

THE JEFFERSONIAN.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 24.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA SEPTEMBER 21, 1865.

NO. 29.

Published by Theodore Schoch.

TERMS—Two dollars a year in advance—and if not paid before the end of the year, two dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid.
At the option of the Editor.
A single insertion of one square of (eight lines) or less, one or three insertions \$1.50. Each additional insertion, 50 cents. Longer ones in proportion.

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HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And loose what Nature gave us;
For life hath here no charm so dear
As home and friends around us.
We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweeter are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth hath naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken;
Do show us still that come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were gone, if but the light
From Friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home and friend around us.

French Butter-Making.

It is well known that cream may be converted into butter by simply being buried in the ground, but it is not generally known that this mode is in common use in Normandy and some other parts of France.—The process is as follows:—The cream is placed in a linen bag of moderate thickness, which is carefully secured and placed in a hole in the ground, about a foot and a-half deep; it is then covered up and left for twenty-four or twenty-five hours. When taken out, the cream is very hard and only requires beating, for a short time, with a wooden mallet, after which half a glass of water is thrown upon it, which causes the butter-milk to separate from the butter. If the quality of cream to be converted into butter is large, it is left more than twenty-five hours in the ground. In winter when the ground is frozen, the operations are performed in a cellar, the bag being well covered up with sand. Some persons place the bag containing the cream with a second bag, in order to prevent the chance of any taint from the earth. This system saves labor, and is stated to produce a larger amount of butter than churning, and of excellent quality, and is moreover, said never to fail.

A Temperance Story.

Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and sets a good example of total abstinence as far as he can. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor, and in repairing the corner near the fire-place it was found necessary to remove the wainscot when lo! a discovery was made that astonished everybody.—A brace of decanters a tumbler and a pitcher were cozyly reposing there, as if they had stood there from the beginning. The deacon was summoned and as he beheld the shining bottles, he exclaimed—
"Wal, I declare, that old Bacco, sure enough. It must be that old Bacco, sure there when he went out of this 'ere house thirty years ago."
"Perhaps he did," returned the carpenter, "wal, Deacon, the ice in that pitcher must have been frize mighty hard to stay so til this time."

An orator in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said: "My friends, I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country, and well may I love them, fellow citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of a son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say I was raised between two rows of corn. "A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed an inebriated chap just in front of the stage.

A story is told of two Vermont captains in the war, between whom was a generous rivalry, relating to their own gallantry and that of their companies. Both were dangerously wounded at the Wilderness. Capt. B. was insensible for two days, but on the third opened his eyes and inquired if Capt. W. was alive, and on being told he was doing well, said energetically, "well, if W. can live, I'll be b—d if I'll die," and he didn't.

The other day, a coach drove up to the New York Hospital, and a patient admitted suffering, he said, from having swallowed his false teeth. The man was in fearful agony, feeling the teeth cutting his bowels. The resident surgeon made an examination, but could discover nothing, and the man was sent away unrelieved. His teeth were afterwards found in his bed and then he felt better.

"Come till America, Pat!" writes a son of the Emerald Isle, to his friend in Ireland; "tis a fine country to get a livin in. All ye have to do, is to get a three-cornered box, and fill it with brick and carry it till the top of a four story building, and the man at the top does all the work."

Loving, Very.

"Oh, mother," said a very little child, "Mr. S—dose love Aunt Lucey." He sits by her, he whispers to her, and he hugs her."
"Why, Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?"
"Suffer it! yes, mother—she loves it!"

WHAT DICK BLAIZE FOUND IN CHURCH.

I'd been to church. I'm not a man to sail under false colors, and pretend I went regular, for I didn't; but when a lad has been on a three years' cruise, and through no end o' gales, and come home safe and sound at last, it's only right he should report himself at headquarters. Some didn't; but I had a good old mother once, and she taught me a great deal that I've forgotten now (more shame for me,) besides some things I remember. So, feeling that the Lord's hand had been in my coming home alive, I went to where they say he comes ofttest, and that's to church. It was a grand sort of place; but I had my 'longshore togs on, and my new silver watch, and a collar as white as old sail—and in I walked, bold as brass. It was evening, about seven bells, and the glims were all aight. Chaplain, he was there in the wheel-house, and all the passengers aboard. I sailed up the straits, looking for a seat, but, Lord love ye! they all had state-rooms, with the doors shut, and though I said, once or twice, "Shove up, shipmate," nary lad of 'em budged an inch.

"Look-a-here, my man," says I to a fellow acting as convoy to a lot of ladies just come in, "my opinion is you need a missionary. I've been among the benighted heathen, in parts where they're nigh as black as your coat, and though they eat each other now and then, them that's converted never tries to keep the others out in the cold when there's a meetin'—Chaplain wouldn't hear on't if they did."
"Well, the chap turned up his nose at me, and said something about 'being under no obligation to find seats for strangers,' and I set sail for the door, when he pints, and I looks, and bless her pretty heart! there was a lady holding her door open, and kind o' bowin', as much as to say, "Cast anchor here, and welcome."

So I made my best bow, and went in. There wasn't another soul but us two there, and I felt sheepish. I can tell you I wasn't two-and-twenty then, and was a fore the mast yet. And she was a beauty!—like a little yacht with streamers flying, and holiday sailing ahead. If she'd turned up her nose at me I'd not have wondered. But she didn't; she gave me a book, with blue velvet on the binding, to sing out of, and smiled when she did it. And bless ye, I forgot what the chaplain was saying, looking at her. I don't know where she got her eyes, unless a bit of summer sky was used to make 'em, for they were just as blue. Well, when it was all over, such a time as I had treadin' on the women's long petticoats, and being scowled at, coming out! I was making headway down the street, when I saw a fellow half-sees over make up to a lass and put his arm about her waist and try to kiss her. She screamed, but before she could scream twice I was alongside of her. "Hands off, you lubber!" said I, and I laid him sprawling.

And then I saw the lass was the very one I'd been looking at all the evening—the only Christian (according to my reckoning) in church.
Says she, "I'm very much obliged to you sir."
Says I, "You ain't—not at all, miss; and now, if you've far to go, I'll walk alongside and pilot you, if you'll permit."
Says she, "I have a very little way to go; that's father's house; but thank you a thousand times."

Well, she pointed to a reg'lar first-class sort of place, all white marble, that I knew to be Capten Jersey's. And Capten Jersey was my cappen. I'd sailed with him four years—prentice at first, hand arterward. And, Lord love ye! I felt almost frightin' to think of sitting and walking alongside his daughter. I made my best scrape and bow, and somehow stammered out about giving best respects to the cappen, and the honor of havin' served her.

Then says she, "Papa must thank you himself." And there, true as the scarpent, was Capten Jersey at the parlor port-hole. She told him what had happened, and he said, "My man, you've done your duty," and made me come in and have a glass of wine. He called it wine, look ye, I've no doubts of it, for it was as sour as swipes, and fizzed like soda-water when the cork came out. I should have took it for spilled cider. However, capten's wine isn't to be sneezed at by foremast hands, and I took it.

Well, I took myself home arter that, but I took her along o' me. I could see her eyes and her mouth and her hair—'twasn't gold nor brown, nor yet flaxen—sort o' like moonlight with a shadow in it—as well as if I'd been in one o' them daguerreotype machines and had her picture took off on my heart, and at night I dreamed of her.

Look here, shipmate, if you'll keep dark I'll tell you what I dreamed: That I—Dick Blaize—kissed Capten Jersey's daughter! I don't believe in a man stepping out of his place. Nobody under a first mate had a right to dream that, and I own up I was to blame.

That wasn't the worst—I vow it wasn't. I thought of her arter I was awake just the same; and I did think if I could be cappen, and have her for my wife—Eva her name was: I'd heard the Capten call her so—I'd not want to die, nor yet to go to heaven. Life would be so happy to me!
Well, I went on loving and hoping, and we took another voyage, and yet another; and I got on, and was promoted, and by-and-by I found myself second mate, and

then she was not spliced yet. I was six-and-twenty, and had a little money put by, and thoughts of her had kept me from too much grog and company that might ha' done me harm; and says I, one day, "I'll have her yet before I go to Davy Jones' locker."

I didn't give up the thoughts of Miss Eva Jersey, and being second mate, I found chances after a while to talk to her, and I was a handsome young fellow then—wantin' you'll say, but it's truth—and she took a shine to me. When I knew it I was beside myself with joy.

Secret a bit we were about it, as lovers will be, and the cappen was a man to be afraid of. But one day I went to him, and says I, "Capten, I've a word to say to you."

I couldn't go on at first, but by-and-by I managed to stumble through it. "I loved his daughter and wanted him to give her to me." That was my yarn, and Lord love ye! the squall it raised. Capten rose up and looked at me.

"Have ye been drinking, my man?" says he.

"No, Capten," says I.
"Then you're mad," says he.
"Nor yet mad," says I.
He pointed to the door.

"I haven't had my answer," says I.—
"I beg pardon, Capten, but I want to hear it."

Ladies may read this, or I'd write down what he said to me. Talk about oaths after that!
"I don't deserve this, sir," said I.
"You deserve a whipping. If I had a jack-o-nine-tails handy I'd lay it over your back," said he. "Miss Eva Jersey is a lady, and you a common sailor."

"Second mate now, sir," says I.
"Second fiddle-stick's end," says he.
"And, sir, she—she likes me," said I.
Then capten kicked me out. Mind ye, he was sixty-five, or I'd not have let him do it.

Next thing I heard Eva was sent away to an aunt's, and the nigger that waited on the cappen ashore fetched me a note bidding me good-by, and saying that she must obey her father. That was duty. Let every man and woman do their duty. I did mine; for, you see, I'd engaged with Capten Jersey for a new voyage, and the time was come; and though it went agin me, I couldn't desert, though I said "it's the last voyage we'll have together, my hearty." Said I to myself, you know.
I did my duty. I worked hard. But all the light was gone out o' my sky. I was in a fog, with my compass lost. Life wasn't nothin' to me, and soon I had a chance for death.

For there came to us such a gale as never blew before, when we were not far from the Gold Coast; and after it had blown a bit it seemed to me the cappen lost his senses. He might have saved the ship, but he was obstinate, and so she went upon a rock and split to pieces.—We took to the boats in the storm. I never saw any of my messmates again.—We might as well have been afloat in egg shells. The first I knew, after knowing nothing, was lying in burning sand on my face; and when I cleared my eyes I saw I'd been washed ashore. Two men lying alongside of me. I turned the first over; it was the cook, Peter; he was stone dead. I looked at the next; it was the cappen. Yes, 'twas poor old Capten Jersey, and he wasn't head, or he groaned when I touched him.

Says I, "What cheer, cappen?"
Says he, "I shan't live to see my girl again, Blaize."

"Tell that to the marines!" says I.—
"We're on main land, I fancy, and niggers or not, I never knew men I was afraid of. We'll get home yet, cappen."
"You may," says he. "I must stay here; my leg is broken."
So it was. The old hero had been bruised and beaten nearly to death besides though he bore it so well, and I found myself piping my eyes as I looked at him; but I was a bit of a surgeon, and I set the limb and bandaged it—bark for splints, and my shirt for bandages—and then (that was a hard job) I took poor Peter's clothes and made a kind of bed for cappen in the shallowest place I could find, and buried the cook, with a bit of prayer, and set down to think. I couldn't leave the cappen. He couldn't go a step, and I must feed him and myself. I had a bit of liquor in a flask, and that was all.

I couldn't tell you much about how we lived, sometimes burning, sometimes soaked to the skin, half the time hungry. I found berries and roots and a bread fruit tree, and caught a parrot and roasted her. I stuck to the cappen. I suppose a month went so, and he could just move a little; and then I began helping him on by easy stages, hoping to come to some place where we should see human faces. We didn't, only to woods we were afraid to go through for the wild beasts, and I wished we had staid near the shore, where we might have seen a sail.

I learned how to say, "Give us to-day our daily bread," then, and the Lord sent it. But one day—a burning day—I could find neither water nor food. We were starving. I was as weak as a child, and the poor Capten weaker than I.

And the Capten said to me over and over again, "Go, Blaize!"—"wasn't my man now—'you can escape, perhaps—Leave me. I'm an old dying man."
And I had answered, "No one shall ever say Dick Blaize deserted his Capten." But I knew we were both doomed. Neither flesh nor fruit nor water could I find. And at last I sat down in despair.

Well to cut a long story short, messmates, we were rescued, came ashore at Marblehead at last, and I was well and hearty, but the poor Capten laid low. I had thought we'd bury him at sea, but it didn't come to that, and they took him home on a litter to die there; but before he went he held out his hand to me.

"God bless you!" he said. "No son could be kinder than you have been; and I went away wiping my eye."

I'd got to love him out there on the Gold Coast.

Well, I was uneasy, and I walked the deck of my room the best part of the night, and at daybreak some one says, "Aho, Mr. Blaize!" and I opened the door. A boy was there. Says he, "Capten Jersey has sent for you—he's dying."

I knew it must come; but my heart sank like the lead in deep water. I set sail for the house, leaving the lad quite out of sight, and got there in a few minutes. The nigger took me in, and there was Capten in bed and Chaplain alongside, and Eva crying as if her blessed heart would break. And Capten says to me:

"Blaize, time is short for me. I must speak fast. You love my girl still?"
Says I, "I haven't words to tell how dear she is to me."

Then the Capten took her little hand and put it in mine, and says to the chaplain,

"Let me see it done before I die."
And before I knew what had happened I was called on to answer would I take this woman to be my wedded wife? and had said:

"Will I? Why, if you'll give her to me, Capten, you give me my bit of heaven afore my time." At which Chaplain took me up sharp.

And then we were married, and the dream came true, for I kissed her.—*Harpers Weekly.*

A Hot Place for Rebels.

A letter from Knoxville, Tenn., says: Here stands the jail in which the present Governor of Tennessee was for nearly four months incarcerated; and the self-same gallows upon which so very many loyal, patriotic men expiated their crimes of love of the government of their ancestry, yet stands a sad monument to the horror of the rebellion. Some of the scoundrels who were of the rebel court-martial which ordered the death punishment of these loyal East Tennesseans, including Dick McCann, Colonel Luddy, etc., are now in the jail where the Governor and other Union prisoners were. May they swing from the same gallows! Let the returning rebel beware of East Tennessee. Not three days ago one was shot at "first sight" on the streets of Knoxville. There are a thousand loyal men here who have registered an oath in heaven to put to death at first sight the rebel villains who were instrumental in their sufferings. These outraged patriots go quietly about nurturing their wrath. "Vengeance!" they swear, and that they will have.

Blessed.

1. Blessed is he who does not make a cent, for he will have no income tax to pay.
2. Blessed is the bald-headed man, for his wife cannot pull his hair.
3. Blessed is the Digger Indian, for unto him no man presenteth a subscription paper.
4. Blessed is the man that is always flat broke, for no man saith unto him, "Lend me five dollars."
5. Blessed is the man who giveth many and costly presents to young ladies, for great shall be his reward—in a horn.
6. Blessed is the man who hath no brains, but brass in abundance, for he shall be the ladies' favorite. Selah!
7. Blessed is the homely man, for the girls shall not molest him; yea, thrice blessed is he, for when he asketh a lady to dance, she answers him, saying, "I am engaged for the next set."
8. Blessed is he who polisheth his boots and not his morals, who maketh the outside of his head to shine, but neglecteth the inside thereof, for all the girls shall rise up with smiles at his coming, and call him beautiful.
9. Blessed is the Chinaman, for when he is asked to contribute to a "good cause," he answereth, saying, "Me no sabe," and straightway the philanthropist leaveth him, and John goeth on his way rejoicing.

Painful, but Laughable.

In "Notes of an Army Surgeon" we find the following:—"I remember one day in my hospital rounds, a patient just arrived presented an amputated forearm, and in doing so he could hardly restrain a broad laugh; the titter was constantly on his face. 'What is the matter?' This does not strike as a subject of laughter. 'It is not, Doctor; but excuse me; I lost my arm in so funny a way that I still laugh when I look at it.' 'What way?'—'Our first sergeant wanted shaving, and got me to attend to it, as I am a corporal. We went together in front of his tent; I had lathered him, held his nose, and was just about applying the razor, when a cannon ball came, and that was the last I saw of his head and my arm. Excuse me for laughing so, Doctor, but I never saw such a thing before.'"

If you are going where there is a cross dog, take a pistol, so that when he snaps at you, you can snap at him.

Colorado.

The telegraph informs us that the people of this young Territory, after twice refusing to do so, have voted to come into the Union as a State, under the conditions prescribed in an enabling act of the late Congress. Her immaturity and aversion to saddling herself thus early with the expense of a State Government, have hitherto deferred her; possibly, the exemption of Territories from drafts, to fill the Union armies, may have disposed some of his citizens to wait. But, however caused, the reluctance is at length overcome, and Colorado will soon be officially proclaimed the thirty-seventh among the States composing our Union.

Her history is soon written. Though probably visited by the Spanish explorer, Vasquez de Coronado, so early as 1540; traversed by Pike's expedition, dispatched by President Jefferson in 1802; by Long's twenty later; and by Fremont's, after a further interval of twenty years, this region remained entirely unpeopled by Whites, save a few scattered and vagrant trappers and hunters (except that a few small hamlets and their neighboring ranches original and properly belonging to New-Mexico, have been included within its purely arbitrary limits) until the Summer of 1858, when a few adventurers, who had mined in Georgia or California, and fought in Kansas, were drawn westward to the Rocky Mountains by reports that Gold had been washed from their streams.—They traveled up the Arkansas (the highest in what is now Colorado,) along the eastern base of the chain as far as the Cherokee trail (half way between the two Plattes,) thence returning to where Cherry Creek falls into the South Platte, where their search for gold has been most hopefully rewarded, and there founded the rough log hamlet which is now the city of Denver. Digging and panning in the beds and banks of the many Creeks which here issue from the Mountains, or selling each other lots in their new city, they managed to subsist through the Winter, and, in the following May, 1859, their persevering quest was rewarded by the discovery of unmistakable gold in the ravine of Vasquez Fork or Clear Creek, twenty miles within the mountains and twice so far from Denver, though then only accessible by a far more devious and difficult way, over many a high, thro' many a deep ravine. Here (in "Gregory Diggings," now "Central City,") we found nearly two thousand impromptu miners—most of them fresh arrivals from "the States,"—early in June of that year; while Green Russell, with his Georgian party, had made another strike, three or four miles south-westward.—Hundreds more have since been found on either side and in almost every depression of the Rocky Mountain chain; but Denver remains the emporium of Colorado, and the Gregory Diggings and their vicinity perhaps as productive as any other. To-day, there are probably at least Fifty Thousand Whites in Colorado; some of them farming or herding cattle on valley ranches; but Gold Mining is the main employment, the incentive, and support of every other. Close their mines and washings to-morrow, ignore their existence, and Colorado would soon relapse into its savage solitude so recently dispelled.

For the surface of the State ranges from 4,500 to 15,000 feet above that of the oceans; so that the South Platte, the Arkansas, the del Norte, the San Juan, Grand and Green rivers, and even branch of Sweetwater, with a thousand tributaries have here their sources. Yet, though several peaks are crested with eternal snow, and every ravine has its creek or rannel, drouth is a prevailing scourge.—Even within the gateways of the mountains, whence issues perennial streams, and though light showers are not very unfrequent, the grassed hillsides are parched and brown throughout the summer and fall, while on the plains at either side irrigation is essential to the securing of crops. Grass grows luxuriantly for some miles from the mountains; but the arid winds soon dry up the smaller streams and diminish the larger, until at forty or fifty miles distance, sterility begins; and not a tree is seen, save a few miserable cottonwoods, thinly skirting the perennial watercourses, and very rarely a stunted yellow pine cresting some grassless sand-bank, till we reach the eastern boundary of the new State, long 102 W. of Greenwich. It is much the same westward of the Rocky Mountains—only dryer and more sterile—but the face of the country is there more rugged, and streams consequently more frequent and copious. Colorado will always want Flour and Pork from her Eastern sisters, though she may ultimately grow her own Beef and Mutton.

Colorado is about 400 miles from east to west by 280 from north to south, with an area of about 105,000 square miles. Her population in 1860 was returned at 34,231; and we doubt that it now much if any exceeds 50,000. A good many of her first visitors grew homesick before they reached it, and returned without ever striking a pick into her soil. Many have been drawn away by the superior attractions of Nevada, Idaho, and Montana; so that her total vote, which was 10,924 in 1861, was but 8,721 in '62.—We have no later returns at hand, but shall soon have those of the recent vote as a basis of comparison. She has an abundance of lodges or veins of gold-bearing quartz; but we do not believe many of them can be worked with profit while nearly all her food, powder, implements,

machinery, &c., must be hauled by animals at least 700 miles, or from the Missouri River. With the Pacific Railroad constructed to Denver, she could produce Gold at half the present cost, and then she might advantageously run a thousand stamps where she now can a dozen. This is the only railroad we ever heard of that will pay dividends when but a third constructed.

It is stated that the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia received from Colorado Gold to the value of \$4,000 in 1855, \$600,000 in 1860, \$1,000,000 in 1861, and \$6,000,000 in 1862. We presume the last item an exaggeration. We have estimates that the product reached \$13,500,000 in 1863, which we do not at all credit. In fact, we doubt that there has been any increase since 1862, or will be till the Pacific Railroad has been pushed up to the forks of the Platte or beyond. That road once brought within sight of the Rocky Mountains, the annual aggregate may easily be swelled to \$50,000,000.—*Tribune.*

Wise Thieves Steal and Compromise.

Last Summer a bank clerk in New York stole \$100,000. He lost the money by "fighting the tiger." He then called upon a lawyer and informed him that he was a ruined man, and thought of committing suicide. This led to the following dialogue:

"How much does your defalcation come to?"
"One hundred thousand."
"Got any of it left?"
"Not a cent."
"That's bad; you have left nothing to work with."
"What must be done?"
"You must return to your desk immediately and abstract another hundred thousand."
"What must I do that for?"

"To preserve your character and save you from going to the State Prison.—With the hundred thousand dollars you are to steal to-morrow, I intend to compromise with the bank. Your stealings after to-morrow will amount to \$200,000. I will call at the bank and confess your offence; I will represent myself as your half-brother uncle, 'honest, but poor'; I will offer the bank \$50,000 to hush up the matter. The bank will accept. This will leave \$50,000 to divide between you and me—that is \$25,000 apiece. With this you can retire from business."
The young man listened and took on wisdom. He doubled his defalcation, and compromised as the lawyer said he should. He is now worth about \$250,000, and is counted as "one of the most respectable gentlemen in the city of New York."

Save Your Ammunition.

A Western hunter and his brother spent a year in and about the Rocky Mountains. They had two rifles, one bullet, and one keg of powder. With these, he said, they killed on an average twenty-seven head of Buffalo a day. The fact that they did all this with one bullet led to the following cross-question:—"How did you kill all these buffalo with one bullet?"—"Well, we shot a buffalo; I stood on one side, and my brother on the other. Brother fired; the ball passed into the barrel of my rifle. The next time I fired, and brother caught my ball in his rifle. We kept up the hunt for twelve months, killing nearly two hundred buffalo per week, and yet brought home the same ball we started with."

One of our Generals, when down South, to appease the Secesh planters, issued an order exhorting his men to respect the rights of property, and in helping themselves to fuel to boil their coffee, to take none but the top rails from the fences.—After that they never found any rails that were not top rails!

Be sure that the wicks of your kerosene lamps are large enough to fill the tubes; otherwise it is possible that the blaze, when the oil gets low, may run down inside the lamp, ignite the gas in it, and produce an explosion. It is supposed that a girl in Worcester lost her life in this way.

The Southerners have found the "last ditch." It is situated in an ante-room of the White House, where applications for pardons are considered.

A snake, striped in appearance, and eighteen inches long, was vomited from the stomach of a son of Ira Elliott, of Lincoln, Vt., a few days ago. The boy was ten years old, and had been sick a year past.

A lady informs the Farmer, that she saved her cherries from the birds, by making some cats out of old rags, "Be sure," she says, "to make the eyes out of large yellow heads or bright brass buttons, and the birds will not come near when one of these cats is perched in the tree."

Right. Two young men were fined recently, in Pottsville, for defacing handbills. The boys of this town who are in the habit of mutilating and tearing down bills, almost as soon as they are posted, will do well to make note of the fact that it is a fineable offence.

Origin of the tender passion according to an Italian proverb—
"Man is fire, woman is tow,
Lucifer comes and begins to blow."