

Ruffian's

BY S. B. ROW.

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For the Raftman's Journal.

"SO, FORGET ME!"

"Go, forget me!" while I languish
For a word—a smile from thee—
While I hide the bitter anguish,
That the world may never see!

While with grief my heart is breaking—
While I feel the bitter smart
Of a false one thus forsaking
This too fond and faithful heart!

"Go, forget me!" Still my blessing
Shall forever follow thee!
Mem'ries of thy fond caressing,
Still shall soothe and comfort me!

H. C. W.

MATRIMONIAL STRATAGEM.

A FIRST-RATE STORY.

Mrs. Benson was fat, fair, and forty-four, when her husband, a soap-boiler in very good circumstances, was called from his life-task of contributing to the general purification of mankind. Mrs. Benson took refuge from her grief in a pretty cottage situated on the principal street in the town of G.

At first she was inconsolable; and she used to say, with solemn emphasis which carried conviction to the hearts of her hearers, that nothing but the thoughts of Florence would have prevented her from terminating her existence by the intervention of poison.

Mrs. Benson was in no small degree indebted to her daughter—since in less than three months she threw aside her mourning, and became as lively as ever.

Touching Florence, she had now reached the mature age of nineteen, and began to think herself marriageable. She was quite pretty, and tolerably well accomplished, so that her wishes in that respect were very likely to be fulfilled.

Just over the way lived Squire Markham, the village lawyer, just verging upon fifty, with his son Charles, who was about half his age. Being a young man of agreeable exterior, the latter was quite a favorite with the young ladies in the neighborhood, and considered, in common parlance, quite a "catch."

As yet, however, his affections had never been seriously engaged, and might have remained so, had it not been for the sudden apparition, one morning, of Florence Benson, riding on horse-back.

It struck him at once that she was remarkably graceful, and really quite pretty. Thereupon he cultivated her acquaintance with increased assiduity, and after a while asked the fatal question.

Florence answered in the affirmative, and, instead of referring him dutifully to her mother, hinted (being a romantic young lady) how charming it would be to steal away to the next town and get married, without anybody being the wiser.

Charles Markham caught at this hint, which chimed with his own temperament, and he resolved to adopt it.

In order that it might be carried out with perfect success, it was resolved to seem indifferent to each other until the day fixed, in order to ward off any suspicion which otherwise might be aroused.

So well were these arrangements carried out, that Mrs. Benson had no suspicion of what was going on.

Not so with Squire Markham. He had obtained a clue to the affair in some manner, so that he not only discovered the fact of the elopement, but even the very day on which it was to occur.

"Sly dog, that Charles," thought he to himself, as he sat down before the fire in his dressing-gown and smoking-cup, leisurely puffing away at a choice Havana. "But I don't wonder at it; he only takes after me. Still, I owe him something for keeping it so secret from me. It would be a good joke, if I were a little younger, to cut him out and marry her in spite of him."

Squire Markham, who was one of those jovial widowers who take life as it comes, mused more and more on this idea, struck out by chance, as it were, until he really began to think it worth something.

"After all," shouted he, "I am not so old, either, or at least the ladies say so, and they ought to be good judges in such matters. I have been a bachelor a good while, and ought to have found out before this how much more comfortable it would be to have a pretty wife to welcome me home, and do the honors of my table, and to help me keep that rascal Charles in order. Egad! I've half a mind to do it."

Squire Markham took two more whiffs, and exclaimed:

"I vow I'll do it!"

What this mysterious it was, we will leave the reader to infer from his very next movement. Ringing the bell, he inquired of the servant:

"Is Charles at home?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "he went out this morning, and will be gone all day."

"Humph! that'll do. So much the better for my purposes," thought the lawyer, alone.

"Now I shall have the ground left to myself. Let me see: the rascal intends running away next Thursday evening, and to-day is Monday. Nothing like striking when the iron is hot. I'll write to her in his name, telling her that I have altered my mind, and will go just at dark to-morrow night. She won't suspect anything until the knot is tied, and then what a laugh we shall have!"

Squire Markham did not consider that it might make a little difference with the bride expectant. He considered it a capital joke on his son, but looked no further. He accordingly drew his writing materials towards him, and indited the following epistle:

"DEAREST FLORENCE:—I find the day fixed for our elopement on some accounts objectionable, and would like, with your permission, to substitute to-morrow evening. If I hear nothing from you, I shall infer that your assent to this arrangement. I shall have in the readiness under the old oak tree at half-past eight o'clock. You can walk there without attracting suspicion, and as there will be no moon, we shall be able to carry out our plans without fear of discovery. I am happy to say that the governor doesn't suspect in the least that a daughter-in-law is in store for him.—Won't he be ashamed?"

"Your devoted, CHARLEY."

"Egad!" said Squire Markham, laughing, "that isn't bad, especially about humbugging me. Charley couldn't have done any better himself."

So saying, he sealed it up and sent it over by a little Irish boy in his employment, having first marked "private" in the corner.

"Be careful, Mike, to give it to Miss Benson,

and don't let any one else see it," was the parting injunction.

Mrs. Benson was sitting in her quiet parlor, casting her eyes over a late number of a magazine. Florence being absent on a shopping excursion, she was left alone. The ringing of the bell brought her to the door. With surprise she saw that the person who rung the bell was Mike, Squire Markham's boy of all work.

"Please, ma'am," said he holding out the missive, "a letter for Miss Benson, an' it's very particular that nobody else should see it."

The air of mystery conveyed in this characteristic address, aroused Mrs. Benson's curiosity, especially when she observed that it was addressed to her daughter and not herself, as she supposed. She returned to the parlor—not to read the magazine, that had lost its attraction.

"What in the world can it be," she thought, "that should be so secret about it? Can Florence be carrying on a clandestine correspondence? It may be something that I ought to know."

Stimulated by her feminine curiosity, Mrs. Benson speedily concluded that she would be wise to read the contents of a parent if she did not unravel the mystery.

"Here's pretty doings!" she exclaimed, as soon as she could recover breath. "So Florence was going to run away and get married to that Charles Markham, without so much as hinting a word to me!"

She leaned her head upon her hand and began to consider. She was naturally led to think of her own marriage with the late Mr. Benson, and the happiness of her wedded life, and she could not help heaving a sigh at the recollection.

"Am I always to remain thus solitary?" she thought. "I have half a mind not to show this letter to Florence, but to run away with Charles to-morrow night on my own account. It's odd if I can't persuade him that the mother is as good as the daughter, and she glanced complacently at the still attractive face and form reflected from the mirror."

Just then she heard the door open, and Florence entered. She quickly crumpled up the letter and thrust it in her pocket. Florence and Charles did not meet during the succeeding day, chiefly in pursuance of the plan they had agreed to, in order to avoid suspicion.

Squire Markham acted in an exceedingly strange manner, to his son's thinking. Occasionally he would burst into a hoarse laugh, which he would endeavor to suppress, and pace up and down the room, as if to walk off some of his superabundant hilarity.

"What's in the wind?" thought Charles to himself. "It can't be that the governor's getting crazy." Something was the matter, beyond a doubt. But what it really was, he had not the faintest conception.

At length, however, the Squire had his carriage drawn up at the appointed rendezvous. He began to peer anxiously into the dark for Florence. At length a female form, well muffled up, made its appearance. Thinking her, in a very low whisper, lest it might be suspected that he was the wrong person, he helped her into the carriage and drove off.

During the first part of the journey nothing was said. Both parties were desirous of concealing their identity. At length Squire Markham, considering that after all he could not marry the lady without her consent, and that the discovery must be made before the marriage, decided to reveal himself, and then urge his own suit as well as he might.

"My dear Miss Florence," he said, in his natural voice.

"Why!" shrieked the lady, "I thought it was Charles!"

"And I," said Squire Markham, recognizing Mrs. Benson's voice with astonishment, "it is I, Florence!"

"Was it you, sir, who was arranging to elope with my daughter?"

"No, but I conclude it was you, ma'am, who was meaning to elope with my son."

"Indeed, Squire Markham, you are wrong. The affair coming incidentally to my knowledge, I concluded to take her place secretly, in order to frustrate her plans."

"Egad! the very idea had myself," said the Squire, laughing; "but the fact is, ma'am, we've both of us been confoundedly sold, and the mischief of it is, I have left a letter for Charles, letting him know it; so undoubtedly he will take the opportunity to run off with Florence during our absence, and plume himself, the rascal, on the way in which I was taken in."

At the appointed time the clergyman entered the drawing-room, and, while awaiting the lady, took up a beautiful volume of Horace, his favorite classic, from the centre-table; surveyed it with an inquisitive eye, and, in a most tasteful criticism, in a female hand, his woe increased when the object of his kind efforts appearing, confessed herself the author; an animated conversation ensued, and so interested was the visitor in the novel experiment of a learned discussion with one of the gentler sex, that he was not at first aware that she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to him and her manner exhibited a sudden improvement; raising his eyes in perturbation, he perceived that she had caught sight in the mirror of a face peering through the slightly open door, at his back, which, at his quick movement, was instantly withdrawn. Though naturally of an unsuspecting temper, he felt a glow of indignation at the mere idea of having had his confidence and the benevolence of his friends abused, and laying down the money, took a formal and somewhat abrupt leave. It so happened that his next engagement was at the studio of a fashionable artist, to whom he was sitting for his picture. While arranging his colors, the painter recalled his subject on the absent mood he was in, whereupon the clergyman described the scene he had just passed through, and the unpleasant doubts it had excited in his mind.

The artist grew serious in a moment, and asked for a particular description of the lady; he then begged his auditor not to speak of the matter until he had heard from him, as a clue to the mystery had suggested itself.

The "indigent lady" was one of Burr's creatures; she confessed to having, at his instigation, planned to entrap the clergyman, and compromise his position, in order to revenge the bitter humbly launched years before at the destroyer of Hamilton.

Our limits do not allow us to make so extended extracts from this article as we would wish. We have only room for the closing passage:

When he lay in his cradle, his mother wrotes: "Aaron is very sly and resolute, and eight years after, when was passing away, he spoke politely of dying 'game,' herein we

AARON BURR.

The *Southern Literary Messenger* for the current month has very ably and interestingly written an article on Aaron Burr. The paper bears internal evidence of being the work of Henry T. Tuckerman. The following anecdotes from the essay are new, and are commended to the readers' attention:—

One of the most distinctly remembered journeys of our boyhood was to the British provinces, returning via Maine. One summer day, at the hotel in Portland, with the urbanity which distinguishes old-school landlords, the host came into the parlor, exclaiming:

"Come here, my lad, I've something to show you." Accompanying him to the porch, he pointed out the erect and somewhat diminutive figure of a man, whose round, low hat, plainly-cut, millberry-colored frock-coat and immovable aspect, suggested, at the first glance, the idea of a Quaker; hair of snowy whiteness, a good profile and keen eye, were not obvious; he stood at an angle of the street, and people continually passed him; he looked straight forward, whether in reverie or expectancy did not appear. "Mark him well," said Boniface, "you will hear of him when you are older; that is Aaron Burr, who shot General Hamilton."

From that moment, an ardent curiosity to know the details of the event, and a permanent association therewith of the staid, venerable and solitary figure, of which we had caught this vivid glimpse, gave a "local habitation" in our memory to the name of the second Vice President of the United States. Accordingly, no opportunity was lost for gaining anecdotes of one of the few historical personages visible to juvenile eyes. These were singularly at variance with each other, yet all characteristic.

A medical cotemporary of the old man told us how startled he was, when administering to a dying patient on a wintry night, to have his vigil disturbed by the entrance of a gentleman, whose costume and greeting were thoroughly courtier-like; he was followed by a negro, bearing a tray with wine and soup, covered with a napkin; the box of the telescope outside, the lateness of the hour, the contrast of the apartment and the abject misery of the patient—who, though highly connected, was an outcast, because of a long career of improvidence and dissipation—struck the good doctor as highly dramatic; and this impression was enhanced when the unexpected visitor pronounced himself as Colonel Burr, well known to have been the boon companion of the dying man when he lived by his wits abroad, and indulged in a "lark" at home.

"Poor Bill!" said the courteous comrade; "can nothing be done for him?"

He received a negative reply with perfect composure, regarded the sufferer a while, and then went through an elaborate farewell to the physician, leaving on that worthy's mind a bewildering impression of charitable intentions and heartless cruelty.

In direct contrast with this amiable phase of character was the next personal reminiscence we heard. Among the many funeral sermons elicited by Hamilton's death, one delivered by a Philadelphia clergyman was remarkable for the severe anathemas pronounced upon his antagonist. As a specimen of rhetorical invective, the discourse became famous, and was largely quoted in the journals and disseminated through the country. Many years after, its author received a letter appealing to him, as the almoner of many wealthy denizens in the city of brotherly love, to furnish pecuniary aid in a case where the previous high standing and prosperity of the individual (represented as an accomplished lady) made a more public application offensive both to pride and delicacy. The clergyman promptly called at the physician, leaving on that worthy's mind a bewildering impression of charitable intentions and heartless cruelty.

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have the clue to the whole labyrinth of his existence; pluck, duplicity, and engaging manners were his armor, creed, instincts, reliance; not without efficiency at crimes and for temporary ends, admirable means of success in war and intrigue, but the most undesirable combination for permanent and satisfactory triumphs—alien to the manly trust, to the frank enjoyment, and to the moral security wherein true fame and genuine love are always entrenched. They account for all that Burr did and failed to do; for his reputation as a young soldier; his success in gallantry; his attainment of the second office in the gift of the people, after only four years' political probation; and the total loss of the confidence of his party in almost the same brief period of time; for his ill-starred Mexican expedition for his generosity, as a donor and his unreliability as a debtor, for the suspicion he excited in men, and the favor he won from women, for the cool premeditation of his duel, and his indifference to consequences—moral, social, and physical; for his derogation of Washington, and his admiration of French philosophers, for his frivolous talk and his studied manners, for his fortitude and his skepticism, for his legal shrewdness, and social plausibility, for his agreeability in the *salon* and his lonely old age, for his self-reliance and irreverent spirit, his fascination and his fate.

The Overland Route.

The new overland route from California, which has just been opened, will no doubt become a permanent thoroughfare for emigrants and passengers. Those who have an aversion to "going down into the sea in ships"—a feeling likely to be increased by recent marine disasters—will have an opportunity of exchanging the perils incident to salt water excursions, for those of the forests and plains of the wilds of America, where the not always friendly red man holds undisputed sway. That class of people who have a dash of romance in their disposition—who would not give a fig for the brine, but who are grieved by the narrow breadth of the sea, and who are attracted to the prospect of reaching our dominions on the Pacific. The prospect of lurching on the banks of a far-off river—or of riding for whole days under the escort of a guard armed to the teeth with Sharp's rifles and Colt's revolvers, to the disappointment of scattered groups of painted savages skulking in their sylvan hiding places—gives a heroic aspect to the trip. The journey has also many fascinations for the lovers of magnificent scenery—of gigantic mountains—of grand old rivers—and boundless prairies, which glide past the wondering beholder in splendid succession. The St. Louis Republican, in a late issue, publishes the log of a solitary passenger on this new route, who made the journey from that city to San Francisco in the course of some four weeks. The account is highly interesting, and reminds us of the adventures of the pioneer voyagers of the olden time rather than a modern business journey. The postal arrangements for this line contemplate a letter postage of three cents, but excludes newspapers from the mail.

Horrid Massacre.

A horrid affair took place on the night of Oct. 27th, in West Thirtieth street, New York city. Two persons were killed, and five, it is supposed, mortally wounded. The victims are the family of Francis Goulding, Esq., Lumber Merchant, consisting of himself, his wife, two sons, two daughters, and a servant girl. The murderer was the eldest son of Mr. Goulding. He returned home about 11 o'clock, laboring under delirium tremens. Proceeding to the chamber, he got an axe, then went to his father's chamber and attacked him, beating him with skull by several blows from the axe. The father cannot live. Mrs. Goulding, hearing the cries of her husband, rushed from another room to his assistance, but was in turn attacked by the infuriated son and very badly wounded. His two brothers, one three years old and the other fourteen, were next attacked, receiving several blows from the axe. The eldest will not live. His married sister, with a baby in her arms, was the next victim, but she managed to escape without being seriously injured. Two servant girls who had rushed into the hall, were next attacked and so horribly butchered that it is feared neither will live. The assassin finally went to his own chamber, where, after locking himself in, he blew out his brains with a pistol. The Goulding family have held a highly respectable position in the community. Mr. G. is an officer of the Thirtieth St. Methodist Church and is well known.

Who the Deuce was it!

Brown tells us a Vermont story which, he says, is as authentic as the best of the *Post* anecdotes, and certainly nothing more can be required. A respectable gentleman in Windsor county, many years ago, had an ambition to represent his town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good character, and every way able for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks hate him," and was in fact the most unpopular man in town. Going to "Squire X," an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asked his influence; saying that he did not expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X's influence he was sure of being elected. The 'Squire "put in his best jumps" for his man; but when the ballot-box was turned another man was declared elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the votes stood, and learned that he had got just three votes! "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to the 'Squire with a chop-fallen countenance. "Nor I either," said the 'Squire, "I put in my vote; you put in another; but who the deuce put in the third is more than I can imagine!"—*Boston Post.*

DECLARED UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—In the case of the Commonwealth vs. the editors of the 'Workingmen's Advocate,' published in Philadelphia, in Schuykill county, the Court held that the law of libel of 1856 is unconstitutional inasmuch as "no law can contravene or transcend the Constitution of the State. The bill of Rights, which is part of the Constitution, fixes the liberty of the press; and declares in what cases the truth may be given in evidence, thereby prohibiting it in all other cases. But the law of 1856 goes further, and allows it to be given in evidence in all cases. It is an alteration of the Bill of Rights, and therefore to that extent unconstitutional."

"THE SALT, IF YOU PLEASE."

Everybody has a partiality for dinner, and one of the most frequent expressions at a dinner table is the one which forms our caption, and in order that our readers may know something of the substance they are using, we will tell them a few facts about salt. Salt is a chemical compound of twenty-three parts by weight of silver white but soft metal called sodium, discovered by Sir H. Davy in 1807, and thirty-five parts of a pungent, yellowish green gas, called chlorine, discovered by Scheele in 1774—these two combined form this, the most widely diffused and useful of any one compound in the world. It is found in the sea, and in the rocks, from which our principal supply comes. The most wonderful deposits are in Poland and Hungary where it is quarried like a rock, one of the Polish mines having been worked since 1251. These Polish salt mines have heard the groan of many a poor captive, and have seen the last agonies of many a brave man, for until lately, they were worked entirely by the state prisoners of Austria, Russia or Poland, whichever happened to be in power at the time; and once the offender, or fancied hindrance to some other person's advancement, was let down into this subterranean prison, he never saw the light of day again. So salt has its history as well as science. Other large deposits are found in Cheshire, England, where the water is forced down by pipes into the salt, and is again pumped up as brine, which is evaporated and the salt obtained. To such an extent has this been carried that one town in the "salt country," as it is called, has scarcely an upright house in it, all the foundations having sunk with the ground, to fill up the cavity left by the extracted salt.

In Virginia there are beds of salt, and the Salmon Mountains, in Oregon, are capable of affording large quantities of the same material. The brine springs of Salina and Syracuse are well known, and from about forty gallons of their brine, one bushel of salt is obtained. There are also extensive salt springs in Ohio, and in Western Pennsylvania salt water is procured by boring to great depths into the earth. The brine is pumped up from wells made in the rock, and into which it flows and runs into boilers. These boilers are large iron kettles set in brickwork, and when fires are lighted under them, the brine is quickly evaporated. The moment the brine begins to boil, it becomes turbid, from the compounds of lime that it contains, and which are soluble in cold, but not in hot water; these first sediments are taken out with ladles called "bittern ladles," and the salt being next deposited from the brine is carried away to drain and dry. The remaining liquid contains a great quantity of magnesia in various forms, and gives it the name of "bittern" from the taste peculiar to magnesia in every form.

"But how did this salt come into the rock?" is the natural query, and the wonder seems greater when we recollect that salt-beds are found in nearly every one of the strata composing the earth's crust. This fact proves another, that as the majority of these salt-beds have come from lakes left in the hollow of the rocks by the receding of the sea, the sea has through all the geological ages been as salt as it is to-day. Let us take the Great Salt Lake as an illustration, it being the greatest salt lake in the world, but by no means the only one, as such inland masses of saline water are found over the whole earth, but as ours is the greatest in extent, it will form the best example. It is situated at an elevation of 4,200 feet above the sea, on the Rocky Mountains, and has an area of 2,000 square miles; yet, high as it is, "once upon a time," as the story-books of our juvenility used to say, it was part of the sea, which retired, by the upheaval of the rocks, and that great basin took its salt water up with it. Should this in time evaporate, and its salt become covered with mud and sand, and the land be again depressed; then, at some distant future age, the people would be wondering how the salt got there, little thinking that the Mormons had ever built a city on its shores when it was a great salt lake. There are also, however, salt rocks taking their place in regular geologic series with other rocks, interspersed between red sandstone, magnesian and carboniferous strata; these we can only account for, as we do for other stratified rocks, viz., that they were deposited from their solution in water or carried mechanically to the spot where now found by that ever mobile liquid. We feel we should be accused of an attempt to put our readers in pickle, so will stay our pen, hoping they will remember these bits of information when next they say, "The salt, if you please."

A MAN MUST BE TRIED BY TWELVE JURORS.

The Court of Appeals, New York, has awarded a trial to Caneini, convicted of murder, because he was tried by eleven jurors only, though the prisoner assented to this arrangement. The Court, however, holds that trials for crimes must be placed as the law prescribes, and the State has an interest in preserving the lives and liberties of its citizens, and will not allow a surrender of them. If a deficiency of one juror could be allowed, or the trial be committed to the Court alone, an innovation which would destroy the institution of trial by jury. Caneini has been tried three times; twice he was acquitted, and an attempt to put our readers in pickle, so will stay our pen, hoping they will remember these bits of information when next they say, "The salt, if you please."

At a late "spiritual" meeting in Cincinnati, the goddess of the occasion, whose name is great in the ranks of "spiritualists," announced that one portion of the mission of her sect was the conversion of his Satanic Majesty, which was now being prosecuted with gratifying indications of success. There is evidently a slight mistake in the whole judgment, probably the spiritualists who are being converted by his Satanic Majesty.

WOMAN'S TONGUE.—At the last term of the Logan (Va.) county court, a Mr. Steele recovered a verdict for \$10,000 against a Mr. Hulley, for abuse of his wife by his wife. Steele afterwards generously released the whole judgment, saying that it was his wife's character, not money, for which he began the suit.

KENTUCKY POLITICS.—A convention of all parties opposed to the present Administration has been called to meet at Louisville, on the 22d of February, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor and other State officers.

J. Glancy Jones leaves on his mission to Austria in November.

Another Governor Wanted.

Gov. Denver, of Kansas, having resigned, issues a Farewell Address, which commences by bidding the people not to despair because he has resigned; that though he found the territory in great confusion, and leaves it in perfect order; that the preservation of that order depends upon themselves; urges every citizen to vote to obey the laws, and see that all the offenders against them are brought to justice. He declares that during his term of office he had tried to do his duty faithfully, and that he has the approval of James Buchanan, and winds up as follows:—"In conclusion, permit me to warn you against the tricks and machinations of designing demagogues, who prefer turmoil and strife to peace and prosperity, for it is only at such times that they can bring themselves into notice. In this Territory there has been a mania for making State Constitutions, and after effort has been made to organize a State Government, before any of the necessary preparations have been made to meet its responsibilities; without a dollar in the treasury, with but a little taxable property, without any well regulated system for collecting revenue, and a considerable Territorial debt, the organization of a State Government at this time must prove an onerous burden to the people."

Many an unwise parent works hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose the bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your children a sound education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessing of God the better.

FALL OR SPRING PLANTING OF TREES.—MR. LOUGHEY, who is one of the oldest and most intelligent fruit growers in southern Ohio, does not approve of fall planting as a general rule; because in very severe winters trees are more liable to suffer injury after recent removal, but he prefers to procure his trees in the fall, especially if they are to come from a distance, and heel them in deeply in dry mellow soil, where they will remain safely until spring, and be ready for planting whenever the ground is in right condition. He also prepares his land in the fall, plowing deep as possible, then digging the holes wide and deep, leaving them open through the winter for the frost and rain to mellow and fertilize the soil. This is especially advantageous where the soil is of a clayey or compact nature, as is the case in most parts of Ohio.—*Cultivator.*

THE FLORIDA WAR.—It is stated that nearly a million of dollars will be required to pay the volunteers alone engaged in service against the Florida Indians during the late troubles previous to their removal, and for losses by depositions. Each Indian will have subjected the Government to a cost something near one hundred thousand dollars. Of the above sum, about \$500,000 will be required to pay the volunteers called into the service by the General Government, and say \$400,000 for those called out by the State, under her militia laws, whose payment the General Government assumed. The remainder will be consumed in indemnifications for losses by depositions.—*Washington Union.*

ARKANSAS JAILS.—The Powhatan, Arkansas, Advertiser, noticing the escape of a prisoner from the Green county jail, says that the building has an inner and outer door; the inner was very indifferently secured, and the outer was kept firmly fastened by means of a fence rail propped against it with a board driven in the ground at the foot. The prisoner for several days had offered a reward of five dollars to any person who would shell an ear of corn at the foot of the rail and leave the rest to the hogs, declaring at the same time that he could manage the inner door.

That is a beautiful superstition which prevails among the Seneca tribe of Indians.—When an Indian maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost. It is not uncommon to see twenty and thirty birds let loose over a single grave.

The disgraceful prize fight between Morrissey and Heenan came off at Long Point, Canada, on the 20th, for \$2,500 a side. It lasted 27 minutes and Morrissey was declared the winner on the 11th round. Heenan had been sick several days, besides breaking his fist on the first round by hitting a post, to which Morrissey owes his victory. Heenan's friends now offer to back him against any man in the world for five or twenty thousand dollars. Both had better take a round with the hogs.

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SEVERE DROUGHT.—The Norfolk Day Book states that so severe is the drought in that section of Virginia, that the citizens of Suffolk are forced to send three miles to the canal for water to drink—an event that was never before known by the oldest inhabitants. At Norfolk, also, the cisterns have become exhausted.