

REYNOLDS

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1858.

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BETTER THAN THEM ALL.

A moderate share of wealth is good,
To cheer us on our way,
For it has oftentimes the power
To make December May,
And so is beauty, so is health,
Or genius at our call;
But a happy, careless, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith
From every opening flower,
That smiles alike in winter storm
And gentle summer shower;
That blesses God for every good,
Or whether great or small;
Oh! a happy, hopeful, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

'Tis well to hold the wand of power,
Or wear an honored name,
And blush to hear the mighty world
Re-echo to our fame;
'Tis well if on our path the smiles
Of Kings and Nobles fall;
But to have a happy, trusting heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that with the magic notes
Of music is beguiled;
A heart that loves the pleasant face
Of every little child;
That with its own sweet melody
And breathy flute's call;
Oh! such a loving, human heart,
Is better than them all.

COURTING THE WIDOW.

"You must come with me to-night, Shirley, and I will show you one of the most bewitching little widows you ever beheld. I am sure, woman-hater that you are, you will own yourself conquered at once. Say, will you come and see my beauty?"

"No, I thank you," replied his friend, "I have something to employ me, especially to-night; but if I had not, Ellery, I should be off for I have all of old Weller's fear of the 'vidders.' I look on them as a most designing race—with their woe-begone voices and ever-ready tears for the 'dear departed.' If I should ever lose my senses so far as to marry one, I hope she at least has had the honor of having her first husband hung; as I believe that would be the only means I should have to prevent his entreaties being brought up in comparison with my faults."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Ellery. "All this tirade against widows drawn forth by my luckless invitation! But you are entirely too verdant, my friend, on the subject. I will bet something handsome that you will fall in love with a widow yet. But good evening, I must go and make myself killing; for beside the widow, there will be lots of pretty girls at Mrs. Empton's to-night; and I always, for the honor of the buttons, look handsome."

This conversation was held at Shirley's room, where he was sitting, lazily improvising on the guitar, when Ellery gave the invitation. Though not a woman-hater, as his friend had stated, yet, from his retiring habits, he did not often seek the society of the ladies. When released from official duty, he preferred enjoying himself with books, music, and male friends; and this induced some of his brother officers to bestow upon him the cognomen of "woman-hater."

"Where's the friend you promised to bring?" inquired Mrs. Martin of Ellery. "I must confess that I have quite a curiosity to behold Lieut. Shirley, after all you have been telling me of him."

"I regret exceedingly not being able to redeem my promise," he replied; "but a prior engagement prevented me from so doing. How I do wish you would enter into a little innocent plot of mine against him for a week or so. Say yes, like the child's bargain, before I tell you."

"No, excuse me, Mr. Ellery—I shall do no such thing. Tell me, what is your plot?"

"Tell me, too, Mr. Ellery," said a young lady of about twenty, who approached, and whose merry eye betokened a kindred spirit to his own—"tell me too, and I will answer for it that sister Juliette enters heart and soul into your plans, whatever they may be."

"I shall be thousands-fold indebted to you, Miss Jennie," said Ellery. "Well, now for my plot, or rather the outline of it, if you will accept my arm to lead you to that easy seat, for I must confess I should like some woman wit to perfect my ideas."

"None of your plots and conspiracies for me; I'll have none of them," said Mrs. Martin, the widow, as she left them to obey her sum's previous request for music, and when she must leave her, seated at the fine-toned piano, discoursing most excellent music, and holding her audience enthralled as if by magic. As for Ellery and Jennie they had "no music in their souls"—at least, for the time, and were therefore the better fitted for "treasons, stratagems and plots;" in which, we leave them engaged.

I am sure, reader, had you seen Juliette Martin, you, like Ellery, would have called her "a bewitching little widow." Her delicate form, her beautiful eye of light hazel, her brown hair, nearly approaching flaxen, needed not the cherry mouth, or complexion like the sunny side of a peach, to set her down at once as a beauty. Then her manner, too, was so soft, so insinuating that you could not choose but love her. She had married at her father's command, a man whom she highly esteemed, if she did not love with a young girl's romantic fervor, and whose sudden death had left her with an infant daughter, and a competency alone in the world at the age of twenty-one. Many offers of marriage had already been refused by her, although she never asserted that she did not intend marrying again.

Jennie Martin, her husband's young sister, was now on a visit to her; she resided with her aunt, Mrs. Empton, and from her gay, cheerful disposition, had been called "the favorite with every one of their social circle."

The plot disclosed by Ellery was now entirely revealed by Jennie to her sister-in-law, at bed time; although she obtained from her the somewhat reluctant promise of allowing her to persecute the widow for a few days, with the excuse beginning the next morning, with an assurance planned to the country.

"I do not ask you to rob, sister Juliette," said the merry girl, "only to unmask me. I wish to tease that young fellow, somehow or other, for a pretty little speech of his that has come to my ears."

"But I will not lend my aid in the least, if any one will be injured by your frolic," said Mrs. Martin.

"I beg you not to frighten yourself in the slightest," returned Jennie. "No one, I assure you can be harmed."

"Well, only for a few days, Jennie. I

think, however, you should let me into the secret, when you take my name."

"No, no; bid-a-wee," said Jennie. "I will promise you a merry laugh, one of these days, for its use."

Thus ended their conversation. The next morning Ellery came before breakfast, to beg leave to bring a friend to take the fourth seat in their carriage; which was the more readily granted, as Mrs. Empton had already started with little Annie Martin and the essentials to where the picnic was to take place. Dear old Mrs. Empton—she was certainly the nicest old lady on earth for a picnic; always ready to attend to that most necessary part, the "catfings," but, withal, so deaf, that never a word of any thing did she hear, unless shouted through her ear trumpet.

About ten, the ladies were waiting their beaus. Ellery soon arrived, and oh, "miserable deities!" accompanied by Shirley, whom, by some powerful eloquence, he had pressed into the service. In the hurry of setting out, and misled also by Ellery's description, it is not to be wondered at he mistook Jennie for the widow; whilst the girlish-looking blonde answered his own idea of Miss Martin. He, therefore, true to his prejudice, left to Ellery the task of entertaining her—the widow with the merry black eye—whilst he was himself enjoying the bewitching smiles and sweet toned warbling of his fair *ris-a-vis* Juliette.

I am sorry that we can only offer you such poor fare, for your first dinner party with us, Mr. Shirley, said Jennie, in her assumed character, "but a hearty welcome and our company is the extent you must expect."

This, of course, brought forth a polite disclaimer from the gentleman, and with more truth than the generality of such speeches, for in the mile over which they had passed, he began to think the widow's sister, at least, was particularly so exacting, and by no means sudden stoppage of the carriage, and the hurried exclamation from the driver, "open the door, Mr. Ellery, quick, please, and get the ladies out!" showed that something was amiss. The widow screamed as she clung to Ellery's arm; and even at the time of danger, Shirley could not but admire the calmness of the beautiful Juliette, for so he had heard her called, as she entered the carriage to take her seat.

It was found that one of the horses had got his foot over the trace; and was already rearing and plunging so as to make the carriage very unsafe. After some trouble they succeeded in extricating him; but as both the horses continued very unruly, the ladies proposed walking to their destination. So, forth they set, *en route*; the widow *pro tem*, on the arm of Ellery, and Juliette following with Shirley, chatting and laughing.

Insensibly Shirley's conversation with his fair companion took a deeper tone, for their path led through a thick forest, where the tall, stately trees, like the pillars in some old hall-wooded minister, shed their peculiar fragrance on every passing breeze that swept through their shade. Ellery and his lady were far ahead, always so exacting, and by no means dependent. There is certainly an exquisite charm in the timid reserve of this fair Juliette. Methinks I shall begin to play the *Romeo* in very truth; for I wish, even now, that I might be a glove upon that hand, so that I could kiss her cheek!

And Juliette, to judge from the bright smiles flitting her soft cheeks, and the interested look which she turned upon his face, ever and anon, was equally well pleased with her escort. What a delightful listener he found her. He felt so pleased with her—with himself—with the whole world, when they arrived safe at their destination that Shirley was ready to declare it a perfect Paradise, and felt himself tempted to utter some such nonsensical speech to her, so entirely bewitched was he by the charm of her manner. In fact, woman-hater as his friend styled him, there was not a more susceptible being on earth than this same retiring young man; so he played the game into their own hands, a *merveille*. They found Mrs. Empton, "on hospitable thoughts intent," busy in setting out to the best advantage their dinner; whilst near them lay the little cherub, Annie, fast asleep. Shirley, the more readily answered the question, "Did you ever see such a beauty?" from his supposed mother, as he imagined he detected a striking resemblance to Juliette, who was kneeling to kiss the soft lips of the sleeping babe; and his look and tone would have satisfied the fond heart of any mother, as he replied, "she is an angel!" and also stooped to kiss her lips.

Ellery and Jennie seemed determined to enjoy each other's society for that day at least; and thus Juliette and Shirley were thrown upon their own resources. They, however, appeared well content, for he had told her all his adventures "by flood and field;" whilst she was almost ready to exclaim with the gentle *Desdemona*, "that she loved him for the dangers he had passed."

What a delightful day it was to all, and especially to Shirley. The former, though plain, appeared to him delicious; and what laughs the absence of many conveniences caused!—How beautiful did Juliette seem in his eyes, as she held the little Annie in her lap, feeding her from her plate, though begged by the sister not to tease herself with the child, but to give her to the nurse. Shirley could not refrain sharing with the dear child some of the dainty little *pate* to which his neighbor had helped him.

"There, there! That will do, Mr. Shirley. I beg you will not give her any more. Carry her away, Lucy, or these good people will kill her with kindness." Thus was she borne off, notwithstanding her entreaties to stay with "mamma." Shirley had another fault to set down against the widow—her thoughtless unconcern towards her beautiful child, as she sat smiling, chatting, flirting so carelessly with Ellery, whilst Juliette went away occasionally to see if the little one was properly attended to.

Alone amidst they set out on their return, and the drive back was delightful as the morning rambled, as they watched the early stars peeping forth, and he listening to tones that to him seemed sweet as the rippling music of the summer rills. He had in truth, begun to see everything *couleur de rose*.

Then the evening was as happy for him as the whole day had been; for the ladies insisted that their escort should enter and spend it with them. When the tea was handed round,

Shirley had the supreme felicity of putting sugar and cream into Juliette's cup, and better still, of setting near her for several hours. Then, too, when tea was over, she was his antagonist at chess; and he looked with delight on her taper fingers, looking still whiter by contrast with the red pieces she moved so daintily and skillfully over the board. Her delightful voice was still lingering on his ear as he closed his eyes in sleep, no other train of thought had broken the enchantment.

His friend and himself did not talk much as they wended their way home that night; but Shirley was not quite so morose as to decline his friend's invitation, given at parting, "What say you to calling on the ladies tomorrow, to see if they have recovered from their fatigue?"

The next day they did indeed call, and paid them an unobsequious visit—if one can trust Miss Henderson's account, who lived opposite, and who actually lost the whole morning, peeping through the blinds to see when they would leave. And the next day, and again the next, Shirley had an ever-ready excuse for calling. To-day, it was, "I must take those drawings I promised," at other times, "I have a piece of music which I must take," or a new book; till at last, grown bolder, he made no excuse at all, but visited there quite *en famille*—or, to use the prying neighbor's expression, as she watched with envious eyes, the comings and goings of the handsome lieutenant—"he had hung up his hat there for a dead certainty."

One morning he sat with his friend Ellery—it was two weeks since the opening of the story—in the same room; and his face now was as listless as then, but wore a preoccupied and rather troubled look, as turning with a sigh to his friend, who was watching the wreaths of smoke curling over his head from his cigar, he said:

"What do you think will be my chance for success with Miss Martin?"

"One morning he sat with his friend Ellery—it was two weeks since the opening of the story—in the same room; and his face now was as listless as then, but wore a preoccupied and rather troubled look, as turning with a sigh to his friend, who was watching the wreaths of smoke curling over his head from his cigar, he said:

"What do you think will be my chance for success with Miss Martin?"

"Miss Martin?" replied Ellery, with a provoking smile, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar deliberately against his boot, "why, to be plain with you, my dear fellow, I think you have but a slight chance. Take my advice—far better try the widow."

"Oh, hang the widow!" exclaimed Shirley. "But, joking aside, why do you think so? She appears to like me; and, without vanity, I may be considered handsome and agreeable enough for any girl, with an unoccupied heart, to love; more especially when I woo."

"Ah! yes. But there's the rub, Shirley.—The unoccupied heart! There is no apartment 'to let' in that heart, I flatter myself; at least if I can trust to woman's vows, as I am inclined to do in this case."

"What do you mean, Ellery? That you love her—and that she—Pshaw!"

"You may 'psaw' as much as you like, Sir Irresistible, but 'tis true, notwithstanding; I am myself engaged to that very same Miss Martin!"

"For once in your life be serious, Ellery, if you can."

"Serious! Well, if you do not take my word, I'll swear to it, Shirley. And if you still doubt me, go and ask her yourself; I give you leave. But you had better take a friend's advice, and inform the widow of your matrimonial proposals whilst in the spirit."

Shirley came very near saying that which were better left unsaid, as he rose from his chair and passed up and down the room. Ellery sat smiling to himself, as he cast down. If you can't get Miss Martin, take Mrs. Martin. "One of the name is as good as the same," as the old saying has it, and I really believe she has a fancy for you."

He did not stop to hear his friend's answer, as he left the room with a laugh. Shirley continued his walk—now rapidly, then stopping, again fast—till he came to a dead halt in front of a window.

"Impossible! There is no truth in this world if it exists not in Juliette Martin. I have heard her express an opinion concerning Ellery, and even laugh at him, which no woman ever does at one she loves. I will go, by George, and ask her indeed. If 'tis true, then will I never trust woman-kind again!"

And, walking to the glass, he brushed his locks as carefully as ever did one of the weaker sex; and then, taking his gloves and hat, started for Mrs. Empton's.

His own heart was thumping as loudly as an old-fashioned knocker to his nervous rap as he stood on the door-step. He was ushered into the comfortable parlour, where the sun's rays came slyly in through the closed blinds, playing at hide and seek with the roses of the carpet, and where the red, glowing light from the fire fell on the bright face of Juliette, as she sat on a low ottoman, playing with the curly-headed Annie, whose silver laugh was echoed by the mellow, cheerful one of her mother. There was no one else in the room. After the morning salutations, Shirley said:

"Has not Ellery been here?"

"Yes," she replied; "he and my sister are out visiting."

Shirley moved his chair closer to the low ottoman. "Excuse me," he said, "if I ask you one question, and do not, I beg, deem it impertinent; I entreat you to answer me frankly, for I assure you my whole earthly happiness depends on the answer. Are you really engaged to Ellery?"

"Who! I, Mr. Shirley? You must be dreaming!" said Juliette, and she opened her large dark eyes still larger in her surprise, her face and neck coloring deeply as she met his glance.

"There is some mistake in this," muttered Shirley. "He told me, this morning, that he was engaged to you, and bid me ask you to convince myself."

"Why, the man must be crazed, surely. Yet I wonder still more at you in believing him. You to whom—and again the face was bent over Annie's ringlets, to hide the tears welling up in those eyes, whilst the child sat demurely listening, as if bound to recollect each and every word."

"I did not—I do not now believe him," said Shirley; "though he told me that he was engaged to Miss Martin."

A merry laugh broke from her lips, as she quickly raised her face, still crimsoned with bright blushes. "Ah, yes, I see it all now," she said. "He really is engaged to Miss Martin. But who on earth do you take me for?"

"For Miss Martin, of course—Miss Juliette, was the amazed reply.

"I am Mrs. Martin, and the mother of this little girl," she replied; and she stooped to kiss Annie, for she was sadly afraid the laugh would again break forth, such a bewildered face met her view.

It would be impossible to delineate the different emotions that chased one another thro' Shirley's mind, as he thus sat gazing up the graceful creature, as she sat in that rich light. Pride, shame, a wee bit of anger, at being thus duped by Ellery. But high above all, the enduring, struggle for mastery. Of course, the last conquered; and the little cherub, sitting on her mother's knee, listened to a declaration as ardent and impassioned as the heart which prompted it.

What she replied I leave to the reader's imagination; but when Jennie and Ellery entered from their visit, they found them sitting *tele-a-tele* and smiling. All was explained, Jennie and her fiancé magnanimously taking the blame, while Shirley, in his happiness, readily pardoned the plotters who had been the means of giving him such a store of present felicity.

BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.

The terrible reality foreshadowed for some days of the burning of the steamship Austria, has been fully confirmed. The Austria sailed from Hamburg on the 2d, and from Southampton on the 4th, with about 500 passengers. Including officers and crew, there were 600 persons on board. She had bad weather until the 12th, when it became more favorable, and all were expecting to reach New York by the 15th. At 2 p. m., of the 13th, a fire broke out in the forward stowage, occasioned by the upsetting of some burning tar, used in fumigating the ship. A panic arose instantly, and scarcely an attempt was made to extinguish the flames. She was running head to wind, and the fire ran aft rapidly, bursting out amidships soon after, when the magazine exploded, whereby it was supposed the engines were suffocated. The helmsman for a few minutes put the ship aback, but was probably soon driven from the wheel by heat and smoke, when the ship became unmanageable. Two boats were let down, and immediately swamped. The mass of the passengers crowded on the poop, and the vessel heading up to the wind the flames and smoke enveloped them on every side. Here the scene was terrible; all hands vanished. Husbands and wives, parents and children, leaped into the sea locked in each other's arms, many of the women with their clothes on fire, to escape a more frightful death. Two men succeeded in reaching a swamped boat, but were soon left behind the steamer. In half an hour the only persons remaining alive on the Austria were some 30 or 40 who had crowded out upon the bowsprit. Fortunately the French bark, Maurice, Captain Ernest Renaud, discovered the burning ship and hastened to the succor of the survivors. Before dark she succeeded in rescuing 40 persons, mainly from the bowsprit, a few being picked up in the water. At 8 o'clock a boat came up with 23 more, making altogether 67 persons taken on board the Maurice, of whom 57 were passengers. Twelve of those saved were known to have been saved, and some of them were very badly burned. The next morning the Maurice sailed for Fayal on the 14th, and the same day fell in with the bark Lotus, Captain Trefly, bound for Halifax. Twelve of those saved from the Austria were put on board the Lotus arriving at Halifax on Sunday afternoon. It is from these that we get our accounts. On arriving at Halifax, ten of the twelve were received by the Captain of the propeller Prince Albert, who offered them a passage to New York. They sailed for that port on Sunday afternoon.

SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.

The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if thrown to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses so graceful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called therein to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will burn the throat, and scald the mouth, when congealed into snow; so that Capt. Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted, it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts slowly in the mouth is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Blackwood.*

THE FILLIBUSTERS IN MOTION.

It is now stated, with no little confidence, that General Walker, the celebrated filibuster, is on his way to Nicaragua, at the head of several hundred men. Arms and ammunition have already gone forward, and the force is to land from the Pacific side. Rumors of a similar character have been in circulation for some time, but they attracted little or no attention. They have now, however, assumed a tangible form, the Government having been duly apprized of the movement. The result it is impossible to imagine. The last expedition of Walker was a signal failure, for he was arrested and sent back, before he was fairly in operation. But he succeeded in escaping conviction at New Orleans, and appears to be determined to try his fortune once more. Whatever may be thought of this adventurer in other respects, he possesses indomitable energy, and it is to be regretted that his talents are not devoted to a more praiseworthy cause.

A NEW AND BROAD PLATFORM.

The South Carolina *Guardian* publishes a platform for the approaching campaign. The principal plank is the dissolution of the American Union, the perfect independence of the cotton growing States, and the establishment and rigid enforcement of a non-intercourse act, cutting off all communication and trade between the people of the Northern States and the entire Southern section.

TERRIFIC ADVENTURE.

From the Louisville, Kentucky, Journal.

At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark, deep and terrible, known as the Maclstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst bengol-lights were thrown down to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever ventured to explore it. The celebrated guide Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the cave if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago, a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared do, and making his arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope a hundred feet, but at that point his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman of Louisville, whose name is never mentioned at morning papers, being at the Mammoth Cave with Professor Wright, of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the danger and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maclstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength, expressly for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rocks that would be likely to fall at the touch. Several were thus dislodged, and the long continued reverberations, rising up like distant thunder, from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit, and directed the half dozen men who held the end of the rope, to let him down into Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally a mass of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge from which, as judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he descended by the side of the falling water, and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about 18 feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex, of immense size, vastly larger than any ever discovered in any part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Resolute to do this, he gave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 100 or 200 yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth.

Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but not being able to swing himself into it, he fastened the rope exactly to the mouth of the first, and himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope, being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit and one hundred from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the mouth of which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above and still more awful to him below ensued. To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Professor Wright, from over exertion and excitement, fainted and remained for a time insensible. The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maclstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.

The young adventurer was the eldest son of the editor of the *Journal*—William Courtland Prentice.

SWAPPING WIVES.

The Danville, Virginia, *Transcript* says: A friend informs us that an occurrence in Patrick county came to his knowledge a few days since, which we consider decidedly rich. Two of the citizens of that go-ahead State, having each about a dozen children, concluded to make a swap of an unheard-of character. One proposed to exchange wives, but the other thinking his wife the most likely woman, said he must have something to boot. It was finally agreed that the one should give the other two and a half bushels of potatoes, and the swap was made by this, which doubt not, is a fact to which our friend can furnish vouchers.

Col. Forney was in New York a few days ago, and some of his old friends, who hold office under the Government, entertained him. And now it is said that their heads are to fall for the offence. The President seems to be digging down to new depths of meanness every day.

MORE PUBLIC PLUNDER.

The tremendous estimate of five millions of dollars for the expenses of the Oregon War, that nobody ever heard of until the claim was presented in Congress, has already been regarded as a mystery. The Washington *States* promises ere long to unravel it. It says certain facts have come to light to enable it "before the meeting of Congress, to show up, in its true light, this monstrous claim on the Treasury of the United States, amounting to over \$5,000,000. A combination of men, in high and low positions, composed of bankers, and it is said Senators, and their abettors, are getting, or have already got, the control of this immense claim, and will attempt to force it through Congress at the next session. These speculators, we understand, have had their agents at work in Oregon, buying up the different claims against the Government, based on the most extravagant rates, for a few cents on the dollar." We have never doubted that this Oregon War was a bogus affair solely for the benefit of a few speculators in public plunder. The promised disposition of the States will be looked for with curiosity. The people have ceased to feel any anxiety upon such subjects. Like the cat that got used to being skinned, they are perfectly accustomed to see the Treasury plundered under the present Administration at Washington.

A SHORT MR. RE PLENDER.

The Rev. Mr. Derrvel, a pious and curious old Methodist minister, went from Tennessee to Kentucky, in 1812, to visit his relative, the Hon. William Bolton. The man was not a religious man, but was a gentleman, and invited the minister to have family worship every evening. While he was visiting there, Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, arrived to pass the night, and Mr. Bolton being a little embarrassed, said to the old minister as he brought out the Bible, that he had better be short, as the Judge was probably not accustomed to such things.

"Very well, very well," said he; and reading a single verse, he knelt down and prayed.

"O Lord, we are very poor and needy creatures, and we know thou art able to supply all our wants, but Cousin William says that Judge Cone and his wife from Nashville are here, and are not used to family worship, and however needy we are, there is no time to spare in telling thee our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all aback, and so was Cousin William. They both pressed the old gentleman to conduct the services in his own way, which he did, to their great edification.

RISKING A BEND.

A good thing occurred at Warren between an old Democratic lumberman and Senator Bigler, the morning after the latter made his recent speech there. The Court room had been very warm, and just at the point in his speech where Mr. Bigler was trying to justify his own and Gillis' votes in favor of Le-compton, the sweat poured off of him in fine style. The next morning, the old lumberman remarked to Mr. B. that he had been up at warm last night. Senator Bigler replied that he was very warm indeed, it was very oppressive. "But," said the Lumberman, "you should have done as we do on the river in a hard job, take your coat off." "Did you always take your coat off?" said Bigler rather patronizingly. "Well, not always," said he, "but we always do in a tight spot—when we're in a short bend!"

HOW TO KEEP POOR.

Buy two glasses of ale every day, at five cents each, amounting in one year to \$36.50; smoke three cigars, one after each meal, counting up in the course of a year to \$54.75; keep a big dog which will consume in the course of a year at least \$15 worth of provisions, and a cat \$4 more—altogether this amounts to the snug little sum of \$110.25—sufficient to buy several barrels of flour, one hundred bushels of coal, one barrel of sugar, one sack of coffee, a good coat, a respectable dress, and a frock for the baby, besides a half a dozen pairs of shoes—more or less. Just think of it!

A STRONG VERDICT.

A strong verdict was rendered by a coroner's jury and is now on file in the clerk's office in one of the counties of Iowa. It is in these words:

"We find the deceased came to his death by a visitation of God, and not by the hands of violence. We find upon the body a pocket book, containing \$2, a check on Fletcher's Bank for \$250, and two horses, a wagon, and some butter, eggs, and feathers."

The inquiring mind imagines the size of the pocket book, and the capacity of the pocket in which the horses were stabled.

COPPER-HEAD SNAKE.

Evacuated from a Child's Stomach.—The Cleveland, Ohio, *Review* says that a few days since a son of Capt. Connelly, about fourteen years of age, was relieved by passage through his bowels, of a "copper-head snake," a foot and a half long. How it found its way into his stomach is a matter of conjecture merely. The boy for a long time had a ravenous appetite which excited notice, and had frequently spoken of feeling "something crawling in his body."

PARSON BROWNLOW.

The quack parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, after his recent discussion on slavery with Fryne, at Philadelphia, has given it up as a bad job, and has gone home. After all the boasting of Brownlow, that he would travel through all the Northern States and show us the blessings of slavery, he has been compelled in his first effort, and has been disappointed to speak home, leaving no favorable impression of his power as a debator, or of the institution which he defends, upon the public mind.

HOW TO STOP BLOOD.

Take the fine dust of tea, or the scrapings of the inside of tanned leather, and bind it close upon the wound, and blood will soon cease to flow. These articles are at all times accessible, and easy to be obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions will save agitation of mind, and running for the surgeon, who would probably make no better prescription if present.—*Scientific Amer.*

IT IS STATED.

It is stated that the actual statistics show that during the last fifty years, the number of members of the evangelical churches in the United States, has increased from four hundred thousand to three million and a half, being an increase of eight-fold; while our population has increased four-fold.

MOVING FOR A NEW TRIAL.

—courting a second wife.