

Afternoon Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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THE OLD SEXTON.

Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a Sexton old, on his earth-worn spade,
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral train at the open gate.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were gray as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin—
"I gather them in—I gather them in!"
"I gather them in—for man and boy,
Year after year of grief and joy,
I've buried the houses that lie around,
In every nook of this burial ground;
Mother and daughter, father and son,
Gone to my solitude, one by one;
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in!"
"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne
On the monument slab of marble cold;
My sceptre of rule is the spade I hold;
Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects—all—all—all!
Let them loiter in pleasure or loiter in pain,
I gather them in—I gather them in!"
"I gather them in—and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast."
And the Sexton ceased, as the funeral train
Would mutely over the solemn plain;
And I said to myself—When time is told,
A mightier voice than that Sexton's old,
Will be heard in the last trumpet's loud din:
"I gather them in—I gather them in!"

GETTING IN THE HOUSE AT NIGHT

WITHOUT MAKING A NOISE.

Before I was free from paternal oversight, I was, as boys generally are, fond of running about at night. On one occasion, the door was locked when I got home, and how to get in without waking up "the governor," was the difficulty. I knew he'd give me "particulars" if he knew I was out after ten, and the clock had just struck one. The back yard was impossible, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was but a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew was fastened down, and the other opened from a bed room, which might or might not be occupied. An old maid sister of Jim's wife had arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew that the bed was in a corner farthest from the window, and I knew I would be able to get in through the room without awakening her, and then I had a comparatively easy thing to do. So, getting a plank from a neighboring board pile, I rested it against the eaves of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put them in my pocket, and then "cooned up." All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse any suspicions in the morning, to remove the plank; so dragging it up I threw it off the end, and down it went with an awful clatter on a stray dog that had followed me for two or three squares, who immediately set up the most awful howl a whipped hound ever gave tongue to. That started half a dozen other dogs in the neighborhood barking; a mocking bird in the window above commenced singing as if he intended to split his throat at it; and an old woman, in her night-clothes, with a candle in her hand, appeared at a window across the street. I knew I was safe as far as concerned that, but if any one came to our window the candle gave enough light probably to discover me. Nobody did come, however, and the old lady, after peering up and down the street for a minute or more, popped her head in and retired. The mocking bird still kept up his eternal whistle, and it was fully half an hour before it and the dogs settled down and gave me a chance to move. Creeping slowly along the wall till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprang up, and with my head and shoulders within, and my legs hanging out, stopped to listen. Yes, she was in that room, for I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute, I cautiously drew up one leg then the other, slewed them round, and putting them down to the floor, was just conscious that I had stepped on the something soft and yielding, and was about withdrawing them when another yell broke out at my feet; the old maid jumped up from her bed crying "Murder! murder!" and the dogs and mocking bird started again. I saw through it all; I had "put my foot in it," in more ways than one. A little darkey was lying on a blanket, under the window and I had stepped on her face, and of course woke her up. I decided in a flash what to do. The house would be aroused, and I caught to a certainty unless I could get to my room before the governor was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little nigger was yelling, and the woman screaming; so I started for the door, made three steps and struck a chair—tumbled over it, of course—made the awful racket you ever heard of in the "dead house" at night. In a peevish house, the nigger and the old maid screamed louder than ever, the mocking bird whistled like a steam whistle, and the dogs fairly made a chorus as loud as Julien's. I reached the door, however, swiftly and quietly opened it, and just got outside in time to see the old gentleman open his door with a candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. Not a moment was to be lost. There was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprang behind it. Up came the "governor," who reached the door, opened it, went in, and in the meantime there was all sorts of confusion and inquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though, and from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they couldn't make much of it. The little darkey was too much frightened, and too sound asleep at the time to understand the matter. The upshot of the business was that they concluded she had been dreaming; and the "governor," after giving her a sound spanking, and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors, from the window, went down to his room again.

So far so good. I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, and make for my room, which was in the second story of a back building that stood unconnected with, and about a dozen yards from the main one. After giving everybody about half-hour to settle down again, I started. Boys, did you ever try to get up a pair of stairs at midnight without making a noise? You may try all sorts of ways, but every step is sure to crack each with a peculiar noise of its own and loud enough, you are certain, to wake everybody. I had gotten nearly to the bottom, when a little dog came trotting up the entry towards me, yelping furiously. "Come here, come here, sir, you Zip," I silenced him, for he recognized me, but the cur started the mocking-bird, and the dogs in the neighborhood having learned to take the cue, of course all joined the

chorus. For the third time I ran along the passage, reached the door, and unlocked it, just as the governor aroused the second time opened his door, and, seeing a man escaping from the house by the back way, of course cried "Thieves! thieves!" and made a rush after me. I was too quick for him though; I opened the door, sprang out, broke for the door that opened into the room below mine, and had just reached it, when *crash!* within a foot of my head went a brick, and another voice that I knew belonged to our next door neighbor Tompkins joined the "governor" in the cry of "Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Thieves!" I was safe though. Rushing up the stairs, I "shelled" myself quicker than ever I did before or since, and was in bed and sound asleep in less than half a minute. Wasn't there a row enough? I never heard so many dogs before; the mocking-bird of course was outdoing all previous efforts, the chickens began to crow, and Tompkins next door was bawling "Thieves!" and calling the "governor." I could hear screams and all sorts of talking and noises among the neighbors, until at length the old gentleman's voice was heard in the yard calling "Tom! Tom!" Tom was sound asleep—snoring!

"Tom!" cried the old man, in a voice that would have roused a man from an epileptic fit. I judged it prudent to wake then, and, jumping from my bed, raised the window, and rubbing one eye, and looking particularly frightened (which I was,) asked:

"Why father what in the world is the matter?"

"There's thieves in the house!" was the reply; "get your gun and come down, and be quick!"

"He's in that room below you, Tom!" hallooed Tompkins, "I'm certain of it. I saw him as he ran down, and threw a fire brick at him. I know he didn't pass that door Mr. Jones."

I was directed to "look out for myself," the governor stood sentinel at the door, below armed with a club, while Tompkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors and in less than half the time so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there was a dozen or more men in the yard, armed with guns, pistols and sticks.

The "governor" led the attack. Opening the door, he called, "Come out here, you house-breaking scoundrel! If you attempt to run or resist, I'll blow your brains out!" Nobody came however.

"Watch the door," was the order, "while I go in;" and I was to "look sharp," and "shoot the rascal if he came up stairs." A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in that room.

"He's up stairs then," cried Tompkins, "for I'll take my Bible oath he didn't pass that door."

So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no burglar there. The strictest search even to looking under a bootjack didn't show the faintest trace of him, the yard was next examined, then the house, and every body being at length tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped, the neighbors dispersed to their several homes; but I was appointed sentinel for the rest of the night and ordered not to go to sleep under a penalty of a flogging.

The articles missing on a thorough investigation next day, were two pies, and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a week or two, being discovered under a corner of the carpet; but the pies have never been accounted for to this day. On oath I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but as the case didn't become before any court I remained quiet.

Didn't the local editors loom though! One of them elongated himself through a quarter of a column, and headed the item, "A Diabolical and Atrocious Attempt at Burglary and Murder!" describing with graphic particulars, the "fiendish attempt to throttle Miss—and her servant," complimented the "coolness and resolution of K. Tompkins, Esq.," and perpetrated with a withering anathema on the want of vigilance displayed by the police.

It was fun for me to see with what wide awake sagacity the watchmen used to stop at the front door and listen during their nightly rounds for a month after; and you couldn't have bribed a youngster to go under the porch and dig away, though, after a while; but I'll never forget the night I tried to get into the house "without making a noise!"

PRETTY WOMEN.—If we have a weakness or foible incident to human nature, it is our admiration of pretty women. The following description of one of 'em must have been written by one who was similarly affected:—"A pretty woman is one of the institutions of the country—an angel in dry goods and glory. She makes sunshine, blue sky, Fourth of July and happiness wherever she goes. Her path is one of delicious roses, perfume and beauty. She is a sweet poem, written in rare curls, choice calico and good principles. Men stand up before her as so many admiration points, to melt into cream and then butter. Her words float around the ear like music, birds of Paradise, or the chiming of Sabbath bells. Without her, society would lose its truest attraction, the church its fittest reformer, and young men the very best of comfort and company. Her influence and generosity restrain the vicious, strengthen the weak, raise the lowly, flannel-shirt the heathen, and encourage the faint hearted. Wherever you find the virtuous woman, you also find pleasant firesides, bouquets, clean clothes, order, good living, gentle hearts, piety, music, light and model institutions generally. She is the flower of humanity, a very Venus Dimity, and her inspiration is the 'breath of heaven.'"

"Fellow citizens!" said a North Carolina candidate, "I am a Democrat, and never was anything else. There are three topics that now agitate the State: the United States Bank, the Tariff and the Penitentiary. I shall pass over the first two very briefly, as my sentiments are well known, and come to the Penitentiary, where I shall dwell some time." Very fit place, no doubt.

The late Miss Belle Cass, daughter of the Secretary of State, who was married the other day, was a blooming maiden just a little on the sunny side of forty, and fair but not fat.

Mad dogs abound in the southern and eastern part of this state. Canines are a nuisance "to make the best of them."

A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

While stopping in Florence, at the "Casa del Bello," my companion and guide was James L. Grover, an American painter of some note, whom I had known well in the land of his nativity. It was Sunday evening, and on the following day I was to start for Bologna. Grover and myself sat upon one of the balconies of our chamber, engaged in conversation over our cigars, and after we had talked awhile of the various things we had seen during the day, he asked me if he had ever told me of his adventure upon the Appennines. I told him I had never heard it.

"Then I must tell it to you," he said, throwing away his cigar, and taking a sip of wine. I lighted a fresh cigar, and he related to me as follows:—"Four years ago this summer my brother and two sisters visited me here in Florence. They spent two weeks with me, and then started for Venice, by the way of Bologna, where they had friends whom they were anxious to see. I should have gone with them had I not been engaged upon a work which I had promised to have done within a given time; but, as it was, we made the thing work very well, for my brother expected two thousand dollars by the hands of a friend who was shortly expected from Rome, and it was arranged that I should take the money when it came, and bring it with me to Venice when I got ready to meet them. My brother left the necessary document for the obtaining of the money, and in due time set out.

"On the very next day I was taken ill, and was confined to my bed a week, but I got out and finished my work just as the friend arrived from Rome with the money. He delivered it into my hands upon the production of my brother's written order, and I set the next Monday as the day on which I would start. I was really not fit to undertake such a journey, but I could not miss seeing my sisters once more before they returned home. I could not get the money easy enough, but I promised myself too much pleasure with my dear relatives in Venice to miss it now.

"Monday morning came, and I could not arise from my bed without assistance. A sort of neuralgic affection had seized all my nerves, and I was forced to stay in doors, and to resort to hot baths and medicine. But on the following morning I felt able to start, and I did so. Upon reaching Pistoja I learned that there was no diligence to leave before the next day. I could not stand this. I was already behind my time, and if the thing could be accomplished, I must go on. There was a diligence under the shed, but no one to drive it. 'But can't we hire some one?' I asked. 'If signor will pay,' was the laconic reply. Of course I would pay; and though the sum charged was a pretty round one, yet I did not hesitate. The lumbering vehicle was dragged out; four miserable looking horses were attached, and then a yoke of stout oxen hitched on ahead of them. Two rough looking fellows were provided, one as a *vetturino* (postillion), and the other to drive the oxen. Thus provided, I took my seat, and the diligence started.

"We were to cross the Appennines by the Pass of La Collina, and just began to ascend the rugged mountain path when I heard a loud hallooing behind, and in a moment the diligence stopped.

"What's the matter?" I asked, poking my head out through the opening by my side.

"Two men want to ride," returned the *vetturino*.

"But I have hired the diligence, and am in a hurry; so drive on. If they wish to ride they must wait until to-morrow."

"But the drivers were not to be governed thus."

"It won't make a bit of difference," they said. "We'll go just as fast; and besides, they'll pay us something."

"By this time the cause of the trouble made its appearance in the shape of two dark-visaged black-bearded, powerful men, who looked ugly enough for the incarnation of Murder. I recognized one of them as a fellow whom I had seen hanging about the hotel at Florence, and the other I was confident I had caught a glimpse of just as the diligence left the yard at Pistoja. 'I was upon the point of speaking when the thought occurred to me that I had better keep my knowledge of the Italian language to myself. I might find out the character of the fellows thus. I knew very well that further remonstrance would be useless, for the drivers were stupidly hogish, and the new applicants were clearly not men to be argued with. The door was opened, and the fellows entered. I occupied the back seat, and they took the seat at the other end, fixing themselves so as to face me. They looked at me out of wicked eyes, and as they threw back their short cloaks I saw that they were well armed.

"Hope we don't trouble you?" said one of them, in coarse Italian, as the diligence started on.

"I gazed inquiringly into his face, but made no reply."

"He repeated the remark."

"No comprehend, signor," I said shaking my head.

"Ah! English," he suggested, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"No—Irish," I told him.

"Ugh!" he grunted, with another shrug of the broad, massive shoulders, and an awful scowl on his face.

"We had now begun to ascend the mountain in good earnest, and our pace was slow and lumbering. The fellow who drove the oxen made noise enough for an army, while the blows upon both oxen and horses fell hard and thick, but without accomplishing anything. Had I been alone I might have enjoyed the magnificent scenery which unfolded itself before us as we crept up the Collina; but as it was I could not think of anything save the two men who had forced themselves upon me. Pretty soon one of them spoke, and though I appeared not to notice them, yet I could see that they were watching me closely.

"Death and destruction!" he uttered, in his own tongue, we shall be over the precipice if that drunken driver is not careful!"

"I read the fellow's purpose in a moment, and not a movement betrayed my understanding of what he had said. My eyes were half closed, and to all appearance I was unconscious even of their presence."

"He's right. He don't understand us," said one of them.

"All safe," returned the other.

"After this they conversed together quite freely, and I was not long in having my worst fears realized. But not a change could they detect in my countenance. I kept my knowledge as secret as the very grave, and all my

feeling was within me. After awhile they became satisfied that I knew nothing of their language, and they became more bold in their speech, and talked their plan all over; and from them I learned the following highly interesting particulars:

"The one whom I had seen in Florence had by some means learned that I was to carry quite a large sum of money with me across the mountains, and he had come on to Pistoja, where his confederate was, to await my arrival, intending to rob me, there, if possible. But when they found that I was to go alone in the diligence, they had a better plan. They would rob me on the mountain. The two drivers were friends of theirs, and were to be paid liberally for allowing themselves to be overcome. The villains talked about cutting my throat, shooting me through the head, or plunging a knife to my heart, and then throwing me over the precipice, as coolly as though they had been planning the death of a fowl for dinner! The place where they were to murder me was about a mile distant, where the road would round a high crag, with an almost perpendicular wall of rock upon one hand, and a deep chasm on the other."

"This was an interesting position sure enough. I was weak—weak at best—but doubly weak now with my illness—and the only weapon I had was a single pistol. Either of the brigands could have thrown me over his head with ease, and as for fighting with them, that was out of the question. What could I do? But the drivers were in league with them. If I leaped from the diligence, I should die on the spot where I landed. If I shot one of the bandits, the other would annihilate me in a moment. I had the gold in a small traveling bag at my feet, and as the heavy carriage jolted over the stones, the yellow pieces jingled sharply, and I could see the eyes of the villains sparkle like stars."

"At length the high, craggy peak was in sight, and I could see where the road wound abruptly around it. Thus far I had been torturing my brains to invent some way of escape but without effect. I was as thoroughly hedged in as though bound by iron chains. And in a few minutes more all would be over! Still I felt for my pistol, and had it ready."

"Presently the diligence stopped at the foot of an abrupt rise, and the fellow who drove the oxen came and told the bandits they must get out and walk up. They stepped out at once, and in a moment more I heard a slight scuffle. I looked out just in time to see both the drivers lashed together by the arms, back to back. They must have been placed ready for the operation, for the thing had been done with incredible quickness. I drew my pistol and awaited the result. My heart was in my mouth, but the intense excitement rendered me strong for the while."

"In a few seconds one of the villains came and poked the muzzle of a huge pistol into my face."

"Gold! Gold!" he said. "Give me gold or die."

"It was but the work of a second to knock his weapon down with my left hand, while with my right I brought up my own pistol and fired. The ball entered between his eyes, and he reeled back and fell. Then I leaped after him, for I saw his companion coming up upon the other side. I hoped to gain the dead man's pistol, but ere I could do so, the heavy hand of the living bandit was upon my shoulder, and his pistol aimed at my head. With the energy which the presence of death can alone beget, I knocked his weapon down and grappled with him. He hurled me to the ground as though I had been a child; but before he could get down upon his advantage, the postillion cried out—

"Hold, Marco! A *vetturino* is coming!"

"The robber turned, and in a moment more a heavy *vetturino*, with four horses attached, came round the corner full upon us. I started to my feet, and saw my brother looking from the open window."

"Help! Robbers!" I shouted, with all my might.

"The bandit had taken aim at the *vetturino* of the new team, but he was too late. My brother had comprehended the whole truth in a moment, and with a sure aim, and a quick one, too, he shot the villain through the heart."

"We secured my two drivers, and then matters were quickly explained. I told my brother all that had happened, and he then told me that he had heard of my illness, and was coming back to see me. One of my sisters had been ill at Bologna, so that they had not yet gone to Venice, but were waiting until I should be able to join them. You can imagine how deep our gratitude was, and how fervently we blessed God for this fortunate interposition. My joy seemed to lift me up from the pain I had suffered, and I felt better than I had before."

"And now what should we do next? Should we let the two rascally drivers go, and turn about for Bologna?"

"No, said my brother. 'Our sisters won't expect us for three days, so we'll carry these villains back and give them up, and to-morrow we'll go over in my *vetturino*.'

"We tumbled the two dead bodies into the diligence, and then the two drivers hand and foot, and tumbled them in after. The oxen were cast adrift, and my brother's *vetturino* mounted and started the heavy team back, while we assumed the control of the *vetturino* ourselves."

"The drive down the mountain was quickly performed, and the city of Pistoja was reached without mishap. The two dead men were recognized as the same who had been my testimony very quickly settled the business for the drivers. On the next night we were in Bologna, where my sisters received me with open arms, and two days afterwards we were all in Venice."

"So much for my trip across the Appennines. And let me say to you—if you have ever an occasion to hire a special diligence, with strange drivers, to ride over the mountains of Italy, be sure that you are well armed, and have a trusty friend with you if possible."

An old toper in Boston offered to bet that he could tell each of several kinds of liquors presented to him blindfolded. The bet was accepted, and he suffered his eyes to be bandaged, so that it was impossible for him to see. A glass of brandy was offered him; immediately upon tasting it he pronounced that it was brandy. He next tried whiskey, gin, and other drinks, and he was equally successful in deciding each kind. At last a glass of water was presented—he tasted it, paused, tasted again, considered, shook his head doubtfully—he was puzzled;—"Gentlemen," said he, "take the wager—I am not used to that sort of liquor."

MODEL LETTERS FROM ABSENT SPOUSES.

Affectionate letter to an absent wife. The husband is tarrying in the city, and whilst having a "high old time" with some friends, concludes to write to his wife, who is spending the summer months in the country.

"My dear wife!—In silence and alone, (boys, don't make such a racket there, if you please, while I'm writing!) in the stillness of my quiet chamber, (Ha! ha! oh! good! What's that?) I sit down to write a few lines to you. (You know how to dress salad—you do!) Although I feel the pang of separation (fill up! fill up! so; thank you;) from your dear self at this moment, yet it is a pleasing reflection to know (what's the state of the game now?) that a few short days will enable me to be again with you, (a cigar, Joe,) and once more press your gentle hand in mine. (Oh, I can't take a hand now.) Again I shall leave this city, tiresome indeed during your absence, (We won't go home till morning!) oh, keep still, will you?) and every hour of the interval will be counted (capital story, that, Billy?) with anxious solicitude by me. As I sit here alone in the stillness of the night, (Come, give us a song! I can't, 'pon my word!—oh, do!) secluded by myself, my mind is filled with tender recollection, and a lowness of spirits comes over me, (Gaily still the moments roll!) which I endeavor (While I quaff the flowing bowl!) in vain (Caro can never reach the soul!) to shake (Who deeply drinks of wine!) off. Now lay down my pen, (Bravo! bravo!) for fatigue (one moment's boys,) overpowers me. Adieu, my dear wife, (in a minute; duty before pleasure;) and believe me (I'm with you now, boys!) your affectionate husband, —"

Here is a fair set off to the affectionate letter from a disconsolate husband in town to his wife in the country. The lady seems to have been equally lonely and inconsolable:—

"My dear hubby—I received your affectionate letter yesterday. (Don't don't! be quiet!) and it was truly welcome, (be still; you shan't squeeze my hand!) I assure you. You have no idea how lonely (there, you have made me a blot!) I feel when I am separated (will you?) from you; but the assurance that I shall see you on Saturday (if you attempt such a thing) is a great comfort. I look forward to that day with so much pleasure, (Will you kiss me again, I will write to Charles?) for you know it is a delightful (there! you've broken my bracelet!) delightful (you've made me write delightful twice!) to live in hopes. (It's too late to take a ride, isn't it?) I could not but feel pity for you, when you spoke of being alone (upon my word, Mr. Impudence, that's three! in the stillness of your chamber!) It seemed as if I could, my dear hubby, (a-a-h! do behave, will you?) as you were writing to your faithful wife. I, too, am alone! (I am doing a great story now!) and thinking of the days that will intervene between (how becomingly your collar is turned down!) now and Saturday. (Not another for the—a-h!) The country looks beautiful, (it would be nice to take a short ride to the beach,) but I never enjoy it when you are absent. (I declare, there are the horses at the door.) I have not a few minutes to conclude in, (tell Jane to bring my bonnet,) as the mail closes (and my skirt!) in a few minutes. Adieu, my dear (well, I'm glad you have stuck yourself with a pin!) hubby! Faithfully yours, MARY."

The Hudson Bay Company.

The Hudson Bay Company consists of about two hundred and forty merchants, who claim a monopoly over four millions of square miles, inhabited by fifty nations or tribes. The charter was granted by Charles I. in 1790, when the country so ceded was claimed by France, and is, if that claim was good, more valid in law, than if the "Merry Monarch" had made a promise of France or Italy, and the recipients of his bounty now claimed the sovereignty over those countries. This is generally admitted, and the only reason why the Company's claim has never been disputed has been that the territory was not needed by the human family, and it was thought that the only use that could be made of it was by the Great Fur Company. Of late years, however, as the pioneers of civilization pushed further westward, the discovery was made that large portions of this region are rich in agricultural capabilities and mining wealth, and that it has been the policy of the Hudson Bay Company to conceal from the public all knowledge of the country, and, utterly unmindful of national interests, to use it in the selfish spirit of monopoly, with the sole desire of accumulating large profits.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH.—EX-President Fillmore, in his speech at Niagara Falls on the reception of the messages of the President and Queen, referred to the period—he being chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives—when Professor Morse sought aid from Congress to test the practicability of the telegraphing.

Mr. Fillmore made a favorable report for an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars. The bill was received with derision by a number of Congressmen, who scouted the idea of talking by telegraph, and offered all sorts of amendments designed to defeat the bill. The bill passed, and a line from Washington to Baltimore was soon ready for operation. Mr. Fillmore remarked that he looked back with pleasure upon this incident in the early history of telegraphic enterprise, and had ever since taken a great interest in its progress, and was most happy to be able to mingle his congratulations with the citizens of Niagara Falls upon the success of the great enterprise of modern times.

"Father, look a here. Wat's the reason that you and mother is allers quarrelling?" "Silence, my son. Do you know what you are talking about?" "Yes, sirree. I do. I was just wonderin' vot you'd do if you had as many wives as Solomon."

"Bah! go the bed."

"Yes, it is werry well to say go to bed. Solomon had more'n a hundred wives, and them live in the same house, a eaten together, and never a fight."

A white Mountain guide thus philosophically explains why it is that young ladies are more venturesome on the edges of precipices than youths of the sterner sex:—"A gal," says he, "when she gets into a ticklish place, alers expects a feller will be a holding onto her, and she does it just out o' bravery (bravado). But a man when he makes a fool of himself in that way, knows he's got to stand it himself."

A Tough Story.

Dr. Livingston's Travels in Africa, recently republished, is considered one of the most curious books of modern times. Among various surprising things in it is the following account of a strange deformity existing in a tribe of negroes in the country he had explored. Every man, woman, and child in the tribe are without front teeth. Inquiring into the cause of all this unnatural appearance it was given to him thus:—"Once upon a time the chief of the tribes, like many better men in civilized countries, was possessed of a refractory wife. He endured her impudence and annoyance for many years, but one day his passion becoming suddenly aroused, he gave her what is termed in civilized parlance a "plug in the mouth" with his fist. The blow must have been well aimed, for it relieved the mouth of the proud woman of all her front teeth. Thus despoiled of her beauty, the sable matron hid herself in shame, and afterwards became a tractable and obedient wife. The warriors of the tribe, in council assembled, observed the good results of that one blow of the chief, and being troubled generally with disobedient wives resolved at once to follow his pugilistic example. Each repaired to his home, and rested not content until their wives were forcibly relieved of their front teeth."

PARIS ON SUNDAY.—Rev. D. C. Eddy, now in Paris, writes:—"One can hardly find Sunday in Paris; the streets are full of people; the pleasure grounds are thronged; the shops open; regiments of soldiers marching in the streets, and a high festival being had by the working people, who make the Lord's day a day of recreation. And the further one goes, the less reverence he will find for God's law and service. There are churches, but they are dedicated to art, and music, and show. There are priests, but their religion consists, apparently, in a long gown, a shaved head, and a good living, and the motto of these continental countries seems to be, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

The N. Y. Post calls attention to the fact that the word *Baby* does not appear in the new Cyclopaedia, and supplies a definition:—

BABY—the judge, jury and sentence of every well regulated family. A thing that squeaks at midnight, and will not be comforted by any quantity of sops. A biped called by its mother "de little rosey poney, pinkum, pink, bless its 'tittle heart," and very frequently "trotted" to the tune of "Here we go up, up, up, and here we go down, down, down." By bachelors called "brat," and by Tupper, the philosopher, delicately alluded to as a "well-spring."

A Yankee chap, down in Holt, Kansas, occupying an old Daguerrean wagon by the roadside was discovered a short time since, washing and scouring an old gun barrel. On being asked what he intended to do with it, he replied that he was fixing up to go into the liquor business and to avoid the law, was going to make use of this tube instead of glasses, thereby making it appear beyond dispute that he is selling liquor by the barrel! The fellow is doing a thriving business. A great many persons have been "shot in the neck" by this novel contrivance.

PAPER.—There are in the United States seven hundred and fifty paper mills in actual operation, having three thousand engines, and producing in the year two hundred and fifty millions of pounds of paper, which is worth ten cents per pound, or some twenty-seven millions of dollars. To produce this quantity of paper over four hundred million pounds of rags are required, one and a quarter pounds of rags being necessary to make one pound of paper. The value of these rags, estimating them at four cents per pound, is over sixteen million dollars.

Two wills have just been recorded in Philadelphia. The first one: "I will and bequeath all money or effects owned by me to my heirs." The other is still more brief, and reads thus: "I will every thing to my wife absolutely." These wills, though brief, are just as effective as if whole quires of paper had been written over.

A year or two ago, a portrait of the Mayor of Montreal was cut to pieces by some rascal who entertained a spite against him, and the City Council ordered a new one painted. This was nearly completed, and, on Sunday night a week, the artist's room was entered, and the new one destroyed.

A LADY FINED FOR WHISKING CRIBBAGE.—The Independent *Bidge* states that a young lady living in Hanover has been sentenced by a court of that town to pay a fine of two francs "for having worn a dress which, occupying the whole breadth of the pavement, is an obstruction to the public way."

On the 2d Aug., two Roman Catholic monks were arrested as vagrants in Liverpool. They represented that they came from Drogheda, Ireland, and were on their way to a convent at Loretto, Pennsylvania, and having been robbed on their journey were obliged to seek assistance. They were committed.

At a gold mine in Montgomery, N. C., a nugget of gold weighing eight pounds, together with a number of smaller ones, weighing in all twenty-eight pounds, have been gotten out in a few days washing. This is ahead of the Fraser river diggings.

The "black tongue" has made its appearance in the vicinity of Danville, Va., and the *Traveller* learns of several cases of death from drinking the milk of cows so diseased.

At the People's County meeting in Carbon, Hon. A. H. Reeder was nominated and recommended to the other counties composing the district, as a candidate for Congress.

Saratoga never was so full as this summer. An ordinary sized closet is called comfortable accommodations. Bachelors are hung up in the hall the same as hats.

A shawl lately sold in Philadelphia, for one thousand four hundred and twenty-five dollars. In the same city women make shirts for six cents each.

Five glasses of whiskey and a gallon of beer will enable a man to see a sea-serpent even on dry land.

The hay crop all over the country is immensely large; better, it is said, than in any season for years past.