happening back in the ladies' cabin

Loetry.

For the Intelligencer

The Seasons. Grim "February" clad in icy mail, Drives on the boisterous wintry gale— His winds the Alpine summits know, White girding on perpetual snow. Wild blustering March is cold and drear, Un il oright sunshine days appear; Then Winter's ice-bound spell is gone. And flowery Spring soon blossoms on. When April s sun resumes his sway, And sheds his warm effulgent ray; He clears away old Winter's track, And brings the genial Spring-time back. When May in brightest green appears, And Nature's flowery costume wears; She spreads her blossoms o'er the trees And flings their perfume o'er the breez Fair June begins bright Summer's day, And clothes her fields with new made hay She spreads her grandeur o'er the main, While zephyrs wave her ripening grain.

As rolls fair July's sun arourd, The harvest sheaves are reaped and bound; And e'er the lammas floods begin, The ripened shocks are gathered in. The Summer's glorious orb of day, Pours forth his heated August ray; But soon his heat begins to wave, And Autumn winds resound again. When o'er the equinoctial's gale, September's winds begin to wall; And e'er the Autumn frosts have come, The Summer's flowers are gathered hom 'Tis on October's milder day, The ripening corn is stored away; But when fair Indian Summer's o'er, The Autumn skies begin to lower. Throughout November's eve's of gloom, The Summer's flowers are strewn around And withered leaves lie o'er the ground.

Biteraru.

OLD SADSBURY

December's winds drive o'er the plain,

The One-Eyed Servant.

A Story Told to a Child. BY JEAN INGELOW.

Do you see those two pretty cottages on opposite sides of the common? How bright their windows are, and how pretty the vines trail over them. A year ago one of them was the dirtiest and most forlorn looking place you can imagine, and its mistress the most untidy. She was once sitting at her cottagedoor, with her arms folded as if she were in deep thought, though to look at her face, one would not have supposed she was doing more than idly watching the swallows as they floated about in the hot, clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby, her shoes down at the heels; the little curtain in her casement, which had once been white and fresh, had a great rent in it; and altogether she looked poor and forlorn. She sat some time, gazing across the common, when all of a sudden she heard a little noise, like stitching, near the ground. She looked down, and sitting on the border, under a wall-flower bush, she saw the funniestlittle man possible, with a blue coat, a yellow waist-coat, and red boots; he had got a small shoe on his lap, and he was stitching away

little man. "A very fine day. Why now through the clear glass; and what may you be looking so earnestly across | a sweet smell of hawthorn. "I was looking at my neighbor's cottage," said the young woman.

at it with all his might.

"What? Tom, the gardener's wife? little Polly she used to be called; and a very pretty cottage it is too! Looks thriving, doesn't it?" "She was always lucky." said Bella.

(for that was the young wife's name, "and her husbandıs always good to her." "They were both good husbands at

first," interrupted the little cobbler without stopping. "Reach me my awl mistress, will you, for you seem to have nothing to do; it lies close by your

"Well, I can't say but they were both very good husbands at first," replied Bella, reaching the awl with a sigh; "but mine has changed for the worse, and her's for the better; and then how she thrives. Only to think of our both being married on the same day; and now I have nothing, and she has two pigs and a-"

"And a lot of flax that she had spun in the winter," interrupted the cobbler; "and a Sunday gown, as good green stuff as ever was seen, and to my knowledge, a handsome silk handkerchief for an apron, and a red waistcoat for her good man, with three rows of blue-glass buttons, and a flitch of bacon in the chimney, and a rope of onions,"

"Oh! she's a luckywoman," exclaim-"Ay, and a tea-tray with Daniel in

the Lion's Den upon it," continued the cobbler: "and a fat baby in the cradle." "Oh! I'm sure I don't envy her that last," said Bella pettishly. "I have little enough for myself and husband letting alone children." "Why, mistress, isn't your husband

in work?" asked the cobbler. "No, he's at the ale-house."

"Why, how's that? he used to be very sober. Can't he get work ?" " His last master wouldn't keep him because he was so shabby.'

"Humph!"said the little man; "he's a groom, is he not? Well, as I was saying, your neighbor opposite thrives wonderfully; but no wonder! Well I've nothing to do with other people's Secrets, but I could tell you, only I'm busy, and I must go."

"Could tell me what?" cried the young wife. "O, good cobbler, don't go, for I've nothing to do. Pray tell me why its no wonder that she should thrive?"

"Well." said he, "it's no business o mine, you know, but as I said before, it's no wonder people thrive who have a servant-a hard working one, too-

who is always helping them." "A servant!" repeated Bella, "my neighbor has a servant! No wonder then, everything looks so neat about her; but I never saw this servant. I

think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?" "She has a servant, Î see!" repeated the cobbler-" a one-eyed servant-but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good morning, mis-

tress, I must go." " Do stop one minute," cried Bella, urgently "where did she get this ser-

"Oh, I don't know," said the cobbler servants are plentiful enough, and Polly

used her's well, I tell you." " And what does she do for her?" "Do for her? Why, all sorts of things-I think she's the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledgeshe never

refuses to do anything, keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in beautiful order, and the baby's." "Dear me!" said Bella, in an envious tone, and holding up both hands: "well. she is a lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes good care I shall never see her servant. What sort of a servant is she, and how came she to have

"It runs in her family," replied the

cobbler, stitching busily; "they are all so—one eye apiece; yet they make a very good use of it, and Polly's servant has four cousins who are blind-stone blind; no eyes at all; and they sometimes come and help her. I've seen them in the cottage myself, and that's how Polly gets a good deal of her money. They work for her, and she takes what they

make to market, and buys all those handsome things. ' "Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry with vexation, "and I've not got a soul to do anything for me: how hard it is!" and she took up her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her. 'Well, you are to be pitied, certainly," he said, "and if I were not in such a

"O, do go on, pray-were you going and fresh gooseberry syllabub. Now, if you would help me, trust me that there should be the most beautiful curds and whey set every night for you on the hearth; and nobody should ever look when you went and came." 'Why, you see," said the cobbler

hesitating, "my people are extremely particular about-in short, about cleanliness, mistress; and your house is not what one would call very clean. No offence. I hope?"

Bella blushed deeply. "Well, but it should be always clean if you wouldevery day of my life I would wash the floor, and sand it, and the hearth should be whitewashed as white as snow, and the windows cleaned."

"Well," said the cobbler, seeming to them out, and how queer they looked consider, "well then I should not wonder if I could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like your neighbor's; but it may be several days before I can and mind, mistress, I'm to have a dish of curds.

"Yes, and some whipped cream, too," replied Bella, full of joy. The cobbler then took up all his tools wrapped them in his leather apron. walked behind the wall-flower, and

Bella was so delighted she could no sleep that night for joy. Her husband scarcely knew the house, she had made it so bright and clean; and by night she had washed the curtain, cleaned the window, rubbed the fire-irons, sanded the floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in blossom on the hearth. The next morning-Bella kept a sharp

lookout, both for the tiny cobbler and on her neighbor's house, to see whether she could possibly catch a glimse of the one-eved servant. But, no -nothing could she see but her neighbor sitting on her rocking-chair, with her baby on her knee, working.
At last, when she was quite tired she heard the voice of the cobbler outside. She ran to the door and cried out— "O do, pray, come in, sir, and look at

my house!' "Really," said the cobbler, looking round, "I declare I should hardly have "Good morning, mistress!" said the known it—the sun can shine brighly "Well, and my one-eyed servant?

asked Bella—you remember, I hope, that I can't pay her any wages-have you met with any one that will come?" 'All's right," replied the little man, aodding. "I've got her with me." "Got her with you?" repeated Bella,

looking round, "I see nobody." "Look, here she is!" said the cobbler. nolding up something in his hand. Would you believe it, the one-eyed

ervant was nothing but a Needle! Reading Aloud.

Hall's Journal of Health thinks this exercise is one that combines mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. To read aloud, well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear, his own voice. and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding which modulates the voice to the number and distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to know whether he is distinctly heard by the furthest listener in the room; if he is not able to do so, it is from a want of

proper judgment and observation. Reading aloud helps to develop the ungs just as singing does, if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of a long breath every once in a while, oftener and deeper than that of reading without enunciating. The deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice.

Common consumption begins uniformy with imperfect, insufficient breathng; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts the short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading the page aloud, and in less than three minutes the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud developesa weak voice and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency, also, in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and clear away, to the confusion of himself as much as that

This loud reading, when properly done, has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that muscles are strengthened by exercisethose of voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence n many cases, absolute silence diminshes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it forever. The general rule in appropriate cases is to read aloud in a conversational tone, twice a day, for a minute or two, or three at a time, increasing a minute every other day until half an hour is thus spent at a time, twice a day, which is to be continued until the desired obect is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uni-

form result. As a means, then, of health, of avertng consumption, of being social and entertaining in any company, as a means of showing the quality of the mind, let reading aloud be considered an accomplishment far more indispensable than that of smattering French, or lisping Italian, or dancing cotillions, gallopades, polkas and quadrilles.

—It is stated that a large majority of Congress are opposed to the proposed measure for the equalization of bounties. It would require, according to an official statement, over \$600,000,000, and four-fifths of the amount, it is claimed, would go to speculators and claim agents, who have bought up soldiers' certificates,

A Hundred Years Hence.

Swallowing an Oyster Alive. At a late hour one night, the door of an oyster house in St. Louis was thrust ppen, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linseywoolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently stuck that far through his inexpressibles .to say you could help me? I have heard | His crop of hair was surmounted by the your people are fond of curds and whey, funniest little seal skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the bivalves, and slowly ejaculated-"is-

> operator,—" and fine ones they are too." "Well, I've heard of isters afore," said he, "but this is the fust time I've seed em, and perhaps I'll know what they are made of afore I getout of town." Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate, and scrutinized the uncased shell fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrions searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting

"Yes, sir." responded the attentive

when out. "I never seed anything hold on sotakes an amazin site of screwin, hoss, to get em out, and aint they slick, and slippery when they does come? Smooth as an el! I've a good mind to give that fellow lodgin' jist to realize the effect, as uncle Jess used to say about specula-

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a

dozen.' "Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker, that's stickin' it on rite strong, noss, for isters A dozen on em aint nothin to a chicken, and there's no gettin more'n a picayune a piece for them, I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag who was standing by indulging n a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted. "Now mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair-two chickens for a dozen--you're a witness, mister, turning at the same time to the wag; none of your tricks, for I've heard that you city fellers are mity slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker prepared himself for the onset; deliberatlely put off his seal skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came-he saw-and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause joy and happiness are all hidden from The wag dropped his knife and fork with a look of mingled amazement and horror-something akin to Shakspere's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost-while he burst into the exclama-

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!" Our Sucker here had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open. Fear-a horrid dread of he didn't know what—a consciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to

" What on earth's the row?" "Did you swallow it alive?" inquired

the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me." shouted the Sucker. "You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend, "the creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added

he in a most hopeless tone. "Get a pizen pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "O gracious what'll I do!-It's got hold of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken! Do something for me, do-don't let the infernal sea-toad

eat me afore your eyes." "Why don't you put some of this on t?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough-the Sucker upon the instant, seized the bottle, and desperately wrenching out the cork. swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect. while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish advertiser approached, almost bursting with sup-

pressed laughter, and inquired: "How are you now, old fellow,-did vou kill it ?"

"Well, I did, hoss—ugh, ugh o-o-c my inards. If that ister critter's dyin agonies didn't stir a ruption in me equal to a small arthquake, then taint no use say, in it—it squirmed like a serpent, when that killin stuff touched it; bu' -and here with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "if you get two chickens from me for that live animal. I'm d-d! and seizing his seal-skin he vanished.

The Honey Moon.

Why is the first month after marriage called the "honey moon?" Doubtless on account of the sweet lunacy which controls the heads of the parties during that brief and delightful period. What a pity that they should ever get quite rational again! That sentimentality should give place to sentiment, sentiment to sense, love yield to logic, and iction to fact till the happy pair are reduced from the Eden of romance to the Sahara of reality—from Heaven to earth -and perhaps a peg lower!

Strange as it may seem, there have been couples who have quarreled in the first month of matrimony, and have got hack to their astonished parents before the good mother had fairly got done weeping, (and rejoicing, too), at her daughter's departure. Their "honeymoon" soured at the full of her thorn and become a moon of vinegar instead. A bad omen, that! There was much sense and propriety in the text which the ancient elergymen chose for a wedding sermon. It was taken from the Psalms of David, and read thus: "And let there be peace, while the moon endureth."

-Another cold term is upon us. In the West yesterday, the weatherwas unusually severe. At Leavenwortn, Kansas, yester day, the thermometer marked sixteen below zero; at St. Louis ten above; at Cincinnati,

How melancholy the contemplation when one allows the mind to wander back through the dim vists of by-gone days, a hundred years ago. But if this is melancholy, how unutterably so when we suffer the imagination to launch out in the mazy depths of the undiscovered future "a hundred years hence." What solemn thoughts are suggested! Where will be the countless myriads who now throng the busy streets, and to whose ringing tread these pavements now echo a still small voice, stealing up from the misty shades of the past, in hollow iones replies :

"As you are now so once was I, As I am now so you must lie." Yes, dear reader, together we are fast raveling down to "that bourne whence no traveler yeturns." Soon will we have to bid adieu to kindred, friends, oved ones, and all that we cherish and hold dear upon this terrestrial ball and go down to mingle with our kindred past. Then death will level all ranks. Pain racks the brow of the rich man as well as that of the beggar, and then the palatial residence will be exchanged for a darkened chamber six feet by two of mother earth while the diadem flashing upon the brow of royalty, and the gems blazing upon the breast of beauty, will be exchanged for no other ornament hen the winding sheet of death.

Where, then, will be the haughty ariscocrat, with a chilling sneer, or the mighty potentate with whose name the world resounds, and at whose nod milions notice and obey? Ah, then the rich and the poor; the high and the low; the king and the subject; the wily statesman and his silly dupes; the warrior and the vanquished; the plot, the counterplot and the victim; the smiles of beauty and her frowns; alike the blushing maid and her sighing lover; the bright birds now singing in the forests; and the sweet flowers now blooming in the valley, will all have to share the fate of all things mortal, while "Eterna Quieta," will be written high over all that remains of them "a hundred years hence." Then what matters our petty strifes and contentions, our jealousies and heart burnings, our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows? What matters it when all is over that the polished tongue of slander, envy and jealousy now blight our fair hopes and blast our brightest prospects with poisonous mildew of their enyenomed hearts? What matters the plot that now works our ruin and misery, or the pangs of unrequited love borne by the breaking, bleeding heart amid the taunts, the jeers scoffs of enemies, with no friendly bosom near whereon to lay the head and find sympathy and comfort in the hour of grief and woe? What matters it that we have trusted and been deceived; that we have built up bright visions of hope but to see through tears of wo their brightness fadeaway? What matters it that clouds of grief now hoverdarkly over our pathway, and that love, hope, friendship, our longing vision by its leaden lining? It will be the same a hundred years hence," as, side by side, we lie down together in the cold and silent grave, with the wild winds chanting requiems through the branches of the cypress and weeping willows as they wave over the dull cold marble which taught by

only mourner over our ashes "a hundred years hence." Couldn't Keep Them All Night.

the scuiptor's hand to weep, will be the

A short distance from the city of Montgomery, in the State of Alabama on one of the stage roads running from that city, lived a jolly landlord by the name of Ford. In fair weather or foul, in hard times or soft. Ford would have his joke. It was a bitter, stormy night or rather morning, about two hours beforedaylight, that he was aroused from his slumbers by loud shouting and knocks at his door. He turned out but sorely against his will, and demanded what was the matter. It was dark as tar. and seeing no one, he cried out:

"Who are you there?" "Burder, and Yancy, and Elmore, from Montgomery," was the answer, on our way to attend court. We are benighted, and want to stay all night." "Very sorry I can't accommodate you so far; do anything to oblige you,

but that's impossible." The lawyers, for there were three of the smartest in the State, and all ready to drop down with fatigue, held a brief consultation, and then, as they could do no better, and were too tired to go

another step, they asked: "Well, can't you stable our horses and give us chairs and a good fire until morning?"

"Oh, yes, gentlemen, can do that?" Our learned and legal friends were soon drying their wet clothes by a bright fire as they composed themselves the few remaining hours in their chair, dozing and nodding, and now and then swearing a word or two of impatience, as they waited till daylight did appear. The longest night has a morning, and at last the sun came along and then in due time a good breakfast made its appearance; and to the surprise of the lawyers who thought the house was

crowded with guests, none but themselves sat down to partake. "Why, Ford, I thought your house was so full you couldn't give us a bed last night!" said Burder.

"I didn't say so," replied Ford.
"You didn't? What in the name of thunder did you say?" "You asked me to let you stay here all night, and I said it would be impossible for night was nigh unto two-thirds gone when you came. If you only wanted beds, why on earth didn't you say so?"

The lawyers had to give it up. Three of them on one side, and the landlord alone had beat them all.

At a Sabbath School anniversary in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired: "And could you not have learned one

verse more, and thus have kept up with "Yes sir," the blushing child replied; 'but I loved Martha, and kept back on

purpose."
"And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the president, " that taught you this lesson ?" "There was, sir," she answered,

-Nine months ago Pithole City, Pennsylvania, consisted of two houses. Now it supports a newspaper having a circulation of 3,000 copies, receives 50,000 letters monthly, and sustains twelve hotels.

preferring one another.'

Miscellaneous.

Printing, Lithography, Engraving and Bookbinding in Pennsylvania. Compiled from the Census Report. In 1860 Pennsylvania contained 267 printing establishments, with an invest-

of \$6,022,877. This was more than double the product of any other State, except New York. In lithography we had 23 establishments, with a product of \$386,-300, which exceeded the return of any other State, and was nearly half the product of the whole Union. We had product of the whole Union. We had 12 type-foundries, with a product of \$308,300 (part of which was for stereotyping), ranking second to New York. We had 72 engraving establishments, employing 242 persons, with a product valued at \$322,400—ranking in this manufacture, also, second to New York. Our hook-hinding and blank-hood general control of the product of the p manufacture, also, second to New York. Our book-binding and blank-book establishments numbered 56, with a product of \$984,678—exceeded only by that of New York. Our State shared in the remarkable progress in these pursuits which marked the period from 1850 to 1860—the number of printing establishments having increased from 165 to 267, and their product in the former year and their product in the former year having been only \$1,71,612. Nearly all of this was executed at Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and comparatively a small amount in the latter city—more than \$5,-000,000 worth being produced by newspaper offices, book-publishing houses, and job-offices in our city. The book-printing of Pennsylvania was executed by 42 establishments, to the value of \$2,377,400—envolving a constant \$50. by 42 establishments, to the value of \$2,377,400—employing a capital of \$2,191,500 and 816 hands. Sixty-seven job printing offices, having invested a capital of \$559,600 and employing 739 hands, executed work valued at \$1,084,225; and 158 newspaper establishments, with capitals amounting altogether to \$1,-356,750 and 1,847 hands, printed newspapers annually to the value of \$2,561,-Sixteen newspaper establishments in Alleghany county (chiefly in Pittsburg) employed \$248,400 capital and 326 hands, and printed newspapers to the value of \$538,103 annually. William Brudford in 1656 four ways after the Bradford, in 1686, four years after the first English settlement was made in this city, erected the first printing-pri in Pennsylvania, and this was the sec-ond province in which this business was established. In that year he printed a small quarto tract, of which a copy is still extant, and soon after "Leed's Almanac," followed by other

phemeral and controversial tracts of religious and political subjects. In con-sequence of litigation with the authorities, growing out of some of his polemi-cal publications, Bradford removed to New York in 1693, and established the first press in that province. His Philadelphia office remained under the management of Jansen until 1712, when Andrew S. Bradford, a son of William, assumed control, and continued to be the principal or only printer in this city until 1723, when S. Keimer, an English printer, commenced a rival es tablishment, and employed among his workmen Benjamin Franklin, who in

his autobiography has immortalized the peculiarities of his employer. In December, 1719, Andrew Brad-ford commenced the publication of the American Weekly Mercury, which was the third newspaper in the colonies. Magazines and other serials were attempted by Dr. Franklin as early as 1741. The census report of 1810 returned 108 printing offices in Pennsylvania, trade of the United States by the annual fairs and trade sales. The former was suggested by Matthew Carey, who, in 1804, issued in Philadelphia the first quarto Bible printed from movable types in America and the trade sales were n America, and the trade sales were clanned by hisson, Henry C. Carey, the distinguished political economist. The Public Ledger was the first press The Public Ledger was the first press (manufactured by Richard M. Hoe, of New York) which printed with revolving type. In 1818 Adam Ramage, of Philadelphia, patented improvements of Ruthven's Scotch press. The rollers for distributing ink on the types, patented in 1817 by Hugh Maxwell, of Lancaster, was a great improvement on the balls previously used for inking. It was computed to save each press six dollars per week, besides a gain in time and quality of work. The Columbian press, a hand-press invented by George press, a hand-press invented by George lymer, of this State, was introd extensively. In style of finish and emblematic embellishment it exceeded anything before seen there. It was the

first press constructed in America to print two sides of a newspaper at once which it effected by a combination of levers.
The first published specimen of American lithography is contained in the Ana-clectic Magazine for July, 1819, which was a few years subsequent to the introduction of the art from Germany into England. It was executed upon Munich stone by Benjamin Otis, of Philadelphia, who had also executed lithographic engraving upon stone from a quarry near Dick's river, Kentucky. The second regular lithographic estab-lishment in the United States was com-menced in this city in 1828, by Kennedy & Lucas, but failed for want of experienced printers. John Pendleton, Kear-ney & Childs commenced the business soon after, employing as draughtsmen Rembrandt Peale and Mr. Swett. The book-binding and blank-book establishments in our State employed, in 1850, 641 male and 1,474 female hands, paying annually \$297,816 for labor, and having a capital of \$518,900. Andrew Bradford, one of our early printers, in 1718, and Benjamin Franklin, in 1729, established book-binderies here. In 1810, returns were made of 102 estab lishments in Pennsylvania, with a product worth \$107,183. In 1840 only 46 es tablishments were reported. Marblec paper of superior quality has been made in this city for a number of years.— Bookbinder's tools for producing the ornamental work were manufactured here more than 40 years ago, by David H. Mason, who took out a patent in January, 1826, for ornamental rolls and stamps for book-binders, and in part nership with M. W. Baldwin, the emiocomotive builder, introduced many new designs. Benjamin Gaskill, who was established as a book-binder here previous to 1812, was one of the first to use hydraulic presses, and other

Former Armies of the United States. The largest army ever assembled a any one time during the revolution was that commanded by General Putnum on Long Island. That numbered seventeen thousand men of all arms. The next largest was that with which Washington captured Cornwallis at Yorktown, when he had sixteen thousand. Our largest army assembled in 1812 was commanded by Jackson at New Orleans, and counted but six thousand. Coming down to the Mexican army, Taylor won his victories with a force never exceeding five thousand, and Scott's largest force was not beyond eight thousand five hundred. The largest army prior to the rebellion was, therefore, that of Putnam, at Long Island-seventeen

machinery in bookbinding in this

country.

Origin of Certain Habits. Many of the most pernicious habits were contracted originally for the sake of health. Wine and distilled liquors are taken to strengthen; tobacco, opium and hasheesh to relieve low spirits; card playing to amuse. But, too often, the persons who innodently acquire such

blushing still more deeply: "'In honor habits, know not how to limit the extent of the indulgence, or to abandon hem entirely when found to be prejudicial. The dose of excitement must be increased; habit exerts its sway; we are enclosed in its net, and happy is he who is able with resolute effort to extricate himself from it.

We take the following graphic sketch of the brilliant Sheridan from the Paris correspondence of the New York Eve $ning\ Post$, in which it is quoted from M. History of English Literature :''

ed capital of \$4,137,850, and a product "Sheridan was an adroit, amiable, generous, successful adventurer. The stepping-stone to his success was scandal He ascended like a brilliant meteor to the literary and political empyreau, arparently taking his place among the constellations, and then, gleaming for an instant, exhausted himself and vanished. No obstacle opposed his progress; he triumphed at once, seemingly without effort, like a prince who securely throws himself in a crowd when all make way for him. Every enjoyment attendant on success, every brilliant artistic attribute, whatever society most prizes, belonged to him as if by birth-Unknown, impoverished and suffering, the translator of an unreadable Greek sophist, wandering through the streets of Bath at twenty, in a red vest and three cornered hat, and never unconscious of empty pocket, he could yet win the heart of a beautiful woman, and—a first class musician—bear her off in the face of rich, elegant and titled admirers; fight with the most desperate, come off victor, and carry by storm the curiosity of a bewildered community.— Devoted after this to fame and money, ne poured upon the stage in rapid and cession pieces of the most diverse and popular character—comedy, farce, opera and grave poetry; purchasing and managing an extensive heatre without a sou, improvising success and a revenue, and capping the climax with a life of elegance, amid delightful family and so-cial relationships, to the astonishment and admiration of everybody. "He aspired still higher and won power. He entered the House of Com-mons, and showed himself equal to the first of its orators. He combatted Pitt, attacked Warren Hastings, supported Fox, rallied Burke, and sustained with

> the most liberal and most difficult of roles, becoming one among three or four of the most remarkable men of England, the equal of peers, a friend of the Prince Royal, and, at length, an of-ficial of the highest rank, as Receiver General of the Duchy of Cornwall and Treasurer of the Admiralty. He stood at the head of his career, no matter what it might be. Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do, says Lord Byron, has been par excellence always the best of his kind. He has written the best comedy, (School for Scandal,) the best drama (the Duenna,) the best farce, (the Critic,) and the best epistle, (Monody on Garrick,) and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration-(the fanous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in the country.

"All the ordinary rules of life were reversed for Sheridan. At forty years of age debts began to overwhelm him; he had drank too much and supped too much; his cheeks grew purple and his nose grew red. In this beautiful plight he encounters within the Duke of Devoushire's walls a charming young girl and is smitten. At the first sight of him she exclaims, 'How ugly; what a monster!' He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly,' but very that time was 51, and the number of presses 153. They were supposed to print annually 500,000 volumes. A great impulse was given to the book trade of the United States by the annual fairs and trade sales. The former was suggested by Matthew Commence of the United States by the annual fairs and trade sales. The former was suggested by Matthew Commence of the United States by the annual fairs and trade sales. The former was suggested by Matthew Commence of the United States by the admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. He converses with her a second and a third time, and she finds him exceedingly amiable. He converses with her a second and a third time, and she finds him exceedingly amiable. He converses with her again, and she loves him, and determines at all hazards to marry him the second and a third time, and she finds him exceedingly amiable. He converses with her; she admits he is very ugly, but very entertaining. him exceedingly amiable. He converses with her again, and she loves him, and determines at all hazards to marry him. The father, a prudent man, desires to forestall the project, and declares to his future again. future son-in-law that he must provide a dowry of fifteen thousand pounds; the fifeen thousand pounds appear as if by magic, and are deposited in the hands of ibanker. The newly married couple depart for the country, and the father, meeting his son, a firm, obstinate man. and ill disposed to the match, persuades him that it is one of the most reasona-ble a father could expect, and the happlest circumstance a brother could re-loice over! Let the man and the cirovercomes every thing. There is no overcomes every thing. There is no such thing as resistance; all yield to the charm. What could be more difficult than for an ugly man to blind the eyes of a young girl to his ugliness!

"One thing more difficult there is, and that is making a creditor insensible to indebtedness. There is something more difficult we—to convert a creditor.

more difficult yet—to convert a credi-tor's demand for money into an offer to loan more. A friend of Sheridan is ar-rested for debt, He summons Mr. Henderson, the crabbed financier. Sheridan coaxes him, interests him, softens him, inspires him: he overwhelms him with general considerations, and so eloquently that Mr. Henderson tendered his purse, begging permission to lend him two hundred pounds more, and finally, to his great delight, prevails on him to accept it. Never was such amiability and such facility in the obtaining confidence! Rarely has such natural, genial, absorbing sympathy displayed itself more powerfully! It is literally seduction! Creditors and visitors througed through his house daily. Sheridan has been such as the confidence of th idan would enter the room smiling and at ease, and demean himself so ously, so cordially, that people forgot their claims, their necessities, and seemed to be there for no other purpose than to call on him. His inspiration was electric; his wit incomparably dazzling; his fund of bon mots, his invention, his fertility of ideas, his sallies were inexhaustible. Lord Byron, who was a good judge, says he never heard or imagined such extraordinary power of conversation. People passed entire nights listening to him. Nobody equalled him as a boon companion. Even when intoxicated his mind never failed him. Picked up one day in the street by a policeman, the latter de-manded his name. 'Wilberforce,' he gravely replied. There was no coldness or formality to strangers or inferiors; he had the rare frankness, that natural ex-pansiveness which, in its generous self-abandonment forbids the slightest susabandonment forbids the slightest suspicion of reserve. Lord Byron's candid praise of him drew tears from his eyes, and he wept on recounting the miseries of poverty-stricken ambition.

People do not want to bestow sympathy and friendship on such natures, they immediately doff a suspicious, defensive attitude; finding a man self surrendering, they in turn surrender themselves up to him; expensiveness begets expensiveness. Sheridan's intellect was a quick, sparkling, impetuous instrument. The discharge of his

ous instrument. The discharge of his teeming brain was like the rattle of musketry. He would maintain himself sole speaker un wearied until five o'clock in the morning, ever manifesting the same brilliancy, variety and incredible fertility. A man is bound to be on his guard against such talents for improvision, such tastes for self-expansion, such love of pleasure. Life is not a fete, but a struggle with others and with oneself. We are obliged to think of the future, to question our powers, and to husband our resources. We cannot live without commercial precaution not live without commercial precaution and common-place calculation. If we sup too frequently we end in not being able to dine; if our pockets have holes in them silver will not remain therewhich is a trite remark. Debts accumulated with Sheridan, and hisstomach could no longer digest. He lost his place in Parliament and his, theatre in a conflagration. Officers were in hot pursuit of him, the law tor a long time having had possession of his residence. suit of him, the law for a long time having had possession of his residence. Finally a bailiff arrests the dying man, and proceeds to carry him from his bed in blankets, relaxing his hold only through fear of prosecution, the physician declaring that his patient would die on the way. A newspaper excited the shame of noblemen who could the shame of noblemen who could abandon such a man to so miserable a fate, and they hastened to leave their cards at his door. The funeral was attended by the King's two brothers, by dukes, by counts, by bishops, by the first men of England, who either bore or followed his body to the grave. What a singular contrast is the summary of his life and genius—lords attended his obsequies, and bailiffs were the ministrants of his death-bed!"

One Passenger More than was Registered. On Monday morning last, soon after he mail-boat General Buell had left Louisville, Mr. Penniston, the clerk,

saw a lady sitting solus and very closely vailed, and conscious that no such per-son had registered their name upon the books, he sought the chambermaid and sent her on a voyage of inquiry. That feminine official speedily put herself in communication with the vailed lady, ascertained that her name was Mrs. Scott, and that she was bound for this circus. and that she was bound for this city, on a visit to some friends, and she a very short time furnished with a state-room, with the privilege of occupying it alone, into which she retired. At the dinner hour it was noticed by Mr. Penniston, who did the honors o the table, that the above named lady did not make her appearance, and it was also noticed that she was absent at the supper table, whereupon the Clerk sent the chambermaid to her room to ascertain the reason, who soon returned with the information that the lady felt very much fatigued, and declined to join the passengers at that social meal. On the following morning she made her appearance in the ladies' cabin with a face as wallides a cheese table. a face as pallid as a sheet, and with such an appearance of extreme illness as to attract the attention of the other lady passengers, together with the chamber-maid, all of whom inquired the cause. Trembling with exhaustion, she pointed to her state-room, and then fell back in a fainting fit. The ladies rushed to the room, when they found in the lower berth a new-born infant, of which the sick lady had been delivered during the night; and that, too, all alone, without the assistance of any body, and so quietly that even the occupants of the addining room were unwarse of the djoining room were unaware of itwhich is a fact that would almost seem incredible. Of course, all the needful nourishment was afforded by the offi-cers of the boat, and the lady was soon recovered from her exhausted condition. At the suggestion of the lady passen-gers, and with the consent of the mother, the infant, which is of the female per-suasion, was named Ruells in boars of

the infant, which is of the lemane persuasion, was named Buella, in honor of the boat. Upon the arrival of the General Buell at our landing, Capt. Phillips generously called a carriage and had Mrs. Scott and her infant conveyed to eclat, disinterestedness and constancy St. John's Hospital, where the twain were put in charge of Sister Anthony, than whom no one knows better how to provide and take care of them. The lady passengers in that eventful trip will no doubt long remember the "one passenger more than was registered."-Cincinnati Enquirer, 8th inst. Attention! Congress!

twain

A few days since in Indianapolis, a negro got drunk—engaged in a row in a niggerorous, kept by a tan colored wench —was killed by another nigger and lain out in a back room waiting burial. The rats, not having the fear of Howe, Thad Stevens, Sumner, or the ghost of John Brown in their eyes made a feast on the hild of Ham, and in the language of the Indianapolis Herald-

When the coroner arrived at the house, it was found that both eyes had been enten out by the rats, and the most of the flesh of the right side of the face gnawed off, leaving the bones bure, thus intensifying the naturally disgusting appearance of the corpse.

We appear to Congress! A sperce! We appeal to Congress! A sacred object has been molested by copperhead rats. And that, in Indianapolis where the abolitionists had such a majority in 1864! Let the rats be destroyed! Let vermin be wiped out before they have another meeting to rat-ify some other another meeting to rat-ify some other "man and brother" of African descent. Let the churches be draped in mourn ing—let those who will not hang out black rags or bunches of wool be mobbed and business given them to do no more forever. Let a vigorous law be passed against rats. Give the niggers States bonds exempt from taxation and make the rats pay the interest! Here is an insult to Congress—to John Brown, and also to the late martyr. Perhaps the rats had orders to mutilate the body a la Booth, from Stanton. Let it be in quired into. Let a committee be appointed to go to Indianapolis to sit on rats—we mean the nigger, and let that committee have a train of cars, steam-boat and stores at government expense. And let the mayor of that city be hung for allowing rats to dine from the flesh of one of our prosperous nation's dusky figure heads. Send Carl Shurz down here to report. Send Butler there toblor them up. Send Curtis there to steal their cotton. Let the rats be destroyed, and then reconstructed, for here is disgrac most deep and damnable on the Amer ican people! Declare Indiana under mar-tial law—for there is in that state so much "Disloyalty" that even rats have caught the infection, and present Congress, seem bound to dissect the nigger. Oh you wished rats-how dare you?-La Crosse Dem

The Alleged Attempt to Assassinate Sen-W. L. Fleming, the "mysterious man in grey," who figured so extensively in recent newspaper reports, as the alleged would be assassin of Senator B. Wade, in Washington, is out in a card, denying the whole statement of the Senator as an absurd story. He says that the interview he had with Mr. Wade was not for the purpose of getting his aid in securing a situation, but to see him about the discharge of civilians from navy-yards. The writer says he served honorably in the navy, and produces letters of recommendation from Senators Wilson and Wade, and other prominent people. He claims to have been mixed up with Senator Wade in Kansas affairs, in 1857, and to have been valuable to him, and declares that on the night of the alleged attempt to assassing the was treated various leads. sassinate, he was treated very cavaller! by the Senator, for the reason that Mr. Wade had heard reports that Fleming had divulged "certain things in regard to Kansas affairs prejudicial to the Senator," to parties in Massachusetts. In conclusion Fleming declares that he never saw a pistol, or noticed any of the dramatic incidents pictured in the newspaper accounts of the affair, and asserts that the only knife he (Fleming) had was a "blunt affair" of a jack knife which he pulled out to cut off a chew of tobacco, which he took, saying that the "judge," as he calls Mr. Wade, was getting "sulky," and declares that if the Senator had produced a pistol, under the circumstances described, it would have found its way out of the window, and had he attempted the kicking business, he (the Senator) would have fol-lowed his weapon. In conclusion conclusion Fleming says: "I am a tolerably pa tient man generally, but, like most hard-fisted, able-bodied Yankee mechanics, should not stand kicking more than a week without getting my dande up. But there was no occasion for any such deeds of valor on his part, and he certainly attempted nothing of the

A Beautiful Idea. Among the Alleghanies there is pring so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer's day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than ,a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles or more, until it falls into the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on sea and the other on land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. It is a rivulet, an ocean, boundless and fathomiess as eternity.

tion.
'ATENT MEDICINES and other adver's by the column: olumn:
One column, 1 year,
Half column, 1 year,
Third column, 1 year,
Quarter column,
BUSINESS CARDS, of ten lines or less one year, Business Cards, five lines or less, one YEAR, MOTHER NOTICES

Executors' notices.

Administrators' notices.

Assignees' notices.

Anditors' notices,

Other "Notices, 'ten lines, or less,
three times,... Liebig's Method of Making Coffee. Baron Liebig, in the last number of the London Popular Science Review, gives the following account of his method of making coffee, by which, he says, the full flavor of the berry is preserved: "The usual quantities both of coffee and water are to be retained; a tin measure containing half an ounce of green berries, when filled with roasted ones, is generally sufficient for two

small cups of coffee of moderate strength,

one pound of green berries, equal to six-

or one, so-called, large breakfast cup-

teen ounces, yielding after roasting twenty-tour tin measures of half ounce for forty-eight small cups of coffee.
"With three-fourths of the coffee to with three-fourths of the coffee to
be employed, after being ground, the
water is made to boil for ten or fitteen
minutes. The one quarter of the coffee
which has been kept back is then flung
in and the vessel immediately with in, and the vessel immediately with-drawn from the fire, covered over, and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fail to the bottom it is stirred round, the deposit takes place, and the coffee poured off is ready for use. In order to separate the dregs more completely the coffee may be passed through a clean cloth, but generally this is not necessary, and often prejudicial to the pure flavor

of the beverage.
"The first boiling gives the strength, the second addition the flavor. The water does not dissolve of the aromatic substances more than the fourth part contained in the roasted coffee.

"The beverage when ready ought to be of a brown-black color; untrans-parent it always is, somewhat like chocolate thinned with water; and this want of clearness in coffee so prepared does not come from the fine grounds, but from a peculiar fat resembling butter, about twelve per cent. of which the ter, about tweive per cent. of which the berries contain, and which, if over-roasted, is partly destroyed.

"In the other methods of making coffee, more than half of the valuable parts of the base of the contains the contains

parts of the berries remains in the grounds, and is lost."

Liebig proceeds to discourse the coffee drinking and coffee in general in this entertaining style. this entertaining style: "To judge as favorably of my coffee as I do myself, its taste is not to becom-

pared with that of the ordinary beverage, but rather the good effects might be taken into consideration which my coffee has on the organism. Many persons, too, who connect the idea of strength or consternation with a dark or black color, fancy my coffee to be thin and weak, but these were at once inclined more favorably, directly I gave it a dark color by means of burned sugar, or by adding some substitute.

"The real flavor of coffee is so little known to most persons that many who drank my coffee for the first time doubted of its goodness, because it tasted of the berries. A coffee, however, which has not the flavor of the berry is no coffee but an artificial beverage, for which many other things may be substituted at pleasure. Hence it comes that if to the decoction made from roasted chicory,

carrots, or beet-root, the slightest quantity of coffee be added, few persons detect the difference. This accounts for the great diffusion of each such substitute. A dark mixture, with an empyreumatical taste, most people fancy to be coffee. For tea there are no substitutes, because everybody knows what real tea is like. "Heating qualities have generally been attributed to coffee, and for this reason it is avoided by many people; however, these heating qualities belong to the volatile products called forth by he destruction of the solu the berries in the process of roasting. Coffee prepared in my manner is not heating, and I have found that it may e taken after dinner without, disturb oe taken after dinner without disturb-ing the digestion, a circumstance which with me at least always takes place after the enjoyment of strongly-roasted coffee. "For special cases, such as journeys and marches, where it is impossible to be burdened with the necessary machines for roasting and grinding, coffee may be carried in a powdered form, and its aromatic properties preserved by the following process: One pound of the

following process: One pound of the roasted berries are reduced to powder and immediately wetted with a syrup of sugar, obtained by pouring on three ounces of sugar two ounces of water, and letting them stand a few minutes. When the powder is thoroughly wetted with the syrup, two ounces of powdered sugar are to be added, mixed well with it, and the whole is then to be spread out in the fir to dry. The sugar locks upon the volatile parts of the coffee, so that when it is dry they cannot escape. If coffee it is dry they cannot escape. If coffee is now to be made, cold water is to be poured over a certain quantity of the powder and made to boil. Ground cofee prepared in this way, and which lay exposed to the air for one month, yielded, on being boiled, as good a beverage as one made of freshly-roasted berries."

The Beer Chase.

Deer swim with great strength and buoyancy, and when hard pressed generally make for water, or as it is technically termed, "soil." To determine the best direction in which to make casts for recovering the scent when lost at water, demands the greatest perfection of the buntsman's skill,

Occasionally deer have been known to take to the sea. A stag leaped over a cliff near Corscombe, a heightof some three hundred and sixty feet, and was of course dashed to pieces, as were two or three hounds that followed him. On another occasion an old stag when hard pressed took to the Bristol channel, and wam boldly out to sea. He was observed from a small vessel, and a boat was sentafter him. With much trouble he was secured, hoisted on board, and eventually taken to Cardiff, and sold. In some cases, where a boat has been found at hand, the huntsmen have followed, and secured the animals when exhausted by long struggling with the waves, by means of ropes thrown over the horns.

The speed of the red deer is very great, although the animals never appear to hurry; it is said to equal that of the

Five Days' Imprisonment in a Railroad

Car.

A train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, laden with dressed hogs, which left Chicago on Friday morning of last week, arrived in this city on Tucsday evening. Upon opening one of the cars a man was found lying among the dead animals. He was in a filthy condition, and was almost dead, having eaten nothing for five days. One of his feet was frozen, and he was unable to walk or even stand. He was taken out of the car and properly cared. taken out of the car and properly cared for. When he had recovered sufficiently, he stated that he was a discharged soldier, and finding himself in Chicago,

without means, and being anxious to reach New York, he visited the freight depot for the purpose of discovering what chance there was for a passage to New York. He was told that the car containing the hogs would go directly through in the shortest possible time, and seizing an expectativity to slive the second services of the second services of the second services are services. and seizing an opportunity to slip into the car unseen, he did so, and had not waited long until he heard the door shoved forward and the lock fastened. Here he remained for five days and nights, without water or provisions.— He says that he did not eat any of the raw pork, as he became quite sick, and had no stomach for it. The employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company raised a handsome purse for him, and he was sent free over the road to Phila

-The Canadian people and press are greatly excited over the failure of the attempt to renew the reciprocity treaty. The government journals profess to be pleased. as it will lead to the consummation of the