Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1859. VOL. 6.—NO. 2.

THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower
That grows within the darkest vale,
Though lost to view, has still the power
The rarest perfume to exhale;
That perfume borne on the zephyr's wings,
May visit some lone sick ones bed,
And like the balm affection brings,
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost The drop of dew
That trembles in the rose-bud's breast,
Will seek its home of ether blue,
And fall again as pure and blest;
Perchance to revel in the spray,
Or moisten the dry, parching sod,
Or mingle in the mountain spray,
Or sparkle in the bow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast
By careless hands upon the ground,
Will yet take root, and may at last
A green and glorious tree be found;
Beneath its shade, some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the heat of noon,
While in its bows the breezes play;
And song birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,
May melt a heart of hardest stone.
And make a saddened heart rejoice;
And then, again, the careless word
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
May touch a heart already stirred,
And cause the troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
Of breathing from some dear one's lute,
In memory's dream may come again.
Though every mournful string be mute;
The music of some happier hour.
The harp that swells with love's own words,
May thrill the soul with deepest power,
When still the hand that swept its cords.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED.]

CLEARFIELD COUNTY:
OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Prior to the settlement of Frenchville proper several improvements had been made in its immediate vicinity, and in Girard township. In 1815, John Rider became a citizen of the present Covington township, and the next year Peter Bauder of Northampton county, Wm. Smith, Jacob Maurey, and several others, settled there. The results of their labors are enjoyed by them and their descendants, and betoken that the pioneers of this section were fitted for the task of reclaiming the forest wastes. In 1818, Peter and Mordecai Livergood commenced improving in Girard township. Two years later, John Irwin, at present County Commissioner, began clearing out a farm, and John Murray in the succeeding year engaged in a like undertaking. Thomas Leonard and John Spackman left older settlements in the county and began their present homes in this one; the former in 1825 and the latter in 1826. In 1827, Hon. Peter Lamm, a man of intelligence, worth and integrity, and late an Associate Judge of this county, commenced at Deer Creek, where he has made a comfortable home. Since then many accessions have been made. These settlers all experienced similar difficulties. They had to cut roads generally 3 or 4 miles through the forest to reach their destined homes. Sometimes, rolling their provisions or other articles down hill, afforded their best mode of transport. The upper settlements at first furnished the necessary hay, straw and grain, and these were, when practicable, sent by the river to this region.

Near the Moshannon, a settlement was commenced as early as 1801. In that year, Jacob Wise, Sr., a native of Berks county, but for some time a resident of Penn's Valley, and Robert Anderson, an Irishman, commenced clearing on the bank of the creek near Philipsburg what is now known as the "old Hawkin's place," and during the same year one Potter began on the old State road leading to Erie, about two miles north of the creek. These settlers remained but a few years, and then left for Bald Eagle Valley. Potter sold his right to Nicholas Kline, deceased, father of the Klines now on Clearfield creek, who afterwards disposed of his interest in the land to the father of William Shimmel, the present occupant. Mr. Shimmel was a Hessian who had come over with the army. He erected a distillery, cleared land, and saw his children comfortably situated around him. During 1803, Conrad Kylar, a weaver by trade, settled on the farm now occupied by that prince of good fellows, Edward Perks. Kylar came here from Bellefonte and lived until 1816, having then acquired his 76th year. His youngest children, Abraham and Jacob, twin brothers, purchased the land from Hardman Philips after their father's decease. Abraham soon purchased his brother's interest, and by careful and patient industry cleared and became possessed of one of the finest farms in Morris township. When Abraham sold the old homestead to Mr. Perks he reserved a small part of the tract where he has now a small farm in a high state of cultivation. He has served as county commissioner, and is the oldest resident in Morris township, and an exemplary member of the Presbyterian church. He married a sister of Sheriff Stites; his childless, but surrounded with many comforts which solace his declining years. Leonard, the eldest son of Conrad Kylar, commenced in 1805 clearing the "Hard Scrabble" property, adjoining his father's, but nearer the creek. He became dissatisfied, sold out to his brother John, and left for Bald Eagle Valley. This land being in dispute, John released to Philips and moved on to the Ridges in Bradford township, on the farm now occupied by his son John.

Near this period, Nicholas Kephart, Henry Kephart, Valentine Flegal, David Flegal, Absalom Pierce, who married Betsy, a daughter of Conrad Kylar, John Gearhart, Benjamin Smeal and Nicholas Smeal commenced improving land at different points within a few miles of this settlement, and Abraham Goss, a revolutionary veteran, moved into and began what is called the "Goss settlement" in Decatur township.

The original improvement in that fine settlement known as "Cooper's settlement," is now owned and occupied by John B. Kylar. This was a thickly wooded region, and the first break in it was made in 1821 by David Cooper, a native of Richmond, Virginia, who lived for some years in Half Moon Valley and subsequently here. He cut a wagon road from Conrad Kylars, a distance of seven miles, to his new home. Mr. Cooper erected a cabin, where he lived alone until he had cleared his first piece of land and sowed it in wheat, from which he realized an abundant harvest the next year. After harvest he brought out his family, consisting of a wife, one son and seven daughters. Consumption had marked the son as a victim, and he died the following year. During the second year of Mr. Cooper's residence here he erected a round log barn. Whilst doing so, one of the logs fell back, when he, to protect a daughter who was assisting him, caught the log as it fell and was so seriously injured that he never recovered his accustomed health and strength. Having no sons, the main part of the clearing and cultivation of the farm devolved upon his eldest daughters, who shrank not from the task, but axe in hand went to work, and soon had the pleasure of seeing a handsome farm carved out of the forest. David Cooper died in 1845. His second daughter became the wife of John B. Kylar, and another daughter is married to Daniel Beams.

In 1824, Washington Coorse, who soon after removed to Illinois, commenced clearing on the farm owned by John Brown's heirs, about one mile east of Cooper's. The following year Leonard Kylar returned to this county and settled on a piece of land adjoining David Cooper's improvement, where he cleared a large farm. He and his wife, rising four score and six years, live in this settlement. Kylar has been noted for his hunting exploits, and still delights to relate his adventures. He often acted as guide for Hardman Philips, when this gentleman pursued the chase. His hatred of the English was intense. Philips was anxious to shoot a bear and send a part to his father in England. He, Thomas Hancock, who was then in his employ, and Leonard Kylar met at the Beaver dams to start on a hunt. Kylar shot the first bear at which Philips was enraged and made some threats. Finding Kylar resolute, the difficulty was adjusted, and Philips, after a rough and tumble chase, succeeded in despatching a second one. Whilst returning, the party saw a pigeon on a high pine. Philips asserted that no one could shoot it at that distance. Kylar declared that he could, and raising his gun brought down the pigeon, when Philips exclaimed, "why, you could hit a fellow in the eye!" "Yes," dryly remarked Kyler, "if he were an Englishman." Mr. Kylar has two sons—John B. and Thomas—and four daughters: Sarah, wife of Joseph Potter; Elizabeth, wife of Geo. Hoover; Eliza, wife of J. M. Leonard, and another married to Evans Hunter, of Ill. The same year, Captain Jacob Wise, son of Jacob Wise, Sr., began to clear the farm owned by Esquire Wilder. He was born in Philipsburg, and was the first child born in the limits of that town. After living in the settlement a few years and clearing some land, he went to Philipsburg and pursued his trade. Subsequently he returned to the settlement where he now lives.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Patrick, the widow Moloney tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed and ate it, yer honer."

"Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the judgment day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, then, yer riverence, I'll say, Mrs. Molony there's your pig."

Gas-lighting was unknown in 1800; it was not until two years after this that Murdock made his first public exhibition of it in London. Since that time his discovery has encircled the globe. In Europe and this country all the principal cities and many large towns are lighted with it; and even New Zealand villages, where no white man had built his residence in 1800, are now illuminated by the same subtile and beautiful agent of human comfort and happiness.

Mr. Bethel, an Irish counsellor, as celebrated for his wit as his practice, was once robbed of a suit of clothes in rather an extraordinary manner. Meeting, on the day after, a brother barrister in the Hall of the Four Courts, the latter began to condole with him on his misfortune, mingling some expressions of surprise at the singularity of the thing. "It is extraordinary indeed, my dear friend," replied Bethel, "for without vanity, it is the first *suit* I ever lost."

"I have been to the capitol to see your friends sworn into office," said a politician to an opponent, on the evening of the 4th of March. "Yes, and I have been to see yours *go swearing out*."

Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

MR. PETERS' FIRST WIFE.

"Dear! dear! no toast, eggs boiled as hard as brickbats, and the coffee stone cold," and Mr. Peters rose from the breakfast table in a temper by no means amiable, and rang the bell violently. There was no answer! He rang again, a third, a fourth time, still no answer! Out of all patience, he went to the door and called—"Maria! Maria!"

A slight, pretty little woman, dressed in a soiled, tumbled wrapper, with hair in a state of direful confusion answered the summons. She had one of those round, bright faces which Nature intended should be decked with continual smiles, but now, with all its roses in bloom, it was drawn out to its full length, and the large blue eyes had a serious or rather a doleful expression, totally at variance with their usual joyous look. Her voice, too, had lost its melodious, ringing sound, and was subdued to a dismal whine.

"What is it Joseph?"

"Where's Bridget?"

"Gone out for me. I want more white ribbon for my ascension robe."

Mr. Peters said a very naughty word, and then continued, "Cold coffee, hard eggs, breakfast not fit to eat."

"I wish," whined his wife, "you would think less of temporal matters, and turn your attention to the great end of life."

"Hang it all, madam, I would like to enjoy my life while I do have it. Here was I, the happiest man in the United States, with a pleasant home, a chatty, cheerful, loving wife, and good, quiet children, and now, since you have joined the Millerites, what am I?"

"Oh, Joseph, if you would only come into that blessed circle!"

"Oh, Maria, if you would only come out of it. Where are the boys?"

"I am sure I don't know."

"Are they going to school to-day?"

"My dear, their teacher has given up the school, and is turning her mind to more exalted objects. Oh! Joseph, turn now while there is time. You have still a week for preparation and repentance."

"Repentance! Well, when I take up the subject, it will take rather more than a week to put it through.

And Mr. Peters put on his coat and took up his hat.

"Joseph," said his wife, "you need not send home any dinner. I shall be out, and I'll take the boys over to their uncle's to dine."

Joe made no answer, unless the violently emphatic manner in which he closed the door was one. Muttering with anger, he strode into a restaurant to make a breakfast. Here he was hailed by one of his bachelor friends, Fred Somers, who looked up as he heard Joe's order.

"Hallo!" he cried, "you here? Why, what are you doing here at breakfast time? Wife sick?"

"No!"

"Had a quarrel?"

"No!"

"Gone out of town?"

"No!"

"Then why don't you take breakfast at home? Chimney on fire?"

"No!"

"Servants all dead?"

"No?"

"Then, what in thunder *is* to pay?"

"Maria's joined the Millerites!"

Fred, gave a long whistle, and then said, "Going to ascend next week?"

"Yes, and if I don't commit suicide in the meantime, you may congratulate me. I am almost distracted. Can't get a decent meal, children running riot, servants saucy, house all in confusion, wife in the blues, either quoting the speeches of the elders at me, or sewing on a white robe, and groaning every third stitch. Hang it all, Fred, I've a great mind to take poison, or join the army!"

"H'm! h'm! you give an enchanting picture, but I think I can suggest a cure."

"A cure!"

"Yes, if you will promise to follow my advice, I will make your home pleasant, your wife cheerful, and your children happy."

"Do it," cried Joe. "I'll follow your word like a soldier under his office. What shall I do?" . . . . . .

At tea-time Mr. Peters entered his home, whistling. Maria was seated at the table, sewing on her white robe, and there were no signs of preparation for the evening meal

"Maria, my dear," said Mr. Peters cheerfully, "is tea ready?"

"I don't know," was the answer, "have been out all day, attending meeting."

"Oh, very well, never mind. Attending meeting? You are resolved, then, to leave me next week?"

"Oh! Joe I must go when I am called."

"Yes, my dear, of course. Well, I must resign myself, I suppose. By the way, my dear, has it ever occurred to you that I shall be left a widower with three children? I think I am a handsome man yet, my love," and Joe walked over to the glass, passed his fingers through his hair and pulled up his collar. Maria looked up, rather surprised.

"You see, my dear, it is rather a relief for you to go quietly, you know. It is so wearing on the nerves to have a long illness; and besides, my dear, there will be no funeral expenses, and that is quite a saving."

Mrs. Peters' lip quivered, and her large blue eyes filled with tears. Joe longed to stop his heartless speech and comfort her, but he was fearful the desired effect was not gained yet.

"So, my dear," he contined, "if you must go, I have been thinking of getting another wife."

"What?" cried Mrs. Peters.

"Another wife, my love. The house must be kept in order, and the boys cared for."

The grief was gone from Maria's face, but her teeth were set with a look of fierce wrath.

"Another wife, Joe! Another wife!"

"Yes. I think I have selected a good successor. I deliberated a long time, when I was a bachelor, between her and yourself. You will like her, for she is your bosom friend."

"My bosom friend!"

"Yes, my dear. I think on the day that you ascend, I will marry Sarah Ingram!"

"What! that good-for-nothing, silly, empty-headed old maid, the mother of my children! What!"

"Well, my dear, it seems to be the best I can do! I don't want to leave my business to go a courting, and she will have me, I know."

"No doubt! Oh! you great brutal, hateful——"

"Stop, my dear, don't fly into a fury! We will try to spend our last week in happiness. Oh, by the way, I have a proposition to make."

"Go on, sir! Don't spare me!"

"Ah, yes, that is the very thing I wish to do. I know your mind is entirely engrossed with your ascension, and I wish to spare you the care of the house. Suppose you invite Sarah here to-morrow, to spend a week!"

"What?"

"Then I can arrange our matrimonial preparations in the evening, while you are at the lecture."

"What?"

"And you can leave the house in her charge all day. That will give you plenty of time to go out, and she can learn the ways about in the house."

"What?"

"And, my dear, one little favor. It may be the last I shall ever ask. Stay at home one or two days, won't you, and show her round, where you keep things, and so on, so that she won't have any trouble in keeping order after you go. You will do this to oblidge me, won't you?"

Mrs. Peters, for answer, rolled up the ascension robe into a ball and fired it at Joe. The cotton, scissors, work-basket, and table-cloth followed this missile in such rapid succession, that he was unable even to fly. Then Maria's rage found vent in words.

"So! You and Sarah! That's the reason you whistled when you came in! You will be very glad to have me go and marry her, won't you? No doubt of it! But you shant marry her, sir! You shan't have that gratification! I will stay, if it is only to spite you! I won't go! I tell you, Mr. Peters, I won't go!"

"But, my dear, you must go if you are come for!"

"I won't go!"

"But consider, my dear!"

"I won't go!"

"But what will Sarah think?"

"Sarah! Don't dare to mention Sarah to me again! I—I—oh!—I am fairly choaking!" and the little woman threw herself into a chair, in a fit of hysterics.

Next morning, Mr. Peters met Fred in the street.

"Well old boy, how goes it?"

"Fred," was the reply, "I am the happiest man in the world! I have regained my wife and domestic peace, and got rid of a busy, tattling old maid, who under pretence of loving my wife was everlastingly interfering in all our household arrangements."

"Then Mrs. Peters will not ascend?"

"No. If Sarah is to be my second wife, and step-mother to my children, Mrs. P. has concluded that she won't go!"

THE WORLD.—"This is a strange world," said John Randolph, in one of his wild straggling speeches made in the United States Senate chamber. And it is indeed a strange world! As we look around upon our fellow-men, we often wonder for what earthly purpose a very large majority of them "live, move, and have their being." A numerous minority at least (did we dare to question the unerring wisdom of God) were created, apparently, for no good end. Every word that they utter, every deed that they do, and, if we can judge by analogy, every thought that passes through their minds, is fraught with evil. They seemingly open their lips but to whisper the dark calumny that will blight their neighbor's character and destroy his peace, or to break forth in the most appalling profanity and disgusting obscenity. They raise their hands but to spoil the weak and unprotected of their coveted wealth, or to sheathe the knife in the breast of the victim of their hate or cupidity. Black, indeed, must be their hearts, and dark their thoughts—and they, themselves, stand a foul stain upon the face of creation.

There is another large class of human beings who, though not guilty of any openly vicious acts, yet are not *positively* virtuous. There are hundreds around us who are members of that class—those who are *negatively* virtuous: men that seem to glean their code of morals from the statute-book, and take Paley and a certain sect "to ascertain how near they may go to the border line of villainy without overstepping it." They are guilty of no wanton violations of others' rights—no daring cheateries of trade—no open outraging of morals. Yet, in the three score and ten years they spend upon the earth, they are never known to stretch forth their hand to relieve the necessities of the wretched children of penury—never once to step aside from the path of money-getting toil, to bind up the broken heart, and pour the balm of consolation into the wounded spirit—never once to give up the gold that overflows their coffers, to advance any work of public improvement or public benevolence, and thus gain for themselves a name as benefactors of their fellow men. Selfishness is their governing passion—they live for self—in truth, they worship self.

There is still another class that enrolls in its ranks thousands and tens of thousands of both sexes. They are the butterfly votaries of fashion and pleasure, that seemingly exist but in the festive hall, and amid the glittering throng—who appear to think that the dress, and equipage, and frivolity of the fashionable world, is the great and only important business of this life, and the only school in which an intelligent being is trained for the life to come.

The eccentric, yet eloquent and talented orator of Roanoke never uttered a plainer truth, or one of which we have stronger and more frequent proof, than when he declared the world in which we live to be a strange one.

The drought in Maine is very severe. In many towns the wells are nearly dried up. Brooks that were never known to be dry, are now entirely dry. Fires are raging in the woods, which makes it very smoky; the atmosphere is quite thick with smoke in many of the towns in Washington county. Vessels that arrive from sea report very thick smoke along the coast. At two miles distance from land, the smoke is thick as sea fog. The rivers are very low; no sawing lumber until fall rains.

The Newburyport *Herald* says that among those trees whose ages have been ascertained, the elm has been known to live more than 350 years; the chestnut, 600; the cedar, 800; the oak, from 1000 to 1500; and some of the woods of the tropics for 3000, 4000, and 5000 years.

David Prussia, recently tried for poisoning his wife in Crawford county, Pa., has been acquitted. Death was caused by poison, but the jury could not decide that he administered it.

THE LADIES AND NATURALIZATION.

Harpers' Monthly for September contains an article, under the head of the "Editor's Easy Chair," on Gen. Cass' Leclerc and Hofer letters, which it cuts up completely, and then relates the following:—

The Easy Chair knows that ladies eschew politics, but he can not help thinking that they will have a certain interest in the conversation he has just recorded held by the sea at Newport. Because who knows what is in store?

There was Miss Bel. Jodd—not a gayer girl on all the American sea-coast in the month of July. What on earth, said she, can men find to talk about politics? Always politics and wine! Who shall be President, and how old the bottle is! Men, said Miss Bel. Jodd, are the most trifling and light-tongued of human beings! It is now not two weeks since it came out that Miss Bel. Jodd is engaged to young Gruyere Lager. Sly fellow! he was always slipping out from those political and vinous debates and agreeing with Miss Bel. Jodd; driving her in the dust; riding with her in the dust; walking with her in the dust; doing every thing, in fact, as every thing is done at Newport, in the dust. Scarce was she engaged, the wedding day appointed, the bridal tour in golden September to the banks of the Rhine, to the Hartz, to the Danube, to all delightful spots in dear Vaterland, arranged, than young Lager comes to her with a dismal face.

"Schatz," he says.

"What do you mean?" says she.

"My sweetest Liebchen!" he exclaims, with clasped hands and a look of agony.

"What *is* your leebshen?" she asks in consternation, thinking it was some precious thing he had lost.

"My dearest Bel."

"Ah! now I understand. Well."

"Oh dear me! 'ist so schwer!" he said again, with such an air that Miss Jodd entreated him to compose himself.

"Oh my Gruyere, restrain yourself! Are your horses lame?"

He shook his head negatively.

"Is the wagon broken?"

He shook No again.

"Have you got to go into mourning for any body?"

No.

"Have you spent all your money?"

No, shook the wretched young man.

"You haven't lost my diamond engagement ring?"

No.

"Oh! well then," said Miss Jodd, with a relieved aspect, "it can't be any thing very serious;" and she grew calm again, for she had been really distressed for a moment, thinking that the horses had fallen lame, or that some other catastrophe had happened.

"We can't go!" said Gruyere Lager, bitterly.

"What!" shrieked Miss Bel.

"We can't take that European trip!" shouted Mr. Lager.

"Then I won't be married!" said she, sullenly.

"O weh!" said he, sadly.

At last it occurred to Miss Bel. Jodd, who is a lady of great intelligence, to ask why. Then Mr. Lager replied:

"Because I am a Prussian."

"Fiddle, diddle; you are naturalized."

"It makes no difference. Here is General Cass's letter."

And so saying, Gruyere Lager put a copy of that document into her hands.

"Pooh!" said Miss Jodd, who is a lady of great energy, "if General Cass says that, General Cass is an —."

She said something which sounded as the General's name might if you didn't C it.

But it was all in vain. There was, there is, the letter. Gruyere Lager pleads in vain for matrimony. He proposes going to Nova Scotia, and quote's Mr. Cozzens's charming "Acadia"—he proposes the Havana, and quotes Mr. Dana—he quotes many places, and quotes Bayard Taylor. The obdurate Miss Bel. Jodd shakes her head at all. The obdurate Miss Jodd, who has grown immensely political within a few days, and no longer laughs at gentlemen who talk politics, but, on the contrary, has teased Mr. Gunnybags to tell her what the Easy Chair was saying to him upon the rocks, has, as she says, communicated her ultimatum to Mr. Gruyere Lager. It was, in fact, only last evening that she said:

"My dear Gruyere, I agreed to marry you under certain implied conditions. *Item*, a pair of horses. *Item*, diamond solitaires. *Item*, a new ring at least every two months. *Item*, two months at Newport every summer. *Item*, two thousand a year for my wardrobe, exclusive of jewelry and other gifts from you. *Item*, and to begin with, a trip to Europe, and to go while there where I please. If you will conform to these conditions, I will marry you even before Dr. Taylor returns to town. I don't care if we have a morning wedding at old Trinity here in Newport, and a breakfast afterward at Selina Gunnybag's. Bring me, my dear Gruyere, the certificate of passage; swear that you are dealing honestly; and your fond Bel. is yours forever."

That is the celebrated Jodd ultimatum, which is now the gossip of the selecter circles of the nobility and fashion. Miss Jodd's action is of course painful—very painful; but what can she do? General Cass has deliberately thwarted her intention of conferring nuptial happiness upon Gruyere Lager. Until the Secretary withdraws his letter the young gentleman's happiness must remain thwarted.

And what a situation his is! It is now well understood why he has suddenly become so indifferent to the set of his trowsers, and why he has even been seen in the evening in a frock coat! Such reckless despair excites the liveliest sympathy, and it was mentioned, as an added instance of the extremity of his condition, that he had thrown a 2½ bit upon the table at W—tson's, and saw it swept away without a shudder. It was even said—but it was evidently a wild rumor, serving only to show the excitement in regard to the matter—that he had worn the same morning tie twice. The thing is clearly impossible, but his situation is sad enough without that.

This is the way, ladies, in which you, who sneer at politics and wish men wouldn't be always gossiping about them, may be directly affected by them—in this way even the Secretary of State may become of interest to you, and his letters be read by you. Innocent Secretary! How little he dreamed, when tossing off that easy-going epistle to Mr. Hofer, that he was keeping young Gruyere Lager a bachelor!

We are all interested, ladies. Down with the Hofer letter! Who's for a direct appeal to the President—a man with a heart for the ladies? Henceforth do not plead that it is none of your affairs. Think how many American wives might be widowed, American children orphaned, and American homes desolated, if Gen. Cass's naughty doctrine should prevail.

DIGESTIBILITY OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF FLESH.—The flesh of young animals is tenderer than that of adults; and tenderness is one quality which favors digestibility. Nevertheless we shall err if fixing our attention on this one quality, we assume that the flesh of young animals is always more digestible than that of adults; we shall find veal to be less so than beef, and chickens less so than beef. The reason given for the first of these exceptions is, that veal has less of the peculiar aroma developed in cooking; the reason given for the second, that the texture of chicken is closer than that of beef, and being closer is less readily acted on by the gastric juice. Every one knows that veal is not very digestible, and is always shunned by the dyspeptic. On the other hand, in spite of chicken being less digestible than beef, it is more suitable for a delicate stomach, and will be assimilated when beef or other meat would not remain in the stomach—an example which shows us that even the rule of nutritive value, being determined in a great measure by digestibility, is not absolute, and which further shows how cautious we should be in relying upon general rules in cases so complex. The age of animals is very important. Thus the flesh of the kid is very agreeable; but as the kid approaches the adult period there is so pronounced an odor developed from the hiric acid in its fat that the flesh becomes uneatable. Whereas the ox and cow, fattened for two years after reaching full growth, have acquired the perfection of their aroma and flavor. The difference between lamb and mutton is not very marked, especially in their fa, tthat of mutton containing more fatty acid, and being to many stomachs quite intolerable.—*Lewe's Physiology of Common Life.*

Any one who has lived in Cincinnati (writes, Brads) for ten or fifteen years, will remember E., the tailor, one of the oldest and best of his craft, as well as one of the jolliest, always as ready to take a joke as to give one. It used to be considered the "fair thing" among a "select party" to send persons to his store for articles at variance with what usually constitutes the stock in trade of members of his profession. It so happened one day, as one of the "party" above mentioned was descending the steps of the Burnett House, he encountered a specimen of Kentucky, who inquired of him where he could purchase a jewsharp. Of course he was directed to E.'s store, as the establishment where they kept the largest assortment at the most reasonable prices. Our friend proceeded at once to the place indicated, and fonnd E. (who, by the way, was troubled with an impediment of speech), waiting on a customer, and, after stating his wants, was politely requested to "w-wait a few moments." After despatching his business with the aforesaid customer, he gravely approached Kentucky with a pair of *glove stretchers*, and observed in a very mild tone, "W-we shall h-have to t-t-take your mum-mum-measure," whereupon he inserted the stretcher into his mouth, spreading open his countenance to the full extent of the "stretch," and with a face indicating the utmost seriousness, remarked to the astonished Kentuckian, "Y-young man, *w-we haven't ger-ger-got any of y-your s-s-size.*"

THE GREAT REVIVAL.—The extensive religious awakening in Ireland, greater than heretofore in that country, is extending to Scotland and Wales. It has reached the colliers of Staffordshire, and in one place it is estimated that there are five hundred converts. From among their own number, a collier has been raised up who daily preaches the Word with great power. In many of the coal-pits daily prayer meetings and Bible reading are held. In South Wales, so extraordinary is the revival interest, that all the churches and chapels are crowded on week days as well as Sundays. Prayer meetings in churches, in school rooms, in work shops, and even in fields, are held morning and evening. In one town eight public houses have been closed since the work began. It is now spreading into North Wales. A clergyman of the Established Church writes: "There is no enthusiasm, but a deep, profound and awfully solemn impression." In some districts, notorious for blasphemy, an oath is now never heard, and drunkards in thousands have become total abstainers. It is estimated that in two counties only, 9,000 persons, within the last five months, have been converted.

Rope-walking like whooping cough, is catching. Two boys at Rockport, New York, have learned to do it over the canal at that place, and propose now to walk over Black river, at Watertown, Jefferson county, New York, where it runs through a frightful chasm. This is Young America all over. No Frenchman can introduce anything here as the study of a lifetime, but some Yankee boy can compete with him successfully in sixty days.

An old darkey was endeavoring to explain his condition. "You see," remarked Sambo, "it is in dis way, as far as I 'member. Fust my fadder died, and den my mudder married agin, and den my mudder died, and my fadder married agin; and somehow I doesn': seem to hab no parents at all, nor no home, nor nuffin.'

"There are some members of a community,' said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the *right way*, they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the *wrong way*, they give a great deal of trouble."

The best definition we ever heard of "bearing false witness against your neighbor," was given by a little girl in school. She said "it was when nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told it."

A pragmatical young fellow sitting at a table opposite the learned John Scott, asked him what difference there was between Scott and sot. "Just the breadth of the table."

Never hold any one by the button or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.—*Chesterfield.*

"Figgers vont lie, vill they?" muttered a seedy genius, holding on to a lamp post. "Vell, 'praps they vont; but I'se a figger vot vont stand, anyhow."

If we can't bear, it ain't for the lack of ears—as the ass said to the corn field.