only another word for a very tender heart, flatter himself with fancies of the calm of the country; with the serene idea of sitting with the farmer in his old fashioned chimney corner, and hearing him talk of corn and mutton; of joining him in the pensive pleasure of a pipe and a jug of brown October; of listening to the gossip of the comfortable farmer's wife, of the parson and his family, of his sermons and his pig; over a fragrant cup of young hyson, or rapt in the delicious luxuries of custard or whipped creams. In walks a fairy vision of wondrous witchery, and with a courtesy and a smile of winning and mysterious magic, takes her seat just opposite. It is the farmer's daughter, a living creature of eighteen; fair as the lily, fresh as May dew, rosy as the rose itself, graceful as the peacock perched on the pales there by the window, sweet as a posy of violets and clove gillivere,

modest as early morn, and amiable as your own imagination of Desdemona or Gertrude of Wyoming. You are lost.—It's all over with you. I wouldn't give an empty fibert, or a frog-bitten straw, for your peace of mind, if that glittering creature be not as pitiful as she is fair. And that comes of going into the country out of the way of vanity and temptation, and fancying farm-houses nice old-fashioned places of old established contentment.—"The Hall and Hamlet," by William Howitt.

MOTHER HOPKINS AND THE DOCTOR.

Mother Hopkins hobbled into the surgery, with foul weather on her face. Her lips were compressed; there was a red angry spot in the middle of each sallow cheek; and anger glimmered in her dark black eye, like a spark in a tinderbox.—She spoke harshly and abruptly.

"I'm come to return the bottles."

"Very good," said my father, receiving phial after phial from the cankered woman, with so much courtesy and humility as if he had been honoured and obliged by her custom. "I hope the medicine has done you good. How is your lameness?"

"As bad as ever."

"I am sorry to hear it," said my father. "But your complaint is chronic, and requires time for its treatment. By and by we shall see an amendment."

"We shall see no such thing," said the shrew. "I ar'n't going to take any more physic."

"No?"

"No. It's good for nothing, or you wouldn't give it away gratis."

My father's face flushed slightly—as whose would not, with so much physic thrown into it, though but metaphorically—all the draughts and embrocations he had supplied her with for the last six months?

"That's all the bottles," she said; "and there," throwing a paper bag on the counter, "there's the corks."

"Pshaw!" said he to himself, "I am as unreasonable as the old woman! Poor creatures, that have hardly daily bread enough to justify a thanksgiving; and to expect from them a grace before and after physic! To be sure they might be more civil; and yet poor, ragged, infirm disappointed in life, and diseased, what worldly sugar have they in their cup to sweeten their dispositions? What cream of comfort, or soothing syrup, to make them mild, affable, and good humoured? And besides, what do they meet with themselves from society at large but practical rudeness? Scorned and shunned, because penniless and shabby; oppressed, snubbed, and wronged, because weak and powerless; neglected and insulted because old and ugly; and unceremoniously packed off at last as no longer ornamental, useful or profitable, to that human lumber-hole, the work house! Accustomed to endure poverty without pity, age without reverence, want without succour, pain without sympathy, what wonder if their minds get warped with their frames, and as sensitive to slights and affronts as their bodies to damps and cold winds—if their judgments become as harsh as their voices, or if their tempers sharpen with their features? What wonder if their prejudices stiffen with their limbs, their whims increase with their wrinkles, their repinings with their infirmities? nay, if their very hearts harden with their fates, or their patience fail utterly under the tedious suffering of some chronic disease, which Art can only palliate, whilst Hope, perhaps, promised a cure? No, no! we must not expect too much from human nature under such trials and so many privations.—Thomas Hood.

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to the pantomime question of Spiffler, by raising one finger and drawing three airy circles with the pen. This information appeared at once to decide Mr. Spiffler, though not in the way in which O'Keene fully expected it would operate. The editor shook his head decidedly, and significantly pointed at Trumps and then to the door, accompanying the motion with those violent contortions of the mouth, by which a man tries to speak visibly instead of audibly, so that O'Keene guessed rightly that his principal had decided against taking any bribe whatever, and wished the conference to be put an end to as soon as possible. All this time Trumps had looked discreetly into the direction of the window, so as to allow his companion to debate the matter in his own mind, without let or hindrance. Con, while telegraphing to Spiffler, held the cheque in his hand, gazed with sparkling eyes upon every one of its golden letters, and rubbed it fondly between his fingers, as though the thin paper were a luscious velvet, pleasant and grateful to the touch. And this continued after he had fully comprehended Spiffler's instructions. Poor Con's fingers seemed unable to unclasp themselves from the magic paper. What enjoyment was there not comprehended in that little scrap of transmuted rag!—what days of pleasure and nights of revelry! How the very soul of the poor fellow yearned and longed to grasp that morsel of paper, and hug it to his heart! But Fate and Mr. Spiffler had decreed otherwise. O'Keene made a violent effort, and flung the cheque into Sir Harrowby's lap. "There!" he shouted, "take back your dross, and don't think to bribe me, or any honest man, from the discharge of his duty to his employers and to society."—From *Clement Lorimer*.

AGE OF THE PUBLIC OFFICERS.—We gather from certain rumours current at the clubs that the government have laid down a rule, that no person above 50 years of age can be appointed to any vacant office. We shall be anxious to see whether this rule be carried out in all cases, and whether, when scions of the aristocracy are concerned, it will be invariably acted on.—Sun.

A JURY TURNED JUDGES.—A man named Welsh has been convicted at New Orleans of murdering his wife. The verdict of the jury was, "Guilty, without capital punishment."—The reader will be reminded of that other famous verdict, "Not guilty if he will leave the town."

A FRENCH NEWSPAPER.—Few persons have any correct idea of some of the European newspaper establishments. The *Presse*, a newspaper in Paris, has 70,000 subscribers. It has 20 editors, 25 clerks, 20 pressmen, and assistants, 60 porters, 24 folders, and 500 carriers.

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