

BY S. B. ROW.

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TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. BY CHARLES MACKAY.

If fortune, with a smiling face, Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stop to pick them up?
To day, my love!—to-day!
But should she frown with face of care,

And tale of coming sorrow, When shall we grieve, if grieve we must? To-morrow, love!—to-morrow!

If those who've wronged us own their faults,

And kindly pity pray.

When shall we listen and forgive?

To-day, my love!—to-day!

But if stern justice urge rebuke. And warmth from memory borrow, When shall we chide, if chide we dare?

If love, estranged, should once again Her genial smile display. When shall we kiss her proffered lips? To-day, my love!—to-day! But if she would indulge regret,

Or dwell with by-gone sorrow, When shall we weep, if weep we must? To-morrow, love!—to-morrow?

For virtuous acts and harmless joys The minutes will not stay:
We've always time to welcome them
To-day, my love!—to-day!
But care, resentment, angry words, And unavailing sorrow, Come far too soon, if they appear

To-morrow, love !-to-morrow !

A SLIGHT MISTAKE:

AND WHAT GREW OUT OF IT.

One cool afternoon, in the early fall, I-Chester F. LeRoy, a gentleman-stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson river boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and feint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats. Their increasing numbers at length warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir." I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling bag and shawl, and was, evidently, the attendant of a slender and stylish young girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. LeRoy to

"That is my name-at your service-what

can I do for you?"

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes he been scanning me, as I could perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved little hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. LeRoy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward ?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks, and endued me with the light baggage he had cartied; but I was aroused by the young lady asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side

by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer | if she knew what I was, and how I had deceiv her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person | duce it in a hundred scenes which I had never was no less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smilling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspicious gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, to make my wife-never before had I so longed and conduct her wherever she wished to go, to call anything my own, as I did that lovely if I can only find where it is!" I turned to face lying on my heart! No, it was impossiher with an effectation of ease, which I was | ble for me to sleep. very far from feeling, and said, "It is a long journey."

"Do you thank so? But it is very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed !" "Why, what a queer man!" she said, with she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place more beautiful than the other. in the world to live in ?- Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and How we shall laugh about it when we get

there." So it was to St. Louis we were going, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my

"And how does Jenny look? and what is she doing ? and how is my dear Aunt Beman ? do tell me the news!"

"Jennie," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, smile, seemed doubly dear to me, because I you must know, only far too fond of her scamp knew the precarious tenure by which I held of a husband-as to her looks, you can't ex- my right to them. She busied herself, too,

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile ; "but about my dear Aunt's rheumatism ?" "Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman is

lovely to me.'

very well." "Well!" said my fair questioner, regarding

been well for a number of years !" "I mean well for her," said I, in some trehave since learned is of the misty moisty or- | what was wanted for her travelling expenses,

der) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her neice. She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes. "To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this

time you had not once mentioned the baby." I know I gave a violent start and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in some proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormerer, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jennie's letter -you should see how she cares for him."

"Him!" Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy! "Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and

in order to leave your judgment unbiassed, I shall not describe him to you."
"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jennie had no such scruples-so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is-but tell me what you mean to call

"We have not yet decided upon a name," I replied. "Indeed! I thought she meant to give him

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No," I remarked, "one of a name is enough in a fam-

The demon of inquisitiveness that, to my thinking, had instigated my fair companion. heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston. Yet, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush stealing up my temples every time I met the look of those

beautiful blue eyes. It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I one, to the driver, hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she tho't it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head slightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile, said, "As you are my cousin." Soon after. her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorselessly until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said; "for it is very much in the way for me, and I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its gracetul ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder and slept again. This time, when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my consciecce, and passing my arm lightly round her slender waist, drew her upon my breast, where she lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but I need not say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, ed her, or dreaming more wildly still, reprobefore paused to imagine as the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far-off contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquent still. I do not a little laugh. "Does she never tell you as think I looked at the Cataract as much as I

looked at her, or thought the one creation She was now quite familiar with me, in her seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly with her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive meto have her hang on my arm-look up into my face-tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long, (how long it seemed to me,) while every word, look, and pect me to say anything, for she always looks while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaged all over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to seeshe mended my gloves, sewed the band on my traveling cap, and found my segar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, which she declared almost equalled her own. Long ago she had given overme with surprise, "I thought she had not into my possession her elegant port-meanale, with all her money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep any-

I opened it with trembling hands when I was had probably been furnished for her journey, ring, too small to fit any fingers but herswhich I am afraid I kissed-a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand, "No. - Olive street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of her cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, I had not yet found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betraved the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that had I dreaded as much as I longed to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an imposter, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once, thought be thought Frank," as five years before, and to scold me of never seeing her more was dreadful. But

that could not be. At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at fer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was ever ast?" When the sight of those spires and a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake?" last ?" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was all gayety, and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address found in the port-I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to monnaie, which, fortunately, was the right

> "Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me-we were rattling up she street and my time was short-"how can you be so cool and quiet?"

> "Because, Miss Florence," I answered "the time has come in which I must contess to you that I have no more right in the home to which we are hastening, than the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an imposter and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me. Thank Heaven, I did not yet read tear and aversion in it. "No right! no claim!" she repated; "what

can you mean !" I told her, frankly and fully the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame me or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate or blame myself," said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I ac cepted the charge of so much innocense and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice, "Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent."

The coachman threw open the door, and

stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and

to assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which she stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking, black-whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me." at her face to see if she was mocking me; but it was pale and grave. Mrs. LeRoy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or anything, except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from whom I could not bear to banish myself, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially invited me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, I left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with mute pidation; "the air of St. Loins," (which I thing," and as she had ordered me to take out surprise, that she had followed me into the

"Mr. Le Roy," she said, hurriedly, "I canalone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, bly apologized for the noble, generous, and and which, with pious care, she had packed honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was into the smallest possible compass, as much not from anger, believe me, but because I was much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of my feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down upon that lovely face that it was not for the last time, quite took away the lit- tal effusion to a nose! Indeed, so far from tle sense I had remaining. If you want to exciting any of the graver emotions of the know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be mind, it would appear that there is a some-

hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.
Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet with care, or red with blushing, strongly excousin Jenny, (my cousin Jenny, now,) so bitcousin Jenny, (my cousin Jenny, now,) so bit-terly reproaches us in her last letter for not all powerful in calling up the most vivid emovisiting her in all that time that we have again undertakhn the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps on my arm in the cars no more blushingly, but with the confidence of a wife of hearly five years' standing, and I register our names in the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy," and bless my lucky stars, as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions, to write down this story,) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear cousin for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. Stupid, indeed, to pre-

MRS. BURDELL AGAIN.

A New York correspondent writes :- "Mrs. Cunningham, whilom of Burdell murder case notoriety, is once more in public presence. She seems, unfortunately, destined never to keep satisfactorily out of it. This time she is out in a Card menacing the Evening Post with a suit for libel! The Post has been publishing, for some little period, a series of singular revelations, purporting to be those of a gentleman who, for personal amusement, has been answering the various advertisements for "husbands wanted" in the daily newspapers, and making love to the various feminine candidates for nuptial honors in the "matrimonial agency" departments of New York. In one of his most thrilling articles this gentleman disclosed the fact of his meeting a lady who professed to be charmed with him. After sundry rendezvous at a convenient establishment, she professed a readiness to depart with him to the South and live with him in any capacity; and, as he had a severe catarrh, insisted on making him a curative "punch," which he declined to drink, as drugging beverages is a common feat of the unscrupulous in this vicinity. Finally, as he displayed a tempting roll of bills, her cupidity overcame her discretion; she seized him by the throat, threw him into a chair, and attempted to choke him senseless. Although a man of powerful physique, he avers that her strength astonished, and for a moment overcame him. Exerting all his energy, he at last threw her off; and, rushing down stairs, escaped from the house. Once in the street, where a friend was waiting for him, he concluded to ascertain who this female bandit could be: and after a time, had the satisfaction of sceing her emerge and get into a stage. His friend got into some vehicle, left it when she did, and, following her unobserved to her own house, ascertained that she was no less a personage than the pseudo mother of the Burdell baby, the notorious Mrs. Cunningham."

DOG TRAINS ON THE LAKES .- A letter from Bay county, Michigan, thus describes the dog trains on the Lakes, by which the mails are carried during the winter months :- "We have, during the close of navigation, what we call the 'dog mail,' and, by the by, I will describe to you how our mail is carried in this new and wild country. The route is from Saginaw city to Green Bay or Mackinaw, by land. The contract is taken by half-breeds, French and Indian, hardy, athletic men. They have the thing so arranged that one train of dogs leave each end of the route every week. That gives all the offices on the bay shore a mall a week each way. The train is composed of from four to six large dogs, harnessed in single file, and attached to what they call a 'trance.' This is a kind of dray, some seven feet long and about fifteen inches wide, turned up before, so that it will run easily over the snow, on which they bind their mail-bags first then their blankets, snow-shoes, provisions, hatchets, &c. They are prepared to camp at mght wherever darkness overtakes them .-There are generally two men and six dogs to each train. They feed their dogs on dry corn meal and tallow. Their mail, baggage, &c., make up quite a load, which the dogs seem to draw with much ease and speed. This mail continues only during the close of navigation.

THE HUMAN THERMOMETER .- The marvelous balance between supply and loss exhibited by the human organism, and indeed by that of most warm-blooded animals, may be best seen in the following facts: Our temperature is 98 deg., and this is the standard, no matter what may be the external heat. In the tropics, the thermometer during several hours of the day is 110 deg. In British India it is sometimes as high as 130 deg. In the Arctic zones it has been observed by our voyagers as low as 90 deg., and even 102 deg. below freezing point. Nevertheless, amid such extensive variations of the external temperature. that of the human organism has but slightly varied, and a thermometer placed under the tongue of an Arctic voyager will show the same degree of heat as one under the tongue of a soldier before the walls of Delhi .- Black

A young lawyer at Philadelphia wrote to an old limb, near Chicago, thus :- "Is there an opening in your part of the country that I can get into?" To which the latter replied : "There is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no curb around it."

The bill for raising postage, which had passed the U. S. Senate, was defeated in the House, before the final adjournment.

NOTES ON THE NOSE.

Undoubtedly the most neglected and ill used part of the human face is the nose. The poetical literature of all nations extols the other features; the eyes, for instance, have turnished a theme for the most sublime poetry; gold as her pretty toy could carry, a tiny pearl at first too much astonished, afterwards too cheeks, with their witching dimples and captivating tints, have drawn forth some of the finest similes that were ever invented. The raptures that have been indited concerning lips, it would take an age to enumerate. The hair, also, has from time immemorial, been intensified with "silken tresses," in printed as well as manuscript verses; sonnets to a mistress's eyebrows are of continual occurrence, but it may be safely averred, that in the uni versal anthology of civilized or uncivilized man, there is not to be found a truly sentimenmind, it would appear that there is a something in that feature to deaden rather than to excite sentiment. The cheeks, whether pale tion : but who ever remembered any very intense feeling being awakened by a twitch of the nose? On the contrary, that unfortunate feature seems to have been especially appropriated by humorists to cut their jibes upon. It has, from the earliest ages, been made the subject of disparaging and sportive remarks. It has been set up as a mark to be hit by ridicule-as a butt for the arrows of satire: as if it were an organ proper to be played upon by nothing but wit. We may grow eloquent concerning eyes, speak raptures of lips, and even sentimentalize upon chins, but the bare mention of the nasal promontary is certain to excite a smile.

Yet the augurs of old went so far as to judge of a man's character by his nose; and it is probably by reason of this connexion of the external nose with the internal characteristics, that so many proverbs and axioms have taken rise in reference to both. Thus, the French say of a clever man, that he has a "fine nose; of a prudent one, that his is a "good nose;" of a proud man, that "he carries his nose in the air." An inquisitive person is said "to poke his nose everywhere." A gourmand is described as always "having his nose in his plate;" that of the scholar is declared to be always is his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French say "the mustard rises in his nose." Nor are we deficient in similar sayings. A man, for absent himself from a room of such "republiinstance, who does not form any decisive opinions-who is swayed more by the persuasions of others than by his own judgment, is viduals not blessed with much acuteness or nose." Others, who to do some injury to an enemy, injure themselves, are declared to "cut off the nose to spite the face." The condition of a supplanted rival is described as that of a person who "has had his nose put out of ioint." All of these, it will be observed, are of a comic cast; while every simile and allusion made to the eyes, the brow, and the other features, is of the most serious and poetic character. Certain noses have, however, been celebrated in history, not as matters for jest, but as distinguishable features belonging to great men. The Romans had a proverb which signifies "it is not given to every one to have a nose," meaning that it was not the good fortune of all to exhibit a marked and precise nasal individuality-to have, in fact, an expressive nose.

As a matter of taste and ornament, the nose has engaged the attention and researches of authors and artists in a prominent degree. It has been truly remarked that the nose is a centre around which the other portions of the face are arranged and harmonized. Many celebrated artists estimate that its length should be a third the length of the face, from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair. If there be any deviation from this rule, it must, it would appear, be in excess, for all unite in prefering large to diminutive noses. Plato called the Aquiline the royal nose; and it is evident from their works, that none of the ancient masters of sculpture and painting considered a liberal allowance of nose as a deformity. Even in a physical point of view, this excess appears to be far from detrimental. "Give me," said Napoleon, "a man with a good allowance of nose. Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head-work done, choose a man-provided his education has been suitable-with a long nose. His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have, almost invariably found a long nose and long head together." Like this great General, the ancients entertained a marked preference for the ample nose; but all beauty is relative, and taste as capricious and varying as the winds.

HISTORICAL FACTS .- The Greeks had little or no notion of butter, and the early Romans used it only as a medicine-never as food : so that it is comparatively a modern article of diet. The first book ever printed was the book of Psalms, by Faust and Schaeffer, in 1457. It was printed on one side only of the leaves,

which were, in binding, pasted back to back.

Among the Romans, all men of full age were

obliged to marry, and it is even a modern law of England which inflicts a fine on all bachelors in the kingdom, of 25 years and over. The piano torte was invented by J. G. Schroder, of Dresden, in the year 1717, during which year he presented a model of his

invention to the court of Saxony. They immediately became popular. The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to the top of the other.

Calico, the well known cotton cloth, is named from Calcot, a city of India, from whence it first came. Calico was first brought to Eugland in the year 1631.

"Talk about mean men!" said old Fox, why, there's that Tom Johnson-he's the meanest man I ever heard tell on. Tom was ter of groceries, and came out and levied on the Missonri Compromise. Five years ago, my old woman's ducks, and wanted me to drive 'em up and catch 'em for him, and I told him to catch 'em himself; and so he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd catch a duck, he'd sit down and wring its head off, and then charge mileage !"

Mexico had seven Presidents in the month

NATIONAL PROFLIGACY.

At a time when the people of this country are studying economy, and when the revenues of the government are inadequate for the most carefully regulated expenditures, our rulers should be held to a strict accountability for their administration of the national finances. They require to be watched in small things as well as great; for when profligacy becomes a habit, its abuses are general, and correction must be applied at every point. Some items where less money in the aggregate is wasted, may serve to show the prevailing vice in even a more impressive light. For instance, the two front doors of that remarkable building, the Capitol, with their side trimmings cost \$47,072. In addition to this, the designs and models for these doors cost \$12,000. By the original estimate, these doors were put down at \$600. One of the bronze doors leading into the new Representative Chamber will cost, according to estimate, \$14,416-the design and model having already cost \$8,000. It is no wonder the ancients had a high idea of the position of a "door-keeper." Each window has cost about \$2,000 exclusive of glass. "The spread eagle hand-rails for the private stair-ways, in both wings, cost \$12,000," and yet they are in such dark places that it is propos-ed to tear away one of the committee rooms, in order to let a little light shine upon one of them. So much by way of detail, merely enough to prevent any wonder, when we state that the appropriations for the Capitol already reach \$5,075,000, and that it is estimated that the building cannot be completed on the pres-

ent plans for less than \$8,000,000! The same inordinate expenditure also extends to the furnishing of the various rooms. Thus the furniture of the Speaker's room alone cost \$5,500. Everything is on a grand scale—of expense at least. Mr. Speaker Orr, for instance, withdrawing from the ardnous duties of the Chair, retreshes himself by surveying his portly person in a mirror which cost \$1,850. If the light is not sufficient, he arranges the brocatelle curtains for which the "dear people" have paid \$900. Should he discover any dust upon his brow, he repairs to a wash-stand worth \$85. He can then select some interesting work from a book-case which cost \$668; takes choice between a \$48 and a \$95 chair and a \$90 lounge; and thus enjoys himself till a \$145 clock tells him it is time either to write a note from a \$50 inkstand on a \$95 writing table, or else take his coat and hat from a \$47 clothes rack and temporarily

can simplicity." And so it is throughout the Capitol. The room of the Committee of Ways and Means is described as being "led by the nose." Indi- furnished at an expense of \$2,740—one of the items being a "fine book-desk and case, \$600." The desks and chairs of the Re hall cost \$45,000; and merely the cleansing and varnishing of them last fall cost over \$1,100. Carpets, curtains and lounges are on the same scale. The members of the last session even brushed their shrewd financial heads at an expense of \$425 to the people, and combed them (the people's heads also) to the

tune of \$220 .- Boston Journal.

CAN'T A MAN THINK WHAT HE PLEASES ?- ID the spring of 1857, (our authority is explicit,) an exciting municipal election was held in Princeton, Indiana. The all-absorbing compound-question to be answered by the electors. was: "Whiskey ?-or no Whiskey ?" ing to the fact that sundry grogshops had been mobbed, and their contents destroyed by the fair Amazons of the village, during the preceding fall and winter, a vast quantity of bad blood had been engendered, and the election was bitterly contested. Conspicuous among the champions of "FreeLager," was aDutchman by the name of Dasche. Dasche, "mit his vrow," had his "local habitation" beyond the corporate limits of the village aforesaid; and, by consequence, had no right to vote in Princeton. But Dasche had not the remotest idea of limiting his exertions to the field of "moral sussion," and he therefore voted a plumper for "Free Whiskey," in all its phases. Da-sche was tried for the offence in the Court of Common Pleas of Gibson County, Judge P. presiding, and found guilty. Dasche was enraged; and gave vent to his feelings in language wherein it was hard to say whether bad English or broken Dutch predominated. The Court ordered him to be silent, the only reply was a volley of fragmentary polygiot anathe mas. His Honor again rebuked him, and threatened imprisonment, unless he held his peace. Dasche rose, and asked, meekly: Judge, can't a man disk vat he bleases ?"

"Certainly," replied the court, "you may think whatever you like." "Den," replied Dasche, a smile of triumph flashing across his Teutonic features as he glanced at the judge and jury, "I dinks you ish all a set of invernal schoundrels?"

"Time," was suddenly, "called on him," but his speech was finished.

Cow Stony .- The St. Louis Herald tells a tough but lively story of a cow in that city, chasing a young man wearing a flaming red shirt. He ran and the cow ran, up one street and down another, the cow making rather the best "time." Red shirt thought to escape by dodging behind such persons as he came across, the result was that several innocent pedestrians were perforated and carried off upon the infuriated animal's horns. Red shirt finally sought safety in a house, up the stairs of which he ran, the cow following for a few steps. She was finally driven out, and officer Finon placed two balls from his revolver into her head, which put a quietus upon her hostile demonstrations upon red shirt. The red shirt gentleman, in consideration of his hair breadth escape, demanded the cow's carcass, and upon the officer refusing to permit him to remove it, he created a disturbance which led to his being arrested and locked up.

Seventy years ago the Democrats drew a line around the States, and said to the Slave Trader, "Thus far you may go, but no farther." This was the Jeffersonian Proviso.-Thirty years ago, they rubbed out part of the a constable here. Why, don't you think he line and said to him, "You may go into lands had an execution against me for a little matthey rubbed out the rest of the line, and said to him, "We will leave it to the Settlers to decide whether you shall come in or not." This was the Nebraska Bill. Now they turn humbly to him, hat in hand, and say, "Go where you please; the land is all yours; the National Flag shall protect you, and the National Troops shoot down whoever resists you This is the Dred Scott Decision.