

WOMAN SPARE THAT TEA.

The following parody on the well known song, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," we copy from the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, for the special benefit of our young lady readers:

Woman, spare that tea!
Touch not a single cup,
In youth it tempted thee,
But now, O give it up.
I know thy mother's hand
First put it to thy lip.
But woman, let it stand,
Unless it be—catnip!

That old familiar tea,
Whose poison and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Why will you drink it down?
Woman thy hand refrain,
Or thou the cup will rue!
'Twill give thee many a pain,
And delirium-tea-mens too.

When but a little girl,
You sought the fatal draught,
It made your senses whirl,
While grandma sat and laughed;
Your papa had no fear,
But calmly rolled his quid;
Forgive this foolish tear—
They knew not what they did.

That habit to thee clings
Close as thy wrinkled skin,
And the kettle sadly sings
To see thy trembling chin.
O, tea! thy fumes still wave,
But, woman leave that pot—
As you're a soul to save,
O, touch it, touch it not!

Running the Gauntlet.

Joe Gholson, of the Texas Rangers, was once "freed by the Indians," as he called it, upon a rock (situated in the middle of a large prairie) some thirty feet high and perpendicular on all sides but one, and that playey hard to climb. His only companion in this predicament was an itinerant preacher named Langworthy, who was a brave man and a dead shot. Five of their comrades had been killed by the Kioways before they could reach the shelter of the rock. Joe and the preacher had plenty of powder and about fifty bullets each; for provisions they had a couple of wild turkeys which he had shot a little before; and their fortifications consisted of a breastwork of loose stones erected round the summit of the rock. The way in which they defended themselves against the Kioways I will give in Gholson's own language, as he told it to a company of Rangers before the bivouac fire. After a few preliminary remarks, the old Ranger went on as follows:

"It was long before we discovered that many of the Indians had gone to their camp, and were now returning mounted. In a little time they were all on horse back, and began to make a wide circuit around us, which they gradually diminished, till when they were within a rifle shot distance, they threw themselves upon the outer side of their animals, so as to completely cover their bodies. In this position they would fire upon us from under the necks of their mustangs. Thick and fast the arrows fell about us; some falling on the spot where we stood, and others sticking into the crevices of our breastworks.

"But all this time we were not idle. The parson watched his chance, and when an arm or foot of our enemies was left uncovered he planted a shot into it, and sent the owner yelling from the ring. Now and then one of them would receive a mortal wound, and tumble from his horse; and when his comrades gathered about him to bear him from the ground, we would both pour into them as rapidly as we could load and fire. In this way we soon disposed of eight or ten of the rascals; when they withdrew again to the edge of the timber, and held another council of war. Whatever their decision was, they did not attempt to renew the fight that night.

"Fortunately for us; it was a calm, moonlight night, and though at a distance, we could perceive that mounted patrols continually circled about us to prevent our escape, none approaching within reach of our rifles. I took advantage of this to descend to the plain, and run out to a little clump of dwarf oaks, where I obtained an armful of dried limbs, and kindling a fire, we reheated our empty stomachs with one of the parson's turkeys, cooked upon the embers. This comfortable meal, though without water to wash it down, was of great benefit to us as it enabled us the better to endure the anxious and dreary watch of that long night.

"At length, however, the gray streaks of dawn streamed up from the horizon, announcing the approach of another day, in all probability the last we had to behold, when a fierce and prolonged yell from the timber warned us of the approach of our enemies.

"They had collected their pack horses, covered them with tents, tent poles and other paraphernalia of their encampment, and having tied them together by the heads, started them out on the prairie, themselves keeping close behind them, on foot. At first they drove them directly towards us; but soon changed their course to the right, and made a wide circle about us, always keeping the animals between us and themselves. Thus they proceeded till they reached the western side, when they turned their horses' heads again towards us. We now divined their intention, which was no other than to assault us on that side, under cover of their novel breastworks. It was a strategy worthy of more enlightened warriors, and one likely to prove serious to us.

"Now, my friend," cried the parson, as he examined the condition of his rifle, "now comes the tug of war. But our shots must first be directed against their moving breast-works. We

must shoot down the mustangs, and so bring them to a stand."

"And as he spoke he ranged his eye along his rifle and fired. One of the horses fell. But without halting, an Indian ran up from the rear between them, and cut the dying animal from the rest. Again and again we fired, each time killing or wounding an animal, and throwing them into considerable confusion. Still, however, the Indians continued to approach, and soon began to return our fire; and in a few moments discharged a rapidly falling shower of arrows and balls upon us. I am certain we did not lose many shots, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we had killed and disabled two-thirds of their mustangs and a good number of savages, now with no other shelter than the bodies strewn along the prairie. The parson was a better shot than I, and I preferred to leave the Indians to him while I continued to fire upon the pack horses.

"About fifteen or twenty of the Indians had now succeeded in reaching within about one hundred yards of the rock, when raising a wild whoop, they sprang out from behind the cover of their remaining horses, and charged furiously toward us. At first, we received them with our rifles, but we had no time to reload before they were upon us, hurling their arrows through the air, and brandishing their knives and lances with the most savage ferocity.

"Still we remained unhurt, and when they reached the lower edge of the rock, we dropped our rifles and hurled the stones of our breast-works down upon them with such crashing and murderous effect, that they were forced to fall back again, dragging their killed and wounded to the rear of their horses. Now the firing ceased; and after a few moments apparently occupied by the Indians in consultation, to our surprise, one of their number, stripping from his person a white shirt and tying it to his gun-stick, boldly advanced towards us, and, in very good Spanish, inquired if we would have a short talk with them. To this we assented, not, however, with the hope of making favorable terms with them; for we were, in fact, almost destitute of ammunition. We had done them too much damage to hope for any terms short of death. The bearer of the 'flag' then said they were Kioways, and that their chief, 'Macho Toro (Big Bull)', promised, if we would surrender without farther fighting, to spare our lives; and as we were big braves, we should be kindly treated, and adopted into their tribe in place of some of their own warriors whom we had killed.

"I replied, after consulting with the parson, that we could not think of accepting the terms, and adding on my own account that one of us, pointing to my companion, was a great 'medicine man,' who was possessed of a charm which would not fail to save us yet.

"The Indian returned with our reply and forthwith they recommenced the attack. Still we continued to defend ourselves, till at length my bullet pouch being empty, I was forced to throw aside my weapon, as the parson's balls would not fit the barrel. After a few more discharges he discovered that he had spent his last shot.

"Now, indeed, we were at the mercy of our foes, who immediately understood our situation. But while the supply of loose stores should hold out, they dared not again assault our strong position. Again the white flag approached and offered talk. This time we were willing to come to terms, and inquired what was their best proposition.

"The Kioways are not wolves, and they know how to respect great braves," said the Indian. "We will not kill you, though you have made the prairie grass red with the blood of our best warriors. We will give you a chance for your lives, and let you prove the power of your medicine man. Look!" and the Indian pointed to a solitary mezquite tree standing about two hundred yards from the rock. "Let your big medicine protect him, if it will, while he runs the knife gauntlet to yonder tree. If he escapes unharmed, the Great Spirit has willed it so, and you shall depart in peace; the words of a Kioway are true; Macho Toro has said it."

"When shall the trial be made," inquired the preacher.

"In one hour," answered the Indian.

"So be it; say to your chief that I accept his terms and will be in readiness for the race." And the good preacher turned to me, and clasped my hand in his own, while his face lighted up with a glow of confidence. "My good friend," he exclaimed, "it was a lucky thought in you to say I was a medicine man, for I can see the hand of a kind Providence in it. I am certain I shall win the race without a scratch, and our lives will be safe; for I have heard much of Macho Toro—and am satisfied that he will keep his word."

"Parson Langworthy," said I "you shall not run the gauntlet. I shall run the race myself!"

"Tut, tut, man!—you don't know what you say. Remember, both our lives are depending upon the result, and a failure, even a drop of blood, would be the sentence of death to us both. I must run—for I have traveled the same road before, and know how to take all advantage. The same God that looked down and protected me then, and has stood by us in the fight to day, will save me now. He will dull the knives of the savages, and paralyze their arms. I'm sure of success—so not another word, but trust in a protecting Providence."

"Before the hour was terminated, the chief had assembled his warriors, now numbering scarcely thirty, and arranged them in two lines, deployed from the base of the rock, over the prairie to the mezquite. Each warrior was naked to the waist, and armed with his long knife held dagger-wise over his head. They stood with the right foot forward, and within four feet of each other, face to face. Through this narrow lane, with the warm sunbeams glistening from those murderous blades, raised for his heart's blood, was the brave man about to run. It was indeed a run for life.

"Never, so long as life endures, shall I forget the calm, dignified confidence of that noble soul. He was as cool, and joyous, as if the race before him was only a trial of speed, on an ordinary holiday occasion; and his features wore an expression of god-like beauty and grandeur, which I had never before beheld in any human face.

"My faith, however, in the result, was not like his; and when the chief beckoned to him to descend to the fearful ordeal, I could not look upon him; but turned away my head to hide my bursting grief. But I was riveted to the spot; and he had no sooner reached the ground, than I was forced by an irresistible impulse to gaze upon the fearfully exciting scene.

"The brave man had stripped off his clothing to his drawers, and tightening his belt, stood forth a tall, but perfect specimen of vigorous manhood, and awaited the signal to start; and when the chief gave it, he casted forward like an arrow from a strong bow. Down glanced the shining blades, and the deadly files pressed closer upon each other, while in their wild excitement, the savages filled the air with their fierce yells, and slashed at their flying victim, with all the fury of their revengeful natures.

"But he skillfully eluded their blows; now throwing up their murderous hands, and now almost creeping past them on his breast. Then again, springing up with the agility of a buck through the air, and kicking the knives from the grasp of his assailants and dashing the excited warriors right and left, till at length, with a desperate leap he cleared full twenty feet beyond the goal. He was saved, and kneeling there with the disappointed savages yelling and gathering about him, with furious gestures—still threatening his life—the good, brave man poured his grateful thanks into the listening ear to him, whose true servant he was.

"In another hour we had recovered our horses, and had left behind us the scene of our late excitement; but when we were miles away, the baffled Kioways were still engaged in depositing their dead warriors beneath the grass of the prairie."

A Big Gold Story.

The following is one of the largest gold stories of the season. The writer of the letter was from Wisconsin, and an editor there published it as a specimen of the many that were written from the "Peak" by men of "undoubted veracity."

The writer would make a first-rate "Utah correspondent" for some of the public journals in California and the States:

PIKE'S PEAK, March 1, 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—You know we left Horicon for the land of gold about the 1st of February, and we arrived here yesterday. My wife stood the journey first-rate; but my five oldest boys were nearly tired out when they reached here. Jane, the little sis., is happy as a lark, and says, "Tis Uncle George for me."

I read in the *Milwaukee News* that Pike's Peak was a humbug. But it ain't, and the *News* knows it as well as I do. We got here in the morning, after waking all night, and though we are now twenty-four hours in the country, we are not well off, but have a good prospect.

There is gold here—lots of it. The gophers dig it out of the ground by the bushel, and in the moonlight the whole earth for miles around looks like heaven with its myriad stars, or like a pretty girl with yellow freckles. The woodchucks dig out bushels and bushels of it, and the snakes in this country look like solid gold ones, from crawling among gold chunks. It is found in all sized pieces, from the size of a hen's egg up to the bigness of a large stone, and of the finest quality. We have raked together what lay loose on an acre of ground, and have twenty-two piles about as big as a large sized hay stack. Last night two hundred Indians came to rob us of a set of silver spoons and a fine comb that my wife had to use on the children, and we barricaded our house with rocks of gold until they could not gain admittance, and were forced to beg to make friends with us. The chief laid down his weapons and came into our camp, when my wife used the fine comb on his head, till his gratitude was as lively as his head was, and he was so tickled that he offered to marry my wife, and show me where the gold was in plenty. I loved my wife—you know that, George; but thinking I might die before I got rich, and feeling that I must make some property to leave my children, I consented to the match, and she has gone off with the Indian, who is a great chief, and taken the fine comb with her. Come out with your wife, and bring a fine comb, brother George.

I am going to leave these diggings for a better one. It is too much trouble to tag and pry up the great big chunks of gold that weigh half a ton or so, and are so thick you cannot get them out without danger of breaking your legs, and am going up to a ravine, where all I have to do is to go to the top of a high mountain and roll it down to the river.

The country here is fine, but the winds are awful. My boys go so light with eating roots, that I can only keep them by me, or together, by piling lumps of gold about as big as mallets on their shirt tails, as the little innocents sit down on the grass to play. Everything grows here. I can raise twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. Oranges, lemons, and all such colored fruits, grow wild here; while melons, pears, apples, peaches and apple dumplings, are so plenty that they find no market.

Sell off what stuff you have in Wisconsin, and come out here. You can get rich in a little while. Come out here, dear brother, by all means.

Yours, affectionately.

INFORMATION wanted of the whereabouts of George Summers—if in this Territory, he will please report to J. G. Pinder, G. S. L. City.

THE PRINTER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies his FORM in PI,
Beneath this BANK with BRIARS overgrown;
How many CASES, far unworthier, LIE
'Neath some IMPOSING STONE.

No COLUMN POINTS our loss,—
No sculptured CAPS his history declare,
Although he lived a follower of the CROSS,
A member of the BAR.

The golden RULE he prized,
And left it as a TOKEN of his love;
And all his deeds CORRECTED and REVISED
ARE REGISTERED above.

The COPY of his wrongs—
The PROOFS of all his Pi-ety are there;
And the fair TITLE which to truth belongs,
Will PROVE his TITLE fair.

Though now in death's EM-BRACE,
A MOULD-ering heap our luckies brother lies,
He'll re-appear on Galtie's ROYAL CHASE,
And FRISK IT to the skies.

The Printer.

The printer is the Adjutant of Thought, and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope—that word 'we,' with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and the Printer are Engineers together. Engineers indeed!—When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be?

There at the case he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with a ring of snar on shield therein, and that commissioning it when we are dead, to move gradually on to the last syllable of recorded time? This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it. The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. Oh, it is NOT work, but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus 'signs' the engine, that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missiles ere before described—fling it into the bosom of an age unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; we but wonder the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place where he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago: it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear. But the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the Ark, that had preserved it, and it flies on into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a Spring morning.—[Bayard Taylor.]

An Editor turned Printer.

An ambitious editor came into a printing office not more than a thousand miles from this and, thinking it was merely 'boy's play' to set up type, having obtained from the foreman the necessary implements, went to the case and set up the following:

[H]E DON'T REAd the pApERs?—In the trip of the Doxan Brothers recently in Michigan for murder, much difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury free from prejudice. At last after a large number had been rejected, a man from the back part of the county WAS called, WHO, in response to the questions propounded, said that HE did not take or read a paper, and had never heard of the murder. His was too strong a case, and MR. JERRY, one of the counsel for the prosecution, said: "I have object to your sitting on equi jury. Is this a man that can take a fair, and never heard of this brutal murder, don't you enough to go on a jury?" "Well, WE don't WANT YOU!"

After which he vanished, disgusted with himself and resolved to mind his own business in future.

NO HOPE FOR PRINTERS.—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her daughter to a printer; there was already two printing offices in the United States and she wasn't certain the country would support them. It was plain, young Franklin would depend for his support upon the profits of a third, and this was rather a doubtful chance. If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in-law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now, when the present census shows the number to be 15,097?

A DANGEROUS PREACHER.—Dr. Cross, in a letter to the Richmond Advocate, daguerreotypes a southern preacher thus: "He encompasses himself with rainbows, and meteors, and earthquakes, and cataraacts, and hurricanes, and water spouts, and showers of gems, and torrents of fire, and boundless conflagrations, and marshaled philosophies, and trooping seraphim, and the stupendous wheels of Providence, and the silver chiming of the spheres, and the weltering chaos of demolished worlds."

PRONOUNCING.—"Lal ma, here's a heagle." Ma, (reproachfully)—"A heagle! Ho you bignorant gal. Vy, it's a howl." Keeper of the menagerie—"Axes parding, mum, 'tis an awl!"