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HOME

O, why did I leave thee, my own loved home
To wander so far from thee now, youth,
The land of my childhood, best scenes of my
The home of my boyhood's first love.
I am for off and deprived of all I hold dear,
And my heart is so sad all the day, I show,
I long for the enjoyment which thou canst best
Pleasures within when I am away.
I would I were home in the shade of the trees,
That stand by my own father's door,
To hear the sweet music of birds and bees
Which I shall never hear more.
And to hear the sweet voice of my mother
Who fills all around with delight,
Whose presence gives gloom and despair
And makes all around her so bright.
O, were I treading the path that leads to my seat
Far down through the orchard and den,
Where for long hours with my sister's I've sat
In the shade of the old elm tree.
And there's the old school-house on top of the hill,
O, I wish I were at it once more,
Where the lark warble their songs of rich melody,
On the hills that grow by the door.
And from my study window could distinctly be
seen
A neat little cottage in view,
And the woodbine circle it round like a
wreath.
Twined by garrets that are loving and true.
There I love a maiden—and when down in the
willow
She smiled my wreaths on my brow,
Where for long hours with my sister's I've sat
In the shade of the old elm tree.
The air purer than breathes on me now,
There's where I first whispered my young love's
vows,
There's where we parted, there's where we
met,
My memory has treasured up scenes that trans-
pired
My heart keeps an image I can not forget,
O, why did I leave thee, my pleasures like these,
And so far in a strange land to roam,
High and not my heart filled with sorrow,
For leaving my own loved home.

NOTES OF TRAVEL

BOSTON, Aug. 17.
MESSRS EDITORS—In my last I promised you some Sunday reflections and adventures in New York. On arriving in New York, I was led to conclude that it was a "divine" "wonder" too far from "Beaver" to become a "business place." The throng of travel on Broadway, which may be seen from morning until night, is about equal to that thronged in the streets of Pittsburgh on the day of the Pittsburg Convention, so that all who saw Pittsburg that day can form an idea of Broadway, New York.
On Sunday morning the suspension of business and comparative stillness of the city for business days, is like the stillness of the ocean when the storm has passed away, while its soft murmur of voices, is as the moanings of the dying storm.
As the hour for Divine service approached I decided upon hearing the Rev. Beecher, and accordingly went over to Brooklyn; but as services were suspended for a few weeks, I was much disappointed, for I anticipated an intellectual feast, combined with rare eloquence, where the soul looks out in every word, and smiles on virtue while it frowns on vice.
In looking over this great Metropolis with its lofty steeples that pierce the clouds and reflect the sunlight like a thousand flashing mirrors, while from their heights peal forth the chime of bells, like circling waves upon the placid lake, that wide, blend, then lose themselves in one harmonious whole, while within and beneath its Gothic roof and Grecian walls, worship is solemnly poured, the rich and great, whose contribution list of "foreign missions" foot up to thousands; whose prayers are long and earnest for the time when the "kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, &c.;" yet in their cities are multitudes not only in moral darkness, but sunk in degradation and crime, becoming a mighty tide in whose descent thousands are annually engulfed. The thought comes, might not this be somewhat "blatant" could I escape by jumping from a window, cutting face and hands in getting out, and leaving a broadcloth coat, which the heat induced him to throw off,—a prey to the flames. Considering the bees appropriate performers in his new circus, he upset several hives, and undertook to put sleigh-bells on the insects, in which "performance" he was very badly stung. When the neighbors came running to the fire, they found him under a shade tree, congratulating himself that this was the "best performance he had had yet," it brought the largest audience. The house was entirely destroyed, and the poor lunatic secured and taken to Mercer jail.
Turkish Extravagance.
A Paris letter says the Sultan of Turkey has ordered from France to make him a splendid mirror, set in diamonds. It will cost about \$100,000, and is destined for the favorite of the harem, a beauty who not only excites the immense allowance given her by her lord, but manages to run up bills in Constantinople to the amount of half a million of dollars yearly.
War and love are strange companions, war sheds blood, and love sheds tears; war has spears and love has darts; war breaks heads and love breaks hearts.

the bosom of its waters, fill the mind with admiration. About sun-down we entered Long Island Sound, when the land gradually recedes until quite lost to view, while nothing remains upon which to gaze, but hundreds of white "winged vessels," that deck its surface, which, like a mighty mirror, reflecting back in azure blue the arch of blue above; as night comes on each star comes out and smiles upon the scene. We enjoyed a beautiful moonlight, delightful sea breeze, and very social company, by which means we passed the evening to pleasure and profit.
Arrived at Fall River, took the cars, and at 6 o'clock arrived at the Parker House, Boston. After a simple supper to a good breakfast, (fasting our digestive apparatus to do its mammoth work, in company with Drs. Clark and Lord, of N. Y., Buckingham, of Philadelphia, and Johnston, of Va., enjoyed a ride in an open carriage, with an intelligent driver, who drove us through the most beautiful and business parts of the city, among which was Boston Commons, containing one hundred acres enclosed with railing fence tastefully arranged, and shaded with various kinds of trees, but chiefly elm; many being two and three feet in diameter. Near the centre of the Common stands the Great Elm Tree, whose inscription awards to it the dignity of a tree in the year 1623. It is carefully preserved by iron bands and chains attached to the main trunk, thence to the branches to support them.
Next we visited Bunker Hill Monument, ascended to its top, a height of 365 feet. You may judge the scene was worth a visit. The prospect is delightful beyond description. There you behold cities, groves, harbors and islands, as far as the eye can penetrate, until it wearies in the effort to grasp the scene.
Having enjoyed the ride and been much interested in the sights, returned to the Hotel to prepare for other duties.
The third annual meeting of the American Dental Convention was held at Tremont Temple. About 200 members were present, representing nearly every State in the Union. The leading object was to elevate the standard of Dentistry, by discarding of false assumptions, making true merit alone the rule by which to try every member of the profession. The dentists of Boston feeling desirous of extending their professional brethren from abroad, in attendance upon the Convention, some definite, and if possible, memorable courtesy, projected an excursion down the harbor. Accordingly on yesterday (Thursday) a company of about 300, including the Dental and Medical professors, and Chemists of Boston, went aboard the "Neptune" equipped with fishing tackle for fishing and such amusements as the occasion might afford; after leaving the wharf and devouring one of "Smith's" best "chowders" came to a "stand still," some to try their luck at fishing after fishing an hour, no fish and only two sculpins were caught, considering that nearly every man on board obtains his living by "drawing," their ill luck may be put down in the book of marvels. Then having put lines protected to the Nabob House, where an hour was spent in roving about the peninsula and various other amusements, leaving Nahant proceeded by a circuitous route to "Hull" a place which has become famed as the true "political" index of Mass, tho' only polls 17 votes, the address is, "as goes Hull, so goes the State." Leaving Hull amid cheering and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies, "Neptune" took her course homeward; the excursion was a pleasant one and all enjoyed it to the utmost.
EXTRAORDINARY FEARS OF A LUNATIC.
A young man in Mercer county, Pa., named Davis, has for some time manifested symptoms of insanity. The Pittsburg Dispatch says:
He imagines himself to be a second Dan Rice, engaged in getting up a circus. On the 8th inst. he caught a snake, which he took to Belle's school-house in the neighborhood, where, he says, he had a grand performance; after getting through which he swept the house, and broke all the windows with the broom stick. He then proceeded to the residence of Mr. Wm. Curry a mile from town, in the absence of the family, and destroyed nearly everything in the house. He says he went there "to have some fun" broke a gun, with the barrel of which he smashed the window, dishes, glassware and window, took a piece of clock and two watches, grinding up the works in a cider press. He then struck him that the ground where the house stood would be an admirable location for a circus, whereupon he built a fire on the floor, and it was soon in flames, from which he narrowly escaped by jumping from a window, cutting face and hands in getting out, and leaving a broadcloth coat, which the heat induced him to throw off,—a prey to the flames. Considering the bees appropriate performers in his new circus, he upset several hives, and undertook to put sleigh-bells on the insects, in which "performance" he was very badly stung. When the neighbors came running to the fire, they found him under a shade tree, congratulating himself that this was the "best performance he had had yet," it brought the largest audience. The house was entirely destroyed, and the poor lunatic secured and taken to Mercer jail.

Correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette.
LETTER FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.
Editors Gazette—On Monday July 27, the Committee on Education assembled. This being one of the most important committees, was largely attended both by ministers and laymen. The Educational system of Great Britain, instead of furnishing national schools for the whole people, is chiefly at aiding the schools projected and sustained by private or denominational enterprises. This is one of the controlling factors, through the House of Lords, the British Government, it fashions the educational operations, as well as other enterprises, so as to throw all possible influence into the hands of the Church. This plan compels the various denominations to do what they can to educate their own children in their own schools. In every place there are church schools; but where there are numerous and the Church schools do not furnish ample accommodations for all the children, the government committee allow the establishment of additional schools. The Government contributes a certain proportion, probably near one half, to the erection of the buildings, and then aids in the support of the teachers, reserving the right to inspect and supervise the schools.
The Wesleyans, under this system have established at Westminster, London, a large normal or training school for teachers, at the head of which is Rev John Scott, a man of very superior abilities. This training school enjoys a high reputation, and is pronounced by the Government inspectors in their reports to be of a very superior order. Its fine building is wholly free from debt, and its prosperity is annually increasing. The number of schools established under this system is reported at 434, being an increase of 13 during the year. In them are 52,630 scholars, being an increase of 5,497. But the small proportion of day scholars is seen plainly in the fact that more than eight times as many attend the Sabbath schools. These report 427,814 scholars, being an increase of 22,046 during the year.
A number of interesting speeches were made on the resolutions offered and adopted and a general feeling of delight prevailed in the committee. In the deliberations, Mr Farmer, Mr Heald, Mr Kay, and other leading laymen, took a very active part.
On Tuesday the Missionary Committee of Review held its sessions. This is the largest and generally the most interesting committee of the conference. It presented the appearance of one of our annual conferences. The report presented a number of interesting facts, such as the commencement of preaching by Mr Cox in the Chinese language—the rendering of governmental assistance to their schools in Madras—the letter to Lord Clarendon, urging the Government to secure religious liberty in China, and the reply that the matter would be fully considered, and that instructions had been given to protect missionaries and their property. The report states that the Society had received last year \$119,000, or about \$575,000, and that now it was free from a debt which had embarrassed it for several years.
Dr Hoole, one of the Secretaries, gave a very interesting statement of a conversation held with Dr Bunking, who is too feeble to attend, showing his deep anxiety to arrest the movement now looking towards re-opening the African slave trade. Dr H. stated that he had received authentic information that 6000 negroes were assembled at Lagos, ready to be transported by French merchants—that of these 3000 Kroon had signed an agreement, as they thought, to the Goben river, but found that they had signed an agreement to go to the West Indies for eight years. That the Wesleyan missionary had been compelled to leave Lagos on account of ill health some time before, or he might have aided in saving these poor people from the trap into which they had fallen. He urged the necessity of immediately sending a successor, as the missionaries were the only friends of the negroes there. This scheme, started by the French Government, for colonizing the West India Islands with African laborers, and apprenticed for eight years, is destined yet to exercise a powerful influence, and is a fancy, both for good and evil. It will be, in deceiving the negroes who are induced to enter into it; it will temporarily arrest the civilizing process on the coast of Africa—it will increase the power of slavery in Africa for a time—and a large proportion of these apprentices will not live to see the day of freedom. On the other hand, it will bring a large number of Africans into contact with a higher civilization; and if the French Government keep its faith to them, it will fill the islands with a laboring population who will compete with slave labor, and multiply those products now insufficient for the world's demand—will render it impossible, by the overwhelming numbers of the colored population, ever to re-establish slavery—will exert a powerful influence on contiguous islands and countries, which our own Southern States will powerfully feel—and finally will pour back into Africa civilized and elevated laborers. But if the French Government should break its faith and establish slavery, then a long dark, dreadful night shall envelop us in its gloom.
A number of interesting speeches were delivered, but having an engagement in Manchester, I was compelled to hasten away.
On Wednesday, the Conference assembled to hold its one hundred and fourteenth annual session. The first business was to fill the legal "hundred." This is a corporate body, established by Mr Wesley, and its powers and duties are set forth in the model deed. It alone can give legal sanction to the acts of Wesleyanism, though all business is transacted by the "hundred." Eight vacancies occasioned by death and by superannuation, were filled—six by seniority and two by ballot. Conference then pro-

ceeded to ballot for President, when Rev. F. A. West, of Liverpool, received 211 votes, and Joseph Bowers, of Didbury Theological School, received 76. Mr West has been a very active and efficient minister for many years, and has greatly aided the connection by his devotion to its interests, and he is very highly esteemed as a preacher and a counsellor. Dr Hannah was re-elected Secretary. A public prayer meeting was held from 12 to 1 o'clock. The evening session was principally devoted to resolutions of thanks to the retiring officers, always responded to by neat speeches, and to the introduction of visitors and delegates.
Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock, according to previous arrangement, Dr M. G. Lincoln and myself were formally introduced in what is termed an "open" conference. For unless an appeal occurs, the conference is a closed door. A large audience was present, and we were listened to kindly and attentively, while I gave a narrative of the mission in America. On the reception could not have been more cordial, and we trust that our mission may aid in strengthening the bonds which already unite the great Wesleyan family.
Liverpool, Aug. 1, 1857. M. S.

The Capital at Washington.
The new Hall of the House of Representatives will occupy the centre of the south wing of the Capitol, and will be rectangular, one hundred and thirty nine feet long from east to west, ninety three feet wide, and about thirty six feet high. It will be lighted by sky-lights in the ceiling and a glass roof, and at night by large chandeliers suspended between the ceiling and the roof. The Speaker's chair will be situated on the south side of the hall, and the members' seats, three hundred in number, arranged in a semi-circular form fronting it. There will be a continuous gallery on three sides of the hall—the north, east and west—capable of seating twelve hundred persons, and a separate gallery for reporters, behind the Speaker's chair. The walls of the hall, under the galleries, will contain panels for paintings, and above niches for statuary. The hall itself will be nearly surrounded by corridors, affording convenient communication with the Post Office, the retiring rooms, and the committee rooms. The public galleries will be entered by a corridor surrounding them in the second story, which will be reached by a splendid stairway.
The new Senate Chamber is situated in the centre of the north wing of the Capitol, and is constructed on a similar plan with that of the hall of the House of Representatives, only smaller, being one hundred and twelve feet long by eighty-two wide. This new room in the building for corridors and other apartments. The Senate Chamber will be situated at the north end of the wing, and will be a magnificent apartment. It will be thirty-eight feet in length by twenty-one and a half in width, and ninety-two and a half in height. The ceiling is to be of pure white Italian marble, and is to be supported by polished Corinthian columns and pilasters of the same material, with richly carved capitals. The walls are to be made of the richest Tennessee marble, set with large plate-glass mirrors, and at each end of the room are to be niches filled with statuary. The other rooms on the north and east side of this wing are designed for private reception rooms for the Senators.—*Wash. Union.*

The Library of Congress.
The Library of Congress was first established during the administration of Jefferson, at his suggestion, and by his exertions. It at first contained about two thousand five hundred volumes, and was destroyed by fire when the British burned the Capitol in 1814. In the same year a resolution was introduced into Congress to purchase Mr. Jefferson's private library, which was passed; the books bought and brought to Washington, and the Library of Congress again organized. Various valuable additions being made from time to time, the Library contained in 1851, 55,000 volumes. During that year it accidentally caught fire, and 35,000 volumes were destroyed, and the room very much injured. This accident finally resulted in the room being made perfectly fire-proof, by constructing the alcoves and shelves of cast-iron. Soon after this fire an appropriation of \$75,000 was made by Congress, for the purchase of new books. This fund was judiciously laid out, and a most excellent collection made of standard and rare works. The Library now contains about 64,000 volumes, exclusive of a large number of pamphlets, and about 50,000 public documents, and the annual appropriation to the Library is \$5,000 for miscellaneous, and \$2,000 for law books.—*Wash. Union.*

THE OLDEST MAN.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Elwood, K. T., says:
One who lives on his claim, near the edge of this city, is, perhaps, the oldest man in America. He is not, I will venture a small wager that he is the most active of his age. He is Mr. James O'Connell. He was born in the county of Donegal, in the North of Ireland, somewhere about the year 1730. He was an old man in the Irish rebellion in 1798, when becoming implicated with Lord Fitzgerald, he fled his country, to seek freedom in our own young republic. His life has been one of many changes. He has been tossed about among various scenes and by many diverse circumstances. He moved to St. Louis thirty years ago, and established the first brewery there. He moved to the Platte Purchase in 1838, and lived in Buchanan county, near Bloomington, until two years ago, when he came to Kansas and made a pre-emption, and he can now walk eight or ten miles with ease, to visit his friends or attend to business affairs. He says his age is about one hundred and twenty-five years.

SONG OF THE HOOPS.
Sailing down the crowded street
Scraping every one they meet,
With a rushing whirlwind sound,
Muffled bellies around about,
Hoop! Hoop! Hoop!
What a vast, expansive swoop!
Hoops of whalebone, short and crisp,
Hoops of wire, thin as a whip;
Hoops of brass, thirteen yards long,
Hoops of steel, confined and strong;
Hoops of rubber, soft and slick,
Hoops of roping, banging thick;
Hoops of lampwick, cord, and leather,
Hoops that languish in wet weather,
Hoops that spread out alien skirts,
Hanging off from headless skirts.
Sweeping off the public lands,
Turning over apple stands,
Pelling children to the ground.
Hoop! Hoop! Hoop!
What a vast, expansive swoop!
Jolly hoops that wriggle round,
Sober hoops that wriggle profound,
Springy hoops that shank and wag,
Broken hoops that droop and drag;
Monster hoops, all overgrown,
Junior hoops, of smaller bone,
Hoops that ravish lady's eyes,
Hoops that rob their breast with ease,
Hoops that shock their feeble legs,
Like a crowd of giant kags.
What gallant ships! what swelling sails!
How they resist opposing gales!
With what a fall, relentless west,
They overwhelm each smaller craft!
Hoop! Hoop! Hoop!
What a vast, expansive swoop!

An Illinois Farm.
What will those persons who have been accustomed to consider five hundred acres a large farm think of the following? The editor of the "Spirit of the Agricultural Press" has recently been on a visit to the farm of M. T. Sullivan, Esq., in the southeastern part of Champaign county, Ill. The farm contains over twenty thousand acres, and although only about seven thousand acres are yet under cultivation, employs over one hundred men? Three thousand large quantities of barley, oats, &c., &c. Mr. Sullivan employs fifty different species this season and threshes immediately after cutting, employing a steam engine as his power in the latter operation. A blacksmith's shop is located on the farm, and employed continually in repairing farm implements; a school is kept up for the education of the children of the workmen. One hundred and twenty-five yoke of oxen and fifty horses are employed. It must be acknowledged that this is something of a farm, and that Mr. Sullivan possesses much executive ability to successfully manage such a stupendous concern; yet we are informed that everything moves on as regular as the click of a chronometer. This is but one of the many large farms which now grace the broad prairie of that and adjoining counties, none of which are so large as this, but large enough to excite the wonder and admiration of outsiders, who knew nothing of the magnificent West.—*Louisville Courier.*

A Far West Editorial Sanctum.
The Kansas correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer, in a recent letter to that paper, thus describes the sanctum of the editor of the "Weekly Herald," printed in Leavenworth city, at the time he made a visit.
It will not be amiss here to give you a sketch of the office as presented to the eye of a stranger from Louisiana. "A visit to the printing office afforded a rich treat. On entering the first room on the right hand side three law "bibles" were on the door; on one side was a rich bed—French blankets, sheets, table cloths, shirts, cloaks and rugs, all together; on the wall hung maps, engravings and rich engravings, onions, portraits and books; on the floor were a pile of bacon, covered by the bone-vein and potatoes, stationary and books; on a nice dressing case stood a wooden tray, half full of dough, while crockery occupied the professional desk. In the room on the left—the sanctum—the house wife, cook and editor living in glorious unity—one person. He was seated on a stool, with a paper before him on a piece of plank, writing a vigorous knock-down to an article in the Kick-saw Pioneer, a paper of a rival city. The cooking stove was at his left, and tin kettles all round; the cork oak was a doing, and instead of scratching his head for an idea, as editors often do, he turned the cake and went ahead."
Kansas and Her Columniators.
In addition to the letters published recently from Gen. Atchison, we beg leave to send to our readers, that from other letters received from Kansas we are informed that the Pro-Slavery party in Kansas is retaining in its determination of making Kansas a Slave State. On the 21st day of last month they were confident of success, and would form a Constitution with Slavery acknowledged in it. If this Constitution is referred to the people for ratification, it is intended to refer it only to the registered voters, who will doubtless ratify it. We have more hope of Kansas than we have ever had. We have great faith in the fighting capacities of the Southern men.—*Charleston Mercury.*

LOOKS LIKE BUSINESS.—The Providence (R. I.) Journal is informed that Eli Thayer has bought of the Corlies Steam Engine Company, seven steam engines equal to 640 horse power, to be used for driving saw and grist-mills, on lands purchased by him and others, in western Virginia.

They'd Like to Try.
General — of Mississippi, was a planter of the old school and the best stamp. He treated his slaves kindly, gave them abundant provision and clothing, and forbade his overseer to chastise them without his permission. The General was a church member, and daily had family prayers. He was anxious to have his slaves attend family worship, and many of them did so for a time. At length he was surprised and grieved to find that they all absented themselves from family worship. What it meant he could not conjecture. All his efforts to get them to prove abortive. They seemed determined not to come. The General had a trusty female slave, who was the wife of a man belonging to a neighboring planter. This man's name was Isaac. He was a faithful, trusty servant, and was promoted by his colored brethren to the dignity of an exhorter. Isaac was permitted usually to go to the General's plantation on Saturday night, and spend the Sabbath with his wife. On Sunday evening he went into family prayer, but none of the rest. After prayers the General said to Isaac that he was much grieved that his servants would not come to prayer. "You see, Isaac, no one is in. Now, there must be some reason, and I want to know what it is. I thought Polly might have told you." Isaac was a good deal embarrassed; said he was sorry it was so; he told Polly they ought to come in. "But," said the General, "you know, Isaac, what is the matter. I won't insist on your telling me, but I would like to have you." "Well, Massa, I will tell you, but you know I think they do wrong in not coming in. They say they don't believe you are a Christian." "Why," said the General, "I am surprised they think I'm not a Christian. Don't I treat them well, feed and clothe them, and forbid the overseer to abuse them?" "Yes, Massa," said Isaac, "I know you do all this, but they think there is something farther back—they say if Massa was a Christian, he would give them their freedom." "Why, Isaac, what do they mean; they could not take care of themselves?" "Yes, Massa," said Isaac, "but they'd like to try."—*Boston Post.*

Volcanic Eruptions.
We learn from a gentleman who left the Sandwich Islands about fifty days since, that just before he took his departure, news was received that the volcano of Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, had again become fearfully active, and as the lava discharged at the last eruption, the hills within about seven miles of the village of Hilo, filling up the unevenness of the surface down to that point, a distance of 60 or 70 miles from the crater, there was great apprehensions that the present eruption would either bury that village entirely, or undermine it and carry it into the sea. This last apprehension resulted from the actions of the lava at the last eruption; it having in several instances appeared to stagnate for awhile, but afterwards burst out lower down the mountain and carried all before it. Forests were broken down and destroyed by it like bullrushes. The village of Hilo contains population of about 500 families. It is situated on the north-east side of the island, and such is the surface of the ground, that if the lava ever finds its way to the sea it must be, apparently, over the ruins of this village. The present eruption is not on the extreme apex of the mountain, but from a position somewhat lower down, on the east or north-east slope, looking towards Hilo.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Cheating the Printer.
The other day, says the Dayton Journal, we observed several Irish laborers trying to decipher a written notice headed "Public Sale." The notice, although written tolerably plain, could not be read by the boys, and they asked us to read it to them, which we, of course, did. At the conclusion, one of them turned to his comrade, and remarked in a very impressive tone; "Well, be jabers, I'll nary buy of a man who's so ungodly that he won't get his advertisement printed—he's cheated the printer, and he'd cheat me." They all acquiesced in the decision of the spokesman.

A Good Picture of a Man yor.
The Mayor of Chicago is thus described by a correspondent of the Boston Journal:
"He stands six feet five in his stockings. His straw hat turned down all round, like a cotton umbrella—no neck cloth—short dark fitting linen coat—loose unmentionables, which look as if he had jumped too far into them, and hadn't time to get back, unlabeled, untied shoes—three sizes too large—and a slight stoop (to the tall figure), and the picture is complete. You see him? Well, sir, that shabby, elephantine individual, who looks as if he had not a cent in the world, is Johannes Kilgus, Mayor of Chicago, and he is worth five hundred thousand dollars."

A GROSS SWINDLE.—Fort Snelling, rendered useless as government outpost by the advance of civilization, has recently been sold by the government for the sum of \$80,000. The sale included 1000 acres of surrounding land, the whole beautifully located at the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers, near St. Anthony's Falls. It is a magnificent site for a great town, one of the most valuable and rapidly rising sections of Minnesota, and had the property been opened to public bidding would have brought many times the paltry sum which administration favorites have been permitted to gulph the price in at. Half a million dollars would have been a small figure for the property thus pocketed for less than a hundred thousand. Who are the lucky holders under this swindle, and may we not know by what greasing of fingers the thing was accomplished?—*Boston Traveller.*

LET ME DIE QUIETLY.
"Be still—make no noise—let me die quietly."—*Vice President King.*
"Be still!" The hour of the soul's departure is at hand; Earth is fading from its vision; Time is gliding from its presence. Hopes that cluster around young life, that swell in the bosom of manhood, have fallen from around it like the forest leaves, when the frosts of Autumn have chilled them unto death. Adulthood with its hollow promises, and pride with its glittered temptations are gone; and alone in the destitution of all time promised it, the soul must start on its solemn journey across the valley of the shadow of death.
"Make no noise!" Let the tumult of life cease. Let no sound break the soul's communion with its Father. Let the light of sorrow, let the gleam of joy, let the gleam of grief break the solemn silence of the death scene. Let it gather the accounts that come from within the dark shadows of eternity, saying to it, come home. A far off music comes floating to it on the air. 'Tis the sound of the heavenly harp touched by the discord of earth, but the harmony of "Let me die quietly!" The commotions of life, the struggles of ambition, the strife and warring with human destiny are over. Wealth accumulated must be scattered; honors won must be resigned; and all the triumphs that come within the range of human achievements must be thrown away. The past, with its trials, its transgressions, its accumulating responsibilities, its clinging memories, its vanished hopes, is receding up to the future account—disturb not the quiet of that awful reckoning. Speak not of fading memories, of affections whose objects perished in their love-lives, like the flowers of spring, that wither in a slow decay. Talk not of an earthly home where loved ones linger, where a seat will soon be vacant, a cherished voice hushed forever, or of the desolation that will seat itself by the hearth stone. The soul is at peace with God, let it pass calmly away. Heaven is opening upon its vision. The bright towers, the tall spires, the holy domes of the Eternal City, are emerging from the spectral darkness, and the glory of the Most High is dawning around them. The white throne is glistening in the distance, and the white-robed angels are beckoning the weary spirit to its everlasting home. What is life that it should be clung to longer? What the joys of the world that they should be regretted? What has earth to place before the spirit of a man to tempt its stay or turn it from its eternal rest?

How He Lost His Hair.—A Norfolk paper tells the following story: Uri Osgood and Jonathan Alden were on opposite sides of the fight between them—they were running for Congress—grew very warm and desperate. One day when they met on the stump, Uri, whose head was bald, and should, therefore, have been cooler, in the midst of his indignation turned upon Jonathan and said:
"I think, sir, you have but one idea in your head, and that is a very small one, if it would swell, it would burst."
Whereat Jonathan grew red in the face, and looking for a moment at the bare and venerable head of his opponent, asked if he should say what he thought of him?
"Say on," said Uri.
"Well, I think you haven't one in your head, and never had; there's been one scratching around on the outside, trying to get in, till it has scratched all the hair off, but it's never got in and never will."
Uri was silent.

HIGH WATER IN THE LAKE.—The water of Lake Michigan is now said to be higher than it has been ever known since 1838; when the rise was so great as to kill trees over one hundred years old. The level now is fourteen inches below that of 1838. The fact is in accordance with the supposed periodical rise and fall known as the seven years theory. The amount of the completed city sewers are half filled with water which demonstrates that they have not been constructed too high. Heavy northeast blow, raising the water a foot and a half higher, might do considerable damage to goods stored in many of the cellars in the city.—*Chicago Times.*

PAID PAID.—A freeman on the N. Y. Central R. R. asked the Superintendent for a pass, which he declined to give, saying—"The company employ you, and pay you so much for your services, and there our trade ends. If you were at work for a farmer for a dollar a day, and had to go to Saratoga, would you ask him to hitch up his team and take you there for nothing?" The freeman answered: "No sir; but if he had his team hitched up, and was going direct to Saratoga, I should think he was a hog if he didn't let me ride."

WELL PUT.—When an attempt was made in Congress to induce Mr. Banks to answer certain misrepresentations of his antecedents, the then candidate for Speaker replied:
"Gentlemen: My record is before the country. I have endeavored to do my whole duty to my friends, my country, my constituents, and my country—and my acts and speeches are familiar to you and to those interested in me and mine. I deem it folly and a waste of precious time to expound one-half of a man's life in explaining what he may have said and done during the other half."
A cotemporary exclaims in an exceedingly eloquent piece of writing, "If the dead could speak from their graves, what would they say?"
We guess they would be very likely to say, "Let us out."