

Raffinier's Journal.

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WOMAN.

The smile that plays on woman's cheek,
The sigh which breaks no rest,
Though bright or sad, but ill bespeak
The feelings of her breast.
They may seem anxious thought impart,
But those who've most relied,
Know not the love of woman's heart
Until that heart be tried.
There may in her uncertain smile,
Some token be of grief—
Some impulse which may, for awhile,
In sorrow seek relief.
But those who most have watched the past,
Portrayed by hope or pride,
Know least the love of woman's heart,
Until that heart be tried.

THE BROKEN HEARTED: OR, CRIME ITS OWN AVENGER.

Recently a letter was published in some of the newspapers, in which Harlow Case, the defaulting collector of Sandusky, Ohio, announced the decease of the unhappy woman who had accompanied his flight, and implored the forgiveness of her husband. Under the title given above, a missionary correspondent of the Boston *Watchman & Reflector*, describes an interview with the guilty pair, which took place shortly before the husband's departure, and the child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings. The subject is a painful one, but the writer describes so feelingly and truthfully the self-inflicted misery of Case and his partner in guilt, that we reproduce his narrative:

"What though the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.
Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza, when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me a more intimate personal knowledge.
I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light, bamboo cane, or the motion of foot or hand.
These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, and I coupled with what I afterwards learned were certain evidence, that the man felt already the gnawings of the worm that never dies.
One forenoon we left the little seaport town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous island. Most glorious were the surroundings on every hand. The air was fragrant with the perfume of the inhabitants of a colder clime, nature had showered her most exquisite floral gifts everywhere. Trees loaded with sweet-smelling flowers, their intense colors vying with the foliage of richer green, from out which they smiled; tall cactus plants, with crimson, goblet-shaped blossoms; lilies, gorgeous in the queenly unfolding of form and color—everything rich, lavish, wonderful, met our eyes, feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.
"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide verandah, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were drenched upon the soft atmosphere—but from the moment the words were uttered his geniality departed.
Within the cottage enclosure were walks, hovers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me, whose smile mounted no higher than his lips—the dreamy, far-looking discontent in his eyes growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of this Eden-like domain?
We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes were particularly lustrous, yet mournful in beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see a something—a shadow of sadness—an unchildlike quiet, as she greeted my new friend.
Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark that sickness necessarily called him away for a half hour or so, left the room.
"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl, who, with those shadow-filled eyes of her, was regarding me gently but at tentively.
"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lips trembled.
"Did you come from America?" she asked, timidly, after a long silence.
"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.
"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added, hesitatingly, "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."
"Are you not then the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked somewhat astonished.
"I am my mother's daughter, answered the child, with a grave dignity in one so young—and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room.
I sat watching her white robes flitting thro' the long shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears.
Why was it, I thought, that painful thoughts took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me.
At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift-books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read:
"To Mary Frances F., from her devoted husband, Henry E. F."
A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.
I knew Henry E. F.; had known him intimately for years. He was a friend, towards whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time.
His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She

had desolated a household; and forgetting honor, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her woful love.
How could I remain under the roof that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had revealed in such a conquest?
I could only think of the evil they had done; not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.
Oh! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat upon his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.
"Will you come to dinner?" he asked.
I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality; the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why dare I declare it? Why not at once, in burning words, upbraid him for his villainy, and flee as from a pestilence his accursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which, for the moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and, under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining room.
"I am sorry little Nell's mamma"—(I was glad he did not dare to use the sacred name of wife)—"is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever, induced by the climate," he added, gravely, as he motioned me to a seat before him.
The table glittered with silver-plate. Obedient servants brought on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before.
But, the skeleton sat at the feast!
I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies.
Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and the servant from the room, and he seemed to nerve himself to conversation.
"You are from—city, I believe," he said nervously.
I answered an affirmative.
"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of—F.?" he asked.
"I knew him, sir," I said sternly, looking the man sternly in the face, "and I know him also as a ruined, heart-broken man."
With an ejaculation of anguish, he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.
"Perhaps you had suspected, then?" he began, in a quivering voice.
Not calmly, but with the words of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, and thought, and felt.
"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in Heaven knows that I have suffered; and if in F's benevolence he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled. Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months, and I have known it. It has been for me, now, to see the failing step, the dimming eye; it is for me to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn-out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad," he said in a frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long hasty strides. Then, burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed: "Too late—too late—I have repented." There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "No human being can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly."
A weary, mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.
"Oh! if he knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him—he would pity her—and if it could be, forgive."
"Will you see her, sir?"
I shrank from the very thought.
"She asked for you, sir," he said, denying her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."
"I will go, then."
Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he led me into a chamber oriental in its beautiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence.
There, half reclining in a wide, easy chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing gown, clinging and hollowed to the ravages sickness had made—sat one whose great beauty, and once gentle gifts, had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.
But now! O pity! pity!
The eyes only retained their lustre; they were woefully sunken. The blazing fire kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more hotly as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself: "How sorry I am for you!"
She knew, probably, by her husband's manner, that I was aware of her circumstances. Her first question was:
"Are you going back to America, sir?"
The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre.
I told her it was not my intention to return at present.
"Oh! then, who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough, for the bitter wrong I have done them."
"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, checking her sobs: "I hoped you might tell him that his image before me from morning till night, as I know he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir—tell him I have suffered through everybody. Tell him I have suffered through long hours, these many weary years; ah, God only knows how deeply."
"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host, gently.
"Let me talk while I may," was the answer. "Let me say that since the day I left my home, I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always what comes—always just ahead—and here it is—come—the grave is opening, and I must go to judgment. Oh,

how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive me—O my God—forgive."
It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join—or, if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and with but feeble faith.
Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm-tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but where'er it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear—"Tell him my story! Warn, oh, warn everybody!"

SOMETHING USEFUL ABOUT CLAY.

Of the various substances on the face of the earth few, if any, are so generally useful to man as clay. It is more than probable that the first substance which man began to fashion, to shape, or mold, was clay. The inspired writers repeatedly use the word clay in a figurative sense in reference to the shaping of the body. "Thou hast made me as the clay; Your bodies are as bodies of clay," (Job x, 9; xii, 12). Whether the clay was burned as bricks, or not, cannot be positively decided; but reference is directly made to "them that dwell in houses of clay" at that time. More than 1500 years B.C. "the potter's power over clay" was perfectly familiar; so that by analogy we may fairly reason that the clay for houses may have been hardened by fire. As far as we can ascertain, pottery is one of the most ancient of arts. Man having obtained "power over the clay," he began to get power over the metals. This early adaptation of clay to domestic uses arose from the intrinsic merits of the clay itself. Its property to harden from mere exposure to the air and sun, was quite enough to render it serviceable; but when it was ascertained that fire turned it into a more durable material than stone, it gave of course great impetus to its workers. The potter's wheel or tool for fashioning clay is the same now that was used three thousand years ago. Clay is not only useful in pottery, but is applied in many of the arts, such as dyeing, where alum is used, and in the manufacture of glass, and many other arts and manufactures. "But what is clay?" many will ask; and the laboratorist chemist replies "It is the rust of a beautiful metal." Not many years ago all the fashionable world of London flocked to Albernark Street to see young Humphrey Davy produce metals from earth. Prior to the all earths, clays in particular, were considered primitive and unchangeable bodies; his genius, however, penetrated these mysteries, and the result was that we now know that all earthy bodies are but metallic rusts of one kind and another. Sir Humphrey Davy merely showed the world that the earthy bodies were metallic oxides. M. Berthollet, of Paris, under the patronage of the present Emperor, has separated the metallic base of clay to such an extent that it is now an article of commerce. Aluminium is now used for jewelry, especially bracelets, pins, and combs; in cabinet-making it is excellent for inlaid work; its lightness renders it extremely convenient for pencil-holders, thimbles, seals, small statuettes, medals, vases and the like; for spectacles also. As it does not blacken the skin like silver. But one of its most useful applications consists in using it for reflectors of gas lamps, since it resists the effects of sulphurous emanations, which silver and brass do not. The chemical name of clay is alumina, and the metal obtained from it is aluminium. Most metals are characteristic of being very heavy; but aluminium is remarkably light, and though it has a silvery white metallic lustre, yet such is its lightness, that one can scarcely believe it to be metal; but it is assuredly so. Beautiful spoons and forks are made with it, and at no distant period it will become as common as zinc, though of more value. If chemistry deserves well of us, it is in this case. It has now taught us that the very walls of our houses and the tiles of their roofs tend with brilliant metal which we can turn to useful purposes. Some metals, such as iron, rust or become earthy very rapidly; but aluminium does not do so; yet it can be rusted, and the result is that the earth clay is produced. All these facts prove that what was thought to testify figuratively the value of clay by the writers of the Scriptures is now known to be truth in its real and intrinsic sense. This every experiment in the laboratory tends to illustrate the sublime truth of every assertion in the Holy Volume. Within the outward earthy body of clay there is an effulgent metallic spirit.

THE CAUSE OF CRIME.—The Grand Jury of Baltimore a couple weeks since made a report on crime, and its causes in that city. They say that they have examined one hundred cases of what is called offences against the person, consisting of murder, assault with intent to kill, and assault and battery, and find, without a solitary exception, that these cases have occurred while the parties were under the influence of liquor. They also say that three-fourths of all other cases that have come before them may be traced to the same cause, and add, as their opinion, that as much of this evil may be attributed to the quality as to the quantity of the liquor used. They say the poisonous articles used in the adulteration maddens, while the spirit intoxicates, and its effects are as disastrous to the health as to the morals of those who use it. This system of adulteration has been carried so far that it would be difficult from the reports of chemists who have investigated the subject, to find any description of pure alcoholic liquor. That portion which comes from abroad is adulterated to the fullest extent of the consummate skill of the French chemist, only to be re-adulterated here by fully as unscrupulous but less skillful hands.

SOME OF THE LOST PARADISE.—The Jewish Chronicle states that the remnants of a Jewish colony have been found at Kai-fung-fu, China. A communication is about to be opened with these sons of Israel by their British co-religionists, and they will be requested to send two youths to England to receive a European education. They have been separated from all intercourse with the remainder of their race for a period of six centuries.
One of the Democratic candidates for the United States Senatorship in New Jersey, it is said, remarked, "that the present was the highest priced legislature he ever had dealing with."

CAUSES OF DIVORCE.

More than thirty causes of divorce are recognized by the statutes of the different States. In South Carolina not one has ever been obtained. In Virginia there are three causes, namely: natural and incurable impotency at the time of the marriage, idiosyncrasy and bigamy. In Alabama, adultery, or two years' abandonment. In Rhode Island impotency, adultery, extreme cruelty, willful desertion for the space of five years, continued drunkenness, neglect of the husband to provide necessaries for the subsistence of the wife, gross misbehavior and wickedness repugnant to the marriage contract. In New Jersey divorce is granted for prior existing marriage, adultery, and willful absence for five years. In Vermont for non-age, mental incapacity, impotency, force or fraud, adultery, confinement in the State Prison for three years or more, intolerable severity, willful desertion for three years, absence for seven years unheard of, and where the husband, being of age, grossly and wantonly neglects to provide for his wife. Maine, for adultery, impotency, desertion for five years, joining the Shakers for five years, confinement in the State Prison of any one of the United States for five years, fraud in obtaining the consent of the other party, habitual drunkenness for three years; a marriage with an Indian or mulatto is void; and imprisonment for felony in the State, works a divorce without any judicial proceeding. In Kentucky for habitual drunkenness, condemnation for felony, cruelty of the husband, and for several other causes which we forbear to mention. In Illinois, for impotency, adultery, willful desertion for two years, extreme cruelty, habitual drunkenness for two years. In Missouri, for adultery, willful desertion for two years, conviction of an infamous crime, habitual drunkenness for two years, cruel treatment endangering life, intolerable indignities, vagrancy of the husband. In Iowa the same causes exist as in Missouri, to which is super added, "when the parties cannot live in peace and happiness, and their welfare requires a separation."
The law of Arkansas is the same as in Missouri, except that one year's absence is sufficient to free the abandoned party from the bonds of marriage. In Tennessee and Mississippi the law is nearly similar; while in Florida, to like enactments are added habitual indulgence of violent and ungovernable temper for one year, or drunkenness or desertion for one year.

In North Carolina, impotency, adultery, abandonment, turning the wife out of doors, cruelty or indignity on the part of the husband, or any other just cause. In Texas impotency, excess, or cruel treatment, or outrages, or desertion for three years; the husband may have a divorce for the adultery of his wife, and the wife when the husband abandons her and turns her out of doors. In Maryland the same as in New York, except that abandonment and three years' absence from the State is a cause for divorce. In Georgia the old English ecclesiastical law governs. In New Hampshire and Ohio similar laws to those of Vermont prevail. Extreme cruelty and absence for three years are causes of divorce in Delaware, to which Pennsylvania has added intolerable indignities. Congress has never conferred the power to grant divorce upon the courts in the District of Columbia.

PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MANIA.

The steamer *Nat. Holmes*, bound from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, with 150 passengers, mostly emigrants to Pike's Peak, came into collision with the *David Gibson*, on the Ohio river, opposite Aurora, Indiana, on the 27th day of March, when both boats sunk, and the cabins floated off. Fifteen or twenty persons are supposed to have been lost on the *Nat. Holmes*. This ends the golden dream of one party of enthusiasts.
The number of emigrants to Pike's Peak is immense this spring. Every railroad train that goes in the direction of the new gold fields takes hundreds of persons for that destination. The fever has swept over the Western States like a torrent, and the excitement is rising rapidly in the East and it is believed by many that before the summer is over the Pike's Peak region will contain from fifty to a hundred thousand of a population. This may be the case if the mania does not die away by reports adverse to the success of those who are already in the mines. That there is gold there, we do not deny; but that it is sufficiently plenty to make mining remunerative, is another matter. One thing is certain—there are two sides to the picture. The bright side all have heard of. The following from the *St. Joseph, Missouri, Gazette*, of the 23d March, gives the other:
"UNFAVORABLE FROM THE GOLD MINES.—As we have frequently given assurances that the *Gazette* would give the latest, most reliable, and, in fact, all the news from the Gold Mines, or elsewhere, it is proper that we should give some recent reports which have reached us. We are informed that Mr. Talbot Fairleigh, brother of Wm. G. Fairleigh, of the firm of Tootle & Fairleigh, of this city, has just arrived from Cherry Creek, whither he emigrated last fall, in October, or November, as noticed by us at the time, and where he spent the winter. We have not seen Mr. F. but are reliably informed that he says the mines won't pay, don't pay and have not paid. He is surprised at the rush in that direction, and predicts the greatest amount of suffering among those who are going out so fully prepared, and especially among those going with hand carts. Mr. Jas. B. Campbell, of Holt county, has also written back to the *Forest City Monitor*, that the mines are not paying so far as his observation goes, but thinks there may be discoveries in the mountains which will prove rich. Mr. Wm. Zook, of the same county, has also returned making a similar report. These are all young gentlemen of intelligence and respectability. We have recently given some very encouraging news from the mines, and have always given the authority for these reports. We now give this adverse news that those who read our paper may be in possession of all the information which has been elicited. The reports are thus conflicting, as to the richness of the mines, but all concur that there is gold there; the color is found everywhere. A few months will determine the matter."

OTIS BULLARD, of Lowell, formerly an officer in the Boston Custom House, has testified, before the Liquor Investigating Committee, that he can make as good whiskey as that which comes from the State agency for three cents a gallon, and as good port wine for twenty-five cents.
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ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE U. S. STATES.

To many of our readers the condition of the Church of Rome in the United States may be an object of interest—to others, of curiosity. Glancing over the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanack*, of which the twenty-sixth annual volume was lately published by John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, we were surprised at finding a great deal of information carefully compressed into a limited space—information too, which may be accepted as authentic, for the *Almanack* is published with the direct sanction of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States.

Commencing with these details we perceive how this hierarchy is constituted. There are seven provinces—Baltimore, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York, Oregon, San Francisco, and St. Louis. These Provinces are subdivided in dioceses and Vicariates Apostolic. Of the latter there are only two (East Florida and the Indian Territory East of the Rocky Mountains), now occupied by Bishops in *partibus*. Over each Province an Archbishop presides who is also head of a diocese over the diocese of Baltimore. There are nine Bishops or coadjutors in the Province of Baltimore; eight in Cincinnati; six in New Orleans; nine in New York; three in Oregon; two in San Francisco, and nine in St. Louis. The whole number of Catholic Arch-Bishops and Bishops in the United States is fifty.

There are three dioceses in Pennsylvania: Erie, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. Dr. Young is Bishop of Erie, a see established in 1853, comprising Mercer, Venango, Clarion, Jefferson, Clearfield, Elk, McKean and Potter counties, and all that part of Pennsylvania north and west of them. Dr. Neumann is Bishop of Philadelphia, a see established in 1853, comprising Mercer, Venango, Clarion, Jefferson, Clearfield, Elk, McKean and Potter counties, and all that part of Pennsylvania north and west of them. Dr. O'Connor is Bishop of Pittsburgh, a see established in 1843, comprising Allegheny, Greene, Washington, Fayette, Beaver, Butler, Lawrence, Armstrong, Indiana, Westmoreland, Cambria, Blair, Somerset, Huntingdon and Bedford counties, in the State of Pennsylvania. The Catholic population of the diocese of Erie is set down at 19,000, with 1,000 baptisms in 1858. There is no note of the Catholic population of the diocese of Philadelphia, (which must be very great, but there were 18,452 baptisms in 1857; and the Catholic population of the diocese of Pittsburgh is about 50,000. In the diocese of Philadelphia there are 285 priests and 153 churches and chapels.

In 1774, there were nineteen priests in the United States, then British Colonies. In 1790 there was one Bishop and twenty priests in the United States. In 1800, there were two bishops and about fifty priests. In 1805, when Baltimore was made an Archbishopric, there were only 2 bishops, 98 priests, and 80 churches. There now are 43 dioceses, 45 bishops, 2,108 priests, and 2,334 churches.

The *Catholic Almanack* does not give any information as to the Catholic population of the United States. The Census Return of 1850, in its list of Church Accommodations, states that in the year 1857, of this New York gave 17,462 priests, Boston 7,490, Louisville and New Orleans 4,600, each, Charleston 4,041, Baltimore 3,888, Pittsburgh 3,860, Philadelphia 3,036, and other dioceses smaller amounts. But, against 164,022, thus contributed by the United States, is an amount of 641,423 francs allocated as Alms among the different Missions of the United States. Of this amount 18,000 francs were confided to Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

NOT EXACTLY LEVEL.—A noble star, the other night, got quite full of brandy and music, in fact, justly so, and he had not got over it the next morning, when he was reported to the Mayor. "How is this?" said the Mayor, "not sober yet?"
"Sober," was the reply, as he straightened himself up with drunken dignity, "who says I am not sober?"
"Why you can not walk a straight line, now," said the Mayor; "there try and walk along that seam in the floor."
Buttosing up his coat, with determination, he started to try it, but doubled over the line several times. At last he exclaimed—
"You know it ain't a fair shake—the floor isn't level."

DISCUSSION WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.—"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than that of tasting?" was the subject up before a western debating club in a bar room. Uncle Joe was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him deliver himself. Walking up to the barkeeper he called for hot whiskey punch, and drank it off with great gusto—then turning to his opponent, he handed the empty glass to the leading disputant, and thundered out—"now smell it, you varmint!" It is needless to add that Uncle Joe "brought down the house," and also the decision for the negative.

Although the word "ovation" seems derived from the Latin *ovum*, an egg, we hardly suppose that a mob which pelts a poor fellow with eggs can properly be said to give him an ovation.
Mr. Pullup coming home late, "pretty full," finds the walking slippery, and exclaims: "V-er-very sing'lar! wh-whenver water freezes it allus fr-freezes with the s-lippery sides up; dem'd singular!"

Two printing presses are about to be started in the gold regions at Pike's Peak.

THE CULTIVATION OF CORN.

The question of applying the usual domestic or barn manures to corn in the hill at planting, or over the whole surface before that time, is one which we have not seen particularly discussed in our agricultural journals, though often mentioned as practiced, or *vice versa*, in accounts of the culture of this grain. From observation on this point, we conclude it is more common in New Hampshire than elsewhere, where indeed it was learned from the aboriginal corn-growers. We have here, tofore, from results in our own experience, recommended manuring in the hill, in addition to a good dressing over the whole field, as productive of an essential improvement in the crop—giving an earlier and stronger start, which advance it keeps through the whole period of growth.

Some experience in corn growing, comparing hill manuring with its application over the whole surface, are given by Mr. Baker of Oak Hill, in a recent *N. E. Farmer*—and thinking it will interest, we condense the same for our readers. Five plots of an acre each, were planted the first of May. On the first, twenty loads of long manure were spread and plowed under, eight inches deep. On the second, ten loads of the barn-yard manure were spread on the surface after plowing, and thoroughly harrowed before marking. The third acre was manured in the hills—two quarts of very fine stable manure to each. The fourth received manure and flat, one quart of compost—two parts muck, two parts hog manure, and one part each of lime and ashes. The fifth acre, for the purpose of comparison, received no manure. The kind of corn planted was the yellow snout or red blaze, the kernel of which is large and flat, and the ear good size. Making no account of the soft corn, it produced as follows: No. 1, 84 bushels of corn; No. 2, 99 bushels; No. 3, 99 bushels; No. 4, 96 bushels; No. 5, 68 bushels. From these results, he concludes that for present profit, manuring in the hill is the best, and, second, barn manure harrowed in, produces more effect than green dung plowed under—at least on the first crop.

Most commercial manures, as guano, superphosphates, poudrette, etc., have been applied in the hill exclusively, so we have no means of comparison of the effect of the same broadcast. Of fertilizers of domestic production, barn manure has more generally been applied in the hill for corn than any other material. It is plentiful, of a concentrated character, and readily prepared and applied, while there can be no question as to the profit arising from its judicious use. As hinted before, this manure and others of like character, give the young shoots an early and vigorous start, and enable it the sooner to strengthen itself by extending its roots to more distant stores of food.

The effect of manuring in the hill exclusively, would seem to be less calculated to benefit the next crop than if applied over the whole ground, though the active or thoroughly decomposed character of the fertilizers thus used would leave little benefit to be expected the second year. But we leave the question with our readers, simply remarking that while we would commend plentiful broadcast manuring in all cases, we would also advise the application of some concentrated fertilizer in the hill, believing it will in all cases prove profitable by forwarding and increasing the crop. Indian corn cannot well be surfeited by high breeding—and above most grains, new and repays a plentiful supply.—*Country Gentleman*.

THE LAST ROMANCE.—Quite a romance in real life, says the *Detroit Advertiser*, was brought to a happy termination in that city on the 9th inst. Seventeen years ago, a New York lass, lovely and sweet sixteen, became enamored of a medical student, and the pair exchanged vows of love and eternal fidelity. Two years later the unfledged Esculapius left for Europe to complete his education, the aforesaid vows having been previously tenderly renewed. After a brief and gay sojourn at Paris, the loving student domiciled himself in one of the most renowned colleges of Madrid, and applied himself to sober study. His letters to the fair damsel he loved were frequent, but no fond remembrances came in reply. His epistles were intercepted and never reached the fair one, while her words of love, intended for his delectation, met with the same misfortune. The poor student, thwarted in his love, threw up his studies, and for two long years coursed through Europe, seeking to whelm his disappointment in the gales and pleasures of the different capitals. In the meantime the young lady, who was equally unhappy, removed to Detroit with her mother. At the end of his two years' pilgrimage, the student returned to America, but the idol of his heart had left the scene of her betrothal, and almost broken hearted he turned his steps to Cuba; but the spirit of unrest pursued him, and Texas and Mexico beheld him still a rover, seeking to drown memory by excitement. A few months since, by one of those singular occurrences which sometimes flash across the pathway of life, he heard that the lady was in Michigan, and quickly wended his way thither. After a few weeks of diligent search, the anxious lover found his Dulcinea at Ypsilanti, and the meeting which ensued—the twin having been separated fifteen years—is described as "affecting in the extreme." The tribulations of the now mature lovers were over, and on the 9th inst. they proceeded to Detroit, and were united in the holy bonds of wedlock. Who says this is a prosaic age?

Mrs. Rebecca Hayden and her four children were drowned on the 17th March, in attempting to cross Salt River, Rolls county, Missouri. It is but a few weeks since the death of the woman's husband was mentioned. He died from congestion of the brain, caused by an excessive fit of anger.

We see it reported that a Yankee soap pedlar was recently caught at sea during a violent storm, and saved his life by taking a cake of his own soap and washing himself ashore. This soap was doubtless made of strong lye.

"That's part of the shinking fund," as a chap said when a box of money went to the bottom of the river.

Shoemakers and milkmen make good sailors—they are both used to working at the "pumps."

Two printing presses are about to be started in the gold regions at Pike's Peak.