The Lewis County Republican.

TERMS—TO SUBSCRIBERS BY MAIL $1,50 PER ANNUM, BY VILLAGE CARRIER $2—IN ADVANCE.

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(For the Lewis Co. Republican.)

"Mamma, how the wind makes the leaves cry!"

The day was passed, the veiled October sun
Behind the hills had long since sunk to rest;
And over mountain, hill, and sheltered vale,
Night's queen supreme. Above her sat enthron'd,
Amid the myriad throng
Of fair attendants forth to greet her lord.
But in her stead, the storm-king's vassals came
To battle with the night. The piercing wind,
The thunder and the lightning; all the train
Obeyed their ruler's sign and stood forth
As warriors, just equipped for battle; sword or shield
They needed not. Onward still on they came
And closed with the dark monarch of the night
In mortal conflict. Fiercely waged the war.
Until Earth seemed to shake on its foundations,
Nature, even, this vast and boundless Universe
To tremble. Wildly howled the angry blast,
Deep rolled the thunder, and the lightning flashed
Along the o'erclouded sky, until at last
It fell, and dire destruction marked its path.
At last the combat ceased, the storm-cloud's fled
Before the conqueror, the dark-browed night
Then came the pale-faced Luna smiling forth
With all her train, to greet her victor king.
Deep was the calm, and not a sound was heard
Of mourning save the low voice of the wind
Or the soft murmuring of surging waves
Meeting the white sea beach
In a fair home
Where the bright firelight chased the gloom away,
And all seemed to forget the war without,
In sporting peacefully the joy within,
A merry band of blithesome children played;
And near them, watching with a loving eye
Their youthful sports, a happy mother sat
A cheerful group they were; yet there was one,
An infant boy, who shared not in their glee,
But sat apart. His toys were thrown aside,
And with his cheek 'gainst the cool window pane
He listened to the warring elements
Long thus he sat: and though the thunder's roar
Shook the frail casing against which he leaned,
Still the boy moved not, spoke not, till at last
The fierce strife ceased, and he could hear no more
Save the soft rustling of the withered leaves,
And the low, wailing voices of the winds,
Melting away in sweet and solemn strains
Of mournful music; waking in his heart
A feeling of sweet sympathy, and suddenly
He raised his cheek from off the window pane
And turning toward his mother, whispered—
"Hark! mamma, how the wind makes the leaves cry."
Then with a stifled sigh he left his seat
And joined the players.
Soon his happy smile
And joyous laugh had chased away the gloom
Which but so lately shadowed his fair face,
And the remembrance of his transient grief
Had passed away forever from his mind.
And ere his days be numbered, he may see
Many a wild and bitter storm, but yet
That thought may never recur to him again.
But in the mother's memory 'twill remain,
And never will she hear the wind's low sigh
Breathing among the withered Autumn leaves,
But that beside her she will seem to hear
That childish voice so softly whispering—
"Hark how the wind makes the leaves cry."

Lowville, N. Y. NATHALIE.

(From Hoffman's "Ten Years Among the Mail Bags.")

The Fate of the Gambler.

A True Story.

The close of the year 1839, and the opening of 1840, were marked in the post office department with frequent and startling announcements of the loss by mail of valuable letters from southern Virginia, and eastern and North Carolina, and directed to Richmond and other commercial cities farther north.

These cases as they reached the department were duly prepared and submitted to the special agent for investigation. Search and inquiry were promptly instituted; but for a time the utmost vigilance failed to obtain any clue to the supposed embezzlements. The cases of loss continued to multiply; and at length the agent's attention was particularly drawn to the distributing post office at P.

A circle of remarkable facts pointed unmistakably to this spot as the center and focus. It was here that the lines of circumstantial evidence from every quarter converged and met. The post office at P. therefore became an object of special interest in the eyes of the agent.

However, investigations in this direction proved at first no more successful than elsewhere. The high integrity of character for which the post master was distinguished, and the excellent reputation of his clerks, stood like a wall of adamant in the way of all evidence and suspicion.

The agent seemed destined to be baffled at every point. Yet a stern truth stared him in the face, and fixed its immovable finger on the distributing office. Every missing letter, although reaching P. by various routes, had been mailed at points south of it to points north of it. Here they must all concentrate, and here only. It was, therefore, at this place only, that all the losses could have occurred.

Several days were passed by the agent at P. and the vicinity, quietly pursuing his investigations. No person knew the secret of his business. He became acquainted with the post master and his two clerks, studied their characters, and their social circumstances.

The first was a man of position and competence, whose honor no breath of calumny had ever dimmed, and who could not possibly have any motive for pecilling the peace and prosperity of his family by a dishonest course. Neither did the unflawed respectability of the clerks betray any chink or crevice in which to harbor a doubt.

The elder of these, and the superior in the office, was a young man of education and refinement. We will call him Carleton. His face was frank, his eye steady and clear, his manner always self possessed and easy. The agent liked and admired him from the first. He learned, too, that he was a favorite with all who knew him—that his connections were among the first families in the State, and that by his talents and high toned generous impulses, he so far nobly sustained the lustre of his family name.

Another circumstance was greatly in his favor. Although descended from the "aristocracy," the fortunes of his family had run somewhat low in the later generations, and now, his father being dead, he devoted himself zealously to the maintenance of his aged mother, and the education and support of his only sister.

The junior clerk was a youth of minor pretensions. He was uniformly retiring in his manners. Although he by no means a person of forbidding aspect, there was something measured and guarded in his movements, far less prepossessing than the free chivalrous bearing of Carleton. This apparent prudence might arise from various causes. The agent could not believe that this was the result of a secretive and dishonest disposition. If such was the case, however, that some discretion had effectually succeeded in covering the poverty of his natural character from public scrutiny.

Foiled at every point where he attempted to hang the sad burden of criminal facts, the agent resolved upon striking a bold and hazardous blow. He sought a private interview with Carleton.

"Do you know," said he, "that I am here on very delicate and important business?"

"I had no thought of such a thing," replied Carleton.

"Well, sir, I will tell you. I am convinced that you are the very man to assist me—If you will, you will do me and the post office department a signal service."

"I do not understand you."

"No, but you will. First, however, give me your pledge that what I have to divulge shall be held secret in the strictest confidence and honor by you."

"Certainly," said Carleton, "if you wish it."

The agent then stated the business that had brought him to P. Carleton expressed some surprise, but cheerfully promised to afford the department any assistance and information in his power.

"Have you mentioned the subject to Mr. B.?" he asked.

"Not yet: he is the nominal post master, it is true, but you have a far more intimate knowledge of the details of the office than he has. I have another reason for not speaking with him. I dislike to disturb his confidence until the establishment of strong proofs render it my duty to do so."

"You speak to me with perfect plainness," said Carleton.

"I trust so," said the agent. "And I am sure you will do all that you can to set me right, if I am going wrong. Nor will you, I am convinced, suffer me to injure an innocent person in your estimation. To come to the point, then, I wish you to open your innermost thoughts, and tell me if you regard it as possible that your fellow-clerk can be guilty of these depredations upon the mail?"

"You shock me," said Carleton, not without emotion.

"Speak freely," said the agent.

"Why, I would almost as soon think of suspecting Mr. B. himself," exclaimed the other. "I believe Howard to be perfectly honest."

"Certainly. I know nothing to the contrary; and I sincerely hope your judgement is well founded. But," continued the agent, "our public duty should not be altogether biased by private opinion. You will not, therefore, fail to unite with me in tracing the embezzlements to their true source, no matter at whose door the blame may be laid."

"I will do all in my power," said Carleton. "Although I would be willing almost to pledge my own reputation that the losses have occurred outside the office. I will use every exertion to discover any direlection from duty that may come within my sphere of observation."

The agent expressed his thanks for the clerk's ready promise of cooperation, and took his leave.

Meanwhile he did not neglect other measures that he had adopted for tracing the robbers. By a singular coincidence within an hour after this conversation with Carleton, he was able to seize a certain clue which he had been in search of, and despaired of obtaining.

On his return to the hotel, the landlord addressed him thus:

"You asked me if I could give you any more large bills in exchange for small ones. I think I can accomodate you this morning. I have a one hundred dollar bank note, which, if you are sending money by mail, will be very convenient."

"Thank you," replied the agent, "it will be a great accommodation."

The landlord passed the bank note over the counter. One may imagine the agent's secret triumph on discovering, at last, one of the very bills he was in search of—one that he had lost in a letter passing that post office only a week before, and of which he had an accurate description from the apartment.

Having made the purchase, he held the bank note up to the light.

"I suppose you will warrant this bill to be genuine?"

"There is no doubt of it, sir," said the landlord.

"Of course, you know from whom you had it?"

"To be sure! I took it from one of my boarders this morning, Captain Wilkins."

"I have no doubt but what the bill is good," said the agent, putting it into his pocket. "You are sure you had it of the Captain?"

"O, yes! 'twasn't an hour ago he gave it to me."

"By the way, who is this Captain Wilkins? He's a very gentlemanly appearing fellow."

"O, he's a capital fellow!" said the landlord.

"What's his business?"

"He keeps a Faro bank."

To a northern reader, the two clauses of this statement may seem inconsistent with each other. But allowance must be made for the freedom of southern manners and society. To bet at a faro bank is considered no serious stain upon the honor and respectability of gentlemen in southern cities. The keeper of the bank may pass, as we have seen for a "capital fellow."—But the agent felt pained to know from what source the landlord obtained the bill. Already a dark picture of temptation and crime arose before his eyes. It is a significant and too often a tragical word—the faro bank.

Captain Wilkins had gone to ride. The agent pretended to transact a little business, mailed two or three letters, and read the newspaper until his return. The rattling of a light wheeled buggy before the hotel announced the expected arrival.

Captain Wilkins—a soberly dressed and polite individual, whom one might have taken for a clergyman—stepped out of the vehicle, accompanied by a friend, pulled off his driving gloves as he entered the house and lighted a fresh cigar at the door.

The agent took occasion to accost him.

"Can I speak with you a moment?"

"Certainly," said Captain Wilkins. The two walked aside together. The agent exhibited the bank note.

"Did you ever see that paper before?"

"Yes, and very recently. I passed it to the landlord this morning."

"As the bill is of so high a denomination you probably remember from whom you received it."

"Perfectly well. I had it last night from one of the post office clerks, who was betting at my bank, and for whom I changed it."

"Which of the clerks?"

"Mr. Carleton. He is a reliable fellow. Have you any doubts about the bill?"

"No, if you are sure you had it of Carleton."

"I am sure of that."

"You could swear to it as the identical bank note?" Captain Wilkins glanced at the paper again.

"It is the identical rag," said he, "I can take my oath of it."

This startling revelation gave a different phase to the business. The finger of discovery seemed to point directly at the senior clerk. Again the agent on leaving Wilkins, recalled Carleton's every look and word, in the conversation he had with him that morning. He could not recollect the faintest indication of guilt. And he could not but hope that the young man was as innocent as he appeared, and that the circumstances would prove him so. However there was no way left but to follow the thread of evidence he had so far successfully traced.

He strolled towards the post office, and found Howard there alone.

"Where is your brother clerk?" he enquired.

"He went to dinner about five minutes ago—rather earlier than usual."

"Very well: perhaps you can do my business for me. I mailed a letter here this morning, which I would like to recover from the mails if it has not already gone out." A description of the letter was given. All this was done to prevent Howard from suspecting the real business with Carleton. The letter had gone, as the enquirer well knew, and he left the office.

But now his pace was quickened. He knew not what might be the result of his interview with Carleton. It was a significant fact that he had gone to dinner at an earlier hour than usual. If guilty, what more natural than that he should take that opportunity of destroying any evidence of guilt to be found among his papers at home.

The agent had already learned where Carleton lived, and he hastened at once to his house.

The young man's mother received him in a truly lady like manner.

"He just came in," she said graciously. "Sit down. I will have him called. He remarked that he had some trifling affair to attend to before dinner, and immediately went to his chamber. You may call him, Sarah."

"I have only a word to say to him," replied the visitor. "Perhaps it will be as well for me to go to his room, instead of calling him down."

"As you please. My daughter will show you the way."

Sarah, a beautiful and stately girl of eighteen, conducted the caller to her brother's chamber, and knocked at the door.—Presently Carleton appeared. A slight paleness overspread his features on recognizing the agent, but without loosing his self possession, he invited him to enter the chamber.

"I have strange feelings on seeing you?" he observed in a very natural tone of voice. "What you said to me about Howard, has troubled me more than I would have tho't it possible. Take a seat. Do you smoke?"

"Not before dinner," replied the agent. He made a rapid observation of the chamber as he sat down. "You are very comfortably situated here."

"I have nothing to complain of. We live rather humbly, but we are not ambitious."

Carleton then spoke of his mother and sister in a manner which touched his visitor deeply. Could it be possible thought the latter, that he was destined to destroy the peace of that family? He shrank with indescribable repugnance from the performance of his duty; but it inexorably urged him to finish what he had begun, and he produced the fatal bank note.

"Not to detain you," said he, "I have some question in my mind with regard to a bill I took this forenoon. I have been referred to you as the person who passed it. Will you see if you recognize it?"

Again the swift pallor swept over Carleton's face; but this time it was more marked than before, and his fingers trembled as he examined the bill.

"Certainly," said he, "I recognize it.—It's a note I changed with Captain Wilkins last evening."

It also happens," observed the agent, "to be a note which according to an accurate description I have of it, was recently lost in the southern mails. This is as painful to me, Mr. Carleton, as it is unexpected; and I hope you will be able satisfactorily to account for the manner in which you obtained the money."

"It is still more painful to me than it can be to you," replied Carleton; and heaven knows I heartily wish I could not tell how the bill came into my possession. I remembered it after you left me this morning, and I had a presentiment that trouble would come of it. I am afraid, sir, your suspicions of Howard will prove too well founded."

"Do you mean to say that Howard is responsible for that bill?"

"I will tell you all that I know about it, sir. I yesterday sold a colt I had been training the past season. He proved too high spirited for our use, and I preferred to own a horse my mother and sister would not be afraid to ride after. I sold it to a neighbor of ours, Mr. Fellows. He was to pay me one hundred dollars down—and this is the money he gave me."

Carleton hesitated. The agent begged him to proceed, as no time was to be lost.

"I was trying to recall the conversation that passed between Mr. Fellows. It was to this effect.

"I'd quite as lief you'd give me small bills, if convenient, said I, for I shall have several little bills to pay out of this in a day or two."

"He replied that he could not do better by me, and added that he thought Howard would like to change it for me. How so, said I?

"You remember, said he that Howard bought a house and lot of me some time ago. The last payment came due yesterday. He seemed reluctant to part with this bill, and said if I would wait, he would give me specie for it in a day or two. Something more was said about Howard's good luck in making payments for the house and lot so promptly, and so we parted."

"Where will I find this Mr. Fellows?" asked the agent.

"I saw him not ten minutes ago, enter a store in the village."

"You are sure he will corroborate your statement?"

"There's no doubt of it. He's a plain practical man who tells a straight-forward story."

"Come Sir," said the agent, "we will go and see him."

Carleton readily assented, and the two left the chamber together.

"I've a little business to transact before dinner, mother," said the young man, as they passed out. "If I am not back in a quarter of an hour, do not wait for me."

But little difficulty was experienced in finding Mr. Fellows. He was such a person as Carleton had described: but he turned out to be very deaf, and the agent deemed it expedient to retire with him and Carleton to some secure place where their loud talk could not be overheard. The clerk proposed that they should make use of the private room of the post office.—The agent served to this, for he was somewhat anxious to make sure of Howard and be now resolved that the latter should be present at the interview. This plan was also proposed by Carleton, and when they arrived at the post office the senior clerk informed the junior in a low and serious tone, that his presence was requested in the private apartment.

"But who will attend to the office?" asked Howard.

"I'll speak to one of the clerks in the store: they accommodate us very often in this way, it's only around the corner."

The thought struck the agent that it would be safe enough to accompany Carleton. But to do so, it would be necessary to leave Howard, who, if guilty, might by this time have suspected the danger at hand. Besides, it seemed not at all probable that Carleton could have any motive in attempting to escape. His position in society, his family circumstances, his frank and manly demeanor, everything tended to disarm suspicion. Furthermore, nothing could be more satisfactory than the story he had told of the manner in which he had obtained the fatal bill. He was accordingly suffered to leave the office. As there were persons passing in and out the agent did not consider it proper to broach the important subject until Carleton's return.

But some minutes passed and he did not re appear.

"I thought he said he had only to go around the corner," said the agent.

"It is possible," Howard replied, "that the boys have gone to dinner. In that case if your business is important, he has probably gone to call the postmaster himself."

A quarter of an hour passed. Carleton had had time to walk to Mr. B's house and back, but still he did not make his appearance. The agent grew uneasy. He waited five minutes longer, then resolved upon a decisive step.

"Mr Fellows," he cried, in the deaf gentleman's ear, "did you ever see that bill before?" Fortunately Mr. Fellows' sight was good though his hearing was bad. He examined the paper without spectacles and decided at once that he then and there saw it for the first time.

"Did you buy a horse of Carleton, yesterday?"

"No," said Mr. Fellows, "I have talked of selling his mother's pony, but I never bought anything of him."

The truth flashed upon the agent's understanding. For his credit, let it be declared, Carleton had played his game with a consummate art that would have deceived the very elect.

No time was lost in obtaining traces of the young man's flight. The agent judged rightly, from his character, that he would not attempt to leave town. He anticipated a more melancholy fate for the unhappy youth. Some inward promptings seemed to direct him to the apothecary's shop, not many doors distant, and on enquiry he learned that Carleton had just been there.

"Which way did he go?"

"In fact, I am not certain he has gone," said the druggist. "He purchased some medicine, remarking that he wished to write out some directions for its use, and stepped into the back room. I have been very busy, and he may have passed out without my seeing him."

The agent sprang forward. The door was fastened upon the inside.

"What medicine did you sell him?" asked the agent.

"Oh! you needn't be alarmed, he has studied medicine, and knows how to use these things."

"He knows how to use them too well! this door must be forced. His life depends upon it—if it is not already too late!"

Too late indeed, it was.

On breaking open the door, Careleton was found lying upon the floor, with an empty vial beside him, and an unfinished letter to his sister, on the table.

In that letter he confessed his guilt, and besought his sister not only to support the moral affliction he had brought upon her, with fortitude, but also to sustain and console their mother. The young man was not yet dead. Medical assistance was speedily procured, but all efforts to save his life proved unavailing. He was already beyond [illegible] spoke again.

A vail should [illegible] scene of horror [illegible] awaited his family.

Carleton survived the tragical interruption of her late happy days but a few months. And though the sister was afterwards happily married, it is said that from the date of her brother's disgraceful end, a continual cloud of melancholy rested upon her mind during the remainder of her life.—She has since passed into that land where kindred souls are destined to meet again, and these allusions to her sad family history will give her no pain.

The secret of Carleton's lapse from virtue is soon told: and the lesson in one that every youth who considers himself free from temptation, should heed and carefully remember. The devil never enters the citadel of rectitude at the outset. He first walks around, and passes by; then holds a parley, and "makes the worse appear the better reason," and ends by gaining permission to walk in only just once, promising thenceforth to cease his solicitations, and keep aloof. But once admitted he goes artfully to work to destroy all our defences, and before we are aware of it, and before we are aware of it, he is a permanent occupant of the castle.

Such was undoubtedly Carleton's experience. He was not a hardened sinner: he was truly a man of generous and noble impulses. But a little transgression of the stern law of conscience, had in his boyhood weakened his moral force, and prepared him for more serious offenses. Then in an unguarded hour, he formed an attachment for a fascinating, but gay and heartless woman, under whose influences his soul fell from the truth and purity of manhood. It was her hand that inadvertently administered the deadly drug that destroyed his life. To meet her necessities for dress and dissipation, he resorted to the faro bank. Although fortunate at first, he afterwards lost extensively, and became pecuniarily embarrassed. He borrowed money, which he was unable to return.—Only one course seemed open to him to save his honor in the public eye. At first he purloined cautiously and abstemiously from the mails, hoping, no doubt, that success at the faro bank would swell those unlawful gains, and cancel the necessity for further deprodations.

But let us not pursue the sad topic.—The end we have seen and we will hasten to turn the last leaf of this melancholy chapter.

Let's Take a Drink.

"Let's go and take a drink, boys," said a well dressed young man as the cars stopped at the Waukegan station. And so the boys did, re-entering the cars with their language and persons marked by the bar-room color.

Take a drink! The young men were well dressed fools. They have taken a step which will bring a fearful retribution. Years hence, a thousand woes will blossom in the footprints now made in young life. They see not the grinning dead around them. A false light guids the deadly miasma which dogs their footsteps. They see not the smoking altar towards which they are tending. A host of shadowy phantoms of vice and crime are flitting on before. Red-handed murder laughs at their folly, and death is in waiting at the fresh-opened grave. There are tears to shed by those who at this hour dream not of the sorrow which these false steps shall bring upon them.

Take a drink! All the uncounted host of drunkards whose graves in every land mark the pathway of intemperance, took a drink. They took drinks and died. The drunkards of to day, are taking drinks.—Three out of four of the murderers of 1855, took a drink. Their steps were toward the dram shop, and then from the scaffold out upon the fearless waste which lies beyond. The palsied wretches which totter in our streets, all took drinks. Families are beggared by single drinks. Hell is peopled by them.

We involuntarily shudder when we see young men crowding the deeply beaten path to the dram shop. They are all confident of their own strength. With the glass in hand where coils the deadly adder, they ha, ha, about the fools who drink themselves to death! They boldly leap into the tide where stronger arms have failed to beat back the sullen flow. They dance and shout in the midst of the grinning and ghastly dead, and riot upon the reeking fumes of the grave's foul breath. They boast of their strength! And yet they are but the reed in the storm. They wither like grass under the sirocco breath of the plague they nourish. A brief time and they are friendless, homeless and degraded drunkards. Another day, and the story of their lives is told by a rude, stoneless grave in Potter's Field.

Don't take a drink! Shun the Dead-Sea fruits which bloom on the shore where millions have died. The bubbles which float upon the beaker's brim, hide the adder's fang. The history of ages points sadly to the maddened hosts who have offered themselves soul and body to the demon of the cup. The bondage of irons galls but the limbs. That of the dram fetters the soul.—*Cayuga Chief.*

Anecdote of Headley.

It is well known that Mr. Headley, the Secretary of State elect, was formerly a resident of this vicinity, and in fact for some time stationed as a "regular preacher" in a small village not a thousand miles from this city. Being of studious habits, he mingled little with the out side world, and in reference to all matters of a practical and business nature, was rather more than ordinarily verdant. A friend who had a very large "sap bush," wishing as far as possible to give the young clergyman a helping hand, professed to him that he should go and tap a lot of trees and make some sugar. Headley gladly accepted the offer, and armed with auger, chisel and mallet, proceeded to the woods, where he "tapped" a number of the veterans of the forest. A few days after the friend asked him how much sugar he had made, to which the young dominie replied that the sap hadn't run much yet, but he expected to make a fine lot soon. Still no sugar appeared, and the friend called to again to inquire what progress he was making.—Headley replied, "Why, the fact is, I tapped the trees and have watched them daily ever since, but I don't get a drop out of them." The suspicions of the friend were aroused, and he proposed a visit to the woods. On arriving there, what was his amazement to find that Headley had gone into the swamp, adjacent to the bush, and *tapped a number of white ash and bass-wood trees!*—*Utica Herald.*

How to Mend Chain Pumps.

Chain pumps are very much in use at present. They are very good pumps especially in wells that are not protected much from the frost as they seldom get frozen so as to prevent their operating unless the water itself freezes. Sometimes, however, the chain breaks or parts and then it has been thought necessary to take up the whole pump in order to mend and replace it. A friend told us the other day a method which he has adopted in such cases with perfect success.

The chain with its plugs you know is an endless one, over a pulley at the top, down inside the pump into the water in the well; then a pulley under the water at the lower end of the pump tube, then up the tube.—Now if the chain part breaks, it is difficult getting one end over the lower pulley, and up the other side, unless you take up the pump to do it.

Take a string of sufficient length to reach from the bottom of the lower pulley to the surface of the water in the well; tie a cork to one end of it and tie the other end to the chain.

Then wind the string around the cork and put it in the pump tube, and let the end of the chain follow it down.

As soon as it gets down under the pulley the cork will rise to the top of the water, from which it may be hooked up.—The chain will be hauled up with the string, and the two ends may then be fastened together in the usual way.—*Maine Farmer.*

Velocity of Wind.

In a communication to the *Scientific American*, Mr. John Wise, the aeronaut, repudiates the idea so commonly taught and generally entertained by scientific men, that hurricanes move with the velocity of eighty to one hundred miles an hour. He writes: "Neither hurricanes, tornadoes, nor common thunder storms, travel as fast as the wind current above them. I have sailed above them frequently, and always found the velocity of the wind greater than the storm beneath. The surest mode for aeronauts to avert the roughness of a thunder storm or hurricane, is to rise above it; if he is far enough from its centre to avoid its centripetal force then he will out travel it, and as he goes higher he will increase his speed over the storm cloud beneath. I have moved at the rate of a mile in forty two seconds in stormless and cloudless atmosphere. In the midst of a tornado, having gone into it at its formation, the balloon was involved for ten minutes, and landed but five and a half miles from where the storm was encountered. In this storm it snowed, hailed, blowed and rained, and whirled my vessel too and fro making me sick, and making me vomit more than a rough sea ever did. Hurricanes are moved along the natural wind currents, and as they cause friction, they move slower than the wind that carries them along. I will not attempt, in this article, to give my views on the nature of this friction, as I wish only to give my experience in regard to a common error that exists concerning the velocities of meteors of the cloud kind, that should be corrected, when positive facts prove the error. Out of nine voyages in the air above storms, I sailed each time faster than the storm below. In two cases out of nine I gained time enough to descend before the storm overtook; one in a distance of forty miles, the other in a distance of eighteen miles. When the storm first forms it moves much slower than the air current above it. After it is completely formed, it moves comparatively faster. A storm when viewed from above and to the side of it, has a completeness of form that is hardly conjectured by those who never saw one thus. Hurricanes have no horizontal momentum *per se*, therefore they have no other horizontal velocity than what they derive from the trade wind currents, and these are from the northwest and southwest in our latitude.—*Exchange.*

"Old Dad" House of Lowville.

We extract the following from *Harper* for January. The story is a good one—We have taken the liberty to append a second anecdote of "Old Dad," illustrating his wonderful powers in the line of sleep. A better hearted man never lived. He is one of the last of that fine old stock of landlords who made "Black River country" taverns famous for their huge fires and groaning boards.

"Old Dad" was the familiar title by which was generally known the eccentric landlord of the hotel in Lowville, New York. He was a good easy soul, honest and unsuspicious, preferring to be cheated once in a while rather than to be always looking out for rogues. Hence it was not a very hard matter to impose upon him, and many were the bad bills with which he was 'stuck' in the way of trade by his traveling customers. Indeed, he would take almost anything in the shape of a bill, saying that 'bad money was about as good as any, as somehow it wouldn't stay in his pocket.' Once, however, he took a V which stuck to him like plaster. The more he tried to get rid of it the more he couldn't. He had paid it out several times, but it came back as often, returned as 'bogus.' At length a traveler, with whom he was acquainted, stopped for dinner on the way to Utica, and it occurred to "Old Dad" that his bill might go down there, and stepping into the dining room with it he handed it to his guest, asking him to put it off on the *first old fool* he met, and he would allow him one half the amount.

The guest took it, and promised to do as well as he could with it, and account for it on his return. On his way back from Utica he called, and 'Old Dad' asked him where he paid out the bill, as he had got it again and could not for the life of him, tell where it had come from. 'Why,' said his friend, 'you told me to put it off on the first old fool I saw, and so I paid you for my dinner with it.' The old fellow acknowledged himself 'sold,' and after paying his guest one half according to promise, and giving him his dinner besides, insisted that he had five dollars' worth of wisdom out of the operation."

Of a warm Summer afternoon, Lowville is a sleepy—a very sleepy place. The deep blue haze which hangs to the northward over the Black River Valley, forms a somnolent contrast with the bright sunlight, and "Old Dad," was not the man to refuse sleep when nature seemed to excuse the indulgence. A friend who knew his peculiar habits, determined to see how far the old man's laziness would carry itself. One day he stepped into the bar-room, and, as usual found "Old Dad" dozing at full length on the hostler's bunk. "Mr. House, I want some beer," was the friendly salutation—"Just help yourself," was the sleepy reply. The beer was drawn and drank, laying the requisite three cents (beer was cheap then) upon the bar, the gentleman remarked, "Here, Mr. House—here is the pay." Without moving a limb, the old man sniffed out, "won't you just put the change in my pocket?" A request so ridiculously lazy was speedily complied with, and the beer-drinker departed, conscious that he had seen "the lazy man" himself.—*St Lawrence Republican.*

The Sioux.

Winona, M. T., Jan. 1, 1856.

In the preceding letter upon this subject were set forth the less attractive features of Indian life and character. But the Sioux, however low in the scale of civilized existences, are objects of interest and study. Their private life though in the main unpoetic and rigidly practical, has some elements and peculiarities which excite our wonder, curiosity or admiration. Of their religion it is difficult to speak; it has been questioned whether they have any definite ideas of a creative and operative, invisible agency in the affairs of the world. Again they have been called pantheists, deist, spiritualists, and a friend of mine, who had taken some pains to ascertain what (if any) religions belief they had, pronounces them orthodox Presbyterians. That they recognize the existence of a Deity and the sacredness of obligations taken before the Unseen, was manifested in a certain interview I had with a chief. He promised to bring me something on the day following. I doubted his word, and he called the Great Spirit to witness the fulfillment of his promise. The interpreter told me I was sure to get it. The next day came, and was nearly passed when the chief redeemed his promise. I would not but believe he would have broken it had it not been for his appeal to the Great Spirit. They have a belief in future rewards and punishments; but, like many *Christians*, their lives rarely show it. Missionary efforts among the Sioux have been almost fruitless. It is hard to convince them that the Great Spirit is pleased with the whites. They point the Missionary to the manner in which our Government has abused and driven them from their old homes and hunting grounds, and in the laconic words of old Shakspee reply "you have tried enough and had best go away." If a Sioux, who has extensive family connections, dies, he is buried with a great deal of ceremony. The finest clothes are purchased to wrap around his body; and after the manner of the German burial of children, many of his playthings are buried with him.

In some cases the body is not buried, but deposited in a hut built upon stilts, and there left to decay. I saw one of those "dead houses" in the vicinity of an Indian city with a white flag waving over it. The widow of the deceased person prepares a bowl of choice food, and leaves it upon the coffin for several days, in case the spirit growing hungry might return and partake of it. After remaining long enough to satisfy her that the spirit is beyond earthly wants, she acts the wiser part in eating it herself.

Crime is punished among them by a spirit of retaliation.

Theft is punished by thefts, or by some revenge taken by the injured person.

The punishment for murder is as barbarous as it is certain. For example I will relate an occurrence which happened among the "upper Sioux." Not long since a young Indian, in the heat of passion, killed another; he did not attempt to escape; but, as is the custom, gave himself up to the friends of the person killed to be dealt with as they chose. Nothing was said about it at the time, and for a long time after, the Indian lived in expectation of being punished at any moment. Some two years passed, and one Summer's day while he with a party were bathing, in the Minnesota, the father of the murdered man came to the river bank and beckoned the murderer to come to him. The young man saw a tomahawk in the old Indian's hand, and knew the moment of his death was nigh. With cool and quiet courage he bade adieu to his companions and stood before the avenger. Not a word did the old man say; but with one blow of the tomahawk avenged, in true Indian style, the death of his son. Such is the customary way of punishing the crime of murder. This may have been an extreme case, but only in the fact that such length of time elapsed between the commission of the deed and the punishment. The singularity of it is that even the chiefs and great men of the tribe are not made exceptions. While I was at the Agency, Little Crow, one of the chiefs of a band of Sioux, had been absent for a while and dared not return. He had been instrumental in delivering up an Indian, who was charged with murder, to the United States Government; the friends of the victim suspected Crow of the crime; the fact of Crow's anxiety to fix the crime upon another person, and his marrying the squaw of the murdered Indian, almost confirmed them in the belief of Crow's guilt. Persons who saw Little Crow in his absence from the tribe, and knew him before, could not help marking the great change in his manner; said they "Crow looks and acts as if he was constantly in fear of being killed." I visited Crow's tepee in his absence—his wives—some three or four in number—looked more like disconsolate widows than Indian Queens.

How severe and how certain must such punishment be! How exacting and impartial the law that spares not the chief.

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