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BEAVER ARGUS.

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☞ Letters and communications, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

From the Country Gentleman.

A WIFE IS THE MAIN THING.

Oh! I'm a poor unlucky wight
As ever there was born, sir,
There's nothing in my house that's right,
'Tis lonely and forlorn, sir.
I've cash enough, and pay it well
To keep my house in order,
But ne'er can get a decent meal,
Though plentiful my larder;
'Tis overdone or underdone,
Perhaps not done at all, sir,
No man had ever such a home
In all this weary world, sir.

My coat is at the elbows out,
I ne'er can get it mended;
My shirts are scorched in ironing,
My vest to ribbons rended.
My stockings down unto the ground,
I ne'er can keep a garter,
And if they e'er get washed at all
It's sure in dirty water.
There's nothing done that should be done
And if it's done at all, sir,
It better never had been done;
Than done so very ill, sir.

Go, get ye a wife—the old man said;
Nor sit ye here complaining;
Of wedlock never be afraid,
A prudent wife's the main thing:
She'll keep your house, she'll mend your clothes,
And chat and sing the while, sir;
And when, at eve, you hasten home,
She'll meet you with a smile, sir;
And all that's done will be well done,
And done without complaining;
If e'er you'd have a pleasant home,
A wife—a wife's the main thing.

Jack quickly took the sage advice,
And woo'd a farmer's daughter,
And never did he rue the day
When home, a bride, he brought her,
His clothes are always clean and neat,
His house is like a palace;
His coming, that a king might eat,
And do it with a relish.
And now he is a happy man,
He never goes complaining;
But with a joyous smile declares
A wife—a wife's the main thing.

A Blue Law in Pennsylvania.

On Saturday last, while hunting among the archives of the Senate for some ancient document wherewith to amuse ourselves during a heavy debate in that body upon the propriety of floating saw logs in some river, we accidentally stumbled upon a bound volume of the bills read in place in the House of Representatives at the session of 1812. Among the number was one for the prevention of vice and immorality, the first section of which, after a short preamble on the impropriety of the day, read as follows:—"If any white female of ten years or upwards, shall at any time, after the first day of November next, appear in any public street, lane, highway, church, court-house, tavern, ball-room, theatre, or any other place of public resort, with naked shoulders, or, being able to purchase necessary clothing, shall at any time between the first day of November and the first day of April, appear in any fashionable place or places clothed with less than three body garments, one whereof shall be woollen, flax or other substantial materials; every person so offending and being legally convicted before any alderman or justice of the peace, in this Commonwealth, shall forfeit and pay a fine of not less than one nor more than one hundred dollars, to be recovered by action of debt, information, or indictment, one-half thereof to the use of the informer, and the other half to the use of the poor of the borough, township or ward wherein the offence shall have been committed. * * * * * * shall be compelled to enter bail for her good behavior for the space of one year. * * *

Section 2d makes the parents or guardian liable for "knowingly permitting" children to disobey this law. The bill ends thus:

"Provided always, that for the purpose of distinguishing between chaste and unchaste females, notorious bawds, common prostitutes, and females who have heretofore been convicted of the crime of fornication or adultery, shall be exempt from the above mentioned regulations, and penalties therein stated for the violation of the same"—[Harrisburg Telegraph.

A RUSSIAN RAILROAD.—Nicholas the First of Russia, had quite an original way of transacting business. He sent one day, for his engineers, and gave them eight days to bring him the route of a railroad to connect St. Petersburg with Moscow. At the end of the allotted time the plan was prepared.

"What," said he, looking at it—"What is this—this serpentine track? You have misunderstood."

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we have the shortest route which would embrace on the line the leading towns and villages."

"Give me a pencil and rule," he said, and he struck a bee-line from one city to another. "Here—you understand me."

"But, sire, you leave the largest towns entirely out of sight."

"That is their affair, let them come within sight."

And so the road was built as straight as an I.

☞ Why are country girls' cheeks like well printed cotton? Because they are warranted to wash and keep the color.

The United States and China.

From the tone of an article in the Washington Union, upon Chinese affairs, it is certain that our Government does not intend to be involved in trouble in China by co-operating with England and France in hostilities against that country. The Union says:

"It now remains for us to preserve for American commerce and American interests in China all the respect and privileges to which they are entitled, and whenever they are assailed, they will be defended, doubtless, with efficiency and promptitude. But, of course, the government of the United States will not make war upon any country unless it has itself an ample cause of war; and the mere fact that China is in conflict with some other nation furnishes no good reason why we should be in conflict with China. * * Our country has succeeded very well, thus far in its history, by minding its own business, and letting other people's business alone, and we are very strongly inclined to believe that this policy cannot be superceded by a better one. We go as far as he who goes farthest in our desire to maintain the honor of the stars and stripes and to defend the rights and interests of our countrymen in every part of the world; but whether we ought to assist in the controversies of other nations, and take care of other flags than our own, is a very different question."

Freezing to Death.

That to be frozen to death must be a frightful torture, many would consider certain, from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses, and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. The most curious example of the seductive power of cold, is to be found in the adventures of the botanical party, who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow storm on Terra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down and die.

The same warning was repeated a thousand times in the retreat from Moscow. Allison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night, when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence.

☞ An Ohio editor gives his views of several dances which he witnessed at the Inaugural Ball at Washington, thus:

"The want of variety in this Metropolitan dancing was, however, fully made up by the fancy flings, such as the Waltz and Polka.—These were absolutely barbarous. The old fashioned Waltz, the morality of which even Byron called in question, is here ignored as altogether too cold and distant. The lady here lays her head on the gentleman's bosom, puts one hand in his, and the other, in his coat tail pocket, then resigns herself to his embraces and goes to sleep, all but her feet, which, when not carried by him clear off the floor, goes patting around on the tips of her toes. The gentleman, thus entwined, throws his head back, and his eyes up, like a dying calf; his body bent in the shape of a figure 4, he whirls, backs up, swings around, swoons, to all appearances, pushes forward, and leaves the ring to the great delight of all decent people."

EXCELLENT WHITEWASH.—The following receipt for making a whitewash that has become famous for its excellent properties, has been going the rounds of the papers for a long time. It is said to be as good for the outside of buildings as the inside, and houses washed with it look as clean and neat as when painted. The house cleaning season is at hand, and it would be judicious for some of our housewives to try it, and report the result of their experiment:—"Take clean lumps of well burnt lime, slackened. Add one-fourth pound whiting, or burnt alum pulverized, one pound of loaf sugar, three quarts of rice flour made into a thin and well-boiled paste, and one pound of the cleanest glue, dissolved as cabinet-makers do. This may be put on cold within doors, but hot outside. This will be as brilliant as plaster Paris, and retain its brilliancy for many years. The east end of the President's house, in Washington, is washed with it."—[Lancaster Whig.

☞ Judge Kane, in a recent letter, says of his son: "His characteristic with us was his sensibility to conscientious impulse. It was this which carried him the second time to the Polar Sea, and had God spared him, would have made him return there again; for he believed, as none but the true-hearted can believe anything, that some of Franklin's party were still alive, and that it was the mission of his life to reclaim them. He had a child-like fondness for the affections of home; but this, and zeal for science, and ambition for fame, and all else that could connect itself with motive, was subordinated to his one great conviction of duty."

☞ The loftiest, the most angel like ambition is the earnest desire to contribute to the rational happiness and moral improvement of others. If we can do this, if we can smooth the rugged path of one fellow-traveler, if we can give one impression, is it not better than the triumphs that fashion, wealth and power ever attained?

☞ The loss of property by shipwreck, during the past year, has been $25,000,000, two-thirds of which is said to have fallen upon the city of New York.

KANSAS.

The interest in Kansas affairs revives with the change which has taken place in the government.

Col. Jim Lane has gone back and suddenly made his appearance in Lawrence, although under ban of the law. The bogus agents of the legislature for census taking are more observed for their omission to enrol, than for their progress in enrolment of the citizens. Why do not the Free State men counterplot by making up carefully certified lists of all names which fall within the requirements of the rascally scheme of law? That would be a sufficient check upon intended fraud, and could not fail of defeat a partial return.

The flow of immigrants continues in full force.

We make an extract from a letter of the 24th March, written at Lawrence, K. T., to the *Tribune*.

"The celebrated Col. Lane arrived in Lawrence last night. He came up the Missouri River in disguise. He came alone. No armed party entered with him, or has entered anywhere so far as I know of. His precise motive for coming I cannot guess. Of course, as a Kansas man, he has a right to come, and if the 'peace' is worth anything, that right should not be infringed.

"On the other hand, it is to be remembered that the Bogus and Pro-Slavery Courts have a whole string of processes against him. I suppose he stands indicted for a variety of things connected with the war last August. He retired at once on the proclamation of Gov. Geary. Gov. Geary assured the Pro-Slavery men than he had no intention of recalling the errors of the past administration. But the Pro-Slavery men have no intention of allowing the waters of *Lethe* to flow over the causes of indictment against Free State men. A large number of Free State men have been indicted for murder and other crimes by being concerned in that general warfare. Lane, of course, will not be exempt. His presence here was known at Lecompton this morning. He speaks in Lawrence to-night. If the authorities send officers to arrest Lane, will he surrender himself? Would his friends allow him to fall into the hands of those in power, who would not scruple to murder him? Again, Secretary Woodson is acting Governor of the Territory. The Pro Slavery authorities can have full scope under his authority. All the lawless 'militia' experience rises up vividly. I have no desire to make a mountain of a mole-hill. I hope that the present generally peaceful relations may continue—but such are the facts.

"Last week, Pro-Slavery Kansas meetings were held in Lexington and Independence, Mo. I have been unable to get the proceedings, but have learned that they were as intensely Border Ruffian as ever. Sheriff Jones and several of the Lecompton villians are still at Westport and Kansas City.

"The bogus census-takers have visited Lawrence, but so far their calls have not been general. I hear but little of their operations elsewhere. I have no idea that they will list one-fourth of the voters here.

"Rather an interesting little event occurred at Tecumseh a few days ago. Some five or six Free State men were confined there—still held as political prisoners under some charge or other. I was informed that a small band of men, masked, came to the prison one evening, lately, released the prisoners, tied up the Pro-Slavery man who guarded them, locked him up, and went demurely away.

"The immigration is coming in a torrent. Every boat up the Missouri River is full of immigrants. The Missouri River is in a poor stage, and from ten to twelve days are consumed in the passage. Boats stick on sand-bars. I learned that some fourteen hundred persons were stuck at one sand bar one hundred and fifty miles below. Complaints are made by immigrants that some of these Missouri River boats charge extra board on account of protracted passage! A stream of hacks are constantly on the road between here and Leavenworth and other points on the river. Town lot speculation is the ruling passion of the moment. Capital and labor are pouring in. Every house in this town is crammed with immigrants. There never was a finer prospect for business, improvement or speculation in Kansas. Some speculators in town lots make three or four hundred dollars per day by buying and selling, employing but little capital. Politics have been under a cloud lately. The murky cloud that covers the future will sometimes lift a little and reveal the distant lightning as it flickers and flashes, while its sound is not heard in the bustle of improvement and the growing business of a rich young empire. A few months of peace would be a great blessing to Kansas. The weather is mild but Kaw river is low."

WOMAN.—It is seldom that Julius Cæsar Hannibal says anything worth quoting, but the following is not bad:

"Day may rail against women as much as day like, dey can't set me up against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, de fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best and de last in de sick room. What would we poor debbils do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am open to receibe us. She it am who gubs us our fust dose ob castor oil, and puts de cloze 'pon our helpless naked limbs, and cabbers our foots and toses in long flannel petticoats; she it am who, as we grow up, fills our dinner baskets wid doenuts and apples as we srart to school, and licks us when we tears our trowsers."

What relation is the door-mat to the scrapor? Ans. A step fa(r)ther.

A Man in the Rapids of Niagara—Miraculous Escape—Thrilling Scene.

NIAGARA CITY, [illegible] 21, 2½ o'clock.—I have just returned from a most exciting and thrilling scene, which happily terminated in the rescue of a man who had fallen into the furious rapids near the great Suspension Bridge. It appears that he was a guest of the Ludlow Hotel, and after breakfast went out to view the Bridge, and proceeded down the perilous steps near Winney's flouring mill, on the bank of the river.

On reaching the bottom he slipped and fell into the water, just above the bridge, and when discovered was thirty or forty rods below the bridge, near the shore, rolling over and over, borne along by the resistless current, until he caught hold of a large rock, and after some fruitless struggles succeeded in reaching the top. The alarm was immediately given in the neighborhood, and it was soon decided that there was no way of reaching him but by the means of a rope ladder.

This was immediately procured, and after much hesitation, delay, and altercation, occasioned by the difficulty of determining where to place it, inasmuch as the man could not be seen from the projecting bank over his head, it was lowered to the depth of perhaps a hundred feet and became entangled among the rocks and trees. It was at once decided that some one must go down to disentangle it, and conduct it down as far as the shelving rock over the man's head. But who among the crowd was willing to undertake the hazardous and doubtful experiment.

In a few moments Willard B Coburn, the porter of the Ludlow Hotel, volunteered his services, and proceeded to the place where the ladder was attached to the trees. He needed assistance and soon two more brave men, Anthony Shiloy and Nate Crane, offered to go down. The three courageous men worked bravely for more than an hour in conducting the ladder down the precipice, while men at the top carefully let it down. At length the waving of handkerchiefs and cheerings on the Canada side indicated to us that the man had sprung to the shore from the rock and had begun to ascend the ladder.

Crane the old Dutch catcher went down over the shelving rock to meet and help the man up the ladder. But he preferred to climb up without help. Crane went below him, and in a few moments his bald head was seen emerging from below.—What a thrill of joy and dread at once pervaded the hearts of the multitude that witnessed the exciting scene—joy because of his success thus far, and fear lest wet, cold and almost exhausted, he should lose his hold on the ladder and be dashed to fragments on the rocks a hundred feet below.

But cautiously, and with firm grasp and step, he climbed up the ladder, three hundred feet in length, and was greeted by the shouts and acclamations of the hundreds of spectators who had assembled to witness the exciting scene. He was for a few moments borne on the shoulders of the excited multitude, all were so anxious to congratulate him. This well meant but mistaken kindness only exhausted the poor man all the more, but he at length indicated that he wished to speak to thank them.

As might have been expected the mass of the people seemed to forget that the faithful, brave Dutch butcher was yet below. A few remained near the top of the ladder to see him safe up, and to speak words of commendation for his self forgetting courage. The whole three displayed a noble heroism that will long be remembered to their credit.

The rescued man, E. C. Taylor by name was from West Winfield, Herkimer county. He is a gentlemanly appearing man, 57 years of age. As Coburn, after reaching the top of the ladder turned round to look the rescued man in the face, with deep emotion he exclaimed: "Why this is the very man I waited on at the breakfast table this morning!" He had not till that moment discovered that the man was a guest of the Ludlow Hotel.—*Rochester Democrat.*

MORE TRACES OF SIR JOHN FRANKLINS PARTY.—Capt. Sherard Osborne has forwarded to the editor of the *Times* the following extract of letter, dated Red River Settlement, Hudson Bay Territory, December 6th:

"I have just returned from ——, who was at Norway House, last July, and saw the man who brought down an express to Sir George Simpson from Mr. Anderson, in McKenzie's River, (district,) stating that Indians had brought over reports to one of the trading points in that quarter, that Indians had seen two or more encampments of whites on an island on some point where Anderson and Stewart turned back, (in 1855,) and that one of the encampments particularly was quite fresh, supposed to have been abandoned a day or two before the Indians seen it, and from the traces thought there might have been about ten or twelve men. I could not hear of the exact locality further than that Anderson and Stewart were within a very short distance of the place where the traces were seen.—*St. Paul (Minne.) Pioneer of March.*

A SELL.—A chap in Albany recently advertised an infallible method to detect a counterfeit note, which he proposed to impart to all who chose to learn it, for $2 each. A good many "green ones" paid the sum, in return for which they received the following instructions, which, though good enough in their way, was hardly worth the money: "Whenever you take a bill about which you entertain the slightest doubt, at once proceed to the banker in whom you place the most confidence, offer him the bill with the request that he will change it, if he declines to do so, make up your mind the note is bad."

PITCH INTO IT.

Not having a better subject to-day, we propose to say a few words upon the advice often given, in a great variety of cases, to "pitch into it." There is much philosophy and a deep significance in this phrase—for instance—if you are a boarder at a hotel or boarding house where there are plenty more like you at the table just don't wait, but "pitch into" the dishes, never mind any little scruples about good breeding, or fair play, "pitch in" at once—remember it is every body's duty to take care of number one; secure all your favorite dishes, put your feet into your neighbor's lap opposite, if you feel inclined, and if any body objects, just "pitch into" him, and tell him that it is a free country. In this way you will secure a good dinner, and the consciousness of having "pitched in," to your manifest advantage.

If you hail an omnibus in the street, and upon climbing upon the step, observe that it is full—twelve men, two women, a baby, and a bandbox, and a lap dog, "pitch into it"—especially if you are a fat man pitch right in, leave the road to the driver and the chances of your getting a seat to the fortuitous occurrence of circumstances; you will thus make yourself appreciated if not agreeable, and your very "pitching in" will work in your favor, for it is quite likely that some one who don't understand omnibusses will pitch out and make room; don't listen to any remonstrances; what are omnibusses made for if not to carry people?

Are you a doctor, and does some other son of Esculapius presume to take an office next door to you, and attempt to practice within your hitherto universal domain, "pitch into" him—pitch into his saddle bags, his pills, his horse, his looks—pitch into him generally—it is the rule—in fact it is your only sure way to do things, so that the business of both of you should be better than one.

If you are are a dry goods merchant, a daguerreotypist, a molasses candy pedlar, or engaged in any other respectable business, and any body else undertakes to cut you out, or "run" you pitch into him; no matter how—do it; if you are cowardly pitch into him with "a fire in the rear;" if bold pitch into him face to face; may be you'll make something out of it; you can't tell till you try; and if you don't pitch into him he will into you; so pitch in.—Young ladies, too, if any girl handsomer than you "comes out" and tries to carry of the prizes, then is your time; you know how to do it; don't let her rest; pitch into her affairs; tell all you know and guess at the rest, and you will soon have the neighborhood all worked up, and in the muss, the great beauty will be sure to get some damage.

Is any body nominated for office; there is a most glorious opportunity to every body to pitch in, this beats every other chance, pitch into his character, his politics, his brains, his pocket, his friends; go in generally—and no matter how thick; that is the way to defeat, or elect him. In fine, neglect no opportunity in life to pitch into things; that is the way fortunes are made; places obtained, communities set by the ears, scandal manufactured, hearts broken, and life generally, rendered a lively game of hop-skotch; if nobody pitches into things this world would be a dreadful dull place, and a great deal more peaceable than it happens to be just now—therefore pitch in.

THE DEAD WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifles. The wife, she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven, she who is so busied, so unwearied, bitter is the tear that falls on her clay. You stand beside her grave, and think of the past; it seems an amber covered pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered above the sweet clay, save those your own hand may have unwittingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead.—The dear head that has so often lain upon your bosom now rests upon a pillow of clay. The hands that administered so untiringly, are faded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. And there is no white arm around your shoulder now—no speaking face to look up in the eye of love—no trembling lips to murmur—"oh, it is so sad!" There is a strange hush in every room! No smile to greet you at nightfall—and the clock ticks, and ticks, and ticks! It was sweet music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell only the hours throng which you watched the shadows gathering upon the sweet face.—But many a tale it telleth of joys past, sorrows shared, and beautiful words registered above. You feel that the grave cannot keep her. You know that she is often by your side; an angel presence. Cherish these emotions; they will make you happier. Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections give her a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you—that she has loved you. Be tender to her memory.

BE CHARITABLE.—When the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we then remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped in our intercourse with them.—How careful should such thoughts render us in the fulfilment of those offices of affection which may yet be in our power to perform; for who can tell how soon the moment may arrive when repentance cannot be followed by reparation.

U. S. SUPREME COURT.

Hon. John McLean, a native of New Jersey, is the oldest member of the present Bench, in date of commission. He is seventy-two years of age.

Hon James M. Wayne, a native of Savannah, Ga., holds the next oldest appointment, having received it in January, 1835. He is seventy years of age, and up to the time of his appointment, was an ardent and active politician of the Jackson school.

Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice, a native of Maryland, was born on St. Patrick's day, 1777. He was a bitter partizan politician, so much so that the Senate rejected his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury, also as Associate Justice; but after the death of Chief Justice Marshall, he received the appointment of Chief Justice in March, 1836, and was confirmed.

Hon. John Catron was born in Western Virginia, but since his youth has been a resident in Tennessee. His age is sixty-five. He served one campaign under Gen. Jackson.

The above were appointed by General Jackson.

Hon. Peter V. Daniel is a native of Virginia, and a descendant of one of the English families. He was offered the post of Attorney General by Jackson but declined. He was appointed U. S. District Judge for Virginia, and upon the death of Judge Barbour, was nominated Associate Justice by Mr. Van Buren, in 1840.

Hon. Samuel Nelson is a native of Cooperstown, New York, and was appointed by Mr. Polk, in 1845. He is about sixty-five years of age.

Hon. Robert C. Grier was born in Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, March 5th, 1794, and is a little over sixty-three years of age. His life, previous to going upon the Bench, was divided between the law and academic pursuits. He was appointed by Mr. Polk, in 1850.

Hon. Benjamin R. Curtis is a native of Massachusetts, and is forty-eight years old. He never was a politician, but was taken by Mr. Fillmore from the bar, and placed upon the Bench in 1851.

Hon. John A. Campbell was born in Alabama, and was a lawyer in Mobile. He was appointed to the Bench in 1853, by Gen. Pierce. His age is fifty-four.

INDIAN ATROCITIES IN IOWA.—A letter received here from a responsible source, dated Fort Dodge, Iowa, March 23d, says that a settlement of twenty families at the head waters of the Des Moines river, had been attacked by Indians, and that it was supposed that all were murdered. Only two houses were visited by the persons bringing the news, in which fourteen dead bodies were found. Some had been shot and others inhumanly clubbed to death.—It is presumed that the whole number of persons composing the settlement were killed, or that they are now in captivity.—A meeting of citizens was called on the 22d ult., and a company of fifty to one hundred men had organized to march to take vengeance on the Indians, and rescue any person that might be found with them.

The telegraph last night confirms the above. The massacre took place on Spirit Lake. The Indian agent, Elandiam, started with a company of troops from Fort Ridgely on the 17th ult. Fifteen settlers are reported missing.

The St. Paul Pioneer of the 26th confirms the report that a massacre occurred on the 9th, Spirit Lake is in Emmett county, Iowa, on the Minnesota boundary.

Indian Summer of Life.

In the life of the good man there is no Indian summer more beautiful than that of the season; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever know—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the wrath of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of Spring are changing to the sere and yielding leaf, when the mind of the good man, still ripe and vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon that bright spring and summer which awaits him within the gates of Paradise evermore. Let us strive for and look trustingly forward to an Indian summer like this.

HIGHLY MIXED.—A widower, at Camden, who was not very young, became smitten with a young and beautiful girl, and married her. A short time after, the son of this man by a former wife, became also in love with the mother of his father's new wife, a widow lady still in the bloom of life. Soon the young man and the widow were united, so that in consequence of these two connections a father became the son-in-law of his son, and the wife not only the daughter-in-law of her own son-in-law, but still more, the mother-in-law of her own daughter; while the husband of the latter is the father-in-law of his own mother-in law, and father-in-law to his own father.—Singular confusion may arise if children should spring from these peculiar marriages.

☞ "Fellow Citizens," said an English preacher, "if you were told that by going to the top of those stairs yonder (pointing to a rickety pair at one end of the church) you might secure your salvation, I really believe hardly any of you would try it, but let any man proclaim that there were a hundred sovereigns up there for you, and I'll be bound there would be "such a getting up stairs as you never did see."

ASHES FOR CURRANTS.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, speaks of ashes, leached and unleached, having greatly benefitted his currant bushes, causing much larger berries, and producing more bearing wood than those which received none. This fact he observed, in the growth of bushes near which ash heaps had been placed. It requires a much larger amount of leached ashes to produce the same effect as unleached. This is one of the little matters which cultivators can experiment upon.

We cannot refrain from impressing upon all, that currants are benefitted by manuring and good cultivation, as anything else grown in the garden. It is a sorry sight to see them embedded in grass. Those who thus neglect them do not deserve more than "half crops." They will get that or less.

A MODEL CERTIFICATE.—The following certificate outdoes the "Panaceas," "Syrups" and "Magnetic" nostrums which usually works such astonishing miracles in the cures upon conceited and credulous people:

Dear Doctor:—I will be 175 years old next October. For 94 years I have been an invalid, unable to stir except when moved by a lever; but a year ago last Thursday I heard of the Granicular Syrup.

I bought a bottle sincit the cork and found myself a new man. I can now run twelve and a half miles an hour, and throw nineteen double somersets without stopping.

P. S.—A little of your Alicumstoutem Salve applied to a wooden leg, reduced a compound fracture in nineteen minutes, and is covering the limb with a fresh cuticle of white pine bark.

Beauties of Going to Law.—In the Worchester County Court of Common Pleas a Mr. Dudley sued a Mr. Tift to recover $1,25, the price of a pair of boots. The action was an appeal from decision of the Justice of the Peace in favor of the plaintiff. The cost will count up to between $100 and $125; the plaintiff therefore recovers a dollar and a quarter and probably pays his lawyer ten times that amount, besides his own loss of time. The defendant pays his lawyer, loses his time and one hundred and twenty-five dollars in a foolish endeavor to save $1,25.

WAR IN LIBERIA.—A furious war is raging in the vicinity of Cape Palmas, between the colonists and the natives. Thirty-seven American houses and much property have been destroyed, and twenty-[illegible] and business matters were at a stand. A detachment of one hundred and fifty men had left Monrovia for Cape Palmas, on board a schooner, with Ex-President Roberts and Vice President Yates, to aid the colonists. We understand that the settlement immediately at Cape Palmas has not been destroyed, and it is hoped it will be able to resist the attacks of the natives.

☞ Rev. Daniel Waldo, the venerable Chaplain of the House of Representatives, now 94 years old, has re-visited his home in Connecticut. Last week he preached two sermons in Sharon, walked half a mile from the parsonage to the meeting-house, and went through the exercises without apparent fatigue. Mr. Waldo was a soldier in the Revolution.

☞ The editor of the *Woonsocket Patriot* makes merry over the mistake of an Shanghai hen of his, that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick! "Her anxiety," quotes he, "is no greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it prove a brickyard, that hen is not for sale."

☞ How many sickly ones wish they were healthy, how many begger-men wish they were wealthy; how many ugly ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many Benedicks wish they had tarried? Single or double, life's full of trouble, riches are stubble, pleasure's bubble.

☞ Mr. John Milligan, of Greenville, Orange county, New York, in a letter to the Commissioner of Patents, states that he has a new kind of potato, which he raised from the ball, which matures very early, and from which two crops can be raised in one season.

☞ A new filibustering expedition is reported to be organizing in New Orleans to make a descent upon New Granada, and work up thro' Costa Rica to the assistance of Walker. Ninety of Walker's deserters arrived at New Orleans on the 30th of March on the Empire City.

☞ Old Roger was visiting a friend who had a remarkable fine girl, about three years old, famous for smart sayings. As usual, she was shown off before our esteemed friend. "What is papa?" said the parent, in order to draw out the precocious reply. "Papa's a humbug," said the juvenile. "I declare," said Old Roger, "I never in my life saw so young a child with so mature a judgement.

☞ The people of Peru are so indolent that they open pea pods with an oyster knife. In driving horses, they always have two men to each quadruped—one to hold the reins, and the other to cry "whoa!"

☞ The Ohio laws allow divorces for "gross neglect of duty," which, being liberally construed allows the parties to separate almost at pleasure. The laws are nearly the same, we understand, in Illinois and Wisconsin.