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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, December 4, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

Strange that the wind should be left so free
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To range or ramble where'er it will,
And as it lists to be fierce or still;
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle on earth and the sky in strife;
Gently to whisper with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend, ere night;
Or to love and cherish and bless, to-day,
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away!

Strange that the sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
When they cheer the soul and gladden the eye.
Then why is his child the pride of spring—
At morn, its shriveled and loathsome thing!
At night, a shriveled and loathsome thing!
To leave it in hope and life in its breath,
To-morrow it shrinks to a useless dreg;
Strange doth it seem that the sun should joy
To give life alone that it may destroy!

Strange, that the ocean should come and go,
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow—
To bear on its placid breast a part of us;
The bark that, ere night, will be tempest-torn;
Or shiver'd in all the way it must roam,
Or wreck'd in the wreck which it should shun;
To smile as the mariner's tolls are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow behold him land!

But, stranger than all, that man should die
When his plans are formed and his hopes are high;
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,
And the morrow befalls him a part of clay!
He is born in sorrow and grief and pain,
And to youth to see, it is labor in vain;
And all that seventy years can show,
Is that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

Alas! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise things;
That the wind is not ever a gentle breath—
That the sun is often the bearer of death—
That the ocean wave is not always still—
And that life is chequered with good and ill—
If we know 'tis well such things should be,
What do we learn from the things we see?
That an ending and shining cloud of dust,
Should not wonder nor murmur, but hope and trust.

Miscellaneous.

THE TWO LETTERS; OR HOW I BECAME A BACHELOR.

BY J. B. D.

That I am a bachelor is rendered unmistakably evident by the foregoing caption. How I became so, you have yet to learn, and as my object in printing this sketch is not so much to inform you what I am, so unfortunate, (or fortunate, as you please,) as to be, as it is to enlighten you in regard to how such came to be the case, and hoping that it may prove a salutary lesson to some reckless wight like myself, I will proceed without further preface or preliminary.

It was while on a visit to an aunt of mine in the town of G—, that I became acquainted with Carrie Mayburn, a fine blooming maiden of eighteen summers, with beautiful auburn hair, clear blue eyes, a small nose, and a handsome mouth, well studded with pearls, smiling snow in their dazzling whiteness; and to these charms a faultless form and graceful carriage rendered her at once a special object of attraction and admiration; her amiability and sweetness of temper made her many warm friends, while her beauty of face and figure drew her hosts of suitors, in short she was, as I was not long in discovering, the universally admitted belle of the place.

Although I am not to say an extraordinary susceptible individual, in the general acceptance of the term, yet I will admit that, like all the rest of my class, I have my weak points, and do not profess to be so entirely proof against the influence of female charms as to be incapable of experiencing at times a curious and somewhat undefinable sense of palpitation in the region of the ribs when in the company of the fair sex, and as my acquaintance with the enchanting Carrie resolved itself into intimacy, and this, ere long, began to ripen into strong feeling, I eventually began to realize that I was becoming enmeshed in a net of fascination, from which a desperate attempt was necessary to extricate myself, and where I had formerly sought her so society merely for the sake of a chat, wherewith to while away the time, I now began to look upon her in the light of an indispensable companion; and at length as the time for my return home drew near, I became aware that unless she and I could make some compromise one way or another, I must bid farewell to happiness and make up my mind to spend my future life in misery. Actuated by these thoughts, and fearful lest I should be forestalled by some one or other of her admirers, and having also the happy consciousness of being looked upon by her in that light which was calculated to be anything but discouraging to my hopes; in short, feeling fully satisfied that I was by far the most highly favored of her gallants, I determined that before I should leave G—, I would know my position from her lips; consequently the evening previous to the day fixed for my return, I called on upon her, and met with the usual cordial reception. I remained for some time seated, finally, after considerable "hem"ing and hesitation, I nerved myself for the desperate deed I was about to commit. In the most unobtrusive manner I asked her to mine—she shared with me my future trials and triumphs, reverses or successes, prosperity or adversity, joys or sorrows, as the case might be; I told her I was poor and had yet to gain a name and position in the world, but that I loved her truly and devotedly, and would make

her a kind and affectionate husband; as I concluded, she placed her hand in mine, saying as she did so:
"Edwin, my heart is already yours, obtain my parents' consent, and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand."
What more could any reasonable man ask? "Obtain my parents' consent, and I will cheerfully bestow upon you this hand." The words kept sounding in my ears, and I was in doubt whether I was dreaming or not; gradually, however, I came to my senses, when my first act was to throw my arms around the neck of my beloved, and imprint a warm, passionate kiss upon her ruby lips as a token of acknowledgment that I understood and appreciated her meaning. It was determined that we should go to her father for the purpose of obtaining his sanction to our proposed alliance. We found him reading a newspaper, and made known our errand without delay; he studied for a moment, which seemed to me a month, and at length he said:
"Mr. Willet, I cannot say that I have any serious objection to receive you as my son-in-law, yet as you yourself acknowledge that you have not as yet been enabled to attain a position such as it is my opinion advisable for you to attain before undertaking the support of a wife, I must request you to apply yourself assiduously, and when you have risen to some eminence in your profession, and accumulated somewhat towards the maintenance of her whom you anticipate taking under your care, I will then, I assure you, place no further obstacle in the way of your marriage. The welfare of my daughter has ever been my constant study, and I would be the last one to deny her anything that would in the slightest degree contribute to her happiness. You will believe me, my dear friend, when I say I am prompted by no mercenary motive, for I am sure when you come to reason the matter clearly and calmly in your own mind, and look at it in the proper light, you cannot fail to perceive the utility of following my advice."
I bowed an acknowledgment, and with a promise to call upon them in the morning to bid them farewell, I took my departure.

To say that I did not feel some degree of impatience consequent upon the result of my interview with Mr. Mayburn would be absurd, for lovers are always impetuous and unwilling to be put off, and I was by no means an exception, but I was compelled to make a virtue of necessity and bide my time. The next morning I made an early breakfast, and repaired at once to the domain of my innamorata, whom I found looking as charming as ever. I bade her good morning, and told her that I had come to take my leave of her for a short time, but that I hoped the day was not far distant when I should be permitted to come again and claim her as my bride. Having now broached the, to us, by no means unpleasant theme of the previous evening's conversation, we were soon deeply engrossed in making plans for the future. But all things must have an end, and as the hours sped away like minutes, it seemed to my impatient mind as though I had scarcely entered the house until it was time for me to pronounce the much dreaded good-by, which was to be the signal for our temporary separation; and, as like "time and tide" railroad cars "wait for no man," I was obliged to do it, but it was done in a decidedly doleful way, I assure you, and ere long I was speeding forward on my homeward way, my thoughts centered on one object, and that object was Carrie, a prize which I was fully resolved I would use my utmost exertions to gain.

Nearly two years had elapsed since the date of my engagement with Carrie Mayburn; during that time I had made many visits to G—, and always found her the same unchanged being that she was when first presented to the reader, unless it was that she seemed, at least to my eyes, if possible, more beautiful than ever. We had kept up a regular correspondence, her letters always breathing a spirit of love and affection coupled with the hope that the time would soon come when we would be united to separate no more in life; mine, as may be readily imagined, always re-echoed the sentiments embodied in hers. As the reader has always been apprised, it was the desire of Mr. Mayburn that I should rise to some eminence in my profession before claiming the fulfillment of his daughter's promise. This I had endeavored to the utmost of my capacity to do, and I had reason to believe that I had in a great measure succeeded, for by the expiration of the time above mentioned, I was able to congratulate myself upon having the patronage of the most influential citizens of this place who placed the most implicit confidence in my professional abilities; consequently, I now felt justified in once more making application for the hand of the fair Carrie, and as I was so situated, at the time I came to the conclusion, that it would be impossible for me to visit G— for several weeks, I resolved to write to Mr. M. in reference to the matter, and ascertain his views of the case. Accordingly having composed my mind as well as circumstances would admit, I sat down to a new pen and a quire of extra quality note paper, and summoning all my eloquence, tact and chirographical skill, I transcribed a most elaborate worded epistle, wherein I portrayed my present circumstances, position, still unsatisfied aspirations, until after nearly exhausting the vocabulary of Webster's latest edition, I was at length constrained to wind up by the assurance that but one thing was lacking to render me supremely happy, and that was, as you have already conjectured, the legal right to be the protector and possessor of his lovely daughter, and that I hoped he would have now no further objection to our union.

Now it happened that I had in G— a cousin named Bob Tracy, who was the owner of a beautiful bay mare on whom for some time past I had cast numerous wistful glances, and considering that a refusal of my request was entirely out of the question, I determined to drop him a few lines, desiring him not to stipulate for the disposal of the aforesaid mare

until such time as I should have a chance to confer with him, as I thought it highly probable I could make him an offer for her which he would be willing to accept; so I dashed off a hasty note, and having folded, sealed, and superscribed both missives, I consigned them to the post office and returned to my duties with a view of whiling away the time as patiently as possible until I could have sufficient leisure to enable me to ascertain the result of my petition.

However weary the wheels of time may sometimes drag on, yet they never have been known to cease their revolutions entirely, and thus in my case, although the space intervening between my despatching the letters and my visit to their destination seemed interminably long, yet it finally passed away and at length one fine morning found me comfortably ensconced in the cars, dashing on at a furious rate in the direction of G—, and in a few hours I reached the goal upon which were fixed my highest hopes, which, alas for the disappointments to which we are all of us more or less liable at times to be subjected, as the sequel will show, were destined never to be realized, hopes which proved to be unsubstantial foundation upon which I had been building my airy castles; but I will not anticipate.

Immediately upon my arrival in G—, I repaired to a hotel, to put myself in the proper trim, prior to calling at the house of my prospective friend. Having made an unexceptionable toilet, I set out with a beating heart and a sort of nervous impatience, and after a short walk found myself at Mr. Mayburn's door. I rang the bell, which was answered by the servant, who at once ushered me into the sitting room, where were Carrie and her father, both of whom regarded me an instant with looks of surprise and wonder, when, to my astonishment, the former arose, and, with aught save a slight and scarcely perceptible nod of recognition, glided out of the door. How to account for this strange conduct, was a thing utterly beyond my comprehension; for a moment I was dumfounded, but as I recovered myself, I turned towards the father as though to ask a solution of the mystery. I did not have long to wait, for, with a face resembling a surcharged thundercloud, the old gentleman suddenly burst forth—
"Well, sir, you are a scoundrel and a villain, and as consummate a specimen of concentrated audacity, effrontery and impudence, as you now prove yourself to be in polluting my house with your contaminating presence, I never saw!"

To say I was astonished, would be but a faint way of expressing it. I was completely taken aback, but, finally, managed to find my speech, when I politely requested him to explain himself, as I was not aware that I had been guilty of any act to merit these animadversions.

"Explain, sir—why, what do you mean, you contemptible puppy? and having most grossly insulted my daughter as well as myself—a fact of which we have ample testimony in your own hand writing—do you dare to come and deny to my face any knowledge of the fact, whatever?"

This was something I was entirely unprepared for, and I looked long and earnestly at the man to see if he was insane or not. What did he mean? What a preposterous idea! I offer an insult to his daughter! her, for whom I would cheerfully have laid down my life, and felt only too thankful for the opportunity.

"Mr. Mayburn," said I, as soon as I could recover my faculties, "I will not be thus trifled with any longer. I have never, either by word or deed, been the cause of wounding your daughter's feelings, and I—"

But he seemed determined that I should have no chance to vindicate myself in any way, and stopped me short by producing from his pocket a letter, which he thrust fiercely into my hand, saying as he did so:
"There is the undeniable proof: let us have no more words about it. Leave my house and never enter it again as long as you live, or I will have you pitched headforemost into the street."

Mechanically I took the letter, the handwriting of which I immediately recognized as my own, and ran my eye hurriedly over the contents. Good heavens! it was the note I had, by mistake, enclosed in the envelope addressed to Mr. Mayburn, and vice versa.

As the reader is doubtless anxious to know what the letter could possibly contain to so completely turn the tide of affairs pertaining to my matrimonial prospects, I will give it verbatim:—
"JOLLY CHUM:—I sit down to scrawl you a word or two in reference to the superb animal over which you hold legal sway, and of whom as you are already aware I have desired to be in possession, knowing her to be a gay creature, full of life and spirit, and withal decidedly fast. I feel that without her I cannot long be satisfied; and from nothing, I assure you, will I derive so much pleasure as from trotting her around, and exhibiting her to my friends. Feeling certain that my offer proves acceptable, I will call on you in a short time, until which I do not wish you to dispose of her."
Yours considerably,
EDWIN WILLET."

After reading it, I stood for a moment as if in a trance; at length I raised my eyes from the letter, gave one glance at Mr. Mayburn, and crushing the offending sheet in my hand, rushed, scarcely knowing what I did, with a sort of frantic despair through the hall, and without a word to any one I left the house, never again to darken its doors.

A few days afterward I called upon Bob Tracy to say to him that he need not reserve the mare any longer, as I had concluded not to purchase; but as soon as he caught sight of me he ran out to meet and shook me by the hand and otherwise indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, asking me over and over again if it was really me, as he had despaired of ever seeing me again, for having received from me a most beautifully written gilt-edged note, asking in marriage a daughter, of whose existence he was most profoundly ignorant, he had no doubt that I had gone stark mad, and had just about made up his mind to insert an advertisement in the papers warning the public to beware of me as a person dangerous to be at large. I now gave up; I

found I was besieged on all sides, and with an imploring look I begged him to say no more about it to any one, that I had banished all thoughts of marriage from my mind, and had concluded to spend my future life in single blessedness; but despite the charge I gave Bob to keep quiet, the affair, through some mysterious agency, became circulated around, or, depend upon it, I would never have given it publicity; and now, having put you in possession of the facts concerning the history of those "two letters," I will make a polite bow and retire to my bachelor couch.

THE FIGURES ON DRESS PARADE.—Assume an army of 600,000 men formed into single line and allowing two feet to each man, there are 5,280 feet in a mile; allowing two feet to each man, and you have 2640 men to the mile. Now divide 600,000 by 2,640 and you have instead of 23 miles 227 miles and a fraction over; now counter-march the right wing and place as a rear rank and you have a front of over 113 miles, should the Generalissimo wish to make a rapid inspection by rail it would take two and a half hours, if on horse back it would take one day of twelve hours, and give no time to feed on the road at that. Now form them into a hollow square, front and rear rank, and instead of being not quite three miles from side to side, it would exceed 28 miles, and the square would contain over 784 square miles, a larger area than any county in Ohio. When marching at the rate of 20 miles per day, it would take including artillery, ambulances, &c., two weeks for the extreme left wing to reach a point left by the right wing; now place this army on guard, say 50 feet apart, we might then guard a territory of over two millions of square miles, or a hollow square being 1427 miles from side to side. We will presume that the relief guard travels at the rate of twenty miles per day of twenty-four hours, which seems very slow, but when we consider that they must halt every 50 feet and give the countersign, &c., it will keep them busy to go the twenty miles. It will then take from the time the guard starts until the last guard is relieved 285 days or over 9 months, at the end of this time he must look very much as the man did that was sent to the Atlantic telegraph office and commanded to wait for the European message. As a sentinel is not allowed to stand still he will have travelled about 7240 miles.

Now take the number of men that have, are, and will soon be engaged in this war and we have over two and a half millions, place these on guard on the equator and it would encircle the earth with a guard 52 feet apart.—This army's regular ration of potatoes would be over 4,000 bushels per day.

EDMUND BURKE.—When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons to speak, the first peculiarity which caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost constantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall and noble looking, with a decidedly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him.—He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines of the mouth, the strong jaw, and severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense, rather than massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent, fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imaginative power. His nose, which was as straight as if it had been cut after a bevel, opened out into two powerful nostrils made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one set in the world to please. He spoke with a decided Irishman accent, although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he was never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke, his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and attitudes. One of the most characteristic of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body a picture of living energy.—British Review.

HUMAN LIFE, with all its follies, faults and sins, has nothing in it to mock at, but much to pity, deplore, and love. Look out over the rose-gemmed path of maidenhood; see its merry and mysterious windings—how the far-off and unattained urges itself on the almost bewildered pleasure seeker! How the child woman tries to interpret nature's sign-language! How bright the tints she gives to her life picture!

Happy, inexperienced maiden—happy in your dreams of coming bliss—envied of angels in your sweet purity, fascinating in your unconscious beauty—truthful, trusting, care-free! What can be more beautiful than thy young days all unmix'd with selfishness and sin? No thought of evil, no fear of turning the pages of life, no pausing upon the untrod brink of womanhood! No suspicious pilot guides thy little boat out into the deep waves of wedded life! No terror-stricken sentinel stands guard at the door which opens up maternal joys! Truth, trust, love! these are thine inherited jewels! O, woman, wear them!

Deputy Marshal Jenkins of Philadelphia, assisted by two police officers of that city, on Tuesday last, arrested a counterfeit named George White, at Brooklyn, N.J., and succeeded in securing all the paraphernalia of his trade. Among the plates were a number on Pennsylvania banks, of different denominations.

Printing in America.

The first printing press in North America, as we learn from Coggeshall's *Newspaper Record*, was established at the City of Mexico, about the year 1600. The first press "worked" in the American Colonies was "set up" at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1629. The Rev. Jesse Glover procured this press, by "contributions of friends of learning and religion" in Amsterdam and in England, but died on his passage to the new world. Stephen Day was the first printer. In honor of his pioneer position, Government gave him a grant of three hundred acres of land.

Pennsylvania was the second Colony to encourage printing. William Bradford came to Pennsylvania with William Penn, in 1686, and established a printing press in Philadelphia. In 1692, Mr. Bradford was induced to establish a printing press in New York. He received £40 per annum and the privilege of printing on his own account. Previous to this time, there had been no printing done in the Province of New York. His first issue in New York was a proclamation, bearing the date of 1692.

It was nearly a century after a printing press had been set up in New England, before one would be tolerated in Virginia.

The southern colonies had no printing done among them till 1727.

There was a printing press at Cambridge, Mass., 1629; at Philadelphia, Penn., 1686; at New York, N. Y., 1692; at New London, Conn., 1709; at Annapolis, Md., 1726; at Williamsburg, Va., 1729; at Charleston, S. C., 1730; at Newport, R. I., 1732; at Woodbridge, N. J., 1752; at Newbern, N. C., 1755; at Portsmouth, N. H., 1756; at Savannah, Ga., 1762.

The first printing press established in the Northwest Territory, was worked by William Maxwell, at Cincinnati, in 1793. The first printing executed west of the Mississippi, was done at St. Louis, in 1808, by Jacob Hinkle.

There had been a printing press in Kentucky, in 1786, and there was one in Tennessee, in 1793; in Michigan in 1809; in Mississippi in 1810. Louisiana had a press immediately after her possession by the United States.

Printing was done in Canada, before the separation of the American Colonies from the mother country. Halifax had a press in 1761, and Quebec boasted of a printing office in 1764.

In 1725, there were 5 newspapers printed in the United States; in 1775, there were 34; in 1800, about 200; in 1825, about 600; in 1830, about 1,000; in 1840, about 1,400; in 1850, about 2,300; in 1860 about 5,000.

A Day at a Time.

A little of the sea in a tumbler is colorless; but a vast deal of the sea seen in its ocean bed, is green. With life the case is reversed. In the common-place course of life, the path we are treading may look rather green—green, I mean like the cheerful verdure of grass; but if you take it in too great a prospect, the whole track is apt to take the aspect of a desert waste, with only a green spot here and there. You will not add to the cheerfulness and hopefulness of man or child by drilling into him; this morning you will do such things; and all day such other things; and in the evening such other things; then you will sleep. To-morrow morning you will rise; and then the same thing over and over; and so on. I have known a malignant person who enjoyed the word of presenting to others such disheartening views of life. Let me, my reader, counsel the opposite course: Let us not look at life as one unvaried expanse, although we may justly do so. Let us discipline our minds to look at life as a series of beginnings and ends. It is a succession of stages, and we shall think of one stage at a time. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Most people can bear one day's evil; the thing that breaks men down, is the trying to bear, on one day, the evil of two days, twenty days, a hundred days.—We can bear a day of pain, by a night of pain; and that again by a day of pain, and that again by a night of pain, and thus onward. But we can bear each day and night of pain only by taking each by itself. We can break each rod, but not the bundle. And the sufferer, in real, great suffering, turns to the wall in black despair, when he looks too far on, and takes in a uniform dreary expanse of suffering, unrelieved by the blessed relief of even fanciful beginnings and ends.

FIENDISH TRAGEDY.—A terrible tragedy was perpetrated at Port Clinton, N. Y., on Oct. 31. Henry Rignartz, a hired man engaged by Mr. T. J. Kirk, took advantage of the absence of the eldest of his employer's three daughters from home, to entice the two younger girls, aged respectively fifteen and eleven years, into the barn where he was at work, and after violating their persons, strangled them to death by tying leather cords around their necks. They were found with faces swollen and discolored, and eyes starting from their sockets. On the return of the eldest daughter, the villain refused to give any information regarding the girls, but seized the first favorable opportunity, overpowered her, tied her hands and feet, and when consciousness, which she had lost in the struggle was restored, told her that he did not intend to do her any injury, but that he only wished to prevent her giving the alarm until he had made way with himself. As he was leaving the house for this purpose he met one of the neighbors, who had come in on some errand, told her that the girls for whom she asked were up stairs, and then going to the barn, succeeded in hanging himself before the alarm could be given.—Very naturally the horrible affair created the most intense excitement in the town where it was perpetrated.

The young lady who promises one gentleman, and marries another, has not the right "ring" about her.

A Chinese Juggler.

As soon as he had cleared a circle with the old "string and balls," he spread the contents of his wallet on the ground, and stripped himself to the waist. He was a poor thin fellow, who seemed to suffer from the effects of the trick he performed. He first of all spoke for about five minutes with all the volubility of Charles Matthews, evidently saying something witty, for the people round laughed heartily. In the middle of his harangue, however, he was seized with a fit of choking, and after an effort of trying to get something out of his throat drew forth a little slip of bamboo, like a Lisbon tooth-pick, then another and another, then he sneezed, and out they came from his nostrils, then from his eyes, until he completed the number of 37, by making one appear half-way out of each orifice at the same time, and then threw the lot on the ground for any one to examine. He next took three glass balls, about an inch in diameter, and placing them singly between his lips, sucked them into his mouth and swallowed the first, a red one, then a blue, and last of all a white one; here was a little interlude of tooth-picks and talking, after which he walked gravely round the ring, stopping four times: each time he gave himself a shake and a jump, when the balls were distinctly heard to jingle inside him. On completing his round, after several efforts, he spat the balls out on the ground in the same order he had swallowed them, the red first, the white last. He then took two more balls, one of polished steel about the size of a hen's egg, and another of glass the same size. These he first let fall on the ground to show that they were solid, then, placing them between his lips, swallowed them like the smaller ones, but with difficulty, the ball swelling the throat as it went down; here more tooth-picks and talking, while he prepared two swords, about an inch wide and twenty long, very like polished hoop-iron, clashed them together to show they were real and passed both down his throat at once, until they struck the balls with an audible click; withdrawing these, he placed his hand behind him, and after several apparently painful trials, each ball rose in the throat, and fell from his mouth to the ground with a heavy thump.—*Plain Letter.*

IMENSE ARMY MOVING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.—Between 25,000 and 30,000 troops have passed down the river within the last two weeks. Those going down during last week went to Memphis and Helena—most of them to the former. It is now understood that Gen. Sherman, at present in Memphis, will cooperate with Gen. Grant, now moving against the enemy in Mississippi. From this it would appear that the report that the new troops now going down the river are to be organized into a distinct army under Gen. McClellan is not correct. Nevertheless, we should not be surprised to hear of a big rise in the old Father of Waters very soon, which will effectually wash out Vicksburg, and open the channel clean through to the Gulf.

MISSOURI FOR FREEDOM.—The triumph of the Emancipation policy of President Lincoln in Missouri, which from last accounts seems to be assured, is worth to the country at least as much as a great victory in the field of battle. It is now estimated that we have six of the nine members of Congress, and ten majority on joint ballot in the Legislature, which secures the election of two Emancipationists to the Senate of the United States. When the people of a Slave State stand up for Freedom thus nobly, pro-slavery men in the free States should hide their heads in shame.

A young fellow of our acquaintance, whose better half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended Rev. Mr. —'s church on last Sunday evening. During the discourse the clergyman looked right at our innocent friend, and said in a tone of thrilling eloquence: "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The new-fledged dad, supposing that the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by replying: "Yes, I have two of them."

At Tiffin, Ohio, the other day, Van Amburgh's trained elephant, Hannibal, broke open the wagon of a candy peddler who followed the show, and gobbled down, in less time than it takes to read this paragraph, six thousand gingerbread cakes, seventy pounds of assorted candy, and forty pounds of "French kisses." The total value of his stolen treat was over \$80.

Gen. Wool emphatically denies that he put Col. Miles in command of Harper's Ferry, for which he (Wool) was censured by the late Commission. Miles was appointed to that place by Gen. McClellan, before Gen. Wool had control of the Department. Gen. McClellan was also censured by the Commission for his neglect to support Miles.

Brig. Gen. Patterson was found dead in his tent, at Fairfax Court-House, on Saturday morning. His body was sent to Philadelphia. He is a son of Major-General Patterson, who commanded at Harper's Ferry at the time of the first battle of Bull Run.

Wanted! The chair in which the sun sets. A garment for the naked eye. Buckles to fasten a laughing stock. The animal that drew the inference. Eggs from a nest of thieves. A bucket of water from "All's Well."

The most remarkable case of indecision we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night because he could not determine which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush." "The fact is, husband, I was born to blush unseen."