

Ruffian's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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MEMORY.

Leaves have fallen, flowers have faded,
Days have gone and years have fled;
Joy once sweet is now departed,
Friends are numbered with the dead;
Memory lingers yet, unbroken,
While the heart-strings freely play,
Bringing thoughts of words once spoken;
But the loved ones—where are they?
Some have strayed where fancy lured them,
Following up some project wild;
Some have gone where duty led them,
To instruct the pagan child;
Some have bowed at Mammon's altar;
Some are tossed on fashion's sea;
Many sink beneath the shadow
Of the deadly Upas tree.
One is sleeping in a valley,
Near the river's winding shore,
Where the trees wave gently o'er him,
Sighing sadly—nevermore.
Winds move sweetly 'mong the tall grass;
Leaves bend lowly 'round his head;
Guide the dear departed spirit,
In its wanderings through the dead.
All that's left is but a shadow;
All that's past is but a dream;
All to come is but a phantom,
Beck'ning on the world unseen.

THE BEAUTIFUL DECOY.

It is well known to all in any degree familiar with the history of Mexico, that a regular system of highway robbery exists in every section of that wretchedly governed country; and that through a want of interference by the authorities, this has grown up in such a regular and formidable shape, that every traveller must be prepared to put his life at hazard at every stage, or be provided with a suitable contribution for *los caballeros del camino* (the knights of the road), who, in the event of finding you prepared and willing, will make their levy with a politeness only equalled by the smiling landlord, when he receives your overcharged fare for last night's entertainment. Why such systematic boldness of robbery is allowed—if not with the connivance, at least with rarely any interference of the government or state authorities—is one of those mysterious matters which among many others so puzzle and perplex the intelligent foreigners, but that such is the disgraceful truth, every traveller through that wretched country can bear ample testimony.

Some years ago, having business which first called me to the Capital of Mexico, and thence through the interior of the country to the northward, I met with several thrilling adventures, which I have recorded for the benefit of whomsoever may take an interest therein, omitting only the dates, they being not essential to the interest of the narrations themselves. The first of the series occurred on the route between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. In the regular diligencia running between the places just mentioned, I had taken passage, and had passed through the beautiful city of Jalapa, and entered the gloomy town of Perote, without meeting with any unusual incident, though being continually warned to be on my guard against the dangers of the road. At Perote, where we halted for a relay and refreshments, all my fellow-passengers took leave of me, very solemnly assuring me that, as I was to be the *ladrones*, or robbers, it would be much better for me to take matters quietly, and suffer myself to be generally plundered, than to run the risk of having my throat cut for resistance, as I had somewhat boldly proclaimed it was my intention of doing. I thanked them for their advice, and replied that I would take the matter into serious consideration.

At Perote, I repeat all of my companions took leave, this being the end of their journey in that direction, but there was one new passenger to go forward, whom, to my agreeable surprise, I found to be a beautiful lady, some twenty years of age.

Senorita Paula, as I subsequently ascertained her name to be, was indeed one of those rare beauties seldom met with except in works of fiction—tall, graceful, with a profusion of long, black hair—soft, clear, melting dark eyes—features as perfect as ever came from the hands of the sculptor, and with an animation the most fascinating, varying in expression with every changing mood of the intellectual possessor. A glance at her bewitching dark eyes showed me that she was one who was naturally of a social disposition; and as we rattled away from the gloomy town, I took the liberty of opening a conversation.

"They tell me," said I, "that the route between here and Mexico is a very dangerous one to travel."

"There is little to fear," she replied, with a sweet smile and in a melodious tone, "except from the professional robbers, and they seldom harm any one who makes no resistance."

"It seems strange to me," I rejoined, "that you Mexicans should take such things as a matter of course, and deem resistance a very impolite way of treating the knights of the road, instead of boldly asserting your right, and abating the evil by a manly spirit of resistance. For myself, I must consider it the most cowardly of proceedings, for any respectable party to set out prepared to quietly gratify the cupidity of the *ladrones*, and unprepared to treat them to their just deserts."

"Every traveller, Senor," she replied, "should, before setting out, count the cost of his journey, and as of course it is natural he should value his life highly, it seems to me natural that he should pay a certain sum for positive safety rather than put his life in jeopardy. For instance, in travelling from Vera Cruz to Mexico, if he will first reckon that so much is the fare by the diligencia, and that so much will be required for entertainment on the way, and so much for the contingency you speak of, he will then have the exact cost between two points; and if he will look at the whole as the sum total of his journey, he will not seem to be robbed by any one party more than another."

"That," I replied, "may be, I believe is, the Mexican mode of doing business, but does not tally with the preconceived ideas of us foreigners."

"But every one," replied the fair speaker, "should conform to the customs of the country he visits."

"And do you then go prepared for this highway robbery? and have you no fear in thus journeying by yourself?"

"Well, Senor, what can I do? I am, as you perceive, an unprotected lady; who, for certain reasons, am required to make the journey between Perote and the Capital some time or twice a year, and you could not expect me to go prepared to resist an armed band? As to fear, I will not deny that I have my share of that; but, so far, I have never met with any

rough treatment, and of course I trust to the saints that my fortune will ever be as propitious."

"And have you really been robbed on your journey back and forth?" I inquired.

"I think I have paid my share to the *ladrones* for my transit through their country," she laughed.

"And you expect to continue a repetition of the same for the rest of your life?"

"Who knows?" she replied. "At least I hope to be always prepared."

"And your fellow-travellers," said I, "have you never seen any disposed to resist these unlawful acts?"

"Once, Senor, an American and an Englishman, who were in the same diligencia with me, fired upon the robbers, killing one and wounding two."

"And did the robbers fire back?"

"Yes, but fled immediately, and fortunately injured none of our party."

"As I should have expected," returned I. "You were not robbed on that occasion, I suppose?"

"We were not, Senor; but the two foreigners subsequently paid dearly for their resistance; for in journeying back and forth, both were killed, separate and at different times, near the same spot. You see these crosses by the side of the road, Senor?"

"I have observed them frequently, but here they seem to be much more numerous," I replied, looking forth from the vehicle.

"Each stands on the spot where some one has met a violent death," she rejoined; "and as we go along, I will call your attention to those which mark the places where the foreigners met theirs."

"Do you know," said I, "that I am resolved to emulate their example, let the consequences be what they may?"

"Holy saints defend us!" she exclaimed; "you are not in earnest, Senor?"

"Seriously so, I assure you."

"You would only bring certain death upon us both."

"I say, rather, I should lighten the expenses of the journey—for your knights of the road understand retreat as well as advance—and you yourself have acknowledged that firm resistance put them to flight at once."

"But there were numbers opposed to them, Senor, and you are only one."

"But fortunately I have a couple of revolvers, which, in two good hands, amount to some ten or a dozen shots, and my friends repeatedly told me I am not a bad marksman."

"Ah! Santa Maria! you will think better of this, Senor—the very idea of resistance terrifies me!"

"But not the idea of robbers?"

"Because I have never met with violence."

We continued to converse in a similar strain for some time longer—my fair companion gradually changing the subject, and seeming much interested in myself. I learned that her family name was Valerde, that she was unmarried, that her father and brother were officers in the army, and so forth, and so on; and in return I gave her my own name, stated something of my history, business and prospects, and altogether became more communicative than I would advise any friend to be with any stranger of either sex in a strange country.

As we continued our journey, the conversation gradually changing from one thing to another, Senorita Paula suddenly brought it back to the point where it first opened.

"We are coming upon a dangerous part of the road," she said; "are you still resolved to defend yourself if assailed?"

"With your permission, Senorita?"

"I don't think it advisable," she replied, "but still if such is your intention, I think it no more than right that you should give me a chance to take a part in my defence, since my risk of danger will be as great as yours."

"And have you really the nerve, after all, to defend yourself?" I inquired.

"If I had the means, Senor."

"I have two pistols," said I; "if you will accept one of them, it is at your service."

"You are very kind, Senor—but can I fire it?"

"With ease, Senorita;" and producing one of my revolvers, I explained to her the manner in which it was to be used.

"And this you say, will shoot some half a dozen times?"

"I think it safe to calculate that five charges out of six will explode, Senorita."

"A very formidable weapon, indeed!" she replied; "and with such I can almost fancy we are safe. You have another, you say, like this?"

I produced it.

"What a beautiful invention!" she observed reaching over and taking it from my hand. "Then extending her hands, one of the revolvers in each, she continued: 'Armed like this, one might almost count himself safe against a host. You say this is fired in this manner?' she proceeded, cocking one of the weapons as she spoke, and pointing it toward the road.

"Have a care, Senorita; or you will discharge it."

The words were scarcely uttered, when her fingers pressed the trigger, and one of the barrels exploded with a sharp report. A minute after, while I was gently chiding her, we heard a loud, quick tramp of horses, and several sharp, rapid exclamations. The next moment our conveyance was stopped suddenly, and we saw ourselves surrounded by some eight or ten mounted men, one of whom, in a loud voice exclaimed:

"Yield, you prisoners, or die!"

"Quick, Senorita!" said I, extending my hand; "quick! in Heaven's name! give me one of those weapons, for now is the time for decisive action!"

"Nay," she replied, putting the weapons behind her, "you will be too hasty. Let them suppose we yield—let them open the door."

"O, no! it will then be too late!"

As I spoke, the door was suddenly thrown open, and three or four swarthy, heavily-bearded men presented themselves to my view.

"Quick, Senorita, for the love of God?" I cried, grasping at her arm.

"Hold!" she exclaimed, presenting one of my own revolvers at my head. "Resistance is useless—you are our prisoner!"

"Good God!" I exclaimed, perfectly astounded; "our prisoner, did you say? It is not possible that one so fair and lovely as yourself, is in any manner connected with these banditti!"

"It is even so, Senor," she replied with one of her most bewitching smiles, still keeping one of my own weapons turned against myself, and significantly pointing the other

to the door. "You will oblige us by stepping forth and giving yourself into the care of these gentlemen, who will see that you are treated as a brave man should be, but who will trouble you mean time for any little change and valuables you might have to spare."

There seemed to be no help for it—the beautiful Senorita Paula Valerde was a spy and accomplice of the *ladrones*. She had enticed the diligencia at Perote for no other purpose than to ascertain the exact condition of things inside, and be able to signalize her associates as she passed along, so that they might know exactly in what manner to conduct themselves, and make their work sure, without risk. By a simple stratagem she had obtained my arms, just at the point where she knew the attack would be made; and her discharge of a pistol as if by accident, was the sign to show them that all was secure.

"I acknowledge myself conquered by being outwitted," said I, bowing to la Senorita.

Then turning to the robbers, who had now collected in a body, in front of the door of the diligencia, I continued:

"Gentlemen, will you permit me to alight and make you some valuable presents? In the language of your country, all I have is yours."

The leader of the party bowed politely in return, and said with a grim smile:

"Sir Senor, we would be most happy to receive anything which so distinguished a traveller may have to bestow."

With this I quietly stepped from the vehicle; and one quick, searching glance, put me in possession of the whole state of affairs. The diligencia had been stopped in a wide, gloomy place, and the driver was sitting carelessly on his box, taking everything as a matter of course. He might also be an accomplice of the robbers, or he might not, but in either case, there was little hope for assistance from him—any attempt of the kind would certainly bring upon him a severe punishment, sooner or later.

I glanced up and down the road, where it wound between dark, overshadowing trees, but discovered nothing to give me any hope. The robbers, some eight or ten in number, and all well armed, were collecting around me, part of them mounted and the others standing on their feet, holding their mustangs by the bridle. Looking upon my case as a desperate one, so far as being present at the scene, I still retained my presence of mind, and I stood singly between numbers; but the idea of yielding tamely to this outrage was repugnant to my very nature, and I resolved to put the least favorable opportunity for defense and retaliation to the strongest test.

"Will you accept this purse?" said I, producing one that had several gold coins, and handing it to the chief of the *ladrones*.

"Thank you, Senor! you are very kind," he said, as he took it in his hand, with a polite bow, and chinked the money.

"This diamond pin may prove acceptable to your friend," I added, as I quietly removed it from the bosom of my shirt and handed it to the gentleman on his left, who received it in the same polite manner. "This diamond ring I trust you will retain as a keepsake."

I continued, drawing the jewel from my finger and presenting it to a third. "I beg your pardon, Senorita," I pursued, glancing at the Senorita Paula, who, with my pistols still in her possession, was quietly standing within the diligencia, regarding the whole proceedings with one of her sweetest smiles. "I must not forget this beautiful lady! I have here," I went on, at the same time producing the article, "a very beautiful gold snuff-box—will you be so good as to accept it?"

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SALT AS A FERTILIZER.

A correspondent writing from Kanawha, Va., where the Salt Springs are located, requests some information regarding common salt as a fertilizing agent. He says in reference to it, "that it is no doubt a valuable agent, when properly applied, and were the facts generally known, they would be prized by a large class of our readers."

Plants, like human beings, require for their sustenance and growth a certain amount of the constituents of common salt, and these must be furnished from the soil, in order to be taken up by the roots. If the soil in any district contains a sufficient supply of these substances, of course the addition of more salt would be of no avail. Fields along the sea coast generally receive a sufficient quantity of salt from the rain clouds which carry salt matter, and deposit it near the source whence they originate; the lighter rains being free from saline matter are carried to a greater height and fall inland. In localities remote from the sea, salt applied in moderate quantities to the soil is generally beneficial. Agricultural chemists, however, are not fully agreed as to the soils for which salt is most applicable, only that all soils should contain a certain amount of the constituents of salt, for the healthy growth of plants, such as about five hundred pounds to every acre, taken at a depth of six inches. To determine the amount of salt in the soil, the following will be found sufficiently accurate for all common purposes. Take half a pound of dry soil, and wash it with two pints of cold distilled water, then filter it through paper. Now, take a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and pour it into the filtered liquid. If there is salt in it, a white precipitate will be thrown down, which will acquire a purple color on exposure to the light. Dry this precipitate in an oven, and in every ten grains of it there will be four of common salt. If half a pound of dry soil yield one grain of salt it will contain 500 pounds in every acre, six inches deep.

On inland meadow lands, especially those which are somewhat old, salt supplies as a top dressing, at the rate of fifty pounds to the acre has been found very beneficial. All farm yard manures contain considerable quantities of common salt, and where these are applied as a top dressing, salt is not generally required. Heavy saline rains from the Atlantic do not generally reach beyond the Appalachian chain of mountains, therefore common salt as a fertilizing agent, we think, may be used with advantage on all lands west of the elevations until we come to the Rocky Mountains.

Sleeping with the Landlord's Wife.

A friend in Stockbridge, Mass., relates the following anecdote of Reverend Zeb Twichell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and member of the Vermont conference, who at one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. "Zeb," says the narrator, "is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified; a thorough systematic sermonizer; but out of it there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery." On one occasion he was wending his way towards the seat of the Annual Conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to his companion:

"The last time I stopped at that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," replied Zeb; and on went the two travellers in unbroken silence, until they reached the Conference. In the part of the session, the Conference was with the doors closed for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year. For this purpose the clerk called Zeb's name.

"Does any one know anything against the conduct of brother Twichell during the past year?" asked the Bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's traveling companion rose up, and with a heavy heart and grave countenance, said: "He had a duty to perform, one that he owed to his God, to the church, and to himself. He must, therefore, discharge it fearlessly, though trembling." He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, &c.

The grave body of ministers were struck with a thunderbolt; although a few smiled, and looked first at Zeb, then upon the Bishop, knowingly, for they knew better than others, the character of the accused.

The Bishop called upon brother T. and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb arose, and said:

"The long and short of it is, never lie!"

Then pausing with an awful seriousness, he proceeded with slow and solemn deliberation.

"There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the Conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself."

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THE MORTARA AFFAIR AGAIN.

Pope Pius Ninth, who was, ten years ago, looked upon as a sort of apostle of liberty in Europe, and the hope of the world, has answered the demands of the various European governments on the subject of the restitution to his parents of Edgar Mortara, now in the hands of the Inquisition authorities. He tells them that the boy's restoration to his parents is impossible. A brief statement of this very remarkable case will serve to put this decision of the head of the Roman Church in a stronger light.

Edgar Mortara Levi is about seven years old. He is the son of Momola Mortara Levi, a Jewish resident of Bologna. In 1852, when he was about one year old, he was ill, and a Roman Catholic nurse, about fourteen years old, thinking he might die, administered the rite of baptism, lay baptism, under such circumstances, being tolerated and recognized as all sufficient by the Roman ecclesiastical authorities. The child recovered, but the girl kept her secret. Yet she was sensible of the wrong she had done in deceiving her master and mistress, and communicated her uneasiness to another Roman Catholic woman, expressing great regret at what she had done, and declaring that she would not have done it had she been older. The woman wanted her to tell the matter to a priest, but this she refused, and the other one then went and communicated the whole affair to a priest. The girl was immediately summoned before the Inquisition, and made to swear to say nothing about the matter. In the middle of the night, officers of the Church were sent to the house of Signor Mortara, and to the amazement and grief of the family, the child Edgar was violently carried off, weeping in terror at what was done. He was taken to Rome and put in charge of the Catechumens, who still retain him. Remarkable stories are told of his being a sincere and even an inspired convert to Christianity, talking words of wisdom and truth, even as far as he refused to go back to his parents. But all of these reports want verification. Indeed, when the boy's father was admitted to see him, he is said to have wept bitterly and to have begged to be allowed to go home. Even if it be true that the child talks sound Christian doctrine, and even if he refuses to go back to his parents, it may easily be seen how one of such tender years, secluded from all other influences for many weeks, could be trained, either by tenderness or by fear, to deny, not only his religion, but his parents also. But leaving out of the question the wisdom or the inclination of the child, and putting aside also the question of religion, looking simply at the act of depriving parents of a child, it is the most monstrous thing done, under sanction of a civilized government, since the worst days of the Spanish Inquisition. The Papal Government, in sanctioning the act, fairly presents itself to the world as a kidnapping institution. The abduction of the child is not only an un-Christian act: it is an infamously act, the parallel of which is only to be found among certain wild Indian tribes of our Western wilderness, who are in the habit of stealing children from white settlers on the frontier, and forcibly making them members of their own community. So long as the act was only that of subalterns in the Roman Church, and there was a chance of its disavowal by the higher powers and the restoration of the child to its parents, it was not quite so bad as it now is. The determination of the Pope to sustain the Inquisition, and not to permit the parents to have their child, makes it the boldest wrong perpetrated by any despotism, in this century at least.

The leading European governments, as well as Protestant, have remonstrated with the Pope on the subject. In refusing to listen to them, and declaring that the boy Edgar Mortara cannot be restored, he sets them all at defiance, and insults Emperors and Kings, as he has already insulted all humanity. From a smaller spark than this a great fire has been kindled. It will not be surprising if Europe should yet be convulsed and throes shaken, as a consequence of the superstitious act of a Roman servant girl of fourteen in the year 1852.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The TRUE DOCTRINE.—Our praying, singing and Bible reading will not help us heavenward, unless we are just between man and man. The Christian profession is nothing without the Christian life. Our religion, in order to change us radically, must descend into all the commonest duties. It belongs as much to the shop as to the family, and as much to the family as to the sanctuary. "No man can be a Christian who is not faithful in his common, daily life pursuits. The judge must administer justice and equity, and not from favor or the lure of bribes. The physician must regard the life and health of his patient above all other considerations. The merchant must deal justly, and the mechanic execute his work and all things faithfully. It will not answer to disregard these things."

BLOODY DUEL.—Two gamblers, named Rucker and Peel, who were camp-followers of the army of Utah, recently quarreled over a game of cards, and agreed to fight it out. They went to the ground, and taking their stations about ten yards apart, drew their revolvers and fired. Both fell at the same shot—Rucker shot in the breast and Peel in the shoulder. One of Peel's fingers was taken off by the shot. The second shot took effect on both. Rucker then rose upon his knees and fired twice, both balls hitting Peel. The latter, bleeding from the six wounds, struggled upon his arm, and taking deliberate aim, shot Rucker in the heart.

TRUTH SIMPLY EXPRESSED.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous. These are very plain and important truths, too little heeded by gluttons, spendthrifts, bookworms and hypocrites.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young fellow to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you are not John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steal the petticoats, bone the stays, and crib the babies.

You had better find out one of your own weaknesses, than ton of your neighbor's.

WASHINGTON CITY.

A correspondent of the Nashville Patriot, gives the annexed description of Washington city, which it will be acknowledged contains a deal "more truth than poetry."

"Washington city, the capital of the nation, the home during the term-time of the President, (and also the temporary residence of five hundred and ten men who confidently expect to be Presidents,) and the seat of the United States Gas Works, (technically called Congress,) is situated in the District of Columbia—a territory covering a horizontal surface of ten miles square, and extending perpendicularly all the way through. A rocky place in the city is three-quarters of a mile to a mile and three-quarters from everywhere else, Washington is called, in Fourth of July orations and that style of literature generally, 'the city of magnificent distances.'"

It derives its name of Washington from a celebrated continental officer who built the pine huts and forced his way through a very hard winter at Valley Forge, and made Cornwallis acknowledge the city at Yorktown. The principal public buildings of the city are the Patent Office, where the Yankees are granted the exclusive right to manufacture and sell India rubber baby-jumpers, doubled geared rat-traps, Radway's Ready Relief—which is warranted to relieve you of your money, if nothing else, and other valuable inventions of the age; the General Post Office, where they superintend the mismanagement of the various mail routes of the country; the National Treasury, an institution of learning, which has graduated more men in the art of swindling the government than any ten similar or dissimilar institutions in the world; and the City Jail; which is the only public building in Washington which is really devoted to honest purposes, and that is devoted to no purposes at all, both the permanent and temporary residents of the city being too deeply engaged in their own rascalities to stink of punishing other people for theirs.

There are two monuments in Washington—one of red granite, erected to the memory of Smithson, at his own expense, and a monument to the folly, penuriousness, and gratitude of the American people. The latter is about sixty feet high, with (though he hoped) expectations of five or six hundred feet. It is commonly called the Washington or National Monument. General Taylor caught his death in 1850 at the laying of the corner-stone of this structure. It is hardly probable that any of his successors will perish at the laying of the cap-stone. It is much more probable that Presidents will be away with at least six weeks before that event.

The imports of Washington consists principally of office-seekers and pick-pockets, (both of which are frequently combined in one,) and fast women, who indirectly make half the laws that are put through Congress. Its exports are disappointed politicians and whiskey. The latter is generally bottled in members of Congress for transportation.

Taking it altogether, Washington is an exceedingly hard place. The public men there are all very honest and upright, however—that is, until they go home and turn against the administration, when, of course, they become like Stephen A. Douglas and John W. Forney, the most consummate scoundrels unhung. We have the authority of a number of administration papers for saying so. During the sitting of Congress, innumerable murders and robberies are committed in the city, but as everybody there is above suspicion, and wouldn't hurt a hair of your head, nor take the smallest coin from the treasury under the most favorable circumstances, the perpetrators invariably escape detection. Under these benign auspices, it is no wonder that it cannot, and has not, been said of Washington, as was recently said of a horse town in Kentucky, that it, at the least, is a safe place to be. It should happen to lie there first, and then, as a matter of course, it would be safe for some one of the inhabitants would swing him out of his horn before he could make a single foot.

Who does it Hit?

A writer, probably conversant with the little faults and foibles of people, says, with telling irony—"Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Don't let them know you are watching them. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure, you are not on your account to do anything wrong, but it may be on your account they did not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and families, a long time ago. Therefore don't relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business, that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along; he is looking out for the fence—he is suspicious of him, perhaps he contemplates stealing something, some of these dark nights; there's no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you see any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else that you can see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, and though it may not benefit yourself, or any one else particularly, it will be something important about some one else. Do keep something going—silence is a