BY S. B. ROW.

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GOING UP AND COMING DOWN.

This is a simple song, 'tis true, And songs like these are never nice; And yet we'll try and scatter through A pinch or two of good advice. Then listen, pompous friends, and learn Never to boast of much renown; For fortune's wheel is on the turn, And some go up, and some come down.

We know a vast amount of stocks A vast amount of pride insures; But fate has picked so many locks, We wouldn't like to warrant yours. Remember, then, and never spurn The one whose hand is hard and brown,

For he is likely to go up.

And you are likely to come down. Another thing you will agree, (The truth may be as well confessed)

That "Codfish Aristocracy" Is but a scaly thing at best; And though the fishes large and strong May seek the little ones to drown, Yet fishes all, both great and small, Are going up and coming down.

Our lives are full of chance and change, And chance you know, is never sure; And 'twere a doctrine new and strange That places high are most secure.

And though the fickle God may smile.

And yield the sceptre and the crown, 'Tis only for a little while ;

Then B goes up and A comes down This world for you and me my friend. Hath something more than pounds and ponce; Then let me humbly recommend A little use of common sense.

Thus lay all pride of place aside, And have a care on whom you frown, For fear you'll see him go up high, When you are only coming down.

THE SURGEON'S REVENGE.

The following deeply interesting story was related by Dr. Gibson, in one of his lectures before the medical class of the University of Pennsylvania. The hero of the story is Vesale, one of the most eminent of Italian surgeons. Audrew Vesale first saw a light in the city

of Brussels. His father was an apothecary, attached to the service of the Princess Margaret, aunt of Charles V., and governess of the low countries.

Up to the period when Vesale first rendered himself conspicuous, the anatomy of the human body was so imperfectly understood as scarcely to morit that the terms of science should be applied to the dim and confused ideas relating to it. Vesale was the first to break through the trammels with which ignorance and bigotry had crippled the march of teries, surrounded by the festering remains of mortality, or hovering about the gibbets, and disputing with the vulture for its prey, in order to compose a perfect skeleton from the remains of executed criminals, left there by the

carrion bird. It was during a sojourn at Basie, after his return from Italy, that Vesale first beheld at the house of Hans Holbien, the painter, Isabella Von Stanwrak, the daughter of a mer- | de Solis, the object of your guilty love-conchant at Harlaem, who was destined to exercise some influence over his future life. He was scarcely twenty eight years of age, and already he had attained the summit of well

directed ambition. The family of Van Stanwark, was a wealthy and honorable one, far superior to that of Vesale in birth and fortune; but the distinguished position the latter had acquired for himself, entitled him to aspire to an alliance murs, and sinking back, she fell as one dead even more exalted. The son of the Princess Margaret's apothecary would have been rejected by the rich Harlaem burgher, but as the emperor's first physician, was accepted by him as the most eligible son-in-law. The marriage solemnized, Vesale, accompanied by his young bride, set off for Seville, where Charles then held his court.

Though she loved her husband, there was demeanor towards him, even in the privacy of domestic life. The very nature of his profession and occupation was calculated to increase that awe, and even to create some degree of repugnance in a shrinking mind, which nothing but strong affection could overcome. you by thought or by deed; "Don Alva pur-Isabella's nature required skillful drawing out and tender fostering. Vesale, unfortunately, pulsed them. I never loved but you. I fearmistook her timidity for coldness, and resented it accordingly; this led to estrangement on her part, which he attributed to dislike; jealous distrust at last took possession of his soul.

Vesale's house became the resort of all that was noble and gallant in Seville, and he for a time believed his own scientific conversation to be the attraction. At first the young wife showed her usual cslm indifference to the admiration that followed wherever she was seen; but, at last something in her manner and countenance, whenever one particular person appeared, or his name was mentioned. betrayed that there did exist a being who had discovered the secret for sausing the blood to flow more tumultuously through her veins. That person was Don Alva de Solis; and as he was young, handsome, gay, and the most inconstant gallant in Seville, the suspicions of Vesale were painfully aroused. He took silent note of the unusual emotions that agitated Isabella whenever the nobleman was in her presence.

The general conduct of Don Alva was calculated to baffle suspicion, being marked by indifference. This would have misled the vigilant husband, had he not on one occasion when his back was turned toward Don Alva, perceived him in an opposite mirror, fix his kindling eyes upon Isabella with an expression not to be mistaken, while she grew red and pale by turns, and then, as though unable to surmount her agitation, rose and left the room. Shortly afterwards Vesale received an anonymous note, saying-

"Look to your wife and Don Alva de Solis. and be not deceived by appearances. They only want a fitting opportunity to dishonor you. Even now he carries about him the

gloves she dropped for him at mass." Vesale shut himself up to pender over the most effectual means of avenging himself .-His resolution was soon taken. Having established schools of anatomy at San Lucar and Cordova, he obtained the Emperor's permission to visit them, quitted Seville ostensibly for that purpose, but returning the same night concealed himself in a tenement belonging to him at some distance from his abode in Alcapar, which was devoted to the double purpose

of a laboratory and dissecting room. He had taken no person into his confidence; he was alone in his own counsel.

At dark on the following evening he issued forth, muffled to the eyes in a woman's mantle and hood, and left a note at Don Alva's habitation, containing an embroidered glove of Isabelia's and these words-

"I have obtained the key to Vesale's laboratory during his absence; be at the gate an hour after midnight, and you will be admitted on pronouncing the name of Isabella."

The assignation was promptly kept by Don house alone; but he never returned to it. Whither he had gone none could say; nor seed, an' arter marm an' Aunt Jane had prim-could any trace of him be discovered. It was ed up and fixed my hair and cravat, I was redabode was situated; and that his body had as was ever done by enny other feller in the been swept away by the waves into the ocean. duce a great sensation in the place where it after by the illness of his wife, found the disappearance of Don Alva the theme of every tongue. The altered appearance of Isabella was attributed by Vesale to grief for the mysterious absence of Don Alva, and that conviction took from him all pity for her sufferings.

It chanced to be the festival of Santa Isabella, and to honor her patron saint, as well as to celebrate the return of her husband, Isabella put on her wedding dress, and scating herself by an open casement that overlooked the Alva gardens, she watched for his coming. But whilst her eyes were vainly fixed upon the path by which she expected him to appear, a leg and then on tother, for all the world like hand was laid on her shoulder, and turning round she beheld Vesale standing beside her. "I have ordered the supper to be laid in my study," said he; and taking her hand, he led the attendant and closed the door. Every- till death dus you part?" thing wore a festive air; yet the repast was cheerless. Perceiving that she had tasted nothing, Vesale poured a few drops of elixir

in a cup of Malaga wine, and presenting it to "Drink this," he said, "it is a sovereign cure for the disease you are suffering from."

"Pledge me the draught," she replied, filling up a goblet from the same flask, and handing it to him, cand it will bring a quicker healing to me. Let us drink to our absent friend Andre."

Vesale accepted the offering, and they emp-

tied their goblets together. "Talking of absent friends," said he, and and constancy the disgust, the terror and the all hopes of hearing from him relinguished? dun thar best. peril inseperable from this discription of the He was a braggart and a libertine, and boasted to be seen whole days and nights in the ceme- that no husband ever suspected the injury he

was preparing for him." Then grasping his wife by the hand, he led her up to the door at the farther end of the room, and throwing the door wide, open, revealed to her view a skeleton, suspended within, holding in one of his bony hands one of her embroidered gloves.

"Behold," he said pointing to the ghastly spectacle, "the gallant and beautiful Don Alva template him well, if the sight can render your few moments any happier, for you are about to join him in another world-the wine I have

given you was poisoned !" When the last dreadful sentence, and its frighted senses she became paralyzed with excess of emotion, the scream which had risen to her throat, died there in strangling mur-

upon the arms of Vesale. She was not dead, however, he had not pois oned her; that crime he had hesitated to commit; yet he was none the less her murderer. Convulsion followed convulsion, and at last she died : and, in that supreme moment, the hour that preceded death, her husband, who never quitted her, beheld one of those phenomena which sometimes attend the dying. so much awe mingled with her affection as to Awakening from a torpid slumber; consciousthrow an appearance of restraint over her ness and memory returned at once, and with them a calm and courage she had never pos-

sessed in the flesh of life. "Andre," said the dying woman, fixing her eyes on her husband, "I am dying by your hand, yet I am innocent; I never wronged sued me with his love and threats, but I reed and honored you as much as I loved, but I dared not tell you of his pursuit. Oh, Andre, believe my words, the dying deal not in false hoods. Should I be thus calm were I guilty ?"

Vesale, sinking upon his knees, solemnly protested his faith in the innocence of his wife, and with choking sobs, abjured her to believe he only feigned to give her poison, that he could not nerve his hand to take her life; but the terror of death, not death itself was upon her. And while he yet spoke, Isabella murmured-

"Thanks be to heaven for this," and drawing his hand towards ber, laid it upon her heart and as she did so it ceased to beat.

LEARNING AND APPETITE.-It has been well known, at least since the days of Dr. Johnson, that nature often furnishes the men of large brains with a good digestive apparatus. But this truth has seldom been more strikingly expressed than it was lately by a celebrated colored caterer, who practices his useful profession in one of our sister cities, which is renowed for its excellent school of learning. A lady was about to make a party, and invite among others the faculty of the college. She therefore held a consultation with the caterer | when, owing to inclement weather, horses will about the preparations which were necessary. She was somewhat surprised at the estimates which he presented, and ventured to remonstrate with him a little. "Them college folks is comin'?" inquired he. "Yes," she replied. "Well then, depend on't, I'm right," he said, with much emphasis, "for ma'am, the larned 'ligious people cat awful!''

THICK AND LONG .- A testy lawyer in court, found himself bothered with a knotty witness, who wouldn't explain, as he desired, the difference, between the "thick" and "long" kinds

of whalebone. "Why, man," said he, "you don't seem to know the distinction between thick and long. "Ya's I dew." "Explain it, then."

"Wa'al, you're thick-headed, but you ain't long-headed, no how !" said he.

The Atlantic Cable is in no better condition. | skirte are clear !"

HOW SAL AND ME GOT MARRIED.

Wel, at last, the nite cum, that orful night as was to fetch me into a new state uv bein, and it found me in a dreadful fix, fust I felt good, then bad, fust proud, and then skeered like five hundred-I went over the mornin' afore the eventful nite to see Sal, an' found her taking it mity easy, rather in a hurry for nite to cum: I thought as for me, I was in a hurry wun minnit, and the next, I felt like I'd rather a little it had bin put off.

Arter supper I washed, then put on the cleanest sort uv a shirt that Aunt Jane had fix-Alva. At an hour past midnight he left his ed mity nice and smooth, then I drawed on about as nice a set uv harness as you ever supposed he must have missed his footing and | dy, so off I put's to Sal's dad's an I reckon I fallen into the Guadalquiver, near which his done about as much thinking goin over than same time. At last I arriv, an was marched Such an occurrence was calculated to pro- into the presence of Sal-she sort a blushed an then set her head a one side an looked as happened; and Vesale, recalled three weeks sweet as any flower you ever seed. I thought she was about as putty a creetur as ever I lade my ise upon.

Directly Sal's sister says,"the parson's cum, an in we walked where there was about fifty folks, an I felt mity bad and mity skeered, but tried my level best to keep a stiff upper lip .-Well, we took our place, Sal a hangin on my arm and me a lookin at the floor.

The parson ses: "Du you take this wooman, (he mite a sed young lady,) as you hold by the hand too be your lawful wife, too help her an' keep her, till death dus you part ?" "I'll du my best," ses I, standin fust on one

a turkey on a hot rock. Then he looked at Sal, an ses he.

"Du you take this man (like he didn't know my naim) as you hold by the hand, to be your her away to the room in question, dismissed | lawful husband, too nus him an to help him,

"Yes sir," ses Sal.
"Then," ses he, "I pronounce you both man an wife, salute your bride." With that I clenched Sal, and gave her about as hearty a buss as you ever heard; then the fellers all cum around an kissed Sal like all blazes; you could see that it dun 'em good, from the way they pitched in-I thought Sal orter a stopped it, but she never sed a wurd; as fur me, l kissed right and left an cum very near kissin a nigger gal as was fetchin in some water, when every one begun a gigglin an I begun to feel mity mean.

Arter a while the kissin' an' foolin' was over and we all pitched into the goodies and if I norance and bigotry had crippled the march of suddenly fixing his eyes upon her, "you have ever saw sweetmeats fly it was then, I eat till not spoken to me of Don Alva de Solis. Are I liked to have dropped an' everybody else I liked to have dropped an' everybody else

At ten o'clock they all left an' sum of the labor in which he had devoted himself, he was that no woman ever resisted his seductions, boys ses, "Peter won't you go home with us," an' all sech things. Arter they left there I sot by myself until a nigger girl came in to me

"Massa Peter, Miss Sal's awaiting for you." "Whar is she?" says I.

"She's in her room," ses she. "Well, tell her to come down," scs 1, "I am reddy to go anywhar she wants." "But," ses she, she's in bed."

"Oh yes," ses I, "I forgot, but," ses I, "it's early yet, ain't it ?" She seed I was skeered, and begun a sniggerin, till I picked up my hat and followed her, till she cum to a dore, an' ses, "that's yare room." My hart jumped up to my throat as I 'nocked at the dore, but nobody answered: most dreadful illustration fell upon her af- I knocked agin, and then a gettin despirrit opened it and jewhillikins, the cold chills run over me, till I felt like somebody was a pullin' a cedar bush up and down my back-thar was Sal fast asleep, or pretendin' like, as I found

out, and the candle a shinin' as light as day! I stood some time looking mity foolish, and then puts my hat on a cheer-next I draw my cote off : it was mighty hard to get off-then ! shed my jacket and the balance of my horness, till I cum to my boots, an if ever I saw a pare of tight boots, them was the wuns, I pulled, I tugged, I jerked, but they would not cum off, and happenin' to look around, I thought I seed Sal a peepin' at me outer one eye, so I blose the light out, gits my boots off, and thenbut it ain't nobody's business, so I shant tell

Well, I've tride marryin' sum time, an mus say that arter a feller gets used to it, it ain't a bad thing.

Horses and Stables.

Blindness is very common among horses in our cities. This is caused in a great measure by keeping them in dark confined stables, and shading their eyes with harness blinders .-Dark, ill-ventilated cellar stables are quite common. This stupid practice should be abolished, because such stables are very detrimental to the health of these poble animals. All stables should be dry, roomy structures, provided with windows to afford abundant light, and should also be frequently whitewashed. The horse is a native of dry, sunny regions, and requires to be kept dry and warm in order to attain to the greatest perfection. Close and confined stables, just like those which are so common, are the frequent cause of that violent disease called glanders. A few years since, great ravages were committed among the cavalry horses of France by this disease, but it is now almost unknown in that country. This result has been brought about by simply making larger stablesf doubling the size of the stalls, and securing good ventilation. In proportion to their bulk, horses need more fresh air than men, in order to perform the function of respiration, yet they are commonly cooped up in narrow stalls, which are not large enough to keep a dormouse's lungs at work. As the season is now approaching be more confined indoors, those who possess such animals should now devote some attention to provide them with stables suitable to their nature and wants, and by so doing they will greatly increase their health and longevity.

ANITEM FOR THE LADIES .- The red petticoat is to be the style this winter. The fashion, however, is not red with black stripes, which have become so common, but the fine drab with variegated stripes, or rich black with crimson stripes, the upper part being black. A nice little contrivance for looping up the dress over the Balmoral is imported, and called "my lady's page." It is composed of elastic silk cord, with a jet hook and admirably serves its purpose, relieving the wearer from all the necessities of adjusting her skirts, or securing them from contact with the dirt and debris of the street. With this new arrangement the ladies can now triumphantly exclaim, "my

A GAMBLING HELL.

The wealthy keeper of the most fashionable, and magnificent gambling "hell" in this country, died a few weeks since at Washington City. His "house" being the most elegant, and his bank the most weighty and substantial in the country, it has been for years the fashionable and fascinating resort of wealthy planters, fast congressmen, aspiring diplomats, and ambitious sportsmen from every part of the world. For many years past he has lived in the most luxuriant style. In person he was about the medium size, fat and sleek, of pleasing address, and a generous disposition; exhibiting in his general deportment to strangers the characteristics of a well-fed, good natured clergyman, rather than those of a heartlesss unrelenting gambler. His wife, now a widow, was of good parentage; a wothe dazzling allurements of wealth, insured ling along the avenue in her magnificent equipage, which far exceeds in richness and style that of the President of the United States, or that of any other gentleman in Washington, she looked a very queen-being quite undisturbed by any thought that her presence sent a dagger to scores of hearts, whose patrimony, unlawfully obtained, had contributed to her enjoyment, in the same proportion that its loss had added to the woes and wretchedness of the beholder.

His "establishment" was upon Pennsylvania Avenue, between the National Hotel and the Capitol. Let us approach and look at it: You enter by a door of variegated stained glass, which, by gas light reflects all the colyou reach a door, pull the bell, and instantly a small aperture opens and you are greeted mixed with other substances. Burnt bricks with a pair of red eyes and a double row of ivory, set in black, which nominally belong to Sambo, but which in fact are the property of the proprietor. A glance suffices. You have filled Sambo's eye and are deemed passable. The door is at once opened and you are ushered into the ante-room-the vestibule of hell! This room is not large but clegantly appointed-the chief attraction being the side-board, which is of marble, and white as Diana's breast.

Here are arranged in long and glistening columns decanters of cut glass, sparkling like brilliants, filled with the choicest nectar, and blushing to the very necks with the glowing vintage of the olden time. If you pass this rubicon without tasting its sparkling but dangerous waters, it is not from any dearth of hospitality on the part of your persuasive host. The spacious "Sporting hall" is now Kaolin or porcelain clays are generally visible. The floor is covered with carpeting from the Orient, of immense cost and marvelperb paintings of the old masters and the new. while pendant from the windows hang curtains of embroidered lace, covered with golden tapestry of Oriental magnificence, with and features from a score of gleaming embrasures. Along the hall, at convenient distances, are ranged circular tables of polished rose-wood, around which are seated numbers of thoughtful, anxious, dark-visaged men, who heed you not-their eyes have another and stronger attraction. One would naturally suppose this to be a theater for jests, drollery and song, or bachanalian revelings, or pugilistic encounters. Far from it. On the contrary, all is hushed, silent, sepulchral.

"No real voice or sound Within those cheerless walls are found and awful silence which pervades the place. A laugh, a joke, or even a curse, would be a sensible relief. But you hear nothing of this. An occasional long breath or half subdued sigh is all that tells the ear that these mad devotees are possessed of lungs and life.

An hour's inspection satisfies your curiosity, and you are about taking your departure when a soft hand taps you on the shoulder, and a low voice: "Please don't leave, sir, supper will be ready in a few minutes." At precisely half-past ten o'clock the doors of the dining hall are thrown open and "supper's ready," proclaims an immediate armistice between the combatants, and invites you to a more healthy and rational duty. The long tables groan beneath their burden of gold and silver plate, and the heaps of delicacies which adorn them. Here are venison from the brown forests of Maine, turkeys from the broad savanahs of the West, canvas-backs from the placid Potomac, tront from Superior, and salmon from St. Johns, together with fruits, flowers and wines for every taste and from every clime. The repast over, you are permitted, with a patronizing invitation, to "call again," to make your retreat to the open air, there to thank heaven that you are not a worshiper within this magnificent yet cheerless abode. One night's work a few days previous to the close of the last session, made sad said that a distinguished Senator won on that night one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, which broke the bank and caused a temporary suspension. A new house, however, was soon purchased by him, and was magnificently decorated, when the "king of terrors," the great unbeaten and unchallenged, stept in and closed the game of life forever.

Physicians in America .- In New York there is one physician to every 610 inhabitants; in Massachusetts, one to every 605; in Pennsylvania, one to every 561; in North Carolina, one to every 802; in Ohio, one to every 465; in Maine, one to every 884; and in California, one to every 147. We can envy Maine and pity California, for some must swallow physic at a frightful rate in the Golden State. The whole number of physicians in the United States is 40,481.

A city merchant, not remarkably conversant with geography, picked up a newspaper and sat down to read. He had not proceeded far before he came to a passage stating that one of his vessels was in jeopardy. "Jeopardy !-Jeopardy !- Jeopardy !" said the astonished merchant, who had previously heard that his vessel was lost; "let me see, that is some-whre in the Mediterranean." Well, I am glad over with her."

An Irish gentleman at Doncaster observing in the list of horses one called Botherem, took such a fancy to the name that he bet considerable odds in his favor. Toward the conclusion of the race, his favorite was, in the rear; but not at all put out, he shouted so as to drown every other voice: "Botherem forever! See house frightened her so that she fell dead upon the floor.

SALE OF ASHLAND.—The Memphis Acalanche states that James B. Glay has sold the residence of Henry Clay, Ashland, for 200,000 the floor.

CLAY AND ITS USES. There are few substances more useful than humble clay. It is employed to construct our houses, in the form of bricks; and, under the names of china and stone-ware, it assumes the most varied and beautiful configurations in vessels and articles employed in every household. When we reflect on the varied uses of clay, it becomes an exalted material in our estimation, because it is indispensable to the supply of so many wants. Yet although it has been employed in the arts from time immemorial, its composition and qualities are not very generally known. Clay is the product of several kinds of rocks; its character being determined by that from which it is derived. It is generally found as a sedimentary deposit, having been disintegrated from rocks by the action of water and the atmosphere. Common blue clay man of rare beauty and accomplishments, pos- is the product of slaty rocks, and is a mixture sessing social qualities which, combined with of the oxyd of the metal aluminum and impalpable silica or sand. It is the aluminous oxyd her troops of admirers and courtezans. Rol- which renders it unctuous and plastic when moist, and capable, in that state, of being molded into any form. The common clay used in making bricks contains a little oxyd of iron; this, when burned, imparts to them

their peculiar red color. The manufacture of bricks in our country is carried on very extensively, involving the investment of an immense aggregate capital, and the employment of many thousand operatives. Within the past fifteen years, machines have superseded hand-molding in brick-making, in large yards. All articles made of clay, when exposed to a very high temperature, such as burning in a kiln, acquire the hardness of the rocks of which their materials once formed a part. Clars which contain an alkali and ors of a rainbow. Ascending a flight of stairs | iron, readily fuse at a high temperature, whereas neither alumina nor silica fuse, when unare simple cubes of clay submitted to pressure in molds, and gradually dried, to evaporate the moisture slowly; then they are exposed to a high heat in the burning process. As clay shrinks greatly when it is being dried and burned, articles made of it must be fired very carefully, or they will break to pieces or become distorted in form. For this reason, bricks, when molded, are first dried slowly in the sun, before they are burned; during wet weather, therefore, this business cannot be carried on in our country in the common way.

Potter's clay for stone-ware contains 43.5 parts of silica; alumina, 32.2; lime, 0.35; iron, 1; water, 18. This clay is infusible in a porcelain kiln; it only indurates in firing. The glazed face of stone-ware is made by a

Kaolin or porcelain clays are generally found in beds or seams among granitic rocks, from lons beauty. The walls are adorned with su- contain no iron-feldspar is their base. Most of the stone-ware and fine porcelain which come into our country from abroad are manufactured in Stafforshire, England, where \$10,-000,000 worth of articles are made annually, mirrors of mammoth size reflecting your form | three-fourths of which are exported-mostly to America. English porcelain is cheaper, but it is inferior to the French. As the gilding and ornamenting of china-ware greatly enhance its value, and, of course, increase the tariff dues on it, much plain porcelain is now imported

into, and afterwards decorated in, New-York. Fire clay is composed of alumina and silica: and bricks made of it are very refractory .-Those made for our household stoves are exhorbitant in price, and are generally inferior in quality, as they are liable to fuse in burning what is called "red ash" anthracite coat, which contains a little iron. A stove can be lined in You are opposed with the fearful stillness a more durable manner with potter's clay than General of Utah, to Mr. Hockaday, dated Ocwith fire-brick, at one-third the cost. It is anplied by plastering it on the metal, and allowing it to dry slowly afterwards. This information may be useful to many of our readers,

who can readily obtain such clay.

A Little Difficulty in the Way. known Cleveland Tombstone Manufactory latehim, and offer him, by way of consolation, a grave stone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started. The road was a horribly frightful rived at the bereaved man's house. Bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting rails "over in the pastur about two miles." The indefatigable agent hitched his horse, and started for the pastur." After falling into all manner of nudboles, scratching himself with briars, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent at of course, a mother; but he also possesses the length found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if he had lost his wife. 40; a great grandmother, aged 58; a great-The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it and sympathized with the man very deeply in his great affliction; but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down havoc among the coffers of this den. It is all, both of high and low degree. Informed the man that 'what was her loss was his gain,' and he would be glad to sell him a grave stone to mark the spot where the beloved one slept -marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved hero married, and a father, he will beat the man said there was "a little difficulty in the way." "Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent. "Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no grave ston ain't necessary : for you see the cussed critter ain't dead; she's scooted with another man!" The agent retired.

"DEADHEADS" ON THE PRESS .- Talking of Dead-heading, or availing ones-self of privileges gratis, sombody remarks that "the press endures the infliction of dead-headism from the pulpit, the bar and the stage, from corporations, societies, and individuals. It is expected to yield its interest-it is required to give strength to weak institutions-eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked, and bread to the hungry-it is asked to cover up infirmities, hide weakness, and wink at its improprieties -it is expected to herald quacks, bolster up dull authors, and flatter the vain; it is, in short, to be all things to all men-and if it looks for pay or reward, it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so she has got into port, as I thought it was all much to society, without pay or thanks, as

DEATH FROM FRIGHT .- The wife of Thomas Roper of Hartford was frightened to death on mint turned the cracker over, and scraped his Wednesday night by the fire which was near her dwelling. When the fire broke out she was standing in the sink room, and the sudden

AN ESCAPED LOCOMOTIVE.

A few days since, two passenger locomotives going in opposite directions on the Little Mioma Road, came in collision near the new turn table, a mile or so above the Front street depot, Cincinnati. The engineers saw each other in time to 'reverse,' and one, or both sprang to the ground in anticipation of the shock, which, however, was not great, as neither was encumbered by the momentum of a train. But the force of the collision jerked the throttle valve of the upward engine wide open, and before the engineer could retain his footing, it leaped backward with a frightful bound and disappeared, city-ward, in the thick fog. Horror seized the men gathered at the spot, for the escaped monster was fired up for the express run to Chilocothe, and roaring under a full head of steam-right in its path a mile below were a hundred passengers settled on their cushioned seats in the Columbia Express, soon to leave the depot, and beyond these an unalarmed city of two hundred thousand souls.

It was all with God. No power could follow after, and the doomed people were hardly warned by the trembling ground and the clank of insane machinery, before the visitation was upon them.

Fortunately, should we not say providentially, a switch under the arch of the depot that should have been open to the outgoing train, had been left shut by a negligent watchman, and the fiery iron comet, going at seventy miles an hour, swept through the building almost singing the faces of the horror stricken subjects of a Passover in the crowded passenger cars on the parallel track-on, right on, through the eastern wall of the deput, and now, leaving the track, out upon the city. Fortunately, again the direction of the engine was aside from the crowded street, and led straight into one of those huge piles of stone coal, that at this season fill the yards of our fuel merchants. Into this-nearly fifty feet from the depot-the engine sailed, absolutly without touching the intermediate ground. Here it buried itself and wallowed in its own wreck until its fires had gone down and its steam was quite spent.

The Ticket Agent of the Little Miani, in attempting to describe the appearance of the locomotive as it came through the depot, uses the most expressive paradox, "I saw a sudden noise go by, and all was still again."

People in Newport heard the unusual noise made by the clang of the flying engine, and came over on the ferry boat to learn the cause. The exact circumstances of the collision was not easily learned. The Little Miami locomotive, John Kugler, was backing down from Pendleton shop to take out the 6 A. M. Express that followed the Columbus train with an in-

terval of fifteen minutes. The Lugler migh have been a little in advance of its time, as it should have left the shop-three miles above the depot, at 5.30, and the majority of the testinfony makes the time of collision 5.23to5.30. On the other hand, it was incumbent on the Marietta engineer to keep out of the Kugler's way, and moreover, the apparent force of the collision did not justify him in jumping from his engine. But it is not true that the latter gave his machine steam after he reversed, nor that he was inexperienced on a locomotive. He (Waterman) was the regular engineer of the yard, or switching engine. It is likely that both engines were going too fast, considering the circumstances of the time, and the thick fog.

BRIGHAN YOUNG'S BOYS IN TROUBLE .- The editor of the St. Joseph Journal has been shown a letter from David H. Burr, esq., late Surveyor tober 22, from which we make the following extract to show how matters are progressing in the Holy Valley :-". The Mormons are tolerably quiet at pres-

ent, though occasionally they show the cloven toot. Yesterday, Joe and Brigham Young, (sons of the Prophet) went into Gilbert & Ger-An enterprising travelling agent for a well rish's store and were impudent to Gilbert. when he collared them and summarily ejected ly made a business visit to a small town in an | them from his store. Joe got on his horse, adjoining county. Hearing in the village that and, drawing his revolver, attempted to ride a man in a remote part of the township had in and shoot Gilbert, but Brigham being a litlost his wife, he thought he would go and see the more discreet, prevented him. A crowd gathered around, revolvers were drawn, and a trifle then would have produced a collision. If Joe had not been stopped he would certainone, but the agent persevered, and finally ar- ly have been shot. Some Mormons went then and arrested them both, pretending to take them to the calaboose.' '

SIX GENERATIONS .- On Wednesday a week, at West Roxbury, Mass., a boy was born, who can count probably more living ancestors than any other person in Massachusetts. He has, care of the following :- A grandmother, aged great grandmother, aged 79; and a greatgreat-great-grandfather, aged 97. But the most singular of all is, that all but the old gentleman were born in the same house and same room, and he says he himself would have been, had it not been for a visit his parents were making near Boston. Mr. Prescott, the old gentleman referred to, is now looking finely, and says if he lives long enough to see his last world, and be satisfied.

PLAYING "TAG" WITH A BEAR .- The Defroit Advertiser tells the following bear story :-"Last Sadurday morning, while a laborer liv-ing at Fort Gratiot, was proceeding in a boat to Port Huron, he came up with a huge bear, swimming across. He struck his bearship a blow over the head with his oar, when the enraged animal made for him, and climbing into the boat he compelled the man to take the water. The bear then followed him, and the man contrived to get into the boat again. A neighbor seeing his predicament came to his relief with an axe, and broke up this pleasantlittle game of "tag" between the man and bear, by breaking in the latter's head. He was killed and brought ashore. He is said to be of the largest size, and will doubtless weigh somewhere in the neighborhood of 800 pounds.

A SHREWD OLD RAT .- An "old rat" in B. A. Morey's apothecary shop, Lee, Mass., had long defied all modern inventions for his capture. The clerk then baited him on dinners of butter crackers, which the rat relished exceedingly, but when at last a little strychnine was sprinkled on one side, the knowing varmeal off the other side.

SALE OF ASHLAND .- The Memphis Acalanche