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J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

Select Poetry.

GENEVIEVE.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oh in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mountain lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonlight stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight:
She stood and listened to my harp,
And the lingering light.

Few sorrows had she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loved me best when I sang
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang of old and moving story—
An old romance that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

So listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose,
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight, that wore
His shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined; and ah! I
Told her, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which caused this bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darkness shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade.

There came, and looked him in the face,
As angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was I, fixed,
This miserable knight?

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leaped and a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land.

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed her brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves,
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—But when I reached
That tender strain of all the dirge,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
As undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight;
She blushed with love and maiden shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside;
As conscious of my love, she stepped—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me in her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

Thus partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beautiful bride!

THE GREAT HISTORICAL ROMANCE.
"Some books are lies from end to end.
An' some gnat lies were never penn'd,"
Said Burns fu' brawlie.

Was "England's History" here fore-
kenn'd?
May not "great lies" be William Penn'd?
Speak, Lord Macaulay!

Affections, like the conscience, are
rather to be led than driven; and it is to
be feared that they who marry where they
do not love, will love where they do not
marry.

Miscellaneous.

From the Scottish American.

The Scots in America.

STARK.—In the personal qualities of a true soldier—wonderful physical powers, bravery, sagacity, adherence to the cause adopted, and unconquerable determination—John Stark had no superior in America, and to these also added qualities of a high order for attaching soldiers to his side, and handling them skilfully in strategy and battle. He was born in the Scottish Irish settlement of Londonderry, New Hampshire, August, 1728. His father was a native of Glasgow, who had first emigrated to Ulster, Ireland, and then sailed from old Londonderry to the new world with a most valuable cargo—some hundred of his countrymen and women, characterized by the sound morals, industrious habits, and warm affections of the children of old Caledon. In those days, Londonderry was something of a shipping port; it far exceeded Liverpool or Greenock, hence as vessels often left it for America, many Scottish emigrants had to go there to find agencies to reach the "Western land."

John Stark's father was an industrious farmer, possessed of no worldly wealth but that derived from his own sturdy toil, combined with that of his thrifty wife and willing children. John lived with his father until he was twenty-five years of age, and aided in the support of a pretty large family. He was a genuine type of the American borderer in those days of wild war, hunting and farming. His mind was quick, his eye keen, his arm strong, and limbs supple.

"A stark-moss trooping Scot was he
As e'er crouched border lane to knee."

At this age, in connection with his older brother, William, and two other young men of the neighborhood, they started on a distant hunting excursion, in the wilderness inhabited by unfriendly red men, when he and one of his companions were taken prisoners by the St. Francis Indians. Carried to their settlement, they were doomed to the ordeal of the gauntlet, by being subjected to the punishment of running between two long files of warriors armed with clubs, each intent to show his dexterity by giving a blow to the victim. The companion of Stark was nearly killed by the ordeal, but when he was let loose he bounded like a tiger on his prey, knocking down the first warrior, seized his club, and leaped forward, dealing his blows right and left so rapidly that he cleared his way unopposed of all his assailants; and the old warriors, admiring his prowess, shouted loud their approval, adopted him into their tribe, and made him a young chief. These rude sons of the forest afterwards treated him with great kindness; his personal qualities led them to admire and respect him, and he ever afterwards entertained warm feelings for them. He was redeemed in a few months afterwards from his Indian captors by the commissioners of Massachusetts, and he returned home to become the greatest hunter and explorer for several years in N. England.

When the French war broke out, in 1754, he obtained a commission in the corps of New Hampshire rangers raised by Major Robert Rogers.

In January, 1757, Major Rogers, with his band of seventy rangers, made a long and severe march on snow shoes to intercept a French convoy of provisions between Crown Point and Ticonderoga, but they were surprised themselves by a force double their number. At the first fire Rogers was severely wounded, and his lieutenant was killed; and the command now devolved on Stark. The day was cold, a heavy sleet was falling fast, and the combat was very unequal in point of numbers. A retreat was suggested, but our hero gave the stern answer to such a request, that he "would shoot down the first man that turned." "Here," he said, "we must fight till night!" and on they fought furiously. A shot having destroyed the lock of Stark's rifle, he dashed forward, slew the foremost of the foe, snatched the musket from his dying grasp, and cheered on his men to the strife. Night at last came, when, leaving their dead with the snow for their "winding sheet," they took their wounded and began a dreary retreat, after five hours' hard fighting, to Fort William Henry—the nearest place for relief, forty miles distant. The snow was four feet deep on the ground, and the prospect, with a numerous foe behind, was depressing; but Stark was "the man for the hour." He gave strict orders to march on all night steadily, keep cheerful, and he would soon bring them aid. With two others, he then started onward for the fort, and by next evening reached it. His tale was soon told; and with himself in front, a strong party was quickly on the way to afford relief. That night saw them all safe. Without sleep, after a hard-fought battle, he walked forty miles on foot through the wilderness, and rode forty miles back—eighty miles—in two days. His heart was dauntless; his sinews steel. He was now made a captain—a richly deserved honor.

After this he was at the unfortunate attack upon Ticonderoga, where Lord Howe who admired him greatly, was killed, and where the British army, double the number of the French, was shamefully defeated. The Rangers, however, covered themselves with honor, and Stark was first in the fight and last out of it. "Through all this French war he was in active service, and in almost every notable engagement; numerous were his personal encounters, 'desperate his deeds of valor done,' and he became the model hero of his Ranger band. When the power of France was broken at Quebec and the war was ended, the Rangers were disbanded, and John Stark once more returned to his plough and his family, for he had now been married for some years.

When the contest commenced between

the mother country and the Colonies, Stark espoused the cause of the latter, while his elder brother William took side with the former, and was made a Colonel in the British army. He was a brave man, had fought in many battles, and was with Wolfe at the victory on the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec. The Republicans esteemed him a sincere but mistaken man, honorable in his intentions but it was a sad sight to see brother fighting against brother, neighbor against neighbor.

Twelve hundred hardy men arrayed themselves in two regiments, under Stark, and marched to assist their Massachusetts brethren at Bunker Hill, and a good account they gave of themselves in that ever-memorable battle. They had perfect confidence in their leader, and General Gage, who knew him well, declared to his fellow English officers, on the eve before the battle, that "if John Stark was among the provincials, he would give them fighting to-morrow." In the midst of that struggle, word was brought to Stark that his son, a lad of sixteen years, was killed. With the spirit of an old Roman patriot, he said: "This is no time for private grief, with the foe in our face; go, your duty, my men."

In 1777 he joined the regular army under Washington, and commanded the right wing of the advance guard at the famous fight at Trenton, and at the battle of Princeton he took a prominent part. But even after these American victories, the army under Washington was threatened with dissolution, as the term for a great number of the soldiers' enlistment was expiring, and their sufferings were great. The enthusiasm of Stark's regiment for him made them re-enlist to him, for six weeks, at his request, and then he went home to New Hampshire, to raise up his old companions in arms and friends, to engage in the cause. His success was complete, and they flocked, man after man, to fight under him. But just at this time, when this veteran of so many battles had placed himself in the midst of his willing followers, he found himself deeply injured by Congress, his juniors in years and in service having been promoted above him. He at once repaired to the Council, and protested against the insult and injustice of the act, but this was of no avail, and he threw up his commission in disgust, and retired to his farm. But he then armed every retainer of size and strength, and his four sons, and sent them forth to fight their country's battles. Gen. Schuyler, who subsequently suffered a like injustice, urged him to remain in service, but he said, "An officer who cannot maintain his own rank and assert his own rights, cannot be trusted to vindicate those of his country." While on his farm, he was not a disinterested observer of the operations of the enemy, and he was soon called forth again from his retirement, to perform one of the most brilliant achievements in the annals of the Revolution.

When Burgoyne was marching from Canada, lying waste all around him, the Assembly of New Hampshire raised a small force, and solicited Stark to command it, and cheer the progress of the British general in Vermont. He accepted the command with the stipulation that he should be independent, acting only for New Hampshire. The militia, when informed who was to be their leader, joyfully and without delay marched under him to Bennington. Here he was met with orders to place himself under Gen. Schuyler, and expedite his troops to the west bank of the Hudson river. Stark refused to obey such orders; said he was under the direction of the Assembly of New Hampshire, and no others; and that he was bound to defend Vermont. This act was regarded at the time as one of military insubordination, and he was censured by Congress for it, but he soon convinced those who had done him injustice, that he was a man above their comprehension. Burgoyne, having dispatched a large division of his army to attack Bennington, and obtain a supply of provisions stored there, Stark prepared his men for action as best he could, although they were poorly armed, and had no artillery. On the morning of the 16th August, he marshaled his soldiers for the desperate onslaught, and in a brief, but touching speech, he concluded with the memorable words, "We must conquer, boys, or Molly Stark is a widow to-night." He knew how to inspire his followers with enthusiasm, and in they steadily dashed upon the enemy, and fought with the fury of men determined to "do or die." The action was very severe and lasted two hours. He obtained a complete victory, took seven hundred prisoners, four brass cannon, and several hundred stand of arms. If Napoleon's standard is correct, that the greatness of a victory is measured by the number of prisoners taken, then the battle of Bennington was certainly, for the number of troops engaged, a very great victory. It broke the power of Burgoyne, and was the incipient cause of his complete and final overthrow. This able and gallant achievement placed Stark in the front rank of American military leaders, and made Congress feel the obligations due to the man who had been deeply injured.

A vote of thanks was immediately granted him, and he was reinstated in the regular army as Brigadier-General. During the rest of the war he was very active, and in battle and out of it he was always doing brave service for his country. He was the veteran of two protracted wars, and fifteen of his years were spent in active campaign, full of hardships and perils. He was renowned as a patriot, idolized as a leader, and loved by his relatives and neighbors; yet this hero of so many fights, the foremost in danger, who never turned his back to a foe, and who had numerous personal encounters, could count no scar; he never was wounded; he passed unscathed through showers of shot and shell, and lived till he was sixty-four years of age. We have seen it stated

that he spoke with a strong Scottish accent as did most of the New Hampshire people in that day. He sleeps on the banks of the Merrimack river. His monument is an obelisk of granite; the inscription on it—

"MAJOR GENERAL STARK."

Bloody Affray in Kentucky.

The Louisville Journal of the 2d inst., contains the following particulars of the recent bloody affray at Hawesville, Ky., which has since resulted in the lynching of Lowe by the populace:

Some months ago a difficulty occurred at a political meeting near Cloverport between Mr. Chero Maxwell, of Hartford, Ky., Prosecuting Attorney of his district, and Mr. Thomas Lowe, formerly of this city, and for the last three or four years a merchant of Hawesville in this State. After the occurrence of the difficulty, Mr. Lowe sent a note to Mr. Maxwell by the hands of a friend, but Mr. Maxwell, receiving it, thereupon some billigerent demonstrations were made in the streets of Cloverport, but no encounter took place.

Subsequently Mr. Lowe declared publicly, or at least openly, that he would horse whip Mr. Maxwell at sight. An attempt was made by a mutual friend, of high character, to bring about the adjustment of the quarrel, but the effort failed, and Mr. Lowe's threat of personal violence was renewed in writing.

Mr. Maxwell's duties of Prosecuting Attorney required him to attend the Court which met on Monday last, at Hawesville, the residence of Mr. Lowe, and of course it was expected that the two gentlemen would then meet. Much anxiety was felt by their friends, and another effort was made for the adjustment of the difficulty, but, although we have reason to know that both Mr. Lowe and Mr. Maxwell were desirous that there should be an adjustment, none was effected.

Naturally a great many persons assembled at Hawesville on Monday, in anticipation of an affray, and some probably with a thought of taking part in it. Certainly a vast number in the town were armed. Matters came to a crisis on Tuesday.

According to the statement made to us, Mr. Maxwell on Tuesday was making a speech at the Court House in Hawesville. Mr. Lowe appeared at the door, denounced him aloud as a traitor, and made another remark much more hard to hear. Mr. Maxwell fired at him. Lowe returned the fire, and the then in rapid succession more than a hundred shots with pistols and guns were fired, nearly or quite all of them at Lowe. Maxwell, who was unhurt, desisted after his first fire. John Aldridge, a friend of Lowe's, was instantly killed, being shot through the head and arm, but we are not informed whether he fired or not. Mr. Miller, a friend of Maxwell's, was shot through the thigh. Lowe was shot in the thigh, and had the thumb of his right hand shot off, and his clothes, including his shirt, were entirely ruined. Lowe repeated to the house of Mrs. Smart, and we presume that most of the shots fired at him were fired during his retreat. He was afterwards taken to the jail, and a strong guard was placed around it to prevent him from being lynched by the populace.

Soil and Climate of the Southwest Shore of Lake Superior.

Extract from the report of the Bayfield Lyceum, on the agricultural productions of that vicinity, in La Pointe county, W.

"Vegetables remain green from the 15th May to 15th October, making our grazing season five months, fully equal to that of the Middle States. Our winters are somewhat longer than in those States, but our summers are nearly, if not quite, as long. This, together with the uniformity of temperature in winter, and the healthfulness of the climate, both for man and cattle, demonstrates the fact that, at no distant day, this is destined to be a fine stock growing country."

Extract from a letter written by a clergyman in Bayfield, dated January 8th 1859:

"If the people abroad had proper impressions concerning the soil, climate, &c. of this region, the population would rapidly increase. Many have an idea that this is a barren, inhospitable, and cold region, unfit for human habitation. This is a mistake. We do not tell the cold as in Pennsylvania, nor do we feel chilly as there. The winter is lovely and durable. I never saw such beautiful winter weather, so much sunshine, no mud, no slush, such magnificent sunrise and sunset scenes. One would rather be out than in doors."

A gentleman, now residing in Bayfield, formerly a resident of the southern part of Ohio, stated that for two successive seasons he left his former residence late in Autumn, after the vegetation had been killed by the frost, and that when he arrived in Bayfield the grass there was green and the cattle were still grazing. His opinion was, that frost was from ten days to three weeks later in Bayfield than in southern Ohio.

Extract of a letter dated Bayfield, January 23, 1859:

"I would not change our Lake Superior climate for any other I have ever seen in any part of the world. This winter is very mild. We have had but three or four mornings that the thermometer has read below zero and for three days past, it has averaged 24° above. We would prefer it to a colder. The snow is about eighteen inches deep on the plains. Our town and vicinity are exceedingly healthy; indeed I do not know of a single case of sickness or even of bad health in our county."

25. The young gentleman who flew into a passion has had his wings clipped.

Ill-Mannered Children.

Sadness fills the mind to see how early infantile playfulness and grace are lost, and wither even before budding. The passion for jewelry is instilled in the cradle. It is distressing to see nurslings with rings and bracelets, and so on upward through all gradations of age. It is especially American, and we must suppose this fashion is borrowed from the Indians. Then again, before they can spell or read fluently, they "polk," and are put bodily through the deforming manipulation of the dancing master, as if the dancing master could give that genuine graceful deportment which the French call *bonne*. Their little embryo minds and hearts are already poisoned with coquetry and love of show. They have *beaux*, receive calls, give banquets, make appointments; rivalry and envy in their ugliest shape, early take possession of their souls.

For years I have observed this disease all over the country, in all cities where I have seen society. Above all, it is painful to one's feelings at hotels and watering places. When I see here, in the evenings, in the parlors, rows of these little dolls and fops, dressed, ribboned, jeweled, fanning themselves, monkey-like, in imitation of the elder part of society, I feel an almost irresistible itching in the fingers to pinch their mammae. Nurseries seem not to exist in America. In this respect, the manner of bringing up children is far superior all over the Continent of Europe. There children are kept children as long as possible, and all care of parents and families is bestowed to watch over the tender blossoms, and preserve them from the beating, unwholesome influence of parties and motley company. It was so once in England, and the best example given by the reigning Queen, who, in over-fondness for her numerous progeny, originated, or at least made fashionable these juvenile parties, in which children, fully equipped in all the freaks and oddities of grown-up persons, represented withered dwarfs. One thing is certain, that such jeweled, affected, distorted creatures as are to be met in America, in streets, public and private parlors, at juvenile and grown-up parties, are the "little children" called to himself by the Immortal Teacher of simplicity, love, and sincerity.—An English Lady's American Travel.

THE BIRDS BITE.—A Not for Naturalists in Ohio.—About two years ago, Mr. Wm. Donnelly, the gentlemanly postmaster at the Blairsville Intersection, Western Maryland County, received as a present, from a friend, two large rattlesnakes, which he preserved in a box covered with glass. After keeping them some time, it was but natural to suppose that the "pets" should be "sacrificed." Acting upon this idea, and being under the impression that snakes would only eat living food, Mr. Donnelly caught four or five mice, and put them in the cage with their slimy companions, to be as was then supposed, devoured at a single gulp. But, to the astonishment of all the beholders, the mice, for several days counted over the snakes with seeming zest, and enjoyed themselves "as well as could be expected under the circumstances." Finally, one of the mice, being gnawed with hunger, commenced gnawing at one of the snakes. During this operation his snakeship would sometimes remain perfectly quiet; but, on other occasions would dart forth his head, at which time "four small rodent quadrupeds" would make a "straight coat tail"—or rather fall without the coat—into a corner. But when the snake returned to its quiet position, the mouse paraded again of its daily meal, and really continued this operation until it cut so much of the flesh as to leave part of the backbone and several of ribs on either side exposed, from which the snake finally died. There can be no doubt of the above statement, as we had it a few weeks ago from the lips of Mr. Donnelly himself.—Greenburg Republican.

A Southern Miller and an Eschscholtz Sea-Fox. Waco, Texas, Dec. 2nd.—Last evening a scene which was intended to be tragical, but which proved most essentially farcical, came off at a boarding house in Pine St., opposite the church of the Rev. Dr. Brainerd. It seems that a lady with her son—a youth of fourteen or fifteen summers—came from the West and put up at the house. While at the supper table, last evening, one of the regular boarders, who was lost in abstraction, happened to gaze vacantly in the direction of the Western lady. The latter considering the stare of the gentleman an affront which she should not submit to, seized a glass of water and poured it into the face of the boarder. Boarder immediately showed signs of hydrophobia, and he returned the aquatic compliment to the lady. Young Western thought of Dan Sickles and glory, and he immediately rushed up stairs. He reappeared in a trice, armed with a pistol, which he immediately let fly at the boarder, who was addicted to staring vacantly, and who believed in water for water. Fortunately the pistol ball lodged in the wall instead of the boarder's head, and boarder escaped unhurt. The rash youth determined to follow the example, and he immediately took to his heels. This inglorious retreat put an extinguisher upon the row, and when the police arrived there was nobody to arrest. Providently there was nobody there but blood spilt.—Evening Bulletin.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—On Friday the 23rd ult., in Armstrong county, near Texas, Mr. Samuel Lobangh was felling a leaning tree, it split up—Mr. Lobangh ran back, and in the act of climbing over a log the butt of the tree struck him and cut off his head and right arm. About the time the accident was discovered, the stage came along en route to Brookville, with three gentlemen passengers, who very kindly donated \$11.50 to the desolate family.—Clarion Democrat.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

NEW SETTLEMENT.—A new settlement has been started at Hammonton, New Jersey, which for success and progress rivals anything we have heard of in the West. There is a large emigration having objection to the West on account of unhealthfulness, distance and association, which embraces this new enterprise. The land is in a genial climate; and the soil is said to be amongst the best Jersey soil. Jersey, as will be seen by the statistics at the Patent Office, is the first agricultural State in the Union for the value of its products.—Hammonton is within thirty miles of Philadelphia by railroad, and enjoys one of the best markets in the Union. The tide of emigration to this place is immense, as well from the West as from the North.—Many of the best grape growers of Ohio have located, with a view to making wine. To judge of its progress, the population one year ago is numbered at only five persons; it now numbers over eight hundred souls, has one hundred and twenty-five buildings, three stores, two churches, Episcopal and Methodist, steam mill, brick-yard, marble yard, public school, newspaper, &c. some twenty-five miles of new roads opened, six square miles being improved, a new railroad station, and all the elements of an old place. We are satisfied that this place must possess merit from its unparalleled progress.

AN HONEST MAN?—WHERE IS HE?—Not long since a letter was sent to Chicago, from Toledo, directed to "An Honest Man." This letter it seems is going the rounds. It was received at our city Post Office to-day. Chicago sends the letter to Cincinnati, saying that "no such man resides there." Cincinnati sends it to New York, saying search Wall Street for the owner. New York sends it to Sing Sing, saying that the Postmaster will find him there, as he has several years yet to stay. Sing Sing sends it to St. Louis, saying that he lives there certain. St. Louis replies that there is no such man there—give it to some special agent, and sends it to Milwaukee. Milwaukee says that he has just left the city for Auburn, and sends the letter thither with instructions to the Postmaster at Auburn to deliver it at once to the "Rat Hole," as it must be some of Inspector Bailey's appointees. Auburn says it is refused at the "Rat Hole"—and remarks on the authority of "Copper John," that he has gone to Syracuse. Syracuse replies that there is no such personage here, and sends it to Rochester, with instructions to try "I. Butts on the wrapper"—he will claim it.—Syracuse Journal.

A PRETTY CONFEIT.—We yesterday saw, in the parlor of a friend, a very beautiful conceit. It is, of course, the fancy of a lady, and consists of the burr of a pine tree placed in a wine glass half full of water, and from between the different layers of the burr are shooting forth green blades—bright, beautiful, refreshing. For a little thing, we have seen nothing that so pleased us by its beauty and novelty. And the secret is this: the burr was found dried and open; the different circles were sprinkled with grass seed, and it was placed in a wine glass, with water in as above. In a few days the moisture and nourishment gave the burr life and health, the different circles closed and buried within themselves the grass seed, and a few days more gave to the seed also, life, sprout and growth, and now a myriad of living green, beautifully relieved by the sombre hue of the burr, is the result—as pretty and novel a parlor ornament as we have for a long while seen. We do not know whether the idea originated with the lady, but we do know that its success is beautiful.—Troy Times.

THE RELATION OF THE SEXES.—Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes, the passion of love, in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician—let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and weak novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every day existence, or moral welfare? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Where, as it is a great mystery, and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death.—Why, then, should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing.—Mrs. Jameson.

I heard a story day before yesterday, which I am assured is authentic, which illustrates the confused ideas well-educated Englishmen have of our most remarkable men. An Englishman, about nine years ago, who might be supposed to know better, thus addressed an American: "So, I see one of your great men has come to grief; I am very sorry for I knew him a little when he was here." "I don't understand you," replied the American, "whom do you mean?" "Why your great man that I have heard you and your countrymen talk about—Mr. Webster, you know that made the dictionary." "He didn't make the dictionary, the one you mean," answered the Yankee. "But no matter for that—what has happened him?" "Why haven't you heard?—he's been hung at Boston for murdering Docto. Parkman!"