CENTRE HALL REPORTER.

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TERMS: Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

VOL. IV. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1871. NO. 12.

Under the Lindens.

Do you forget the linden trees,
Upon that balmy night in June,
Where all was silent save the breeze,
No witness but the half-veil'd moon,
When, flinging off all vain disguise,
I cast myself before your feet,
And strove to read in your deep eyes,
If you could love me, sweet!

Your soft hands press'd my own again,
And all my cruel woes seem'd ended,
As by some unseen, fairy chain
I felt that our two lives were blended;
I never shall forget the charms
I found in every thrilling tone,
When, nestling, trembling in my arms,
You vow'd to be my own.

You vow'd to be my own for life,
And on those loving words I fed;
But broken vows bring heartsore strife
'Till love itself is almost dead;
Yet to these linden trees I fly,
In spite of winds and stormy weather,
And wish that I had chanced to die,
E'er we came here together.

Daisy.

Darling! with the great brown eyes,
Brimming full of sweet surprise,
Fleecy floss of spun-gold hair,
Drifting over temples fair,
The golden Summer seems to me
Fuller of grace for knowing thee.

Where the solemn mountains stand,
We climbed together, hand in hand,
And the Summer Sunday smiled
On the old and little child;
One bowed low by weary strife
Of a long and wasted life,
And the other fresh and fair
And pure as this delicious air.

Rippling laughter, soft and low,
Rises from the porch below,
Where fair brunette and lovely blonde
Have drawn a charmed circle fond
Of friends and lovers to their feet,
By winning smiles and voices sweet.
Many an aching heart may know
Sorrow and love together go—
But our love, my baby friend!
Knows no sting or dreary end,
Perfect trust in true love lies
Mirrored in your lovely eyes.

Nothing in this wondrous view
Can compare, my pet! with you;
Graceful ferns bend low to brush
Your cunning coat of bright blue plush;
Wide-eyed daisies envious stare
At the ones that kiss your hair,
Nodding from the graceful brim
Of the saucy hat they trim.

THE EXPRESS TICKET.

One of the pleasantest journeys I ever took was made a short time back, in company with a total stranger, but who proved to be the most chatty, most communicative person I ever met with, although his code of morals was undoubtedly rather lax. We got in at the London terminus, and as he almost at once asked me where I was going, we found we were each bound to the same large city. I fancied he had been dining rather generously, from his face, which was a little flushed; he had plenty of excellent cigars, and was very liberal with them; and ere we had ridden half-a-dozen miles, he produced a pack of cards, and asked me to play. I declined; and he said with a smile: "Afraid of strangers with cards? Well, you are quite right; but we shall do no harm to each other."

I hastened to assure him that I was under no suspicion as regarded himself, but that I did not care for cards.

"There you are to blame," he returned; "you should always suspect strangers who want you to play at cards. Why should a man carry a pack with him, if he does not intend to profit by their use? Take my advice and always be on your guard."

"But then," I said with a smile, "by your own rule you would lead me to suspect you."

"You wouldn't be far wrong, if you did," he replied, with a very meaning nod; "I only wished to play for a cup of coffee at the refreshment station; but I have played in railway carriages for very different stakes—and won them. However, I am all right to-night, and don't want to win anybody's money. I cleared eight hundred over the Leger, and that will last me some time."

I congratulated him on his good fortune, and said I wished I had been as lucky.

"If it shouldn't do you more good than it will me, you needn't mind," he returned; "light come, light go; but still it is better to have a few hundreds in your pocket, than to be without a penny to pay your fare, as I have been on this very railway."

"Indeed!" I ejaculated, as he made a pause here; "that must have been awkward."

"Awkward! I believe you," he said. "But there! a man with his head screwed on the right way, need never be at a loss, in a rich country like this. I hadn't a penny—at any rate, I hadn't a tenth part of the required fare—with me; I was bound to keep an engagement, a long way down the line, and I had not a friend who would lend me sixpence; and here I found myself, one evening a quarter of an hour before the train started. Something like a fix, eh? What should you have done?"

"Well," I replied, "I hardly know. If I had a watch——"

"But I hadn't," he interrupted, "nor anything else that would fetch two pound seven, the price of a ticket. A first-class ticket, of course I mean; I had made up my mind to ride first-class; I like it best, and, under the circumstances, it was just as feasible as any other."

"Then, perhaps, I should have gone to the station-master or superintendent," I said, "and told him all about it; and if that wouldn't do, I must have stopped in London."

"Then it wouldn't have done, you may swear," he replied, "station-masters are not so soft as that. Well, now, I'll tell you all about it; and it may be of use to you to know, some day, what is possible to be done in such a fix."

I nodded my thanks, and he began.

I need not tell you how I came to be so placed—speculative men are often in such a position; we always get out of it somehow, however, and I did, this time. When I arrived at the station, there was the train, with the engine waiting a little way off, blazing and hissing away; some of the passengers had taken their seats, but most of them were walking up and down, or having a parting glass with their friends, or looking at the bookstalls. How I envied the shabbiest of them all! for he, whoever he was, had got his ticket, and I could not get mine. If the train had gone right through, I would have taken my seat, and chanced dropping out just before they stopped; but I knew they examined tickets half-way, so that would not do. If the journey had been by the same engine, I would have lain at the back of the tender, on the coke, as I did once to a place nearly a hundred miles down the line; but I knew they changed engines, so this, again, wouldn't do. I saw one person on the platform whom I recognized, but as he was a clergyman—a dean, in fact—who was always preaching against us racing-men, and had once actually persuaded the town-people to put their races down, I knew he was of no use. Yet I couldn't keep away from him; he had a sort of fascination for me; I may call it a presentiment that he was to get me out of my hobble. Well, the bustle increased; you know, of course, how busy the station gets just before an express starts. The engine came back and was hooked on; the porters ran about with their barrows of luggage; the passengers left the refreshment-rooms and bookstalls, and clustered round the doors of the carriages; the dean got into a compartment by himself, and I was walking up and down in the darkest part of the platform, and only five minutes left.

I paused for a moment before a little room where I saw the guards go in and out and wondered whether one of them would let me ride with him if I told him of a thing I knew—I really did know of it—for the Cambridgeshire; when, all at once, a splendid idea struck me. It was the very thing! The door of the little room was half open, so that I could see no one was in there, and several coats and caps, belonging to the guards, were hanging on the walls. I glanced down the platform; every railway official seemed up to his eye in business—no one was looking that way. I popped into the room in an instant—had put on a coat and cap, which fitted me beautifully—and was out again in a few seconds. There was no time for reflection, nor did I need any; my mind was already made up, so, pushing past the people with the air of a regular guard, born and bred, I put my head into the carriage where the dean sat, and said: "Tickets, if you please." The old gentleman was reading a book; pushed his spectacles a little higher on his nose, and exclaiming: "Dear me! I had quite forgotten," he handed out his ticket, which I very coolly pocketed, and was moving away, when the old gentleman said: "This is a new rule, to take tickets at starting, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I answered touching my cap; "only been in force this month, sir."

"Oh," he said, and began reading his book again.

At this instant the bell for starting rang, and the guards began to bawl out: "Any more going on?" but there was plenty of time for me! If there wasn't a guard in there, feeling among the great coats, and swearing horribly, as I could hear, at some of his mates, for moving his particular coat out of its place. I stood behind the long double-ladder they wheel around to clean the lamps, took off the poor fellow's coat and cap, and hurried across the platform as though I had just come from the refreshment-room. The station-doors were closed, but a guard catching sight of me, shouted: "Now, sir, this way, or you will be too late!" He opened a carriage door, and pushed me in, just as the engine sounded its whistle, and the tug came which moved us on. I was in the carriage with the dean! There was nobody else there, as I well knew, and I really felt very uncomfortable. I didn't at all suppose he would recognize me, but yet there was a sort of feeling which made me wish that the guard had put me anywhere else. However, there was no help for it now, and I made up my mind to see at once if there was any danger of recognition; so the first time he put down his book, although it was only to cut some leaves, I offered him a newspaper. He declined it; but I had obtained an opening, and I followed up my offer with a few remarks about the weather and so forth—quite enough to let me see that he did not at all remember my voice. I couldn't sleep, but I pretended to do so; and on we went, scarcely another word having been spoken on either side, until the train slackened speed; and I knew we were near the station where they examined the tickets, and where, of course, the murder would be out. When the carriages drew up alongside the ticket-platform, and I could hear the familiar cry of "All tickets ready," I feigned to be reading my paper very intently, although, in reality, I was watching and listening with all my might. I saw the dean look up curiously when he first heard the shouts; he listened, too, with a puzzled air, and took off his spectacles and wiped them, as if that would help him to understand it; however, I have no doubt he thought the notice did not apply to him, so he calmly put his glasses on again. At that moment a guard—a regular one this time, I thought to myself—looked in, and of course said: "Tickets, if you please." I gave him mine, which he merely glanced at and returned, and then I screwed myself into a corner, as much out of the light as I could manage. The old clergyman had, of course, done nothing. "Now, sir, if you please," said the guard.

"Eh?" returned the dean, looking round, and pushing up his spectacles, which seemed to be a habit with him.

"Tickets, sir, tickets; look alive, if you please, sir," answered the man.

"Tickets! tickets!" echoed the dean; "mine is all right. I have given it up."

"Not to me, sir," said the guard; "and no one else has been near this carriage."

"Oh, but I gave it up before we started," explained the old gentleman; "it is a new rule—has only been in force this month."

Upon my word, I thought I should have burst with laughter here, the dean explained this so innocently.

"New rule, sir!" said the guard. "No such thing. We examine the tickets here, and take them at your journey's end."

"Now, Popkins," shouted a superior of some kind; "haven't you finished with that carriage yet?"

"Come sir, look sharp with that ticket," urged the guard.

"What do you mean?" demanded the clergyman, who was clearly getting angry. "What do you mean, sir? I have given my ticket to one of your men, and I am rather inclined to think it was yourself."

Popkins was now shouted at again very angrily, and his answer brought two or three others round the carriage door.

"Now, what's all this delay about?" said a man in a very swaggering tone, (I suppose he was in some authority there) "what's all this about, Popkins?"

"Why," said the guard, "this party hasn't got a ticket. He says he gave it up at London; and, not satisfied with that, says he gave it up to me."

"Nay, nay; I am not certain about that," said the old gentleman. "I only say I gave it up to some guard, who told me it was a new rule, and he was much such another man as yourself."

"Oh, that won't do," said the chief officer very harshly; "we must have your tickets, or your money, or else we shall remove you from the carriage. We have these games tried on us very often."

"Do you, indeed?" said the old gentleman. "Do you, indeed? There is my card, sir, and I shall leave you to take your course."

Well, when they saw who he was, they naturally cooled down a bit, and grew more civil; but by this time the other passengers had got anxious, and were putting their heads out of all the windows, and asking what was the matter.

"Perhaps this gentleman," says the guard, meaning of course myself, "who must have been in the carriage at the time, can tell us something about it. You didn't give up your tickets, sir, because I have just examined it."

"Unfortunately," said the dean, speaking before I could answer, "this gentleman was not in the carriage; he came in just as the train was starting, and after the collection of tickets."

The men looked at one another, and I could see they did not believe the story at all.

"I am afraid, sir, you are under a great mistake," said the chief one; "and we shall be compelled to write to you for this money, if you don't pay. We can't keep the train here all night; so you must do as you please, as, of course, we can have our remedy against you."

The old gentleman looked angrier than ever, and, pulling out his purse, exclaimed: "There, sir; there is your money; but, rely on it, you will hear from Jessom and Jessom, my solicitors, sir, on the matter. It is an atrocious robbery!"

"You will have your ticket given you at the next station," said the other. "I will not delay the train by going to my office now; I will send word on by the guard. But depend upon it, sir, you are in error; you are, indeed. All right forward!"

"Error, sir! error!" exclaimed the dean. "You shall see, sir; you shall see. I don't care for your ticket. You may make me pay again, if you please, when I get to my destination. I believe this company is capable of anything; but I will teach them a lesson. This gentleman shall be my witness of the transaction. I will take your card, sir." The men cleared from the window, for the engine whistle sounded, and off we went. "Oblige me with your card, sir," continued the dean. "I need hardly ask you if you ever saw so nefarious a proceeding?"

"Never, sir; absolutely scandalous!" I replied. "But do you think it will be worth your while to take further notice of it? It will involve you in a great deal of trouble."

"Trouble, sir! What do I care for that?" demanded the dean, indignantly. "It is my duty to expose such conduct; and I will do it. I will thank you for your card, sir."

I felt it would be dangerous to refuse a card; so I expressed my sympathy with him, and gave him the card of a foreign gentleman of my acquaintance, which I luckily had in my pocket. Then the old gentleman seemed to be brooding over his injury, and scarcely spoke another word. When we came to the refreshment station, the guard brought him his ticket, which he took without a syllable, and at our next station we both got out. I saw his carriage was waiting for him; and I have no doubt Mrs. Dean had all particulars before an hour was over. As for my friend, whose card I gave, I never heard whether the dean had tried to find him out or not; in fact, although I called him my friend, we were by no means friendly—"You think the whole transaction rather fishy, eh?" ejaculated my companion, interrupting himself.

"I think it downright dishonest," I said, frankly, "unless you repaid the dean."

"Oh, I did that," responded he. "I sent the old gentleman a post-office order in the name of my foreign friend. I'm a racing-man, and up to a thing or two, but I'm as straight as a die for honesty."

Well, well, I wonder where my communicative friend is now. I daresay the pitcher has gone once too often to the well in his case, as with the thousand other clever fellows we read of in their appropriate histories.

Rules of Table Etiquette.

True politeness has its origin in Christian charity and kindness, and all standard rules of etiquette were founded for the greater convenience and happiness of the members of society. Although the reasons may not be obvious at first sight, they exist and will be apparent on careful consideration.

1st. Do not keep others waiting either at the beginning or the close of a meal.

2d. Do not sip soup from the tip but from the side of the spoon.

3d. Be careful not to drop or spill anything on the table-cloth.

4th. Keep your plate neat; do not heap all sorts of food on it at once.

5th. In passing your plate to be helped, retain your knife and fork.

6th. When asked for a dish do not shove but hand it.

7th. While drinking do not look around.

8th. Instruct the servant to hand the cup at the left side so that it may be received by the right hand.

9th. Do not drink your tea or coffee without first removing the teaspoon from the cup to the saucer.

10th. Use the knife for cutting only; never put it to the lips nor in the mouth.

11th. Break your bread into small pieces and rest them on your plate while spreading.

12th. Do not eat too fast, besides giving one the appearance of greed, it is not healthy.

13th If you find anything unpleasant in your food put it aside as quietly as possible without drawing the attention of others to it.

14th. Do not open the lips nor make any unnecessary noise while chewing.

15th. Do not touch the head.

16th. Do not rest the elbow on the table.

17th. Do not speak with the mouth full.

18th. Brush the table neatly before bringing on the dessert.

19th. Be thoughtful and attentive to the wants of those about you.

20th. Converse on pleasant subjects with those sitting near you.

21st. Do not say anything not intended for all present to hear.

22d. Leave your plate with the knife and fork lying parallel, the handles pointing to the right.

23d. Never leave the table before others without first asking the lady or gentleman who presides to excuse you.

The Gold Discoverer.

General Sutter recapitulated to a friend recently the circumstances attendant upon the discovery of the gold at his mill at Coloma. When Marshall arrived at the fort with the specimen washed out in the mill-race, he sought an interview with his employer in his private office, and with an air of mystery produced his treasure, and, in the language of the latter, made the inquiry of him, "Is not this gold?" Taking down a volume of the "Encyclopædia of America," the only scientific work at that time in his possession, Captain Sutter sought out the tests for determining the character of minerals. Submitting the specimens to the action of nitric acid, they were found to stand the test; and the further hydrostatic experiments of weighing the metals in water was tried with a like result. The character of the mineral being established beyond all doubt or cavil, Marshall returned to the mill accompanied by Sutter, who, anticipating the stampede that the announcement would occasion among the workmen employed, begged that the matter might be kept secret until the mill was finished; but the thing was too good to keep; the whole affair was made public in the manner described; the stampede did take place, in consequence of which the mill was never finished, and its frame, like a gaunt and spectral skeleton, stood for a long time after, until from the action of fire, decay and the raids of relic hunters, every vestige of the renowned structure disappeared a number of years ago. Making the inquiry on the occasion of taking his picture as to the whereabouts of the discoverer of the gold, the old pioneer with a quizzical facial expression and characteristic shrug replied, "Oh, he's gone away oop in de mountains, hunting after de big loomps!" Alas for the futility of human expectation; poor Marshall's anticipations of finding "the big lumps" never was realized; and discouraged and disheartened, he has lived for years past in a sort of tumble-down tenement, within view of the discovery which has rendered his name famous, eking out a mere subsistence by raising poultry, grapes, and other fruits. It is to be hoped that he may realize something handsome from his newly published biography.

The Coal Question.

In the Pennsylvania House the bill to regulate transportation of coal was considered.

The first section prohibits any charge for transportation of coal of more than fifteen mills per mile per ton of 2,400 pounds on grades not over twenty-eight feet to the mile, and not more than eighteen mills per mile on grades above twenty-eight feet to the mile; an additional allowance may be made of two mills extra per ton per mile on distances less than fifty miles and two cents per ton for branching at loading and shipping points.

The second section requires companies to transport coal from all collieries on their orders.

The third section requires them to supply a sufficient number of cars to meet all demands.

The fourth section inflicts heavy damages for violations.

The fifth section exempts companies having special charters for the transportation of coal only, from the bill.

The bill passed through the Committee of the whole without a word of amendment or opposition, but objections were made to suspending the rules for the second reading. Mr. Hall said the bill could not reach the Reading road because it was chartered five years before the constitution was amended giving the Legislature the power to revoke or alter charters of corporations.

After a long discussion the bill went over for a week.

VACANT STORES.—There has not been for many years so many vacant stores, lofts and offices, on Broadway between Canal and Fourth streets, in New York city, as there are to-day. And the number will be largely increased between this date and the first of May.

Cattle in Texas.

A Texas correspondent in a late letter says: During the twenty-five years I have lived in Texas stock cattle of all ages and sexes, except beef steers five or six years old, have not brought more than $5 or $6 per head, and a greater part of the time not near that price. Spanish horses have commanded $20 to $30 per head, and sheep from $1 to $2. But all our native stock are of inferior quality. Wherever good stock has been introduced it paid well. A large portion of Texas, and especially Western Texas, and the coast counties, is better adapted to stock raising than anything else; in fact, it pays well if a man takes hold of it in earnest. The stock costs nothing but the branding. Those who own large ranches keep men employed for this purpose, and every spring and fall send them out with a few changes of ponies and a quantity of provisions, and they keep at their business so long as their subsistence lasts, or until all the stock is branded. They do not drive the cattle to any particular point, but herd them at the most convenient place. They then build a fire, heat their irons, and send into the herd the most skillful ropers, who throw rope over such cattle as they want and lead them out and brand them. The cattle are then turned loose until they are ready for market. If a man keeps his cattle from wandering or dying, and gets anything for them at all in the market, he is making money.

Since the war beef cattle have brought only $10 per head. Before that time Louisiana planters gave us better prices. Beef is slaughtered and packed at several points in Texas, the establishment at Columbus probably sending off the largest quantity of salted beef. The hides and tallow nearly pay the first cost, which leaves a margin for large profits to the packers. Texas should supply double the quantity of beef she has supplied at any one time yet. Nothing is done here with the energy with which business is conducted in the older States.

I believe that it is generally admitted here that with a small capital, sheep raising pays better than any kind of stock; but that requires constant attention to business. A shepherd must be kept with the sheep all the time; and then we want better stock than we now have. Men of means and industry can engage in stock raising here and make money; and the prospect will improve as the resources of the country are developed.

Tigers Tipsy on Tobacco.

It seems that some beasts, tigers for instance, are occasionally confirmed smokers. A correspondent of an East Indian journal, the *Neilgherry Excelsior*, gives the following curious evidence on that points "I observe," he says, "that you give an anecdote of a tiger snatching a cigar from a gentleman's hand and bolting with it. A friend of mine once had a tiger cub and a terrier pup in rearing. He was a great smoker, and the pets would play about the room while he indulged in the weed. The sweeper noticed that there was a gradual decrease of the cigar ends thrown away by his master, which could only be due to his master, becoming more moderate in his habit or the use of the cigar ends by some one else. Determined to ascertain the cause, he watched, and found one evening after his master had retired to bed, that the tiger cub was the new customer for the cigar ends, his companion, the pup, bringing him a fire-stick, stealthily abstracted from the kitchen.

These are not the only instances of tigers taking to smoking. Mehemet Aly, the most enlightened ruler Egypt had kept a tame tiger, a full-grown one, to which he always handed his hookah after he had exhausted the scented opium ball. On one occasion, the Pasha having gone out to dinner, the hookabader prepared the hookah, as usual, and leaving the mouthpiece on the favorite chair of his Highness, went to watch his return. Entering the room with the Pasha, the first object that met their sight was the tame tiger lying fast asleep near the hookah. The Pasha called in vain, and the hookabadar shook the tiger in vain. He was dead drunk, having exhausted by smoking every atom of the scented opium ball.

How Artificial Ivory is Made.

A scientific journal thus describes the process of making artificial ivory from rubber: Two pounds of pure rubber are dissolved in thirty-two pounds of chloroform, and the solution is saturated with a current of ammonia gas. When the rubber has been completely bleached the admission of the gas is interrupted, and the mass is transferred into a vessel provided with a stirrer, in which it is washed with hot water until the bleaching agent has been entirely removed. During this operation the temperature is raised to 85 deg. Fahr., in order to evaporate the chloroform, which, by conducting it into an apparatus of condensation, may be again made use of. The remaining product forms a kind of froth, which being pressed out, dried, and again treated with a small quantity of chloroform, is finally obtained as a consistent paste. This paste is now mixed with a sufficient quantity of finely pulverized phosbate of lime, or carbonate of zinc, until it assumes the appearance of moist flour. In this condition it is pressed in hot moulds, which it leaves sufficiently hard to be turned, planed, filed and bored. In order to imitate corals, pearls, enamels, hard woods, &c., it is only necessary to mix the paste with the desired colors previously to its being compressed.

THERE was an incident in Miss Kate Field's lecture on Dickens, in Chicago recently, that showed how well she appreciates the character she pretends to be so in love with. During the lecture, just after she had been dilating upon Dicken's love of children, as one of the most admirable traits of his character, a child-in-arms awaking from a troubled sleep and finding itself in a strange place, made two or three audible demonstrations. The fair lecturer paused, and looking sternly into the gallery, inquired in her most impressive tone, "Can't that *person* be removed?" The audience very generally felt that although the ideal love of children was very pretty "to point a moral and adorn a tale," the real child, interrupting the lecturer, was an entirely different affair.

THE FIRST BLOOD.—Though the first skirmish in the Franco-Prussia-war took place between the French and Prussians on July 23 at Rahling, where the first blood was drawn, the war did not open in earnest till August 2, when a division of Froissard's corps crossed the frontier and carried the heights above Saarbrucken. This action, the first of the war and the only one on German territory, was witnessed by the Emperor and the Prince Imperial; and is the one in which the latter, according to Napoleon's bombastic bulletin, received his "baptism of fire."

AN EXPERT.—Gen. Bourbaki is thus described by a correspondent: "He is a wondrous swordsman, and, it is said, often performs the feat for which Sir Walter Scott made Saladin famous—laying a silk handkerchief on the blade of his scimiter and shredding it in two with an almost imperceptible movement of the arm. It is said that Gen. Bourbaki can even exceed the dexterity of Musa, the Saracen chief made so renowned by Lord Lytton."

Summary of News.

THE German troops have all left Paris.

THE Prussian Emperor has gone home.

THE Belgian army is now on a peace footing.

PHILADELPHIA has 4,159 licensed drinking saloons.

SERIOUS disturbances have occurred in the large French cities.

WISCONSIN has one hundred cheese factories within its limits.

THE appropriations finally passed by Congress aggregate over $145,000,000.

THERE were 514 deaths, 156 marriages, and 429 births in N. Y. City last week.

ALL restrictions as to persons passing into and out of Paris have been removed.

THE cattle disease is still prevalent in the vicinity of Providence, Rhode Island.

THE Canadian fisheries are estimated at $50,000,000 a year, employing 80,000 men.

FORTY thousand tons of lead are imported into the United States every year.

CORDELIA WADE ineffectually tried suicide for the nineteenth time in Cincinnati.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., has a servant girl who has lived in one family sixty-one years.

A YOUNG lady in Indiana was frozen to death while out sleigh-riding with a young man.

THE House of Representatives failed to pass the bill to increase soldiers' pensions 20 per cent.

THE young Queen of Greece has the reputation of being one of the best women in Europe.

A BILL providing for a State Constitutional Convention is before the New Jersey Legislature.

A MUSCATINE brewer's pet goat licked off $700 worth of revenue stamps from lager beer barrels.

A CHINESE agents offers to deliver Chinamen in Tennessee at the rate of $7,000 a hundred.

NEARLY 1,000 bales of cotton are received at the port of Boston every business day in the year.

ALL the French volunteer force will be immediately disbanded, and the troops allowed to return home.

MEXICANS and Apaches are said to be rivalling each other in killing and plundering on the Arizona frontier.

IT is officially announced that a commercial treaty between Italy and the United States has been signed.

A MUSKRAT made a hole through the dam of a Wisconsin farmer's trout pond, and thirteen hundred escaped therefrom.

RICHARD MILLET and Peter Tullen were instantly killed in the bridge tunnel at Hannibal, Mo., by a premature explosion of a blast.

A PARTY of six from a United States Coast Survey vessel at Appalachicola, Fla., were drowned by the capsizing of a small boat.

VERMONT fears a short crop of hay, because of the severe cold this winter, without the usual quantity of snow to protect the grass lands.

HENRY BANTY, an itinerant circus clown, recently ran away with the young daughter (only 13) of a respectable citizen, from a Michigan village.

THE schooner Aptos was blown out to sea from San Francisco during the late gale, and is supposed to have foundered. There were six men on board.

DAVID BUTLER, Governor of the State of Nebraska, has been impeached by the House of Representatives of that State for malfeasance in office, by a vote of 33 to 6.

M. THIERS declines to make a treaty of commerce with Germany on the ground that it is necessary for France to imitate the United States, and restore the equilibrium by high tariffs.

REPORTS from Southern Kansas state that there is likely to be a repetition of the reign of terror that existed there last Fall, which culminated in the hanging of six or eight alleged horse thieves.

IT is rumored that Napoleon is negotiating for an estate in Bohemia, to which he will retire, though from preparations making at Chiselhurst it is believed that he will rejoin the Empress there and remain some time in England.

THE Chinese indulged in a pitched battle on Jackson street, San Francisco. Knives and iron bars were freely used. They were finally dispersed by means of a shower of bricks hurled from the neighboring roofs by mutual friends of the contestants. Several have been arrested.

THE *Journal des Debates* chides the Parisians for their frivolity during the occupation. Over the couch of strangled France, it pronounces the words "silence" and "patience." It urges earnest preparation, so that our children may be able to pronounce the third word—"vengeance."

ADVICES from St. Joseph, Mich., the center of the great peach region, say that the prospects of the coming fruit crop are good. The injury to peach buds during the severe weather in December and January was not serious. The Crawfords were injured somewhat, but other varieties are in good condition.

THE GRAND-JURY at Washington has found a true bill against Christopher C. Bowen, late member of Congress from South Carolina, for bigamy in marrying S. Petigru King, in August last, while MRS. Frances Hicks Bowen, whom he alleged to have married in 1852, was living in Augusta, Ga.

THE FOLLOWING is an exhibit of the iron production in the Western States. The latest full returns are for 1869, in which year the West produced 273,000 tons of pig iron of all kinds, against 130,000 in 1859. It is believed that the product for 1871 will not be less than 600,000 tons. In railroad iron there was produced in 1860 130,000 tons, of which amount Illinois is credited with 53,000 tons.

A POLISH ADVENTURER, Adalbert Debrowski, who has been convicted of theft swindling, and forgery, again and again, has given, and is still giving, the Russian Government much trouble to keep him in confinement. Debrowski, has escaped from Warsaw, Cracow, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and recently broke out of a strong and closely-guarded cell at Odessa, and got safely to Constantinople.

ROCHESTER is distracted, through the columns of its papers, over arithmetical problems. Here is one propounded: If one hundred yards of cord be wound in single coil upon an upright post an inch in diameter, what time will it take a man to unwind it, he holding one end in his hand and travelling in a circle whose radius is the unwound cord, supposing he walks four miles an hour; and what is the length of ground walked over.

DISAPPOINTED Magdalena Bay colonists continue to arrive at San Francisco. They report that no progress whatever has been made toward actual settlement at that place, and that unless immediate provision be made for the departure of the colonists on their arrival at New York, they will suffer terribly. The Company employ the most desperate means to get 1,000 men seated there by the first of May, to enable them to claim damages from Mexico for the non-fulfillment of the contract.

A Pacific Ocean Island.

There is an island in the Pacific Ocean which was discovered in the year 1767 and named Pitcairn's Island. In 1789, the British government sent out the Bounty to convey plants of the bread-fruit tree from Tahiti to the West Indies, but the crew mutinied, and sent Captain Bligh and others who would not join them afloat in an open boat, and set sail for Tahiti, where they took on board some native men and women, again spread their sails and were not heard of till the year 1808, when Captain Folger, of Nantucket, found their descendants on Pitcairn's Island, which had previously been supposed to be uninhabited. On the island there had been a bloody fight, and only Jack Adams of the original mutineers remained. In 1856 the whole community was removed to Norfolk Island, but some of them afterwards returned to Pitcairn's. Since then they have scarcely been heard from till within a few days. About the middle of the year 1870 Captain John Pardy, of the ship Wittington, sailed from California for Liverpool, and stopped at the island, where he found between 60 and 70 persons living well, but yet in need of clothing, medicine, &c., and longing for news from the outer world. They gave him the following letter, which, on the 25th of January, he sent from Edinburg to the *Alta California:*

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, October 6, 1870.

MR. EDITOR: As many ships pass this island on the route to and from San Francisco, but at too great a distance to board them in our canoes, it is our opinion that they do not know the island to be inhabited. There are no dangers of rocks or shoals, and if they come within a mile they would most always get a supply of fruit, &c. We number sixty or seventy persons, and we always like to show hospitality to strangers and to hear the news. This is the third day we have seen ships pass, and this day one is standing in, by which we send this. The landing is on the north side of the island.

If, dear sir, you would have the kindness to give this a place in your valuable paper, you would greatly oblige your humble servants,

THE COMMUNITY OF PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

Buried Cities.

"Buried Cities" is the name of a new amusement or puzzle, which offers a pleasant mental exercise and refreshes the knowledge of geography. It consists in embalming in a sentence or verse the name of one or more well-known cities. The orthography must be preserved, although the name may be divided so as to form the end of one word and the beginning of another. For instance, "Bring some water, Loo is fainted." The city buried in this sentence, is quite obviously, Waterloo. Islands may also be submerged in the same manner. In the following rhymes no less than twenty-four cities are buried, and some of them quite effectually as fire, water, or the "tooth of time" has ever concealed from the eye of a Gladstone or a Hallam:

In the palmy, radiant month of May,
No other than its opening day;
A boy walked over Montserat,
To botanize for his Uncle Pat;
Mosses and lichens he gathered enough,
Entangled with thorns and briars rough;
Ocra, cowslips and lilies blanc
Asters, pinks and the rose verplanc;
But when from the mountain he came down,
Patria his uncle was out of town;
So he took a staff or diving rod,
To search for "Cities beneath the sod."
O many a one in the olden time
Was swallowed up for its sin and crime;
And he plunged his rod in here and there,
For deep the buried cities were,
And he sounded a cymbal, because sound
Might shake those cities under ground,
Which are chiefly on sulphur and bitumen found.
The boy is trying to dig up
Saline relics, a crystal cup,
A tripod found in a den of pitch,
The bronze vase that adorned a niche,
A spear once used in a giant's cause,
Wayfaring men it oft made pause;
An amber necklace Lot's wife wore,
An opal Myra's finger bore,
A baby long since petrified,
The best of mothers mummified,
A marble head—but stop exploring,
We all are bored with so much boring.

Advice to Marriageable Girls.

If a man wipes his feet on the doormat he will make a good domestic husband. If a man in snuffing a candle puts it out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knee while taking tea, you may be sure he will make a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust a man who will not take the last piece of toast, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch, it is likely that he will make a greedy and very selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, and no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears rubbers, and is careful about wrapping himself up before venturing in the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle, and prevents its boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who does not take tea, ill-treats cats, takes snuff, stands with his back to the fire, is a brute whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money—but most decidedly, not for love. But the man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make a good husband. Patience like his deserves to be rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest Winter he wouldn't mind going to bed first.

REMEDY FOR THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.—J. F. Gignoux, M. D., in the *Turf, Field and Farm*, recommends, in the treatment of this disease, the use of the permanganate of potash, and claims that it has the following advantages over remedies:—Though applied in the form of a saturated solution, it causes little or no pain; produces as complete a slough as muriatic acid over the ulcerated part, but does not attack the healthy portion of the hoof, an advantage which I consider should recommend it to every one who may have occasion to use any powerful caustic application. It is a complete deodorizer, and its action in that respect is instantaneous. For these reasons I would recommend its use, not only in the foot-and-mouth disease, but as well in diseases of a similar character in horses and sheep." He adds: "I have tried the permanganate of potash in 'foul hoof,' in cases, and seen it tried in thrush in horses beneficially. The way I have used it is, first wash the hoof clean, apply enough of the saturated solution to cover the ulcer thoroughly, put in a piece of cloth or rope, covered with tar, the object being to keep off the dirt, &c.; in about forty-eight hours remove the rope or cloth and apply according as it may be necessary, the saturated solution or a milder one, and so on until the hoof is well."

THE KING of Saxony, begins a recent letter to the Emperor of Germany in this remarkable style: "Most brilliant, most grand, most powerful Emperor! Best Friend, very dear Cousin and Brother! I have been imbued with the most profound satisfaction by the honored letter of your Imperial and Royal Majesty, conveyed to me by the envoy of your eminently high Lordship."

The Case of Senator Sumner.

The excitement in regard to the removal of Senator Sumner, of Mass., from the Chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, culminated, when it was reported that a majority of the Republican members had decided in caucus to accept the report of the Sub-Committee recommending the change.

When the report was read making Mr. Cameron Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Mr. Sumner Chairman of the new Committee on Privileges and Elections, Mr. Sumner, after a dignified speech, giving his reasons for his actions, withdrew from the caucus. A very warm debate ensued on the report of the Committee, participated in by Messrs. Sherman Shurz, Logan, Wilson, Fenton, Ferry, and others, in opposition, and by Messrs. Conkling, Nye, Stewart, Howe, Carpenter, Edmunds, and others, in favor of the report.

The Senators who favor the report of the Committee professed to do so out of no opposition to Mr. Sumner personally, and disclaimed that success of the Santo Domingo project had anything whatever to do with it. They said, however, that very important questions would be submitted to this Committee, and that it would be very embarrassing to have as its Chairman one whom neither the President, nor the Secretary or Assistant Secretary of State could have any communication. They argued that the success of the negotiations now in progress between the representatives of Great Britain and the United States, would be endangered by such a state of affairs.

Those who opposed the report held, on the other hand, that the quarrel between Mr. Sumner and the President and Secretary of State was a personal one, and while they blamed Mr. Sumner for many things he has done, they did not think there was sufficient cause for the party or the Senate to take up the disagreement and make it the basis of any action. Mr. Fenton characterized the proposition as a "grave mistake," and Mr. Wilson predicted disaster to the party if it was carried out. He referred to the time when Stephen A. Douglas was removed from the Chairmanship of the Territorial Committee, because he disagreed with the President, and reminded Senators that from that action was to be dated the split in the Democratic party. He assured Senators that their proposed action would bring down on them the indignant protests of thousands of the oldest and strongest Republicans of the country, including the old anti-Slavery phalanx, the members of which, unable to appreciate the embarrasments referred to by the other side, would be in full sympathy with Mr. Sumner, and would at least, if this change was made, lose heart in future, and fail to work for the party and the cause, as they have done before. Others argued that no Administration ever made a greater mistake than this, when it proposed to strengthen itself by removing Mr. Sumner out of its path.

Mr. Hamilton, whom it was proposed to place on the Committee to make up its quota, declined, and Mr. Frelinghuysen was then selected. Mr. Wilson moved to recommit the report, with instructions to restore Mr. Summer's name to the Chairmanship, and was voted down by 26 Nays to 21 Yeas.

The Hanging of John Thomas.

John Thomas, the colored murderer, was hung in New York City at the Tombs. The concourse of persons present both inside and outside the jail was small, and this was owing partly to a strange request of the condemned man, that no colored person should be allowed to see him hanged. To this he made one exception. His barber, he said, had been very kind, and he should like him to be present. Thomas continued to the last in that quiet, happy frame of mind he has always shown since his condemnation. He was visited by his wife and the wife of the Haytien Minister, who took their final farewell. Thomas, of all the group, seemed the least affected. At half-past six o'clock he attended mass. Thomas paid solemn attention to the service, and seemed fully to realize the awful fact that he had not long to live, and that eternity with all its awful realities was close at hand.

The man retired early, but slept very little through the night. He showed more wakefulness than other condemned men had shown within the memory of the wardens of the jail. The wakefulness did not seem to distress him. He maintained his firmness and calmness throughout.

At nine o'clock precisely the procession appeared, headed by the Sheriff and his deputies. At the same instant the rain comm