

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## THE ROSE BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A child sleeps under a rose-bush fair,  
The buds swell out in the soft May air;  
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wings flies  
To play with the angels in Paradise;  
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,  
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;  
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,  
With love's first wonder-ful rapture blest;  
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,  
Soft sighs she heaves in the evening air;  
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,  
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes;  
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,  
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,  
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,  
And silently cover a new-made mound;  
And the years glide by.

## HAMILTON AND BURR.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

In commencing his remarks, the distinguished lecturer proceeded at the outset by an eloquent tribute to the memory of the Father of our country, saying that in all his life never had he done a noble deed which earned him fame greater than in this—that in all his great life he never followed, never led, and never acted with a party. He was our FATHER. All history, all tradition, hand him down to us by this title of endearment—our whole country was the object of his solicitude, and anything less in magnitude than all this was beneath his pure, patriotic and noble heart. Noble in life, happy in death, his deeds speak his praise, and at his tomb at Mount Vernon the tears of an entire nation were shed.

At the death of this our Father, the age of party in our country began, and of those who shone in party lines was found the name of Aaron Burr. This was a man who first appears in public life in the army of 1775, and from then his course is seen. Everywhere unsleeping, everywhere vigilant, everywhere equal to himself and everywhere too much for those who stood in his way—and here we must stop. Nothing more of him could be said that will redound to his credit. In public civil life accidentally elevated—never acting with the Federalists, though never asserting himself a Republican, elected to the Senate by some unknown means, from the State of New York, and from thence to the Vice-Presidency, and then in an evil hour the competitor of Jefferson in a contest for the Presidency. From this time in all good things we do not see his hands. He was among us in stirring times, he moved in hours when our rights and liberties were discussed and settled, and in all this the name of Aaron Burr does not appear. From 1789 to 1801, as a statesman we hear no more of him; as a politician we see enough of him, but for any trace of patriotism in all his acts we look in vain. Restless and active, vigorous and determined, with splendid address, he was everywhere active for himself, always torpid for his country. Himself, and but himself and his own interests, was his god, and that alone he worshipped. Crossed in his path, he spared no man in his wrath—thwarted in his designs, he left nothing fair or foul returned to accomplish his end, sparing no man in his selfishness, and no woman in his lists. This is the impotent conclusion of a life which might have been turned to every grace, and used for every advantage of his country.

Such was a small sketch of his character; but to define it more closely, the speaker said he should take the most obvious method of contrasting him with another of the same age and time. But where to find his contrast was the difficulty. When he was selfish, there were enough who were patriotic; where he was cold, there were plenty whose warm hearts beat solely for the common weal; but to find his exact counterpart was difficult indeed.

In looking among the great names of the day, it appeared that the name of Hamilton suggested him whose life, briefly told, might show the greatest contrast. To his great name and to his great life it was pleasant to turn, after such a pain as one must feel after a view of the life of Burr. And in regarding the life of this distinguished citizen, the speaker was sure his hearers, as they scanned the pages of the history of our early days, must be almost overwhelmed with the majesty of talent which every recorded event displays—Washington, and Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Hancock, Warren, Mason and Hamilton, all in one age, all in one day and generation, and men whose histories were each recorded testimonies of the same patriotism, and the same devotion to our national life and glory. The eloquence of some, the statesmanship of others, the valor and military skill of still more; and again, those in whom all these blended, all were devoted to our country—nothing was reserved for self. There was a splendid collection of splendid talent such as the world never saw. There was that devoted patriotism, never excelled, and the great monument of all, the lasting memento of all their virtues, is still over their graves in the magnificent column—more lasting than bronze or marble—the Declaration of Independence—[applause]—a column gazed upon by us all in July of every year, and a monument which speaks their glory in fitter terms than were ever graven on stone, and which find their proper and appropriate tablet on every true American heart.

After the Declaration of Independence, Hamilton and Jefferson first differed, then grew divergent, and finally alienated altogether. That great Democrat, after achieving that mighty paper, retired to his farm, and took no part in all the years of the war of that time. At the opening of peace he was seen in the Congress of his country, and there became the father of American Democracy. Different was it with Hamilton. Seen in all the war, present at Cambridge and at the surrender at Yorktown, he was familiar by heart with all the war. At the age of 26 he returned to New York to practice his profession of the law, and here was the character of the later Hamilton developed. The years before were the years of passion, and characters formed in them were necessarily ardent and hasty. War had not then begun, and men spoke passionately of its glories, but knew not of its horrors, and had not had their passions calmed by its awful realities. At its close, those who began it in youth were now middle aged, and a new era began with them and with the country. From out of the army came Alexander Hamilton and began the life of a statesman. Men called him a monarchist and one-power man, and he was so, and no wonder that he was. Had he not seen the impotency of the old Philadelphia Congress? Had he not seen how the one-man power—how the deference and obedience paid to one man—had carried the army over all difficulties in the war; discipline had conquered seeming impossibilities, and how many easy things had been lost by the unavailing and divergent efforts of an unled mob? No wonder all these things made him distrust public rate.

After the revolution we still find him in the public service, still working for his country, and always the plainest and frankest man of his day. All our laws, all the details, stages and provisions of our laws and our liberties, felt the guidance of his mind. In the great idea of uniting the States of the Confederacy into one grand whole, his mind was active, and much to his exertions and his influence is due the acceptance of our National Constitution by the States, and much to his mind and talent is due the framing of a State paper which from then to now, and from now to all time cannot be changed in a hair for the better. From the acceptance of the Constitution through the first days of our whole country, he was still active, and still the leading mind of the day. Our laws, much of them, owe their solidity to him, and our finances are all his. He was the man who kept us neutral in the great European struggle, and kept us on growing and strengthening every day.

Into the private life of Hamilton the speaker would not extensively look, but still would say that the record would beat the closest scrutiny. In his bar-life in New York he was close in his studies, mighty in his efforts, and very moderate in his charges. [Laughter.] His great effort, the defense of Crosswell before the New York Supreme Court, is still today spoken of as one of the proudest efforts of the American bar, and by some held to be the very greatest that has yet been spoken, and is one which would, if he had nothing else to glory in, alone lift him high among those who knew the Constitution and could expound its ideas of liberty. At 17 years of age he addressed his fellow-citizens in public; at 22 he was a known and marked man, and every succeeding year he added fresh triumphs to his fame, and planted new and grateful emotion toward him, in the hearts of his countrymen.

To compare such a man with Burr was indeed difficult. Each foremost in his own path, each first in his own chosen way of life and action—but, alas, how different the way, how opposite the path of action. The view would bear no elaboration of explanation. To those men of those days who had achieved and secured our liberties, to those three men—Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton—was due to all and to each the abundant gratitude and warm love of a whole people. They were men, unlike some of the lesser lights who have since filled their seats, who were not crazy for Liberty, nor demented for Slavery; they were men who never thought to see the North against the South, the East against the West, and still less to stir the strife for personal ends—men to whom a Topeka and a Leecompton question would be but a small ripple on the surface of the unfathomable deep of their patriotism. They were men who inaugurated our country, who commenced it in glory and set it on its onward path like a bridegroom coming from his chamber, or a strong man commencing to run his race.

The "Sick Man," as the Czar Nicholas would have termed Mexico, is in a bad way. Every thing is out of joint in that unhappy country—business at a stand—the national debt, already enormous, indefinitely increasing—two or three parties fighting for the government—open rebellion threatened in some quarters—the Indians restoring primitive savageness in other sections—and robbery and murder rife everywhere.

A newly married couple, riding in a chaise, were unfortunately overturned. A man came to their assistance, and observed that it was a very shocking sight. "Very shocking indeed," replied the gentleman, "to see a new married couple fall out so soon."

## A SURPRISE PARTY SURPRISED.

"Surprise parties" are the last new "agony," and not the least surprising, and agonizing was the one in which my friend Nellie Hunter played a conspicuous part.

Mr. Hunter, an exceedingly wealthy and eccentric old gentleman, resided in the country in a large, old-fashioned house, with his daughter, Nellie, two servants, three dogs and two cats. (I am particular in my enumeration, as they were "each and every one" objects of solicitude to the old gentleman.) After the above description, introduction and digression, I will hasten on to the unfolding of the "or true tale."

One bleak, cold December night, Nellie sat alone by the fire, enjoying uninterrupted the comforts of a severe cold, for which she had been eating (by the persuasion and recommendation of old Debby, the help,) a large dose of raw onions, the effect of which, Debby told her, would be miraculous, together with a bowl of hot punch, which she had prepared for her to take before retiring. In vain Nellie protested against imbibing any more nostrum declaring herself perfectly satisfied with the efficacy of the onions, and did not require the punch. And in truth the onions did seem to have touched her feelings as she sat, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

But hark! did you not hear it! Bells, surely bells, upon the midnight air, making night hideous with their unwelcome jingle. To make assurance doubly sure, in rushed Pete with the astonishing intelligence that more than forty "seven sleighs had turned in at the 'big gate,' and were tearing down to the house like mad. Poor Nellie, in this dire extremity, knew not what to do at first. "A surprise party!" and she to receive the guests with *only* breath and red eyes. How could she give to the female portion the *kiss* of welcome! O horrible!

A happy suggestion from Debby to eat cinnamon—plenty in the spice box in the pantry. Hastening to the pantry, she drew out the spice-drawer, seized a paper containing (as she supposed) cinnamon; tearing open the cover, she raised the paper to her mouth, and poured the contents down her throat.—With a shriek she dashed the paper to the floor, spitting, sneezing, coughing, and performing unconsciously a double step mazourka. Yes! 'tis true, 'tis true, and pity 'tis true, that she had made a grand mistake—a sad mistake, and had swallowed a quantity of red pepper. Screaming lustily on Debby for assistance, she rushed through the kitchen to her own room. Observing a bowl on the table, and supposing it to contain water, she caught it up and swallowed a large mouthful of—Debby's boiling punch. The bowl shared the same fate as the paper of pepper. Away it went, crash against the stove. The whisky taking fire at the insult, raised up in a mystic blue blaze, to the horror of the cats, which lay dozing beneath the stove. Away they scampered to the hall, endeavoring to make their escape. Poor Nellie, now almost frantic from the effects of the pepper and whisky, and half blinded by tears, (no longer crocodile tears, but tears of intense agony,) seeing a large pan of water setting on a bench, dipped her face, head and hands into the cooling liquid. Again and again she splashed the welcome water on aching brow and burning mouth. In the midst of her ablutions, she was startled by an exclamation of horror from Debby.—"Good gracious! what's the gal about—sure as I am a livin' sinner she has washed her face in my black dye stuff; now you'll be as black as a nigger for two months, that's sartin." Nellie glanced at her hands, and the awful truth broke on her startled vision. There was no relief for poor, wee Nellie, save to retreat to her room and there remain unseen. "Remember, Debby, I'm not at home." She started with all the speed she could summon, to reach her own room before the company would enter the front door. To reach it, she had to cross the hall; she had very nearly gained her door, when the front door burst open, and in rushed Pete, closely pursued by a large black dog. In his fright he did not perceive Nellie, who was still running swiftly, and in her abstraction and agony she saw or thought of nothing save her own concealment. The first intimation that either had of the other's presence, was a severe blow on Nellie's nose, from the redoubtable Pete, who ran against her with such force that both were precipitated to the floor, the blood flowing from the nose of the unfortunate Nellie. The dog bounded over Pete's head; whereat he gave such a deuce of a shout, that Mr. Hunter, hearing the noise from his room, and not being aware of the Party arrival, seized the poker and rushed out, closely followed by his three four-footed companions (the dogs). Seeing Nellie on the floor, her face black, and blood flowing from her nose, and Pete floundering, kicking and yelling at the dog, he naturally suspected some foul play. Then several gentlemen of the party came in. The old gentleman supposing them to be the attacking party, made at them with the poker, dealing his blows promiscuously amongst them. The dogs, tenacious of their master's rights, observing the strange dog, made a simultaneous rush at him as he was about to make his escape at the front door, and such a scene as followed—barking, screeching and howling; and to add to the confusion, the cats got mixed up in the melee. Some one called for water—water to throw on the dogs. Debby, taking the hint, ran to the kitchen, caught up a kettle of boiling water, and threw it—not on the dogs, which had by this time got out on the portico—but on the greater part of the "surprise" or surprised party, who had been coming up the long steps of the portico, and who, hearing the noise of the dogs, in their hurry to escape, particularly the ladies, had missed "their footing," falling, rolling and tumbling to the ground, just in time to receive the contents of the kettle.

The scene that followed beggars description. Suffice it to say, that what with the blows inflicted by Mr. Hunter, and the scalding water so lavishly bestowed by Debby, not more than half that "surprise party" returned home under a week. The very mention of a "surprise party," causes Nellie's nasal protuberance to tingle.

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN.—As is generally known, there is a vein of coal located above water level in the Broad Mountain, about seven miles from this borough, and near Heekersville, which for twenty-one years has been on fire. The vein, which contains excellent white ash coal, is some forty feet in thickness. The origin of the fire is attributed to a couple of miners, who, having some work to perform in the drift in the depth of winter, built a fire—they being cold—in the gangway. The flames destroying the prop timbers, were carried by a strong current, rapidly along the passage, and the fire communicating to the coal, all subsequent efforts to extinguish it were ineffectual. The men were cut off from escape, and were undoubtedly suffocated to death. Their remains were never found. A few days since we ascended the mountain at the spot of the fire, and were much interested in examining the effect of the fire upon the surface. The course of it is from west to east, and where the vein is nearest the surface, the ground is for the space of several hundred feet sunken into deep pits, and while the stones exhibit evidence of having been exposed to the action of intense heat, every vestige of vegetation had been blasted. It is a desert track in the midst of smiling fertility. The ground in some places was almost too warm for the hand to rest upon it, while steam from water heated by the internal fire, rose from every pore. The fire has evidently extended for several hundred yards from the place it originated, and finds vent and air to continue its progress, at the pits to which we have alluded. A score of years has passed, still it burns, and will burn until further fuel is denied the devouring element. Thousands of tons may yet feed the fire, before it is checked.—Pottsville Journal.

Mr. Shillaber, tells the following rather remarkable gun story.—Speaking to-day with a son of a gun, regarding some gunning exploits, he told me of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire, which, were it not for his well known veracity, I should feel disposed to doubt. He had snapped his gun at a grey squirrel and the cap had exploded, but the piece not going off, he took it from his shoulder, looked down in the barrel, and saw the charge just starting, when bringing it to his shoulder once more, it went off and killed the squirrel.

AUSTRALIAN HEAT.—The following is an extract from a letter, dated Adelaide Feb. 11: "I can assure you we have nearly been roasted alive; we have had ten days and nights of the hottest weather remembered for several years past. The heat at noon in the shade was 136 to 146 deg. according to situation, and during the night it was never less than 94 to 104 deg. in-doors. The hot wind never ceased blowing, and the innumerable deaths from coup de soleil have been appalling in extreme."

A TRANSCENDENTALIST.—A gentleman of Boston, who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied, "Oh, he is one of those men who have soarings after the indefinite, and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pays cash."

DISCOVERIES BY THE MICROSCOPE.—The mould on decayed fruit, stale bread, moist wood, etc. is shown by the microscope to be plants bearing leaves, flowers, and seeds, and increasing with incredible rapidity, for in a few hours the seeds spring up, arrive at maturity, and bring forth seeds themselves, so that many generations are produced in a day.

Mr. Snooks was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature was not to blame," said he, "for when I was two months old I was considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my nurse one day swapped me away for another boy, just to please a friend of her's, whose child was rather plain looking."

There is a Cockney youth who, every time he wishes to get a glimpse of his sweetheart, cries "Fire!" directly under her window. In the alarm of the moment, she plunges her head out of the window and inquires "Where?" When he poetically slaps himself on the bosom, and exclaims—"Ere, my Hangelina."

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## "ILING" THE HAIR.

At the boarding house where Dave and his friends put up, are a number of servant girls, and it is the idiosyncrasy of servant girls to take their share of toilet articles, such as hair oil, perfumes, &c., while they are rejuvenating the apartments of the boarders. Dave and his friend Robert were very careful of their respective toilets, being in a courting way, and had been paying extra attention to personal adornment.

They were in the habit of getting a pint of hair oil made up by the druggist at one time; and finally they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair oil cruse was empty, they took the bottle which contained it, and straight they went to the drug store. There was a whispered conversation with a laughing clerk, and mixing various articles in a pint bottle, and the following was in the prescription book as the contents:

Of Lac Assafetida, which for the information of our readers we will state, is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug—of this, 1 oz.

Of Liqueur Potasse, (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive power, having the power of taking the hair of a dog in ten seconds,) ½ oz.

Of Balsam of Fir (the stickiest and gummiest article known,) 1 oz.

Of Alcohol to make the ingredients fluid, ½ pint.

This was well "shuck," and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair oil.

The next day (Sunday) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church, and after finishing travelled down stairs. But they came another way in a few minutes, and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs where from a couple of panes of glass over the door, they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came in Dave's room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large red-headed one—"Misther Dave has some more of the ile, and my hair's as dhray as powder; lets have a regular fix up wid the folks all away." This was acceded to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish with the fluid which was quite thin in consequence of the alcohol. In a few minutes red head says: "Whirra, what smells so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the parfume," interrupted a short and dumpy specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume indeed," says the red head—"that's not parfume—it's the rale had smell." "Mebby," says the dumpy, "Patch Chuwly. I've heard folks say that Patch chuwly smells dreadful at first; a person must get used to the smell before they likes it. Sure it's a parfume used by the quality."

This satisfied red-head, and after a thorough "iling," they left the room. In about two hours the boarders came home from church.

"Good gracious, what is it! Bless my soul, Mr. G., I shall faint! Oh! my dear there must be an unclean animal in the room!" and a thousand other expressions were heard as the boarders got a sniff at the Patch Chuwly, when they entered the house. The master and the mistress of the house were puzzled, confounded, indignant and vainly endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner time, there were not a half a dozen boarders at the table; and those that were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls who "iled," were waiting on them.

Finally dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened, the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dry one to them, but it soon wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of fir and honey, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that red-head made, her comb caught, and through the influence of the potasse at the roots, the whole mass of the front hair came off red-head's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of the hair with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock to ornament with feathers, in Indian style. The other two girls met the same fate, and about ten o'clock that night, they might have been seen wrapping up their lost Patch Chuwly locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by the mistress that she did not desire to employ bald-headed servant girls and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalped condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known till lately, but their toilet articles since then have been as sacred from touch as the tomb of Palestine.

A down-easter advertises for a wife in the following manner:—"Any gal what's got a cow, a good feather bed and fixens, five hundred dollars in hard puter, one that has had the measles, and understands tendin' children, can have a customer for life by writin' a billy dux, addressed Z-R, and puttin' it on uncle Ebenezer's barn, hinc side, jinin' the hogpen."

OUTDOOR EXERCISE AND RECREATION. Some few weeks since, the London Times published an article on the relative degrees of health and longevity of the people of Great Britain and of the United States, in which the superiority of the former country in both respects was broadly asserted. The writer attributed the dwindling of the American race, as he was pleased to term it, to the climatical diseases of yellow and other fevers with which portions of our country are annually afflicted, and to the impropriety in the manner of living. To the latter more than to the former cause is owing, we think, the results mentioned. The errors in this respect commence with the child. Instead of giving it such an education as will produce a full physical development by constant outdoor exercise, it is confined in a close nursery and subjected to a mode of treatment precisely opposite to the proper one. The frame is at the outset made weak and puny; and habits are engendered and diseases contracted which cling to it during the time when verging towards what should be a maturity of strength and beauty, which it never reaches. And thus in the very morning of life, when the sensations have the untiring activity which novelty begets, the mind is, through a lack of vigor and development of the body, filled with languor, dejection and despair, and diverted from its most noble and devoted aspirations.

There is but one method of establishing and preserving the good health and physical development of a people, and that is, a proper degree of healthy exercise and recreation, both before and after the period of intellectual maturity. Infants should be upon all suitable occasions carried into gardens and other open spaces of country, where they can breathe fresh air, and as soon as they are able to walk, and at a later period, should be allowed to walk, romp, and indulge in the various delightful amusements which the impulses of ingenious youth dictate. The unhealthy restraints in dress which foolish fashion has imposed should be abolished, in order that the lungs and less delicate organizations of the system should have full play to perform their functions, and expand to their greatest natural development. With the advance of the more vigorous and aspiring efforts of intellect, athletic games and employment of a more manly and corresponding character should be freely indulged in, having in view the increased physical strength and more mature judgment. These exercises should take place daily, and as much as possible in the open air, and walking at different periods of the day should constitute one of their most important features. And, finally, when the delightful visions of youth give place to the cool, cautious and calculating ideas of the experienced, this bodily exercise should be daily continued, and with the hours set apart for it should be also allotted hours for intellectual and other recreations, which shall unbend the mind from the cares and vicissitudes of business and household duties, and give it a corresponding vigorous and healthy exercise with the body.

## IMITATING WASHINGTON.—A young friend of ours tells the following story of himself:—

When young, he had read the well known story of George Washington's love of the noble principle of his son, so well manifested on the occasion referred to of George's cutting down the cherry tree, acknowledging his transgression, and receiving a full and free pardon, besides praises and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by so noble an example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with the hatchet, and going into his father's orchard, cut down some choice fruit trees. He then coolly sat down to await the old man's coming, and as soon as he made his appearance, marched up to him with a very important air and acknowledged the deed, expecting the next thing on the programme to be tears, benediction and embraces from the offended parent. But sad to relate, instead of this, the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an "all right lamming."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A man in the most abject poverty was recently assisted by one of the benevolent associations of Boston. He was without food or decent clothing, living in a miserable garret. Only a few years ago this same man was a New York merchant, with at least \$100,000, living in a splendid residence and riding in a princely carriage.

ELECTION AT YORK.—At the election for town officers, at York, Pa., on Saturday, the Democrats were defeated by 106 majority. The entire People's Ticket, (American and Republican fusion) was elected, and gained in the contest nearly three hundred votes over the last election. The vote was the largest ever polled.

There is a divine out west trying to persuade girls to forego marriage. He might as well try to persuade ducks that they could find a substitute for water, or rose buds that there is something better for their complexion than sunshine. The only convert he has yet made is a single lady, aged sixty!

The influence of Senator Douglas in Illinois, and over the men of that State, is well exemplified in the votes of the Illinois delegation, on the English bill. While other anti-Leecompton men faltered and failed in the hour of trial, the Illinoisans, one and all, stood firm.

DEATH OF REV. DR. P. H. MAYER.—Rev. Dr. Mayer for more than fifty years pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church in Philadelphia, died last week in the 78th year of his age. He was President of the Pennsylvania Bible Society.

What three authors would you name in commenting on a large conflagration? Dickens, Howitt, Burns.