

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XXI.—NO. 51

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY R. W. STURROCK.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, May 23, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

TIME.

BY G. L. FURNITUR.

Yet why muse

Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and home along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and beauty, yet why mourn
That such is destiny? Another year
Succeedeth to the past; the same blue arch
That has hung o'er us, will hang o'er us yet.
The same pure stars have loved to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour
Like lilies on the tomb of Day; and still,
Man will remain, to dream as he hath dreamed,
And mark the earth with his mad passions. Hope,
From the lone tomb of old Affections. Hope,
And Joy, and great Ambition will rise up
As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraved on the scroll
Of parted centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro as if the winds
Of Heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that time
Is passing on; it will ere long reveal
A brighter era to the Nations. Hark!
Along the valleys and mountains of the earth
There is a deep prophetic murmuring.
Like the soft rush of subterranean streams—
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the fierce Tempest, with sonorous wing,
Hovers his deep folds upon the rushing winds,
And hurries onward with his night of clouds,
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom—and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill-top of her western home—
And lo! it breaks across old Ocean's flood,
And Freedom's "Freedom!" is the answering shout
From the land of the free.
The day is brightening in the heavens!
The waxen moon of the night has fled the sign—
From tower to tower the signal flags flash free—
And the deep watch word, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright rays of hope
And life are on the wing. Our glorious bow
Of Freedom, lentled by the hand of God,
Is spanning time's dark surges. Its high arch,
A type of love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves
Gathering the forces of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heavens.

Miscellaneous.

The Last Days of Charles II. of Spain.

The prince on whom so much depended was
the most miserable of human beings. In old
times he would have been exposed as soon as
he came into the world, and to expose him
had been a kindness. From his birth
there was on his body, and on his mind—
With difficulty his almost imperceptible spark
of life had been screened and fanned to a dim
and flickering flame. His childhood, except
that he could be rocked and sung into sickly
sleep, was one long, pitiful wail. Till he was
ten years old his days were passed on the laps
of women, and he was never once suffered to
stand on his rickety legs. None of those
tiny little arches, clad in rags stolen from
sarcophagi, whom Murillo loved to paint beg-
ging or rolling in the sand, owed less to edu-
cation than this despicable relic of 30,000,000
subjects. The most important events in the
history of his kingdom, the very names of pro-
vinces and cities which were among his most
valuable possessions, were unknown to him. It
may well be doubted whether he was aware
that Sicily was an island, that Christopher
Columbus had discovered America, or that the
English were not Moha medians. In his youth
however, though too imbecile for study or
business, he was not incapable of being amused.
He shot hawked and hunted. He enjoyed with
delight of a true Spaniard two delightful
pastimes: a horse with its bowels gored out
and a Jew writhing in the fire. The time came
when the mightiest of instincts ordinarily
wakens from its repose. It was hoped that the
young king would not prove invincible to female
attractions, and that he would leave to Prince
of Asturias to succeed him. A consort was
found for him in the royal family of France,
and her beauty and grace gave him a languid
pleasure. He liked to adorn her with jewels
to see her dance, and to tell her what sport he
had with his dogs and falcons. But it was
soon whispered that she was a wife only in
name. She died, and her place was supplied
by a German princess nearly allied to the im-
perial house. But the second marriage, like
the first, proved barren, and long before the
king had passed the prime of life all the politi-
cians of Europe had begun to take it granted
that all their calculations that he would be the
last descendant in the male line of Charles V.
Meanwhile a sullen and abject melancholy took
possession of his soul. The diversions which
had been the serious employment of his youth
became distasteful to him. He ceased to find
pleasure in the nets and boar spears, in the
falcon and the falcon. Sometimes he shut
himself up in an inner chamber from the eyes
of his courtiers. Sometimes he loitered alone,
from sunrise to sunset, in the dreary and re-
gretful wilderness which surrounds the Escorial.
The hours which he did not waste in listless
indolence were divided between childish sports
and childish devotions. He delighted in rare
animals, and still more in dwarfs. When nei-
ther strange beasts nor little men could dis-
tract the black thoughts which gathered in his mind
he repeated Ave and Credos; he walked in
processions; sometimes he starved himself;
sometimes he whipped himself. At length a
complication of maladies completed the ruin of
his faculties.
His stomach failed; nor was this strange,
for him the malformation of the jaw, char-

acteristic of his family, was so serious in the
habit of swallowing pills and sweetmeats in the
state in which they were set before him. While
suffering from indigestion he was attacked by
ague. Every third day his convulsive trem-
blings, his dejection, his fits of wandering,
seemed to indicate the approach of dissolution.
His misery was increased by the knowledge
that everybody, was calculating how long he
had to live, and wondering what would become
of his kingdom when he should be dead. The
stately dignitaries of the household, the phy-
sicians who ministered to his diseased body,
the divines whose business it was to soothe his
not less diseased mind, the very wife who
should have been intent on those gentle offices
by which the female tenderness can alleviate
even the misery of hopeless decay, were all
thinking of the new world which was to com-
mence with his death, and would have been
perfectly willing to see him in the hands of the
embalmer, if they could have been certain
that his successor would be the prince who
interest they espoused.

In a very short time the king's malady took
a new form. That he was too weak to lift his
foot to his misshapen mouth; that at thirty-
seven he had the bald head and wrinkled face
of a man of seventy; that his complexion was
turning from yellow to green; that he fre-
quently fell down in fits, and remained long
insensible—these were no longer the worst
symptoms of his malady. He had always been
afraid of ghosts and demons, and it had long
been necessary that three friars should watch
every night by his restless bed as a guard
against hobgoblins. But now he was firmly
convinced that he was bewitched, that he was
possessed, that there was a devil within him,
that there were devils all around him. He
was exercised according to the forms of his
church, but this ceremony, instead of quieting
him, scared him out of almost all the little rea-
son that nature had given him. In his misery
and despair he was induced to resort to irregu-
lar modes of relief. His confessor brought
to court impostors who pretended that they
could interrogate the powers of darkness. The
devil was called up, sworn and examined. This
strange deponent made oath, as in the pres-
ence of God, that his Catholic majesty was un-
der a spell, which had been laid on him many
years before, for the purpose of preventing the
continuation of the royal line. A drug had
been compounded out of the brains and kid-
neys of a human corpse, and had been admin-
istered in a cup of chocolate. This potion
had dried up all the sources of life, and the
best remedy to which the patient could now
resort would be to swallow a bowl of consecrated
oil every morning before breakfast.

Unhappily, the authors of this story fell
into contradictions which they could excuse
only by throwing the blame on Satan, who,
they said, was an unwilling witness, and a
liar from the beginning. In the midst of their
confusion the inquiry came down upon them
It must be admitted that if the holy
office had reserved all its terrors for such
cases, it would not have been remembered as
the most hateful judicature that was ever known
among civilized men. The subaltern impostors
were thrown into dungeons. But the chief
criminal continued to be master of the
king and of the kingdom. Meanwhile, in the
distempered mind of Charles one mania suc-
ceeded another. A longing to pry into those
mysteries of the grave from which human
beings avert their thoughts had long been
necessary in his house. Juana, from whom
the mental constitution of his posterity seems
to have derived a morbid taint, had set, year
after year, by the bed on which lay the ghastly
remains of her husband, appareled in the
rich embroidery and jewels which he had been
wont to wear while living. Her son Charles
found an eccentric pleasure in celebrating his
own obsequies, in putting on his shroud, plac-
ing himself in the coffin, covering himself
with the pall, and lying as one dead till the
requiem had been sung, and the mourners had
departed, leaving him alone in the tomb.—
Philip II found a similar pleasure in gazing
on the huge chest of bronze in which his
remains were to be laid, and especially on the
skull which, encircled with the crown of Spain,
grinned at him from the cover. Philip IV.,
too, flattered after burials and burial places,
gratified his curiosity by gazing on the remains
of his great grandfather, the Emperor, and
sometimes stretched himself out at full length,
like a corpse, in the niche which he had selected
for himself in the royal cemetery. In that
cemetery his son was now attracted by a
strange fascination. Europe could show no
more magnificent place of sepulture. A stair-
case incrustated with Jasper led down from the
state church of the E-scurial into an octagon
situated just beneath the high altar. The vault,
impervious to the sun, was rich with gold and
precious marbles, which reflected the blaze
from a huge chandelier of silver. On the right
and on the left reposed, each in a massive sar-
cophagus, the departed kings and queens of
Spain. Into this mausoleum the king descended
with a long train of courtiers, and ordered
the coffins to be unclosed. His mother had
been embalmed with such consummate skill
that she appeared as she had appeared on her
death bed. The body of his grandfather, too,
seemed entire, but crumbled into dust at the
first touch. From Charles neither the remains
of his mother nor those of his grandfather could
draw any signs of sensibility. But when the
gentle and graceful Louise, of Orleans, the
miserable man's first wife, she who lighted up
his dark existence with one short and pale
gleam of his happiness, presents herself, after
the lapse of ten years, to his eyes, his sullen
apathy gave way. "She is in heaven,"
he cried, "and I shall soon be there with
her," and, with all the speed of which his
limps were capable, he tottered back to the
upper air.

Patrick Macfinagan, with a wheel-
barrow, ran a race with a locomotive.—As the
latter went out of sight, Mac observed, "Aff
wid ye, ye roarin' blaggard, or I'll be afther
trauin' into ye!"

A Thrilling Story of a Virginia Refugee.

WASHINGTON, May 5, 1861.

I have obtained the data of the following
story from a Virginia gentleman, who had
been compelled to "retire at short notice"
from a large estate in the Old Dominion, and
to submit to its confiscation on account of sup-
posed sympathy with the Union party. He is
a gentleman of high official position under the
government, and I regret that prudence and
his own request requires me to suppress his
name, which, by a long history of faithful and
unswerving devotion to the Union, has become
familiar at the North. To this very circum-
stance he probably owes his present afflictions,
the detail of which in itself may furnish mate-
rial for an interesting sketch, at some future
time.

The subject of the following—John A. Ford
—was an intimate friend to the gentleman just
referred to, and an old soldier in the Mexi-
can war. On his return he settled and married in
Virginia, Va., engaging in the trade of a
bookseller and stationer. By prudence, indus-
try and integrity, he had made himself prop-
rietor of a thriving little business, and had won
a circle of warm friends. His stock two weeks
ago was valued at \$10,000. He is now in
Washington, with very little hope of ever be-
coming able to recover any of his property, and
has very narrowly escaped with his life, as I
shall show.

The news of the battle of Baltimore, two
weeks ago Friday, arrived in Petersburg the
same evening. The following morning Mr.
Ford, in conversation with a friend, casually
made the remark that had he been the Massa-
chusetts Regiment, instead of shooting forty-
four or fifty of the mob who assailed the
troops so brutally, he would have shot four-
teen or fifteen hundred of them. He thought
nothing more of the circumstance until just as
evening was approaching and he was quietly
passing to his home from the business of the
day, when he was stopped in the street by sev-
eral gentlemen who announced themselves as
a vigilance committee, appointed to examine
him as to his political sentiments. Conscious
of no disloyalty to the State or to his country,
he cheerfully consented to the examination,
and told them to proceed. The remembrance
of the remark he had made had quite escaped
his mind at the time. A crowd immediately
began to collect about him, and demonstra-
tions of an insulting nature were commencing
as the examination proceeded. "D—d ab-
olitionist!" "Hang him!" "Hang him!"
"I'll get a rope!" &c., &c., cried a number
of the spectators, and the crowd rapidly in-
creased, until hundreds surrounded him and the com-
mittee. After some conversation, a test ques-
tion was decided upon by his interrogators,
and was put to him by the chairman of the
committee.

Chairman: If our slaves should rise against
their masters in this community, should you
fight with the slaves or with the masters?
Mr. Ford: Gentleman, I am surprised at your
question. I am a loyal and true-hearted
citizen of Petersburg and this State. I have
lived with you several years, and all I have
or hope to be is with you, and should a slave
insurrection occur here, you will find me among
the foremost in defending you and the citizens
of Petersburg against them.

The answer was satisfactory to the com-
mittee, and the chairman, turning to the throng,
announced it, and their conviction that Mr.
Ford entertained no sentiments that were trea-
sonable or disloyal. At this moment cries of
"He's a Black Republican!" "Damn his
Black Republican soul!" "To hell with him!"
"Hang him!" "Hang him!" &c., rose in
various quarters, and a scene of great confu-
sion followed, with indications that the en-
raged mob would execute their threats, despite
the conclusion announced by the committee.

As it partly ceased, one of the spectators
cried out to Mr. Ford, "Did you say this
morning that you wished that the Massa-
chusetts troops had shot fourteen or fifteen hun-
dred of the citizens of Baltimore yesterday?"
This Mr. Ford could not deny, and he dis-
regarded the question. The fury of the popu-
lar, and his hesitancy knew no bounds, and
yells and screams, and threats of the most pro-
fane and diabolical character were heaped up-
on him, and followed by a rush of a number
of the most daring to rescue him from the hands
of the committee, who still stood next to him.
A number of his friends near by, and among
them two or three members of the Masonic
Lodge, to whom he belonged in Peters-
burg, then pressed toward him, and succeeded in
the darkness which had come on during the
examination, in pulling him along the street,
and out of the reach of the rush, into a store.
Through the store he was urged into an alley
way in the rear, while the crowd in the street,
who had lost track of him, were clamorously
in search. A friend and Masonic brother ac-
companied him rapidly through the alley and
conducted him to the only place of safety
which probably could have concealed him—a
tomb in his family burying ground! Taking
the key of the vault hastily from his pocket,
he opened it, urged Mr. Ford in among the
coffins, locked the door upon him and quickly
departed.

That night and the following day every
place and by place in the town was ransacked
in the eager search of the mob for the victim
who had so terribly and narrowly escaped their
clutches. They finally concluded that he had
spirited away, and relaxed their vigilance.

from exhaustion, but the emergency lent him
strength. While his friend went for his daugh-
ter, a charming little girl some seven years of
age. (Mr. Ford's wife was and is still on a
visit to South Carolina.) Mr. F. wended his
way cautiously to the depot. Here they met
again, and when the train rolled out of the
station on its way North, Mr. F. sat on one of
the car seats, with his child wrapped closely in
his arms. Arriving at Richmond, he attempt-
ed to procure a ticket, but was told no passen-
gers could go out for the North unless exhib-
iting a pass from Gov. Letcher. With many
misgivings, Mr. F. (it was still early in the
morning) wended his way to the executive
mansion. He represented to the Governor
that his business called him out of the State,
and desired credentials which would enable
him to continue the journey. Mr. Letcher
asked no questions, but promptly made out his
papers and handed them to him.

In due time he arrived with his little daugh-
ter in this city. It will be remembered that we stated that
Mr. Ford was engaged in the Mexican war.
Soon after arriving here he called, in company
with the gentleman to whom I have alluded,
upon Secretary Cameron, and solicited a lieuten-
ancy in the United States service. Mr.
Cameron examined his credentials, listened to
the story with deepest interest, and when Mr.
Ford had concluded, said, "No, my noble sir,
a lieutenancy is not enough for you; wait a
few days until the arrangements can be made,
and then you shall receive a more honorable
appointment." Yesterday afternoon Mr. F.
received notice from Secretary Cameron that
he would probably be appointed a captain in
the standing army now being mustered into
service.

POETICAL VIEW OF CHILDHOOD.—We could
never have loved the earth so well if we had no
childhood in it—if it were not the earth where
the same flowers came up again every Spring
that we used to gather with our tiny fingers
as we sat lapsing to ourselves on the grass—
the same hives and haws on the Autumn hedg-
rows—the same redstarts that we used to
call "God's birds," because they did no
harm to the precious crops. What novelty
is worth that sweet monotony where every-
thing is known, and loved because it is known?
The wood I walk in is on this mild May day,
with the young, yellow, brown foliage of the
oaks between me and the blue sky, the white
starflowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the
ground ivy at its feet—what grove of tropic
palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad
pealed blossoms, could ever thrill such deep
and delicate fibres within me as this home
scene? These familiar flowers, these well re-
membered bird notes, this sky with its fitful
brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields,
each with a sort of personality given to it by
the capricious hedgerows—such things as these
are the mother tongue of our imagination, the
language is laden with all the subtle inextri-
cable associations the fleeing hours of child-
hood left behind them. Our delight in the
sunshine on the deep blades of grass to day might
be more than the faint perception of wearied
soul, if it were not for the sunshine and the
grass in far off years, which still live in us,
and transform our perception into love.—*Mill on
the Floss.*

NOT DEEP ENOUGH FOR PRAYING.—We
heard, a night or two since, a tolerable good
story of a couple of raftsmen. The event
occurred during the late big blow on the Mis-
sissippi, at which time so many rafts were
swamped, and so many steamboats lost their
rigging. A raft was just emerging from
Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an in-
stant the raft was writing and ditching as if
suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the
waves broke over with tremendous uproar, and
expecting in an instant destruction, one of the
raftsmen dropped on his knees and commenced
praying with a vim equal to the emergency.—
Happening to open his eyes an instant, he ob-
served his companion, not engaged in praying,
but pushing a pole into the water at the side
of the raft.

"What's that yer doin', Mike?" said he—
"get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't
a mile between us and Purgatory!"
"De aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly
continued to punch the water with his pole;
"he aisy, now I want the use of praysin' when
a feller can touch bottom wid a pole!"
Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large
class of christians, who prefer to omit prayer,
as long as they can, "tetch bottom."

A SOLDIER'S RATIONS.—For breakfast, 7 AM,
there will be furnished for each man provisions
in the following quantities:
One quart of good coffee.
Eight ounces of bread.
Three-eighths of a pound of beef.
At 12, M., for dinner:
Five eighths of a pound of beef or mutton,
well cooked, with potatoes.
One quart baked beans to every ten men,
and every other day, in lieu of baked beans,
rice, bean or vegetable soup, will be furnished
at the rate of one pint per man.
At 5 P. M. for supper:
Eight ounces of bread.
Three pints of coffee.
One quart ponder of cold beef or mutton.
The coffee to be furnished will be properly
sweetened, and milk in due proportion will
also be provided.

PERSONAL IDENTITY.—Patrick O'Flan-
nagan, being in an uncertain state, and not quite
able to distinguish at a late hour of the night
his own house from his neighbor's in a row of
similar ones, decided on making a bold push
and trust to luck. Ascending the steps, he
rang the bell, which was answered by the lady
living next him, and who knew him well.—
"Can you t-tell me where P-Patrick O'-
Flannagan lives?" said he. "Why you are
Patrick O'Flannagan," said the lady. B-b-
b-theration! I didn't ask you who Patrick
O'Flannagan is; I want to know where the
old chap lives."

Humming Birds.

The ruby-throat is very easily tamed, and is
a most loving and trustful little creature.—
Mr. Webster has given a most interesting ac-
count of a number of ruby-throats which he
succeeded in taming. On several occasions he
had enticed the living meteors into his room
by placing vases of tempting flowers on the
table, and adroitly closing the sash as soon as
they were engaged with the flowers; but he
had always lest them by their dashing at the
window and striking themselves against the
glass. At last, however, his attempts were
crowned with success; and "This time I
succeeded in securing an unwounded captive,
which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to
be one of the ruby-throated species, the most
splendid and diminutive that comes north of
Florida. It immediately suggested itself to
me that a mixture of two parts refined loaf
sugar, with one of fine honey, in ten of water,
would make about the nearest approach to the
nectar of flowers. While my sister ran to
prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look
at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amuse-
ment, as well as suspicion, that it was actu-
ally "playing possum,"—feigning to be dead
most skillfully. It lay on my open palm mo-
tionless for some minutes, during which I
watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it
gradually open its bright little eyes, and then
close them slowly as it caught my eye upon
it. But when the manufactured nectar came,
and a drop was touched upon the point of its
bill, it came to life very suddenly, and in a
moment was on legs drinking with eager gas-
tore of the refreshing draught from a silver tea-
spoon. When sated, it refused to take any
more, and sat perched with the coolest self-
composure on my finger, and plumed itself
quite as artistically as if on its favorite spray.
I was enchanted with the bold, innocent con-
fidence with which it turned up its keen black
eyes to survey us, as much as to say, "Well,
good folks, who are you?"—*Bullidge's Illus-
trated Natural History.*

HOW TO MEASURE A TREE.—A mechanic
wishes to cut a piece of timber thirty feet
long. He selects a tree but is not certain
whether the length will hold out. How shall
he ascertain without felling it or climbing up
to measure it? A simple principle in trigon-
ometry will answer. If two sides of a right
angled triangle are equal the triangle will be
equilateral. Measure thirty feet from the tree
on a level surface, cut a stick that will, after
being driven into the ground vertically, reach
up to your eyes. Now lie down with your feet
against the stick thus driven into the ground,
and if the top of the stick reaches with the
place where you intend to saw the tree it will
be just the desired length. This principle will
hold good for measuring the height of any ob-
ject, always remembering to measure the de-
sired length from the base of the object to
where your eyes will be, or drive in the stick
at any place and calculate the length of the
object by the equilateral triangle. Thus, if the
distance from the eyes of the observer is one
hundred feet, the height of the object will be
one hundred feet.—*Educator.*

HOW TO CARE FOR THE HAIR.—As to men
we say, when the hair begins to fall out, the
best plan is to have it cut short, give it a good
brushing with a moderately stiff brush, while
the hair is dry, then wash it well with warm
soap suds, then rub into the scalp, about the
roots of the hair, a little bay rum, brandy, or
camphor water. Do these things twice a month
—the brushing of the scalp may be profitably
done twice a week. Damp the hair with wa-
ter every time the toilet is made. Nothing
ever made is better for the hair than pure
soft water, if the scalp is kept clean in the way
we have named.

The use of oils, pomatums, or greases of any
kind, is ruinous to the hair of man or woman.
We consider it a filthy practice, almost univer-
sal though it be, for it gathers dust and dirt,
and soils whatever it touches. Nothing but
pure soft water should ever be allowed on the
heads of children. It is a different practice
that robs our women of their most beautiful
ornament long before their prime; the hair of
our daughters should be kept within two in-
ches, until their twelfth year.—*Hill's Journal of
Health.*

SINGULAR FANCIES.—Napoleon died in his
military garb, his Field Marshal uniform and
boots, which he ordered to be put on a short
time before his death. Augustus Cæsar chose
to die in a standing position, and was careful
to arrange and dress for the occasion. Sew-
ard, earl of Northumberland, when on the
point of death, quitted his bed and put on his
armor, saying it became not a man to die like
a brute, but to show his dignity. Maria Lou-
isa, of Austria, the unfortunate consort of Na-
poleon, a short time before her death fell into
a sort of insensibility, and her eyes being closed,
one of the ladies in attendance remarked
that "her Majesty seemed to be asleep."
"No," said she, "I could sleep if I could
indulge in repose; but I am sensible of the
near approach of death, and I will not allow
myself to be surprised by him in my sleep. I
wish to meet my dissolution awake."

"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins."
"Yes, very pleasant, indeed."
"Good day for the race."
"Race—what race?"
"The human race."
"Oh, go long with your stupid jokes; get
up a good one like the one I sold Day."
"What Day?"
"The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who
went on his way rejoicing.

In an Irish provincial journal there is
an advertisement running thus: "Wanted,
a handy laborer, who can plough a married man
and a Protestant, with a son or daughter."
The lady who fell back on her dignity,
came near breaking it.

Origin of the Gipsies.

The Gipsies are not Egyptians as is com-
monly supposed, but are of the lowest class
of Indians among the estates of Hindostan,
commonly called Pariahs, or in Hindustan,
Sundars. They are found in Persia, Turkey,
Russia, Hungary, and most of the continental
nations, amounting to more than 700,000;
they all speak one language, differing only to
a slight degree from each other, as the provincial
accents of a kingdom may differ, and this
language is nearly the same as the Hindos-
tance. The emigration of this people from their
own country is attributed to the war of Tim-
our Beg in India, (408) at which period
their arrival in Europe is confirmed by histor-
ical authorities. So cruel was the conqueror,
that 100,000 who surrendered as slaves, were
put to death; in consequence of which a uni-
versal panic seized the inhabitants, and they
fled in all directions, the Sundars gradually
finding their way into Europe. The features of
the Gipsies plainly showed their eastern origin,
but they had so well contrived to dupe the
European inhabitants that, till the advance-
ment of oriental literature, their country would
never be clearly traced. In England, where
they arrived in the time of Henry VIII, they
met the taste of the vulgar by pretended skill
in astrology, and the art of palmistry, bring-
ing with them their native tricks of jugglery.
That the Gipsies are of the race mentioned,
can scarcely be doubted, when we put all the
reasons together for establishing the theory.
The date of the scattering of the Indian tribes
by Timour Beg agrees with that of their emi-
gration to Europe; their persons strongly re-
semble the people of that country—so much so,
that the troops of Hindostan struck the British
officers surprise when they joined their
armies, as so nearly resembling these people,
and their customs and mode of life, in every
respect are perfectly in accordance with those
of the Sundars; both a filthy and disgusting in
their habits; both dislike to communicate
their language to strangers; they are remark-
ably fond of horses; they prefer food killed by
disease; they have similar dances, they alike
wanderers, and are averse to civilized life; they
equally dislike agricultural pursuits, and prac-
tice music, or travel about with their tinkers'
tools ready to work at every door; their mar-
riage customs are similar. The belief that the
Gipsies were Egyptians arose from the report
circulated by the first of them, that they were
pilgrims from Egypt. The Gipsies have no
particular religion, all professedly conforming
to that of the countries where they dwell, but
being for the most part, destitute of faith.

THE FIRST POST OFFICE.—The first post
office established in France was in 1404; in
England 1581; in Germany in 1641—although
one authority attributes the authorship of the
modern postal system to the Emperor Max-
imilian, of Germany, for the purpose of facil-
itating an espionage over his subjects through
the medium of their correspondence, and also
for the purpose of enriching himself by the
profits of the enterprise. The first post office
in America was established in New York in
1619, and the Colonial Government. In 1789
the direction of the postal business was con-
ferred on Congress by the terms of the Consti-
tution. At that time there were but 75 post
offices in the Union; in 1825 there were 5677;
at the commencement of 1859 there were 58,
578.

AN ARKANSAS MAGISTRATE.—In the early
days of Arkansas, a noted ruffian, named Bir-
dock, who was constantly engaged in some sar-
ge conflicts, and had killed several of his an-
tagonists, was arrested on a charge of homici-
cide. It was not the first time he had been
before the same Magistrate for the same crime,
and on this occasion the judicial functionary
became indignant. Addressing the culprit he
said:
"Bill Birdcock, I might begin to think you
a hard case. This is the third time you've
been up before me for killing a man. Now, I
want you to know that I am going to put a
stop to this business, and if I catch you killing
another man, I'll just get the grand jury to
see about it."

ROBBING AN EDITOR.—One of our rural breth-
ren was lately robbed while traveling. It will
be seen, by the following indignant epistle, the
thief immediately sent to the editor how much
he (the thief) made by the operation:
"You miserable cuss, here's your pocket
book. I don't keep nosch. For a man dressed
as well as you to go round with a wallet with
nothing in it but a lot of newspaper scraps, a
pair of wooden combs, two newspaper stamps,
and a pass from a railroad director, is a con-
temptible imposition on the public. As I hear
you are an editor, I return your trash. I never
robs only gentlemen."
The editor got out of it by saying that his
money was in the "other pocket."

A Tar, who had been boasting of the
numerous foreign places he had seen, was asked
if he had ever seen Louisiana. "No," said
Jack; "what country does she live in?"

A great poet says that "the mountains
stand fixed forever." We know, however,
that it is no uncommon thing for them to
slope.

A STRAIGHT FORWARD CAPTAIN.—Rev. John
Pierpont, the poet, offers himself as an army
chaplain, provided he will not have to go
anotw Baltimore.

Schnylkill county has sent 22 compa-
nies and 2000 men towards Washington—in-
cluding 15 or 20 common people such as editors,
lawyers &c.,

Jeff. Davis' Cousin, a young man at
Rockford, Ill., born at Natchez, Miss., has en-
listed; he expresses his great anxiety to be
sent where he will have a chance of putting a
ball through his traitorous resist.