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# Read!

## BORROWING POLITICAL CAPITAL.

Some of the Abolition-Republican leaders in this neighborhood are becoming extravagantly eulogistic of Henry Clay. Their panegyrics of that eminent statesman are as fulsome as they are hollow and insincere. Lacking political capital of their own, these trading politicians are attempting to borrow the name of the distinguished man who, when living, repudiated their treasonable schemes and disunion principles. If he were now alive he would denounce the men who seek to hide their political deformity beneath his mantle of patriotism. In 1851 Mr. Clay made a speech to the Legislature of Kentucky, by invitation, and foretold, with almost prophetic certainty, the formation of the very party which now attempts to claim him as its champion and friend. If he had been gifted with the power of second sight, he could not have predicted the results which have already occurred with more unerring precision. The language we are about to quote applies with overwhelming force to the miscalled. "People's Party," whose leaders are endeavoring to dupe the public into believing that they were the friends, and are now the admirers of the principles of which Mr. Clay was the distinguished advocate and defender.—In that speech Mr. Clay said:

"Sir, I go a step further: I have had great hope and confidence in the principles of the whig party, as being most likely to conduce to the honor, prosperity, and glory of our country. *But if it be merged into a contemptible Abolition party, an tif abolitionism is to be engrafted on the Whig creed, from that moment I renounce the party and cease to be a Whig.* I go yet a step further. If I am alive, I will give my humble support for the Presidency to that man, to whatever party he may belong, who is uncontaminated by fanaticism, rather than to one who, crying out all the time and aloud that he is a Whig, maintains doctrines utterly subversive of the Union."

Again in the same speech:

"Out of our late heated discussions and diversions, one good result has been produced.—The people generally, Whigs and Democrats, have been more thrown together in free and friendly intercourse. Both have learned to appreciate each other. For myself, I say, alike with true, hearty pleasure, that during the late arduous and protracted session, *I was in conference and consultation quite as often, if not oftener, with the Democrats* than Whigs, and I found in the Democratic party *quite as much* patriotism, devotion to the Union, probity and honor, as in any other party."

We should like to hear our Opposition orators, who appeal so loudly and so earnestly to the Old Line Whigs to affiliate with what Mr. Clay called "a contemptible Abolition party," comment upon the extracts we have quoted from the speech of that remarkable man. It is refreshingly cool to hear a Garrisonian, or Greely or STEVENS disunionist, claim to have been Clay Whig, and that they still follow in his footsteps. Is this not the most barefaced effrontery that can well be imagined?

There is not a man possessing three grains of common sense, who will doubt for one moment, that if Henry Clay were now alive, that he would not act as he then declared he would, and renounce all connection with a combination which had become "merged into a contemptible Abolition party," and would unite himself with the Democratic party, where, as he declared, he had found quite as much patriotism, devotion to the Union, probity and honor, as in any other party. He would be where his patriotic son now is, fighting the men who always opposed him and betrayed him. It is a libel upon the memory of the dead for the leaders of the People's Abolition party to claim Henry Clay as their political god father. The people know that the assertion is untrue.—*Phila. Argus.*

## *BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET*

EDWARD MCPHERSON, the Opposition candidate for Congress, is engaged in blowing his own trumpet. In the Philadelphia *Press*, we observe two letters, one purporting to be from Bedford, and the other from Patterson, this county, so similar in tone, style and composition and comporting so strongly with the language used here by Mr. MCPHERSON in his *celebrated speech* against MR. REILLY, his democratic competitor as to stamp him as their author. Of course the letters make out Mr. MCPHERSON one of the most brilliant men and orators of the age, (very modest, surely!) while Mr. REILLY is sadly depreciated and underrated in his abilities as a man and a citizen. Such is the honesty and manliness of the Black Republican candidate for Congress, who being unable to cope with Mr. REILLY on the stump, resorts to cowardly letter-writing to a distant journal to manufacture public opinion for himself. The richest joke, however, is the signature to the Bedford letter, viz:—"*A Buchanan Democrat of* 1856." EDWARD MCPHERSON a Buchanan Democrat in 1856! *O, tempora! O, Mores!* Tell it not in Gettysburg, publish it not in the streets of Lancaster. Where is JOE CASEY and his Fulwiler story! But Mr. MCPHERSON blows his trumpet to little purpose.—*Juniata Register.*

## KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE!

Keep it before the people, that the *Black Republicans opposed* the Missouri Compromise line, on the ground that it *favored* slavery; *and* that since 1854, the *abolishing* of the said Compromise has been equally as vituperously *opposed* by them, for the same reason. In 1848, they voted *against* adopting and extending it, as a final settlement of the slavery question in the Territories; and, in 1854, when *that line* was superseded, and the *principles of popular sovereignty adopted*, by the Democrats, they called it sacrilege.

Keep it before the people, that they cry out that the question of Constitutionality *shall be submitted* to the Supreme Court; and when *decided* by that Court they say the *decision is wrong*, heap unmeasured abuse on the Court and want to *throw it back* again into Congress.

Keep it before the people, that in their Fremont platform, they claimed for *Congress* the right to *control* the question of slavery in Kansas: and *now* shriek loudly that *some* of the *inhabitants* have not enjoyed the right they desired in that platform to *delegate to Congress.*

Keep it before the people, that in 1854 they *denounced* the "Democratic party" for *adopting* the principles of the Kansas law, and now they assail the party more than ever, if possible, *for carrying out those same principles.*

Keep it before the people, that they attempted to force Kansas into the Union in the *proceedings of a mass meeting* held at Topeka in 1855, said proceedings having, in utter defiance of law, and afterwards raved about the *informalities* and lack of *legal authority in the Lecompton Convention*, they *banished free negroes* from the Territory and *tolerated slavery*, by the Topeka Convention, and abused the Lecomptonites for following their example.

Keep it before the people, that in June, 1857, they were *invited* to make Kansas *a free or slave State*, and they would not act; they put no tickets in the field, but allowed the *Pro-Slavery* men to be elected without opposition, because, as they said, the *laws were bogus*, and the *Registry Act* had never been *fairly administered.*

Keep it before the people, that in the following September, (1857) there was another election, not *about slavery*, but for a *Delegate to Congress* and for *local officers*, under the *same laws*, "bogus" too, as they in June before called them; *then* they rushed to the polls, and sent "*Parrot*" *to Congress*, and elected all the *officers* and *secured* the *emoluments*; the question not being as to *slavery*, they voted under the laws they in June before *repudiated as bogus.*

Keep it before the people, that on 21st December, 1857, the vote was to be taken as to whether "Kansas" should be a *free* or *slave* State, *and again* they remained at home and allowed *slavery* to triumph at this election; and when *slavery* was the question they would not vote.

Keep it before the people, that on the 4th January, 1858, (fifteen days afterwards,) there was *another* election, and that election was for *officers*, and not upon *slavery; then again* they rushed to the polls and carried all the *officers* provided for in the *Lecompton Constitution*, which they had before repudiated as "bogus." When *slavery* was the question they cried out "*bogus laws*," and would not vote; but when *officers* and *emoluments* were to *be secured*, the laws were *legitimate enough* for them, and they voted. Is there anything plainer, than that they cared nothing about *slavery?*

Keep it before the people, that the Free State Representatives in Congress last session, after they had for months denounced the Lecompton Constitution as a *swindle*, and the very embodiment of corruption, voted to make *Kansas a State* under it. They declared nine-tenths of the people were *against slavery*, and then voted to admit her as a *slave State.* Under the "Crittenden amendment," they attempted to *authorize the people of Kansas* to make a Constitution and State Government, adopt it, and put it into the Union, *without ever bringing it before Congress.*

Keep it before the people, that they proposed, under the "Crittenden amendment," to give the people certain sections of land, and then when the Democrats did *precisely* the same thing under the "*English bill*," they *call it bribery.*

Keep it before the people, that they were clamorous against accepting the Lecompton Constitution *without the consent of the people;* and when the Democrats presented the "English bill," *providing for that assent, they all voted agrinst it.—Philadelphia Argus.*

## NAPOLEON'S OLD GUARD.

Napoleon's "Old Guard" gained by their many desperate instances of bravery, an immortality in history; but their grand crowning act was at Waterloo, which has few parallels in ancient or modern warfare. They fought for their adored Emperor, and to retrieve the evil fortunes of the day, and they felt as though to do so would secure to them immortal glory and eternal bliss in the world of spirits. The most graphic and stirring account of that last fearful and fatal struggle, that we have seen, is from a recently published work. It reads like war itself—this is it:

"During the day the artillery of the Guard, under Drouet, maintained its old renown, and the Guard itself had been frequently used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat, but for the timely arrival of Blucher.—But when they saw him with 30,000 Prussians approaching, their courage revived, while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy about to form a junction with allies, while Grouchy, who had been sent to keep in check, was nowhere to be seen! Alas! what great plans a single inefficient commander can overthrow.

In a moment Napoleon saw that he would not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and he determined to stake his fate on a bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet in the British centre. Those under Ruille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given.—Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a few moments in the hollow, he addressed them a few words. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied in early [illegible] in so many fields. "Vive l' Empereur" was the thunder of artillery.

The whole contested struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than the last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking Empire. The greatest military skill and energy that the world ever possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in its zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now paling before his anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and terrible suspense he endured when the smoke of the battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the dispairing shriek rang out, "The Guard recoils!" "The Guard recoils!" makes us for a moment forget all the carnage in sympathy for this wild distress.

The Old Guard felt the pressure of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to them. Nothing could be more imposing than its movement to the assault. It had never receded before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe the firm and steady advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing and firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum or a bugle note to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the field. Their tread was like muffled thunder, while the dazzling helmets of the cuirassiers flashed long streams of light behind the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave along. The stern Drouet was there amid his guns, on every brow was written the unalterable resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed unflinchingly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and scarcely had he mounted another before it also sank to the earth, and so another and another, till five in succession had fallen under him. Then, with his drawn sabre, he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron into that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their pieces pushed on through the English lines. But just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers, who had laid flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very face. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow that they staggered under it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it, in an unsettled state to swerve to the right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundred on the right flank, and penetrated where cavalry had never gone before.

That intrepid Guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would have rolled back the infantry that had boldly charged its left flank, but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to reform, and the eagles of that hitherto invincible Guard were pushed backward down the slope. It was then the army seized with despair, shrieked out, "The Guard recoils!" The Guard recoils!" and turned and fled in wild dismay.—To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they never before beheld, and it froze every heart with terror. Still those veterans refused to fly; rallying from their disorder, they formed into two immense squares of eight battallions and turned fiercely on the enemy, and strove to stem the reversed tide of battle.

For a long time they stood and let the cannon balls plough through their ranks disdaining to turn their backs to the foe. Michael, at the head of those battalions fought like a lion. To every command of the enemy to surrender, he replied, "The Guard dies—it never surrenders," and with his last breath bequeathing this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to its truth. Death traversed those eight battalions with such rapid footsteps that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned in hopeless daring on the overwhelming number that pressed their retiring footsteps.

Last of all but a single battalion, the debris of "the column of granite" at Marengo, was left. Into this Napoleon flung himself. Cambronne, its brave commander, saw with terror the Emperor in its frail keeping. He was not struggling for victory, he was intent only on showing how the Guard could die. Approaching the Emperor, he cried out, "Retire! Do you not see that death has no need of you?" and closing mournfully, yet sternly around their expiring eagles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon an eternal adieu, and flinging themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the enemy at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to destroy themselves rather than suffer defeat. Thus greater in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard passed from the stage and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It had fought its last battle."

## *GIRARD, THE MONEY MAKER.*

A recent number of the Household Words contains a sketch of Stephen Girard. It is not correct in all particulars, and yet it embodies many interesting facts, in the history of the celebrated banker. After giving the leading events in the early life of Girard, the writer proceeds as follows:

"In 1812, Stephen Girard, the one-eyed cabman (whose character was not renewed) and started the Girard Bank, a large private establisment, which not only conferred advantage on the community greater than the State Institution upon which it was founded, but, while the public credit was shaken, the Government finances were exhausted by war, the Girard could command large subscriptions of loan, and put itself in the position of the principal creditor of the country. In 1814, Girard subscribed the whole of a large Government loan, from patriotic motives, and in 1817, he contributed by his unshaken credit and undiminished funds, to bring about the the resumption of specie payments.—In 1831, his operations were so extensive, that when the country was placed in extreme embarrassment from the scarcity of money, by reason of the balance of trade being against it, he was enabled by a single transaction with an eminent English firm, to turn the exchanges, and cause the specie to flow into the States.

To add to his singular and deficient character, he was deaf in one ear, could only speak broken English, never conversed upon anything but business, and wore the same old coat, cut in the French style, for five years together. An old rickety chair, remarkable for its great age, and marked with the initials 'S. G.,' drawn by a faded horse, was used when he rode about the city. He had no sense of hospitality, no friend to share his table. He was deferential in appearance to rank and family, violent and passionate, only to one man—an old and faithful clerk, named Roberjot.

His theological opinions were heterodox in the extreme, and he loved to name his splendid vessels after Voltaire and Rousseau. He was devoted to the improvement of his adopted country, and he was a determined follower of ostentatious charity. No man ever applied to him for a large public grant in vain, while the starving beggar was invariably sent from his gate. He steadily rose every morning before the lark, and unceasing labor was the daily worship of his life.

Stephen Girard began his remarkable trading career with an object, which he steadily kept in view all his long life—the making of money for the power it conferred. He was content, at starting, with the small profits of the retail traders, willing to labor in any capacity to make these profits secure. He practiced the most rigid personal economy; he resisted all the allurements of pleasure; he exacted the last farthing that was due him, and he paid the last farthing that he owed. He took every advantage the law allowed him in resisting a claim; he used men just as far as they would accomplish his purpose: he paid his servants no more than the market price; when a faithful cashier died he exhibited the utmost indifference, making no provisions for his family, and uttering no sentiment of regret at his loss. He would higgle for a penny with a buckster in the street; he would deny the watchman at his bank the customary Christmas present of a great coat.

Thus he attained his eighty-second year, in 1830; he had nearly lost the sight of his one eye, and used to be seen groping about his bank, disregarding every offer of assistance. Crossing one of the Philadelphia roads, he was knocked down by a passing wagon, his face was bruised, and his right ear was nearly cut off. His one eye, which before slightly opened, was now entirely closed; he gradually wasted away and his health declined. On the 26th of December, Stephen Girard expired, in the back room on the third floor of his house, in Water Street, Philadelphia, leaving the bulk of his large fortune, upwards of a million sterling, to found charities, and to benefit the city and the country in which he acquired it.

He left his monument in the 'Girard College,' that marble roofed palace for the education and protection of the orphan children of the poor, which stands the most perfect model of architecture in the New World, high above all the buildings of Philadelphia, visible from every eminence of the surrounding country. Every detail of the external and internal arrangement of this orphan college, was set forth in the will, showing that the design upon which he had lavished the mass of his wealth was not the hastily developed fancy of a few hours or days, but was the heart-cherished, silent project of his whole life.

## *THE HEROINE OF THE INDIAN WAR.*

Jhansi, one of the divisions of the Presidency of Bengal, contains an area of 2,532 square miles and a population of 200,000 inhabitants. About the time of the breaking out of the present rebellion in India, the ruler of this district died. On his death, his wife, a woman of 23, was chosen by the people to fill his place. A recent letter in the files of foreign news, announces her death, and refers to her choice by the people and her subsequent career as follows.

Not wanting in ambition, she accepted the offer, and for a time ruled well. But the spark had touched the train—Bengal was in flame, and now or never was her time to regain her Independence from the British yoke her ancestors had lost. We know what her first steps were—the blood of our fellow creatures bears witness unto them; and though some well meaning gentlemen have endeavored to show, and I sincerely hope with truth, that the atrocities attributed to her were greatly overrated they still admit, reluctantly, that those poor creatures were only cut to pieces. Henceforth of course it was war to the knife. She became the very soul of the movement in those parts. Her forts were strengthened, her men gathered together in masses, stores were laid in, and every preparation made for siege or fight. For herself, she dressed in male attire, for greater convenience in the saddle or [illegible] fight; was armed [illegible] picked horsemen, but devoted of which she appeared almost ubiquitous. Was there a flagging of the necessary fervor? she was on the spot to rally and to rouse. Was their a voice of disatisfaction heard? [illegible] men hung back in fear there sword in hand, she led the way, and braved the fury of a fiery storm. Jhansi overwhelmed, she fought her way with her body guard to Calpee. Here the same determined will was seen, here the same spirit shown. Beaten, but not conquered, she rapidly followed the clever move of Tantia toward Gwalior, previous to which, from the attack on Jhansi to the fall of Calpee, she had no less than six actions against our forces, commanded by Sir Hugh Rose in person. As before at Jhansi, she was always first at Gwalior, and even at the last, fell sword in hand when struck by a shell from Smith's battery.

## *VALUE OF KIND WORDS.*

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

1. They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze the more fiercely.

2. Kind words make other people goodnatured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and sarcastic words irritate them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind ones a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and loisterous words, and war-like words.

Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls; and a beautiful image it is.—They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used. They should be on our lips from morning till night.

THE SEA.—I must confess that no one thing impresses me so much with a sense of divine order and goodness in the material world with conceptions of a stupendous machine which the almighty wisdom has designed, and as this wondrous, beneficient, magnificent system of exchange between the land and the sea, carried on through the pipes of the atmosphere, and veins that cross the azure floor of Heaven; and mighty wheel, that turns this way and that keeps the pulse of every living thing in motion. "A great waste" is the expansion of water that chafes the "vexed Bermoothes" or lies swimming under a tropic sky. But far inland the heart of the continent pants for its blessing, and stately forests sigh for it through all their leaves; and to-morrow this outlying element that quivered like molten lead or dashed in feathery foam has descended on the lawns of England, the vineyards of the Rhine, and the wheat fields of the West. It has touched with tender coolness the wide prairie, and it opens its lids, more innumerable than the eyes of Heaven. The humble plant lifts up its grateful head, as though it felt God's care for it, and the orchard and the garden breathe rich incense of thanksgiving where it has passed along. The little brook babbles with joy over its new filled cup; and Mississippi and Orinoco, back among their hidden springs, send up their great voice in exultation. But the vast wheel keeps turning, and as it were to-morrow again, the moisture that trickled from the rock or dangled like a thread of diamonds in the grass, is surging in that mighty pulse, the Gulf Stream, scoffing at the Orkneys or sparkling in a wake of glorious light under the Southern Cross.

## Pike's Peak—Gold on this Side.

The telegraph from Leavenworth states that twenty wagons are about to leave that city for Pike's mountain, and that Wm. H. Russell, the celebrated and energetic government contractor, is fitting out forty wagons to follow in a few days. We have taken some pains to ascertain, says the Washington *Union*, the characters of the parties who have reported the gold deposits at Pike's Peak, and find that at Leavenworth they are fully credited, and the belief universal that very valuable mines are abundant. Not long ago, in speaking of "the great events on the Pacific," anticipating just what is now exciting the cupidity of our frontier people, we asked: 'Who shall say that California and Frazer's river have an exclusive deposit of the precious metals of the precious metals of this great country?' We have, indeed, believed that explorations would disclose great mineral wealth throughout the whole mountain region extending from about latitude thirty-four up to the parallel of fifty. Major McCullough and Gov. Powell, in passing to and from Utah, were invited to examine what the Indians imagined to be rich gold deposits. Those gentlemen, however, do not think it proper to depart from their line of travel, but express considerable confidence that at an early day valuable mines will be disclosed near the Utah rock.

We know nothing of a definite character of the alleged discoveries at Pike's Peak, which is somewhere in the neighborhood of six hundred miles from Leavenworth City, in Kansas. If they should prove to be valuable and extensive, a new turn will be given to the frontier settlements. Leavenworth City, now numbering near ten thousand inhabitants and situated on the extreme western river, on the direct line to Utah and New Mexico, and commanding a large share of the fur and skin trade to the great interior, promises to become [illegible] influence both, and having just elected Mr. Denman, a Democratic mayor, and set out in its grand career of advancement under the stimulants of large gold deposits, we may well look with interest to its future progress and development as another "Wonder of the West." But all this now only creates an act upon such testimony. We are not prepared to say that the half has yet been told of the mineral wealth of the country. We are confident, indeed, that the work of discovery in that way has only just commenced. Meanwhile the richest deposits are poor, when compared with the solid fruits of agriculture in any part of the country. —*Pittsburg Post.*

STUPIDITIES.—Walking along the street with the point of an umbrella sticking out behind, under the arm or over the shoulder. By suddenly stopping to speak to a friend, or other cause, a person walking in the rear had his brain penetrated through the eye, in one of our streets, and died in a few days.

Stepping into a church aisle, after dismisson, and standing to converse with others, or to allow occupants of the pew to pass out before, for the courtesy of precedence, at the expense of a greater boorishness to those behind.

To carry a long pencil in vest or outside coat pocket; not long since a clerk in New York fell, and the large cedar pencil so pierced an important artery, that it had to be cut down upon from the top of the shoulder to prevent his bleeding to death, with a three months illness.

To take exercise or walk for the health, when every step is a drag, and instinct urges to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold water, on getting up in the morning, without any feeling of thirst, under the impression of the health-giving nature of its washing out qualities.

To sit down to a table and "force" yourself to eat when there is not only no appetite, but a positive aversion to food.

To take a glass of soda, or toddy, or sangaree, or mint drops, on a summer day, under the belief that it is safer and better than a glass of cold water.

To economise time, by robbing yourself of necessary sleep, on the ground that an hour saved from sleep is an hour gained for life, when in reality it is two hours actually spoiled.—*Journal of Health.*

EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE.—Letters from Ex-President Pierce have been received by his friends in this city, dated at Geneva, Switzerland, Sept. 1. He was soon to leave for Italy, by the Mt. Cenis route, and after visiting Turin, Florence, &c., would proceed to Rome, where he will spend the winter. Our readers will be glad to learn that he was in excellent health, and that the health of Mrs. Pierce was much better than when they left the United States.—*N. H. Patriot.*

The most capacious pocket-book on record is the one mentioned by a coroner's jury in Iowa, thus:—"We find the deceased came to his death by a visitation of God, and not by the hands of violence. We find upon the body a pocket-book, containing $2, a check on Fletcher's Bank $250, and two horses, a wagon, and some butter, eggs and feathers."

DRED SCOTT, who recently died, was a very old negro and enjoyed perfect freedom even after the famous decision. At the great railroad celebration in St. Louis, in June, 1857, he was upon the fair grounds, and an object of greater curiosity to most people than any of the white lions in the city. He was quite proud of the "fuss" he had created in the United States, and enjoyed notoriety mightily.