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Only a Baby Small.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love,
While we are here.

Spring is Coming.

With drifting snow the fields are hid,
The frost is on the pane;
The frozen river moans and groans,
And clanks his icy chain.
But a happier time will soon arise,
For under the arch of southern skies,
The spring is coming again, sad eyes,
The spring is coming again.

Through leafless boughs the rueful wind
Wails low his drear refrain;
And from the icy north the storm
Comes sweeping down amain.
But skies shall soften, and storms depart,
And buds shall swell and verdure start,
And blossoms cover the plain, faint heart,
For spring is coming again.

The spring is coming again, good sooth,
And store of cheer she brings,
For icy gleams, the flash of streams,
And the glint of glancing wings;
For the wintry day, the merry May;
For snow wreaths, brings she garlands gay,
With many a rollicking roundelay,
And silvery carolings.

And if my spring-hopes should fade,
And promise fruit in vain;
Should wintry sorrows chill my heart,
And cloud my life with pain,
I will cheerily wait for a brighter day,
And trust that heaven will bring the May
That, brighter and gladder forever and aye,
Shall never fade or wave.

NASBY ON THE CRUSADERS.

The Temperance Crusade at the Corners ---Pollock and Bigler Get Up a Woman's Movement---The Great Failure.

Joe Bigler, the infamus, and Pollock, wich is worse, hev been at it agin. There is an amount uv devilment in the buzzums uv them men wich biles over perpetoually, and wich kin no more be stopped than kin fermentashen in cider. The Corners will hev to rise in its mite, and kill them two impious wretches in self-defence.

The fact that Mrs. Bascom, the saloon keeper's wife, hez bin gittin a large assortment of new cloze in Looisville, and that she's the only woman in the Corners who hez a second dress—and it wood be almost safe to say the fust one—hez bin taken advantage uv by these feends to perdoose an insurrekshen in our otherwise quiet households.

Issaker Gavitt's wife, Lucindy, and Deekin Pogram's wife, and his dawter, Mirandy, happened to be in Pollock's store a buyin some pork to bile, when, ez ill luck wood hev it, Mrs. Bascom passed down the street. She had on a fur sack and a noo bonnet, and hed gloves on, and a muff, and a gold chain, and she held her head well up, and hed a ostridge feather. She wuz a gorgeous site for the Corners.

"See Mrs. Bascom, Mirandy," sed Joe Bigler, callin the attenshun uv the wimen to her, ez she went sailin down the street.

They all looked at her, and rage filled their buzzums.

"I never hed a buzum pin," sed Mirandy, indignantly.

"Why, I ain't got no shoes—to say nothin' uv fur overshoes," shrieked Lucindy Gavitt?

"Why don't Issaker git yoo shoes?" asked that villainous disturber, Pollock.

"He never hez no money," answered Lucindy.

"Wat did he do with the money I paid him for his corn, two weeks ago?" wuz the innocent question uv Pollock.

It wuz a spark uv fire in a magazine.

"Hez he sold his corn?" she asked, her voice quiverin' with emoshen.

"He did sell it to me two weeks ago," sed Pollock.

"The ornery cuss! Why, he promised me a pare uv shoes and the baby some cloze when he sold that corn."

"But, my deer Mrs. Gavitt, sed this hypercritikle sneak, "you know"—

Jest then Mrs. Bascom was returnin—

"But you know," he continued, "he hed to pay Bascom, becoz—by the way ther goes Mrs. Bascom agin, and aint she a stunner—becoz G. W. hed to go to Looisville to get his wife's winter outfit, and he hed to hev wat Issaker owed him."

"And the munney for the corn, wich I planted and hoed, and cut, and shucked, hed to go to put cloze on Liz Bascom, did it? Liz Bascom hez cloze, hez she?"

And this enraged woman howled with emoshun, as did Mirandy Pogram and her mother.

And Pollock kept addin fooel to the flame he had kindled.

"Here," sed he to Lucindy, "is a lovely piece uv velvet wich wood make yoo an elegant sack, and, Lord bless yoo, how this French flannel wood make up into a dress and cloak for yoor baby! It does seem to me as though Issaker and the Deekin mite let you wimmin hev enuff money to git yoo some things. It seems a pity that Mrs. Bascom shood hev everything!"

Ef there is anything which'll make a lion out uv a woman, it's the desire for dry goods. Pollock knowd this and he played it onto em. He showd em dry goods till they became raving maniacs.

These three misguided wimmen left that store crusaders—they wuz so many Jone uv Arks. Thro the mud they went to Mrs. McPelter's, to Mrs. Elder Pennibacker's, and to the wife of every regler resident uv the Corners, and they determined to make a move ontु Bascom, and stop his binnis anyway, so that the money spent at his bar could be yoosed in gittin cloze for them and their children. They appointed Toosday last ez the day on wich they wuz to make the raid. They arranged a percession, with banners onto wich they wuz to write, "Less rum—more cloze," and they wuz to visit Bascom and set down in his grocery and compel their husbands not to drink no more, and Bascom not to sell em anything anymore.

There wuz wild forebodins of woe in Bascoms, G. W., hisself, and Issaker Gavitt, and Deeken Pogram and myself all sot with pale faces, dreading this invasion. I am a man uv resource. I advised that a barl be rolled out into his barn and a bar be extemporized there, where we cood get our nips, till this cyclone shood pass over. This G. W. consented to do, and thus fortified we sot down and awaited the attack.

The sun come out smilin, and it wuz warm enuff to go barefooted, and the Corners wuz happy. The perceshen wuz to march at eleven.

"We are lost," sed Bascom, gloomily.

"Oh, that I should live to see this day," sighed Deekin Pogram.

"Let us comport ourselves like men," sed I. "This is a cyclone. It will only last a few days. Cannot we submit to deprivation for that time?"

Ten o'clock arrived. The wind set in from the north. Issaker rushed out and looked at the sky, and came back with hope on his countenance.

"Ef this wind holds we are saved! Ha! it grows colder! There's flakes uv snow in the air! The perceshen can't move. The perceshen ain't got no shoes."

It did git colder. The wind came raw and icey blasts. We consulted the only thermometer we hev in the Corners, wich is a little nigger boy, on a wet plank, barefoot. We determine the degree uv cold by ascertainin how long he kin stand out doors in that way. It is primitive but akkerit.

Half-past ten! It wuz blowin a gale, and wuz ez cold ez bloo blazes! It wuz impossible for any woman, without shoes or underclothes, to stand it in the open air.

Deekin Pogram came in, his frosty nose glowin with joy, and he fell on Bascom's neck ejackilatin, "Saved! Saved!"

"Hooray!" shouted Issaker Gavitt, "without shoes and shawls not a cussed one uv em kin git out uv doors today!"

Bascom wept teers uv joy as he asked us take suthin.

"Yoo see," sed Deekin Pogram, "how Providence keers for us. Ef we hed wasted our munney on cloze and sich the wimmin wood hed us. Munney put in wimmin's cloze is wuss than wasted. Ef they hed cloze they'd bin here this minit, a tormentin uv us."

We wuz saved this time—will we be the next? We await a fair day with dred. Pollock and Bigler will hev them wimmin out whether or no, just as soon ez it gits warm enuff.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wus Postmaster.)

Treed by a Bull.

Henry Bruner, of Westchester, purchased a bull of a neighboring farmer, and dispatched two of his workmen, named Henry Moller and Fritz Stumpf, to convey the animal to his stable. All along the route to Mr. Bruner's premises the bull acted very playfully, frequently jerking the ropes by which the men held the animal, in such a manner as to send them sprawling in the mud, but allowances were made for these actions by the men, on account of his lordship being so young, etc.

In due time the trio reached the terminus of their journey. The men now proceeded to install the animal in his new quarters in the barn of Mr. Bruner, but he suddenly took a dislike to the barn, seemingly on account of its being painted a reddish color, and in spite of the earnest endeavors of the men to get him in they were unsuccessful. Assistance was found necessary, and Stumpf held the bull while Moller went into a neighboring field to call assistance, on the arrival of which one grand effort was made to get the animal in the barn, but at this stage of the proceedings he broke loose from the men, and, raising Stumpf on his horns, sent him heavenward with terrible velocity. On the return of the man to the earth, the animal repeated the performance, until Stumpf was unconscious, and left with hardly a stitch of clothing on him. His companions came to his aid with pitchforks and clubs, and goaded the bull until he became infuriated and turned upon them. Now came the funny part of the scene, for Moller and a fellow workman had to run for dear life, closely followed by the foaming animal, for a tree located about thirty rods distant. The men reached the tree first, and Moller succeeded in getting safely enseconced among its branches, but his companion was not so fortunate, for as he arrived about midway up the trunk the head of the bull came in contact with the tree with such violence as to shake him down.

The poor fellow was in a truly pitiable plight, but his presence of mind did not forsake him, and he jumped up and ran around the trunk of the tree, closely followed by the bull, and finally got up the tree. But the animal kept the two men up in the tree for nearly three hours, and the time would have undoubtedly been much longer had it not been that Stumpf recovered consciousness and proceeded to the residence of Bruner and told his story. Search was immediately instituted for his companions, and they were found still up the tree, closely guarded by the bull and nearly frightened to death.

Old New York.

"Harry Astor," was a rough sort of fellow who lived in the Bowery. He repewed in New York the trade which his father pursued in Waldorf. He labored hard and was very economical, and thus in the course of years of industrious accumulated $300,000. He had no children, and hence he bequeathed the entire sum to his nephew John J. This man never needed the legacy, which was but a drop compared with his immense wealth. At the time of his death Harry Astor was the richest man in the Bowery. He had all the economy of the German emigrant to add to a retail business which paid large profits. He was also a bold speculator in live stock, and sold in quantity as well as by the single cut. He thus acquired his $300,000, a sum which has never been equaled by any butcher in New York city. This sum, bequeathed more than forty years ago, placed at interest, amounted to more than a million. The locality of Harry Astor's slaughter-house, once so noted in the Bowery, is not easily designated. It is said that Peter Cooper was a frequent visitor to the spot, where he purchased scraps and wheeled them down to his glue-kettle near the swamp. Astor's cattle-yard was near the Astor library. Next to this institution there once stood Vauxhall Gardens, which is part of the Astor estate. Here Barnum in early life displayed his genius as a showman, and failed. The gardens afterward became a resort for cock-fights, and now the spot is occupied by a large stable. Supposing this to have been the old cattle-yard, the next remove of the trade was to the "Bull's Head," a tavern in Third avenue, near Fortieth street, once kept by Daniel Drew. The growth of the city drove the business still farther into the suburbs, and now it is found at Allerton's, in 100th streeth, near the Hudson river.

Not Gold,

An extremely sharp and intelligent American gentleman from the West once walked into the office of Dr. C. T. Jackson, the chemist. "Dr. Jackson, I presume?" said he. "Yes, sir." "Are you alone?" "Yes, sir." "May I lock the door?" And he did so; then, having looked behind the sofa, and satisfied himself that no one else was in the room, he placed a large bundle, done up in a yellow handkerchief, on the table, and opened it. "There, doctor, look at that!" "Well," said the doctor, "I see it." "Whot do you call that, doctor?" "I call it iron pyrites." "What!" said the man; "isn't that stuff gold?" "No," said the doctor, "it's good for nothing; it's pyrites." And putting some in over the fire in a shovel, it soon evaporated up the chimney. "Well," said the gentlemanly man, with a woe-begone look, "there's a widow up in our town has a whole hill full of that, and I've been and married her."

HEALTHFUL EXERCISE.—Friction of the body is one of the gentlest and most useful kinds of exercise, either by the hand, a piece of flannel, a tolerably coarse towel, or a flesh-brush. Friction cleans the skin, promotes perspiration and increases the warmth and energy of the body. In rubbing the stomach, perform the operation in a circular direction, as that is most favorable to the course of the intestines and their natural action.

Ohio will be 72 years old on November, 29, 1874.

A STAGE CONFLAGRATION,

How the Effect is Produced.

Conflagrations on the stage, says Olive Logan, are easily and safely managed. I have seen many pieces in which terrific fires were simulated, but never knew nor heard of any accident from this cause. In one piece the fire took place in a grand hall of a ducal palace, of severe but rich architecture, in imitation of ebony. The conflagration breaking out with terrible energy, smoke poured forth from doors and windows, the cornices cracked and fell down, the ceiling came tumbling upon the stage a burning mass, and every object the eye beheld seemed to be slowly consumed. Through the ruined walls which remained standing at the back the spectator now saw a second immense salon, apparently full of flames and smoke. The servants of the castle ran wildly about, seeking to escape; the leading actor, carrying his wife in his arms, slid down a spiral burning staircase while the flames burst through the balustrades. Those who have seen a stage conflagration will probably think this statement somewhat exaggerated, but it is not. At the first representation of the piece a large number of the audience left the theatre in great alarm, believing that the place had really taken fire.

This scene was of course constructed in a peculiar manner. The frames of the flats and set pieces were made of two layers of wood held lightly together by means of cords passing through holes. At the pre-arranged moment certain parts of the frame were pulled down, leaving exposed the other parts seemingly burning—an effect produced by small gas-jets carefully arranged in rows around the edges of the frame. Behind the heaviest set piece at the back was a transparent curtain, painted with fiercest flames, which, being lit up from behind, glowed through the smoke in a most lurid manner. Drummond-lights and Bengal fires were turned on the stage in profusion, producing glaring cross lights. Pots full of lycopodium were placed over furnaces, to which were attached huge blacksmith's bellows, worked by assiduous machinists with such vigor that the flames were at frequent intervals projected five or six yards high, where they caught at nothing. Vast funnels overhead threw out torrents of black smoke mixed with innocent sparks, which went out as soon as they took wing. Several machinists, costumed according to the epoch represented, personated the frightened servants running about and trying to escape, only they were actually throwing more of the innocent but fiery-looking sparks about in pre-arranged spots, and thus keeping things as hot as possible in appearance. And finally, helmeted firemen with hose in hand stood at the back of the stage, ready to instantly extinguish any spark of real fire.

The Famine in India.

The reports from India are not hopeful, says the New York *Sun*, and the gloomy prospect can no longer be denied. Up to March 1 the sum of $12,500,000 had been expended on the famine, and the expenditure by Oct. 1 will amount to $75,000,000. And yet for the need of a little extra use of money many thousands must die in the next few months. The Viceroy has not been willing to spend enough to perfect the means of transportation; and he has been too hard a task-master in exacting so rigorous a labor test. Women and children are forced to shovel earth in rather a purposeless way before any food will be given them. The men are paid four and a quarter cents a day for this labor, and the women are paid even less. At the present price of rice this compels them to live on two-thirds the quantity of rice furnished to convicts. But after the work is done the food is not always on hand, and so the toil may be in vain. Of the 300,000 persons now employed on the relief works, one-half will perish from disease in the course of the summer. They are obliged to camp out in the open country, where dysentery, cholera, rheumatism, and low fevers make sad havoc in their numbers. During June and July the suffering in Bengal will be the most intense, but the distress will not be over until October, as the rice which is harvested in August cannot be eaten for fifty days afterward. It is too fresh and green at first, and causes sickness and disease. In a portion of Tirhoot alone, one of the famine counties, in the middle of February there were 85,000 men, women, and children straggling on the roads in search of food and government aid. Deaths from starvation had already commenced, and as the season advances the mortality will increase at a terrible rate. The Governor-General of Bengal, Sir George Campbell, was quite right in his apprehensions. The Viceroy has shown himself unequal to the emergency.

A Fifteen-Hours' Walk for Life.

A young man named George Falk, of Baltimore, swallowed, as he stated, three ounces of laudanum and five grains of morphia, in order to end his life. There was but one way of saving him, and that was to keep him in motion. After relieving him as far as possible, his physician ordered that he be walked until he was out of danger. At half-past 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon he was put upon his tramp for life, and was forced to walk in the open air as rapidly as he could. His father kept by him for a long time, and a friend or a policeman assisted. After some hours the father gave out, and finally officers and friends grew tired. At last officers had to be taken from their beats and made to do duty in saving the life of the would-be suicide. When the walk commenced it was with great difficulty that he could be kept going, and so great was his stupor that at times he would almost fall like a stick. Frequently it was necessary to catch him and move him on. He reeled at times like a drunken man, and then again he would revive considerably. The dreary, monotonous walk was kept up without intermission until half-past six o'clock the next morning, when the physician consented that he should be allowed to take rest. The life of the young man was saved, but the struggle for freedom from the effects of the drugs was a severe one. To have stopped three minutes would have been fatal.

CRUEL PAPA.—A papa in Greenville, Ky., has a daughter Kate, and Kate has a lover distasteful to papa. On the lover's birthday Kate bought a nice gilt-edged box of perfumery for a gift, and put into it: "The contents are as delicate and innocent as your love." Papa got hold of the box before it was sent, and changed the contents for bottles of soothing syrup. Kate is now heartbroken by the continued and unexplained absence of her lover.

A LIQUOR LAW.—The Legislature of North Carolina has passed an act entitled, "for the better security of human life." It provides that any person who manufactures, sells or deals in spirituous liquors as a drink, of any name or kind, containing foreign properties or ingredients poisonous to the system, shall be punished with five years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

A COAL MINE ON FIRE.

A Reporter Tells Us what he Saw in a Burning Coal Mine.

Late one evening, says a correspondent, I set out to visit the burning Empire mine near Wilkesbarre. The mine is about ten miles from the city, and is in a mountain side from which the spires and housetops cannot be seen. To reach it one must climb and descend several disagreeable steeps, and after he has proceeded as far as a horse can carry him, he is obliged to wade through mud, mire, and coal dust, mixed to that stiff consistency which is likely to pull off a shoe at every step. After leaving the carriage and passing through a little village of miners, despite the mud, one soon arrives at the opening. There is nothing on the outside, save a mass of smoking ashes, to indicate the immense fire raging within.

The descent is not made by means of a shaft, but by a broad roadway which descends gradually underground to the depth of nearly 300 feet. At the mouth of the cavern there is an immense fan which supplies air to those who are compelled to work in the sulphurous and deadly poisonous gases below. Should that fan pause for one moment in its revolutions all the miners underneath would expire almost instantly. Once inhale that deadly air, unmixed with the pure air outside, and human life could do naught but succumb. On the side of the ascent there is nothing of interest; the eye falls upon naught but dead vegetation, heaps of unbroken coal, and masses of indescribable rubbish. There is a railway running up from the Empire breaker below, but no cars are passing over its track now, and the breaker itself is silent.

The still breaker is the first evidence that something about the mine is wrong. Under ordinary circumstances the machinery, now motionless, would be turning into the market hundreds of tons of coal per day.

Let us descend the mine. An old man precedes us, carrying a burning lantern. He is rudely attired, in rough shoes, coarse breeches, gray shirt, and he wears a glistening leather cap, in which is fastened a smoking and flaming torch. A few steps, and only a few, and daylight disappears, there is a marked changed in the atmosphere, and the only thing one seems certain about is that he is gradually going down. This underground descent, unlike a moral decline, has no glittering attractions to gently lure one on. One feels constantly like turning back, for he can see nothing save his guide and the lantern, nor can he hear anything but the faint echo of coal and dirt crushing underneath his tread. The cavern, however, is very commodious, and one has no need to crawl. The descent is not straight but winding, and occasionally one can recognize above and upon either side of him solid masses of black, glistening rock. As the journey proceeds, the air thickens and seems to become foul, as if the immense fan outside was gradually sickening the speed of its revolutions. One cannot help feeling an uncomfortable sort of a sensation; for, as he goes on, the atmosphere seems to grow thicker and thicker, and at the same time the heat seems to increase at every step.

Hotter and hotter grows the air, hotter and hotter, until it seems that one is surrounded by blazing furnaces. Every stride onward appears to intensify the warmth, and human apparel seems more than human nature is able to bear. The perspiration begins to start from the pores, and the current of air constantly pouring in from outside appears to be caught and subdued by that dreadful and infernal heat which almost chokes and stifles you. There is no let up to it; no relief. Suddenly there falls upon the ear a peculiar noise, like the mutterings of infernal spirits, away down in the deepest depths of the universe. Still on, and these mutterings increase to a mighty roar, until by and by one can detect certain sounds above all others. There is a sound as if made by falling waters, which gains and increases on the ear as to the traveler does the rushing of a cataract. Louder and louder echo the voices, and intenser and intenser becomes the atmosphere. Humanity ordinarily clad could bear but a few moments a warmth a degree or two hotter than this.

The old guide continues slowly on the way; clouds of smoke envelop our heads, until the cavern, taking a peculiar curve, brings us under a mighty arch, the floor and sides of which seem to be a mass of hissing, crackling flame.

The distance is between 200 and 300 feet underground. The fire extends over this immense area of 1,200 yards, dread, awful and appalling, but indescribably beautiful nevertheless. It looks like an immense sea of glittering gold, across the heaving breast of which pass and repass the softest and richest combinations of colors. Blue, green, purple, crimson, mingling and intermingling, passing and repassing, disappearing here and suddenly flashing up again there, torture the senses, confuse the vision and leave one doubtful of the place whereon he stands. Such is the fire which your correspondent gazed upon, such the almighty king of these dreadful subterranean realms. It hisses, it roars, it flashes up, and smokes, driving back the men and befouling the air.

There are persons down there, human beings like ourselves, who have spent many months of their past in fighting this fire, and who will spend many months of their lives yet to come. They are terrible looking creatures when thus engaged in their work, whose besmeared faces and rough blackened forms give them the appearance of devils rather than of men. They spend but a few hours here, for so intense is the heat that new men must come very frequently to their relief. As it is, scarcely a day passes during which some poor fellow does not yield to these underground elements and is carried out insensible. It must be an awful life to lead, and awful, indeed, the circumstances which compel so many to endure it.

From the outside of the mine run down to these dreary depths large iron pipes filled with volumes of water. When they reach a certain point below they divide into other pipes of smaller capacity, to each of which are connected large pieces of hose. With these hose the men attack the fire at the edges with the hope that they may extinguish it inch by inch. It is a slow and painful work, and a process that to the observer appears hopeless of any future success. Contemplate it. A fire larger than any you have seen, not formed of timber or of loose combustible material, but of solid rock. It extends over 1,200 yards, and represents millions of dollars worth of coal. The arches above it, the avenues leading from it, fraught with poisonous gases, stifling to the senses and ruinous to the health—a mighty conflagration, to be fought with water inch by inch for years and years to come; for, while its edges may be cooled, its roaring centre is gradually finding its way downward, no one knows to what unheard of depth.

To accurately describe the full extent, or to express in detail the disastrous effects of this burning coal mine, one must needs spend many an hour thus underground, which to one who is not used to it is impossible. One can only hurry down for a moment, because even in summer apparel he would be obliged to quickly return to get a breath of air. The following figures represent the extent of the fire, the number of men required to fight it, the loss to the company (the Lehigh and Wilksbarre Coal and Iron Company), and the amount of coal which, were the men at work in the mines, they could give to the market.

There are at present engaged in battling the flames two large companies of men, each of which is made up of four different and distinct gangs. These gangs, or shifts, as the miners call them, relieve each other at different periods of the day and night, at least two gangs always being at work and approaching each other at various points. Four shifts comprehend 80 men each, and four others 52 men each; so that in the first company there 320 individuals, and in the second 208, making in all a total of 528 persons. These men are employed upon salaries which vary from two to three dollars per day. Two dollars and a half is about the average rate. Hence to contend with the flames it costs the company $1,320 daily. In one week it costs $9,240; in one month, $36,960; while in one year, and from the present condition of affairs, I am safe in assuming that the fire will last three times that long, the company will have spent $443,520 at the lowest possible estimate. The capital stock of the company is generally conceded to be $10,000,000, but it would only require a few years' fighting of the fires in this Empire Mine to totally consume it. Nor is this all. Were these 528 men, instead of plying the hose, engaged in mining coal, they would each turn out three tons per day, or a total per diem of 1,584 tons.

I understand that every ton of coal is here valued at $3, so that in contending with their misfortune the company not only pays $1,320 per day, but also leaves $4,750 worth of black diamonds slumbering in the mines; hence in one week the company, through the fire, loses in coal alone, which were it not for the fire might be extinmed, $33,264; in one month, $132,956; in one year, the immense sum of $1,595,472.

The fire has been raging since January; therefore, by the end of March the company will have spent in quenching the flames $110,880, while at the same time it will have lost $398,868 in coal which, had the fire not broken out, the miners would have taken from the earth.

Sell the Racers.

At the time when the rivalry and jealousy of the great Whig leaders, Messrs. Clay and Webster, disturbed the harmony and menaced the integrity of the party, Mr. Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*, then Mayor of Washington, entertained at his hospitable mansion a large company of the most conspicuous gentlemen in the city belonging to that organization. One object was to furnish an eligible opportunity for those of the same political creed to confer freely at the social board, with a view to securing unity of action in Congress. Mr. Seaton had great faith in the softening influence of discreet conviviality, and being a genial host, of elegant address and winning manners, no man in Washington was better fitted to manage an affair of the kind. He was universally popular, never said or did an ungracious thing, and his entertainments were always a success. There was a general attendance of the Whigs, including Congressmen and members of the cabinet, and some prominent officers of the army and navy—General Scott, whose Presidential aspirations had given much uneasiness to several gentlemen whose eyes were turned in the same direction, besides Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay.

It was a jolly time, high living being a prevalent weakness of politicians in Wasnington. The situation had been discussed, several prominent gentlemen having frankly expressed their views. Obviously there was a lack of harmony among the leaders. At this stage of the consultation, Cost Johnson, speaking in a tone so loud as to arrest the attention of the company, begged permission to relate an anecdote which he thought applicable to the matter under consideration. "Go on! go on!" resounded from all parts of the room.

"A neighbor of mine in Washington county, a wealthy planter, was much addicted to horse-racing. The turf was a passion with him. He had a stable of fine horses of the purest blood, and he attended every meeting, far and near, if the race-course was accessible. His horses ran well, but he never won a purse. After repeated disappointments he told his trainer that he had made up his mind to sell his racing stud and retire from the field. 'Don't do dat, massa,' said the darkey; 'dem's first-rate hosses, and run like de wind.' 'But they never win a race, and I am determined to sell them.' 'Pray don't, massa—dey's good for something—dey can just beat one anodder.'"

There was a loud laugh at the story; but it was observed that Messrs. Clay, Webster, and Scott did not seem to enjoy it as much as the rest of the company.

No Hope for the Fenian Convicts.

In the English House of Commons' Mr. Anderson asked how many Fenian convicts were still undergoing sentence, where they were imprisoned, and whether the Government was or was not of the opinion that the time had come for their release.

Mr. Cross, the Home Minister, replied that the total number of these prisoners was sixteen. Two were now undergoing sentence for the Manchester murder, but none for the Clerkenwell outrage. Two others were under sentence of imprisonment for fifteen years, one for seven years, and eleven—who had been soldiers—were sentenced for life, having been convicted of supplying arms to and otherwise assisting the insurgents. They were distributed as follows: Three were in England, eight in one part of Australia and two in another, and three in Ireland. Mr. Cross concluded by declaring that the Government had no intention of interfering with the execution of their sentence. This announcement was received by the House with cheers.

WILL NOT YIELD.—In the New York debtors' prison there is a man who has been confined for four years for contempt of court. Every few months he is taken into court and given the privilege of apologizing and discharge, but he declares he was right and that he will not yield. So he lingers on year after year. "Pickvick and principle," as Weller would say.

JUPITER.—Now that the great planet Jupiter is so near the moon, the opportunity for a popular acquaintance with him is worth improving. Through an ordinary opera-glass two of his satellites can be seen, and a common house telescope will reveal the remaining two also.

A man out West was offered a dish of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring they could not play off any biled pipe-stems on him.

TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT,

The Story of An Old Revival.

The Buffalo *Courier* gives a brief history of the temperance revival of 1840. The preceding year had brought news of the magnificent crusade in which Father Mathew had for a time wrested Ireland from the grasp of King Alcohol. In Baltimore, in April, 1840, six intemperate men who had been in the habit of meeting nightly for convivial purposes, were suddenly led to frame and sign a pledge of total abstinence. They formed themselves into a body, which they called the Washington Temperance Society, and forthwith began to proselytize. In less than a year they had gathered into their ranks over one thousand reformed drunkards.

A prominent member of the parent society was John H. W. Hawkins, who early the next year headed a delegation to visit, hold meetings, and organize societies in New York, Boston, and several of the New England cities. The contagion of the enthusiasm generated at these meetings spread like a prairie fire. During the summer and autumn of 1841 the whole country was in a blaze of excitement. In the State of Ohio 60,000 signed the pledge; in Keutucky, 30,000; in Pennsylvania, an equal number. The parent Washingtonian society in New York in one year had gathered in 4,000 members, and had twenty-two auxiliaries, with a membership of 16,000. The St. Louis societies had 7,500 members. In January, 1842, the fire caught in Washington, and Tom Marshall, the first convert, led a movement which swept through the halls of Congress and carried away several of the city fire companies. The birthday of Washington, February 22, 1842, was a grand jubilee of temperance throughout the country. Three thousand reformed drunkards marched in procession that day in Baltimore alone. The following summer was one of prodigious activity in the cause. Nearly every distillery in Brooklyn was closed; in New York meetings were held weekly in fifty-two halls, and signatures were received for the pledge at the rate of two hundred a day. The production of liquor in the country had decreased absolutely one-half, and relatively to the population was not a third of what it had been ten years before. Before the close of 1842, also, the organization of the "Cold Water Armies," and lodges of the "Order of the Sons of Temperance" had begun, the latter being devised for the relief of reformed men in destitute circumstances. The Van Pelt of that day was Alexander Welsh, of New York, known as "king of the rum-sellers," who took the stump as an advocate of total abstinence with great effect. Five fire companies in New York and two in Brooklyn surrendered to the prevailing enthusiasm; the Mayor of the former city, and very generally the municipal and State officials of New York, publicly discountenanced the use of alcoholic beverages.

The period of natural reaction was to some extent postponed by the advent of John B. Gough in the field in 1844. In June of that year Mr. Gough and Rev. Dr. John Marsh, Secretary of the American Temperance Union, made a tour of New York State, arousing great fervor and excitement wherever they went. From 1844, however, the decline of the revival in the popular heart began. It was marked by the initiation of attempts to carry the movement into politics, and secure the enactment of prohibitory laws.

In 1846 the people of New York voted on license or no license. A tremendously energetic campaign was made by the temperance forces, and a bill enacting prohibition outside of New York city, was passed by an aggregate majority of over 45,000. The law, from the day of its passage, was virtually a dead letter, and alcohol began to regain its lost territory. In the meantime, however, the German brewer had begun to get a foothold in the land, and the growing use of his milder beverage prevented anything like a complete relapse into that excessive consumption of distilled drinks from which the temperanae agitation of 1840 had roused the country. It is thus seen that the great temperance movement of the last generation continued in force at least four years, and attained dimensions which have not yet been reached by the revival now in progress.

Stage Representations.

The thunder of the stage, says Olive Logan, is easily represented. If the roaring of Jove's artillery is supposed to be far away, a large leaf of sheet-iron dangling from the flies, shaken gradually with a faster and faster movement, will give a sufficiently good idea of it. This is the common mode of making stage thunder, but it does not always satisfy the exacting.

A common mode of "raising thunder," when the clap is supposed to be near and terrific, is by a contrivance of wood, and somewhat resembles a Venetian blind. It makes a great noise, giving a series of irregular shocks, which, combined with the rattling of sheet-iron, imitate a frightful thunderstorm pretty closely.

A snow-storm is represented at the theatre by small pieces of white paper showered down from above by men placed in the flies. The illusion is not very striking, as, like the "supes" under the sea-cloth, some of the assistants are apt to slur their work, and the result is an absence of the consistency of nature. The coats and hats of actors who are supposed to have been out in the snow are generally well dusted with flour, which, violently contradicting natural laws in its character of snow—though faithfully obeying them in its character of flour—does not melt away in the least when the actor comes in by the fireside.

Machines for imitating the roaring of the wind are numerous, and succeed to perfection. One is a simple structure of wood, with a broad band of silk running over a wooden wheel. When the wheel is turned, the wind is heard to roar. The noise of arriving carriages is easily managed by simply running a pair of wheels behind the scenes. The cracking of whips is produced by throwing small torpedoes on the floor. Animal cries are imitated by various machines; but nothing so resembles the braying of a donkey as the voice of a man who has made it his special study.

HIS KEEPERS.—When the Tichborne claimant entered the court on the morning of his conviction, he looked nervous and anxious, and seemed struck by the appearance of three men in plain clothes who were sitting right in front of him, and who up to that day had not appeared in court. Their services were shortly to be required. They were constables in plain clothes, prepared to retire if the jury should acquit; but otherwise ready to lay their hands upon the broad shoulders of the man, who must have been more than human if these three strangers—so like the expectant demons in the old legendary dramas—had not inspired him with dismal forebodings.

Wide bands of black velvet about the throat are again in fashion, with long ends hanging down the back below the waist.

The Literal Boy in the School.

Among the scholars, when Lamb and Coleridge attended, was a poor clergyman's son, by the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature, his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning, he went up to the master, Dr. Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner, "Please, Dr. Boyer, the boys call me Pontius Pilate." If there was one thing which old Boyer hated more than a false quantity of Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried with his usual voice of thunder: "Listen, boys! the next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides." Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow. Next day, when the same class were reciting the catechism, a boy of remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when Boyer's prohibitation unluckily flashed upon his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation, he blurted out, "Suffered under Simon Jennings, was crucified"—the rest of the word was never uttered, for Boyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hail storm or an Alpine avalanche. When the irate doctor had discharged his cane storm upon him, he cried: "What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?" "I only did as you told me," replied the simple-minded Christchurchian. "Did as I told you?" roared old Boyer, now wound up to something above the boiling point. "What do you mean?" As he said this, he again instinctively grasped his cane more furiously. "Yes, doctor, you said we were always to call 'Pontius Pilate' 'Simon Jennings.' Didn't he, Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him. Sam said naught, but old Boyer, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried, "Boy, you are a fool! Where are your brains!" Poor Dr. Boyer for a second time was floored; for the scholar said with an earnestness which proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate, "In my stomach, sir." The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant.

Liquor Laws of ye Olden Time.

Some of the old laws for the regulation of taverns are rather curious. The following, enacted July 11, 1677, by the "Great and General Court," held at plymouth, will serve as a specimen:

"It is ordered by the Court and the authorities thereof that none shall presume to deliver any wine, strong Liquors or Cider to any person or persons whoe they may suspect will abuse the same; or to any boyes, Gerles, or single persons, tho' pretending to come in the name of any sicke person, without a note under the hand of some sober person in whose name they come; on pain of five shillings for every such transgression. The one halfe to the Country and the other halfe to the informer."

Drunkenness was punished by various penalties, which will seem amusing to us, though doubtless considered otherwise by those who incurred them. Here are a few specimens:

"Sergeant Perkins, ordered to carry forty turfs to the forte, for being drunk."

"Daniel Clark, found to be an immoderate drinker, fined forty shillings."

"John Wedgewood, for being in the company of drunkards, to be set in the stocks."

"A man who had often been punished for being drunk was now ordered to wear a red D about his neck for a year."

Such entries may be found scattered through the old Court Records, and occasionally reprimands or dismissals for drunkenness may be found on the church records.

Quite a trade had sprung up between the colonies and France and the West Indies. The colonies exported fish, pipe staves, clap-boards, and received in return wines, rum and various other articles. Rev. Increase Mather, in a sermon preached at Boston in 1686, thus deplores the introduction and use of rum:

"It is a common thing that later years a kind of strong Drink, called Rum, has been common amongst us, which the poorer sort of People, both in Town and Country, can make themselves drunk with. Those that are poor and wicked too, can for a penny or two pence make themselves drunk. I wish to the Lord some Remedy may be thought of for the prevention to this evil."

Nearly two hundred years have flown by since the worthy Mather uttered this wish, and as yet no remedy has appeared.

An Affecting Farewell.

Mr. Thomas Price, of the Swan Hotel, Cirencester, England, has received, through Lord Derby, a parcel from the Foreign Office containing a watch and chain and appendages belonging to his only son, shot at Santiago through his connection as a seaman with the Virginius. The whole was wrapped in a sheet of note paper, upon which was written, in a bold hand, the following letter: "Santiago de Cuba, Nov. 7, 1873. My Darling Parents: I am now near my last hour. I am to be shot this afternoon at three o'clock. There are about thirty of us. My God, it is a fearful thing to shoot innocent men! My dear parents, I have always been a bad boy; but I never thought to bring this great sorrow on your heads. Give my love to darling Alice. Tell her I loved her dearly, and I hope God will bless and prosper her. I shall try to get my watch and chain sent home, and if you receive it, my dear parents, I would like dear Alice to have the lockets to keep in remembrance of poor Walter. Kind love to all my relations and friends, and tell them I die like an Englishman should die. And now