

# Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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## THE OLD POD-AUGER DAYS.

The "pod-auger" it may be well enough to state, was the article in vogue before the present screw auger came into use.

I saw an aged man at work—  
He turned an auger round;  
And ever and anon he'd pause,  
And meditate profound.  
Good morning, friend, quoth I to him—  
Art thinking when to raise?  
Oh, no, said he, I'm thinking on  
The old "pod-auger" days.

True, by the hardest then we wrought,  
With little extra aid;  
But honors were the things we bought,  
And honors those we made.  
But now invention stalks abroad,  
Deception dogs her ways;  
Things different are from what the world  
In old "pod-auger" days.

Then homely was the fare we had,  
And homespun what we wore;  
Then scarce a niggard pulled the string  
Inside his cabin door.  
Then humpbacks didn't fly so thick  
As half the world to haze;  
That sort of bug was scarcely known  
In old "pod-auger" days.

Then men were strong, and women fair,  
Were hearty as the doe;  
Then few so dreadful "feeble" were,  
They couldn't knit and sew;  
Then girls could sing, and they could work,  
And thrum griddle lags;  
That sort of music took the palm  
In old "pod-auger" days.

Then men were patriots—rare, indeed,  
An Arnold or a Burr;  
They loved their country, and in turn  
Were loved and blest by her.  
Then Franklin, Sherman, Kittenhouse,  
Earned well their nation's praise;  
We've not the Congress that we had  
In old "pod-auger" days.

Then, slow and certain was the word;  
Now, devil the hindmost takes;  
Then, buyers rattled down the tin;  
Now words must payment make;  
Then murder doing villain's work;  
We'd not murder in hempen bays;  
We didn't murder in our sleep,  
In old "pod-auger" days.

So wags the world—'tis well enough,  
If wisdom went by steam,  
But in my days she used to drive  
A plain old-fashioned team.  
And Justice with her bandage off  
Can now see holes in ways;  
She used to sit blind-fold and stern  
In old "pod-auger" days.

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

The Ridge settlement on the south side of the river was commenced by Alexander Reed and his sons at Mitchell's place. Alexander Reed was a citizen of Cecil county, Maryland. In 1795 he emigrated to Penn's Valley in Centre county, and in 1801 or 2 came to Clearfield and began the improvement mentioned, to which place he brought his family in 1803. He had five sons and two daughters—Alexander, who married first Martha, a daughter of Benj. Jordan, afterwards Elizabeth Reed, and subsequently, in 1820, Miss Polly Ferguson. He met with a sudden death whilst hunting on Clearfield creek, and some of his descendants reside in Ferguson township. Thomas was twice married. His first wife was Mary Jordan and his second Margaret Ferguson. He cleared the large farm on the old turnpike, where the brick mansion house is erected. He had a large family of children. John R. married Mary Reed. He lived on the adjoining place to Thomas until his decease, which occurred recently. He led a useful and quiet life, fearing God and loving his neighbor as himself. James A. married Margaret Ardrey, and Amos was married to Sarah Ardrey. James A. removed from this settlement to a piece of land a short distance below Clearfield town, but Amos continued in the neighborhood and opened out a good farm. Sarah became the wife of William Dunlap, who removed from Penn's Valley to this settlement about 1804. From this union have sprung many children, who occupy or reside near the land upon which William Dunlap settled. Rachel, the other daughter, and widow of Alexander B. Reed, resides in Clearfield Borough. Her unostentatious charity—her heart alive to the calls of suffering and distress, and her hand ever ready to do the promptings of her heart, have gained for this genuine lady of the old school a share of public esteem enjoyed by but few.

Alexander B. Reed, Esq., sometimes called "Black Alex," from the color of his hair and to distinguish him from "Red Alex," his brother-in-law, was one of the marked men of this section of the State. His father was William Reed, who, in 1813, moved from Northampton county to the farm now occupied by Daniel Bailey. A. B. Reed was of large stature and commanding appearance—intelligent, enterprising, and sagacious; imperious, yet kind and affable to his intimates; unyielding, he maintained his position with warmth, and brooked no opposition. His political bias led him to espouse the cause of the National Republican party. In him Henry Clay had an ardent friend and admirer. His opposition to the Democratic party was so decided that he only once voted for a nominee of that party, which was on the occasion of his son-in-law, William Bigler, running for Governor in 1851 against Wm. F. Johnston. Mr. Reed at one time held the office of County Treasurer. In 1831 he was a candidate for the Legislature, but was defeated. He was appointed Superintendent of the West Branch canal in 1836. He died on the 21st day of April, 1858, aged 67 years—the day of his death being the anniversary of his birth. His expiring moments presented a remarkable illustration of the power of mind over an exhausted physical sys-

tem. His health had been on the decline for several years, and in November, 1851, he endured a most painful operation, performed by Dr. Pancost, at Philadelphia, for hemorrhoids; but this brought to him only temporary relief. The disease returned in a few months thereafter, and continued its exhausting ravages till the time of his decease. By the middle of April, 1858, he was so far reduced that death was inevitable, and the time had come to gather his relatives about him. No one seemed so sensible of this, or talked so freely about it, as himself; but he manifested great unwillingness to send for Gov. Bigler and his affectionate daughter, the wife of the Governor, so long as the Legislature remained in session; but a messenger was dispatched for them on the day of the adjournment, and they arrived at the residence of Mr. Reed at 7 o'clock on the evening of the 21st, they being the last of the relatives to arrive. He received them with marked cordiality, and even a cheerful air. He said he was glad they had arrived—that he could not have delayed much longer—that the family were now all present, and he would soon leave them. He shortly afterwards caused all his children and relatives to be called into the room, and with singular composure told them that his time had come, and commenced to take leave of each by a cordial shake of the hand. He expired at the instant he ceased shaking hands with the last who surrounded his bedside. So far was his physical system exhausted that his spirit seemed to take its leave the moment that the will gave its consent. His physicians were impressed with the belief that nothing but a strong desire to live until all his family were gathered around him, sustained him for several days prior to his departure from this earthly sphere. He had three children—Geo. Lattimer Reed, Maria Jane, the wife of Hon. Wm. Bigler, and Rebecca, the wife of John F. Weaver, Esq.

In 1804, George Hunter, an Irishman, formerly a citizen of Huntingdon county, built a cabin on the farm owned by John J. Reed, where he died. He was a singular genius, but we are not aware of the characteristics which distinguished him from others. It is said that he was once invited by a neighbor, into whose house he had entered as the family were about supper, to sit down and eat with them. His reply was—"no occasion; I ate just before I left the settlement." The settlement to which he referred was Penn's valley, from which place, near 60 miles distant, he had walked. Prior to Hunter commencing his clearing, Hugh Jordan, the brother of Benjamin, had begun to open out a farm which afterwards became the property of James Hamilton, a native of Ireland, who came to Clearfield from Chester county in 1830. About 1805, Joseph Patterson of Penn's valley, accompanied by his son Robert, settled near the Wm. A. Reed farm. The old gentleman was quite handy and turned his attention to the manufacture of spinning wheels. Robert, who acted for some years as a school teacher, raised several children, four of whom, Joseph, Robert, James, and a daughter, the widow of Abraham High, reside in Jordan township. John Moore, a relative of Patterson, came out about the same time, and lived on an adjoining place until about 1821, when he died. He has two sons and two daughters still living in the county—Joseph and William, citizens of Ferguson township, and Margaret the wife of Thomas Henry, Esq., and Jane who was married to Benj. Spackman. In 1810, Ignatius Thompson came to the Ridges. The place of his nativity was Ireland. He resided a few years in Huntingdon county before moving here. Inflexible honesty, great suavity of manners, and a heart overflowing with the kindest sentiments for his fellows, made him a valuable and welcome addition to the community. He has ever been the friend of the poor and distressed, and has thus done much towards increasing the prosperity of the settlement. His general intelligence, industry and urbanity enabled him to act as justice of the peace and fill several other offices with credit. He has two sons, John D. and James, living in Curwensville, and another, Josiah W., and a daughter, on the homestead, enjoying with him the fruits of his well spent life. Moses Norris also came from Huntingdon county in the year 1810. He commenced on land now owned by Amos Reed, which he made one of the finest farms in that section. He had two sons and three daughters, who are yet living in the county. John Rowles, the ancestor of a numerous race, cast his lot on the Ridges. His descendants are noted as hunters, woodsmen, and lumbermen. He formerly lived in Half Moon. Handy to John Moore's place, Daniel Spackman, of Chester county, settled in 1821, where he, at the advanced age of 83 years, and his wife, also at a ripe old age, yet live. He is a member of the Society of Friends—a kind-hearted, estimable, but unobtrusive man. He raised a family of eleven children, nine of whom are living. About 1830, John Mitchell, a native of Ireland, moved on the land first cleared by Alex. Reed, and, assisted by his boys, cleared out a large extent of land. He had a large family—eleven children—three of whom only are living: Robert, Samuel, and Allen. Three years later, James Dougherty and John McCaughrin, came from Delaware county and gave rise to that part of the settlement now known as Irish town.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## NATURE STRONGER THAN AUTHORITY.

AN INSTRUCTIVE STORY.

A good start is half the race, and a proper occupation is the guarantee of success and happiness. There are few persons who have not talent enough of some sort to earn a respectable living, if it were properly directed. Many a boy is set apart for a profession who has "Nature" on his side.

Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech to stir men's blood;—and the consequence is, he is an infliction on the public, and he is cast off to starve and be forgotten. Still the unfortunate boy could have shot horses, attended machinery, or built houses successfully, if he could not make acceptable terms or speeches; or he could have herded sheep or cattle, however ill qualified he might have been to feed the flock of God. Another is compelled to pursue a mechanical trade whose tastes are wholly literary and scientific. Close observation gives parents the advantage of knowing to what business their children are best adapted before they have wasted their best season, or apprenticeship season of life, in finding out that they have mistaken their vocations, and must begin again with no better success, or blunder on to the grave. The following, which we copy from an exchange, will illustrate this subject:

Mr. Solomon Winthrop, a plain old farmer, was an austere, precise man, who did everything by established rule, who could see no reason why people should grasp at things beyond what had been reached by their great grandfathers. He had three children—two boys and a girl. There was Jeremiah, seventeen years old, Samuel, fifteen, and Fanny, thirteen.

It was a cold winter's day; Samuel was in the kitchen, reading a book; so interested was he that he did not notice the entrance of his father. Jeremiah was in the opposite corner, engaged in cyphering out a sum which he had found in his arithmetic.

"Sam," said the father to his youngest son, "have you worked out that sum yet?"

"No, sir," returned the boy, in a hesitating tone.

"Didn't I tell you to stick to your arithmetic till you had done it?" uttered Mr. Winthrop, in a severe tone.

Samuel hung down his head, and looked troubled.

"Why haven't you done it?" continued the father.

"I can't do it," tremblingly returned the boy.

"Can't do it! And why not? Look at Jerry there, with his slate and arithmetic. He had cyphered further than you long before he was your age."

"Jerry was always fond of mathematical problems, sir, but I cannot fasten my mind on them. They have no interest to me."

"That's because you don't try to feel an interest in your studies. What book is that you are reading?"

"It is a work on philosophy, sir."

"A work on fiddlestick! Go, put it away this instant, and then get your slate, and don't let me see you away from your arithmetic again until you can work out those roots—do you understand me?"

Samuel made no reply, but silently he put away his philosophy, and then he got his slate and sat down in the chimney corner. His nether lip trembled, and his eyes moistened, for he was unhappy. His father had been harsh towards him, and he felt that it was without cause.

"Sam," said Jerry, as soon as the old man had gone, "I will do that sum for you."

"No, Jerry," returned the younger brother, but with a grateful look; "that would be deceiving father. I will try to do the sum; tho' I fear I shall not succeed."

Samuel worked very hard, but all to no purpose. His mind was not on the subject; before him. The roots and squares, the bases, hypotheses, and perpendiculars, troubled him comparatively simple in themselves, were to him a mingled mass of incomprehensible things, and the more he tried the more did he become perplexed and bothered.

The truth was, his father did not understand him.

Samuel was a bright boy, and uncommonly intelligent for one of his age. Mr. Winthrop was a thorough mathematician; he never yet came across the problem he could not solve, and he desired that his boys should be like him, for he conceived that the acme of educational perfection lay in the power of conquering Euclid, and he often expressed his opinion that, were Euclid living then, he could give the old geometerian a hard tussle.

It seemed not to comprehend that different minds were made with different capacities, and what one mind grasped with ease, another of equal power would fail to comprehend. Hence, because Jeremiah progressed rapidly with his mathematical studies, and could already survey a piece of land of many angles, he imagined that because Samuel made no progress in the same branch he was idle and careless, and treated him accordingly. He never candidly conversed with his younger son, with a view to ascertain the true bent of his mind, but he had his own standard of the power of all minds, and he pertinaciously adhered to it.

There was another thing that Mr. Winthrop could not see, and that was that Samuel was continually pondering upon such profitable matters as interested him, and that he was scarcely ever idle; nor did his father see, either that if he even wished his boy to become a mathematician, he was pursuing the very course to prevent such a result. Instead of endeavoring to make the study interesting to the child, he was making it obnoxious.

The dinner hour came, and Samuel had not worked out the sum. His father was angry, and obliged the boy to go without his dinner, at the same time telling him that he was an idle, lazy child.

Poor Samuel left the kitchen and went up to his chamber, and there he sat and cried.

At length his mind seemed to pass from the wrong he had suffered at the hand of his parents, and took another turn, and the grief marks left his face. There was a large fire in the room below his chamber, so that he was not very cold; and getting up, he went to a small closet, and from beneath a lot of old clothes he dragged forth some long strips of wood, and commenced whittling. It was not for mere pastime that he whittled, for he was fashioning some curious objects from those pieces of wood.

He had bits of wire, little scraps of tin plate, pieces of twine, and dozens of small wheels that he had made himself,

and he seemed to be working to get them together after some peculiar fashion of his own.

Half the afternoon had thus passed away, when his sister entered the room. She had her apron gathered upon her hand, and after closing the door softly behind her, she approached the spot where her brother sat.

"Here, Sammy—see, I have brought you something to eat. I know you must be hungry."

As she spoke, she opened her apron and took out four cakes, and a piece of pie and cheese. The boy was hungry, and he hesitated not to avail himself of his sister's kind offer. He kissed her as he took the cake and thanked her.

"Oh, what a pretty thing that is you are making!" uttered Fanny, as she gazed upon the result of her brother's labors. "Won't you give it to me after it is done?"

"Not this one, sister," returned the boy with a smile; "but as soon as I get time I will make you one equally as pretty."

Fanny thanked her brother, and shortly afterwards left the room, and the boy resumed his work.

At the end of a week, the various materials that had been subjected to Sammy's jack-knife and pincers assumed form and comeliness, and they were joined and grooved together in a curious combination.

The embryo philosopher set the machine—for it looked much like a machine—upon the floor, and then stood off and gazed upon it.

His eyes gleamed with a peculiar glow of satisfaction, and he looked proud and happy. While he yet stood and gazed upon the child of his labors, the door of the chamber opened and his father entered.

"What! are you not studying?" exclaimed Mr. Winthrop, as he noticed the boy standing in the middle of the floor.

Samuel trembled when he heard his father's voice, and he turned pale with fear.

"What! what is this?" said Mr. Winthrop, as he caught sight of the curious construction on the floor. "This is the secret of your idleness. Now I see how it is that you cannot master your studies. You spend your time in making playhouses and fly pens. I'll see whether you'll attend to your lessons or not. There!"

As the father uttered that common injunction, he placed his foot upon the object he had discovered. The boy uttered a quick cry and sprang forward, but too late, the curious construction was crushed to atoms—the labor of long weeks was gone. The lad gazed for a moment upon the mass of ruins, and then, covering his face with his hands, he burst into tears.

"What boy are you ashamed?" said Mr. Winthrop; "that boy like you to spend your time on such claptraps, and then cry about it because I choose that you should attend to your studies. Now go out to the barn and help Jerry shell corn."

The boy was too full of grief to make any explanations, and without a word he left his chamber. The next day afterwards he was sad and down hearted.

"Samuel," said Mr. Winthrop, one day after the spring had opened, "I have seen Mr. Young, and he is willing to take you as an apprentice. Jerry and I can get along on the farm, and I think the best thing you can do is to learn the blacksmith's trade. I have given Mr. Young every thing a surveyor or out of you, and if you had a farm you would not know how to measure it or lay it out. Jerry will now soon be able to take my place as a surveyor, and I have already made arrangements for having him sworn, and obtaining his commission. But your trade is a good one, however, and I have no doubt you will be able to make a living at it."

Mr. Young was a blacksmith in a neighboring town, and he carried on quite an extensive business, and, moreover, he had the reputation of being a fine man. Samuel was delighted with his father's proposal, and when he learned that Mr. Young also carried on a large machine shop, he was in ecstasies. His trunk was packed—a good supply of clothes having been provided, and after kissing his mother and sister, and shaking hands with father and brother, he mounted the stage and set off for his new destination.

He found Mr. Young all he could wish, and went into his business with an assiduity that surprised his master. One evening, after Samuel Winthrop had been with his new master six months, the latter came into the shop after all the journeymen had quit work and gone home, and found the youth busily engaged in filing a piece of iron. There was quite a number of pieces lying on the bench by his side, and some of them were curiously riveted together and fixed with springs and slides, while others appeared not yet ready for their destined use. Mr. Young ascertained what the young workman was up to, and he not only encouraged him in his undertaking, but he stood for half an hour and watched him at his work. Next day Samuel Winthrop was removed from the blacksmith's shop to the machine shop.

Samuel often visited his parents. At the end of two years his father was not a little surprised when Mr. Young informed him that Samuel was the most useful hand in his employ. Time flew fast. Samuel was twenty-one years, and he was one of the most accurate and trustworthy surveyors in the county.

Mr. Winthrop looked upon his eldest son with pride, and often expressed a wish that his other son could have been like him. Samuel had come home to visit his parents, and Mr. Young had come with him.

"Mr. Young," said Mr. Winthrop, after the tea-things had been cleared away, "that is a fine factory they have erected in your town."

"Yes," replied Mr. Young; "there are three of them, and they are doing a heavy business."

"I understand they have an extensive machine shop connected with the factories—now, if my boy Sam is as good a workman as you say he is, perhaps he might get a first rate situation there."

Mr. Young looked at Samuel, and smiled.

"By the way," continued the old farmer, "what is all this noise I hear and see in the newspapers about these patent Winthrop things they tell me they go ahead of anything that ever was got up before?"

"You must ask your son about that," returned Mr. Young. "That's some of Samuel's business."

"Eh? What? My son? Some of Sam?"

The old man stopped short, and gazed at his son. He was bewildered. It could not be that his son—his idle son—was the inventor of the great power loom that had taken all the manufacturers by surprise.

"What do you mean?" he at length asked.

"It is simply this, father, that this loom is mine," returned Samuel, with a look of conscious pride. "I have invented it, and have taken a patent right, and have lately been offered ten thousand dollars for the patent right in two adjoining States. Don't you remember that clap-trap you crushed with your foot six years ago?"

"Yes," answered the old man, whose eyes were bent on the floor, and over whose mind a new light seemed to be breaking.

"Well," continued Samuel, "that was almost a pattern of the very loom I have set up in the factories, though of course I have made alterations and improvements, and there is room for improvement yet."

"And that was what you were studying when you used to fumble about my loom so much," said Mrs. Winthrop.

"You are right, mother. Even then I had conceived the idea I have since carried out."

"And that is why you could not understand my mathematical problems," uttered Mr. Winthrop, as he started from his chair, and took the youth by the hand.

"Samuel, my son, forgive me for the harshness I have used towards you; I have been blind, and now I see how I misunderstood you. While I thought you idle and careless, you were solving a philosophical problem that I could never have comprehended. Forgive me, Samuel, I meant well enough, but lacked judgment and discrimination."

Of course the old man had long before been forgiven of his harshness, and his mind was open to a new lesson in human nature. It was simply this:

Different minds have different capacities; man's mind cannot be driven to love that for which it has no taste. First, seek to understand the natural abilities and dispositions of children, and then in your management of their education for after life, govern yourself accordingly. George Combe, the greatest moral philosopher of his day, could hardly reckon in simple addition, and Colburn, the arithmetician, could not write out a commonplace address. Mozart was a genius in music, and perhaps could have become a good weaver; but the music of the loom would have been more pleasant to the ear of Cartwright than to his, and more profitable to the world.

Horrible Affair.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing from Marshall, Saline county, Missouri, under date of July 20th, gives the following account of the burning of one negro at the stake and the hanging of two others:

"Some time ago, you will recollect, a negro murdered a gentleman named Hinton, near Waverly in this county. He was caught after a long search, and put in jail. Yesterday he was tried at this place and convicted of the crime, and sentenced to be hung. While the Sheriff was conveying him to prison he was set upon by the crowd, and taken from that office. The mob then proceeded to the jail and took from thence two other negroes. One of them had attempted the life of a citizen of this place, and the other had just committed an outrage upon a young white girl. After the mob got the negroes together, they proceeded to the outskirts of the town, and selected a proper place, chained the negro who killed Hinton, to a stake, got a quantity of dry wood, piled it around him, and set it on fire! Then commenced a scene, which, for its sickening horrors, has never been witnessed before in this, or perhaps any other place.

The negro was stripped of his waist, and barefooted. He looked the picture of despair—but there was no sympathy felt for him at the moment. Presently the fire began to surge up in flames around him, and its effects were made visible in the futile attempts of the poor wretch to move his feet. As the flames gathered about his limbs and body he commenced the most frantic shrieks and appeals for mercy—for death—for water! He seized his chains—they were hot and burnt the flesh off his hands. He would drop them and catch at them again and again. Then he would repeat his cries; but all to no purpose. In a few moments he was a charred mass—bones and flesh alike burnt into powder. Many, very many of the spectators, who did not realize the full horrors of the scene, until it was too late to change it, retired disgusted and sick at the sight. May Marshall never witness such another spectacle. The ends of justice are surely as fully accomplished by the ordinary process of law as by the violence of an excited populace. If the horrors of the day had ended here, it would have been well, but the other negroes were taken and hung—justly, perhaps—but in violation of law and good order. They exhibited no remorse. One of them simply remarked, "that he hoped before they hung him they would let him see the other boy burnt!"

The outrage perpetrated by the negro was upon the daughter of a highly respectable farmer named Lamb, living near Marshall. It appears that a number of children had gone to gather blackberries not far from the town, where the negro, who belonged to one of the neighboring farmers, was at work in the field. According to the statement of the children, the first they saw of him was when he rushed in among them perfectly naked, and seized the eldest of them, about thirteen years of age, the daughter of Mr. Lamb. The others were frightened and ran away, while the negro dragged the victim into a thicket and committed the fiendish act. While he was dragging her along, she told him she would tell his master and her father upon him. He replied that he was a runaway and had no master. In the meantime, her little brother, who was one of the party, hastened into the town and told his parents the story. A party of men immediately started for the spot as directed, and found the girl in convulsions. After bathing her she recovered sufficiently to tell the occurrence.

They then went in pursuit of the negro, and from her description of him, found him at work in the field. He was immediately arrested, taken before a justice, and confronted with the girl, who had been conveyed to the magistrate's office. She recognized him immediately. He was put in jail, but the people took him, with the others, and hung him as I have stated. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, it is stated, are almost insane about the matter. The girl, although much injured, will recover. There must have been upwards of one thousand people present, although many returned before the affair was over.

Paradoxical as it may seem, he who reels and staggers in the journey of life, takes the straightest cut to the devil.

## THE PEACE IN EUROPE.

That by the war now ended Napoleon III. has considerably augmented his own prestige and influence in Europe it is impossible to deny; though how much cannot yet be clearly estimated. But that the independence and freedom of Italy have gained anything no sane person can suppose. The Emperor of Austria has, indeed, lost two millions and three-quarters out of his five millions of Italian subjects; but with Venetia he retains the four fortresses of Mantua, Verona, Peschiera and Legnago—a position whose strength Napoleon III. has not thought best to prove; and these fortresses, and the army he has behind them, must always render him the most formidable of Italian potentates. The territory and people which Austria has lost Sardinia has gained; but at what cost it is easy to perceive. She has gained it at the cost of becoming a satrapy of the French Emperor instead of an independent constitutional State. The freedom of Parliamentary discussion and the liberty of the press, which of late years have secured to that country an honorable distinction in Continental Europe, must now give way for such modes of governing whose object is "regulating the political passions" of the people as Louis Napoleon may deem most convenient. In a word, while Italy passes under French instead of Austrian domination, Lombardy will remain subject to despotic system as before, and the liberties of Sardinia will be substantially suppressed. Indeed, the independence of Sardinia seems to have been entirely overlooked in the peace negotiations, of which, apparently, the government of Victor Emmanuel knew nothing till they were concluded. Such is the Imperial French emancipation of Italy! As for the new Confederation, with the Pope at its head, it is hardly worth while to discuss it until we have more precise information concerning its constitution. As yet we do not know whether the Pope or the King of Naples will wish to join it; nor does it appear what disposition is to be made of Tuscany, Modena and Parma, all of which have recently sent of their sovereigns and put themselves under Sardinian, or rather under Napoleonic protection. But, judging from the success of Pius IX. in his own dominions, it does not seem probable that any confederation with him as chief will succeed in bringing about the political regeneration of Italy. However, let us hope to live and learn on that subject as on others.

One of the London journals has remarked that this peace is full of future wars; and that we think is true. A genuine settlement of Italy, which would put an end to all foreign control, and leave the people of all its provinces to choose their own government, and their own officials, would no doubt conduce to the permanent peace of Europe; but nothing could be more unlike such a settlement than the one now agreed on. But peace is not what Napoleon III. aims at. He has various old scores to settle. Russia and Austria he has already humiliated; but with Germany and England the books of his family still show a large balance on the wrong side. When or how this balance is to be wiped off, it were useless to conjecture; but Napoleon III. has now lost the power of surprising the world, and he can make war on whosoever he pleases, without exciting the public astonishment. Of all the wars in his power, we suppose that none could be so popular in France as a war with England. Out of 25,000,000 of Frenchmen, 35,000,000, to use a moderate figure, would rejoice at the prospect of seeing their conquering armies in London. This may or may not be the next act in the great drama, on one of whose scenes the curtain has just fallen in Italy; but the drama itself must go on. The era of purely selfish war, of war for power and glory, having been opened, it must be completed through all its phases. We can only hope that Humanity may not be altogether a loser from the dreadful and revolting process.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Commercial Journal takes a different view of the Treaty of Peace. Venice, it says, is as much a part of Italy as Lombardy is; and it is further the stronghold of Austria on Italy, for there are her fortified places. The concession of Venice to Francis Joseph is not unqualified. It does not become a part of his empire, and he is only King, not Emperor of Venice. She is to be a member of the confederacy of Italy, and Francis Joseph is to have only a voice in the council with other Italian rulers or princes. The Italian States are to be formed into a confederacy under the Pope as honorary President, with "the States of the Church" included. This anomalous position, the Journal regards as a compromise, and that France has by it destroyed the absolutism of the Pope—the supremacy of his temporal power is practically brot to an end, and that this may be regarded as the sure forerunner of civil freedom throughout Italy.

At Brandon, Mississippi, on the 10th July, a Mrs. Jackson had occasion during the night to go to the window, and while arranging the blind, her husband awoke and, supposing that a burglar was in the room, seized a gun, and as she advanced towards the bed without speaking, he having told her to stop, shot her dead. He then turned to tell his wife that he had killed some one, when, not finding her, he awoke truly that his wife was the victim for the first flashed upon him.

On the 21st July, a young woman named Virginia Stewart, who until lately had resided in Mobile as the mistress of a cotton-broker, named Robert C. McDonald, was shot by her paramour, whom she had left in the streets of New York, whither he had followed her. He had for three weeks been drinking to excess, and accidentally meeting her, he drew a pistol and shot her, the ball taking effect in the forehead above the left eye, and it is said to be mortal. McDonald was arrested.

According to the Asiatic Researcher, a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the ground, one on each side of the law, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, "who puts his foot in."

"Who is that lovely girl?" exclaimed the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied the Counsellor. "I should often be intoxicated could I place such a Glass to my lips," was the reply.