

# Ritzman's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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**THINK OF ME.**  
When pleasure's cup is sparkling high,  
When friends around thee throng;  
When hearts are light with play of mirth,  
And lighter wakes the song;  
When coming o'er thy many joys,  
Recalled by memory,  
If 'twill not dim the pleasure then,  
Oh, give one thought to me.  
  
At dawn, when first Aurora's light  
Reflects o'er hill and dale,  
And gilds the dew-washed lily's head,  
That gleams within the vale;  
When first the lark shall plume his wing,  
And soar from bondage free,  
To warble forth some merry notes,  
Then give one thought to me.  
  
And when the shades of evening are  
Fast falling into night—  
An hour that seems well made for thought—  
And quiet is delight;  
At midnight's deep and solemn hour,  
When on thy bended knee,  
Thy hands upraised to Heaven in prayer,  
Oh, then, must think of me!  
  
If I could claim the richest gem,  
That now lies in the sea,  
I'd rather far than have that pearl,  
Have one kind thought from thee;  
If all the joys of this bright world  
Were now spread out to me,  
And I were told to make a choice,  
I'd ask one thought from thee.

**HUNTING A SITUATION.**  
A GOOD STORY.  
John Peters had just graduated from the mercantile college in New York, and with a recommendation in his pocket, was now in search of a situation. He was a good-looking young man of twenty-three, had earned with his own hands the money Professor Ferdinand Costello de Gruer had received for his education when fatherly not, John Peters was a native of a little town in Connecticut, which, from some oversight on the part of previous compilers, had had the misfortune to be entirely overlooked by the great Colonel Brookes, in his universal scrutiny of the State. For fear of rendering the town classical, as being the birth-place of our hero, we shall refrain from further mention of it, satisfied that the curiosity as already excited, will induce future compilers to be more accurate in their researches, and thus, in the course of time, it may come to be awarded to the aforesaid town, in spite of its isolation and obscurity, its due share of geographical notice and importance.  
In what part of the city John Peters resided, or where he happened to be on the morning to which we refer, is a point not clearly shown. I am sorry, however, because the locality of John Peters might tend to strengthen the identity of John Peters, and prevent him from being confounded with other important items, been duly established in the mind of the wealthy and influential John Meirs, from entrapping the pretty bird which policy and worldly calculation had already beat into the bush for John Peters the second.  
That John Peters had been looking over the morning papers cannot be doubted, from the fact that at 9 o'clock A. M. found him standing at the door of John Meirs' counting-room. Mr. Meirs having that morning advertised for a book-keeper.

"I believe I have the honor of addressing Mr. John Meirs?" said John Peters, touching his hat and bowing profoundly.  
"The same," responded Mr. Meirs, with a frigidly dignified bow. "Can I be of any service to you? Please proceed."  
John Peters hesitated and glanced about the room; the presence of Mr. M. was recognizable in every object.  
"What shall I do? If there was only a hole somewhere," thought John. But as there was no hole, our hero proceeded.  
"My name is Peters—John Peters at your service."  
Mr. Meirs sprang from his arm-chair as though he had received a shock from some invisible battery.  
"John Peters! by all that's gracious," cried Mr. Meirs, embracing him. "And here, like an old simpleton, have I been treating you, thinking you a stranger all the while, according to the most frigid rules of etiquette; I deserve to be blown for having studied Count De Orsay's Treatise. But how is your father—how stupid in me. I can see him in every feature of your face—in good spirits I reckon?—yes, I see; no matter about the answer—arrived in morning train—all tired out no doubt. Yes, of course, how could I expect you to be otherwise?—I see! Perfectly unexpected. Though I didn't dream of your coming before the expiration of another week—I think your father said in his letter a week from Friday—to-day, let me see, this is Wednesday, which would leave it a week from day after to-morrow. But no matter; you are just as welcome. Ah! here comes an omnibus, it will take us within two minutes walk of my residence, and Bella is at home this morning. So can't help but be delighted—come; and he caught the arm of John Peters and started in the direction of the street.  
"I fear there is a slight misunderstanding, somewhere?" faltered John, attempting to withdraw his arm; "it is true my name is John Peters."  
"Of course, and my name is John Meirs, and you are to marry my daughter Bella. I can see no misunderstanding in the matter." He looked at the arm of John Peters, and in five minutes more they were ascending the marble steps of the merchant's mansion.

"Is Bella at home?" inquired Mr. Meirs of the servant.  
"Truth, and I think it was the young mistress's voice I was after hearing just now in the parlor."  
"Mr. Meirs led the way in the direction indicated, while John, much embarrassed, followed. He felt that it was high time for an explanation. But Mr. Meirs was too much preoccupied with the one idea, the identity of John Peters and his marriage with Bella, to heed the confused and broken sentences of our hero, and the next moment found him

face to face with one of the most bewitchingly beautiful creatures he had ever seen in his lifetime.  
"This is Bella," said Mr. Meirs, with some pride; "you doubtless remember her. This is your cousin John, I hope you haven't forgotten him. What in the world makes you stare so, Bella? I told you his hair would be as dark as yours by this time, but you wouldn't believe it at all."  
Here Mr. Meirs consulted his watch and said—  
"But I must be in Wall street by ten, so I must be obliged to trust you to your own government till dinner."  
With this Mr. Meirs left our hero indescribably confused. No sooner had he departed than Bella burst into a ringing laugh and exclaimed, how funny.

Mr. Meirs is said to be contagious. John Peters laughed a response to Bella, and he had a most beautiful way of doing it, which Bella in spite of the novelty of their situation, acknowledged with a blush.  
"There is a great mistake," said John Peters, bowing sorrowfully, as if he would a tale unfold.  
"I see," said Bella, "you are trying to cover up your red hair with a wig. I hate red hair, and the change makes you look so funny—like a fool."  
"It is all a mistake," persisted John, reddening. "I never wore a wig in my life, Miss Bella."  
"Then you must have colored it, for it was red ten years ago, and I used to laugh at you when I was angry, and advised you to keep one eye open lest you set the bed curtain on fire."  
"That an awkward situation," cried John, desperately. "It is true I am John Peters, but not the John Peters you take me for. As for having red hair, I never had that honor, I assure you."  
It was now Bella's turn to look surprised.  
"And who are you then, if you are not John Peters of Baltimore?"  
"I am John Peters of Connecticut, a graduate from the Mercantile College, and at present in search of a situation. I am not your cousin, and never saw you to my knowledge until to-day; though I must confess you are the prettiest girl I ever did see, and begin to envy the genuine John Peters, your cousin."  
"You do? Indeed, how funny. Then you are not my cousin from Baltimore, and what is better still, my father thinks you are. I detest a cousin for a husband, whether he be cousin or no. But how did it happen that papa had such an odd mistake?"  
"Well the fact is, the whole thing was a mistake from the beginning, and was attributable to an advertisement in the morning papers. Your father wanted a book-keeper and advertised directly for the situation. Before stating my business I introduced myself as John Peters, whereupon your father, forgetting there might be another John Peters in the world, handed me into an omnibus and hurried me here before I could offer an explanation."  
"How odd!" exclaimed Bella. "And you are not my cousin after all?—but I rather like you, and am not a little pleased at the adventure, because we can both laugh over father's mistake, and the absent John Peters' red hair."  
"But I must explain the matter immediately. I dislike the idea of giving you up to the absent John Peters," answered our hero, with the same winning smile, "especially as you have a natural antipathy to red hair."  
"I don't see the use of explaining. Suppose we both keep quiet and let it go for granted that we are cousins—what harm can there be in it?"  
"And then suppose he, thinking me cousin John Peters should insist on our being married before the genuine John Peters comes from Baltimore?"  
"Oh, it would be delightful! I do so hate to marry my cousin John, besides I like you a thousand times better. There isn't the least romance in marrying one's cousin, especially such a cousin as John Peters, of Baltimore."  
Here Bella laid her pretty white hand on his arm and said:  
"But you don't care for me; of course you wouldn't like to be married just to please me. I don't blame you for that, but I wouldn't marry a cousin if I could help it."  
"On the contrary," cried John, clasping the little hand warmly, "I would give the world for that happy privilege."  
"Then you must promise to keep still and let the matter rest as it is. You will do it, won't you?"  
"Most certainly," answered John, "if it please you."  
On his return, and to his no little delight, Mr. Meirs found Bella deeply interested in Cousin John. "I thought that you would come round," said he. "These girls are always perverse when their lovers are out of sight, but mighty warm-hearted and agreeable when they have got together. Howbeit I fancy there is a slight vein of duplicity in the best of them, I do."  
"Oh, no papa, you should not be so hasty in your conclusions, for I told you all along that your objection was based upon the fact. But when I see there is a slight mistake somewhere, for his hair (pointing to the counterfeit cousin's) is quite dark and glossy. I must really confess, papa, that I like John very much; a great deal more than I expect ed. I do, indeed."  
"Then," said Mr. Meirs excitedly, "if I were in John's place, I would just take the liberty to strike while the iron is hot. There is nothing gained by delays, and a week hence you might be as far off the handle as you were a week ago."  
"Oh, no, I am not so fickle, but I will leave the whole matter with you and John."  
"There, Bella, you talk like a sensible girl," cried Mr. Meirs. "I knew you would. I like your resolution. There is nothing so rare in the world as a sensible girl at your time of life. John is a good husband; will look after me as a good husband; and I think will be worthy of your interest, and I think will be left entirely to you. Bella is willing, and I can see nothing to prevent its taking place right away."  
"I think whatever you think proper," said John. "Any arrangement agreeable to you will be equally so to me. I have a great respect and affection for Miss Meirs, and I can safely say, that to be the husband of your daughter this moment, or at any future time, would be to me the choicest gift of heaven."  
"Very sensible remarks," says Mr. M. joy-

fully, "and as you are obliging enough to leave the matter to my direction, I shall say a week from Friday that being the day on which I had anticipated your coming. This will give Bella ample time for all necessary preparations, and you, also, to appraise your father and such other friends from B., as you are disposed to invite."  
"If I might be allowed the preference in this respect," answered our hero, glancing at Bella for encouragement, "I would much rather give the money away, which would be spent on such an occasion, to some of the poor families who are starving in this city."  
"Nobly spoken," cried Mr. Meirs, with enthusiasm, and glancing at Bella with a word of pride and affection. "Nobly spoken, my daughter! With such prudence and such charitable feelings, you will make your cousin John a pattern of a wife. I heartily agree with you in the respect, and you shall have it all your own way."  
During the time which elapsed between this and the day set apart for the marriage of his daughter, Mr. Meirs seemed overflowing with good humor and enjoyment. He made several presents to the poor of his acquaintance, and even gave Bella the sum of five hundred dollars to be used, if she choiced, for the same purpose.

In the meantime our hero was living in the greatest kind of intimacy with Bella. Every day they walked, rode, or sung together, while the merchant looked on and entered into their plans with increasing satisfaction.  
At length the long anticipated Friday arrived, and a few chosen guests were assembled at the residence of Mr. Meirs to witness the nuptials. John Peters had exhausted his last dollar in remunerating the tailor who had furnished him a new wedding coat, and by the assistance of the barber, who had trimmed his mustache, cut and curled his hair after the most approved style, our hero was really as fine looking a fellow as could be found anywhere within the precincts of the city. Mr. Meirs and Bella were not a little proud in introducing him among their aristocratic friends. The pastor who presided over the church with which Mr. Meirs was connected, had already arrived, accompanied by a clerical acquaintance, while Bella, attired in a dress of white satin, with a white veil, surmounted by a crown of flowers, had just entered resting on the arm of the bridesmaid. During the sensation created by the entrance of the bride, another door opened, and a young man some five feet four inches in height, with dusty garments and very red hair, was pushed in by the servant, and with much amazement depicted on his freckled, unimpressive features, sank down in the nearest chair, without attracting particular attention at the time, from the rest of the company assembled.  
As the ceremony progressed and the question was asked by the clergyman if any one objected to the bands, he of the red hair and freckles rose up and said: "I object, Mr. Clergyman, most decidedly."  
"What?" cried Mr. Meirs, springing forward and confronting the excited young man of the red hair and freckles. "And who are you that dare object to my daughter's marriage with her cousin? Will you explain yourself sir?" cried the enraged Mr. Meirs, shaking his fist in the face of the terrified intruder.  
"Speak, or by my faith I will bundle you headforemost into the street."  
"I can't sir," replied the proprietor of the chair, "while you continue so excited."  
"Then, by my soul," cried the merchant, still more excited in his tone, "I'll just give you to understand that you have no right to dictate in my house." And seating himself to the word, he seized the unlucky intruder by the shoulder, and forced him from the room.  
"Now, cried Mr. Meirs, turning to the clergyman, "proceed with the ceremony."  
Agreeable to Mr. Meirs' request, the ceremony proceeded, and in less than time it takes us to relate it, John and Bella were indissolubly in the bonds of wedlock.  
No sooner was the ceremony ended, than Bella clasping her husband's hand, knelt before her father and said:  
"Forgive us, dear father, for the deception practiced upon you. This is not cousin John of Baltimore."  
"Then who under the sun is he?" cried Mr. Meirs, glancing about the room in the most bewildered manner.  
"It is John Peters, but not cousin John. My dear husband came in the first place to you, in search of a situation, and you forgetting that there might be another John Peters in the world beside nephew John, have very innocently assisted us in carrying out the deception. Therefore, you must forgive him, my dear father, for he is far less to blame than either of us, for you in the first place being deceived by the name, and we in the second place having the misfortune to be greatly pleased with one another, it was quite natural for us to yield to the temptation."  
"I see," answered Mr. Meirs, with much apparent chagrin, "I have just had the honor of turning your cousin out of doors, which makes a compound blunder on my part. To tell you the truth Bella, I am far more vexed at my own stupidity than with any one else. As for John Peters," said Mr. Meirs in a half humorous, half sarcastic tone, "I think I must forgive him for his name's sake, if nothing more. As for you, hussy, I shan't say to-night whether I shall forgive you or not—it will depend mainly on how we succeed in pacifying your cousin John."  
Suffice it to say, for the final gratification of the reader, that John Peters of Baltimore was readily pacified, after a suitable explanation and apology being tendered him by his cousin, on the following day, and what is still averred, did actually laugh over the circumstances so heartily, that for a moment his face became redder than his hair. And still further by those who have a right to know, it has been affirmed that John Peters of Connecticut, but came not only a model husband to Bella, but a most assistant to Mr. Meirs, in all matters pertaining to business.

A celebrated French woman has well said that the greatest blessing a woman can receive on earth is the continuance of the affection of her husband after marriage.

**MAJOR BROWN'S COON STORY.**  
"I was down on the creek this mornin'," said Bill Gates, "and I seed any amount of coon tracks. I think they're agoin' to be powerful plenty this season."  
"I never heard tell of the likes before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If skins is only a good price this season, I'll be worth somethin' in spring, sure's you live, for I've jest got one of the best coon dogs in all Illinois."  
"You say you never heard tell of the like of the coons?" put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing tobacco in silence for the last half hour. "Why you don't know anything 'bout 'em! If you'd come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd thot' coons! I jest tell you, boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. We hardly ever thot' of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a darn with us—that is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinnin'."  
"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin', but when I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leand up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more'n leand up afore somethin' gave me one of the all-fired nips about the seat o' my breeches I ever got in my life. I jump'd about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred yards, when think, sez I, it's no use runnin', and I'm snake bit, but runnin' won't do any good. So I jest stopt and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bite, for flar's a blood-blister pinched on me about six inches long.  
"Think, sez I, that rather gits me! What in the very deuce could it be? Arter thinkin' 'bout it awhile I concluded to go back and look for the critter, jest for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds all stuff all about; but darn the thing could I see. Purty soon I sees the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Dreckly I sees the split open about half an inch, and then shut up agin; then I sees it open and shut, and open and shut, and open and shut right along as regular as a clock tickin'.  
"Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split tree, but when I thander was makin' I do it at first I felt awful scared, and thought it must be somethin' dreadful; and then agin I thought it moun't. Next I thought about haunts and ghosts, and about a runnin' home and sayin' 'nother about it; and then I thot' it couldn't be enny on 'em, for I'd never heard tell of 'em a pesterin' a feller right in open daylight. At last the true blood of my ances-tors came in my veins, and told me I'd be cowardly to go home and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. When I got back, I let into the tree like blazes, and purty soon it cund down and smashed into splinters—and what do you think? Why, it was rammed and jammed smack full of coons from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so close that every time they breathed they made the split open. Fact."

**HOW TO OBEY.**—The following anecdote of Gen. Scott is given by a Washington letter-writer:—"The House has lately adopted a resolution cutting off from the privilege of the floor all persons except justices of the Supreme Court, Governors of the States, officers of the House, &c. Yesterday, while the House was in session, a tall, stout, gray-haired old man, dressed in very plain clothes, approached the principal entrance of the Hall, and, evidently not aware of the new arrangement, attempted to enter. He was stopped by the door-keeper, who inquired if he was a Justice of a Governor. "No, sir," was the answer, "but by resolution of Congress all officers of the army who have received the thanks of Congress, are entitled to the privilege of the floor." "Are you an officer of the army?" asked the door-keeper, looking with some doubt at the stalwart old man. "I am, sir, my name is Scott—Winfield Scott, of the United States Army." The manner of the door-keeper underwent an instantaneous change, as he very politely informed the General of the resolution which gave him a right to the floor. "But," said he, "pass in, General; I will take the responsibility myself." "No, sir," was the answer, "I do not wish to assume any rule, sir; I will go to the gallery;" and the brave old man, whose name is synonymous with the military glory of the United States, climbed the long range of stairs and took his seat in the crowded gallery, alone and unnoticed."

**HE GETS THE PEER ANYHOW.**—The Sacramento (Cal.) Age tells of an inveterate lager-beer consumer, who is in the habit of hanging around the bar-rooms for the "stumps" and pickings:  
"Yesterday, the old fellow was waiting in a saloon on K street, expecting the receipt of a free glass. The bar-keeper at length saw a dead mouse under the counter. "Good!" he exclaimed, "I'll fix old Lager with this 'ere: so he takes the mouse, puts its decaying body in a glass, (ugh) covers it with malt liquor, and passing it to the counter, calls out: "Ere, old chap, 'er's a drink." Lager tottered to the counter, around which several cute ones were standing, seized the beverage and swallowed it, choking slightly as the vermin descended his throat. "Ah! I'd now you've fixed," yelled the crowd. "Vas his fixed!" inquired Lager, started by the sudden exclamations of the room squad. "Oh! you've swallowed a mouse—that'll use you up!" answered the bar-keeper. "Shwalld a nice! me, mit to peot?" said Lager, as coolly and carelessly as though he had only taken down a fry. "A, mied! yel. I tot it was a hop as goes in me; but I don't care 'tis a mice, I gets to peer anyhow!"  
A BLOOMINGTON DENTIST.—An Illinois tooth puller at Bloomington presents the following strong inducements to customers:  
"I have a superior dental instrument. Dr. J. Payne, Dentist, Bloomington, will perform all operations on teeth at greatly reduced prices. A beautiful silver cup will be presented to the person having the greatest number of teeth extracted—and a splendid gold watch will be awarded to the one having the finest set of artificial teeth inserted. Teeth extracted for \$1 per dozen."  
A missionary had once rebuked a South Sea Islander for the sin of polygamy. After a week or two, the cannibal returned, his face radiant with joy. "Me all right now; one wife. Me very good Christian." "What did you do with the other?" asked the missionary. "Me eat her up."

**WHAT IS CHEMISTRY?**—The arrangement of facts discovered by actual experiment and called "science" is conveniently divided into Physics and Chemistry. Physics treats of the changes of matter, without any regard to its internal construction. Thus the laws of gravitation and cohesion belong exclusively to physics, because they act with total disregard to the composition of a substance. Chemistry, on the other hand, teaches us the composition of the various forms of matter, and the changes they can undergo one with another.  
Water, speaking with regard to its physical or natural characteristics, is a colorless, mobile liquid, boiling at 212 deg., and freezing at 32 deg., not capable of compression, and many more similar peculiarities. But chemically speaking, water is a compound of so much hydrogen and oxygen, capable of entering into many combinations, and of causing changes in other forms of matter.  
The science of chemistry has undergone a technical division into organic and inorganic, but in nature there is really no such division—it has only been adopted for convenience of study and expression; for the two classes of substances (organic and inorganic) so lay in contact with each other, that the boundary line is daily becoming more faint, and will in time, perhaps, vanish altogether.  
Probably the most safe definition of organic chemistry that can be given in contradistinction to inorganic, is contained in the assertion that the former branch of the science treats of those bodies which are, directly or indirectly, the products of the vital process in animals or vegetables; and this definition is now tacitly admitted by all chemists, although some substances have been produced in the laboratory which are especially peculiar to the process of animal secretion, for example, urea, &c.

**DR. LIVINGSTONE'S NEW AFRICAN EXPEDITION.**—It has been announced, that the vessel which has recently sailed with the now celebrated Dr. Livingstone for the southeast coast of Africa, has on board a peculiar steamboat, provided by the British Government, to enable the veteran traveller to prosecute his investigation of the Zambezi River. This small steamer or launch, has been built at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, by John Laird, and the material of which it is principally constructed is the "homogeneous metal." The plates for the hull of this steamer will be as strong as those of common iron double the thickness. For convenience of transport, it has been built in three sections. The central section contains the boiler and a single horizontal high-pressure engine of 12 horse power, and the two end sections are fitted up for the accommodation of the persons engaged in the expedition. Each compartment is made secure with water-tight bulkheads. In the aft section is a neat deck-house, which will be completely furnished, and will have every necessary appliance for securing ventilation. The vessel is a paddle steamer, her dimensions being—length, 75 feet; breadth 8 feet; and depth, 3 feet. She will not draw more than 12 or 14 inches, so that she is expected to be able to navigate the shallowest parts of the river. The boiler, as well as the hull of the launch, is made of the homogeneous metal plates, which are only three-tenths of an inch thick. The sections will be joined together and launched when the ship reaches her destination. Great results are expected from this expedition.

**THE SUN GROWING COOL.**—One of the most interesting theories of modern physical science is that concerning the gradual cooling of the sun; the fact being demonstrated that it cools at the cooling rate of water, it would, since the six thousand years of human history have lost a heat equivalent to four times the temperature of red hot iron. This must, of course, have affected the temperature of the earth to some extent. The sun, indeed, need not be much hotter than melted iron to send us the heat we have. The distinguished French astronomer, Arago, has shown, by an application of the principles of optics respecting the polarization of light, that the sun is not a red hot ball, but that it is surrounded by an atmosphere of flame, which spots in which occasionally see the sun's dark body. The sun, then, is not incandescent, and the comets shine by light reflected from it. How the sun derives its supply of heating material will perhaps never be ascertained.

**THE LOSS OF PURSE.**—A Russian was travelling from Tobolsk to Borsocov. On the road he stopped one night at the hut of an Ostiak. In the morning, on continuing his journey, he discovered that he had lost his purse, containing about one hundred rubles.  
The son of the Ostiak, found the purse while out hunting, but instead of taking it up went and told his father, who was equally unwilling to touch it, and ordered his son to cover it up with some bushes. A few months after this, the Russian returned and stopped at the same hut, but the Ostiak did not recognize him. He related the loss he had met with, and the Ostiak listened very attentively, and when the Russian had finished, "You are welcome," said the Ostiak; "here is my son, who will show you the spot where it lies; no hand has touched it but the one which covered over, that you might recover what you have lost."

"It is rumored in court circles," says the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Post, "that the President is preparing a message on Cuban affairs. He is bent on carrying out the doctrines of the Ostend circular, to steal Cuba. It is said that he will charge upon Spain a series of supposed aggressions perpetrated upon citizens of the United States by the authorities of Cuba, and recommended to Congress the appointment of a commission to negotiate with Spain for the purchase of that island."

**A WEALTHY BEGGAR.**—The Newark Advertiser says: "A German woman at Elizabeth, who has for years subsisted upon the private charity of the public, which she gained by her squallid poverty and apparent necessities, recently died, and on examination into her effects, there was found among them \$10,000 to 12,000 in excellent bonds and mortgages upon the best of property. Leaving no heirs, the money will revert to the city in which she lived."  
Marriageable young women are in great demand out West. A Yankee writing from that section, to his father, says: "Suppose you get our girls some new teeth and send them out."

## THE WILMOT COMMITTEE.

The movement made in the Legislature for the annihilation of the Bradford Judicial District, and which was referred to the Judiciary Committee, is about reaching its climax. The Committee met this day week, to consider the bill. Messrs. Piollet, Elwell, Baird, D. A. Overton, and Peck, appeared before the Committee, to besom themselves of their grievances. They severally made long speeches, bitterly complaining of Judge Wilnot and hinting in vague terms as to his tyrannical and partial conduct upon the Bench. When asked to point out the cases where Judge Wilnot had shown partiality or political bias upon the Bench, they failed to do so. We learn by the North American, that Mr. McClure, asked them if they could say, as lawyers and men, that Judge Wilnot had ever shown partiality or political bias, in the discharge of his duties. They all failed to answer directly except Mr. Overton, who said "he believed so." After a hearing, the Committee postponed the further consideration of the subject for two weeks.  
The next attempt was made in the Senate. On Thursday, Mr. Brewer read in place a bill similar in its provisions to the one we have quoted above, which was referred to the Judiciary Committee. On Friday this Committee met, when the same complainants, reinforced by Mr. Ward, appeared before it, when the same denunciatory speeches were made. Here they were also asked to specify in writing, the particular instances of Judge Wilnot's misconduct upon the Bench, but they all declined doing so, except Piollet, who declared his readiness to reduce his grievances to writing, but did not, however, do so. The statements made by these gentlemen were promptly met by Senator Myer and Col. G. F. Mason, who were present. A motion was made to report the bill with an affirmative recommendation, which lost by 2 to 3 yeas; a motion was then made and lost to postpone the further consideration of the bill, and that the Chairman inform Judge Wilnot of the allegation made; the bill was then negatived, by 3 yeas to 2 nays.

On Saturday morning, however, the Committee was again assembled, and at the request of Judge Wilnot's friends, the second motion was re-considered, and adopted.  
The whole matter now stands thus: The House Committee postponed the further consideration of the matter until to-day. The Senate Committee also postponed, and instructed their chairman to write to Judge Wilnot. He has been written to by Judge Wilkins, chairman of the Judiciary Committee; and in obedience to that call upon him, he is now here, ready to enter upon his defence of the charges made against him. The Senate Committee have decided that all charges made must be reduced to writing; and we shall shortly have these gentlemen either "facing the music," or abandoning their allegations.—*Harrisburg Telegraph, March 10.*

**CORRUPTION IN HIGH PLACES.**—The Pittsburg Gazette, says, that such statements as the one captioned below are disgraceful to the country, and should arouse the people to the necessity of a change in the administration of the government. The Democratic party has inaugurated an era of corruption, and introduced into public offices, merenary and corrupt men, to such an extent as to create a feeling of alarm among the people. Responsible positions are made the means of enriching unprincipled incumbents, whilst the public treasury is looted for the benefit of partizan favorites. Men, who go to the Federal Capital, poor, and without any business capacity, attach themselves to some government official, and in a few years, if not months, retire with immense fortunes. Every department of the government is under this evil influence, and services of public officers are acknowledged matters of bargain and sale. Congress should not confine its bribery investigations to members of Congress alone. Cabinet officers, and other high functionaries, are equally amenable to grave charges of that character. Among the scandalous reports now current in political circles, the following are prominent: 1. That, in dissecting the course of the late Bank of Pennsylvania, it was found that \$25,000 had been paid by said Bank as a bonus for effecting the sale of its former banking-house and lot to the Federal Government, for a Post Office; and that one "high in office," under the last (Pierce's) Administration, pocketed the aforesaid comfortable sum. Of course, the allusion to the late Postmaster-General Campbell is unmistakable.  
2. That the Hon. Henry M. Rice, U. S. Senator elect from Minnesota, has refused to testify before the Fort Snelling Investigating Committee, pleading his privilege as a member of Congress, though he has not yet been admitted to a seat.  
3. That, when the Fort Snelling and Wilkins' Point Investigations shall have touched bottom—provided they ever do touch bottom—there will be an ugly hole made in the reputation of Governor John B. Floyd, the present Secretary of War.

Two Irishmen were recently looking at some people stretching a rope across the street from one house-top to the other, for the purpose of suspending a banner.  
"Shure and what they be after doing at the tops of them houses there?" said Patrick.  
"Sure," said Mick, "it's a submarine telegraph they are after putting up."  
"Mr. President," said a member of a School Committee, (out west.) "I rise to git up, and am not backward to come forward in the cause of education. Had it not been for education, I might have been as ignorant as yourself, Mr. President."  
An old lady combated the idea of the moon being inhabited, by remarking emphatically, that the idea was incredible. "For," said she "what becomes of the people of the moon when there is nothing left of it but a small streak?"  
A thing that should be remembered by the ladies: "A month that's kissed does not lose its capacity but renews itself like the moon." An experiment will prove it!  
"Lotteries are illegal, and marriage is the greatest lottery in life." Ergo, it is against the law to commit matrimony.  
The science of getting on well with a woman is like violin playing. It depends principally on the bowing.  
"That's laying down the law," as the Irishman said when he knocked down the Judge