

BY S. B. ROW.

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LIVE BRAVELY.

The world is half darkened with crosses Whose burdens are weighing them down; They croak of their stars and ill-usage. And grope in the ditch for a crown.

Why talk to the wind of thy fortune,

Or clutch at distinction and gold?

If thou canst not reach high on the ladder,

Thou canst study its base by thy hold.

For the flower though hid in the corner, Will as faultlessly finish its bloom,-Will reach for a sparkle of sunshine, That clouds have not dared to consum-And wouldst thou be less than a flower ,-With thought, and a brain, and a hand wouldst wait for the dribbles of fortune,

When there's something that these may comand There is food to be won from the furrow, And forests that wait to be hewn, There is marble untouched by the chisel! Days that break on the forehead of June. Will ye let the plow rust in the furrow— Unbuilded a home or a hall? Nor bid the stones wake from their silence— And fret, as if fretting were all !

Go, learn of the blossom and ant-hill : There's something thy labor must give. Light the beacon that pierces the tempest, Strike the clog from thy footing, and live. Live-not trail with thy face in the dross heap, In the track of the brainless and proud, Lift the cerements away from thy manhood, Thou'rt robbing the dead of a shroud.

There are words and pens to be wielded. There are thoughts that must die if unsaid, Wouldst theu saunter and pine-away roses, Or sepulchre dreams that are dead? No, drag not thy hope to the pyre. Dresms dead from the ashes will rise, Lock not down upon earth for its shadow— There is sunlight for thee in the skies.

PASS IT BY.

A STORY THAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ. "John!" said Mrs. Jones as she took off her working apron after washing up the tea dishes, "let's go over to Smith's and sit awhile this pleasant evening. It'll rest you to take a short walk after sitting all day upon the bench, and I'd like to have an old-fashion-

ed chat with Mary."
"To Smith's!" exclaimed the little tailor, with a stare of surprise, as he removed his segar from his lips, and turned around in his cuair to scan his wife's features, as if to assure himself of her sanity. "And what on cartic should we go over there for ?" "Why, to make a visit of course, and why

shouldn't we ?" "Reason enough, I should think, why we should not, and I'm astonished to hear you over the woman ali of a sudden ?" and Mr. Jones peered into the face of his wife, and paused for a reply.

"Well, I'll tell you what, John, I've been thinking about our trouble with our neighbors a great deal lately, and I've made up my mind that it isn't pleasant to live this way, indulging in hard feelings, and allowing our selves to say unkind things, and harp upon the old string that ought to have been worn out long ago; and I believe that the best thing we can do, is to let these unpleasant matters drop entirely, and renew our intimacy, and try to avoid quarreling in future."

"Well, I'm willing to do so, if Smith's folks want to; but I think it belongs to them to make the first advances-they're the most to blame-and I feel as though it would be a little too much like crawling, to be the first to try to make up. If Smith will only say that he was wrong, and ask me to overlook his fault, I'll forgive him from the bottom of my heart, and we'll shake hands, and be friends; but you know he did use me real mean about those groceries."

"Yes: I think Mr. Smith was to blame: I have never changed my mind, in the least, as to that, and I think, too, that it belongs to him, as the first oflender, to make some acknowledgments to you; but I know that he never will do it; and though as you say, it does seem as if they ought to come to us first, yet I know they never will. Mary never would, anyhow; I know her of old. She's is as immovable as a rock. I have heard her say that she believed that the bardest thing in the world that could be required of her, would be to acknowledge a fault, and that, if she once got angry at a person, she did not think she could ever torget it, and love that person as well in future. Now, in this state of things we are only getting more and more estranged, and I am tired of it. I don't feel happy; it seems to me that we ought to do right, whether others do right or not; and I, for one, feel sorry that anything of the kind exists !" So do I; but whose fault is it, pray tell ?"

'tisn't ours, certainly." "Not ours to begin with perhaps; but we have helped to widen the breach, and no doubt we have done wrong, I know that it is wrong to cherish such bitter resentment, and to speak so harshly of any one, as we have of them. And John, I don't believe you realize the amount of evil that we have taken into our hearts since this difficulty arose. Why, don't you know that we are getting so that we pick flaws with everything that Mr. Smith's folks do. We envy them their posperity; we secretly rejoice at their misfortunes; we feel jealous of every movement that they make ; charging them with bad motives, and crediting every evil rumor that is circulated about them. Why, I feel, sometimes, as though I had sinned more than they have; I have magnified their faults; I have forgotten my own sins, in looking at theirs; and this morning, when I prayed, 'Foegive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us! was really shocked when I thought what I had asked for. Oh, if God forgives me as forgive them, I fear I shall have but a small chance of salvation."

Mrs. Jones was getting warmed up with her subject, and she sank back in the rockingchair which she had taken teside her husband, and covering her face with her hands, she sat for some time in silence; but, as Mr. Jones made no reply, she rocked forward, and tapping the floor with her feet, she fidgetted about a moment, and began again :

"I know what you are thinking of John. I know that I have always held you back when you felt disposed to make any advances, and that I have said ten words to your one about Mr. Smith and his wife; but that is my light and the shadows of the over-hanging way, you know. What I do, I do with my tree-boughs danced together, to the music of might; and now that I teel the necessity of the night wind. exercising forbearance, I want to be as thor-

towards us, and harping forever upon the in- one of the scenes described by Pollett:jury we had received at their hands. I know | "It was an eve of Autum's holiest mood; that I said I never would cross their threshhold again; but "a bad promise is better broken than kept," is a wise old saying, and I'm willing to take back that, and a good many other things that I have said, whether they

retract anything or not. "But what a triumph it will be to them. We shall virtually acknowledge to the world that the fault lay with us; and I can imagine the patronising airs that Smith will assume toward us. Bah! I wont do it; it's a little too humiliating!" And Mr. Jones arose, and stood with his back to the fire, and looked around him with a dignified air.

"I don't look upon it in that light, now;" late; but it seems to me, now, as though I must do my duty, and then I shall feel happy the blame upon them. We are all to blame. bout a few pounds of tea and sugar. You thought he ought to have saved some of his best articles for you, because you had spoken for them before their arrival; and because he did not, we felt hurt, and charged him with showing partiality towards his wealthier customers; and when he denied the charge, you gave him to understand that you did not believe him; that you knew he did not forget what you had said some time before; and you know that must have been provoking."

"Well; but didn't I know? Didn't Shaw tell me that he heard Smith say that he wished he had more of that sugar, for that I ought to have some of it; but that he always filled out Major Knight's orders, and that was what took the last ?"

"Yes; I know we have heard one thing here, and another thing there, and people have not been at all backward in encouraging us in our course towards Mr. Smith. Sometimes I wish we had never listened to a single thing told us about him. It is hard to believe that he has slandered us, as we have heard; and it is hard to feel that we cannot place confidence in those who told us. No doubt it has been the same with one side, that it was with the other. They have said hard things about us. We have done the same by them, until the foolish little quarrel has grown into a serious difficulty, and the first cause is almost torgotten in the throng of bitter words, cold looks, and galling acts of unkindness which have followed. I'll tell you what I think. In very natural for us to resent it; but I wish, Then, you know, you did not keep your temper very well. Mr. Smith got angry too, and made some very unkind remarks. We felt injured, and cherished a foolish pride in let-We felt ting people see that we could show proper resentment when we were abused. Then other people stepped in-not to make peace, but to widen the breach-and we sat down everything that came to us as true, often magnifying some slight remark into a hideous inuendo. And so, you see, we are to blame-very much so. We are all erring creatures; not one of us but has faults, and it seems to me that we ought to consider our own frailties when we feel inclined to censure others-and not pick up every bone of contention that comes in our way, but just pass it by, and think no more about it!"

"Yes-yes-you are right;" answered the husband; "but the plague of it is, it Smith and I go to talking matters over, we shall just take a circle, and come right round to the starting point, and neither of us will own that we were wrong in the first place. I know just how it will be. It is of no use to talk it over; it will just be a raking up of all the troubles from first to last, and such affairs are just like a coal fire—the more you stir it, the

hotter it grows." "Let the fire alone, tho', and it will smoulder away, and die out of itself. So, with this trouble; let it go. Say to them, let by-gones be by-gones, and just drop the matter entirely, and begin where we left off, forgetting that anything of an unpleasant nature has happened. Come, now, what do you think of it?"

"Mrs. Jones adjusted her collar, and smoothed her hair with her hand, as if preparing for a start. Mr. Jones sat down again, laid his left foot over his right knee, and leisurely picked the lint from his trowsers, gathering it in little pinches, and carefully dropping it between the andirons, for they sat before a cheerful wood-fire. He was in something of a quandary. Pride and conscience were struggling for the mastery in his heart; at last he said, "Blame me if I want to have it go all over the village that I acted the penitent, and Smith the magnanimous judge who listened to my humble suit, and granted a merciful pardon.

"Now, John," said the wife, "which is really most magnanimous, to seknowledge a fault, or forgive one? It seems to me to be the most easy, natural thing in the world, to forgive an erring friend when he takes the place of a penitent. But I know that the proud heart struggles long and painfully with itself, when it feels the justice and the necessity of acknowledging a fault; and when it has achieved this victory, it seems to me that it has won higher honors than it has when it obeys its natural impulses, and run over with forgive ness and tender compassion towards a penitent. We ought not to allow a dread of the scoffs of village gossips to deter us from our duty. Let us do what will please God, and every truly good person. Let us set our own hearts at rest, and feel that whatever others do or say, we will do right. Better be sneered at for a good act than condemned for a bad one.'

"Well," said the tailor, "I wish it was well over. I do feel dreadfully awkward about going over there under the circumstances. But come! We can walk along down that way, and if we do not want to go in, we can just take a stroll around and come home again !"

They were soon equipped for their walk, and locking the door behind them, passed through the narrow front yard, and stepped into the street. It was a clear Autumnal evening. The moon shone brightly, and lit up the streets of the village with a soft, mild radiance, and all along upon the sidewalks lay little patches of quivering light and shades where the moon-

"I can imagine just how everything looks ough in the good work. as I was active in the around the old homestead now !" said Mrs. evil practice of denouncing everything our neighbors did, suspecting all their intentions such an evening as always reminds me of

"It was an eve of Autum's holiest mood; The cornfields bathed in Cynthia's silver light, Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand; And all the winds slept soundly."

You remember that beautiful description of an Autumn evening, do you not? Oh, how many times Mary and I have repeated that as we walked together, up and down the avenue at the Elms, when we were happy school girls. Oh, what visits we used to have; what secrets we confided to each other, and how we vowed eternal constancy! We might have been very foolish and sentimental, but we were certainly very happy. It does not seem possible that we have been estranged so long. How little we dreamed, when we were married and settled said Mr. Jones. "I confess I did, until of down in the same village, that months would pass over our heads without an interchange of kind words and loving smiles. Oh, it seems again. It's of no use, this trying to lay all to me to-night, that I can never entertain an unkind feeling towards an old friend again. In the first place, it was a foolish quarrel a- Everything seems so calm and holy around us; why must there be such strife and turmoil within? But isn't that Mr. and Mrs.

Smith we are going to meet?" "Yes, it is! Let us speak to them as if nothing had ever happened. Good evening !" said Mr. Jones, extending his hand toward

"Good evening!" echoed his wife, grasping the hand of her old schoolmate, and putting up her lips for a kiss.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith gave a little start of surprise, and betrayed a little embarrassment of manner; but there was nothing of coldness in their answering salutations, and that there might not be an awkward pause after the greeting, Mr. Jones added immediately, "A fine evening for a walk! We have been speaking of you, and thought some of calling at your house before we went home !"

"Indeed! Well, we will turn back, then. We were only out for a walk. Mary, dear, Mr. and Mrs. Jones were thinking of calling on

us. Let us walk back with him !" "Certainly: Susy has just been telling me." And so they walked through the streets together. As they proceeded, they met a few villagers, who stared after them, as if to assure themselves that their eyes saw clearly. Long before our little party reached their destination, the report was going through the village that "the Smiths and Joneses had made up, and were good triends again." I do not know how they would have managed to have filled up the awful pause necessarily occurring the first place, Mr. Smith was wrong. It was between their meeting in the streets and their arrival at Mr. Smith's house, had it not been now, we never had. But what's done can't for "the weather," that dear old friend who be undone. You told him what you thought has helped so many bashful people, awkward -not, however, till you had told several others, and heard things to aggravate the case. sation; but somehow, they contrived to make sation; but somehow, they contrived to make the time pass very easily, if not pleasantly, and were at last seated in the parlor before a cheerful coal-fire. Hats, gloves, and shawis were laid aside, and then there was a moment of hesitancy on the part of each, and each dreaded an embarrassing state of things; but Jones had "screwed his courage up," as he was wont to express himself, and he was not the man to back out, now; so, without waiting for any one else to open the way, he began :

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith! my wife and I have been talking over matters to-night, and thinking of the estrangement that exists between our families, and we have come to the conclusion that it is as wrong as it is unpleasant for us to live as we have been, and that there is no need of this state of things continuing. We feel that there has been wrong on both sides; we know that we have been very much to blame, and what was at first but a triffing affair, has been magnified, and added to till we have become widely estranged. This quarrel does not end with ourselves; almost the whole village is involved in it; we have each our own parties and champions, and have created a great deal of unhappiness for ourselves and others. I am willing to acknowledge my fault: and now, can we not just let this affair drop, and bury the past, at least all unpleasant por-

tions of it, and be friends once more ?" There was a quick, warm response to this, on the part of Smith.

"I do not see why we cannot," he said. am willing to do so. I know that I have said aggravating things, and cherished unkind feelings. We too, were talking of this difficulty to night. It seems to me a good omen that our minds met upon the same topic. Here is my hand, Jones. You're a good fellow; a little hasty, like myself, sometimes, but such people like each other all the better, if they

do fall out occasionally !" There was a warm shaking of hands in token of triendship; the two women were already sobbing in each others arms. There was a mutual forgiveness, and re-union of hearts and the good old times were lived over again; and it was long after the village was hushed in repose before the friends seperated. Peaceful were their slumbers that night; their dreams were undisturbed by the taunts of self-reproach

or the demands of neglected duties. Years have since glided away; but the two families have never allowed anything to occasion a quarrel between them. They have been tempted, and tried with each others failings. Meddlers have offered their assistance in misconstruing and exaggerating; but they remember a bitter lesson, and their motto is, "Pass it by !"

SUFFERING IN MICHIGAN .- The people of Gratiot county, Michigan, are represented as being in a very destitute condition, and an appeal has been made to the Legislature for aid. There are about 1000 families in the county, and of these not more than one quarter, it is believed, have the means of subsistence until the next harvest. An almost total failure of the crops is assigned as the cause of

Twenty-two children, who were floating out to sea on a large cake of ice upon the ebb tide in Boston harbor, a few days ago, were saved by a man named Wm. Haslem. He was out ed by their screams. He at once pulled to sward for any crop. In applying manure on their assistance, and with great difficulty and stubble land, it would be well to cover it imdanger took them into the boat. Such occasions of doing good seldom happen in the life of any man.

Smith Sutton, of Kingwood, in Hunterdon county, New Jersey, sold a turkey in New York, last week, for the nice little sum of one ter crop than from manuring in the Spring in hundred dollars. It weighed, when dressed, the usual manner. forty pounds.

The expenses of the United States Supreme Court for the last five years, exclusive of judge's salaries, amounted to \$112,509, of which was paid to the clerks over 51,000.

TOUGH STORIES.

An Englishman, who was travelling on the Mississippi river, told rather tough stories a-bout London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive humph! and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London

operatives all hollow. "How so ?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in "Not a great deol. I undertook to set up

in business in Des Moines Rapids, a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and at last a Welsh miner ran off with

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Englishman, "and have you never found her?" "Never, to this day. But that was not the

worst of it." "Worse! Why what could be worse than stealing a man's wife ?" "Stealing his children, I should say," said

the implacable Case. "Children !" "Yes, a negro woman, who hadn't any of her own, abducted my yougest daughter, and sloped and joined the Indians."

"Did you see her ?" "See her! yes; and she hadu't ten rods the

start of me; but she plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with." The Englishman leaned back in his chair

and called for another mug of " 'alf-and-'alf," while Case smoked his cigar and eyed his credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly. "I-I shan't go any farther West, I think," at last observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was

the best in the country. "What business was he in?" "The lumber business. He had a saw-mill." "And they stole the lumber ?"

"Yes, and saw-logs, too."

"Saw-logs ?"
"Yes, whole dozens of the black walnut logs were carried away in a single night." "Is it possible?"

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, had hired men to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would take them all away as easy as if there had been no one there. They would steal them out of the cove and even out of the mill-house." "Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea of how they can steal out there," sending a sly wink at the listening company, sinst to give you an ideadid you ever work in a saw-mill?"

"Never." "Well, one day my brother bought an all fired fine black walnut-four feet three at the butt, and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log anyhow, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the hill above the mill, built a fire and then sat down on the log to play cards just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log, back two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played cards and drank whiskey all night, and when it began to grow light went to sleep astraddle of the log. About a minute after daylight brother George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone."

"What were the Scotchmen doing?" "Sitting on the bark! The thieves had driven an iron wedge into the butt end, which pointed down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it right out of the shell, leaving the Scotchmen there astraddle of it, fast asleep. Fact."

WHEN AND HOW TO APPLY MANURE.

If we consult Nature-taking her processes as our guide-we shall see her vegetable fertilizers applied in the fall-and there can be no better evidence that this is a most favorable time for manuring the soil. Circumstances, it is true, may render it advisable to vary from this time, and it is one of the objects of the farmer's study to be able to modify natural laws, and to choose in some cases convenience as his guide. The more perfectly, however, he understands Nature, the better he can command her, but generally, the closer will be his obedience to her teachings. Nature makes no mistake-she never practices falsè economy-all progress is by due obedience to her laws.

The application of manure in Autumn presupposes that it has become partially decomposed during the Summer, and that it will become well rotted by the following Spring, when needed by plants upon the resumption of their growth. It is thus ready for their use, and this is one material advantage of applying manure in Autumn. Another advan tage is that this decomposition has reduced its bulk without detiorating its value, (if properly earried on.) rendering transportation less expensive, while at the same time, the team and the roads are in a better condition for the work. The Summer season, too, has afforded time for composting the stores of the barnyard with muck and other vegetable matter, thus increasing largely the amount and value of both classes of material-an important object to the farmer.

Nature, if asked the question, "How shall we apply manure?" answers, "On the sur-She has no operation analagous to plowing; and while we may think we have improved upon the methods-as we undoubtedly have in this and other respects-we may still learn wisdom from her example. In applying manure to sward-land in the Fall, let it e spread upon the surface—the growing grass will keep it in place, will keep it moist, and will gradually work its decomposition. When we would plow in the Spring, it is in the right state and position for our use-for the use of the succeeding crop-and practice proves this in a small boat, and his attention was attract- to be one of the best methods of manuring mediately with the gang-plow or cultivator, incorporating it as thoroughly as may be with the surface soil. In Spring, before sowing, let the land be plowed to a proper depth for the crop applied, and the result has been in the cases in which trial Las been made, a bet-

Practical farmers are studying more closely than heretofore the nature of soils and plants, and the demands made upon the former by the latter, and seeking to learn from practical science, and from the operations of Nature

herself, the most economical method of supplying these demands, freely, fully, and so as to derive profit from the operation. The "manure question" is one of great interest—and one freely discussed—and we hope to see new light thrown upon it from this source. Surely the practical man has the means, if any one has, of developing natural laws, and of testing the principles which lie at the root of the labors in which he is constantly employed, and upon which he depends (and not vainly) for a livelihood. It depends upon himself whether he shall be a mere hireling in the great laboratory-knowing and caring nothing for the operations he aids in conducting-or whether he be a skillful analyst, understanding, combining, and directing—learning and putting to use the important principles involved.

A NEW RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS .- Some time since, a paragraph appeared in a New South Wales journal, relative to the discovery, in the far interior, of a new race of blacks, who had no hair on the tops of their head, in the place where the wool ought to grow," The account of this most extraordinary discovery, says the Bombay Telegraph, has been corroborated by an eyewitness, a Mr. Thompson, who has arrived frem where the aborigi-

They are, says he, of a copper color, and are tall and athletic, much superior, in every re- dreamed that she was a slave. spect, to their dark-skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. Mr. T. it appears, was at camp on the Upper Balonne, with others, on ground hitherto untrodden by a white man, when he was crops failed to a great degree, and some heavy surprised by a visit from these bald pated, speculations in which he engaged resulted dis-

copper colored beings.

They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as noticed in their conduct of an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while a sovereign was shown rible situation of having more money to pay to them, where one of them, picking up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far west, and intimated that stones of a similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on held. The place was understood to be some sisted strenuously, first objecting to the sale hundred miles further in the interior, but of negroes, and alleging that his force was they signified their intention of bringing some Thompson intends to return again to the story be true, the age of wonders has not yet ceased.

TALL WALKING .- We have in our mind one of the most wonderful feats of pedestrianism, which, if it were not well substantiated, would not included all that could be spared. be difficult of belief. It took place a number of years ago. Mr. Schoolcraft, residing at with," replied the planter. Mackinac, distant by the trail about seventyfive miles. He sent for a half-breed called La Branch, and told him that he must start at 12 o'clock, M., that day. La Branch objected, as there was to be a ball in the evening of the go, and that as he wanted to attend the ball, if next evening, he would give him twenty dolthe next day at 10 r. M., appeared again, havdollars, he said "he could have been in by 8 o'clock, but he waited two hours on the hill ahead of time, and lose his money." to the ball, and tripped the moccasined toe until daylight."-Detroit Advertiser.

THE RELATION OF THE SEXES .- Strange, passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes, the passion of love, in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there were no such thing in the world; but ask the priest, ask the physician-let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse. as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs-a subject for pretty poems and weak novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every day existence, our moral welfare? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery, and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality and happiness-mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing .- Mrs. Jameson.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER .- The Boston (Mass.) Courier relates the following: Mr. Webster married the woman he loved, and the twenty years which he lived with her brought him to the meridian of his greatness. An anecdote is current on this subject, which is not recorded in the books. Mr. Webster was becoming intimate with Miss Grace Fletcher, when the skein of silk getting in a knot, Mr. Webster assisted in unraveling the snarl-then looking up to Miss Grace, he said, "We have untied a knot, don't you think we could tie one?" Grace was a little embarrassed, said not a word, but in the course of a few minntes she tied a knot in a piece of tape and handed it to Mr. Webster. This piece of tape, the thread of his domestic joys, was found after the death of Mr. Webster, preserved as one of his most precious relics.

CLEAR AS MUD .- An editor had a bottle of London Dock Gin presented to him, and after fugitive and her husband were domiciled in drinking the whole of it, he wrote a 'notice' of the house of one of our whole-souled farmers, the article. Here is a specimen of the style : "Here's to the ladies and other branches of business [hic] in and around town—and espe-cially the Messident's Pressage, Monington Washument, etc., &c., all of which may be had cheap at the Buck_Drook_Brook and Duck Store of Bininger's old London Dock Gin. for \$2 a year, if payment is delayed until the end of the Atlantic Cable."

The Sante Fe, New Mexico, Gazette states that 105,000 sheep are about to be taken from Bernaillo and Valentia counties, in that Territory, overland to California. There is also a drove of 10,000 from Ohio, now at Santa Fe, bound for the same destination.

THE ROMANCE OF SLAVE LIFE.

A KENTUCKY PLANTER SELLING HIS DAUGETER. The Bucyrus, Ky., Journal relates a strange and moving incident of slave life, which eame to the editor's knowledge a week or two ago. The names of the parties interested are sup-pressed for obvious reasons. The following is the account given by the Journal:

Near Louisville, Kentucky, lives a planter of wealth and standing. He was the possessor of a hundred negroes, and he was noted for his thrifty, money-making disposition. He had never been married, and was an incorrigible bachelor of fifty. His bouse was managed by a young lady of about twenty, his daughter by a quadroon, whose complexion was lighter by half than his, and in whom the negro blood was scarcely visible. The mothrr died ten years ago, leaving her daughter with the father's solemn promise that she should be educated, and should live as a free woman, rather than as a slave, and that she should pass as his daughter, which she was. The planter gave his promise, because he had been really attached to the dying woman, and was also very fond of his beautiful child. And so she grew up, radiantly beautiful, receiving a reasonable education—all that her father could give-and in time took the management of the household. She never knew that there was any negro blood in her veins, and never

Last fall a series of mistortunes overtook the planter. His house was burned down, and with it the notes, bonds and papers that composed a large portion of his fortune. His astrously. Added to all this, he had lost hea-vily at play—the besetting sin of Southern gentlemen—and had completely exhausted all his ready means, and found himself in the ter-

than he could possibly raise in a given time. He applied to his attorney for counsel in his extremity. The attorney, after examining the situation of his affairs, advised him to sell the ground in masses as large as the stones he off a portion of his negroes. The planter rehardly sufficient to work his plantation. But of these stones at their next visit. Mr. after full deliberation, he found this to be the only alternative, and sorrowfully consented. Balonne, and to await their arrival. If this A list was made out, and every head that could be possibly spared was put down. After all was done, and the most favorable prices obtained for them, the aggregate fell five thousand dollars short of the sum required.

The attorney remarked quietly that he had "I have put down all that I can dispense

"I do not see Mary, the housekeeper's name, in the list," replied the lawyer. "If offered to the right person, she would make up the deficiency. I would give that for her, myself."

At any other time, the planter would have next day. Schoolcraft told him that he must taken the suggestion as an insult; but Necessity is a hard master, and he grasped at the he was back from Mackinac by 10 o'clock the idea, and before an hour the transaction was closed. It troubled him not a little to disclose lars extra pay. At 12 o'clock he started, and the matter to her, but the fear of bankruptcy the next day at 10 P. M., appeared again, hav-ing gone the whole distance—150 miles—in 34 horror and distress may be imagined. She ours. After receiving the promised twenty had known nothing but happiness, and now was to be plunged into the deepest and most hopeless misery. She had been sold, and was back of town, for fear that he might get in then the property, soul and body, of one who purchased her merely for the gratification of leaving Mr. Schoolcrafts store, La Branch went his sensual lusts. The idea was too horrible, and she swooned, remaining almost delirious for several days.

There was another upon whom the lintelligence came with crushing weight. A junior partner in a produce house in Louisville had frequently visited the planter's house on business, and, struck with the beauty and intelligence of the supposed daughter, had become enamored, and after prosecuting his suit a proper time, had declared his passion, and, unknown to the father, the two had betrothed themselves. As soon as possible, after her father had told her of her fate, she dispatched a messenger to her lover, stating the facts, and imploring him to save her from the doom that awaited her. Though thunderstruck at the intelligence that his affianced bride was a slave, and had been sold to a fate worse than death, like a true man he determined to rescue her. That night he saw her, and a plan was formed for flight.

The day she was transferred to the posses-sion of her new owner, the lovers fled, and, in due time, arrived at Cincinnati, where they were married. Our hero obtained an interview with one of the agents of the Under-ground Railroad, located in that city, who immediately telegraphed instructions to the dif-ferent agents along the line to keep strict watch, and if woman-catchers were on the alert, at any point, to telegraph back, and give the fugitives timely notice, that they might leave the train. Accordingly they started, purchasing tickets for Crestline.

In the meantime the purchaser, as soon as he discovered his loss, had commenced active measures to recover it. He had no difficulty in tracing them to Cincinnati, and none whatever in ascertaining that their destination was Crestline. But having arrived several hours after their departure, he was obliged to content himself with telegraphing to the proper officers to arrest them at that place. But un-fortunately for his prospects, the intended ar-rest got wind, and when the train got to Galion, two citizens of that place stepped into the car, and a conversation of a few moments ensued, in the lowest kind of whispers, at the close of which the four left the car. A carriage was in waiting, and in two hours the fair near Bucyrus, who has long taken pleasure in helping fugitives on their way to the Canadi-

When the train on which they embarked reached Crestline, the officials were unutterably chagrined at not finding the fugitive, and more when they learned that she had been within four miles of them.

After a lapse of two weeks they ventured a move, and went to Detroit, by the way of Sandusky city, and without accident reached the Canadian shore. They are now residing in

The Schwartz Democrats of Berks have or-ganized themselves into a distinct party, and At the late term of court at Machias, Maine,
Thomas Gilpatrick was prosecuted for the
value of three tons of hay destroyed by fire,
by persons intoxicated with liquer sold by him
—and the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff.