

Raffin's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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PREACHING OF THE TREES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ORDEN.
At midnight hour, when silence reigns
Thro' all the woodland spaces,
Begin the bushes, and the trees,
To wave and whisper in the breeze,
All talking in their places.
The Rosebud flames with look of joy,
And perfume breathes in glowing;
"A Rose's life is quickly past!
Then let me, while Time shall last,
Be richly, gaily blowing."
The Aspen whispers: "Sunny days!
Not me thy glare doleth!"
The Sunbeam is a deadly dart,
That quivereth in the Rose's heart—
My shuddering soul it grieveth!"
The Elder Poplar speaks, and seems
To stretch her great hands higher;
"Up yonder Life's pure river flows,
So sweetly murmurs, brightly glows,
To that I still aspire!"
The Willow looks to earth, and speaks:
"My arms to fold thee yearneth—
I'll let my hair float down to thee,
Entwine therein thy flowers for me,
As mother her child adorneth!"
And next the wealthy Plum-tree sighs:
"Alas! my treasure crush me!
This load with which my shoulders groan
Take off—it is not mine alone.
By rubbing, you refresh me!"
The fir-tree speaks in cheerful mood:
"A blossom here I never;
But steadfastness is all my store;
In summer's heat, and winter's roar,
I keep my green forever!"
The proud and lofty Oak tree speaks:
"God's thunderbolt confounds me!
And yet to storm can bow me down,
Strength is my stem, and strength my crown;
We weak ones gather round me!"
The Ivy vine kept close to him,
Her tendrils round him clinging:
"He who no strength has of his own,
Or loves not well to stand alone,
May to a friend be clinging!"
Much else, now half forgot, they said:
And still to me came creeping,
Low whispered words, upon the air,
While by the grave alone they lay,
The Cypress mutely weeping.
O! might they reach one human heart,
These tender accents creeping!
What wonder if they do not reach!
The trees by star-light only preach,
When we must needs be sleeping!

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

OR WHY JEDEDIAH BROWN BECAME A TEE-TOTALER.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and Jedediah Brown had not returned.
It was a circumstance which raised in the mind of Mrs. Jedediah Brown mingled feelings of indignation and surprise.
Among the mental qualities of the lady in question were an abundance of those generative of tergiversancy, and she was calculated not to allow any infringement of her matrimonial rights with impunity. That she really entertained for her stern half a deep affection, to say the least, all who are any way acquainted with the domestic affairs of the Brown family can truthfully attest. Still, it is a matter of universal recognition that Mrs. Brown had a very exalted idea of her own merits, and was constantly endeavoring to inspire her husband with a due sense of the priceless treasure he possessed in her.
In the language of a celebrated Roman—slightly modified for the present application:—"Not that she loved Jedediah less, but herself more."
As previously stated, it was eleven o'clock, and the delinquent Brown had not made his appearance.
Allowing the extreme view that Mrs. Brown took in regard to the course of conduct pursued by Mr. Brown to be the true one, that individual was deserving of the greatest censure.
The impatient lady sat before the cheerful grate in her little parlor, the sharp outlines of her features fairly exposed to the winking flames, and she was muttering upon the subject of her woes. Presently she arose, seized with malignant grasp the unoffending poker and fiercely attacked the glowing coals. It would seem that she stirred up at the same time the fire of her anger, for its flames burst passionately forth.
"It's too bad!" she exclaimed aloud, "it's too bad—it's really abominable, that Jedediah should so far forget his wife—and me, as to set, in this atrocious manner."
She glanced nervously at the clock, then seating herself, continued—
"This is—let me see—three, four times, as I'm a living soul, that he has outraged my feelings within a single month; and then he has the audacity to excuse himself on the ground of 'political excitement.' Now I should just like to know what reasons there can be for a man to make a beast of himself, because a new President is to be elected a week ahead."
Having no supplement to the question, she fixed upon the unconscious cat, who was sleeping on the corner of the hearth, such a sanguinary look as must have thrilled that feline quadruped with feelings of the intensest horror, had its reasoning faculties been of the human order, and its eyes met the gaze of its mistress.
"But I'm not going to allow this state of things any longer. I'll teach him that the wife of his bosom is entitled to a little more respect. It's a shame—a burning, everlasting shame, that he should leave me to spend my evenings neglected and alone, while he is revelling in scenes of wickedness and riot!"
Again she started to her feet.
"I'll not wait for him another minute; no, not if his very life and future happiness depends upon it. I'll go to bed!"
It is due to the veracity of the lady to chronicle the fact that her assertion was not idly made.
Mrs. Jedediah Brown went to bed.
It might have been an hour, it might have been somewhat more, when Mr. Jedediah Brown approached his residence. He did not, however, move up to the door, after turning the street corner, with the dignified staidness which usually characterized him, nor did he reach it as quickly as might have been expected; for, like a vessel beating to windward, he tacked several times, running from curb-stone to curb-stone, and more than once being seriously in danger of wrecking himself in the gutter.
At length he was happy enough to make port and drop anchor upon his own door-step.
Truth compels us to admit, however reluctantly, that Jedediah Brown was drunk!
As he sat upon the lower step, his head sunk upon his bosom, his badly damaged hat crowded down over his brows, his neck-cloth askew,

with the knot in a position under his left ear, rather suggestive of a murderer's fate, and his entire outward appearance indicative of an utter disregard for his personal aspect, or anything else pertaining to this terrestrial sphere, a moral reformer would have gone into ecstasies at the thought of possessing such a subject to exhibit before an appreciative audience as an unique specimen of total depravity.
Whether Mr. Jedediah Brown at that precise moment, had a realizing sense of his true condition, it is uncertain. The air was keenly cold, and it may have been that which moved him. Certain it is, that he appeared at length to come to the conclusion that justice to his own self demanded that he should find more attractive quarters.
Accordingly, he assumed an erect attitude as possible, and, by a marvelous stroke of good fortune, succeeded in reaching and grasping the doorknob.
Then from his pocket he produced a latch-key, and set about effecting an entrance.
To form a determination to do a thing, and to effect the consummation devoutly to be wished, "are two distinct affairs." So Jedediah Brown discovered on this occasion.
The door was large, and the key-hole was small; the light withal, was not out of the lightest.
"This is a singular thing," muttered Jedediah, in a very thick tone of voice, and with exceedingly long intervals between his words; "this is a dreadful sing'lar thing; I think. I really do think, that of the whole, it's the most sing'lar thing that I ever knew, where the key-hole has gone and hid itself. I know I left it here when I went away, I'm sure I did—and know where it is!"
He ceased from his endeavors to find the missing orifice for a few moments, as if the last sentence he uttered had awakened weighty thoughts in his mind. Then he made another futile attempt to discover it.
"It's gone," he said; "the key-hole ain't there. 'T'haps somebody stole it—it was a brass key-hole, and somebody may have took it for gold, and stole it. Or else," he mused, as a faint idea of a wrong perpetrated against him on the part of his wife crossed his confused mind, "or she's took it inside with her to keep me out; shouldn't wonder at all."
Concluding to make one more effort, he this time succeeded in finding what he had searched for so long.
"Well, well!" he muttered, "this is a go; the key-hole was there all the while. Jedediah Brown, if you wasn't such a respectable person as I know you to be, I should be tempted to say you were drunk!"
He entered, and after stumbling over a hall table and upsetting the hat stand, he managed to grasp hold of the stair banisters. Then with a fresh exertion, he gained the parlor door.
The fire was still burning brightly in the grate, and Jedediah Brown thought it flickered up reproachfully as he advanced into the blaze, and steadied himself with a chair-back.
Happening to raise his eyes, he was astonished to behold the figure of a man at the further extremity of the apartment. The thought of thieves at once entered his mind.
"Who're you?" he inquired, sternly.
The mysterious person preserved a profound silence.
"Who're you, I say?" cried Jedediah in a louder key.
Still the importuned said not a word.
"Now, look here, you villainous thief, ugly looking scoundrel, if you don't answer me in five minutes, I'll sacrifice you. I will. Do you hear?—What business have you in my house this time of the night?"
As the last inquiry elicited no reply, Jedediah, moved by his rising passion, without further expostulation, seized a foot-stool, and employing all his strength in the effort, threw it at the head of the fancied burglar.
The tremendous crash of broken glass which followed, awakened the deluded man, to the fact that he had shivered into fragments his wife's costliest mirror, and that the imaginary thief was simply its reflection of himself.
Before he had time, however, to make many reflections upon the matter, he was started by the cry of "Thieves! Murder! Police!" and a variety of other frantic screams in the shrill voice of his wife, who, awakened by the noise, had arose and thrust her head from the bedroom window overhead.
"Police! police! help!"
Again it rang out upon the still night air.
"What is the muzz?" cried a vigilant guardian of the public safety, as he made his appearance.
"Burglars!" screamed the lady in white, hysterically.
"Where?"
"Below, in the parlor—I hear them now—help, another policeman at this moment arriving, the door was forced open, and the two entered."
"Ha, here he is!" cried one of the officers, triumphantly.
"Nab him!" exclaimed the other.
"Why, blow me, if he ain't drunk. He's been below among the wine."
"Stand off!" cried Brown, assuming what he intended should be a dignified attitude. Stand off! Do you take me for a thief?"
"Well, now I shouldn't wonder at all," said policeman, number one, in an ironical tone, "if we did 'take' you for a thief—as far as the station house, at any rate."
"What's that? Arrest me in my own house—drag me from the bosom of my family?"
"It won't do, old feller; you must come along with us."
"Never! I say never—no, never!"
"Have you caught the monster? Where is he?" cried the trembling voice of Mrs. Brown, as the courageous female made her appearance on the stairs, and peered over the banisters into the room.
"It's all right ma'am," said the officer; "his safe enough now."
"Just then her eyes fell upon her husband, and from him they glanced around the room till they rested upon the ruined mirror. She comprehended at once what had occurred, and the direct indignation against the unlucky Jedediah arose within her breast.
She was about to vent her wrath against him, when a brilliant thought struck her. She would not recognize him! The officers believe him to be a burglar, and she would not undeceive them. It would be a glorious revenge.
"What a horrid looking man he is," she said in a tone of apparent alarm. "Hold him tight—don't let him get away."
"He is rather a hard 'un, that's a fact," re-

plied the officer; "but don't be frightened, ma'am, he can't escape."
"What a blessed thing it was you came as you did. I wouldn't have had him found me for the world. What should I have done if he had?"
Jedediah gazed at his wife with open amazement pictured upon his countenance. He became a little sobered by what had transpired, and was sensible enough to wish himself well out of the embarrassing position he was in.
"Why, Mrs. Brown," he stammered, "it's me—Jedediah!"
"Why, the horrid wretch, he knows my name!" screamed the lady.
"Know your name! Well, I rather think I'd ought to know your name, seeing as how I gave it to you."
"Oh, you wretched man!"
"Now, look here, Mrs. Brown, don't you come it too strong; don't pretend that you don't know who I am."
"How should I know! Thank goodness, I don't keep company with such as you."
"Ain't I your husband?"
"Oh, take him away, do—the scandalous creature."
"Come," said the officers, grasping him by either arm, "you can remain here no longer; come along."
The injured Brown resisted this appeal as well as he was able.
"Oh, of course we're wrong—of course we are; but never your mind, and come along with us, and it will be all right."
"But this is my house, I say, that is my wife, and she knows it."
The officers, however, were not inclined to credit his words, and insisted more strongly than ever that he should accompany them. But only by carrying him bodily along could he be removed.
"Tell 'em they're mistaken in the man," implored Jedediah, appealing to his wife, when he found that he could not otherwise convince them of the truth. "Tell 'em who I am, and they'll let me go."
But that good lady only shrunk back and uttered a small scream, as if shocked at what she heard.
The rage of her husband was redoubled by this act of perfiduousness.
"Woman!" he vociferated, turning a last look upon the stairs, "beware what you do! Don't trifle with a desperate man! Speak to these men or your doom is sealed. You won't fly well; the consequence be upon your own head. I'll have a divorce—I'll separate from you; yes, madam, and I'll take the children! Do you hear that, Mrs. Brown? I'll take all the children to myself, and leave you a ruined, destitute, wretched, heart-broken female being!"
It didn't occur to the infuriated Brown just then that he had no children. He had ever cherished strong hopes, however, of having an infinite number of those useful household ornaments, and his ideas were not as clear, by any means, as usual.
Before he could utter more, he was upon the side walk, and the door of the house was closed and fastened. Mrs. Brown retired exultingly to her dreams, while Mr. Brown upon his arrival at the station house, was thrust ignominiously into one of the dark cells, and left to meditate at his leisure upon his humiliating position.
When, the next morning, Mr. Jedediah Brown made his appearance before the magistrate, escorted by his captor of the night previous, he presented an aspect truly deplorable. He was not the Jedediah Brown of former times, and it would have puzzled his nearest friends to recognize him. The workings of his mind, however, of having had left him in a miserable plight.
The Justice, putting on his severest frown, inquired into the particulars of the case.—Turning to the prisoner he said:
"So, you were caught in the act, were you?"
"Well, burglary is a serious matter, as you'll find out. What is your name?"
"Brown," replied Jedediah, "but there is a mistake."
"Brown, eh?" interrupted the Justice, "well the name's against you; there have been four burglaries, not to speak of other crimes, committed in this district by men of that name, within the present month!"
"But I'm an innocent person; it was in my own house they arrested me."
"Everybody is innocent that's brought here of course! But we'll see how you stand. Where is the complainant in the case?"
At this moment a lady entered.
"There she is," said the policeman.
"What have you to say in regard to this man, madam?" asked the judge.
Mrs. Brown did not immediately reply. She looked for a moment into the face of her husband, as if astonished and bewildered, and then she exclaimed:
"Why, can it be possible? Is it then really you, Jedediah?"
Then addressing the magistrate, she continued:
"I find that it is only my husband, and have no complaint to make. But it was so late when he came home last night, and he was so dispirited that I was unable to recognize him."
Jedediah Brown said not a word. He knew full well how the matter stood, and he felt not a little name for the ridiculous part he had acted. He retired with his wife, very positively vowing in his own mind never to be caught in a like scrape again.
And that is how he became a tee-totaler.

On the farm of Mrs. Susan A. Craven, in the vicinity of Charlottesville, Va., there is still standing, in a pretty good state of preservation, a frame dwelling house which Dr. Franklin had framed in Philadelphia, and shipped to her, a grandson who then owned the farm, now the property of Mrs. Craven. The antique structure is still occupied as a dwelling, and, although a little out of style, is yet very comfortable. The place still bears its original name—"Franklin." This farm is contiguous to "Pen Park," formerly owned by Dr. Gilmer the father-in-law of William Wirt, who spent several years of his life at that delightful rural retreat. Mr. Wirt was a practicing lawyer at the Albemarle bar, at the time he heard the sermon from the "blind preacher," in a school house in Orange county, of which he has left us so graphic and affecting a description.
"Boy what is your father doing to day?"
"Well, I suppose he is fall'n. I heard him tell mother yesterday to go round to the shops and get trusted all she could, and do it right off, too—for he'd got everything ready to fall, 'ceptin, that."

A PAPER ON TOBACCO.
We find a lively passage on tobacco in the pleasant new book by Alphonse Karr. It must be borne in mind that, in France, tobacco is a monopoly—and a very productive one—in the hands of government of the tobacco plant.
"There is a family of poisonous plants, among which we may notice the henbane, the datura stramonium, and the tobacco plant. The tobacco plant is perhaps a little less poisonous than the datura, but it is more so than the henbane, which is a violent poison. Here it is a tobacco plant—as fine a plant as you can wish to see. It grows to the height of six feet, and from the centre of a tuft of leaves, of a beautiful green, shoot out elegant and graceful clusters of pink flowers."
"For a long while the tobacco plant grew unknown and solitary in the wilds of America. The savages to whom we had given brandy, gave us in exchange tobacco, with the smoke of which they used to intoxicate themselves on grand occasions. The intercourse between the two worlds began with this interchange of poisons."
"Those who first thought of putting tobacco dust up their noses were first laughed at, and then persecuted more or less. James I., of England, wrote against snuff-takers a book entitled "Misopopos." Some years later, Pope Urban VIII., excommunicated all persons who took snuff in churches. The Empress Elizabeth thought it necessary to add something to the penalty of excommunication pronounced against those who used the black dust during divine service, and authorized the beadies to confiscate the snuff-boxes to their own use. Amurath IV forbade the use of snuff, under pain of having the nose cut off.
"No useful plant could have withstood such attacks. Before this invention a man had been found to say, 'Let us seek the means of filling the coffers of the State by a voluntary tax; let us set about selling something which everybody will like to do without. In America there is a plant essentially poisonous; if from its leaves you extract an empyreumatic oil, a single drop of it will cause an animal to die in horrible convulsions. Suppose we offer this plant for sale, chopped up or reduced to a powder. We will sell it very dear, and tell the people to stuff the powder up their noses.'
"That is to say, I suppose, you will force them to do so by law?"
"Not a bit of it. I spoke of a voluntary tax. As to the portion we chop up, we will tell them to inhale it, and to swallow a little snuff from time to time. In man there is no nature left—nothing but habit remains. People will become like Mitridates, who learned to live on poisons."
"The first time that a man will smoke, he will feel sickness, nausea, giddiness, and colic; but that will go off by degrees, and in time he will get so accustomed to it, that he will only feel such symptoms now and then—when he smokes tobacco that is bad or too strong—or when he is not well, and in five or six other cases. Those who take it in powder will sneeze, have a disagreeable smell, lose the sense of smelling, and establish in their nose a sort of perpetual blister."
"Then, I suppose, it smells very nice."
"Quite the reverse. It has a very unpleasant smell; but, as I said, we'll sell it very dear, and reserve to ourselves the monopoly of it."
"But you are absurd enough to hold similar language, 'nobody will envy you the privilege of selling a weed that no one will care to buy. You might as well open a shop and write on it—'Kicks sold here; or, Such-a-one sells blows, wholesale and retail. You will find as many customers as for your poisonous weed.'
"Well! who would have believed that the first speaker was right, and that the tobacco speculation would answer perfectly? The Kings of France have written no satires against snuff, have had no noses cut off, no snuff-boxes confiscated. Far from it. They have sold tobacco, laid an impost on noses, and given snuff boxes to poets, with their portraits on the lid, and diamonds all round. This little trade has brought them in I don't know how many millions a year. I don't think it was far more difficult to popularize, and has still some adversaries."

The Habitual Use of Spirits.
We are all of us more or less aware of the directly visible injurious effects produced by the habitual use of intoxicating drinks, in the follies and vices, the absorption of all the generous feelings, all the tender humanities and sweet charities of love, while the heart is held under its sway; but few of us know the full extent of the change produced by it, both in the mental and corporeal faculties. The British and Foreign *Medico-Chirurgical Review* shows that the habitual use of spirits arrests that metamorphosis of tissue which is necessary for health, leaving the effete tissue as a useless burden in the body, to be converted into that least vitalized of all the organic constituents, oil and fat, till finally, life itself is clogged at the fountain-head. Thousands of men, according to the *Review*, who have never been inebriated, annually perish, having shortened their lives by tipping a little every day. The brain arrests the metamorphosis of tissue, another dram is taken before this arrest ceases; the reaction, thus postponed, becomes more intense; the depression is excessive; more drams are taken; and so in the end, without ever being intoxicated, the tippler sinks into the grave, presenting the strange anomaly of a reasonable being periodically applying a poison which is sure to impair and eventually destroy the vitality of the body, and divert the nobler impulses of the heart from that course which consecrates it to a heaven born life.—The effect of drinking spirits is different from that produced by wine, for wine is rarely used except at meals, so that the effects have time to pass away before a second dose becomes due, and hence no craving for an increased quantity is experienced. Men are now living, in consequence, in robust old age, who have taken the same number of glasses of wine daily for half a century, without feeling it necessary to increase the quantity.—*Scientific Amer.*

Who OWNS CHICAGO?—An intelligent correspondent of the *Cleveland Review*, writing from Chicago, says: "I should say that every real estate man is mortgaged for five times more than he can pay. As a general item upon this point, I will state upon the authority of a friend, who saw the records, that the assessed valuation of the taxable property of Chicago, last Spring, was about \$36,000,000 while the amount recorded upon bond and mortgage, which it is pledged to secure, was over one hundred and nine millions of dollars! Comment is unnecessary to explain the total bankruptcy of this inflated town. Among the older inhabitants there are a few men of means, but the city belongs to Eastern capitalists, who hold it on bond and mortgage security, and who could not, in the aggregate, realize thirty cents on the dollar, if they sold out the town to-morrow."

Trouble on FRAZER RIVER.—In the vicinity of Fort Colville on the Frazer river, where the first discoveries of gold were made in 1856, the savages are making hostile demonstrations, and have driven in the settlers just as they were engaged in harvesting their crops. As this is right on the northern route from St. Paul to the new gold diggings, it is thought it will be necessary to establish a military post there. Miners should not venture by this route in parties of less than one hundred in number, as the hostile tribes in the valley of the Columbia and Snake rivers have been striving to excite the Flatheads and Nez Percés to join them; and although they were friendly at last advices, there is no telling what the result may be. This intelligence from Colville looks badly.

A GOOD TEXT, BUT NOT OF THE BIBLE.—That was a strikingly intelligent person, who called upon a sign painter to have a Sunday school procession banner painted, and said:—"We're going to have a tearin' time with our Fourth of July Sunday school celebration, and our folks wants a banner." "Well," naturally enough responded the painter, "you ought to have one. What will you have painted on it?" "Wal, I don't know: we ort to hev a text of scripture pointed out to for aj motto, hadn't we?" "Yes; that's a very good idea; what shall it be?" "Wal, I thought this would be about as good as any:—'Be sure you're right then go ahead!'" It is fair to conclude that he had not searched the Scriptures attentively.

DISTRESSING FROM CUBA.—The news from Cuba is distressing. The yellow fever is very severe in all parts of the Island of Cuba the present season. In thirty years the island has not been so generally affected. There is not a part throughout its entire extent that is entirely free. At Mantanzas the sickness is particularly rife the American shipping suffering severely. Since June 14, five American captains have died there, besides a considerable number of mates and seamen.

Since John Candlebox Calhoun retired from Kansas affairs, the population of Kickapoo—the marvelous and ever multiplying—has fallen off amazingly. At the election on the 2d inst., when the people buried the English bribe a thousand feet beyond daylight, Kickapoo returned but one hundred and forty-three votes—fifty-three against and ninety for the proposition. Kickapoo in the days of Leocompton was good for a couple of thousand votes any day.

A young woman was recently arrested in the evening in the streets of New York, in a costume which the city authorities did not consider exactly in the best of taste. She was rigged somewhat after the so-called "Georgia style," and her entire equipment consisted of a leghorn hat and feathers, high-heeled boots, and a skeleton skirt. That was decidedly a combination of nature and art seldom witnessed.

YOUNG AMERICA.—During the old fashioned thunder storm on Wednesday night two children, a boy and girl, aged eight and ten years, were at play. The little girl became very much frightened, and clasped hold of the boy, who, seeing her timidity, exclaimed, "Don't be afraid, sis, I would not be afraid if I was up there where they tuck it off."

☞ The Arabs have this laconic argument against dueling, which they consider a silly custom: "If a man insult you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill you as well as insult you."

☞ An Irishman, in speaking of a relative who was hanged, says, "he died during a tight rope performance."

CYRUS W. FIELD AND HIS FAMILY.
From the Springfield Republican, August 10.
Cyrus W. Field having achieved greatness and renown through the success that has crowned his energy and perseverance in the laying of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, the public is interested to know what manner of man he is, and to learn the chief incidents of his history. His family is one of the most honorable in Western Massachusetts, with members distinguished in nearly every department of active life. Rev. D. D. Field, a native of East Guilford, Conn., a graduate of Yale College in 1802, first settled in Haddam, Conn. There, probably, his children were all born—seven sons and two daughters. Of the former are, David Dudley Field, one of the first lawyers of New York city; Jonathan E. Field, a member of the Berkshire bar, and resident of Stockbridge; Cyrus W. Field, whose name is now a household word; Matthew D. Field, of Southwick, in this county, a civil engineer, and one of the Republican Senators from Hampden county in 1857; Stephen I. Field, a judge of the Supreme Court of California; and Rev. H. M. Field, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church in West Springfield, and now one of the conductors of the New York Evangelist. The seventh, and oldest son, Timothy, went to sea thirty or more years ago, and has never been heard from since. One of the daughters married the brother of Mr. Cyrus Field's wife, and died at Paris within a few years. The other daughter married Rev. Josiah Brewer, and became with him a missionary in Greece, whence they have returned, and now reside at the family home in Stockbridge, in this State.
In 1819, Rev. Dr. Field removed from Haddam to Stockbridge, when his children were all young, and became pastor of the village church there, a relation which he continued till 1837, when it was discovered, and he returned to his old charge at Haddam for a few years but he retired from the ministry some ten years since, and came to Stockbridge again, where among his old friends, and with a portion of his children, he is living out in peace and honor the few remaining days of a long and useful life. Thus Stockbridge may fairly claim to be the family home; here the father passed most active and important years; and here his sons were reared, and prepared for the important lines of action into which they have nearly all since fallen. David Dudley Field and Rev. Henry H. are graduates of Williams College in the same county.
Mr. Cyrus W. Field engaged early as a clerk for his older brother, Matthew, who was a paper manufacturer at Lee. About the period of his majority, perhaps before, he engaged in the same business on his own account in Westfield, in this county, but failed about 1837. He subsequently went to New York, and established a paper commission house, one of the first of the large modern establishments of that description. His success overtook him here again, but it did not conquer his victim. Nerved to new labor, he continued the same business, commanded fortune, paid off his old debts, and became a rich man. Liberal in dispensing the blessings of his wealth, he was the patron of art, and surrounded his father at Stockbridge, with all the comforts and luxuries that old age covets. Some five or six years ago, he seemed to have conceived the purpose of constructing the ocean telegraph, and at once threw into its consummation all his native enthusiasm, all his acquired knowledge of men and things, all his energy and perseverance, and all his pecuniary means.
There seems to be no divided honor in this enterprise—no possibility of question as to the author of the great achievement of modern civilization. Field may have drawn out and suggested the idea; but Mr. Field was the first to set seriously at work for its realization, and the first to accomplish it. Fortune is he in having completed his own work. No Fulton can come in to rob him of the honor.
Mr. Field is about 45 years old, and looks younger, if possible. He has a light, five foot eight inches high, and weighs perhaps 140 pounds. His features are sharp and prominent, a nose that almost exhausts his face; eyes small, sunken grey or blue, and apparently half closed; a large forehead, and a full head of Auburn hair. There is a youthful, almost boyish appearance about him, that makes him seem younger than he really is. There is little of the impressiveness of figure and manner about him, that distinguish his brother Dudley of the New York bar.
We do not know that these facts in the history of the new Moral Hero of the Christian Civilization are exact to date and letter; but they trace the outline of his life and character with correctness.
MANMOUTH CAVE.—A recent writer says that the avenues in the Manmoth Cave of Ky., thus far discovered, number two hundred and seventy five, and their aggregate length is estimated at two hundred miles. Mr. Holston, who was in the cave when the iron lamp was lost, still resides near its mouth. He is now 90 years of age. Stephens the old guide, died last year. The temperature of the air of the cave, the same writer remarks, is at fifty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, their dry and salubrious.

FAME.—Its value, and the chances for it, may be estimated in the case of C. W. Field. Twice the telegraph cable failed, and the world set him down as an adventurer and a schemer. Now that success has crowned his efforts his name becomes famous, and probably immortal. A wind or a wave only lung between the adventurer and the immortal.

An old bachelor, after his matrimonial failures, exclaims: "When I remember all the girls I have met together, I feel like a rooster in the fall, exposed to every kind of weather; I feel like one who treads alone some barnyard all deserted, whose oats are fed, whose hens are dead, and off to the market started."

"Papa, can't I go to the zoological rooms to see the camomile fight the ry-no-sir-o-hoss?" "Sartin, my son, but don't get your trousers torn.—Strange my dear, what a taste that boy has for nat'l history. No longer ago than yesterday he had 8 tom-cats hanging by their tails to the clothes-line."

A New Orleans paper states that there is in that city, a hog with his ears so far back that he can't hear himself squeal.

Humbug.—A kink of Chloroform used to extract money from the pocket without pain.