

# Bedford Inquirer.

A Weekly Paper, Devoted to Literature, Politics, the Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, &c., &c.—Terms: One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

BY DAVID OVER.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1858.

VOL. 31, NO. 27.

## Select Poetry.



THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest angel gently comes,  
No power has he to lessen pain,  
Or give us back our loss again;  
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear  
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,  
The rest in his still countenance;  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with word the mourner's ear,  
But all and weeps he may not cure,  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to cheer  
Our fevered brow with cooling balm,  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear,  
And throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make us own our Father's will!

Oh thou, who mournest on thy way!  
With longings for the close of day,  
He walks with thee, that angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "Be resigned!  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell,  
The dear Lord ordered all things well!"

## AGRICULTURAL.



### PRESERVING FLOWERS.

Our fair readers, all of whom we know, love flowers—the season of which is now at hand—will be interested in the following manner of preserving them from wilting, which a cotemporary assures us is highly successful. The plan is this: Procure a flat dish of porcelain, into which pour water: place upon it a vase of flowers, and all over the vase a bell glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell glass is constantly moist with water, that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the side of the bell glass; so as to prevent its evaporating into the air of the sitting room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated the "Hoopen Apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rose-bud in a saucer of water.

**FRUIT TREES.**—There is a practice among the Swiss and Germans of boring into the ground among the roots of fruit trees, (with an instrument made for the purpose,) and pouring in liquid manure to force the tree forward, and also enable it to resist the drought of dry weather. I have practiced this for four years with some fine Seckel pears, in dry land, with good success. Avoid this after September first, as it will induce a second growth late in the fall, which will be quite irregular and very liable to be winter-killed. The instrument I use is the common iron bar, which can be driven in among the roots without injury. Take for a wash, (as I buy no "special" manures,) to three-fourths of a barrel of water, four quarts of ashes, two quarts of lime, two shovelful of night soil—stir up well, and pour into holes made as above, what the tree requires. Soap suds are capital for this purpose.

[From Goley's Ladies' Book for July.]

**Blackberries.**—Preserve these strawberries or currants, either liquid or jam, or jelly. Blackberry jelly or jam is an excellent medicine in summer complaints or dysentery; to make it, crush a quart of fully ripe blackberries with a pound of the best loaf sugar, put it over a gentle fire and cook it until thick, then put it in a gill of the best fourth-proof brandy, stir it awhile over the fire, then put it in pots.

**Blackberry Syrup.**—Make a simple syrup of a pound of sugar to each pint of water, boil it until it is rich and thick, then add to it as many pints of the expressed juice of ripe blackberries as there are pounds of sugar; put half a nutmeg grated to each quart of the syrup; let it boil fifteen or twenty minutes, then add to it half a gill of fourth-proof brandy for each quart of syrup; set it by to become cold, then bottle it for use. A tablespoonful for a child or a wineglass for an adult is a dose.

**Blackberry Wine.**—The following is said to be an excellent receipt for the manufacture of superior wine from blackberries. Measure your berries and bruise them, to every gallon adding one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar, cork tight and let stand till following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without any further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack as they never smacked, under similar influence, before.

**Blackberry and Wine Cordial.**—We avail ourselves of the kindness of a friend to publish the following excellent receipt for making cordial. It is recommended as a delightful beverage, and an infallible specific for diarrhoea or ordinary disease of the bowels: To half a bushel of blackberries, well washed, add a quart of a pound of allspice, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of cloves; Pulverize well, mix, and boil slowly until properly done; then strain or squeeze the juice through homespun or flannel, and add to each pint of the juice one pound of loaf sugar. Boil again for some time, take it off, and, while cooling, add half a gallon of best Cognac brandy. Dose, for an adult, half a gill to a gill; for a child, a teaspoonful or more, according to age.

**Currants Preserved.**—Take ripe currants; free from stems, weigh them, and take the same weight of sugar; put a teaspoon of sugar to each pound of fruit; boil the sugar until it is hot and clear; then turn it over the fruit; let it remain one night; then set it over the fire and boil gently until they are cooked and clear take them into the jars or pots with a skimmer; boil the syrup until rich and thick, then pour it over the fruit. Currants may be preserved with ten pounds of fruit to seven of sugar. Take the stems from seven pounds of the currants, and crush and press the juice from the remaining three pounds; put them into the hot syrup, and boil until thick and rich, put it in pots or jars, and the next day secure as directed.

**Red or White Currant Jam.**—Let the fruit be very ripe; pick it clean from the stalks; bruise it, and to every pound put three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; stir it well and boil half an hour, then add the sugar; boil and skim.

**Green Currant Jam.**—Weigh equal portions of unripe red currants and sugar; set the fruit over the fire, at some distance, with a small part of the sugar, breaking the fruit a little that the juice may prevent it burning; stir it continually and let it remain for a quarter of an hour, then add the rest of the sugar, and boil up for a quarter of an hour longer.

### A MULE BEWITCHED.

The popular idea seems to be that the long eared tribe have been deprived of the power of speech since the days of Balaam, but we had this morning ocular and auricular proof of the fallacy of this belief. As we were coming down Bond street, we noticed a little this side of the Planters' Hotel a crowd collected around the wagon of a countryman, and stepped up to learn if possible the cause of the excitement.

The wagon was drawn by a couple of mules, one of them a rather bad looking specimen, who seemed to hail from a region where corn and oats are rarities; the other decidedly better looking, and giving unmistakable evidence of having been better fed. The wagon was loaded with the delightful esculent—so popular in the South—sweet potatoes. Prominent in the crowd we noticed a little black-eyed, gray-haired man, who was busily engaged, when we came up, in negotiating a trade for one of the mules, and strange to say, for the poorest looking one.

"Now, my friend," said the little man, I want this mule—I have a first rate match for him, and want to make out the pair. How old is he?"

"Five years old last spring," promptly replied the countryman.

"Golly, what a lie!" cried the mule, pricking up his ears.

Countryman started—the crowd looked frightened, and one or two colored gentlemen ineffectually fled, as if the devil were of the party.

"Who—who was that?" asked the dealer in potatoes at length, having somewhat recovered his voice and senses.

"Why me?" promptly responded the mule. "What are you lying about?" You know you have had me fifteen years."

"There, my friend," said the little man, "your mule contradicts you—and he ought to know his own age."

"I'll be darned if I know what to make of you or the mule," exclaimed the countryman. "I know he is only five years old for I raised him myself."

"There, you lie again," said the mule.

"Take that," exclaimed the now infuriated owner, forgetting his fear for a moment, and striking the animal over the mouth.

"Don't do that again," cried the mule, "I'll kick you!"

The countryman's eyes almost popped out of his head, and there is no telling what would have been the result, had not some one arrived, who recognized the little man as Signor Blizz, the well-known Magician and Ventriloquist, which explained the mystery and relieved the countryman. —Augusta Dispatch.

### AN ARKANSAS WEDDING.

Arkansas! the State of all the Southern confederacy worst ridden by demagogues and politicians. Rich in her soil and mineral wealth, and poorest in everything like internal improvements and commercial facilities of all kinds. Her public roads are pigmires, and her rivers innocent of any improvement save those afforded by nature. Jogging along over one of these self-same roads, I broke my buggy trying to drive round a suspicious spot where some philanthropist had erected a hickory sapling, bearing the ominous words:

"NO BOTTOM HERE."

Delayed and benighted, I at last reached a log house, whose blazing fire-light 'hro' the open door promised comfort, and if I guessed aright, some half-dozen horses hitched at the gate indicated that something was going on. I hailed: "Halloo, who lives here?"

"Me, Bob Woods. What do you want?"

"Supper and lodging, if you can accommodate me."

This brought Bob Woods to the gate, where he proceeded to inform me that his darter Melindy was about getting married, but he'd as lief make a dollar as not, ef I'd feed my horse myself and sleep on a corn-busk shake-down afore the fire. I jumped at the offer, and out of my buggy fed 'Lightning,' washed my hands and went in to see the fun. I was made at home in a moment. The idea of an 'Oreola feller' currying and feeding his own horse, was something entirely new, and I was a favorite instant, guaranteed by a prominent invitation to 'liquor.' The parson imbibed, drew an enormous red bandana across his lips, and announced that 'he was ready to talk when the rest was.' This brought forth the happy couple. The groom was a lanky specimen in homespun, and led his bride by the hand. She was a bonny, rosy-cheeked daisel, following a step or two behind, feeling evidently in a novel position. 'You Melindy, take your finger out of your mouth.' Melindy cast a defiant look at her maternal relative, withdrew the offending member, wiped it on her apron, and quickened her pace. The young parson, after some little trouble, arranged them to his satisfaction, and proceeded:

"John Stribner, do you take Melindy Woods, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your lawful wedded wife?"

"That's wot I'm here for," answered Mr. Stribner, craning his hands into his breeches pockets.

"You will please answer yes or no."

"Yes or no," promptly returned the gentleman.

"No, no! say yes."

"Y-a-a-a," then casting a sheepish look around him.

"Melindy Woods."

"Y-a-a-a!"

"Wait a moment, please. Melindy Woods, do you take John Stribner, in the presence of these witnesses, to be your lawful wedded husband?"

"I reckon."

"Then in the presence of the witnesses spoken of, I do declare you man an' wife, 'ordin to the laws of Arkansas an' the Gospel; an' wot's thus jined let no man put in sunder."

The parson turned away, flushed and excited, and was recalled by a query from Mr. Stribner.

"Must I kiss her now, George?"

"As you please, John; she's yours now."

"Hold up yer mouf, Melindy."

"Shan't do it! Right here afore folks."

John did not argue the point, but sidled up to the grinning group where I was standing, and proposed that we boys should take some 'bust-head,' (whiskey.) Meanwhile I heard Melindy's triumphant voice among some of her companions. "Kiss! hump! Jawu's turned fool, I b'lieve."

I slept on the corn-busk shake-down afore the fire soundly that night, being separated from the bridal apartment by a certain extemporized for the occasion. From behind its folds I heard 'Jawu's' remonstrating voice, followed by a host of loving apologies from Melindy for the refused kiss. "I'll take my 'affidavit' that he received that one hundred fold, with interest."

**PARSON BROWNLOW (W)HOOPING.**—Foremost among clergymen who are not content with preaching the Gospel, but find content with other matters, is Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tenn. While recently attending the Methodist Annual Convention at Nashville, he thus comments on hoops:

"All I regret is that skirt-don is expanding, and the fashions in vogue are still increasing the distance between man and woman. At one moment I feel like exclaiming, 'Oh, that I were a boy again!' The next moment I feel indignant at the hoops, and feel willing to join a regiment of men in a vigorous assault upon the rattan, whalebone, cords, brass and steel, that have put asunder what God has said ought to be joined together. Only think of the display on our streets, and in the parlor, of the grand and graceful skirts, looming up around one, fascinating, charming and swinging to and fro, like so many things of life! Talk about the grandeur of a first-class steamer, or of a train of cars propelled by steam! Give me a train of hoops, skirts, and the folds of which are so many human locomotives, standing five feet ten inches in slippers, fired up by the blood of warm hearts, and puffing and blowing with love, kind words and winning smiles, and I would show you a sight that would run a young man crazy, raise a dead bachelor to life, and make an old widower commit suicide."

"I cannot trust myself on this serious theme; I must desist or go crazy."

One of the toasts at a recent celebration was, "Woe to a woman who requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

### EPITAPHS.

The graveyard ought to be a place where none but sober and devout sentiments should find expression. The connecting link, as it were, with the world of spirits, human caprice should be put aside, the purer and better part of human nature allowed to dictate, and everything be done "decently and in order." Yet how often the very reverse is the case. There is hardly a graveyard in the world, probably, that does not contain some whimsical epitaph or memorial of the dead, which shows the writer cared more for making a pun, recording a sarcastic distich, or perpetrating a rhyme, than for expressing a sentiment appropriate to the place and the occasion. Some people must give utterance to a laughable and incongruous thought, even at the grave, while others make themselves ridiculous by attempting a literary task beyond their powers. We find in *Household Words* a curious collection of specimens of this sort of churchyard literature, picked up in various English cemeteries. This list is quite aptly commenced with the following cynical inscription written over a gentleman's grave in the churchyard of Bedington:

"Poems and epigrams are but stuff,  
Here lies Robert Barras, and that's enough."

The annexed is not only flippant but ludicrous:

"Here lies the body of Deborah Dent,  
She kicked up her heels and away she went."

The author of the following displays ingenuity in securing a rhyme for his memorial:

"Here lies two brothers by misfortune sur-  
rounded,  
One died of his wounds, and the other was  
drowned."

St. Albain's furnishes an original and striking idea in the way of mortuary literature, e. g.

"Sacred to the memory of Miss Martha Groyn,  
She was so very pure within,  
She burst the outward shell of sin,  
And hatched herself a cherubim."

A victim of misplaced confidence, leaves this warning in Cheltenham Cemetery:

"Here lies and my three daughters,  
Killed by a drinking of Cheltenham waters,  
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,  
We'd not been lying in these here vaults."

Here is one of the pathetic stamp, culled in Whitshire:

"Beneath this stone his own dear child,  
Whose gone from me  
For ever more unto eternity;  
Where do hope that we shall go to,  
But he can never more come back to me."

Parquin might have written the following, carved in the tombstone of one Strange, a lawyer:

"Here lies an honest lawyer,  
And that is strange,  
I say no more;  
He was alive  
In—45."

In Grantham churchyard one inscription states something more than is quite necessary:

"John Palfreyman, who is buried here,  
Was aged four-and-twenty year,  
And near this place his mother lies;  
Likewise his father when he dies."

The next is decidedly of a humorous cast:

"Here lies I. There's a great in my woes,  
And my spirit at length at ease is,  
With the tip of my nose,  
Turned up to roots of the daisies."

A Mrs. Shoven, a cook was honored with two stanzas, or, as she might have called them herself, a couple of courses:

"Underneath this crust  
Lies the moultling diest  
Of Eleanor Batchelor Shoven,  
Well-versed in the arts  
Of pies, custards, and tarts,  
And the lucrative trade of the oven."

When she'd lived long enough,  
She made her last puff,  
A puff by her husband much praised,  
And now she doth lie,  
And make a dirt pie,  
In hopes that her crust may be raised."

A reward was once offered for the best epitaph upon a celebrated provost of Dundee.

The town council were unable to decide between the relative merits of the two which follow, and both were therefore placed on the monument:

"Here lies John, Provost of Dundee,  
Here lies him, here lies he."

The second ran even still more remarkably:

"Here lies John, Provost of Dundee,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah."

**A LETTER FOR DENNIS.**—Hillo, Mister Postmaster, and is there ever a letter here for Dennis O'Flaherty?"

"I believe there is," said the postmaster, stepping back and producing the letter.

"And will you be so kind as to rade it to me, seen' I had the misfortune to be dedicated to rade niver a bit?"

"To be sure," said the accommodating postmaster.

He then opened and read the epistle, which was from the 'old country,' concerning his relations there, &c. when he had finished, Dennis observed:

"What would you be axin for the postage on that letter?"

"Fifty cents."

"And it's ehape enough, yer honor, but as I niver think of axin you to trust, just kape the letter for pay, and say, Mister, if I'd call in, one of these days, would ye write an answer to it?"

**A BACHELOR'S WOES.**—What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is, with his cheerless house, and his rueful phiz, on a bitter cold night, when the fierce winds blow, and the earth is covered with a foot of snow. When his fire is out, and in shivering dread, he slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed. How he draws up his toes, still encased in yarn hose, and he buries his nose, 'neath the chilly bed clothes, that his nose and his toes, still encased in yarn hose, may not be froze. Then he puffs and he blows, and swears that he knows, no mortal on earth ever suffered such woes, and with ah's! and with oh's! and with limbs nearly froze, to his slumber in silence the bachelor goes. In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun has just rose, from beneath the bed clothes pops the bachelor's nose, and as you may suppose, when he hears the wind blow, and sees the windows all froze, why back 'neath the clothes, pops the poor fellow's nose, for if from that bed he rose, to put on his clothes, he'd surely be froze.

**A SHARP SAILOR.**—A few days ago a sail or at a railroad station, waiting for the next train, inquired of a bystander where he could get some liquor. A place near by was pointed out to him, and he inquired if it was good. "The answer was that it was such poisonous stuff that it would probably kill. A few minutes afterwards the sailor called to a negro who was sawing wood near by, and took him into the shop which had been pointed out, where he sloped him to a drink. The bartender asked the sailor if he was not also going to drink, but received a negative answer, and both the visitors left. Very soon the sailor again made his appearance, called for liquor, and was asked why he did not drink when he was in before. He replied that he had been watching the nigger—that it was just seventeen minutes since he drank, and, as the liquor had not killed him in that time, he believed he could stand it, and would run the risk.—*Louisville Journal.*

We have often thought it one of the saddest things in the world, that the author of the sweetest of ballads, "Home, Sweet Home," should have no home of his own.

But as they used to fancy that birds sang all the more sweetly the songs of their native Heaven by putting out their eyes, so it often is that we love those things most, and prize those best of which we know and enjoy the least.

An Englishman, emerging from the fog, tells an Italian what a beautiful Heaven he has always lived under, without knowing it, and Seneca wrote eloquently of poverty, sitting at a table incited with gold.

In Africa, near the ruins of Carthage, where the north wind blows softly from the sea, and far from the pilgrim planted land, John Howard Payne found his abiding home on an April day.

While they were singing his song in half the happy homes of the wide world, he was laid in a stranger's grave. The government of the United States has caused a monument to be inscribed and erected to his memory.

**THE WAY IT IS DONE.**—In the year 1772, a man in England astonished the natives, by having a loaded cannon fired at him a distance of ten yards only, and catching the ball—a nine pounder—in his hand. On the payment of a considerable sum, he divulged his secret, which was this:

When the proper charge of powder was ready, a little of it was put in the cannon, then the ball run in, and the rest of the powder put in after it. The wadding was then rammed tight. When fired, the report was as loud as usual, but owing to there being a small quantity of powder behind the ball, it would only carry about twenty yards. Cannon loaded in this way, and fired against thin pine boards, at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards, makes no impression.

A worthy divine, one of the preachers in attendance upon the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, from the State of Arkansas, stopped at the St. Cloud. Upon retiring for the night, he told the servant who conducted him to his room, that he wanted his boots blacked. The servant told him to set them outside the door, and the boot black would attend to them. He did so, and in the morning the boots came up missing—instead of setting the boots out in the hall, he had placed them outside the front door. That preacher has not a very elevated opinion of the morality of the people of Nashville. He wears a pair of new boots.

**A COSTLY BIBLE.**—There is still in existence a copy of the Bible, printed on vellum, which has been sold as high as \$2,500. It is one of the few remaining copies of the first printed edition of the Bible. It may not be generally known that the Bible was the first book printed after the discovery of the art of printing. It was a book of about one thousand three hundred pages, and consisted of two large folio volumes. A vast amount of time and labor was required to print it; and the fact that it was not written with a pen, as other copies had been, was for a long time concealed. This work was done about the year 1445—more than 400 years ago.

**A LAUGH.**—How much of character lies in a laugh! It is in fact the cypher key of oftentimes, wherewith we decipher a man. As a late writer observes: "You know no man until you have heard him laugh." There are occasions—there are humors—when a man with whom you have long been familiar, will quite startle us by breaking out into a laugh, which comes manifestly right from the heart, and yet which we never heard before. And in many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen, until some happy moment.

A couple of idle fellows strolled into a colored church at Hartford, a few evenings since to enjoy the fun; but when the colored minister rose to preach, before announcing the text, he leaned forward on the pulpit, and looked slowly around on the congregation. "Brethren," says he at length, "may de Lor' have mercy on all de scoffers." (Long pause.) "May de Lor' have mercy on all de laughers." (Solenn pause.) "May de Lor' have mercy on de two pen-ut eaters down by de door." The two young men did not wait for the benediction.

The largest bullock ever raised in America if not in the world, was the ox known as "George Washington," whose stuffed skin may be seen in life-like proportions in the rooms of the Butchers' Hide and Fat Association in N. York. His live weight was 3204 pounds.—He was 9 feet 7 inches long, and some 5 feet 9 inches high.

Charles Sumner, Senator of Massachusetts, sailed for Europe in the steamship "Vanderbilt" which left New York on Saturday. He publishes a valedictory letter to his constituents.

**A FRIGHTFUL CAUTION.**—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says: "A lady correspondent, who professes to be terrified at the indelicacy of our paper, threatens for the future to set her foot on every copy she sees. She had better be careful. Our paper has eyes ('s) in it."

An Irishman, lately sent to the house of correction in South Boston for a year, was set to work in a blacksmith's shop. Finding the labor very hard, he asked Capt. Robbins to change his employment. "Rath, captain," said he, "if I have to work this way for a year I shall die in less than a fortnight."

"Jumbo, you black thief, Sambo, why do you betray dat secret I told you de oder day?"

"I betray de secret? I sarron de putation. I found I couldn't keep un, so I told un to somebody dat could."

Prentice of the Louisville Journal, objects to the five minute rule in the New York prayer meetings. He says, "Imagine for instance, old Bennett, of the Herald confessing his sins in the ridiculous space of five minutes!"

An Irishman, on being told to grease the carriage, returned in about an hour afterwards and said: "I've greased every part of the carriage but them sticks where the wheels hang on."

The editor of an exchange says he never saw but one ghost, and that was the ghost of a sinner who died without paying for his paper. 'Twas horrible to look upon.

**SAVED BY HER HOOPS.**—Take courage, ladies—hoops are of some good, after all. The *Lewistown Democrat* says:—"On Friday last, as Miss Alda Smith, daughter of E. D. Smith, was looking at a canal boat in motion, she became dizzy and fell into the water. Her hoops, however, buoyed her up, and she floated down the 'raging canal' about forty yards, when she was rescued."

**LONGEVITY OF A CANARY BIRD.**—A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, states that a canary bird died at Brooklyn, a few days ago, which had been in the possession of the owner for 26 years. It had been taken for many years; and blind for the last twelve months.

A Virginia paper records the marriage of Miss Jane Lemon to Mr. Ebenezer Sweet, whereupon an exchange moralizes as follows:—"How happy the extremes do meet. In Jane and Ebenezer; She's no longer sour but Sweet, And he's a Lemon squeezer!"

An eccentric person, the Marquis Malaziti, of Florence, just deceased, has ordered by his will, a portion of his fortune to be invested and the interest to be paid to the "most hump backed man" in Tuscan. The recipient of the income is to be chosen by twelve other hump backed men, each of whom for his trouble is to be rewarded with a gold medal bearing the effigy of *Asop*.

**FINALE OF A HONEYMOON.**—A woman, in Lancaster, Pa., recently got a German scoundrel Lochlin, to marry her by giving him \$75.—Ever since the marriage the affectionate couple have been on a drunken spree, which resulted, on Thursday night, in the husband throwing his wife out of a window. She is very badly hurt.

She ought to be ashamed.—In a recent description of a new counterfeit, an exchange paper says that, on "the right and is a female with a rube." We don't dispute the fact, but really consider the female lost to shame, to appear in public with such a disreputable character.

**A WORD WITH A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.**—When a man gets to the top of the hill honestly, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled down again, if he's ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road along which he once travelled.

**NAPOLEON'S DEATH CHAMBER.**—The Rev. Henry Wood, a chaplain in the U. S. Navy, writing from St. Helena, says that in the room where Napoleon died, there is now a threshing machine in operation, and stalls for the horses that move it, in his bed chamber.

**STARTLING.**—A huge black bear, driven from the swamps by high water, preambulated the streets of Yazoo, Miss., on Monday night week, to the consternation of everybody.

The aggregate wealth of the United States amounts to \$12,000,000,000, or \$900 to each.