

## Miscellaneous.

NEW YORK, July 20.—At the Irish meeting last night Mr. Stephen Joseph Meany was the principle speaker. He asked, "How can we avenge the blood of the men which has been shed? How are we to secure proper protection?" His country for the most part remained silent. Orange and Know Nothing rule this city? "Never! never! never!" said the speaker. "Shall the scenes of Wednesday last be permitted again? Never! never! When he saw the dead on Wednesday his blood boiled in his veins, and he prayed to God that he might live to see the day when the act would be avenged. [Cheers.] Women had been made widows and children orphans for the empire of our man in Albany, who came to New York to revoke humane order of the Mayor. [A voice, "Hang him on the lampost!"] Mr. Meany—"No, no, my friend, I pledge myself that every drop of blood shed on that day shall be legally avenged, if there be law in New York. Never again shall such an occurrence be permitted in New York. The Legislature must prohibit such proceedings in the future. Governor Hoffman should never again receive the votes of Irishmen. Never! never!"

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.—Few persons, comparatively, in this latitude, preserve their sweet potatoes during the winter months even so far as to supply their own spring planting. In consequence they have difficulty sometimes in securing reliable seed, that which they buy in the market failing to germinate, and some become too large and tender ordinary treatment, and few farmers, we believe, have the benefit of this fine esculent through the winter months. There is really no reason for this, if a moderate degree of care be used in putting them away.

Supplying them to be not bruised in handling, all else necessary is sufficient protection from moisture and cold. A short article in the Country Gentlemen seems to cover the whole ground; "Did just before heavy frost" (we should say, if possible, before any frost) "and having plenty of dry dirt," (which should be gathered and put away in August,) "and making a layer of it on top of the ground, in a pen, house or out of doors, lay the potatoes on it, letting no two touch, and another layer of dirt and then one of potatoes, &c. At a distance come shape is best. Layers of dirt to be one or two inches thick. After disposing of all your potatoes in this way cover them with a thin skin of dirt, then cover with dry straw, fodder or something of the kind, and protect it from the rain by boards. The principal point is in having the dirt dry, and keeping it so."

AN OLD STORY MADE NEW.—The plan of Mr. Whitmore, urged so disastrously to his client by Gen. Butler that the cadet money all went to the poor, has revived the old story of the miller who sometimes had crazy fits, in which he always imagined himself to be the Lord judging the world. On these occasions he would put on a paper crown, ascend a pile of meal bags with great dignity, and call his neighbors in succession. The same ones were always judged and these were the millers in his vicinity.

The first called was Hans Schmidt:

"Hans Schmidt, stand opp."

"Hans, will you wash your pishness in dat oder world?"

"I was a miller, O Lord."

"O, you den o' miller was low and de pishness is just a Lort."

"I den o' miller was low and de pishness is just a Lort, sometimes I dukes a little extra doles."

"Yoh, Hans, you shall go over mit to gots already yoh."

And so in succession all were tried and immediately sentenced to go over to the gods.

Last of all the miller inevitably tried himself in the following style:

"Yacob Miller, stand opp."

"Yacob, yah ish pen your pishness in do other world?"

"I was a miller, O Lord."

"Yas you always a joost man, Yacob?"

"Vel, o' Lort, den o' water was a leach low, and pishness was pad, I sometimes dake a little extra doles; but, oh Lort, I all de viles give dose extra doles to do pow."

After a long pause, "Vel, Yacob Miller, you can go o'er mit for sheeps—but it was a very tight space."

A FEW NIGHTS since, at a late hour, the speaking-tube at the office-door of one of New Haven's popular physicians was used by some midnight wags, to the following effect: "The doctor was in a sound sleep, but was partially awakened by a "halloo" through the tube, when the following dialogue took place: "Well, what do you want?" "Does Dr. Jones live here?" "Yes? what do you want?" "Are you Dr. Jones?" "Yes?" "Dr. Simon Jones?" "Yes—what do you want?" "Why, how long have you lived here?" "Some twenty years; why?" "What?" Why don't you move?" "If you stay there about ten seconds more, you'll find out that I'm moving," and he bounded out of bed, but the street at a rate that defied pursuit.

GOOD FOR HIGG.—At the recent Wayne camp meeting, Rev. L. H. Torrence, who conducted the children's meeting in the tabernacle, inspired of the "little ones" the difference between the sinner and Christian man, and remarked: "Now there is a sinner, he has a good farm, and has a better yell, and realizes more money for his labor than his neighbor, who is a Christian man. Now why is this? Where is the justice?" Mr. T. qualified a retort, but nothing coming he remarked: "God does not, in his accounts, annually, in October." A little eight year old, who had been all attention and evidently puzzled to know how the question was to be answered, when he heard the reply of Mr. T., raised himself up and with a peculiarly gratified smile, said, "That's good for high!" That boy brought down the tabernacle.

I DARK?—"Who dares to spit tobacco juice upon the floor of the car?" a young man exclaims a large and powerfully built passenger, as he rises from his seat and stalks down the aisle, mounting daintily upon the passengers. "I dare?" said a darkly looking fellow, as he deliberately spewed a quantity of the noxious salvia upon the floor of the aisle. "All right my friend," said the first speaker, slapping the other in a friendly manner on the shoulder, "give us a chew of tobacco."

A POOR IRISHMAN owned an old sausages-paw, his. Children gathered round him, and inquired why he parted with it. "Och, me hooey," answered he, "I wouldn't be affice parting wid it, but for a little money to buy somethin' to put in it."

"Where do you pull from?" asked a man of a trifle. "Where do you earn from?" "I don't rai' at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither da I hald onglin my own business."

HAD RATHER GO.—The Rev. Moses Camp, an eccentric preacher, was holding forth at Santa Clara Valley; a young man rose to go out, when the preacher said, "Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may."

The sinner stepped, and reflected a moment and then saying, "Well, I believe I

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### Northern Central RAILWAY.

#### SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after August 6, 1871, trains will run as follows:

#### NORTHWARD.

Nicely Express arrives at Sunbury at 12.40, p.m.; express & Number Four at 12.45 a.m.; Buffalo Express arrives at Sunbury at 4.10 a.m., arrive at Williamsport at 4.45 Elmira at 9.10 a.m., Canadagua 12.10 p.m.

Mail arrives at Sunbury at 4.30 p.m., arrive at Williamsport at 10.35 p.m.

East Mail arrives at Sunbury at 6.45 p.m., arrive at Williamsport at 8.15 p.m.

Eric Mail arrives at Sunbury at 2.00, a.m.

#### SOUTHWARD.

Buffalo Express leaves Sunbury at 10.10 a.m., arrive at Harrisburg 7.05 a.m., Baltimore 10.40 a.m.

Eric Mail leaves Sunbury, 11.45 a.m., arr.

Express leaves Sunbury at 11.45 a.m., arr.

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