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Contraries.

Many a nice young man leads a naughty life,
Many a sweet young maid makes a sorry wife,
Many a single man is anxious to wed,
Many a married man wishes his spouse dead,
Many a near kinsman is but little akin,
Many a pious person falls into sin,
Many a good doctor cures less than he kills,
Many an honest lawyer cheats in his bills,
Many a rich merchant spends more than he gets,
Many a millionaire will never pay his debts,
Many a fine bird cannot sing his own songs,
Many a just judge cannot right his own wrongs,
Many a despot is to others a slave,
Many a great coward in trifles is brave,
Many a great hero is unable to faint,
Many a good Christian is less than a saint,
Many a lucky tradesman loses his fall,
Many a rising statesman meets with a fall,
Many a seamstress gives alms to the poor,
Many a fine gentleman is worse than a boor,
Many a great felon is little to blame,
Many a proud ruler is worthy of shame.

Pay as You Go.

What, not avail myself of this capital opportunity for a bargain, just because the money is not in my pocket! There are a great many snug fortunes made by buying on time. But our friends who draw most largely on their credit, will agree with us in advising a young man to "pay as he goes." A sixpenny loaf of bread without butter, and no debt on it, has a better relish than your best dinner that is to be paid for to-morrow. The potatoes that are paid for before eating them have no bitter taste, while a coppery flavor mingles with the vanilla of the creams that are bought on credit. Cash lards handsomely the leanest beef. Credit makes the fattest slices shrink in the pan. If you pay as you go, very likely you will fall astern of your high speculating neighbor, but you will have your vessel in better trim for a squall. Men do not always get rich very rapidly who adopt the motto, but they very seldom can make out to fail. It may be hard for them to get rich, but it is harder for other people to suffer very bitterly on account of their poverty.—The man who pays as he goes, and has nothing but the suit he has on, and the meal he is eating, that he can call his own,—how much poorer is he than his neighbor who keeps a carriage and a servant, and lives in splendor, and owes more than he can ever pay! The latter, one will say, enjoys all the money that his splendor represents. That is very much a matter of taste. We should not enjoy it. Widows and orphans will weep when he dies, not because he has gone, but because his estate pays only twenty cents on the dollar. "Pay as you go," and leave no unpleasant business for your executors to transact. It is not gratifying for the widow to have your debts to settle, and children come by degrees to think less of their deceased father, when bills are presented that cannot be met by his assets. Pay as you go, sleep sound at night, and drive out the night-mare from your dormitory. You will keep things snuggier about the house. Your account book will be a model of simplicity. You will buy what you want, and leave what is unneeded till money is plentier. You will find the necessities of life to be only the decimation of what generally are called such. Off their faces, tearing the lean and haggard mask, you will find jolly, lazy luxuries behind. Your library will contain fewer and choicer books. Your wardrobe will be a collection of wearable garments,—your home an aggregation of comforts for every day use. Your wife will be as tidy and neat as the best of them. She will have very little old jewelry to exchange for new, and the moths will not much trouble her those warm days. Your balance sheet will always be a pleasant document to study. The amount you have in the bank, the property you hold, the stock you own, will be the true representative of your means. Pay as you go, and when you die enjoy the satisfaction that there is but one debt left behind you. If you have not anything, the undertaker's bill will not be very heavy—too small to trouble you much afterwards. Next to having money enough, the most comfortable thing, in a financial aspect, is to owe nothing to any man. Pay everybody as you go, but pay the printer in advance.—*New York Times.*

A blacksmith was lately summoned to a town court as a witness, in a dispute between two of his workmen. The judge, after hearing the testimony, asked him why he did not settle the affair—as the costs had already amounted to three times the disputed sum.
'I told the fools to settle it,' he replied, 'for I said the clerks would take their coats—the lawyers their shirts—and if they got into your honor's court, you'd skin 'em.'

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

LIFE IN BOMBAY.

BOMBAY, India, Saturday, Jan. 1, 1853.

Before reaching here, I had a slight foreshadowing of India life. The servants on the steamer being all Indians, and the passengers mostly belonging to the East India service, many peculiarities of every day life were already familiar to me. I had mastered the mysteries of curry; I learned to say 'tiffin' (from the verb *tiffin* in?) instead of 'lunch'; I became accustomed to being addressed as 'sahib,' and even ventured so far into Hindustani, as to call out boldly at table: '*pam do!*' or '*saf basan las!*' Thus the first bloom of the new land was lost to me—all those nameless slight peculiarities which surround you with an enchanted circle when you first plunge yourself into another climate and another race. Nevertheless, there was enough left to make my landing on India soil a circumstance of no ordinary character.

We come slowly up the splendid bay, until within half a mile of the town. The shores being low, nothing but an array of brown tiled roofs, and a small Gothic spire, was visible behind the crowd of vessels at anchor. On the other hand, however, the islands of Elephanta and Panwell, and the ranges of the Mahratta Ghauts, were gorgeously lighted up by the evening sun. But little time was allowed for admiring them; the anchor dropped, and a fleet of boats, conveying anxious friends and relatives, gathered about us. The deck was covered with pyramids of baggage, all was noise and confusion, here shouts of joy and there weeping, here meeting and there parting, many scenes of the drama of life enacted at the same moment. Finding myself left wholly to my own resources, I set about extricating myself from the bewildering, and accepting the first native who addressed me, I embarked for the shore before the other passengers had thought of leaving. "Rupees," said the master of the boat, holding up three of his fingers. "Ek," (one) I answered. "I went two fingers." "Ek," And so I went ashore for one. We came to a stone pier, with a long flight of steps leading down to the water. The top of it was thronged with natives in white dresses and red turbans. Among them were the runners of the hotels, and I soon found the one I wanted. At a small customs office on the pier, my baggage was passed unexamined, on my declaring that I had but two pounds of Turkish tobacco. A line of cabs, buggies and palanquins, with their bearers, was drawn up on the pier, and in order to be as Indian as possible, I took one of the latter.

It was not a pleasant sensation to be at full length in a cushioned box, and impose one's whole weight (and I am by no means a feather) upon the shoulders of four men. It is a conveyance, invented by Despotism, when men's necks were foot-stools and men's heads playthings.—I have never yet been able to get into it without a feeling of reluctance, as if I were inflicting an injury on my bearers. Why should they groan and stagger under my weight, when I have legs of my own!—and yet, I warrant you, nothing would please them more than for me to use those legs. They wear pads on the shoulders, on which rests the pole to which the palanquin is suspended, and go forward at a slow, sliding trot, scarcely bending their knees or lifting their feet from the ground. The motion is agreeable, yet as you are obliged to lie on your back, you have a very imperfect view of the objects you pass. You can travel from one end of India to another in this style, but it is an expensive and unsatisfactory conveyance, and I shall never use it.

As I was borne along, I saw, through the corners of my eyes, that we passed over a moat and through a heavy stone gateway. I then saw the bottoms of a row of fluted Grecian pillars—a church, as I have since found—then shops, very much in the European style, except that turbaned Hindoos and mitred Parsees stood in the doors, and finally my bearers came to a halt in a wooden verandah, where I was received by Mr. Pallance, the host of the British Hotel. I was ushered up lofty flights of wooden steps to the third story, and installed in a small room, overlooking a wide prospect of tiled roofs, graced here and there with a cocoa-nut or brab palm. The partitions to the rooms do not reach the ceiling; there are no glass windows, but merely blinds, and every breeze that comes sweeps through the whole house. The servants are mostly Portuguese, from Goa, but as India is especially the country of servant and master, every person is expected to have one for his own use. I chose a tall Hindoo, with one red streak and two white ones (the signs of caste) on his forehead, who, for half a rupee daily, acts as guide, interpreter, messenger and valet de chambre. Nothing can exceed the respect shown to Europeans by the native servants. They go far beyond the Arab and Turkish domestics of the East, or even the slaves in Egypt. No Russian serf could have a greater reverence for his lord. As a natural consequence of this, they are noted for their fidelity; the ayahs, or nurses, are said to be the best in the world.

Bombay, as a city, presents few points of interest to a traveler. It is wholly of modern growth, and more than half European in its appearance. It is divided into two parts—the Fort, as it is called, being inclosed within the old Portuguese

fortifications, and surrounded by a moat. It is about a mile in length, extending along the shore of the bay. Out side of the moat is a broad esplanade, beyond which, on the northern side, a new city has grown up. The fortifications are useless as a means of defence, the water of the moat breeds musketoes and fevers, and I do not understand why the walls, should not have been levelled long since. The city within the fort is crowded to excess. Many of the streets narrow, dark and dirty, and as the houses are all of wood, it is exposed to much danger from fire. The population and trade of Bombay have increased so much within the last few years, that this keeping up of old defences is a great inconvenience. So far are the old practices preserved, that at one particular gate, where there was a powder magazine twenty years ago, no person is permitted to smoke. Southward of the Fort is a tongue of land, formerly the island of Colaba, but now connected by a cause way—which stands the lighthouse. To the north-west beyond the city, rises Malabar Hill, a long, low height, looking upon the open ocean, and completely covered with the gardens and country houses of the native and European merchants.

The mainland is distant from Bombay about fifteen miles, across the bay.—Steamers run daily to Panwell, whence there is a mail-coach to Poonah, the old Mahratta capital, about 70 miles distant. Northward of the Island of Bombay, however, lies the large Island of Salsette, which is connected with it by two causeways, and Salsette has lately been united to the mainland by a bridge, the strait, at the northern point of the island, being less than half a mile wide. This bridge was built by the East India Railroad Company, who have already finished thirty-five miles of the great road which is to connect Bombay and Calcutta. The rails are laid as far as Tanna, and the trains will commence running in a month or two. The Engineers are now busy in laying out that part of the line which crosses the Ghauts, after which the construction of the road will be attended with comparatively little difficulty. The East India Company guarantees 5 per cent. annually on the stock, for the periods of twenty years, owing to which encouragement, (without which, indeed, the undertaking were impossible,) shares are now at a premium.

During the few days I have been here, I have made one acquaintance among the English residents, to whom I am indebted for much cordial hospitality. The English in India are said to be the most hospitable people in the world, even to those who bring no letters of introduction. The kindness of my friend, and especially of Captain R. Baird Smith, of the Bengal Engineers, has supplied me with letters for all the principal towns in the interior, so that I have double assurance of a friendly reception. I believe there are no American merchants in Bombay, nor even a Consul. Appointments have been made, and Consuls have come out here, but none of them seem to make any stay. The last one appointed Mr. Dossabhoj Merwanjee, one of the principal Parsee merchants, his agent, but he has no authority to act in a Consular capacity. The house of Dossabhoj Merwanjee & Co., however, have been actively engaged in American trade, most of the vessels which come out from our ports being consigned to them. I am indebted to the members of the firm for kindness and hospitality which I shall not soon forget.—The only American residents at present, are Rev. Mr. Allen and other Missionaries, who have established a school and church, and Mr. Moore, the agent of the Boston ice merchant, and therefore a man of some importance in this hot climate. The ice is preserved in a large stone rounda, and sold at the rate of four annas (12 cents) the pound. The consumption is increasing, much use of it being now made by the physicians, and with the best effect.

My good fortune in making the acquaintance of Dossabhoj Merwanjee, and other members of the celebrated Lowjee family, to which he belongs, has given me some insight into native society here—an imperfect experience, it is true, but enough to satisfy me that in none of the English works on India which I have read, has justice been done to the native population. The Parsees especially, form a community distinguished for its intelligence, enterprise and public spirit. It would be no exaggeration to say that more than half the wealth of Bombay is in the hands of this class, which comprises less than 10,000 souls, out of a population of 400,000. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the Parsee baronet, presents one of the most striking examples of commercial success to be found in the history of any country. This gentleman, whose splendid benevolence has imperishably connected his name with his native city, was the son of a poor man, and commenced his career in life as a buyer and seller of empty bottles. By prudence, economy and intelligence, he rose from one success to another, till at present his fortune is estimated at three crores of rupees (\$15,000,000). He has given away in charities of various kinds, upwards of \$2,000,000, and scarcely a day passes without recording some further evidence of his generosity. Among other works which owe their existence to him—and for which he was knighted by the queen, being the first native who ever received

that distinction—are the Hospital which bears his name, the causeway from Bombay Island to Salsette, (called Lady Jamsetjee's Causeway,) and the aqueduct for supplying the City of Poonah with water. He is now verging upon his eightieth year, and very infirm. His eldest son, Cursetjee, inherits his enterprise and boldness, and possesses a large fortune of his own making. Another of his sons has distinguished himself as a Persian scholar, and has published a work on the Era of Zoroaster.

Dr. Bhawoo Dajee, a distinguished Hindoo physician, of whom I shall have more to say, kindly accompanied me to Sir Jamsetjee's town residence, a large and elegant mansion within the fort. The old gentleman was absent, but we were received by his son Sorabjee, who inquired after Mr. Chas. Morton, of Cambridge, and showed me a *North American Review*, containing Mr. M.'s biography of Sir Jamsetjee. The residence is very elegantly furnished, in a style combining European comfort with Oriental display.—Portraits of the different members of the family occupied the walls, and in the centre of the principal saloon stood a splendid testimonial, in wrought silver, three feet high, presented to Sir Jamsetjee by three of the Bombay merchants.

The Parsees settled on the Malabar Coast about eight centuries ago, after their expulsion from Persia. They are, as is well known, followers of Zoroaster, recognizing one good and one Evil Principle, who contend for the mastery of the Universe. They worship the sun, as the representative of God, fire, in all its forms, and the sea. Their temples contain no images, but only the sacred fire, and though they have fixed days for the performance of various rites, they repeat their prayers every morning, soon after sunrise. The dead are neither buried nor burned, but exposed to the air within a walled enclosure, on the summit of a hill. The bodies of the rich are protected by a wire screen, until wasted away, but those of the poor are soon devoured by birds of prey. The children are generally married at from two to five years of age to assume the duties of married life. Most of the marriages are celebrated at this time of the year, and the streets continually resound with the music of the bridal processions. First comes a string of palanquins and carriages, filled with children of both sexes—and very beautiful are all the Parsee children—glad in silk, bespangled with gold, and with pearl and emerald ornaments in their ears. Then a band of native musicians, generally playing "Lucy Long," or "Carry me back," &c.; after them the bridal dowry, covered with massive extinguishers of silver, and the procession is closed by a concourse of women, whose splendid mantles of scarlet, crimson, orange, yellow and purple silk, gleam in the sun.

"Like tulip beds, of different dyed,
Bending beneath the west-wind's sighs."
My friend Cursetjee Merwanjee, accompanied me the other day, in a drive around the environs of Bombay. After passing the esplanade, which is thickly dotted with the tents of the military and the bamboo cottages of the officers, we entered the outer tower, inhabited entirely by the natives. The houses are two or three stories in height, with open wooden verandahs in front, many of which have a dark, mellow old look, from the curious carved posts and railing of black-wood which adorn them. Mixed with the houses are groups of the beautiful cocoa-palm, which rise above their roofs and hang their feathery crowns above the crowded highway. Outside of the town all is shade and the splendor of tropical bloom. The roads are admirable, and we rolled smoothly along in the cool twilight of embowered cocoa, brab and date palms between whose pillar trunks the afternoon sun poured streams of broad golden light. The crimson sagittaria flaunted its flame like leaves on the terraces; a variety of the acaea hung thick with milky pendulous blossoms, and every gateway disclosed an avenue of urns leading up to the verandah of some suburban palace, all overlaid with gorgeous southern flowers. We rode thus for miles around and over Malabar Hill, and along the shores of the Indian Ocean, till the hills of Salsette, empurpled by the sunset, shone in the distance like the mountains of fairy land.

I had thought the Government of Egypt despotic, for taxing the poor Nubians a piastre and a half (7 1/2 cents) annually for each of their date trees, but the East India Company exacts from one to three rupees (50 cents to \$1 50) on each tree according to its quality. As the principal produce of the trees is *tari*, a kind of palm wine, used only by the natives. Such a tax appears enormous, and gives color to what I have already heard, that the resources of the country are mercilessly drained by the company, for the purpose of carrying out its expensive system of annexation, and at the same time paying the regularly yearly dividend to the shareholders. However, let me not prejudice the company or its servants. India should be better under the security of English rule, than under its former horde of petty sovereigns and their devastating wars, and I shall no doubt find some solid good to over-balance the evil which is inseparable from the present system.

In the course of our excursion we visited a Hindoo Temple on the western shore of the island. It is dedicated to the five principal divinities, each of whom has his

separate shrine. We were not permitted to go further than the doors, but the attendants removed the hangings and showed us the figures of the gods. There names were in the Mahratta language, and I do not remember the Sanscrit appellation of any except Maha-deo. The temple occupied the summit of a small hill, and was approached by ghauts, or flights of steps, of hewn stone. Near it there was a much older shrine, with an image in a dark recess. A tiger, rudely sculptured, sat in the outer porch, facing it. Several bells hung from the roof, and each of the natives who accompanied us rang one of these, both on passing in and out.

Dr. Bhawoo Dajee took me to visit the Jamshejee Jeejeebhoy Hospital, the name of which declares its founder. It is a one story stone building, in the Gothic style, and divided into a number of wards, where the destitute Christian, Jewish Hindoo, Parsee or Mahomedan invalid is taken in and well cared for. There were about 300 patients at the time of my visit. The hospital is very clean, kept in excellent order, and the patients appeared to be enjoying as much comfort as was possible, in their condition. Opposite the Hospital is the Grant Medical College, an excellent institution, which is attended at present by about thirty native students. Bhawoo Dajee himself is a graduate of this College, where he received the gold Medal, and was besides awarded a prize of 600 rupees for an essay on Infanticide. As a physician and surgeon he is among the first of his class in Bombay, and in that refinement and liberality which distinguishes the gentleman and the scholar, he would be a noted man anywhere. I esteem it a particular good fortune which brought me to his acquaintance.

I must here close, have not yet done with Bombay. B. T.

Rheumatism.

As this disease is very common, and is a very painful one, any useful information on the subject may be of benefit to some of our readers. The following is part of an article on the subject from the "Dollar Newspaper," Philadelphia:
"Rheumatism is a disease of the blood, and in order to effectly remove the disease, the rheumatic poison, (perhaps the urate of soda) must be eliminated from the circulation. The principal purifying organs are the emanatories of kidneys, the lungs, and the skin. Through the skin and the kidneys alone can the rheumatic poison be removed and far more through the latter than the former. Every man afflicted with rheumatism should have a long bath tub, in which he can completely immerse his whole body. In such a tub (made of tin perhaps) he should every morning take a warm, weak, ley bath, rubbing the surface briskly with a flesh brush till it glows finely. This bath should be used for four or five days, and then, for a few days, a strong salt water bath (warm) should be substituted. This is the best external treatment known to the profession, and the great trouble is that it is so little known to them. Warm flannel should, of course, be constantly worn by rheumatics.

But the great remedy for rheumatism, after all, is diuretics; and among the best of them is the meadow saffron (colechicum autumnale.) The tincture of colechicum seeds is generally used. The brandy tincture is the best for decidedly nervous rheumatics; the wine tincture to those of a firm nerve fibre. Of either of these tinctures, 25 drops three times a day, for an adult, till it operates as a slight laxative (when the dose should be lessened) is about the right quantity. After using the tincture of colechicum for ten or twelve days, the solution of iodide of potassium (of the strength of one ounce to the pint of rain water,) half a teaspoonful twice a day will speedily complete the cure. An experience of several years in the treatment of all grades of rheumatism has established the correctness of the above treatment. I have never seen a case that would not yield to its powers. Sometimes acids or alkalis (according as the urinary deposit is white or red,) may be used with fine effect. The best acid that can be used in rheumatism is the citric, and the best form is that of sour lemonade.

The "Lynchburg (Va.) Express" says: A gentleman wishes us to publish the following for the relief of humanity. He says he has known a number of cures made by it, and all of them in a short time:—Half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre, put in half a pint of sweet oil; bathe the parts affected, and a sound cure will speedily be effected.

[We would state that the first extract is decidedly orthodox, and the information should be extensively circulated. The wine of colechicum effects a cure upon some persons subject to gout in a very short period. We cannot say anything respecting the practical effects of the latter receipt, but it is so simple that it can easily be tried and that without risk.—*Scientific American.*

A young gentleman who has had a nice new suit of clothes made for the summer season was observed by the tailor who made them, floundering in the mud. "Ah ha! Josey," said the man of shears, "you are making a pretty mess of those new clothes, I perceive!" "Well, if I am," hiccoughed Josey; "it's your fault, you rascally old snip; for you went and made my waistcoat with a rolling collar."

Cheerfulness.

It is the part of the true philosopher to jest as well as to preach, and he will be found enforcing some of his most valuable truths by appealing to our natural sense of the humorous. It is exceedingly tedious to see people budging on through life, ever with a frown upon their faces, and a sigh upon their lips; they become pestilential, and one is apt to catch the malady by contact. Such people don't realize that there is any sunny side to this life of ours; a smile seems to them to be sadly out of place on a companion's face, and a hearty laugh downright blasphemy. Fy-fy, what philosophy! Cheerfulness is an amulet, a charm to make us permanently contented and happy. A cheerful man feels well, does well and loves things which are good; while he who is always sad, doeth ill in the very sorrow he evinceth. Long-faced, sactimonious people are generally avoided, and very justly so, for who wishes to partake of their malady? Whereas, those accustomed to look on the sunny side of life, are ever courted for the genial spirit they diffuse about them.

He who administers medicine to the sad heart, in the shape of wit and humor, is most assuredly a good Samaritan. A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself! Open, unrestrained merriment is a safety-valve to the heart and disposition. If overburthened with the noxious gases of care, pull the string of wit, you flies the valve of fun, and out goes the troubles and vexations of life to the four winds of heaven. It is a fact beyond dispute, that mirth is as innate in the mind as any other quality that nature has planted there—it only wants cultivation, and the more we cultivate it the more fruitful it becomes. Mirror-like, the world reflects back to us the picture which we present to its surface. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it—like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a steric wilderness; and thus, chameleon-like, life takes its hue of light or shade from the soul on which it rests, dark or sunny as the case may be.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking on the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quietly remarks, "for every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his legs, let him be thankful that it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the building of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.—*Gleason's Pictorial.*

Boys.—The *Nashua Gazette* thus dangles the "boy" of the present age. All who read it will confess it is the best likeness yet obtained:—
This has been termed the age of progress. The most striking exemplification of the progressive tendency of the age may be found in boys from fifteen to eighteen or twenty years of age. The boys of fifteen and thereabouts wears better broadcloth than his employer and boots to match. He gets the Spring and Summer style of hats as soon as they come on from New York. He wears dickeries of fabulous dimensions. He has his hair curled and uncut by the most approved barbers. He would wear a "moonstache" or "imperial" if he could. He has a woman whom he pays attention to." He sometimes carries a cane about as large as your little finger, with a ball of lead on the end of it! He smokes. He chews.—He swears. He drinks. Of a fair Sunday he stands at the corner of the streets to show himself. He stays out all night, or into the "small hours," "sitting up with his woman," or otherwise "missing Ned generally." He takes "his woman" out to ride. During the winter he goes to all dances, which come off about every other night. He makes magnificent presents "to his woman." His "horschire bill is as the millionaire's." He reads nothing but the "Pirate's Own Book," "Life in London," and the works of the "yellow covered" species.

The Wabash and Erie Canal is at length completed. It has been twenty-one years in progress. The work unites the waters of Lake Erie at Toledo with the Ohio at Evansville. Its whole length is 459 miles, of which 375 miles are in Indiana and 84 miles in Ohio. The eastern section was first opened and eleven years ago united the Lake and the Wabash at Lafayette. The embarrassed finances of Indiana made its subsequent progress for several years quite slow. By 1840 it was pushed down the valley of the Wabash to Terra Haute, and now, four years after, by means of its own improved finances, separated from the State debt proper, it has reached its ultimate destination.

A bill abolishing capital punishment has passed the Connecticut Senate. It substitutes solitary confinement, with a provision that the convict shall not be pardoned unless new evidence of his innocence transpires.

The skin of the black fox is now the rarest and dearest fur. A single one in Russia is often sold for from \$1,000 to \$1,500 roubles.