

# Raftsmen's Journal.

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## STAND AS AN ANVIL.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the strokes  
Of stalwart strength fall fierce and fast,  
Storms but more deeply root the oaks,  
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.  
"Stand like an anvil!" when the sparks  
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;  
Virtue and truth must still be marks  
Where malice proves its want of power.  
"Stand like an anvil!" when the bar  
Lies red and glowing on its breast;  
Duty shall be life's leading star,  
And conscious innocence its rest.  
"Stand like an anvil!" when the sound  
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;  
Thine but the still and stern rebound  
Of the great heart that cannot fear.  
"Stand like an anvil!" noise and heat  
Are born of earth and die with time;  
The soul, like God, its source and seat,  
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

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## CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Shortly after the Revolutionary war, the wild lands of Pennsylvania caused speculation to rise to fever heat, and a number of surveying parties were sent out into different portions of the State. The anxiety of the Deputy Surveyors to locate their warrants and return their surveys before any other rights attached to the soil, caused many interferences. Caveats were filed, disputes adjusted, and orders of re-survey issued in some instances. In 1802, a surveying party—Cannan's—came on to the waters of Chest Creek, to run the division line between the McConnell and Fisher lands, and ascertain interferences. They started at the "Scotch Cabins," in Cambria county, at the place where the Indian path from Carlisle to Kittanning crossed Chest Creek, and run the courses and distances of that stream for thirty-one miles. Having finished surveying, they came to the mouth of the Creek, and then proceeded down the West Branch of the Susquehanna. In this party was Samuel Fulton, a surveyor, a native of Ireland, who came to the United States with his mother in the year 1794, at the age of twelve years. He was on his way to Alexandria, Huntingdon county, Pa., at the time the Jersey Blues were being reviewed in the State of Delaware, prior to their departure to fight the "whiskey boys," during that memorable insurrection, which caused more noise than bloodshed.

The first sign of a settlement which the surveying party discovered, was a few deadened pine trees where now stands the orchard of Hon. James Ferguson. They passed it and Arthur Bell's improvement, and crossed the River to James McCracken's, the brother-in-law of Squire Bell, who was then surrounded by a numerous family, the children being Joseph, James, Robert, Thomas, Daniel, John, William, Greenwood, and two daughters, so far as we have ascertained. McCracken's place afterwards became the property of Samuel Caldwell and Joseph Hoover. This was the first night that Fulton slept in the county.

Opposite McCracken's was the improvement of Thomas McClure, Esquire—a kind friend, and one of the most obliging neighbors, who would at any time accommodate himself to accommodate another, and when asked for a favor, he stopped not to inquire, "what will it profit me?" but only, "can I grant it?" He lived and died without an enemy. McClure came from Cumberland county in 1799, and made an improvement; but he did not remove to Clearfield until in the year 1800. He was afterwards commissioned as a Justice of the Peace, and was one of the County Commissioners at the time the contract for the building of the first court house was made. He had two sons and five daughters. One of the sons—Wilson—and one of the daughters are dead.

The other son—the jovial and warm-hearted Col. T. Ross McClure—occupies the Liggett place, adjoining the homestead. Of the daughters, Sarah was married to Benj. Bloom, Sr.; Jane remained single; Mary is the wife of Dr. John P. Hoyt, of Ferguson township, lately an Associate Judge, who has been for some years an active politician, and an ardent advocate of all measures having a tendency to elevate our agricultural interests; Elizabeth married Abraham Reams, who resides about four miles below the county seat, on the hill running back from the high cliff of rocks near the head of "Fulton's dead water."

As Fulton re-crossed the River, he saw Samuel and William Beatty engaged in clearing out the piece of land adjoining McClure's, for David Liggett, an old bachelor, who soon after moved on the land, where he lived and died. Following the blazed path, which at this point left the River, he reached Paul Clover's tavern, leaving Bloom's to the right. Clover had, for a sign, something more natural than a "Red Lion," or a "Golden Eagle." It was the skin of a huge panther, stuffed and hanging, by the nose, at the end of his house. This monster had been killed by William Bloom, a day or two before. The tavern was a large cabin, one and a half stories high. Fulton and his party remained there that day, resting and enjoying themselves to the best advantage. They found the entertainment good; there was plenty of meat provided, and some of them shrewdly guessed that the sign, like the shell which makes known to the epicure that real turtle "will be served to-day," betokened the kind of meat that was to be prepared for the table.

For several weeks after this time, Fulton was engaged surveying, making fifteen re-

surveys for Col. Miles, which commenced at the place where Matthew Caldwell now lives, extended over to the Clearfield Creek, and embraced the land from that line down to where the Creek and the River come together, at "the Point." As this brought him in sight of nearly all the settlements that were then in the county, along the river, we will here glance at those we have not already mentioned.

About a mile and a half below Clover's, on the same side of the River, lived Robert Askey, near the present mill of Isaac Bloom, Esq. Askey was very obliging, aiding people to cross the River at his place, where there was a ford, on the Milesburg and LeBeuff road. He would relate to the pioneers his adventures with the Indians, whilst he was under Gen. Wagner, and give them such information as he possessed, of the country which they intended making their home. He lived more for others than for himself, died recently at an advanced age, and has been succeeded by a large family, whose principal traits is their kind and neighborly disposition.

A little farther down, on the opposite side of the River, lived Benjamin Jordan, who was a Revolutionary soldier, originally from the State of Maryland, and who, in Centre county, had become connected, by marriage, to the family of Gen. Potter. He was tall man—all bone and sinew. He was eccentric, and though his place was one of general resort for a long time, he seemed to show little disposition for conviviality or society. He located a number of surveys in this county, several of which bear his own and the name of his wife Isabella. It was at his house the early trainings took place, during one of which, whilst the war was in progress, a recruiting party said this county a visit. There were then in the neighborhood, two young men from Indiana county, named Porter and McAnulty.

The former had received the bounty money, enlisted and afterwards deserted. The latter, who was a neighbor of Porter, tempted by the reward offered for the apprehension of deserters, gave information which led to Porter's arrest. The prisoner was taken within ten miles, where he watched his opportunity, and when McAnulty came near him, he seized the informer and gave him a sound thrashing, flogging which he received the approbation of the bystanders. Towards evening, Porter, escaping through the lines, reached the River, an divested himself of part of his clothing before his captors were aware of his escape. Pursuit was made, but though the Reer was that high, the water cold, and numerous shots fired at him, he succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, where, with a graceful wave of the hand, he bid good-bye to the soldiers, and was not heard of afterwards. Jordan was beloved by his neighbors, and his sudden and tragical end startled the little community in which he lived, and filled it with gloom and sadness. He had five children. One of his sons died in youth; another removed to Centre county and died there; one daughter married Thos. Reed, the father of ex-Sheriff Josiah R. Reed; another was the first wife of Alexander Reed; and the third was married to James Reed. Benjamin Jordan had a brother Hugh, also a Revolutionary soldier, who removed to this county in 1803, and settled on the Ridges, in what is now known as the "Frishtown settlement." He was a man of some note, became an Associate Judge, and from him has descended a numerous family. Jordan township was named after him.

Opposite to Benjamin Jordan's lived George and John Welch, two brothers, the latter of whom was without a family, and was subsequently frozen to death whilst crossing the Allegheny Mountains. George still occupies the old place. He is the father of the lamented William C. Welch, who died whilst in commission as Prothonotary in the year 1850, and has a numerous progeny.

Below Welch's, near the Centre meeting-house, was the home of Martin Hoover, a native of York county, who removed to Centre county in 1792, and from thence came to Clearfield in 1801. During that year, he cleared about three acres of ground, part of which he sowed with turnips and the remainder with grass. The soil was very productive, and the second year he raised on three acres nearly 1000 bushels of turnips. The hay crop was, however, a failure, and during the winter the cattle subsisted principally on the twigs of trees which were cut down for that purpose.

At the time the Ogen mill was destroyed by fire, Hoover had three bushels of wheat, part of the first crop of that cereal which he had raised, burned up—a loss which then was considered very serious. In 1814, Mr. Hoover was elected a member of the Legislature, being the first sent from this county. He afterwards held the position of Treasurer, and also filled a number of minor posts. He died in 1841, in the 79th year of his age. He had twelve children. Of the sons, John, Samuel, David, Daniel and George are dead. Jacob and Joseph are living. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was married to Lebbeus Luther; Polly, to Roswell Luther; Catharine, to Isaac Packer, a cousin of the Governor's; and Nancy to John Flegal. Esther remains single.

Polly and Catharine are dead. George Hoover, a brother of Martin's, came here some years after the latter. He also had a large family.

Next to Hoover's, on the Goodfellow place, was Frederick Hennich—now Haney—whose next neighbor was Daniel Ogden. Haney erected the grist mill, which supplanted Ogden's, on the Montgomery creek, near its mouth. He was the builder of the coal ark that we have said was staved in "Rocky Bend," which reminds us of an occurrence at a christening at the house of Abraham Hess. The Rev. Stewart, of Penn's Valley, a Presbyterian clergyman, occasionally came out here to preach for the people, and the opportunity was generally embraced to christen those children who had not already been baptised. The Reverend gentleman had no regular form, but usually asked some Biblical questions before performing the interesting ceremony. Taking the Bible in his hand, he inquired of Mr. Hess, "Who built the first ark?" and was promptly answered:—"Fred Haney!" which was, no doubt, true, so far as this county was concerned, but was neither the answer expected nor desired by the clergyman. Abraham Hess was originally from York county, moved here about 1803, lived on Clearfield creek, where he died recently. He was twice married, his first wife being a daughter of David Litz, the elder, and had a large family—thirteen children—two of whom are dead. Haney had a numerous offspring, but few of whom are now to be found in the county.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PERILOUS BALLOON ADVENTURE.

An affair of this nature took place on the occasion of the last ascent but one of the celebrated and lucky aeronaut, Mons. Godard. Mr. Godard took with him that day as his companion *du voyage*, a wealthy private gentleman, who had paid 1000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of his expedition. The weather could not have been more propitious, and the balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does that produce on you?" asked Mr. Godard of his companion.  
"Nothing," said the latter laconically.  
"My compliments to you," said Mr. Godard.  
"You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion."  
"Keep on mounting," said the traveller, with gravity supreme.  
Mr. Godard threw out some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher. "And now?" added Godard, "does your heart beat?"

"Nothing yet," replied his companion, who arrived at such an altitude with impunity.  
"The dence!" exclaimed Mr. Godard; "you have really, my dear sir, the most perfect qualifications to be an aeronaut."  
The balloon still ascended; when 1000 feet higher—Mr. Godard interrogated his companion—"And now?" "Nothing, nothing, not the shadow of fear whatever," answered the traveller disconcerted, and like a man who had experienced a profound deception.

"Godness me! so much the worse then," said the aeronaut, smiling; "I must renounce all hopes of making you afraid. The balloon is high enough; we are going to descend."  
"To descend!"  
"Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher."  
"That don't make the slightest difference to me, I do not choose to descend."  
"On! what?" asked Mr. Godard.  
"Why that I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given you 1000 francs in order to experience some emotion; I must do so, or I will not descend before I have felt some emotion!"

Mr. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed, at that time, that it was all a joke.  
"Will you ascend?" once more demanded the traveller, seizing him by the throat and shaking him with violence, "when shall I feel some emotion?"

Mr. Godard relates that at this moment he felt himself lit. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regard to the strangely dilated eyes of the companion *du voyage*; he had dealt with a madman!  
To try to make a man listen to reason! To ask for him, amidst the clouds!

If even the unfortunate aeronaut had any defensive weapon, he would have been incapable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the sky. The earth was 5000 feet beneath—most horrible depth, and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize. Mr. Godard, with the presence of mind acquired by him in so many of his daring aerial expeditions, had all these reflections, in the short space of a second.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow," continued the madman, without loosening the grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of my 1000 francs as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. You now who is going to cut a caper."  
The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force. Mr. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself. "What do you wish from me?" asked he, with a calm tone and submissive air.  
"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a summersault," answered the man, with a ferocious smile. "But first," (the madman appeared to bethink himself.) "I have my ideas. I wish to see if I cannot find some emotion up there. I must put myself astride of the semi-circle."  
The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking, he commenced to climb along the cords which held the car attached to the balloon. Mr. Godard, who had not before treated for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.  
"But miserable man, you are going to kill yourself; you will be seized with vertigo," cried he, again by the collar, "or I will pitch you into the abyss."  
"At least, observed Mr. Godard, "allow me to put this cord around your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."  
"Be it so," said the madman, who seemed to comprehend the utility of the precaution. This done, furnished with his cord of safety, the madman commenced to climb the

with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon and placed himself astride the semi-circle, as he said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked Mr. Godard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping the balloon. "To make myself comfortable forthwith." Uttering these words the madman cut slowly the cord of safety which Mr. Godard had attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon the miserable creature must roll over the abyss. Mr. Godard shut his eyes in order not to see him. The madman clasps his hands; he cannot contain himself with delight. He spurs the balloon with his heel, as if on horseback, to guide its flight.

"And now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife: "we are going to laugh. Ah, robber, you thought to make me descend. Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down in a moment, and quicker than that." Mr. Godard had no time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter still astride the semi-circle, but cut—oh! horror!—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclines horribly! It only held by two. It would have been all over with Mr. Godard if he had not grasped desperately at these. The knife of the madman approaches the last cord—yet a moment and all will be over.

"I do not ask for pardon; on the contrary."  
"What is it you wish then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At present moment, now," continued the aeronaut hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5,000 feet."  
"Stop," said the madman, "that will be occasion to tumble down such a height."  
"Yet," said Mr. Godard, "my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain to ensue from a fall from that elevation. It is possible for me to prefer to fall from such a height and be killed outright, rather than risk being only lamed; have the charity to precipitate me from a height of 6,000 only."

"Ah, that will do," said the madman, whom the mention of a more dreadful fall charmed amazingly.  
Mons. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws over an enormous quantity of ballast. The balloon made a powerful bound, and mounted five hundred feet in a few seconds. Only then, and while the madman surveys this operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another quite contrary. The quick eye of Mr. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman, figures the one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He draws the cord, it opens the valve placed in the upper part of the balloon for the purpose of allowing any excess for the hydrogen gas to escape, and the result which he hoped for, was not long in making itself apparent. Little by little the madman became drowsy, asphyxiated and insensible by the vapors of the gas which surrounded him.

The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, Mr. Godard allowed the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished!

Arrived on terra firma, Mr. Godard, not having any other author of his perilous voyage, hastened to restore him to animation, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

## PLENTY TO EAT.

I am worse than Noah's Ark—of course I mean in my capacity for taking in animals. I will suppose that I have reached the allotted term of man's existence—three score and ten—that I have been blessed with a good digestion, and that I have devoured three meals a-day. Setting aside the forests of vegetables I have destroyed, the panorama of my animal consumption would take the regular exhibition period of two hours to unroll. There I should stand at one end like the Ark with open mouth, while every living creature of the air, the earth, or the sea, would move slowly on in solemn procession, disappearing within my all-devouring jaws. The weight of my individual nourishment in tons would be something awful, its value in sterling money might reach 10,000, and in one horse wagon loads it might number perhaps from 80 to 100. Not content with the flesh of birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles, and insects, I must seize upon their bones, and feed upon their skins, even after the latter have been converted into articles of clothing. Ivory dust has long been sold as an excellent article for jellies, and so have bones, hide clippings and parchment shavings. No wonder Professor Liebig talks of the gelatine of oxen, for a man for a month; no wonder he tells me the only difference between this deceptive luxury and joiners' glue is its greater price; no wonder we pity the long array of helpless invalids who have been fed with this glassy mockery; no wonder it trembles when it appears upon a dish, it thinks what a shameless impostor it is; for old kid gloves, and other parchment goods are often the only ingredients of its composition. Glue and scraps of gloves, boiled with arsenic, are eaten by my Spanish neighbors, and my South Sea Island brethren have made a good dinner before now from boiled buckskin breeches stuffed with seaweed.—Dickens's *Household Words*.

The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West, caused him a vast deal of vexation by their saving habits and persistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old 'bung-hole,' to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."

Lawyers have grown so very genteel, they have altered their very name and nature. Once upon a time they were called attorneys; now, forsooth, they are solicitors; formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but banisters will do; and nice banisters they are for a feller to lean upon that's going down stairs to the duce.—Sam Slick.

The report that Senator Douglas and the President had "made up" is flatly contradicted by the *Washington Constitution*. The Democratic party must remain divided.

A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief, for the one runs away with a fellow body, and the other with his heart.

## HOW I BECAME JEALOUS.

BY MISS MYRTLE DALIAN.  
When we first moved to the house in which we now reside, I noticed one very disagreeable peculiarity in relation to the adjoining block of Houses. They had no back-door yards, and consequently the windows closely overlooked our gardens, which were not very large themselves, though they were pretty. When we first took possession of our new residence, the windows directly opposite ours were closed, and the apartments untenanted. I had scarcely got to rights and fairly settled down, however, before I perceived great renovations and improvements were in progress in three empty rooms. Painting and papering, whitewashing and gilding, scrubbing and window-washing, were the order of the day for a fortnight. And then, after a short respite, white shades were visible at the windows, and I knew the new tenants had moved in. I did hope they were not inquisitive, disagreeable people.

For some time I saw no one but a quiet, common-place young man, with a very shiny head of hair and an immense collar and cravat, who appeared now and then at the window, and vanished instantaneously. And I began to flatter myself that we should not be annoyed at all.

One morning—it was a bright, still day, and the atmosphere was very oppressive; I remember it well; for I had arisen with such an unaccountable depression of spirits as I had never before experienced, and felt some something distressing would happen before night. Well, this morning, as I was running down stairs very early, before any one else was up in the house I happened to glance out of the window at the stairhead, and there at that part of the house I have mentioned sat a young lady. She was very pretty. Her complexion was extraordinarily clear, and her hair was magnificent. But I declare I never saw such a cold, saucy glance as that which she fixed directly on the window of our room. I did hope Psalter was not looking out.

After breakfast, Psalter sat down by the door which opened into the garden, to read the paper. And all the time he sat there that impudent thing stared right straight at him without moving an inch. I thought it strange that Psalter didn't observe it. All day the shades were down, but (if you'll believe me) no sooner had the sun set, than there she sat again in the same position, trying, as I saw plainly, to make Psalter take notice of her. And the style in which she was dressed—it was ridiculous.

Every day the same thing was repeated; but I purposely avoided saying anything to Psalter, as he has not seen her himself, lest he should look towards her out of curiosity; and then, of course, she would think he was overwhelmed with admiration.

Sister-in-law was quite a near neighbor of ours, and ran in every day; and one afternoon I casually mentioned the circumstance to her as a good joke. Sister-in-law looked very serious.

"You say, Psalter has never noticed her?"  
"Never once," I replied.  
"Well, I must say, Emma," continued she, "that is in itself very suspicious—very suspicious indeed."  
"Why, Jane?" I exclaimed, "what can you mean?"  
"Reflect on that moment, Emma. Would it not have been only natural for Psalter to remark, 'That's a pretty girl,' or, 'We have a new neighbor,' or something of the sort? Instead of which he has preserved total silence on the subject," said sister-in-law, emphasizing her remarks with her finger.

"I have never seen her," I replied, indignantly.  
"Now, Emma, nothing could make me believe that," said Jane; "and I warn you as a sister to watch that window well, or you'll repent it."  
I knew it was foolish, but I declare I could not help thinking of what she had said for hours afterwards, and caught myself looking at the window fifty times a day.

"Where are you going?" I inquired of Psalter, as he left the house one morning just after breakfast was on the table.  
He gave me no definite answer, but merely replying that he would return in five minutes, closed the door and departed.

As I awaited his return, I happened to turn my eyes towards that window. There sat the woman, but her back was towards me, and on the window-seat beside her lay a hat so like Psalter's. The longer I looked the more convinced I was that I was not mistaken; and yet the idea was so ridiculous, that I felt I should never have husbands it for one moment had it not been for Jane's suggestions. I drove the thought away and went into the house; but when Psalter returned, I couldn't help looking at the window—and, oh! dear me! the hat had disappeared.

I cried and scolded myself and scolded myself and cried all day long. In the afternoon I walked round the block for the purpose of inspecting the building which contained that window. It was large and full of stores and offices. On the ground floor was a confectionery. I stepped in and bought some oranges, and then inquired of the proprietor, who was a German, "who occupied the first floor?"  
"Oh! Mr. Schmitz have all de floor," was the reply. "I know not vat you say in dis country—makes many tings which is not true, and der mouth and der head."  
What could he mean? A bright thought struck me; they were actors, they must be.

"Many tings which is not true—in der mouth, in der head." I had a clue at last: theatrical people are always running off with other people's wives and husbands, and suing for divorces and intriguing generally all over the world. Can any one think of the reason? Is the secret hidden in the foot-lights, or rolled up in the curtain? Or is there something fatal to fidelity in the air of the green-room? Certain it is that those who personate fictitious heroes constant to wives and lady-loves through difficulty, and danger, and death, and heroines who would sacrifice everything to save virtue, draw few practical lessons from their nightly representation of those virtuous characters. This woman, then, I dreaded, was an actress, who had come to the determination of running away with Psalter.

Oh, that hat! why had I seen it? Three days passed away, and again Psalter went out before breakfast. I watched the window—I couldn't help it. Oh, dear, dear! in fifteen minutes there was the hat standing on the sill again! There was a handkerchief in the hat. The wind was strong, and every now and then the edge fluttered out, farther and farther, until at last it fell quite out of the hat and float-

ed down upon the grass-plot. I ran and picked it up—it was Psalter's handkerchief, marked with his name. I thought I should faint, at first; and then my spirit rose—I would put on my things and walk straight into that room, where I was not sure he was, and had been in the previous morning. I could easily make a pretext of some sort; no one should know my motive except Psalter. I tied my veil over my face and muffled myself in my duster, keeping my tears for the time to come. The stairs were public, so I easily ascended to the second floor without being remarked. The back room door stood ajar. Oh! how I trembled as I peeped in. There sat Psalter, and bled as I peeped in. These sat Psalter, and bled as I peeped in. The lady, divinely beautiful as ever, was made of wax! I had been jealous of a block-of-a hair-dresser's sign! I was far more foolish than poor sister-in-law the night we followed Tom to Brooklyn.

Just as I was retreating, one of the establishment emerged rather hastily from the door. I was just leaving, and to excuse my presence, I inquired the price of a pair of fancy moustaches, much to his amazement, and beat a hasty retreat.

To this day I have never mentioned one word of the occurrence to a living soul—not even to Psalter.

## A CASE OF SLOW POISONING.

We find in the English papers an account of the preliminary examination of a curious case of alleged slow poisoning, which, in some of its features, bears a close resemblance to a case of the same sort recently tried in New York city. The parties, however, in the English case occupied a higher social position, and their relation to each other was of recent origin and questionable character.

The deceased, it appeared, who was a lady of 45, went last Autumn to live in a boarding-house at Bayswater, near London, where she became acquainted with one Smethurst, a surgeon, who was living in the same house with a lady much older than himself, who passed as his wife, and, for aught that appears, was so. After a time, the deceased, who was a maiden lady, removed to another boarding-house in the neighborhood. Here she was joined by Smethurst, and subsequently they left together, the deceased giving no notice of her intentions, or where she was going, to a sister, her only relative with whom she was on good terms, and who frequently visited her at Bayswater, where the deceased had introduced her to Dr. Smethurst. It appears, however, that the day after leaving Bayswater, the deceased and Smethurst were married at Battersea Church, whence they went to live at Richmond, where he held a life interest in a considerable sum, had eight or nine thousand dollars which she was entitled to dispose of by will, was taken sick with diarrhea and vomiting. Smethurst attended her with great assiduity and applied a strong tincture of ipecac upon her food himself, and disinclined, apparently, that anybody else should do so. Her sister, with whom she had re-opened a correspondence, was informed of her sickness, but also, that though her sister desired to see her, she did not wish her to stay. On this visit the deceased complained of the taste of the ipecac with which she was fed, and wished her sister to prepare some for her, but she was prevented by Smethurst, under various pretences, and when she afterward prepared some soup, Smethurst found pretences for taking it into another room before the patient could be allowed to eat it.

Two medical gentlemen of Richmond were called in to attend upon the patient, as the disease baffled all their skill; and as they were totally at a loss to account for the extraordinary symptoms that showed themselves, they proposed finally to send for Dr. Todd, who, it appears, is at the head of the English medical profession. After considering the case, Dr. Todd privately expressed the opinion that she was suffering under the effects of some poison, administered in small doses; and a chemical examination of the secretions betrayed the presence of arsenic and antimony. While the woman was still living, Smethurst was arrested; but she was already far gone, and died shortly after. A chemical examination of the stomach, kidneys, and heart, confirmed the suspicion of poison, administered in repeated small doses. Shortly before his arrest, the poisoner had procured the deceased to execute a will in her maiden name, giving him her property. When he was arrested, a letter was found upon him, ready for posting, directed to his other wife.

"ALESSANDRIA."—This place, the rendezvous of the Sardinian Army, whether the King has gone to take command, is probably destined to play an important part in the coming war. It is a fortified city near the eastern frontier of Piedmont, whose guns bristle towards the Austrian territory. It stands in the midst of a sterile plain. It is the great stronghold of Piedmont, and is to the Sardinians what Gibraltar is to the English, or Sebastopol was to the Russians. During the reign of the French in Italy, its formidable fortifications made it one of the strongest places in Europe, but these were subsequently demolished, leaving only the citadel. Within the past few years workmen have been busy in reconstructing them, in anticipation of the events now at hand. In the surrounding plain, two miles distant, is Napoleon's celebrated battle field of Marengo. Alessandria is garrisoned with several thousand troops, and being connected with Turin and Genoa by railway, any number can be readily concentrated there. To capture it would be a crowning glory to the Austrian Generals, and to lose it, a deep humiliation to Sardinia.

A GOOD STORY.—A capital story is told of Judge Tappan, who is unfortunately cross-eyed. A number of years ago he was Judge of a newly organized County Court, in the eastern part of Ohio. In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the barroom of a tavern was used as a court room, and the stable as a jail. One day, during the session of the court, the Judge had occasion to severely reprimand two lawyers who were wrangling. An odd-looking customer who sat in one corner, listening apparently with great satisfaction to the reproof, and pressing on old acquaintance, and the Judge's well-known good humor, sang out:

"Give it to them, old gimblet eyes!"  
"Who was that?" inquired the Judge.  
"It was this 'ere old hoss," answered the chap, raising himself up.  
"Sheriff," said the Judge with great gravity, "take that old hoss and put him in the stable."