

THE MESSENGER.

I heard the brown bee in the clover-field humming. And these were the words he was whispering low. "Listen," he said, "for thy lover is coming— I saw him pass by where the red lilies grow I was down on the lawn, when the first bud un-

A Desperate Race.

Some years ago, a convivial party met in the principal hotel of the capital of the Buckeye State. Many were the stories and adventures told by the company. One man, in particular, had just finished a narrative which was regarded by his auditors as being a little more than marvellous, when a Senator, who happened to be one of the party, coolly remarked, that the story just told was all very well, but it did not begin to compare with an adventure he himself had some years before. Of course, all were eager to hear the story, more especially because it was true, and the Senator prefaced his remarks with saying, that what he was about to relate he would most solemnly proclaim to be the truth, except of course, those met

"So you laid for him?" gasped several. "No," continued the Senator, "I did not lay for him; I had not time to load, so I ran. I heard every bound he made after me. I ran and ran until the fire flew out of my eyes, and the old dog's tongue hung of his mouth a quarter of a yard."

"Phew!" whistled somebody. "A fact, gentlemen. Well, what was I to do? I did not know. Rifle empty, no big tree about, and a murdering red Indian in my rear; and what was worse, just then it occurred to me that I was not a great ways from a big creek, and there I should be pinned at last. Just at this juncture I struck my toe against a root, down I tumbled, and my old dog over me. Before I could scramble up, the Indian fired, and the ball struck me under the shoulder, but did not impede in any way my locomotion, for as soon as I got up I took off again, quite refreshed by my fall. I heard the red-skin close behind me come dashing on, and every minute I expected to have his tomahawk dashed into my head and shoulders. Something kind of cool began to trickle down my legs into my boots."

"Blood, eh?" from the shot the varmint gun you," said the old woodsman, in a great state of excitement. "I thought so," said the Senator, "but what do you think it was? It was the melted deer fat which I had stuck in the breast of my hunting shirt, and the grease was running down my legs, until my feet got so greasy, that my heavy boots flew off, and one hitting the dog, nearly knocked his brains out. I hope, gentlemen, no man will here presume to think I am exaggerating."

"Oh! no! Go on," all chimed in. "Well, the ground under my feet was soft, and being relieved of my heavy boots, I put oil with double quick time, and seeing the creek about half a mile off, I ventured to look over my shoulder, to see what kind of a chance there was to hold up and load. The red-skin was coming jogging along pretty well blown out, about five hundred yards in the rear. Thanks, I here goes to load, anyhow. So at it I went—in went the powder, and putting on my patch, down went the ball about half way, and off snapped my ram-rod."

"Thunder and lightning!" shouted the woodsman, worked up to the top notch of the story. "Good gracious! wasn't I in a pickle! There was the red whelp within two hundred yards of me, going along, and loading up his rifle, as he came. I jerked out the broken barrel, dashed it away, and started on, priming up as I ran, determined to turn and give the red-skin a blast, anyhow, as soon as I reached the creek. I was not within a hundred yards of the creek, and could see the smoke from the settlement chimneys, a few more jumps and I was by the creek. The Indian was close upon me—he gave a whoop, and I raised my rifle, on he came, knowing that I had broken my ramrod, and my load not down, another whoop! whoop! and he was within fifty yards of me! I pulled trigger, and— "And killed him?" chuckled one of the company. "No, sir! I missed fire!" "And the redskin?" shouted the old woodsman, in a frenzy of excitement. "Fired and killed me!" The screams and shouts that followed this finale brought husband, servants, and hostlers, running upstairs to see if the house was on fire.

Diabolical Outrage by a Negro in West Chester.

A most daring outrage was perpetrated in the very centre of West Chester, on Tuesday evening last, by one of the new radical voters. Some time last week, a negro entered the back yard of No. 16 West Gay Street, from the alley way, between Market and Gay. The premises is occupied in front as a fancy store, the house part by Thomas Carpenter. The negro found no one in the kitchen but the girl—Jennie Young—a girl of exemplary character, modest, unassuming and evidently self-possessed; he first asked for food; then demanded money, which was refused; he asked if she was alone, when she shut the door upon him and he went away cursing him and threat- ening her with revenge.

On Tuesday evening last, about 8 o'clock, he came again, entering from the same dark alley. From the back kitchen window, which was without curtain, he could see what was going on inside, and appears to have been watching the girl's movements. She was about closing up her evening's work, putting the tea things away. Mrs. Carpenter had just started from the dining room to put a child to bed above stairs, when the girl hearing a noise in the kitchen went to see what was the cause; encountering a peculiar smell and supposing it to proceed from something about the dining room stove, she returned, with a carving knife which she was about to put away, in her hand; when she met the negro, who, after throwing chloroform in at the kitchen window, made his entrance at the side or dining room door, and was helping himself to spoons, castors, etc.; and then the struggle commenced; he threatened the girl with a revolver, when she struck him over the eye with a stove-litter; he then drew a knife and made a pass at her which she warded off with the carving knife, and received a slight cut on the hand; he then struck her a violent blow on the breast, knocking her across the room. He picked her up and dragged her into the kitchen; while doing so she got hold of his wood. In the meantime he had dropped his knife and she got hold of it, and made a dash at his face, and cut him. While being dragged into the kitchen, her close proximity and his insufferable smell of nigger, made her vomit all over him. He bent her over the table and drew out a bottle from his pocket which she dashed out of his

hand on to the table; he then pulled out a rag, wet it with the spilled contents of the bottle and stuffed in her mouth, and threw her prostrate, and bending over her on his knees grinning, said, "I've got you now." Mrs. Carpenter, up stairs, hearing a noise, came down and called "Jennie," when the negro took to his heels and escaped through the window. The alarm was given and Messrs. Jonathan Garrett and David Husted went to the assistance of Mrs. Carpenter, there being no men about the premises at the time. They found the girl lying upon the kitchen floor to all appearance dead. Her pulse still beating. Doctors were sent for, and in trying to raise the body, Mr. Garrett discovered the rag in her mouth so tightly wedged as to require considerable force to remove it. Dr. Hartman, who has heretofore been her medical advisor, was called for, and she has been under his charge ever since, and is slowly recovering from the terrible shock to her nervous system.

The negro in his hasty flight, dropped the spoons and a couple of dresses he had made into a bundle, in the yard where they were found that night. "And what strange comment have we to make upon this matter. Will it be believed that the kind sympathizing friends of the negro have been annoying the girl by trying to convince her, or raise doubts, by claiming that "it must have been a white man with his face blackened, as no dear negro would do such a deed." There is one thing may be said to answer to this, that if it had been a white man, however blacked, he would have found safe quarters in the back up before twenty-four hours, while on the contrary we have not heard of the first effort to trap the negro.

A few evenings since, a fellow raised the back window of a residence on Chestnut street, this Borough, and stepped into a room where two small girls were, and proceeded to help himself. Alarm was given, however, and he made his escape, leaving the children under great nervous excitement. These outrages are becoming so common all over the country, that but little notice is taken of them by the press, for the very reason that radical journals, in order to get the negro and make him their political equal, screen him in every way, by making him appear as the poor oppressed and innocent victim. —Jeffersonian.

A Romantic Story.

At the commencement of the present century a young man made his appearance in Stratford, Conn., and spent a few weeks at the tavern, which then existed to afford shelter to stage coach travelers. Where he came and what his business none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter, who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told her love; and by was from Scotland; that he was traveling *incog*, but in confidence gave his real name, claiming that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married. A few weeks thereafter the stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans. He did so, and the gossip of the town made the young wife unhappy by disagreeable hints and tees.

In a few months the husband returned, but before a week had elapsed, he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must return to England, and go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion. The wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and hope. At the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to get at once to New York with her child, taking with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for her home in England.

On her arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became the mistress of a superb mansion, and, as the wife of a baronet, was saluted by the aristocracy as Lady Samuel Stirling. On the death of her husband, many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth of his father, and in the last edition of the *Peerage and Baronage* he is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsom, of Stratford, North America." When the late Professor Sullivan visited England, some years since, he had the pleasure of meeting Lady Stirling at a dinner party, and was delighted to answer her many questions about her birth-place in Connecticut.

The Sepulchre of the French Kings.

Among the places which may soon experience the horrors of war is St. Denis, a suburb of Paris—one might say, a considerable town, for it contains nearly 30,000 inhabitants. It is famed for its Abbey, from the top of whose square and lofty tower a beautiful panorama is to be seen. The venerable edifice itself is an object of much attraction for its splendid architecture and its imposing appearance, but above all for its having been the burial place of the monarchs of France from the days of Dagobert I (A. D. 628—638) to the Revolution of 1789. The town is protected by a fort on the southeast, but it is scarcely susceptible of a long defence, being opened on all sides and situated on a plain. The famous Abbey is a kind of Mecca's shrine to France. It was there that Joan of Arc raised the Oriflamme, the glorious standard beneath whose folds she achieved the deliverance of Orleans and Paris. There are erected columns to the memory of

Henry III, who was assassinated in 1589, and to Francis II, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and effigies to the great Constable Duguesclin and Marshal Turenne, whose body was exhumed from the vaults of the Abbey and placed in a glass case and exhibited.

For more than 1300 years has the Abbey of St Denis been consecrated to the worship of God, with the exception of the brief period of insanity, during the great revolution of 1789—93, when the Parisians declared there was no God, and installed the personification of Reason in the churches. When Robespierre declared that the new Republic recognized God the votaries of the shrine of St Dionysius, resumed their worship in the Abbey dedicated to him. The building, however, had been terribly desecrated by the Parisian mob, in the excess of their fury against the kings and aristocrats. In 1793, in the course of three days, fifty-one tombs and queens and marshals were torn up, after being subjected to every indignity, they were thrown in a heap into two trenches, hastily dug outside the walls of the Abbey.

It is related that a soldier with his sabre cut the beard from the chin of Henry of Navarre, and that the body of Turenne was so little injured that the likeness was still recognized, although he had been dead 118 years. It was, as has already been stated, exhibited in a glass case. The edifice was seriously damaged, and its roof was torn off. It remained in this deplorable condition for twelve years. Then the first Napoleon restored the building to its pristine splendor. He repaired the desecrated sepulchral vaults of the Bourbon kings, and fitted them up as a mausoleum for himself and his descendants. To the vaults beneath the high altar the buried remains of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and those of such members of the late royal family as could be recovered, were carried. Of course, none of the Bonapartes were placed in the sacred precincts. But Louis XVIII and some of his relatives were, especially the last Prince of Condé, the father of the unfortunate Duke D'Enghien, who was shot at Vincennes by order of Napoleon, a dark treasonous crime, which elicited from Talleyrand the memorable remark, "it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder." Napoleon restored the damaged transept and crypt, and Louis XVIII and Charles X restored the long range of royal tombs, although the ashes of their former occupants had been scattered or buried in the trenches. Effigies were erected to them and to the entire line of the Merovingian and Carolingian kings, beginning with Clovis and his queen Clothilda.

Between the years 1806 and 1847 more than \$1,000,000 were expended on the restoration of the Abbey of St. Denis, and it is still one of the "hons" of Paris. It will be a very lamentable affair if it should sustain damage from Parisian shells. Yet the memories of past are not easily obliterated; and while history endures the record will be preserved. In this materialistic age we can ill spare any of those monuments of the past which recall the chivalry of our ancestors. We need to be reminded occasionally that there is something else besides money to live for, and but few subjects so soon lift us out of the noble European Cathedral and sepulchral monuments of the Middle Ages. —Phila. Ledger.

BEYOND.

Beyond the calm of childhood's years, Beyond all dread of fate and harm, Beyond all that the Almighty arm— O! what awaits? Beyond the reach of beauty's charm, Beyond all dread of hate and harm, Beyond all but the Almighty arm— O! what awaits? Beyond all clouds of toil and pain, The petty lore of earthly gain, The meek of pride, the bliss of shame— O! what awaits? Beyond the clime of a wading bell, The mournful tone of funeral knell, The tale of change that wide world tells— O! what awaits? Beyond the narrow, dreamless bed, Where sun nor moon can never shed Our ray of light upon my head— O! what awaits? The murmuring wind and pattering rain, Beat gently on my window pane, And softly sing this sweet refrain— God's rest awaits beyond. —Sunday Morning. Jas

HARD ON EDITORS.—Soon after Chief Justice Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio, he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being orthodox, the Governor composed his proclamation almost entirely of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognize them, and admire the fitness of the words as well as his taste in their selection. The proclamation meeting the eye of a Democratic editor, he pounced at once upon it, and declared that he had read it before—couldn't exactly say where—but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end. That would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the Republican editor came out valiantly in defense of the Governor, pronounced the charge libellous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had ever appeared in print before.

A young lady with a very pretty foot, but a rather large ankle, went into a San Francisco shoe store to be measured. The admiring clerk, who is of Gallic extraction, complimented her in the following queer way: "Madam, you have one beautiful foot, but ze leg cominence too immediately!" "Why don't you wash the bottom of your feet, Johnny?" asked a grandmother of a boy when he was performing the operation before retiring for the night; to which he gravely replied: "Why, granny, you don't think I am going to stand up in bed, do you?"

A farmer out West, in announcing his willingness to take a wife, declares that being himself in clover, he has no objection to take a lady in weeds. A western paper, having been abused by a cotemporary, says it "rests in that serene consciousness which the Christian has in four acres." The Chinese are a queer people to go to market. A friend at San Francisco writes that a neighbor of his had just laid in his writer's collection—a hind quarter of a horse and two highheads of bull dogs.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.—The inhabitants of Basket Station on the Delaware division, Erie railway, on Saturday last were treated to a first class sensation. About two miles north of that place, three acres of land heavily timbered with hemlock, occupying an elevated position, suddenly sank below the surface, disappearing in a manner similar to a load of dirt when the bottom is let out of the wagon. There was no apparent cause, but it certainly has sunk to the depth of about forty feet, leaving the tops of the trees just visible above the surface. The sinking was accompanied by a loud crash, which died away in a dull rumble, heard at a considerable distance. The trees are standing in their natural position, having evidently experienced no particular injury in their descent. It is usual when such leaks of nature occur for the sunken earth to be immediately submerged by deluges of water, but in this instance no such phenomenon attends. The soil is of a clayey nature, and the sides of the chasm formed by the sinking present a smooth and even appearance, as if a huge spade had been thrust down, and the earth thrown out.

The people at the Basket, and from the surrounding country for miles, visited the scene of the phenomenon on Sunday, and viewed it with awe and consternation. They don't like to be close to where the bottom seems to be dropping out of terrestrial things. —Pail Jervis Gazette.

FEMALE HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—One Major Mongon, who has just written a book, entitled, "Wild Life Among the Kooris," gives a pointed minute argument intended to demonstrate that the garden of Eden corresponded with the high plateau of America!

Of the Kooris his account is very unfavorable. The kind of highway robbery practiced by the women of the country appears to have particularly irritated him. He says, "the culprits"—"the brigands in this case, are young women, who set out on plundering parties, in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair brigands take up a station at the river, there particularly to await for the arrival of the doomed traveler. As soon as the wretches announced his approach, the fair troop start off to meet him, welcoming him with dances and with fiery glances it is impossible for him to withstand. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maids then request him to alight from his horse.

No sooner has the bewildered victim, unconscious of his fate, put his foot on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the whole troop. Immediately he is stripped of all that he has on his back, and is left in that primitive state in which Adam was at one time.

RICHES.—The man with good, firm health is rich. So is the man with a good, clear conscience.

So is the clergyman whose coat the little children pluck, as he passes them in their play.

So is that wife who has the whole heart of a good husband.

So is the parent of vigorous, happy children.

So is the maiden whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming man," but who has a purpose in life, which she ever met him or not.

So is the young man who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, "I have treated every woman I ever saw as I should wish my sister to be treated by other men."

So is the little child who goes to sleep with a kiss on its lips and for whose waking a blessing waits.

PROPAGATORS OF VICE.—Frederick Miller and his wife were on Wednesday brought before Recorder Martindale of Jersey City, charged with having wrought the ruin of a number of young girls, who have been arrested during the week. The couple are charged with keeping a low den on South Eight St., into which they entice young girls, and after keeping them for a time transfer them to a house of prostitution in New York, receiving a fixed price for each one. Five girls who have been thus enticed were brought as witnesses. It is estimated that within a year the Millers have accomplished the ruin of fifty girls, who had previously led virtuous lives. Louise Brunnecker, of New York, was arrested on a charge of having been engaged with the Millers in this infamous work. The three were sent to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury. —World.

MINK SKINS SCARCE.—The gentler sex will regret to hear that advices from Northern New York, the Canadas in Maine and Vermont, from whence the best mink skins are procured, say the trappers have nearly exterminated the animals. It is said that wherever their tracks are found the soft mud along the banks of streams or lakes, dead falls can be found also. Trappers calculate that there is no mink in the country for which a trap is not set. The animal, being voracious, is easily caught, and will soon be exterminated if not better protected. The fur is of very little use before the first of November, and yet mink are caught by hundreds during the month of October.

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All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A BAND-BOX—An orchestra. A SOWER labilis—grave cloths. "WEEKLY bored"—an editor. THE coming man—the boy baby. THE light of other days—Candide. A SOFT thing—the kid glove trade. A TAIL that never wags—a cart. A PRINTER devil's dish in wine; Gold pi

A LITERARY Jack Ketch—A p hanger. WOMAN'S Rites—Matrimony and vice.

PLANT is the name of a Washing undertaker. GOOD name for an auctioneer's wife Biddy.

A PROMISING sign—Putting y name to a note. "OUR relations abroad" are nearly Grant's.

THERE is no spot on earth so far—a \$100 one. FANCY letters—The Red Sea, the Ezo and Blue Jay.

I'M a "tucker friend to you," as snuff said to the nose. WHICH is the greatest virtue in a captain? Wreckless-ness.

STRANGE that people should expect keep their feet dry with hose. "PROFESSOR of the accumulative," is the California term for third.

THE way of the wicked—An ass, son train to a prize-fight. WHICH is water most liable to freeze When it is only half tide.

PRE-STA no doubt stands ready, to accept the offer of a piece from France. WHY are good resolutions like lightning bolts? They wait carrying.

CURE for a dry cough—Keep a throat moistened at some body's expense. WHY is the figure of a peck a peck? Because it's nothing without its tail.

A contradiction—The best way to patch up a quarrel is to split the difference. INCONSISTENCY—For a man to get a nomination and "run" at the same time.

ASSULTANTS are subject to a peculiar malady known as the long-liver's pliant. WHEN is the moon in a bad financial condition? When she is in her quarter.

WHY does the railroad conductor take a hole in your ticket? To let you get through. A TERRIBLE Haute jury has decided a man dead by a justification of God the usual way.

SIGN, speaking financially, says that the best camel's hair for Mrs. S., who broke his back.

WHY is a selfish friend like the leopard? Because though the first in paw is the last in help.

WHEN the rains of heaven shall descend upon the statue of Grant, it will be a bronzed water-burn.

ANSA Dickinson denies that she refused to marry a Chinaman. It the Chinaman who refused.

It is utterly useless to lock up a house, because in the morning you sure to find the door bolted.

Why is the first attack on a camp a French bedstead? Because it is affair with out posts.

THE audience that fell off at one of the places of amusement in the city was not in the least injured.

THE latest hair-restorer is a theft of a quantity of wig, and afterwards returned them to the owner?

A man who bumps his head against that of his neighbor isn't apt to get two heads are better than one.

THOMAS Jefferson never made speech, having, as he termed it, "no duty of thinking when on his legs."

WHEN do appearances lead you to suppose that a man runs the red being burned to death? When smokes.

A constant reader writes to assert if the cold shoulder so often given poor dependants is baked or roasted.

A man who will raise a disturba in church because somebody gets in seat is a little better than a pew-dig.

PHYSICIANS are proverbially absent minded, and the reason is obvious—they are often wrapped up in their profession.

THE Mayor of a country town fondly remarks to his fellow-citizens that "Water is a useful element in the of fire."

PESS and feathers generally go together, if what the shopkeeper says true of the ladies when they shop the latter.

WHY is Gibraltar one of the most wonderful places in the world? Because it's always on the rock, but no moves.

RURAL maidens in Massachusetts much distressed at the announcement of a successful invention for consummation sparks.

"His Mother's Boy," is the title of a new English novel. The youth on to be thankful that he wasn't some else's boy.

AT last a place has been found (Grecy); a diplomatic one! He is sent out of the country—to Mechl burg-Swearin!

It is said of one who remembers everything that he lost, but not that he borrowed, that he had lost it of his memory.

WEBSTER Amended—A coquette one who first steals your heart by address, and then steals her own heart to your addresses.

A Yankee recently invented a rat-terminator, consisting of a sort of tin. The animal jerks his head off at third success. A man of confidence and a confidant man are as different as hash and the hoosh—One is a bold man and the other a brassy pretender. "You have only yourself to please," said a Bonodict to an old bachelor. "True," replied he, "but you can tell what a different task I find it." A large fellow—Somebody, in describing a beautiful lady, says she has the face of a painter and the soul of a bull dog.