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NO. 12.

FURTHER LANGUAGE FROM TRUTH-

- BY F. BRET HARTE.
- * Do I sicep; de I dream?
 Do i wander and doubt!
 Are thines what they seem.
 Of its visious about?
 Is our civilization a fullure?
 Or is the Cancasian played out
- Which expressions are strong;
 Ye, would feebly imply
 Some account of a wrong—
 Not to call it a lio—
 As was warred off on William my pardner,
 Which his name it was W. Nye.
- He came down to the Ford On the very same day 'Of that Lot ery, drawed By those sharps at the Bay And he says to me, "Truthful, how goes it?" I replied. "It is tar, far from gay—
- "For the camp has gone wild On this Lottery game, And has even begulied "Injin Dick" by the same." Which said Nyo to me, "Injin is pizen— Do you know what his mumber is James."
- I replied, "7, 2, 9, 8, 4, 18 his hand;" Which he starred—and drew One a list, which he scanned; Then he softly went for his revo'ver, With language I cannot command.
- Then I said, "William Nye!"
 But he turned upon me,
 And the look in his eye
 Was quate pateful to see,
 And he says: "You mistake; this poor injin
 I protect from such sharps as you be!"
- was shocke I and withdrew But I giteve to relate,
 When he next met my view
 Injia Dick was his mate,
 And the two around town was lying
 In a frighfully dissolute state.
- Which the war-dance they had Round a tree at the Bend, Round a tree at the sad; And it seemed that the end Would not justify the proceedings. As I quiet remarked to a inlend.
- For that Injin he fled.
 The next day to his band;
 And we found William spread.
 Very lose on the strand,
 With a pesceful-like smile on his features,
 And a deliar greenback in his hand.
- Which, the same when rolled out. We observed with surprise, what the figlin, no douct, Had believed was the prize—Them figures in red in the corner, Which the number of notes spec
- Was it guile, or a dream?
 Is it Nye that I doubt!
 Are things what they seem,
 Or is valous about!
 Is our civilization a failure?
 Or is one Cances an payed out!

 Overland Monthly for January.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE AT SEA.

A Curious Incident.

short time since I happened to be in Valparaiso, where I made the acquaintance of an American, one of the officers of the United States whaling-ship Nantucket, which had run in from her fishing-grounds in the Pacific to obtain a supply of water and fresh provisions; and one day, in talking over the different events of the cruise, which had lasted two years, he narrated the following curious incident which had befallen

One morning at daybreak, when lying

becalmed, they found themselves in the midst of a shoal of sperm whales, and all four of their boats were speedily lowered and chase given. Two of them proved successful, and by the afternoon had returned to the ship, towing their captured prey; but the others were not so fortunate. Having by some blunder missed their first chance, it was not until after an arduous chase of many hours that their leading boat at last succeeded in overtaking and making fast to the whale. A long and desperate struggle ensued, the second crew quickly coming to the assistance of the first; but line after line from both was expended by the animal, which proved to be of the largest size, and of immense strength and tenacity of life. He tried every means to escape; sometimes "sounding, that is, descending perpendicularly a vast depth into the recesses of the ocean, until the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water was more than even its huge strength could bear, and it was forced to return to the surface, along which it would then rush with such velocity, dragging both boats after it, that the water, divided by the sharp bows, curled high in two solid on either hand.

At length, however, its speed began to slacken, and the whalemen, anxious to secure their prize before darkness set in, advanced to finish him, and four more lances were rapidly hurled into the body of the monster, which, apparently ex-hausted by its preceding efforts, lay passive on the water. No sooner, however, had the last steel penetrated, than, as it the stimulus had aroused anew all its vital energies, it hurled itself half out of the water, and swinging its ponderous flukes high up in the air, struck two tremendous blows in quick succession, one of which fell upon the foremost boat, cutting it completely in two, and scattering its occupants (one of whom had his thigh broken) in all directions.

After doing this mischief, it again sounded; and, hastily picking up their companions, and placing the wounded man in the bottom of the boat, the rest, undannted, impatiently awaited the coming up of the animal to breathe. But they waited in vain; their prey had escaped them. In his last desperate effort to free himself, he had (so I was told, at least.) dived so deeply that, with his strength exhausted, he was unable again to rise, and dying below, sank still deeper. The disappointed whalers sat in silence, watching their lines disappearing fathom after fathom, until their last yard was gone, when the bowman, who held his tomahawk uplifted ready to strike, was compelled to let it fall and sever the rope, lest the weight of the descending body should drag the boats

down with it into the abyes. Wearied with their long day of fruitless toil, and depressed at their ill-fortune, the men prepared to return to their ship, which had long before sunk beneath the horizon; for, being calm, she could not make sail to follow them. After pulling for some hours, however, felt a slight breeze spring up, which they knew would bring her down and, after a while, a rocket ascending showed her position; and this signs was repeated every half hour, until the vessel was within a few miles. They had been resting on their oars for some time, but had once more resumed them

upon noticing that the breeze was dying away, and their ship likely to be again becalmed, when all at once a sound struck upon their ears which made each man pause in astonishment. It was a groan, or rather a hoarse, heavy, smothered kind of moan, which seemed to be borne to them from across the waters; but whether from near at hand or far away they could not tell.

The men stood up in their boat and The night was cloudy and dark; but the line between sea and sky was sufficiently distinct to show to their practised vision the form of their own vessel, which was only three miles away; but no sail was visible on that part of the horizon from whence the sounds appeared to come. Thinking it possible, however, that some shipwrecked boat's crew might be in their neighborhood, they joined together in a shout, but there was no response audible. All at once, however, some flashes of light gleamed across the distant darkness, and first they had heard, rose on the night cited to which sailors are prone, the men in the boat whispered their conjectures to each other.

"There's nothing as I know of that swims the sea or flies in the air could make those sounds," said one. "If there was any craft anywhere within miles, we could see her sails plain enough; we are too far out at sea for any coasters carrying cattle. Baside, there's no such trade on this coast, and we're eight hundred miles from it."

"If it's from a boat, what kind of a crew must she have? That's what I for two-and-thirty days, and a whole lot of 'em went mad and died raging, from drinking the salt water, and valled and find the salt water. drinking the salt water, and yelled and fought and throttled each other till they were pitched overboard : but, then,

these here sounds aren't human like."
"Couldn't be a whale, Bill, that made that moanin' noise?" asked another of boat-steerers, who was a veteran salt, having followed his calling as a sealer and whaler in all parts of the

"Well, it might be-that noise might; though 'twarn't exactly like it, neither. I've heard 'em too often not to know them. Sperm whale don't roar much; but right black, or Greenland species, I 'em into the bay. bull, he came in from sea at nightfall, and kep' up such a moanin' and roarin' it was pitiful to hear him. He knowed his missus had gone in there, you see, and he was a callin' on her to come out; and for nigh-hand on to a week, every night, he'd tack about in the offing until daylight, waitin' and callin Twarn't till we stripped the blubber off her, and towed the carcass out to sea,

that he gave in and left." For some time the men listened, but nothing further was heard or seen. They also rowed for some distance in the direction of the sounds, and again shouted, but got no reply; and an hour after-wards they were picked up and taken on board. The captain, when he heard their story, swept the horizon with his night-glass; but detecting no sail, he concluded that the vessel from which the light had proceeded (if they really had seen it) had passed out of sight in the interval; and as for the sounds which had startled them, he made light of them.

some seals snorting, or maybe some pen-guins trumpeting," he said. "You were all knocked up and half asleep. Turn in, the whole lot of you, and take a snooze till daylight, for we must finish stripping and trying out this fish. A set of lubbers you were to lose that other

The men did as they were ordered were perfectly convinced that the sounds they had heard were not caused by any such agencies as their command-er had mentioned. The light, strange as it was, certainly might have proceeded from a passing ship, although in that case it was odd they could not see it. Each of the noises separately also might be thus accounted for, perhaps; but the whole occurring together, and proceeding from one quarter, was to them inex-

They had been asleep some hours, and day was about to break. The breeze had slightly freshened; but the ship, after having picked up the boats, had been hove to, and consequently had re-mained nearly stationary during the night, the carcass of the whale having been placed alongside, secured by tackles, preparatory to stripping the blub-ber, or "blanketpiece," as it is technic-ally called. Some of this had already been taken off, hoisted on deck, cut up, and placed in the huge coppers used in the sperm whale fishery for boiling (or "trying out," as it is termed) the oil—these coppers being imbedded in brickwork, on the upper or open deck. The fires beneath them being laid ready for lighting, the mate was busy with his preparations, when the captain, who been in bed, turned out and came

on deck. "Do you know," said he, "that I really think that there was no mistake in what the hands said? There's something out of the way going on, or affoat near us. My cabin window was open— the head of my bunk is close to it—and as I lay there I heard something—I can't make out what. Did you not hear any-

thing ?" ', No; we've been busy knocking about the decks. What was it like?" "Well, at first it was like what the men said—deep groaning, moaning, and rumbling kind of noises, a good distance off apparently. Then I heard a scream; had be then some one laughing—a rum sort of cane,

"How long since was this?" asked

the mate. "Within this last quarter of an hour. But is everything ready for trying out, Mr. Smart?" And the captain examined the preparations made. "Call the watch as soon as it is light enough, and set all hands to work. The coppers are charged, so you may as well light the fires, and then pass the word along for silence fore and aft. I want to listen, and try and make out what those noises

mean."

He went out and stood by the taffrail, while the men on deck, ceasing their work, went to the side or mounted the rigging.

For a short time they remained thus looking and listening, when the captain, hearing again the deep mouning he had described, raised the speaking trumpet he held, and hailed. As the hoarse sound a bluish glare shone out for a minute or two, flickered, and disappeared. At the same moment a distant, piercing cry, followed by moanings similar to the fact that the head, and halled. As the hoarse sound died away, a startling reply was given. A burst of strange, harsh laughter came ringing across the water, gradually changing into a wild cry, which rose upon the night air, sounding inexpressiair. In all their experience, whether on sea or land, they had never heard sounds like these, and, amazed and startled, listened, the fires which had been lightand with all the superstitious fears ex- ed beneath the coppers, and which had been fed with pieces of refuse blubber, began to burn up brightly, the flames presently shooting up half way to the tops, and casting a broad red glare over the surrounding waters. And, as if the flame had been a spell to conjure up the demons of the deep, from the thick darkness beyond the verge of the circle of light issued a succession of sounds of the most extraordinary character. Yells and howls, shrill screams and roars-

now commingled, now separate-at times dying away, and again, as the flames shot up fiercely, rising in hideous want to know," said a second. "I know | chorus-assailed the ears of the astoundon her way some distance, when the noises became more and more indistinct,

and finally died away.

Before the fires had been lighted the ship had been put before the wind, in order that the smoke and flame might pass forward and not endanger the rigging or incommode the men at their la-Some of the latter, alarmed at the sounds, would willingly have had her continue her course and leave the vicinity; but the Yankee skipper was not so superstitious; and, being determined to ascertain their cause, he ordered the fires to be put out, (so that the vessel but right black, or Greenland species, common all over the world, you can hear, at times, miles away. I remember once, when I was in New Zealand—we was a Bay whaling near Hokianga—we killed a cow whale and her calf and towed 'em into the bay. Well, the old in their direction, the ship was hove to, and a boat lowered; but the men hung back when the captain ordered a crew in, and wished to wait for daylight. Why, what are you afraid of, men

> He paused in surprise, and all hands uttered a cry. A strange phenomenon was presented to their view; a paleblue, phosphorescent light gleamed out darkness, and showed them a wreck, dismasted and drifting. Through the open ports and breaches in the bulwarks, broken by the waves, the unearthly-looking radiance shone, glim-

Do you think there are evil spirits cruis

spar left standing. Its bows were to- large. Most of them, after work, cuddle leck. Close to the after hatchway burned a blue, tremulous flame, sometimes shooting up vividly, and at others sinking down until nearly extinguished, by the light of which all on deck was rendered visible. All hands looked eagerly for signs of a crew; but nothing in the shape of a man was to be seen. The was cleared, the long-boat and

presented themselves to the view of the awe-struck sailors. Gaunt and weirdin the ghastly light of that unnatural illumination of a lonely wreck at ican nerve.

on board.

"I can tell you, sir," said my informant, at this portion of his narrative, that I for one was scared, and no mistake about it. I was brought up in a part of New England where a belief in the supernatural prevails. I had heard that evil spirits appeared at times in the form of beasts, and haunted the places where they had when on earth committed their crimes; and we were off that coast where, for two hundred years, the desperadoes of every clime—pirates and buccaneers—had pursued, when in life, their horrid calling. As the blue light flickered and the yells once more broke out, these tales of my early days might have made me fancy myself in the presence of some phantom ship with its

ghastly crew.

But daylight soon came, the light went out, and we then saw that the wreck was a real one, and that a boat was towing astern; and when we pulled to it and hailed, voices from the cabin aft replied, and we rowed round and saw a man with his head and shoulders projecting out of the window.
"I say, strangers!" he shouted, "don't

none of you offer to come aboard. Some of the critters got loose last night, and they're dangerous." And dangerous enough they appeared to be, for at that moment came to the taffrail and looked down on us several hyenas, whose eyes, sparkling with famine, glared most ociously; and no wonder; they had bad no food for nearly a week.

The brig was in fact a complete me-nagerie, which a speculative American was taking to California. visiting all the South American ports on his way. He had been blown out to sea by a hurri-cane, which at last carried away his road.

laugh it was, too. I should have thought myself dreaming, only for what the men had said."

masts, and he had been drifting about ever since, till his beasts were nearly starved. He had a miserable crew, half of them being his showmen, and he himself was his own captain, trusting to his mate to navigate for him. They had prepared the long-boat for leaving, should no vessel fall in with them, but had made frequent abortive efforts to rig jury-masts as well. In their last attempt the spar had fallen, and the heel of it smashed the cage containing the hyenas, and all hands had to make a speedy retreat to the after cabin, and keep below till daylight should enable them to shoot or otherwise secure them. Our fire, by exciting the beasts, attracted their notice, and at first they thought it was a burning ship. The light seen by the boat early in the night was made by burning some spirits of wine out of the cabin window, and they now pre-pared to repeat the signal, hoping to at-tract our attention; but this time, instead of hanging it out of the cabin window, they managed to open the hatchway and pash it out on the deck, where the beasts were prowling about, restless with the hunger which torment-

The crew stayed three days with us; we rigged them up jury-masts, and, what was of greater consequence, supplied the captain with plenty of the beef from the whale for his animals, and thus saved him from ruin; for the poor man had invested all be had in the menagerie. We heard afterwards that he safe to Callao, and I suppose is in California long before this.

The Chinamen.

A common Chinaman has no other idea of lifethan to work steadily, do his own cooking, washing, ironing, and mending, and spend a great deal less than he earns. His father and all his ancestors, as far back as to the time of Agron or of Abraham, had no other idea cold air—regulating the temperature at of life. A hut, a few yards of cloth, a will. double handful of rice and wheat, a slice of pork, a frying-pan, and a strip of rush matting for a bed—these are what he is born to, and with these, in his own land, he expects to die, and die content. When he comes to America. his simple aim is to lay up a small sum of money on which he can live at ease when he goes back. I saw a miner, fiftytwo years old; he looked thin and worn, as though he had never known anything but steady toil and rough fare. He has been here five years, and has three hundred dollars in gold. Last Monday he took the steamer to Canton. He will go home to his wife, and be a man in easy circumstances the rest of his days. They no bar-rooms; they drink no strong air, will operate machinery to bore the drink; they do not fight, or curse, or rock and raise it from its bed, and the break things. But they love to smoke in the evening, and it amuses them greatly to throw a pile of little brass coin, ten of which make a cent, on the middle of a table, and bet that, when the heap is counted off, it will turn out odd. Some bet a dime that it will count out odd, as twenty-seven or thirty-one. Others bet twenty-five cents that the count will be even. I did not see any body bet over twenty-five cents, but was told that late at night they grow reckless and bet their pipes and their mering and flickering on the stump of clothes, all their tobacco, and at last a the mainmast, the only fragment of a wife. But the class of gamesters is not wards them, and from their own mast- down by a little fire, where rice and the heads they could at times, when it legs and head of a hen are boiling, and pitched and rolled, look down on to its chatter about the day's work, about what some other miner or laborer has found, about what some wicked "Melican man" has done, about home, and having their ashes carried back to China to sleep besides the bones of their ancestors and under the grim smile of some ancient wooden god. Presently the chatter lulls away, the little rush beds are spread, and Chang-Ty, in dreams, i spars gone; there was nothing to con- far away in the Flowery Land. But, with daylight, he ties up the little roll eal them from view, had any men been on board.

But although nothing in the guise of mortal man was visible, other objects chicken-wing, and anon the pick, with slow but unceasing swing, is hacking into the bank; the barrows are filled looking shapes of hideous animals were the planks are handled, the rails are plainly seen flitting restlessly to and fro spiked, and the work goes on as fast as though pushed by Irish muscle or Amer-

How it was Done.

A man cannot well describe that which he has never seen nor heard; but the absolute words of one such scene did once come to the author's knowledge. The couple were by no means plebeian or below the proper standard of high breeding; they were a handsome pair, iving among educated people, suffici ly given to mental pursuits, and in every ay what a pair of polite lovers ought to be. The all-important conversation passed in this wise. The site of the passionate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn.

Gentleman—" Well, Miss—, the long and the short of it is this: here I am;

you can take me or leave me." Lady (scratching a gutter in the sand with her parasol, so as to allow a little salt water to run out of one hole into another)-" Of course I know that's all

nonsense."

Gentleman-" Nonsense! By Jove, it sn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane, here lam; come, at any rate you can say something."

Lady—"Yes. I suppose I can say something."

Gentleman-" Well, which is it to be ake me or leave me?" Lady (very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on at the same time her engineering work on a wider scale)-" Well, I don't exactly

want to leave you."-Trollope. A new line of steamers is to be estab lished between Portland and Boston in the spring, to run in connection with the Portland and Ogdensburgh Rail-

Compressed Air as a Motor. Horace H. Day writes to the Paterson

Press in reference to compressed air as a Perhaps less than two per cent. of the water power of our vast country has yet been utilized. The force now run-ning to waste is destined to add untold wealth and play no mean part in the nation's destiny. The time has indeed come for a fuller investigation of this

most important subject. Thanks to Sommeliere and his associ ates; thanks to France and Italy, whose money was at his disposal; we can to-day, and with great profit to all who will engage in the business, "bottle up" and transmit to places where wanted, and use this waste force through common engines, without necessarily adding

To-day a company for this purpose is organizing in the city of Rochester, New York. It has purchased the Lower Genesee Falls, one mile from the R. R. lepot, and can utilize five hundred horse power. This company will place pipes through the streets, similar to the ordinary gas pipes; these will always have a regulated pressure of condensed air, affording power to factories and work-shops, and carrying large profits at less than ten dollars per horse power per

annum for its use.

Every other building—every dwelling

may have a small pipe connecting
with the main and then avail itself of the recent discovery at a trifling addi-tional cost. The cooking can be done in the kitchen; gas-light sent through-out the house, and never-failing streams of cold, pure air, to lower the temperature and for ventilation, with no other trouble than to open and close a small stop-cock. Our churches need no longer be closed against the excessive heat of summer. The pipes through which the gas flows to illuminate may in time be

By the discovery in both Europe and America of machinery to be run by steam or compressed air, the drilling of rock, its raising and removal, tunnels, canals, and all rock excavation, must in the future be done by machinery. The Burleigh Rock Drill Company, of Fitch-burg, Mass., is building thousands of these simple machines, whose performances are as wonderful as they are certain, and of light cost.

The nation's necessities, the demands of increasing commerce, the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the steady increase of population penetrat-ing the productive North-west, will soon combine to override all local oppo-

chance to make seventy-five. They have Niagara Falls, by the aid of compressed whole work will only afford amusement for a hundred men for less than twenty months, and when completed the machinery used can be turned to account in running mills upon its banks and the lakes, united at a cost so much below tion a certainty.

A Russian Wolf-hunt.

programme of a regular "wolf-

are well asleep) from a rough couch in one of the little log-huts of some outlying village, by a violent shake of the shoulder, and a hoarse voice admonishing you to "get up, and look sharp about it, for there's no time to lose. You make a hasty toilet, and, sallying forth, see in front of the hut, in the dim light of the coming morning, a huge, dark, shapeless mass (which, as your eyes get used to the darkness, assumes the form of a broad, heavy, three-horse sledge, with very high sides, not unlike an enormous washing-tub), around which are flitting three or four spectral figures with lanterns, the fitful glare making their grim, bearded faces look grimmer and less human than ever. Guns, ammunition, haversacks, are stowed away in the bottom of the conveyance-and (last, but not least) young pig; your query respecting which elicits from the leader of the party only the oracular answer that "it'll come in handy by-and-by;" and, all being now ready, the hunters squeeze themselves into their places, the driver shakes his reins with a "wo-o-oi!" and away we go into the darkness. Mile after mile of the frozen waste goes by like a dream, till at length the spectral shadows of the forest slowly gather round us, and the squeals of our unlucky pig (whose ears one of our party is now pinching lustily) begin to be answered by another sound, which no one who has heard it will easily forget-not the long melancholy how! wherewith a supperless wolf may be heard bemoaning himself on the outskirts of Moscow, almost any night in the week, but a quick, snarling cry, as of one who sees his dinner coming, and wishes to hasten the bringer of it. And there they come at last, the gaunt, wiry, slouching fellows, with their bushy tails, and flat, narrow heads, and yellow, thievish, murderous eyes. There s perhaps nothing on earth more thoroughly mean and hateful-looking, at first sight, than the genuine Russian wolf; but the rascal has a certain picturesqueness of his own notwithstanding, though of a disagreeable kind. There is something grand in the dogged and sinister tenacity of his purcuit; coming on, with head thrown forward, and sharp white fangs unsheathed, untiringly and unrelentingly, like a haunt-

"With his long gullop, which can fire The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire."

But there is no leisure for moralizing now; for the wolves are already almost level with our sledge, and it is time to let fly. Bang! The foremost of the

pack rolls over on his side, kicking convulsively; but the rest gallop on un-heeding. Bang! bang! and two more fall dead, blotting the snow around them with a smear of dull crimson. Some of the boldest pursuers swarm up to the sledge, and attempt to leap over the encircling barrier; while we ham-mer them with the butt-ends of our pieces, and chop at their paws with hatchets, and slash them across the eyes with hunting-knives—the two hindmost of our party meanwhile cracking at them over our shoulders as fast as they can load. So for a time the running-fight that he had killed forty-seven bears goes fiercely on, making altogether a very striking tableau. The white, skeleton tracery of the frozen forest; the long, snaky line of the pursuing pack, shadowy and spectral, as if bodied of the mist from which it emerges; the whirling figures of the foremost wolves amid the tossing spray of snow and curling clouds of bluish smoke; the ceaseless flash of the busy rifles; the steaming horses, urged to their utmost speed; the driver, with his broad, sallow face all ablaze with excitement, shaking the reins, and hanging forward to ply the whip; the huge, cumbrous sledge, rocking and reeling over the snow with its freight of struggling forms—all this, seen in the dim, uncertain light of the early dawn, has a weird and ghostly apearly dawn, has a werd and ghostly appearance, suggestive of an attack of goblin highwaymen upon one of those phantom mail-coaches in which the bagman's uncle made that marvellous journey which so much astonished Mr. Pickwick. But "the pace is too stiff to last," as our leader observes with a knowing grin. A run at full speed through half-frozen snow tries the feet of even a fullgrown wolf too severely to be continued beyond a certain time; and, in the face of a stout resistance, the beast's inherent cowardice is sure to come to the surface sooner or later. Already three or four gaunt, shaggy-haired veterans, who have probably made a good supper over-night, begin to hang back, as if doubting the wisdom of risking their lives for a hypothetical breakfast; the speed of the rest slackens by degrees; and at length the whole pack drop off, as if by tacit agreement, leaving us to pursue our way unmolested. As we emerge again into the open plain, across which the first beams of the rising sun are just beginning to fall, we see the last of our grim followers slinking away like a be-lated spectre into the ghostly shadows

"I Acknowledge the Corn."

of the forest that we have quitted.

This popular phrase, it seems, was first used in Congress, being a remark made by Hon. Charles A. Wickliffe, Member of Congress from Kentucky. It was in acknowledgment of the deductions of an argument for protection made by Clay and Daniel Webster were there, and advocated protection. He recently made a speech, in which he referred to the fact. At the same time he related an incident which gives the origin of the well-known phrase, "I acknowledge

In 1828-forty-two years ago-this and we were discussing it. I was trying to show to the farmers of the countay that they were purchasing foreign agricultural productions in the form of goods, while they left their own produce at home without a market. I in the provinces is always the Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky sent their haystacks, corn-fields, and fodder to same. At some abnormal hour "be-tween the night and the day," you are aroused, (almost, as it seems, before you

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, jump

Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, jumped up and said : "Why, that is absurd. Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman to order. He is stating an absurdity. We never send hay-stacks or corn-fields to New York and Philadelphia."

"Well," I said, "what do you send? "Why, horses, mules, cattle, hogs." "Well, what makes your horses, mules, cattle, and hogs? You feed a hundred dollars' worth of hay to a horse, you just animate and get upon the top of your haystack and ride it off to market. Laughter.) How is it with your cattle? You make one of them carry fifty dolars' worth of hay and grass to the Eastern market." Then I came to the hog question.

Said I: "Mr. Wickliffe, you send a hog worth ten dollars to an Eastern market; how much corn does it take at thirty-three cents per bushel to fatten it?"

"Why, thirty bushels." "Then you put that thirty bushels of corn into the shape of a hog and make it walk off to the Eastern market."

Mr. Wickliffe jumped up and said : "Mr. Speaker, I acknowledge the

The New Paris Police. Among the other changes which the revolution of last September effected in Paris, was the reduction of the policeforce of the city from the military-looking being he was—with cocked hat, long sword and enormous mustaches, to the simply dressed citizen. The police of Paris in their old uniforms were obnoxious to the people because they had learned to look upon them as instruments of the Imperial tyranny and intimida-tion. In this the Committee of Safety acted with unusual discretion. doubtless prevented a second revolution, and "saved the Republic." The corres pondent of the London Standard thus lescribes the new Parisian police: "I saw three of them this evening, and thought at first they were undertakers' assistants out of place. They are got up most funereally, in pilot coats, with enormous trowsers and cheese-cutter caps, all raven-hued, and just one little bit of color in an unhappy little tri-colored cockade in their head-gear. After look-

press, illustrated with fine cuts.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The Indian Territory wants to be pro-noted to the " State of Ocmulgee." A ten-year old boy of Cario, Ill., has ultivated whiskers four inches long by

taking great care of them. Peanut oil, used in the South during the war as a substitute for butter, is again coming into use in view of the high price of the latter.

In an obituary notice of an elderly cit-

within the limits of the town. The Presbyterian Banner advocates the addition of sacred music to the studies to be taught in the theological seminaries, and says every minister should know how to sing, and to sing well.

In Canada the mink fur season is said to be very productive. In some sections of the Dominion minks are so plentiful that they approach the farm houses in

large numbers without fear. A couple out West have been divorced on account of a difference of opinion on the subject of baptism-one maintaining the necessity of immersion to salvation, the other, the suffiency of sprinkling.

Large numbers of the officers of the French armies in the field are said to be votaries of absinthe—a species of decoction which takes the mental and bodily pith out of a man faster, probably, than any other known deteriorative save opi-

Mark Twain, in a letter to a friend, speaks of his baby in this wise: "He, fancying that people down here dress as they do up there, has come without his bandbox; and I wish you would buy him a cloak and cap, and order the groceryman that you buy them of to

send them express to me.' An Atlantic paper of last week says: "A lady in this city tied her hubby's hands and feet, the other day, just for fun, and then went through his pockets for a certain billet-doux, and found it. His physician tells him that his face won't be badly scarred, though he may remain permanently bald."

The bulk of the American families who used to spend the winter in Paris and Rome have emigrated to Germany. Berlin, Dresden, Stuttgart, and Munich are all full of American idlers, and the result is that the proverbial cheapness of living in these cities has become a thing of the past, the tendency of an influx of trans-atlantic tourists being to make shop and hotel keepers more extravagant in their

Grand Rapide, Mich., is the stronghold of the women-righters. The city physician is a woman, one of the city pulpits is occupied by a woman, who has a good salary, the city library, con-Hon. Andrew Stewart, just elected to sisting of several thousand volumes, has Congress from the Westmoreland District been gotten up by women, and to crown all, they have a history class, composed Stewart was in Congress when Henry of ladies, which has been organized several years, which has regular lectures by

a lady from an adjoining city. The unsatisfactory nature of winning a case at law is evidenced in a suit re-cently tried in Cincinnati. A young lady sued a shoemaker for making her a pair of shoes too small and refusing to ubject (protection) was before Congress, give her another pair. The litigation has wasted a great deal of the time of the parties, who can ill afford to lose it. The young lady gained, after a long le gal fight, a verdict for \$3.25. The costs amount to \$25, and the lawyers' fees about twice that sum. What is gained by such going to law as that?

> Mrs. Stover, the daughter of Andy Johnson, who presided with so much quiet dignity for three years at the White House, is now Mrs. Brown, the wife of a country storekeeper in Greenville, Tenn. Mr. Brown is a plain and elderly-looking gentleman, well to do in the world through his dealings in dry goods, groceries, and notions. Andy Johnson's only living son, a youth seventeen or eighteen years of age, is a clerk in Mr. Brown's store.

There is a curious condition of affairs in Rutland, Vt. All the hotels have been closed, even to the exclusion of the regular boarders of the various establishments. The cause is the enforcement of the prohibitory liquor law, the proprietors having been repeatedly prose-cuted and fined for the sale of liquor They therefore combined and closed their doors. The town authorities have leased a house in the outskirts of the place and opened it as a hotel; but whether the Mayor and other officials do the honors, and whether the place is run on temperance principles, we are not informed.

The Engineer states that when the Russian American telegraph is completed the following feat will be possible: A tele-gram from Alaska for New York, leaving Sitka, say at 6 40 on Monday morning would be received at Nicoleaf, Siberia at six minutes past one on Tuesday morning; at St. Petersburg, Russia, at three minutes past six on Monday evening; at London twenty-two past four on Monday afternoon; and at New York at forty-six minutes past eleven on Monday forenoon. Thus, allowing twenty minutes for each re-transmission, a message may start on the morning of one day, be received and transmitted the next day again received and sent on the afternoon of the day it starts, and finally reaches its destination on the forenoon of the first day, the whole taking place in one hour's time.

A New Haven dentist has reconstructed the face of a person who had suffered from a cancer. The left check had fallen in and presented a very sunken and haggard appearance; so much so that one side of the face seemed at least fifteen years older than the other. By means of this artificial appliance the obeek is brought out again to its original fullness and made an exact counterpart of the the public peace is the old sergent-de-ville with clean-shaved face, his cocked hat and rapier removed."

other. The invention consists in a wing of elastic rubber, which is attached to the ordinary rubber plate, and readily yields to the various movements of the A history of tobacco is announced in about half an inch outward from the extreme back tooth.