

# Ruffianism

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## HOW THE MONEY COMES.

Queer John has sung, how money goes,  
But how it comes, who knows?  
Why every Yankee mother's son  
Can tell you how 'the thing' is done.  
It comes by honest toil and trade;  
By building ships, balloons and drams;  
And that's the way the money comes.  
How does it come? Why, as it goes,  
By spinning, weaving, knitting hose,  
By stitching shirts and coats for Jews,  
Erecting churches, renting pews,  
And manufacturing boots and shoes;  
For thumps and hearts, tongues, lungs and thumbs,  
And that's the way the money comes.  
How does it come?—wait, let me see,  
By raising cotton, corn and cane;  
By wind and steam, lightning and rain;  
By guiding ships across the main;  
By building bridges, balloons and drams,  
And sweeping streets, and digging ditches,  
With whistles, his' and ho's, and lums!  
And that's the way the money comes.  
The money comes—how did I say?  
Not always in an honest way;  
It comes by trick as well as toil,  
By honest means, and by dishonest;  
By putting pens in coffee bags;  
By swapping waffles, knives and nags;  
And peddling wooden clocks and plums;  
And that's the way the money comes.  
How does it come?—wait, let me see,  
It comes by sale, guess, and trade,  
Sometimes by riding on a rail,  
But oftener, that's the way it goes  
From silly belles and fast young beaux;  
It comes in his, and ho's, and lums,  
Aye! that's the way the money comes.

## THE PRINCE'S LOOK.

CONVERSATION ABOUT A PRINCE'S LIFE.  
The introduction to the story, which we especially wish to relate, has proved indeed somewhat longer than the story itself. It is always the way, when one knows better how to talk than to narrate. The reader must make all allowances.  
It is well known that Duke Louis, immediately upon his succession, introduced many important changes, both in the administration, as well as among the occupants of the highest places of the court. For slow, or the aggrandizement of the people, they are contented, excusable towards the negligent or the defaulting, he was more strict towards the defaulting officers than the lower ones. He insisted that the humblest citizen should be treated with courtesy, and was ever ready to commend the meritorious.  
It is inconceivable what life suddenly inspired the whole course of affairs. Before a year had passed, a new spirit, a new tone pervaded the State. The highest officers, from the President of the privy-council down to the lowest clerk, being personally responsible for their subordinates, watched over the activity of the rest with the greatest care.  
"Well," said the duke one day, in a cheerful humor to his friend, "well, dear Leinau, our affairs go on well. I see it everywhere in the looks of the people; they are contented with us. I am glad, for I am respected for my own sake. From the spirit pervading the land, the man is known who presides over the whole. You do more, and ought to do more than I; but my merit is, to have placed you at the head of affairs, or, if you will not allow it to be a merit, I will call it my fortune. What pleases me most is, that I have reformed the court, and that all intrigues and miserable eye-service have ceased; and I am convinced that every one does his duty because he loves it, and not because he wishes to carry favor with me."  
"O, my good prince! and do you really believe that it is so?" said the President.  
"Certainly."  
"And I am convinced of the contrary," said the baron. "In a country like ours, where the prince has full liberty to do anything, good or bad, where no law restrains him, because he is himself the law, there is no real safety for the life or property of the individual, because all are in the power of him who has the power. It would be strange, in this state of things, if the prince and best man among us, could not be branded as a downright criminal by a single look from you. The character of the prince is a most unsafe constitution for the people. It is the constitution of the Asiatics. The best man in your dukedom has as little security for his property and honor as for the permanency of your virtue."  
"Then we are as badly off as the Turks?"  
"So I think, and, indeed, we are worse off, for here liberty and life may be invaded under legal forms, but in Turkey they are by brute force. With us, the law, so far from being a shield for the rights of all, is a right glass for the eyes of officials to examine the rights of the individual, and it magnifies or diminishes, accordingly as one holds it. Indeed, it may at any time act as a burning glass. What is law, right or safety among us?"  
"I do not understand you, Leinau."  
"Because you are too noble to understand what is base. But it is your unhappy lot to be a prince, and as a prince, you can neither come to know those about you, nor obtain a just knowledge of yourself. Princes become tyrants, not because they wish to be so, but because their people will be slaves. The more serious your defects, the more carefully will they gild them over. A prince seldom has a true friend."  
"But I have you, baron."  
"Yes, but you are an exception among princes."  
"Now don't be so set. You are a little out of humor to-day. Let us take a ride to Friedensheim."  
"How shall we make the trial?"  
"Choose one of the wealthiest men in the dukedom. Seem to be angry with him, at least discontented, reserve towards him. Then see how every one will fall upon the unhappy man, like the innocent upon the guilty, and all to please you. See if the honor or property of the noblest in the land are safe, when you wish to ruin him. Choose, for example, the Registrar Helmoed, a right honest man, of whom I do not hear a word of complaint. His salary is small and yet he has never solicited any augmentation of it, although he does all the drudgery for the State secretary, who is content to let him do it, although he has a large salary and is rich besides."  
"Indeed," said the duke, "I have often thought of doing something for the faithful Helmoed. He has three or four children and

very little property. His office cannot yield him much. But I cannot bear to torment him."  
"But the lesson to be got is worth the trouble. You can compensate the innocent man afterwards. At present no one knows anything against him. In a little while every one will be able to bring some charge against him. Thus you will learn to know your people. The good man Helmoed shall not suffer. I will step in at the right moment. And you must compensate him liberally for all that he is made to suffer, the end being a good one."  
"I do not see what they can bring against him."  
"For that very reason let us play the comedy. Perhaps I am wrong."  
"Well, Leinau, so be it. I will pay him for it. Let us see whether my people are slaves."  
THE PRINCE'S LOOK.  
"Is not that the Registrar Helmoed going across the street there?" asked the duke of his court one day, as he stood at a window of the saloon.  
"It is," was the reply.  
"An uncommonly repulsive countenance," added the duke.  
"He certainly has something proud and offensive in his bearing, but for all that he is a very fine man," said Privy-councillor Strom.  
"There is something cold and forbidding in his features; that cannot be denied," said the State-Secretary Wandel; "but for all that I know he is a very worthy man."  
"Worthy man?" cried the duke hastily, while he knit his brow and threw a contemptuous glance at Secretary Wandel. "You are too good natured. That Helmoed is not to be trusted, or nature is a great liar in him. Do not speak to me of the man again. I wish he were anywhere but in my service."  
The secretary grew pale when he saw the duke's look. Every one was silent.  
"Wandel," said the duke, after a pause, "why are you so pale? I cannot suspect you of taking part with the man?"  
"God forbid, your grace," said the secretary. "I have never had any intercourse with him, and I cannot trust him. I have had nothing to do with him, because, as your grace justly observes, there is an appearance of lurking treachery in him. I have often thought of proposing to your grace to dismiss him. He is a clerk under me, and corresponds with many foreigners, and has much important business in his hands. I cannot trust him."  
"Unless he has been guilty of some overt act of treachery, I cannot dismiss him," said the duke, "that would be unjust."  
"I called him a good man," said councillor Strom, "because I would not speak ill of any one. The man has a wife and children. I would not wish to injure them. But as we are talking about him, my duty commands me to declare to your grace that this Helmoed has a dozen times deserved imprisonment or banishment. I can bring proofs, that this Helmoed has often, in the journal which he publishes, exposed both the constitution and the nobility to contempt. How can any loyalty or reverence for the laws exist, where such insolence goes unpunished?"  
And here a church-councillor took up the word, and then a couple of generals and a director of the police, and so one after another mentioned something against Helmoed, until he no longer seemed so honest as he was tho't by Baron Leinau. Not only were proofs offered of the truth of the various charges bro't against the Registrar, but very respectable men were named as witnesses.  
"Is the man, then, really so bad, so dangerous?" asked the astonished duke. "Why has he not been brought to account long ago, and treated according to his deserts?"  
The duke retired from the assembly in anger. THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.  
The Registrar Helmoed soon felt the effects of the "prince's look." People began to be very shy of him. It passed from ear to ear, that he did not stand well with the duke. The highest officers treated him with sternness and coldness. His equals avoided him. His enemies played off their malicious wit upon him. Helmoed soon perceived that something was in the wind. He inquired of one and another why they shrugged their shoulders and would faintly appear to know nothing. Helmoed kept quiet. "What is the matter with the folks," said he, "I have injured no one; I have done no wrong; I did my duty; what have they against me? Fortunately, their friendship is not necessary to my peace."  
Thus he thought aloud; but in his secret heart he thought differently. He suffered more than he pretended. He avoided company, and lived for his family. He had an excellent wife, a lovely daughter, and two promising sons, from twelve to fourteen years of age. The sweet Emma, the very apple of her father's eye, could have made the noblest in the land happy with her hand. She was now nineteen, but, as yet, no one had asked that hand, for she was without a portion. The Registrar was accounted a poor man. His salary was not sufficient to enable him to educate his children, so he was compelled to devote his spare hours to writing, which brought him in but little money.  
In order not to pain his wife and children, Helmoed kept his anxiety to himself, and said not a word of it at home. So much more terrible to them was the thunderbolt that fell from the growing storm, of which they had no suspicion.  
One day the State Secretary sent for Helmoed. Helmoed came. Von Wandel met him with the last number of Helmoed's monthly periodical. "Who sent you your journal this account of the public debt?" asked the secretary.  
"Nobody, Mr. Secretary; I inserted it myself."  
"Who empowered you to do it?"  
"No one in particular; similar statements have appeared in the journal before, and you never objected."  
"I do not read your journal, and of course, could not object. But you are forbidden, without my permission, to show any of the state documents."  
"But the statement of the public debt has appeared in other periodicals, and even in a foreign journal. I did not take it from the office."  
"That does not justify you, as an official, in giving it such publicity. Go, sir; you are accountable."  
A few days afterwards, Helmoed was cited before the High Court. But before this took place, there arose another incident. The duke wished to see the copies of a secret correspondence which the deceased prince, his uncle, had carried on with the minister of a certain foreign court. The State-Secretary demanded the originals of the Registrar, in

whose hands they had been placed. But the latter could not find them. The secretary shook his head suspiciously.  
The next day, police officers entered Helmoed's house, declared him under arrest, and demanded all his papers, which were sealed up, and given in charge of the director of the police. The whole family were overwhelmed with terror and grief. Helmoed, conscious of his innocence, sought to convince them as well as he could. He himself remained composed.  
In the formal examination of Helmoed's papers, which was carried on in his presence, certain papers were discovered, belonging to the office of state. These he declared, he had brought there when he was sick, and had permission to do his work at home. That they had not been returned was owing entirely, he said, to forgetfulness. For this he must, he said, beg pardon.  
His private papers and letters were all read through, for traces and proofs of a treasonable correspondence. And some expressions in the letters of his foreign friends appeared to justify suspicion. Letters were found, in which he held forth pretty freely upon the duke's appointment of the president of the privy-council, and in which he called the latter a favorite of the duke's, predicting little good would come of the land from his beneficent changes in the administration. But it was evident, also, that he had changed his opinions with the brightening prospects of the land, and that these confidential letters really threw no more suspicion on his loyalty than similar opinions expressed to a friend in common conversation. Yet there the fatal lines were, in black and white. Everything was tortured into a charge against him. A formal warrant was made out against him, and he was arraigned as a state-criminal and treacherous official.  
When Helmoed heard these charges he rose and with a smile, replied: "Proofs are sought against me, and they are found. I confess that I have permitted state-papers to remain in the house, but no hurt could possibly accrue therefrom to the state. I confess, I have been free in giving my opinions about state affairs to confidential friends, but no harm could come of that. My more recent correspondence and my published sentiments in my periodical, show how my opinions have changed through the wise and happy measures of the administration. But this, I suppose, will have very little weight with you, gentlemen. We are to be treated in this way, instances of forgetfulness were to be strictly interpreted, if your papers, your private letters, your opinions expressed in confidence, were to be thus called in question, there is not one of you who, perhaps, would not be just as worthy of condemnation as I."  
These declarations excited the greatest indignation in the court. Helmoed continued to speak in this tone with dignity and force. He was, at last, interrupted by the murmurs of the judges, and the president bade him be silent, and ordered him to be led away. Upon this, a gray-headed councillor, Ferlach, rose, and said: "It is wrong to interrupt the defence in this manner. We prove, by our treatment of Helmoed, that he is in the right. We are carrying on this trial, not in the spirit of justice, but hostility. I protest against this course. I will not give my assent to it, and I demand that my protest be recorded."  
In vain was it attempted to teach the old man better, to warn him how he tempted the anger of the duke. "I have grown gray," he said, "in the service of the state. I have always loved justice. When such insignificant proceedings are permitted, his grace must allow me to think as I please."  
When the Baron Leinau and the Duke learned of the arrest of Helmoed, and his trial, they let the matter take its course. But when the bold language of old Ferlach was reported to the duke, he appeared to be struck. The courtiers all observed "the prince's look," and every one seemed ready to ask, "Shall we ruin him too?"  
The dwelling of the Helmoeds was filled with mourning. Helmoed was in custody, accused of serious crimes. He was put in close confinement. Even his wife and children were forbidden to speak to him except in the presence of witnesses. In a short time, money began to fail in the household. Mrs. Helmoed applied to her friends for help, and they endeavored to avoid her, and kept away as from a house on which the curse of the Lord rested.

TO BE CONTINUED.  
FIVE CHILDREN BURNED TO DEATH.—In the night of Friday, the 28th ult., the house of Mr. Luther Briggs, in Delaware county, New York, was consumed by fire and five of his children perished. The fire broke out at the house, about half a mile off, taking with it an infant child, leaving six at home—the oldest a daughter of 17, and the youngest 3 years. The children went to bed before the parents returned, and the fire is supposed to have originated from the stove. The oldest and youngest slept below and the others up stairs. The girl waking up, finding the house on fire, ran up stairs to wake her brothers, the oldest of which, a lad of fifteen, jumped out of the window, and the girl, it is supposed, attempted to go down stairs for the child in her bed. The boy opened the door from the outside, when the flames burst into his face and burnt him severely, but they think not fatally. All the others perished.  
RUSSIAN BARRIERS.—It is said that the Russian babies look like so many idols with their heads carved out, and the rest of the body left in a block. This appearance is caused by their being rolled up in tight bandages, leaving only the head out, that they may be put away out of mischief and danger. On going into a Russian house you may find one little fellow left on a shelf, another hung to the wall on a peg, and a third hung over one of the main beams of the roof, and rocked by the mother who has the cord looped over her feet. "Why that is a child?" you exclaim, looking close, to be sure you are not mistaken. "Of course—what should it be?" answers the mother. Yes, sure enough, it is a child but so dirty that you cannot help asking—"When was it washed?" "Washed! What? wash a child? you would kill it!"

ECLIPSES.—An exchange paper says:—There will be six eclipses this year—two of the sun, two of the moon and two of the Locofo party. The two latter will occur in October and November—one of which will be visible in Pennsylvania, and the other all over the Union.  
A brigand has been captured in Sardinia, who is known to have perpetrated 60 murders.

## THE WHITE QUAKERS OF DUBLIN.

We have occasionally seen, in the English and Irish papers, allusions to these people, but the first complete and thoroughly intelligible account of them that we have ever met, is given in the following letter to the Anti-Slavery Standard, dated,  
DUBLIN, Ireland, Oct. 1, 1859.  
I have been a good deal interested by a paper in a recent number of Howitt's Journal, it is entitled "Singular Sects of the day with the White Quakers," and it gives an account of a number of seceders from the Society of Friends who have settled in community on a handsome farm of 130 acres, about six miles from Dublin, where they eatheer animal food, hats and bonnets, and mahogany. They wear white clothes, and shoes made of leather of the same color. They go to rest with the sun, and rise at a very early hour, "to commence their labors of weaving, sewing, spinning, basket-making, &c., while one of the members reads aloud from some instructive and amusing work, selected for the purpose. Having breakfasted, they adjourn to the fields. Men, women and children alike assist in the cultivation of the farm, for it is one of their axioms that every hand is able and ought to work for the production of labor. Their whole establishment is a model of neatness and cleanliness. They appear to live very happily together, and are extremely kind and charitable to the poor in the neighborhood. They hold that the earth was given to all for a heritage, and that the distinction of noble and peasant, rich and poor, are but the creation of a corrupt order of things, which is sure to give place to a brighter and happier day. Besides all their other possessions, they have a library well stocked with books, the walls covered with maps, and the tables strewed with several volumes of beautifully illustrated works. What struck us most was the chaste simplicity and exceeding purity of the whole."  
Now this report is all very pleasant, and I have been much interested in it, substantially with an account of this community I had from a friend of mine who visited it about a year ago. Yet it is difficult to comprehend how such a civilized and peaceful Arcadia, so near an approach to an unexceptionable monastery, could have been the work of such a people as the White Quakers were but a few short years since. The leaders of the sect were, without exception, rigidly strict and consistent, straight-laced members of the Society of Friends, severe against all departures from the "testimonials," stern upholders of the discipline—very worthy, good people—kind to the poor, and wishing well to all, but chiefly interested for the prosperity and purity of their little corner of Mount Zion. Among them was the most valiant of the sect's preachers, a female Boanerges, who denounced mixed marriages with such awful warnings as most often have made the blood of "young women Friends curdle within them," and she enforced plainness of dress with terrible energy. There was an elder and an overseer among them, and all the rest were steady and conscientious. The members of the society were the most faithful of Quaker miracles, dreams, portents, revelations, and prophecies. They were, in short, the very last of members from whom the society could have apprehended an insurrection. But they revolted, nevertheless, and in this wise:—  
Joshua Jacob, their leader, who was at that time a prosperous trader, a Friend in good standing, regular in his meetings, and a worshiper and discipline, a good neighbor, kind to the poor, and greatly respected—began to "appear in the ministry," or, in plain terms, began to preach. An uninitiated person, like you or me, would not have been able to perceive much difference between his communications and those of the most approved ministers. Suffice it to say that they were marked by all the peculiarities of the Quaker gallery, equally free from the text-taking, connectedness, and other trammels of pulpit eloquence. But his preaching did not satisfy the elders, the appointed judges among Friends, of the acceptableness and right mission of the candidate for the ministry. Joshua was advised to withhold his communications and was counselled and labored with, and a degree of patience was exhibited toward him, such as I verily believe would not have been extended to a refractory priest in any other community in Christendom. He kept on, never heeding, and preached all the more, the more he was advised to be silent. At length the elders brought the matter before the monthly meeting. But the monthly meeting had no terrors for Joshua; he refused to withdraw when his case was under consideration, and when they sent messengers to him he denied their jurisdiction. At length he was formally disowned. As he held stoutly to the doctrine of the inward light, and did not look on himself as a "man-made minister," or amenable to man's judgment for the exercise of his gift, he preached without intermission; and when the Friends, wearied with his obstinacy, kept him out of the meeting-house, he preached in the passage. He had a fine ringing voice, and a tremendous sing-song, which I would have thought very holy were I a little boy.  
The disapproval of his course was pretty general in the society, but there were important exceptions among the more rigid professors, in many of the monthly meetings. They looked on him, as he looked on himself—that is to say, they had a very high opinion of him. They espoused his cause, talked of "a new era," and prophesied an early day to the society, preached like him, were equally refractory, and were in like manner disowned, were kept out of the meeting like him, and held forth in the passages as he did.  
Joshua then assumed a white dress, of undyed cloth, wore untanned leather in his shoes, banished all his mahogany furniture, using deal instead, pulled down his belt, abstained from locks and watches, brought forth his looking-glasses, and broke them to pieces in the open street for a testimony to the people, enlarged his business as much as possible, and at length he put away his wife. This last extremity he resorted to because she seemed unable to keep up with him in the rapid progress of his reforms. He also denounced, with unsparing fidelity, all his followers who faltered by the way, who clung to dark clothes, or mahogany, or their husbands and wives when

these displeased him. I should say, to give him his due, that he allowed his own particular rib to return to the community as an humble companion, on her earnest entreaty. She is the mother of his six children, who are all living with him.  
Meanwhile all the "White Quakers" bitterly abhorred and denounced the "Black Quakers," and refused to hold any intercourse with them on any terms—looking on them as apostates and enemies of all good. No ties of kindred or friendship shielded any from this condemnation; mothers left their grown-up children and grand-children, husbands their wives, and wives their husbands and children, denouncing and inveighing all sorts of bitter things against all their old acquaintances who were unprepared to "go the whole hog" with them. They threw their property into a common fund, and made Joshua Jacob their chancellor of the exchequer, as well as the keeper of their consciences. A sister-in-law of Joshua's, being left a widow with five children and £9,000, threw the whole of the money into their treasury at his instigation; and when he was summoned before the Court of Chancery to explain this appropriation of the property of orphans, who, as such, are his wards, he refused to appear, and was sent to prison for contempt of court. There he lay for many years, attended by his faithful friend and fellow laborer, Abigail Beale, with whom he openly contracted a Platonic union.  
It was during his incarceration that he adopted the patriarchal habit of wearing his beard—and now he has a fine long one, and so have all his masculine followers. Previous to this imprisonment, the little community were indefatigable in the distribution of tracts and papers in explanation of their views, relating their sufferings and persecutions, and denouncing all their foes; in fact, "dealing damnation round the land," and terribly hot and heavy against the unhappy "Black Quakers," sparing neither age nor sex, ignorance or innocence. Joshua and his followers have been hailed out of steep-houses, mobbed in the streets, brought up before magistrates, mocked at by silly people in the highways, and by the more respectable (behind his back) in drawing rooms. In short, they suffered a very sufficient share of petty martyrdom, and they rejoiced accordingly. During his imprisonment, a very quiet set of bodies, and are now hardly spoken of even in the "society," which they once convulsed to such an extent that they formed the staple subject of the gossip at quarterly meetings, and on all occasions when it is customary or proper for people to gossip at all.

## AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

The following sketch of Hon. Edward Bates, of Missouri, by the St. Louis correspondent of the N. Y. Times, will be read with interest:—  
Mr. Bates is a native of Virginia, and is about sixty-five years of age. He came here at twenty years of age, and soon engaged in the practice of law. He was one of the delegates who framed the constitution of Missouri, and such was his prominence, even at this early period, that he was selected as the first Attorney General of the State. Since that time he has for the most part devoted himself to his profession, though he has been a member of Congress and a Judge of the State Courts, and has held various other high offices connected with the State. He was married to the most estimable lady of North Carolina, by whom he has had a numerous family of sons and daughters, eight of whom are still living. The oldest son is a lawyer of very eminent abilities, though he is chiefly devoted to farming in the vicinity of St. Louis. Another is a physician, and others are qualifying themselves for various pursuits.  
Mr. Bates lives in a plain though large and handsome brick house, recently erected on a commanding site, four miles west of St. Louis. His style of living is simple but generous, the administration of the household being conducted with the utmost order and system. His table has all the abundance characteristic of the teeming West; the meal is never tasted till the blessing is asked from on high. At an early hour in the morning, the family, servants and all, summoned by the bell, are collected in the parlor. Here a chapter in the Holy Book is read, and the prayer offered. Family prayer also closes the duties and pleasures of the day.  
In person Mr. Bates is a little below the middle height, but of substantial form. His general aspect presents a mixture of modesty and dignity. His hair and beard are full, and silvered over in patches; his countenance is cheerful and lively, and during animated conversation exhibits rapid transitions with the play of his mind. His brow is prominent, and his eye piercing, manifesting a high development of the perceptive faculties. He is eloquent by nature, and is one of the most finished orators of the Great West; as a lawyer he stands in the front rank.  
Though Mr. Bates, as well from taste as the claims of a large family, has shunned political life, he is still known and regarded as a profound statesman, acquainted with the history of ancient and modern governments, and especially familiar with that of our own country. On these subjects he has long been a copious and influential writer. In connection with him, I have been particularly struck, not only with his mass of political facts, but with his powers of analysis, and the force and felicity with which he seizes and presents the genius of political systems subjected to his consideration.  
QUEER FASCY.—The very best fisherman on Lake Ontario is an old monomaniac, popularly known as "Commodore." His recollection of what passed before his lunacy is entirely obliterated. His theory of advent into this world is that he was, at about the age of 700 years, ejected from the planet Jupiter for some violation of the laws in that orb, and, on recovering from the effects of that tremendous fall, found himself on the shores of this lake. At first, he says, the food of this earth did not suit him, he having subsisted before his fall, entirely on electricity—the only food known in Jupiter. However, after having nearly perished from starvation, he discovered that whiskey and gin so nearly resembled electricity in their effects upon his system that he has made shift to support nature by using a plentiful admixture of them with fish, flesh and fowl, vegetables and tobacco.  
It is said that the silver mines of California are of greater value than the gold.  
The voluntary fund for the relief of John Brown's family it is said will reach \$30,000.

AN IRISH EXPEDIENT.  
Simon Snyder, the Governor of the Keystone State, was sitting comfortably in his parlor at Selingsgrove, his rural abode, the cares of State sitting lightly on his breast, for he had just left his dinner table, and felt at peace with all the world, when a knock was heard at the front door, and Patrick O'Hanegan was ushered into the presence of the good-natured Governor.  
"Gu'ner Snyder, I suppose," said Pat, with an attempt at an elegant bow.  
"So I am called; pray be seated, and tell me what I can do for you to-day."  
Pat cast a look around the room, rubbed his knees as he sat down on the edge of the chair, and, after a few moments, hesitation, he began in this wise:—  
"Wal, Gu'ner, it's about six years since I came till this country, and I've been a livin' all that time up there on Locoming creek, and I thought it was about time I was goin' home till the old country, to see my poor old mother, God bless her! before she dies, and all my old friends there; and so I'm on my way, you see, and I thought, as I had heard the people talkin' a great deal about Gu'ner Snyder, and what a great Gu'ner he was, that I would stop and pay my respects till him." Here Pat took a rest, and began again: "And so I'll be goin' to Philadelphia, and a good long step it is to go afoot, and then I'll go to New York, and go aboard a ship, and sail till I get to Ireland, and then here he took a long look at the side-board, sparkling with its well-filled decanters, "when I see my own mother, and all my old friends, I'll tell them how I called on the Gu'ner of Pennsylvania, and how he was mighty polite, and gave me a glass of brandy to drink his honor's health."  
The Governor took the hint, and filled a glass, which Pat emptied as soon, saying,—  
"Your health, Gu'ner, and long life till ye, and all your kith and kindred, and after answering a few kind inquiries of the Governor, he arose and spoke: "Wal, I s'pose I must be goin'." I'm goin' from here to Philadelphia, and it's a long step to go afoot, and from there I'll go to New York, and then I'll go aboard a ship to sail till I get to Ireland, and then I'll tell all my old friends that here I called on the great Gu'ner of Pennsylvania, and how he was mighty polite, and gave me a glass of brandy to drink his honor's health."  
The Governor was caught, and poured out the second glass, which loosened the other end of Pat's tongue, and he went over the rigmarole again, ending with three glasses of brandy.  
"Ah!" said the Governor, "but you have not had three glasses."  
"Pat was cut up and down by this unexpected answer. He pushed his fingers through his hair, dropped his lower jaw, and looked like a deeply thought "jintleman" as he was. A happy thought bit him, and brightening up, he said: "But you wouldn't have me tell my old mother a lie, would you?"  
The good Governor was melted for a moment, and the third glass passed from the side-board into the longing bosom of the dry Irishman, who drank, and then began: "A thank you, Gu'ner! the saints bless and the Virgin kape you, and give you long life and plenty of such brandy as this, your honor! And now I'll be goin' to Philadelphia, and it's a long way there afoot, and then—"  
The Governor could stand it no longer, but, half laughing, and half mad at the impudence of Pat and his own readiness to be coaxed, he showed his guest to the door, and told him, as it was so far to Philadelphia, he had better be making tracks in that direction without any more delay.  
CLAY AND PENNINGTON.—In either 1845 or 1846, Henry Clay became embarrassed to such an extent that he had to mortgage Ashland. In the mean time, a gentleman had been started in New Orleans by some of Mr. Clay's friends, to pay his debts and relieve him from his embarrassments, and Mr. A. H. Trotter, the agent of the Northern Bank in New Orleans, was sent East to confer with Mr. Clay's friends. The consequence was that about \$50,000 was subscribed, and the Hon. Wm. Pennington was sent to Kentucky with the money, and reached Lexington known to scarcely any person. He went into the Northern Bank, and asked Mr. Scott, the Cashier, and upon his being shown that gentleman, asked if there were not several notes of Mr. Clay's that were due in a few days, and was answered that there were. Mr. Scott was requested to give the whole amount of Mr. Clay's indebtedness, which was done, and a draft on one of the New York Banks was handed him, and Mr. Pennington left the bank with all Mr. Clay's notes paid. In a few days Mr. Clay came to town to arrange for a renewal of the notes, if possible, and was shown in the side room of the bank. After sitting a few minutes he asked Mr. Scott if there could be any arrangement to run the notes for a longer time. Mr. Scott looked at Mr. Clay to see if he were not jesting, and finding that he was not, told him that a gentleman from New Jersey had called yesterday and paid all his indebtedness. Mr. Clay started when Mr. Scott spoke, looked at him a few minutes, burst into tears, and left the bank overwhelmed. No man ever had such friends. Where Mr. Clay lived, his personal friends are rejoiced that William J. Pennington has been honored with the S speakership.

HON. THADDEUS STEVENS AND THE "CRACK OR DOOM."—The Lancaster Express, commenting on a sketch of Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, says:—"The latest and best joke of Mr. S., however, is the reason he gives for voting for Pennington, of N. J. It will be recollected by our readers, that about a week since he announced his intention of sticking Mr. Sherman until the 'crack or doom.'" But on Friday he voted for Mr. Pennington. Supposing, no doubt, that his friends at home wondered how he could reconcile that vote with his previous declaration, he wrote to one of them to relieve them of any apprehensions. He said that on Friday morning he had been reading an account of the earthquake in South Carolina, and he thought that was a 'little crack,' and concluded to go for New Jersey!"  
"Johnny," said a mother to a son nine years old, "go wash your face; I am ashamed to see you coming to dinner with so dirty a mouth."  
"I did wash it, mamma," said Johnny, and curling his upper lip, he added gravely, "I think it must be a mousetache coming."  
"Did you save your baggage?" asked some sympathizing friends of a gentleman who had just escaped from a wrecked steambot on the Mississippi. "Oh, yes," said he, pointing with a significant look, to his wife.