Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1858. VOL. 4.—NO. 51.

THINGS TO CHERISH.

The eyes that look with love on thee,
That brighten with thy smile,
Or mutely bid thee hope again
If thou art sad a while;
The eyes that, when no words are breathed,
Gaze fondly into thine—
Oh cherish them, ere they grow dim;
They may not always shine!

The faithful hearts around thee,
That glow with love and youth,
That time and care ne'er yet have seared,
Nor ravished of their truth;
The heart whose beatings we have heard
When throbbing near our own—
Oh, cherish them; those beatings hushed;
Earth's dearest tones are gone.

The days when there are hearts and eyes
That throb and beam for thee;
The few fleet hours when life doth seem
Bright as a summer sea;
The thrilling moments when to speak
The full heart's joy is vain—
Oh, cherish them! once gone, alas!
They ne'er return again!

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following extract, taken from an account written by the Rev. James Miller, and quoted by the author of "Old Redstone," will give the reader some idea of the pecuniary embarrassments of early ministers and of the general state of the Western country, and also of the remarkable interpositition of Divine Providence for the relief of one of those ministers.

"Our story," says Mr. Miller, "will carry the reader back to the period when all north of the Ohio river was an unbroken wilderness—the mysterious red man's home. On the other side a bold, hardy band from beyond the mountains had built their log cabins, and were trying to subdue the wilderness. To them every hour was full of peril. The Indians would often cross the river, steal their children and horses, and kill and scalp any victim that came in their way. They worked in the field with weapons at their side, and on Sabbath met in a grove or rude log church to hear the Word of God, with their rifles in their hands.

To preach to these settlers, Mr. Jos. Smith, a Presbyterian minister, had left his parental home, east of the mountains. He, it is said, was the second minister who had crossed the Monongahela. He settled in Washington county, Pennsylvania, and became the pastor of Cross Creek and Upper Buffalo congregations, dividing his time between them. He found them a willing and united people, but still unable to pay him a salary which would support his family. He, in common with all the early ministers, must cultivate a farm—He purchassed one on credit, promising to pay for it with the salary pledged to him by his people. Years passed away. The pastor was unpaid. Little or no money was in circulation. Wheat was abundant, but there was no market. It could not be sold for more than twelve and a half cents, in cash. Even their salt, which had been brought across the mountains on pack-horses, was worth eight dollars per bushel, and twenty-one bushels of wheat had often to be given for one of salt. The time came when the payment must be made, and Mr. Smith was told he must pay or leave his farm.

Three year's salary was now due from his people. For the want of this, his land, his improvements upon it, and his hopes of remaining among a beloved people must be abandoned. The people were called together, and the case laid before them, and they were greatly moved; council from on high was sought; plan after plan was proposed and abandoned; the congregation was unable to pay a tithe of their debts, and no money could be borrowed. In despair they adjourned to meet again the following week. In the meantime, it was ascertained that a Mr. Moore, who owned the only mill in the country, would grind for them on reasonable terms. At the next meeting it was resolved to carry their wheat to Mr. Moore's mill; some gave fifty bushels, some more. This was carried from fifteen to twenty miles on horses to the mill. In a month word came that the flour was ready to go to market. Again the people were called together. After an earnest prayer the question was asked, "Who will run the flour to New Orleans?" This was a startling question. The work was perilous in the extreme, months must pass before the adventurer could hope to return, even though his journey should be fortunate; nearly all the way was a wilderness, and gloomy tales were told of the Indians. More than one boat's crew had gone on that journey who had come back no more. "Who then could endure the toil and brave the danger?" None volunteered, the young shrunk back, and the middle aged had their excuse. At length a hoary headed man, an elder in the church, sixty-four years of age, rose, and to the astonishment of the assembly said, "Here am I; send me." The deepest feeling at once pervaded the whole assembly. To see their venerated old elder thus devote himself for their good, melted them all to tears. They gathered around Father Smiley to learn that his resolution was indeed taken; that rather than lose their pastor he would brave danger, toil, and even death. After some delay and trouble, two young men were induced, by hope of a large reward to go as his assistants. A day was appointed for starting. The young and old, from far and near, from love to Father Smiley and deep interest in the object of his misssion, gathered together, and with their pastor at their head came down from the church, fifteen miles away, to the bank of the river, to bid the old man farewell. Then a prayer was offered up by their pastor, and a parting hymn was sung. Then said the old Scotchman, "Untie the cable, and let us see what the Lord will do for us."—This was done and the boat floated slowly away.

More than nine months passed and no word came back from Father Smiley. Many a prayer had been breathed for him, but what his fate was, was unknown. Another Sabbath came; the people came together for worship, and there, on his rude bench, before the preacher, composed and devout, sat Father Smiley. After service the people were requested to meet early in the week to hear the report. All came again. After thanks had been returned to God for his safe return, Father Smiley rose and told his story: That the Lord had prospered his mission; that he had sold his flour for twenty-seven dollars a barrel, and then got safely back. He then drew a large purse and poured upon the table a larger pile of gold than most of the spectators had ever seen before. The young men were paid each one hundred dollars. Father Smiley was asked his charge. He meekly replied, that he thought he ought to have the same as one of the young men, though he had not done quite as much work. It was immediately proposed to pay him three hundred dollars. This he refused till the pastor was paid. Upon counting the money it was found there was enough to pay what was due Mr. Smith, to advance his salary for the year to come, to reward Father Smiley with three hundred dollars, and then have a large dividend for each contributor. Thus their debts were paid, their pastor relieved, and while life lasted he broke for them the bread of life. The bones of both pastor and elder repose in the same churchyard, but a grateful posterity still tell this pleasing story of the past."

Where Mosquitoes Come From.

The Scientific American describes the origin of these annoying insects as follows:

"These pests of Summer proceed from *animalcules*, commonly termed the 'wiggle tail.' If a bowl of water is placed in the Summer's sun for a few days, a number of wiggle-tails will be visible and will continue to increase in size until they reach three sixteenths of an inch in length, remaining longer on the surface as they approach maturity, as if seeming to live on the influence derived from the two elements of air and water; finally they will assume a crysalis form, and by an increased specific gravity sink to the bottom; a few hours only will elapse when a short black furze or hair will grow out on every side of each, and it assumes the form of a minute catterpiller. Its specific gravity being thus counteracted, it is wafted to the side of the bowl by the slightest breath of air. In a short time a fly will be hatched and escape, leaving its tiny house on the surface of the water. Any one who has had a cistern in the yard, has doubtless observed the same effect every Summer although he may be ignorant of the beauty and simple process of development. If a pitcher or cistern or other water is placed in a close room over night, from which all mosquitoes have been excluded, enough mosquitoes will breed in it during the night to give any amount of trouble. The necessity of keeping yards and the surface of the ground near houses entirely free from stagnant water, in order to diminish the number of these 'night birds,' is evident."

Rather Inquisitive.

An anecdote is told of old Gov. L., of Vermont, who lived in early times, which is worth repeating.

One fall, as he was returning from the Legislature on horseback, as usual at that day, he was hailed from a house by a garrulous old maid, who had often annoyed him with questions respecting public affairs.

"Well, Governor," said she, coming towards the road, "what new laws have you passed at Montpelier this time?"

"Well, one rather singular law, among the rest" replied he.

"Dew tell! Now, what is it, Governor?" said the excited querist.

"Why, that the woman in each town who has the smallest mouth, shall be warranted a husband.

"What!" said the other, drawing up her mouth to the smallest compass, "what a queer, curious law that is?"

"Yes, but we have passed another which beats that—the woman having the largest mouth is to have two husbands."

"Why, w-h-a-t?" exclaimed the old maid, instantly relaxing her mouth and stretching it wider every syllable; "what a remarkable law that is—when does it come in force, Governor?"

At this the Governor put spurs to his horse and vanished.

A Wonderful Plant.—The Agave, American Aloe, or "Century Plant," is not only one of the most astonishing productions of the vegetable kingdom, but an object of poetic interest. It enjoys the reputation of living a hundred years, at the expiration of which it bursts into a perfect glory of bloom, and "perishes in its pride." The Agave is found throughout the tropical portions of the American continent, from the plains almost on a level with the sea to mountain elevations of ten thousand feet. But from these regions it has been carried to the gardens of the temperate zone. The story of its longevity is not precisely consistent with the truth. In hot climates the plant grows rapidly and soon completes its term of existence; but in colder regions, or where it has the careful tending of a skillful gardener, it has been known to reach the age of seventy years. The Agave has a short, cylindrical, woody stem, which is terminated by long spiny leaves of a blueish green color. Few of the leaves wither away before the plant has attained its maturity. Having acquired its full growth it shoots up a gigantic flower, surrounded with a multitude of branches, arranged in pyramidal form, on which the greenish yellow flowers continue to bloom for two or three months. After this majestic effort the plant dwindles and withers away to nothing. One of these plants, which is about to bloom, is in the possession of Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia.

Marking Ink for Linen.—Take nitrate of silver, eleven grains; rain or distilled water, eighty-five grains, (say drops); gum arabic, twenty grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-two grains; liquor of ammonia, thirty grains. In mixing the ingredients, dissolve the gum in the water first, and then the soda—now dissolve the nitrate of silver in the liquor of ammonia. When the solutions are complete, mix the two fluids in a glass vessel, and boil them for a minute or so; when cold it is ready for use. A common oil flask is a capital vessel for the above purpose, provided the oil has been well cleaned out of it by means of strong soap and hot water. Though of glass, they may be placed on a clear fire, and water boiled in them without any fear of breaking. In marking linen with permanent inks, care should be taken that the fabric is perfectly dry, as this prevents the ink from running; and it is essential at all times to use only quill pens.

If Senator Hammond is good Democratic authority, Washington and Jefferson were not "national Democrats." Hammond says that Washington and Jefferson set the example of opposition to Slavery, from which the South is now suffering. Democracy in order to maintain its nationality, must concede that the Father of his Country, and the author of the Declaration of Independence were blunderers, bad political economists, poor philosophers, and the victims of a mawkish sentimentalism.—*Cin. Com.*

JOE BOWERS' WEDDING.

The county of—, "away up in the mountains," boasts of one of the best judges in California. On the bench he is firm, decided, and prompt, not caring the snap of his finger for either the applause of friends, or the muttering of enemies. He is, perhaps, the most devoted man to the law in all creation, and has his head so full of what he terms "judicial talk," that he not unfrequently finds himself making learned charges and passing sentence outside of the court room.

On a recent occasion the judge was called on to exercise the "power and authority in him vested," in the case of a young couple, who desired to have their hearts united in the holy band of wedlock. Of course he consented to perform the pleasing duty, and on the appointed evening was promptly on hand at the house at which the affair was to come off. The room was crowded by the beauty and fashion of the town, and none looked more dignified and happy than the judge himself, who was dressed within an inch of his life.

It is customary on the occasions of the kind referred to, for the good folks of the mountain towns to pass around the wine quite freely, and to their everlasting credit, we will add, they consider it no harm for one to manifest his interest in the joyous event by getting "lively." The judge is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, having in the course of his life led the third one to the altar. To use his own language, he is a "great believer in weddings," and that he should become a little mellow amid the glorious scene of the evening, was not to be wondered at by those who knew him intimately. He had the weakness of all good judges. He would take his "tod."

The wine had passed round and round and round. The music had ceased. The time for making Joseph Bowers and Nancy Harkens one, had arrived. Every heart throbbed with the most delightful emotions. The young gentlemen desired to know how "Joe" would stand it, and the young ladies were anxious to see how "Nance" would suffer the anxious shock. Others, again, who had closely observed the turn of affairs during the evening, fixed their attention upon the judge, to see hew *he* would come out of the scrape.

At length the trying moment was announced. The judge arose very cautiously from the chair which he had occupied in one corner of the room, and casting his eye over the company, he recognized the sheriff of the county, who was present as an invited guest. The judge had imbibed just enough to make him forget the nature of his business. He was full of his "judicial talk," and required nothing but the presence of the sheriff to start him. Looking sternly at the officer, he shouted,

"Mr. Sheriff, open the Court, and call order!"

A general twitter followed this command, in the midst of which the sheriff took the "court" gently by the arm, and led him to his seat in the corner, at the same time informing the august personage of his mistake.

Everything now bid fair for a pleasant and sudden termination of the affair, until another annoyance, which was nothing less than the absence of the bridesgroom, was observed. It turned out that he had just stepped across the street to join his friends in a parting drink, but before his return, some cold-blooded wag had whispered into the ear of our fogy the cause of "delay in proceedings." Instantly the chair in the corner moved, and in that direction all eyes were fixed.

"Mr. Sheriff," slowly drawled the judge, "bring Joe into court on a supernar"—the judge had his own way pronouncing the word—then addressing the bride who stood in the foreground, and hung her head in deep confusion, he added: "I spose you're the plaintiff. Well, don't take on. Innocence and virtue will be protected by this here court."

This was the saddest blunder of all. The judge was again made to see his mistake, and would have been considerably set back, had it not been for a corrective in the shape of "forty drops of the critter," which he instantly applied.

In a few moments all was ready in right down earnest. The bridegroom had arrived, full of joy. The bride, in "gorgeous array," stood at his side. The company pressed forward. The excitement was intense. The judge never looked so dignified in his life.—He evidently felt every inch a judge.

"J-J-o-e B-B-B-o-w-e-r-s," commenced the man of law, in that distressing style of speech with which he was invariably troubled when under the influence of liquor; "J-o-e B-o-w-e-r-s, stand up. Have y-y-you anything to s-s-say w-w-hy s-s-sen-tence—"

"Stop, stop, stop, Judge," shouted the Sheriff from the back part of the room. "You are not going to hang the man, but marry him."

The Judge drew a long breath and blinked rapidly, but stood his ground well. Recovering himself, he proceeded:

"J-J-oe B-B-B-owers, do y-you t-take Nancy H-H-Harkens for y-y-your wife, so h-h-elp you God?"

This was a tolerable effort, and Joe nodded assent.

"N-N-Nancy Harkens, it now remains for this here C-C-Court to—"

Here the Sheriff again interrupted the Judge reminding him of the real business of the evening.

"Miss N-Nancy," resumed the Judge, after being set right, "d-d-do y-y-you t-t-take J-Joe B-B-Bowers for a husband, t-t-to the best of your knowledge and b-b-belief, or d-d do you not?"

"*You bet!*" softly answered the light hearted Nancy.

The Judge then took the hands of the happy couple, and joining them, wound up the business as follows:

"It now r-r-r-remains for this h-h-h-here C-C-Court to pronounce you, J-J-Joe Bowers, and y-y-you, Nancy Harkens, man and wife; and"—here the Judge paused to wipe the perspiration from his face—"m-m-may G-G-God Ormity h-h-have mercy on your s-s-souls! *Sheriff, remove the culprits!*"

The company roared. Joe and Nancy weakened. The Sheriff was taken with a leaving. The Judge let himself out loose in a glass of apple-jack. It was the greatest wedding ever witnessed.

Sheridan agreed with Walker about the word wind—pronouncing it wind; but differed from him with respect to gold, which he would pronounce goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short i, saying "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying "if I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold."

The Economy of Nature.

In the great universe, to whatever part of it we turn, one controlling principle is ever apparent, one sentiment seems to pervade the whole—economy; and so forcibly does this strike the attention of every one of us, that we have expressed it in a proverb and use it as a motto, "Waste not, want not." The flowers are ever ready to receive the dew-drops, and when they have done with them, the morning sun evaporates and keeps them in the clouds ready for use again. Matter is indestructible, and although we can by fire and other means render it invisible, what is our surprise to find that it has assumed a gaseous form, and the piece of charcoal that we burned is now floating in the room, mixed with the atmosphere we are breathing. Matter is ever changing. The forces of nature which we call chemical action, gravity, electricity, light, heat, and life, are unceasingly effecting the transmutation of substances; thus, for example, ages long since rolled away, myriads of little creatures with shells not larger than a pin's head, acted as the scavengers of the ocean, they died, and sunk to the bottom of the deep, and to-day we find their shells as chalk and limestone all over the world, and naturalists tell us that on the sea bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, and in various parts of the Gulf Stream, there are limestone beds being formed by the modern representatives of the ancient *Foraminifera*.

The lovely tints that deck the leaves in the Fall, and give to our autumnal scenery such a distinctive beauty, is due to some bed of iron ore, which has lain hidden beneath the rocks for centuries. Some little brook first found it out, and carrying it away bit by bit has spread it over the soil, gradually the iron ore crumbles, and the winds disperse it, the trees feed upon it, and in the autumn it shows that it is there, by the color of the leaves. When trees shall have decayed, and what is now dry land shall have been depressed and upheaved, covered by the sea and scorched by the sun, who knows but that that same iron may form a nodule or ball in a bed of coal, and be worked and smelted for the use of man. All these changes work together harmoniously. All goes on in exact proportions. No waste, no want!

"What is one man's meat is another's poison" is another maxim which the economy of nature teaches, and one simple illustration will quickly make it plain. The solid portion of living things, if we except the skeleton, is carbon—charcoal. This all animals must have in their food, and from the food the digestive organs take as much as is necessary to make muscle, flesh and tissue, throwing the rest away from the lungs as an invisible gas, poisonous and deadly. When we for a moment think of the number of beings who are every moment breathing into the common atmosphere such vast quantities of this gas, and have been doing it for centuries, we ask, "How is it, then, that we can live?" In the quiet and still night, when men and animals sleep, the plants are greedily and eagerly absorbing all this carbonic acid, and with care taking every particle of carbon for their own nourishment, they throw off as useless that which is most necessary to the support of animal life—oxygen. So the proverb is illustrated, for what is the poison of the animal is the food of the plant.

In this way, lessons may be learned by studying the workings of the natural forces, and by imitating the economy of nature, we shall ever be healthy, happy and content.

A Curious Document.

Washington as everybody knows, was very methodical; and he was particular to have matters about which a dispute might arise, "put in writing." The article below is copied from one of his, "and is both characteristic and amusing." It is an agreement with his gardner, who, it appears, was in the habit of getting "tight."

"Articles of agreement made this twelfth day of April, Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, by and between George Washington, Esq., of the Parish of Truro, in the county of Fairfax, State of Virginia, on one part and Philip Bater, Gardner, on the other. Witness, that the said Philip Bater, for and in consideration of the covenants herein hereafter mentioned, doth promise and agree to serve the said George Washington for the term of one year as a Gardner, and that he will during the said time, conduct himself soberly, diligently and honestly—that he will faithfully and industriously perform all and every part of his duty as a Gardner, to the best of his knowledge and abilities, and that he will not at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor, except on times hereafter mentioned.

In consideration of these things being well and truly performed on the part of said Philp Bater, the said George Washington doth agree to allow him (the said Philip) the same kind and quality of provisions as he has heretofore had, and likewise annually a decent suit of clothes, befitting a man in his station; to consist of a coat vest and breeches; a working jacket and breeches of homespun, besides two white shirts, three check do, two linen pocket handkerchiefs, two pair of linen overalls; as many pair of shoes as are necessary for him; four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk two days; a dram in the morning and a drink of grog at dinner and at noon.

For the true and faithful performance of all and each part of these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1787.

Philip Bater, his ✗ mark.
Witness: George Washington.
George A. Washington; Tobias Lear.

A Romantic Story.—The Staats Zeitung tells us that, some years ago, a young man was living in New York city on a high scale. His name was William Frazer. He had a large business, good connections, and was so much engaged by the world's glitter and display, that he had no time to look after his sister, at that time a poor teacher in one of the boarding schools of New York; and by-and-by he forgot her entirely. Some days ago an aged man was arrested near Baltimore, and brought back to Morristown, N. J., where he broke out of the cell he was confined in to await his sentence for counterfeiting. It was William Frazer. The once poor teacher lives now at Paris, in the Palais Elysee Borbon, on the Champs Elysee, and is the wife of Lucien Murat. She may dream of kings and crowns, while her unfortunate brother is awaiting his sentence to the State prison.

DOESTICKS ON LAGER BEER.

Doesticks has been trying to ascertain by experiment whether or not Lager is intoxicating. He and his friend Damphool entered a Saloon. The rest we give in his own words:

"After a long search we found two chairs which were not pre-empted by Dutchmen, but the smoke was so thick, we had to cut little air holes with our jack-knives, before we could see to sit down, without getting into somebody's bier mug. Then in German we thumped on the table vigorously, till a German lady loomed through the tobacco fog, and finally answered our summons. Some of her playful countrymen had just baptized her with bier slops, and she was now dripping from the recent flood, and as wet as if she had been out in a shower of Lager without an umbrella.

"Damphool gave her a feeble wink, and said 'zwei' whereupon she brought us with her own fair hands two mugs of the beverage known as 'Lager,' and stood waiting with her hands on her lips—thought she wanted to enter into conversation, so by way of making myself agreeable, I winked as Damphool had, and also said 'zwei'—thought 'zwei' was a term of endearment. She deserted us for an instant, and came back with two more mugs of bier. I imagined of course 'zwei' meant 'darling' and that she had misunderstood me—attempted to explain in a manner following: 'zwei, zwei,' said I, 'no more bier, but zwei,' after which lucid explanation; she vanished and brought two more mugs, at which Damphool stopped laughing long enough to tell me she would keep bringing pint doses of Lager as long as I continued to remark 'zwei,' which he informed me meant 'two glasses of Lager, and be in a hurry about it,' he said also that the reason she did not leave when she had served us, was because she wanted her change—paid her the money—thanked my friend for his gratuitous lesson in German, and began to drink.

"The first glass seemed like sour strong beer with a good deal of water in it, the next was not quite so sour, and the next one tasted as though the original beer had been stronger and they had not diluted it so much. Then we rested, and as I had drank three pints already, I was willing to quit, but Damphool assured me 'Lager isn't intoxicating,' so after a little settling down, I thought I could hold another glass, and ordered it; it was bro't by a young lady who seemed to have four eyes and two noses, pointing in different directions, which effect was undoubtedly caused by smoke.

"Then I thought I'd have a glass of Lager (a liquid known to most of the inhabitants of Manhatten.) It was brought by a girl so pretty that I immediately ordered two more, and kept her waiting for the change each time so I could look at her—then we had some cheese full of holes; then we took some Lager to fill up the holes; then we took some sausage; Damphool suggested that the sausage was made of dog; took some Lager to drown the dog; then we had some sardines; Damphool said it would be cruel to keep the fishes without a supply of the liquid element, so we had some Lager for the fishes to swim in; then we had some pretzels; Damphool said the pretzels were so crooked that they would not pack close, so we had some Lager to fill up the chinks; then I made a speech to the company; short but to the point, and was received with great applause—it was addressed to the whole crowd and was to this effect: "Gentlemen, let's have some Lager?'

"By this time my friend by some mysterious process became mysteriously multiplied, and there were fifty Damphools and they all accepted the invitation and we had the Lager; there were forty glasses, and in trying to make the circuit of the room and touch my glass to every one of theirs I fell over a table which very impertinently stepped before me; as I went down I knocked a small Dutchman into the corner, then I fell over him, then I partially recovered myself and sat on his head, then I got up and stepped on his stomach, then I demanded an instant apology, then I called for six glasses of Lager, and the girl brought them all in one hand; I tried to take them all in one hand and broke three; then I tried to drink out of the remaining three all at once, and in so doing took an involuntary shower bath; then I tried to pay for the whole fifty glasses and the damage with a dime and a spanish quarter and demanded that she should give me my change in gold dollars; there seemed to be some difficulty about this, and if I hadn't known that Lager isn't intoxicating I should have thought the man was drunk."

Put Away for Safe Keeping.—A wealthy lady of Cincinnati, Ohio, who has a great dread of burglars, some time ago put away a valuable gold watch, and chain in a bag of old rags, the accumulated odds and ends of the sewing room. A few days since a tin pedlar called at the lady's house, offering to change his ware for rags, when the identical bag was produced, bargained for, weighed, and delivered to the pedlar, who then departed. After admiring her new tinware, the lady suddenly recollected the watch and chain, and sent to seek the pedlar in all directions, but to no effect. The police, however, succeeded in arresting the tin merchant and recovering the watch.

Gen. William Walker, at the head of eight hundred fillibusters, armed with Minie rifles and Colt's revolvers, and having a battery of eighteen field-pieces, is reported by a gentleman just arrived at St. Louis from Albuquerque, to have crossed the Rio Grande, near El Paso, about the 1st of July, on their way to Sonora, which they of course intend to conquer and ultimately annex *a la* Texas. Col. Titus, of Kansas infamy, is said to have joined them at El Paso. This story is very direct and circumstantial, but still it is not fully credited. The truth will soon develop itself.

The Southern papers do not comment very freely upon the romantic incident of a gentleman in New Orleans, who killed himself for love of a two hundred and fifty pound negress. When the two hundred and fifty pounder was asked about her lover, she remarked with a horse laugh—"Well, the Lord sakes, what a fool dat white man was, to lub dis niggar." If this had occurred in Boston instead of New Orleans, think of the Southern eyes rolled up, and the feverish excitement about the amalgamation of the races.

☞The sheep in the meadow, and the axe in the forest, alike contribute their "chops" for the benefit of man.

☞The Kansas city *Journal* says that five thousand letters were received at the post office in that city in one day.

A Fast Frigate.

David Constable says there is one advantage about old fashioned frigates. They drag so much dead water behind that if a man falls over-board on Monday, you need not stop till Friday to pick him up again. He never gets beyond a few yards from the stern post. In confirmation of this opinion, he refers us to a well-known anecdote connected with Captain Pompous, of the frigate "Wash Tub." One evening, while running up the Mediterranean under a one-horse breeze, Pompous came on deck just before sun-down, and entered into the following conversation with Mr. Smile, the first lieutenant:

"I heard a little noise on deck just now, Mr. Smile; what was the cause of it?"

"A man fell from the fore-yard."

Without saying another word, Captain Pompous entered the cabin, and was not seen again until next morning after breakfast, when he once more refreshed the deck with his presence, and again entered into conversation with the first lieutenant.

"I think you told me, Mr. Smile, that a man fell overboard from the fore-yard last evening.'

"I did, sir."

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you had better do it some time during the morning, or the poor devil will begin to starve."

The lieutenant obeyed orders, lowered a boat about noon, and found the gentleman who disappeared from the fore-yard, but eighteen inches further astern than he was fourteen hours before. He was lying on his back fast asleep.

We got this from "an eye witness."

Where are we Drifting.—The expenditure of the Government will reach nearly *one hundred million* dollars this present year, while the revenues from all sources will not reach *fifty-five millions*, and it is the opinion of many that it will not exceed *fifty millions*. "Independent" writing to the *United States Gazette* from Washington, states that in all probability the Deficiencies Bill to be brought into Congress at the next session will reach *fifteen millions of dollars*, which is to be added to the above. When James Buchanan took possession of the White House, there was a surplus in the Treasury over and above the expenses of Government, of eighteen millions of dollars, all of which has been squandered and a debt of about *fo ty millions* created besides, which in all probability will be increased *forty millions* more the present year. The question may well be asked, whither are we drifting?

Galignani, noticing the fact that Mr. Barnum had passed through Paris, on his way to Baden, where he proposed to exhibit Gen. Tom Thumb, tells this story of the little "General:" The General has now attained his twenty-first year, and though "in mind a man," is "in bulk less than a baby still." It is told of him that in a recent angry discussion with his mother, in whose favor he had recently made his will, the dame menaced his little person with a flogging unless he complied with her wishes. But Tom, notwithstanding, continued to hold out until finding himself suspended in mid-air in one hand, and the birch ready to be applied in the other, he roared out at the top of his infantine voice, "Mind what you are about mother; if you hit me I'll change my will, you may depend on it," and the birch, as if by enchantment, fell harmless from the uplifted hand.

Camp Meeting Prevented by Hoop Skirts. The Rockingham (Va.) *Register* says that a projected camp meeting in that county was indefinitely postponed in consequence of the immense expansion of hoops! A considerable enlargement of the "camp" would be necessary to accommodate the ladies, and, considering the expense and shortness of the time to make necessary arrangements, it was concluded to indefinitely postpone the meeting. See, ladies, what you have done by your expansive system.

From statistics carefully collected in England it appears that in that country three hundred and fifty seven intemperate persons die for every one hundred and ten of temperate habits. At twenty years of age, an intemperate man may expect to live fifteen and a half years longer, while a temperate man of the same age may expect to live forty-four years longer. At thirty, an intemperate man will ordinarily live twenty years longer, while a temperate man will live twenty nine years longer.

☞A new dodge is being practiced by dishonest shop-keepers in New York. A lady makes a purchase and gives the clerk a bank bill in payment. The clerk goes for change and shortly comes back with a bill which he alleges the lady gave him, and which is bad. The lady knows different, but the shopman bullies and threatens until she is glad to get away without money or goods. Two such cases have occurred in New York within the past week.

Young Mr. Pope, of Cass county, Missouri, went with another person in pursuit of horses that had been stolen from his father, and upon arriving in Bates county they were both taken prisoners by the horse-thieves, who assassinated young Pope, and fired upon the other man, but he escaped by running and concealing himself, it being dark at the time. The murderers alleged, in excuse, that the parties had been concerned with Montgomery's band in Kansas.

A Northern Pacific Route.—It is said that the Administration is considering the expediency of dispatching a regiment of troops to open a northern route to the Pacific. By opening this route, which was surveyed by Governor Stevens, immigration to the Northwest would pass through our own possessions instead of those of Great Britain; and new States would grow up in those rich mineral and agricultural regions, now but a wilderness.

☞The receipts from customs at the Philadelphia custom house, in July, reached $243,284, against $645,261 for July of last year.—The total receipts of the last seven months have amounted to $1,190,728; same time last year $2,162,402.

Goods in Bond.—It appears that the amount of goods in the bonded warehouse at N. York on the 1st ult., was not quite $13,000,000, being a reduction of about $24,000,000 compared with the corresponding period of last year.