

Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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YE TAILOR MAN.

YE TAILOR MAN.
An old song.
Right jollie is ye tailor man,
As any man may be,
And all ye day upon ye benches,
He worketh merrilie.
And oft ye while in pleasantie wile
He coileth up his limbs,
He singeth songs ye like whereof
Are not in Watts's hymnes.
And yet he toileth all ye while,
His merrie catches role;
As true unto ye needle as
Ye needle to ye pole.
What cares ye valiant tailor man
For all ye cowards feares?
Against ye scissers of ye fates
He points his mighty sheares.
He heedeth not ye aunciente jestes
That witless sinners use;
What feareth ye bold tailor man
Ye hyssings of a goose?
He pulleth at ye busie thread,
To feed his wicketed wife,
And eke his child; for unto them
It is ye thread of life.
He cutteth well ye riche man's coats,
And with neesemile pride,
He sees ye little waistcoat in
Ye cabbage bye his side.
Meanwhile ye tailor man his wife,
To labor nothing loth,
Sits by with ready hands to baste
Ye urchin and ye cloth.
Full happie is ye tailor man,
Yet is he often tried.
Lest he from fullness of ye times,
Waxe wanton in his pride.
Full happie is ye tailor man,
And yet he hath a foe.
A cunning enemy that none
So well as tailors knowe.
It is ye slipperie customer,
Who goes his wicketed wayes,
And wears ye honest tailor's coats,
But never, never payes!

MARRYING A SAW MILL.

CHAPTER I.
"Get my cap, Margaret Maria! There, can't you just tuck those gray hairs under? I wish you'd ever remember and bring up that bottle of hair dye! Come do hurry!"
"Pity sakes, mother, what a fuss for an old country codger?"
"Margaret Maria don't you know anything! Squire Martin is rich—a great lumber merchant, and besides he owns almost the whole county of Allegheny. Now one of those two things is certain, either you or I must get married, for what with your lace and brocade I am almost ruined. Wouldn't a little of that rouge improve my complexion?" "Nonsense, mother, hurry along!"
The widow Brown descended to the parlor to greet her visitor, and the daughter commenced her toilet. It was no slight affair. There were cosmetics to be applied to cheeks that would never boast the lily's fairness, and smiles to practice before the long mirror. There she stood in all the glory of her borrowed charms, graceful, fascinating and in everything perfectly a la mode. She found Squire Martin in an easy-chair, awkwardly twirling his hat in his hands. He was a short man, perfectly bald with the exception of two little tufts of gray hair that had been tied together by a bit of thread; besides, he had a weazen face and a cold gray, monied eye. Margaret Maria detested the old man at first sight, but remembering their waning fortunes, she lent her energies to aid her mother in the proposed conquest. She never played and sung with greater ease, never flattered more elegantly, and was evidently charmed with her own coquetry, and the widow congratulated herself on the point gained. Squire Martin was a tedious talker; but both ladies hung in ecstasies on his words, laughing at his attempts at witticism, and very feelingly weeping where tears could be dropped in. The widow revived their old acquaintance, talked over school-days, and professed her sympathies to console him in his present loneliness, while the daughter touchingly alluded to her orphanage. The effect was wonderful. When Squire Martin bowed himself away, it was with a promise soon to repeat his visit.
"Well, well, this has gone off finely," said the mother, as soon as they were alone, while the young lady threw herself on the sofa and indulged in a loud laugh at their visitor's expense.
"Dear, to see him stumble over the door mats so!" "Pon my word, what an odd figure!" "Hush, he is rich. Just think, my fine lady, how will you like to teach music or sewing for a living. I tell you again poverty is staring us in the face. Such a bird don't grow on every bush, and it's something of an object for me to catch him."
A few days after, Margaret Maria was sitting at the piano, practicing a new song to play for the Squire, when in darted the gentleman in all the glory of a new wig. It was black as night, and far more becoming than the twin lock of gray that had been allowed to play over his temples. Margaret Maria looked up in evident wonder.
"Don't you know me?" said the Squire, "or do I look so young, hey? or maybe you didn't expect to see me so soon. Always look out for me a day or two of the time—that's my motto. Stop here a little trinket I have bought for you," said he, drawing an elegant diamond ring from his pocket. "One thing more I want to know if you will marry me?"
"Marry you?" said Margaret Maria. "Why, Mr. Martin, you are a much older—"
"Sixty-five next June!" "Oh, Harry, what! I am but a child."
"Tut! tut! twenty-five years ago I tossed you in my arms to the ceiling, a smart little thing you were too!"
Margaret Maria blushed, and referred her rich old lover to her mamma. She went up stairs in no very enviable state of mind. "Oh mother," she said, "he has proposed to me."
"Squire Martin?"
"At first the widow was indignant, but finally concluded that would not be best.
"Well, what are you going to do about it?" said the mother, "you won't refuse him?"
"Why, I don't want to marry him and live up there in the woods—but isn't this a pretty ring he gave me?"
"Yes, indeed," said the widow, and he is immensely rich, and in all probability would not—"
"Here she paused. "You could at least claim your thirds, you know. You have declared you will marry Harry Blake."
"No, indeed!" exclaimed the daughter.

"But have you never given him reason to think that you cared for him?"
"What if I have? I'll never tie myself to poverty—never!"
The result of this conversation was that Margaret Maria resolved to give Squire Martin an affirmative answer, and the widow took down her curl papers and indulged in a flood of tears.
CHAPTER II.
A bridal in church—and the wind sighed, but they chilled not the heart of Margaret Maria as did the presence of the wintery old man at her side. She thought of Harry Blake. Strange that his face should come between her heart and gold as she drew near the altar. There came a tide of womanly feeling to her soul, and she gave a sigh for what might have been. But she heard the rustling of her costly robes as she passed up the aisle, she felt the pressure of her diamond ring upon her finger, and resigned everything for a thirst for wealth. Meanwhile, the old bridegroom stroked his black wig and chuckled over his purchase as the prettiest little trinket of a bride that money ever bought. And there stood Harry Blake, gazing on the scene, not tearfully but with wonder that he could have loved her, that he should have married her. The bride was a superb affair, but it was tedious to the old man, who longed for the quiet at home. The cars stopped at an insignificant station on the Erie Railroad, and the Squire started to his feet.
"What, do you live here?" asked Margaret Maria.
"No, ten miles farther into the country." She heaved a deep sigh.
They found a carriage waiting for them at the depot or rather a wagon, familiarly known as a democrat. The Squire shook hands with the driver, talked familiarly with the teamster, and then introduced them to his wife. Margaret pursued up her lips, and hardly vouchsafed a bow. A light ladder was procured at the station-house, and daintily she climbed into the wagon. Everything looked miserably forlorn. The roads were rough, great clouds of mud pelted her bonnet, and as far as the eye could stretch she could see nothing but steep hills covered with pines and hemlocks. The further she went, the more unsuitable seemed her costly clothes, and before she reached her journey's end, she felt that all she would ever again need, would be a warm woolen shawl and a horse to ride on.
The Squire had a private divert her, pointed to this sawmill and that as his, and informed her that he owned every inch of land from the depot home, but she only grew all the more forlorn. They scarcely met a human being all that long lonesome way, and passed but few houses; and these were small, rude ones occupied by the squire's lumbermen. The squire now commenced to talk with Andrew, the driver, inquiring how many trees they had cut down, if the sawmills were all gaining; indeed he seemed perfectly absorbed in his hobby business.
At length they drew near the grave yard. How instinctively we pause in the country as we approach the resting place of the dead, and strangely still seemed that little graveyard enclosed by its nicely white-washed fence. The squire grew thoughtful.
"Was your first wife buried here?" asked Margaret Maria, in a careless tone. The squire nodded yes.
"How old was she when she died?" she resumed.
"Fifty-six."
She forgot that the toll-woman who slept under yonder mound, had been his companion for many a year. The old man turned away his head and the moisture gathered in his eyes. They came in sight of the old homestead, a large two-story house, painted white, and all an unmitigated woe, unrelieved by green window-shutter, bush or tree. The arrival made quite a stir at the farm house. Squire Martin, the old man's favorite, was the first to welcome them.
"Squire, glad to see you, ain't you?" and this is your new mother." Squire burst into tears and nestled into his arms. "Susy, Susy," whispered the old man, "for my sake." "May be I have been very foolish." The young girl raised her head and looked in the bride's face. She offered her hand, and was about to kiss her, but the new mother Mrs. Martin contended, "What! the new mother? Sat down. Susy brought in two tall candles and placed them on the table, which Margaret Maria contrasted with the light at home. A few moments after, a tall square-shouldered man entered, leading a little boy by the hand. Mr. Martin somewhat embarrassed, said:
"Mrs. Martin, my son David."
"Why, mother, how do you do?" said the young man in a dry sarcastic tone. "Hallo! here, Charlie, come and kiss your new grandma." The child gazed his large, wondering eyes on the stranger, and felt the constraint around him, though he could not have explained it. Susy came in soon to tell them supper was ready. Such a table! Margaret was astonished. The bill of fare was as comprehensive as Kirkham's definition of a noun, including everything that can be known or mentioned, turkey, chickens, pies, nut cakes, sweetmeats, all side by side, and large white biscuits, that would have been mistaken in the city for loaves, and sliced up accordingly. The squire seemed to be eating for all time to come, insisted that the hired help should sit down at the first table, declaring that he would have no innovation in his house-hold. Accordingly the bride found her elbow in a very close proximity to Andrew's coat sleeve. After supper they returned to what was called the great room. The bride sat down in the corner of the fire-place, and looked rather pouty. "And this," thought she, "is marrying for money. What good will a fortune ever do me here among these pine hills? Oh, Harry Blake!" and from the embers there rose a wistful young face, and with a sigh she thought of the great heart she had so cruelly thrown from her, and trampled beneath her feet.
"Well my dear," said the old man, clapping his hands together, "now don't this look like home?" "You haven't got acquainted with the neighbors yet—real nice folks I tell you, and to-morrow I must go right about starting that other saw mill!"
CHAPTER III.
Days passed and the bride began to feel much like a caged bird. Never was a fine lady more out of her element. At first she bided herself in re-furnishing her house, and soon all the extravagance of the city found their way thither. The great room was fitted up for a parlor, chimneys were taken down, and in short, there was a general overturning and upturning sufficient to bring about a complete domestic millennium. But no one gained any-

thing by way of happiness. Susy got tired of the word style, the old man missed some comforts, the piano got out of tune and there was nobody to tune it, the two maid-servants took it into their heads to leave just at the busiest time, and they could get no body for love or money to fill their place. Margaret Maria was obliged to lay aside her diamond ring and go into the kitchen. The old man was too indolent, begged her to spend all the money she wished. She proposed a removal to the city. "Risky piece of business," said the Squire, "never get into a better neighborhood than this. Besides, I've found a place on that middle creek for another saw mill—capital fall of water there." She grew very lonely. Two or three times during her intervals of leisure, had she taken from her secret hiding place, a faded bouquet, the souvenir of an early love, while the old man was accustomed, of a Sabbath evening to gaze long on a lock of silvery hair, and to moisten it with tears. At last two stout Irish girls were imported from the city, and the same trip of the Squire also brought home an elegant silver tea service. Margaret Maria threw herself into the rocking chair and declared that if it were not so horrid dull there, she might yet be happy. "Law," said the Squire, "why not make a party?" "Yes," chimed in Susy, "we'll have all the neighbors. And I'll tell you what, we'll show them style," said Margaret Maria, getting eloquent, "I guess they'll open their eyes once in the world. If I only had some of my city friends."
"I told the folks here," said the Squire, "that last saw mill is turning off more lumber than all the rest put together."
"Susy," said Margaret Maria, "you must have an evening dress. Pink satin would be pretty for you." Susy's cherry lips were parted with an exclamation of wonder. "Why, didn't you ever hear of such a thing! and you must have it short sleeves."
"What, in winter?"
"Why, you poor little heathen," said Margaret Maria, and all at once her benevolent feelings were aroused, and she determined to make something of the girl. "We will have Andrew for the porter, and you and I will receive the company as elegantly as possible, and we will take care to have a magnificent table."
CHAPTER IV.
The whole house was alive with preparations for the coming tea; invitations were sent out, and Margaret Maria was in her element. The Squire had but one direction to make and that was not to slight anybody. The pink satin was produced, and it really made Susy look like some fair young rose-bud. Margaret Maria put on her bridal robes and was herself again. They will come early," suggested Susy. "Not before eight."
"Why, yes," laughed out Susy, "everybody goes to bed at half-past eight."
Andrew was instructed as to his duties, and Susy practiced the hostess by receiving her mother several times. Just about dark a large sleigh load came driving at the gate, and soon there came a loud knock at the door. Andrew the porter, long and thin, and the Squire, dashed through the kitchen to receive them. "What does it mean?" said Margaret Maria. "Why the neighbors always come in that way," said Susy, "we never use our front door in the winter." Then came a burst of laughter from the new comers, and Andrew looked up beseechingly and asked if he must stand there all night. In came Mrs. Jenkins, a square-shouldered woman, dressed in shining delaine, with a black silk apron and a clean linen collar. Next came a whole bevy of girls. They stood with their mouths wide open, evidently stupefied at the fairy like appearance of Susy and her step-mother, while Andrew indulged in a sly giggle.
"Margaret Maria," said the Squire, dashing on without any regard to ceremony—"this is Mrs. Jenkins, a good neighbor, ever I wish to live by, and here are the Crank girls, and law—law Susy knows 'em all." Susy cordially greeted her young friends—and tried to make them feel at ease. Sleigh load after sleigh load came, and all the back way. Every piece of poplin and delaine at the dry good store on the "corners" was represented that evening. Never was Margaret Maria so puzzled to play the hostess. The young men ranged themselves on one side of the room, the girls on the other, and there they stood as if for a spelling school. The old women huddled together in the corner and unrolled their knitting works while Squire Martin entertained the men on his favorite subject, saw-mills. He hired four or five more lumbermen, and paid off a score of old debts that evening. Margaret Maria thought of gayeties of A., and gave a sigh for Harry Blake. Refreshments were served up early as several suggested it was about time they were going home. The table was arranged with exquisite taste, but the guests were too much frightened to eat, all except the widow Crank, who drew off a long slice of cake, and then stepped up to the bride and said, "Well, I used to think the Squire's first wife was the best cook I ever did see, but I declare you do beat her entirely." Margaret Maria smiled a pitying smile as much as to say "you poor heathen."
When they returned to the parlor, Susy proposed music, at which the singing master at the "corners" instinctively drew out his pitch pipe and was just ready to strike Balama, when all at once he beheld a piano in the room. Susy asked her mother to play. She seated herself at the instrument, and running her jeweled fingers over the keys, began one of Mozart's sublime compositions. And as she played, a transient tear fell upon her diamond ring! What misery it had brought her.
That night when all were gone, she laid her head on Susy's neck and wept. Sorrow had softened her heart. "Susy," said she, "I must go away from here. These may be good people, but they are not fit associates for you." Not many weeks after, Susy was sent to a fashionable boarding school in the City of A., Margaret Maria's native home. She was now left alone with her "dear saw mill," as she mentally christened her husband. Susy had been away a year and then there came news. It was contained in a little note which read thus:
"Dearest father and mother, do not chide if I a young girl have learned to love, but Harry Blake is noble and worthy of my affection. He is not rich but is fast rising to eminence. I half wish I were poor, that I might show him how entirely I loved him for his own sake. Enclosed is a letter in which he asks you to give me away to him. Dear father, the same kind hand which has guided me ever since my mother went to rest, is with me still. Your loving Susy."

"The good child," said the old man unfolding Harry's letter. Margaret Maria could bear no more and retired to her own room. Sadly she took out the faded bouquet, pressing it to her lips, murmured, "Alas! I married for money," and as if a demon had entered her heart she exclaimed, "and money I'll have, and not be cooped up here either." The last that was seen of her was taking a tour to Europe, and her husband was by her side talking to her incessantly of saw-mills.
CAUGHT ON THE JURY.
The following, which we heard told as a fact some time ago, may be beneficial to some gentleman who has a young, unsuspecting wife:
A certain man, who lived about ten miles from K—, was in the habit of going to town about once a week, and getting on a regular spree, and would not return until he had time to "cool off," which was generally two or three days. His wife was ignorant of the cause of his staying out so long, and suffered greatly from anxiety about his welfare. When he would return, of course his confiding wife would inquire what had been the matter with him, and the invariable reply was, "that he was caught on the jury and couldn't get off."
Having gathered his corn and placed it in a large heap, he according to custom, deputed a boy to call in his neighbors and have a real corn-slucking frolic. So he gave Ned, a faithful servant, a jug and an order to go to town and get a gallon of whiskey—a very necessary article on such occasions. Ned mounted a mule and was soon in town, and equipped with the whiskey, remounted to set out for home, all buoyant with the prospect of fun at "slucking." When he had proceeded a few hundred yards from town, he concluded to try the stuff, and not satisfied with once, he kept trying until the world turned around so fast that he turned off the mule, and there he went to sleep and the mule to grazing. It was now nearly night, and when Ned awoke it was just before the break of day, and so dark that he was unable to make any start towards home until light. A soon as his benevolent had subsided so that he could get the "point," he started with an empty jug, the whiskey having run out, and afoot, for the mule had gone home. Of course he was contemplating the application of a "two year old hickory," as he went on at the rate of two-forty.
Ned reached home about breakfast time and "clucked up" at the back door with a decided "cluck."
"What in thunder have you been at, you black rascal," said his master.
Ned, knowing his master's excuse to his wife when he got on a spree, determined to tell the truth, if he died for it, and said:—"Well, master, to tell the truth, I was ketch on de jury and couldn't get off."—Nashie News.

Wonders of the Created Universe.
What mere assertion may make any one believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth and that, although so remote from us that a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, yet it effects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundreds of times in a second; or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred million of millions of times in a single second? That it is by such movements communicated to the nerves of our eye, that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of sensation of redness, our eyes are affected four hundred and eighty-two million of millions of times; of yellowness, five hundred and forty-two million of millions of times; and of violet seven hundred and seven millions of millions of times per second? Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madness than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, less conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.
A Wedding ceremony was rather singularly spoiled, in New York, last Tuesday. The bride was decked for the bridal, the wedding guests assembled, the clergyman presented, and the ceremony was about to be performed, when the bridegroom, who was discovered next evening that when Mr. Luyster, (the groom,) went to get his wedding suit, he stopped at a place on Fulton street, and drank a glass of soda. He made the acquaintance of two strangers, and shortly afterward experienced a peculiar sensation, arising, as he supposed, from drugs put into the liquor. He went from the saloon where he met those men, and hardly recollected anything until next morning, when he found himself in Fourth avenue, with a light summer suit on, instead of the black suit which he wore when he left Brooklyn. He had two gold watches and two hundred and fifty dollars in money, which had disappeared with his clothes. He had no definite recollection of any occurrence after he had imbibed the soda water.
PURE AIR.—The Eclectic Medical Journal, of Philadelphia, in speaking on this subject, very properly remarks that it is not only necessary that men may have sufficient air to breathe, but it is necessary to provide air for the apartment itself in which they live, as well as for the persons who inhale it. The influence of impure air is not only exercised upon persons through their breathing organs, but the surface of their bodies, their clothes, the walls of their apartment—in short, the free surfaces of everything in contact with the air of the place becomes more and more impure—a harbor of foulness, a means of impregnating every cubic foot of air with poison, unless the whole apartment has its atmospheric contents continuously changed, so that everything animate and inanimate is refreshed by a constant supply of pure air.
FAT.—The last news about the Paris "fashion" is somewhat startling. Fat is the rage. Ladies cultivate it. They are devouring vast quantities of butter, smashed rose leaves and such like. The Empress is quite embonpoint, which accounts for the quote. The fashion will be over here before long. We hail it with "joy." A new era is drawing. Our girls will stop eating slate pencils and chalk, and commence partaking liberally of roast beef and baked beans. They will rise with the lark. They will exercise. They will try on the waso tub, perhaps.
LARGE INCOMES.—There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to two million and a quarter dollars, while 441 persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and 811 from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars. In Ireland there is but one person who has an income of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, 21 have incomes from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and 30 from twenty-five to fifty thousand.
GREAT SHERIFF'S SALE.—There is to be an immense sale of property by the Sheriff of Burlington county, N. J., on the 17th of September. All the extensive mills, factories, print-works and the whole village of Shreveville, some two miles from Mount Holly, are to be sold under foreclosure. There is an elegant mansion and twenty dwelling houses, besides the water power of the Rancocas. This place has been brought to this fate through the want of a proper protective tariff.
NO FORGIVENESS FOR DOUGLAS.—The Chicago Democrat says that the mission of David Stuart, Col. Hamilton, and others from Chicago to Washington, to effect a reconciliation with the President, has entirely failed. The President says that Douglas "must come to his milk," that he must beg forgiveness in a letter over his own name, and that then the party will consider the expediency of taking him on probation. He must come in as a private, however.
Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy disposition of a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how that little fellow prescribes faith to us all! He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to take care of him!"
It is said that more money is paid for cigars in the United States than for bread. That shows we are a "puffing" people.
PINS AND NEEDLES.—The manufacture of the indispensable little pin was commenced in the United States between 1812 and 1820, since which time the business has extended greatly, and several patents for the manufacture of pins have been taken out. The manufacture in England and other parts of Europe is conducted upon improvements made here. Notwithstanding the extent of our own production, the United States imported in 1856 pins to the value of \$40,225, while in the same year there were imported into this country needles to the amount of \$246,000. Needles were first made in England in the time of "bloody Mary," by a negro from Spain, but as he would not impart his secret, it was lost at his death, and not recovered again until 1596, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when a German taught the art to the English, who have since brought it to the greatest perfection. The construction of a needle requires about one hundred and twenty operations, but they are rapidly and uninterruptedly successive.
WATER.—Potatoes contain 75 per cent (by weight), and turnips no less than 90 per cent of water. A beefsteak, though pressed between blotting paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame, bones included, only about one-fourth is solid matter, (chiefly carbon and nitrogen,) the rest is water. If a man weighing one hundred and forty pounds was squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, one hundred and five pounds of water would run out, and only thirty-five lbs. of dry residue remain. A man is, therefore, chemically speaking, forty-five lbs. of carbon and nitrogen diffused through six buckets of water. Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that the "living organism is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water." Dr. Dalton, by a series of experiments tried on his own person, found that of the food which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water.
THE UNCOUNTED VOTE IN KANSAS.—The Lawrence Republican gives a list of returns from fourteen polls not counted in the Commissioners' statement, embracing an aggregate vote of 1,242—171 for, and 1,071 against the English proposition. Thus amended, the total vote would stand 1,969 for to 12,372 against it—making the Free State majority 10,413. The supposition of the Republican is that these returns either did not reach the Commissioners, or were rejected on account of informality; yet they make no mention of any one of the localities named.
DEPORTMENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.—A trial took place a month ago at Rouen, in France, that affords a good precedent for judicial action the world over. Two fellows, pretending to be gentlemen, were taken into a first-class car in a railroad car, even after an angry remonstrance of a worthy farmer, who happened to be with his daughter in an opposite seat. He denounced them to the public prosecutor; they were tried by the Correctional Court; the sentence passed on each was imprisonment for two months and a fine of 200 francs.
GOV. STEWART OF MISSOURI, WHIPPED AGAIN.—On Tuesday evening, His Excellency, Governor Robert Stewart, who has been stopping in St. Joseph his old home, for a few days past, met with Dr. Erdman, a German physician, in a bar-room out at the brewery, when an altercation took place and a fight ensued, in which the Dr., after pummeling and giving his Excellency a black eye and a few scratches, came off first best. There can be no doubt about this fight, and we understand the Governor acknowledges it himself, but says the Dr. commenced it.
CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal says, that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, cranberries applied as a poultice will effectually cure the erysipelas. There is not an instance known where it has failed to effect a cure, when faithfully applied before the sufferer is in a dying state. Two or three applications generally do the work.
Boston has a population of 162,940. Like many other cities its numbers have not increased for a year past, but, if anything, diminished. The assessors make a report, showing a decrease of 574, which would indicate a considerable loss of population—say 2,600.
Breastpins are being manufactured in Louisville, out of sections of the cable of the Atlantic telegraph.