Raftsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1860. VOL. 6.—NO. 28.

MARCH.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies,
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few they are who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long bright sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sings aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs from frost set free,
That brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat:
But, in thy earnest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

VICISSITUDES OF A MILLION.

At the time of our story, there was an auction store near the Bourse.

The Viscount Robert N. de P— was twenty-five years of age, had an income of 25,000 livres, good looks, an illustrious name, and could have made a very brilliant marriage. He ought to have been the happiest man in the world. He only had one regret. He had nothing to do. He was unhappy at his happiness. The constant tranquility of life fatigued him. He needed a little bitter in his cup of perpetual sweets. But Heaven refused to grant it to him. He resolved to fly to other lands, there to seek the fatigues, the sufferings, the novelties he lacked.

So, five years ago, he entered by chance an auction room, just as they were putting up a capital portable writing desk.

He was about to travel, and it was just what he wanted; so he bought it for three hundred francs.

It probably cost more than ten times that sum. In the interior there were compartments for everything, and a plate bore the name of Lord N—, one of the richest peers of England. He was enchanted with his purchase, and carried it home in triumph. Some days after he set out for Spain; as he went from Madrid to Cadiz he was stopped by thieves, who completely despoiled him. The only thing he missed was his desk. He prayed them to return it. They refused; but their chief, Don Jose Maria, promised to send it to Cadiz after him, on receipt of a ransom. Robert promised 200 reals, and gave the address of the hotel where he meant to stop at Cadiz. He sent the money and got his desk.

In America, in the wilds of Mexico, his desk was carried off by Mexicans. He thought it lost. Four months afterwards he found it in a shop in Vera Cruz, and paid 500 francs for it.

In 1852, having returned to France, he tho't of going to Baden. He passed the summer there, and went to Paris, visiting Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle on the way.

Arrived at the frontier which separates France from Belgium, he fell into the hands of the custom-house officers. Some days before some skillful fellows had defrauded the customs to a considerable amount, consequently the officers were on their guard.

The search was long, and the Viscount became furious.

"What do you fear?" he asked angrily.

"Oh, sir, objects of great value can be concealed in a small space."

"Have I the air of a smuggler?"

"No, but there are ambassadors who smuggle without scruple."

The search continued, and the Viscout was astonished to see the officers open drawers in his desk, of the existence of which he was ignorant. At last, full of impatience, he wished to reclaim it.

"Now, that you have seen all," said he, "let us not prolong this unpleasant investigation."

"What do you say, sir?"

"I say that you have seen all, and know that I have nothing contraband."

"Your coolness, sir, makes me pity you. Have you nothing to bring forth? If you do so, you will be freed by paying the dues; if not and I find anything, there will be a confiscation and a fine."

"But you have seen all."

"Perhaps."

"What do you mean by perhaps?"

"It is well made. Any one but myself might have been deceived."

"But I swear to you that you have seen all."

"Why deceive me? I am going to prove to the contrary."

"If you find anything else, I'll swear I knew nothing of it."

"A poor excuse. I warn you that I do not believe you."

"Let us finish this bad joke."

"We will, and so much the worse for you."

And with a nail the officer pressed against what was apparently a little ornament, which flew back, disclosing a drawer, in which was a paper parcel.

The officer took it out, looked at it, and put it back.

"That is not contraband," said he, with a bow, "and with so much money I was wrong to accuse you."

But the Viscount was stupefied.

"Bank notes," cried he, "but I did not put them there."

"You are very fortunate, sir, if you can forget a million so easily."

In fact there was there a million of pounds sterling.

The Viscount took the notes, counted them, replaced them, and determined to find the owner. Arrived at London he sought out Lord N—, whose name was graven inside. The nobleman affirmed that the money was not his. He had given this desk to a former valet of his whose address he gave the Viscount.

This valet was now a wealthy shopkeeper in Pall Mall. He told the Viscount that he knew nought of the money, but while in Italy, had sold the desk to Count Luigi Settimanni, who was immensely rich, and in whose service he then was.

The Viscount set out for Italy, and went to Ravenna, where Count Settimanni lived. He recognized the desk, but avowed that he had never placed any money in it. He sent the Viscount, however, to the Signora Laura R—, a former prima donna at the San Carlo, at whose house, in his gay days, he had forgotten his desk.

The Signora Laura recognized the desk and related that she had given it to the Russian prince, Alexis B—, in exchange for a pearl collar.

The Viscount set out for St. Petersburg. He was very happy. He now had something to do—to find the owner of the hidden treasure. He placed it at interest, in order that it might not run the risk of being lost.

Prince B—, knew the desk, but declared that he had never concealed a bank note in it. He told the Viscount that in leaving Italy he had gone to Paris, and had given the desk to a danseuse of the opera, Louisa P—, who was not in the habit of concealing money.

Robert returned to Paris.

There he learned that, after a life of gallantry and luxury, Louisa P— had died in misery, and that her furniture was sold by her creditors. It was at this sale that he had bought the desk.

What to do now? He could only think that the maker of the desk had placed the money there, or that it was there deposited by the Spanish robbers who stole it.

The maker at London wrote that he knew nothing of it, and the Viscount learned that the Spanish robbers had all been hung, long since.

Ah! perhaps it was deposited in the desk by the Mexicans. He went to Mexico, whence he returned two months ago.

He there discovered that one of those into whose hands it had fallen was a trapper, who carried on a considerable trade in skins with the Americans. This was sufficient. He must have been the man who concealed the bank-notes.

The Viscount continued the search, and at last found, one day, at Vera Cruz, a very pretty young girl of seventeen, the daughter of the Mexican by a French woman, who had come to Vera Cruz as a milliner.

In answer to his questions, she told him that she knew nothing of her father, but that he had been killed by a Texan Ranger.

She was excessively pretty, and, like a sensible fellow, he married her, and having at last something to do, returned to Paris with her to enjoy the fortune of which a singular chance had put him in possession.

The Des Moines (Iowa) *Register* of a few days ago remarks that they have hardly had what may be called a rain storm in Central Iowa, for the past six months. There was a shower or two after harvest, last summer, and hardly a sprinkle since. But for the snow that has fallen freely at intervals, this winter, the roads would be dry and dusty as in midsummer, Three-fourths of the wells and cisterns have been dry for weeks, and great inconvenience is experienced in obtaining a supply of water. The people have enjoyed a great deal of clear, beautiful weather this winter; more sunshine than is usualy enjoyed in a half dozen winters in the Middle and Eastern States. During the past month the weather has been quite warm most of the time, carrying off the snow, and preventing the enjoyment of the accustomed sleighrides.

There is a dispute in the London press in relation to the discovery of the North-West Passage. The friends of Sir John Franklin claim the credit is due to him for it and that the widow is, in consequence, entitled to the $20,000 offered by the British Government for that discovery. The British Government has already awarded the prize to Sir R. McClure, the officer who commanded the expedition, which, sailing from Behriug's Straits, reached the furthest point eastward attained by any vessel. From this point he abandoned his ship, after being two years shut up in the ice, and still proceeding eastward, joined the expedition from Baffin's Bay, thereby completing the voyage and journey across the North American continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

WHOLESALE COUNTERFEITING.—It has been ascertained that from the 20th to the 25th of November last, between $200,000 and $300,000 in counterfeit notes of $50 and $100, on the Bank of Philadelphia, were successfully put into circulation in the State of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Missouri, being exchanged for genuine money, mostly Missouri currency. This is the largest and most successful villainy of the kind on record, and it must have been concocted and consummated by quite a number of persons. Only one of them, named Bacorde, has yet been detected, and he is on trial at St. Louis, where efforts are making for the detection of others of the gang. Bacorde was taken in Canada after a laborious search.

Some persons are cheerful workers. In the family, in the church, and in society they are ready for every good word and work. Their time is spent in loosing, and so in finding their lives. They are never disturbed by a fresh appeal for help. If they can respond, they do so cheerfully. If they cannot they as cheerfully refrain. These are the pillars of our churches, and the moving power of every good enterprise. Their example stimulates the slothful, and urges forward the lagging. They do not worry, do not look sour, do not chafe at the sight of a burden. They bless and are blessed. Let their number be multiplied.

A couple of Kentuckians lately visited Boston, and sat down to dinner at the Revere House. Codfish balls were served at the table, and one of the Kentuckians taking them for "corn dodgers," proceeded to break one in two. Getting the scent of it he turned to his partner, and remarked in the most solemn manner, "Something dead in that, Tom!"

WATER CHICKEN.—A tourist stopping at a hotel saw the phrase "Fried Water Chicken" on the bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of water chicken. He tried it, and finding it excellent, recommended it to the rest of his party, ladies and all. All liked the dish wonderfully, and so became frog eaters without knowing it.

Mr. Joseph W. Fawkes, the inventor of the steam plow, has received, through President Buchanan, the Gold Medal of Honor awarded to him by the United States Agricultural Society, at their last exhibition, at Chicago. The medal is of pure gold, three inches in diameter, and nearly a quarter of an inch thick, and its value is estimated at $300.

The enlistment of Germans by the Papal Government has been protested against by the Sardinian Government.

A TOUCH OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY C. M. KENDALL.

Raymond Wellford was considered, though a young man, one of the most flourishing merchants. He was a welcome guest in our so-called highest circle of fashion, while many a calculating mamma considered him a very desirable son-in-law in perspective. Suddenly he was overwhelmed with pucuniary losses and embarrassments; while the news spread as gossip tongues could report it. Strange to say, although his elegant mansion had to be sacrificed, there were not a debt that remained unpaid, while some money was yet left him.

"What think you of human nature, my friend?" said he to me.

"It is a philosophical enigma," I replied."

"So it was with me till I solved it," said he, "I found it a strange companion; the larger portion of which was selfishness. For instance, when the gilding of wealth covered my name, I was sought after by the very men who now turn their backs on me. I was flattered by women, who, if my name was now mentioned in their presence, would effect a forgetfulness of ever having heard of it. After dinner we will make some calls during which you will perceive some ample illustrations of what I have said."

Accordingly after dinner we set out.

We first entered the counting-room of a merchant, to whom he introduced me as a friend. I soon learned that my friend was not held in the highest estimation, from the cold formality with which he was received. We did not even have the courtesy of chairs offered us. With a meaning smile, Raymond bid the merchant good afternoon, and we found ourselves again in the street.

"This is illustration No, 1," said he with a smile.

"Is it possible that you could have been intimately acquainted with this man," I asked.

"That man has been reduced to the extremity of begging his dinners. Time after time, have I thus accommodated him. I even loaned him money to commence business, and now you see how graciously he has received me and my friend."

We next passed to the door of an elegant mansion, wherein Raymond had been a freqent and honored guest. It was the residence of a professional gentleman of large fortune, who still did Raymond the justice to regard him as such. His lady had even professed a friendship for him greater than her husband's—if not for own at least her daughter's sake to whom rumor once reported he was engaged. Since Raymond's misfortune was whispered to her, she no longer spoke of him as a near friend, but endeavored to persuade her husband to rid the house of him, which provoked the calm reply:

"He is a gentleman, and as such it is my will that you should entertain him whenever he may honor your house with his presence."

On this account, I suppose, we were tolerated in the present instance, for the gentleman was not at home. The lady treated us rather coolly, which I was prepared to see. After we were seated Raymond inquired for Miss Richards, her daughter, to which the lady replied with an apparent shrug of the shoulders, that she was well, but at present engaged.

"No mamma, I am not," said the beautiful girl, as she lightly entered the room. "I am happy to meet an old friend, who, I am sure, is none the less welcome for having been unfortunate."

The lovers—for they were—had not met since Raymond's misfortune, and their meeting was now so heartfelt, that I could not for a moment doubt the affection of either. I saw also the cloud that rested upon the brow of Mrs. Richards, nor was I surprised to hear her say:

"My daughter is so pleasantly engaged, gentlemen, that I trust my presence is no longer required; and without ceremony, she left the room.

"Clara," said Raymond, taking her white hand, "are all my fondest hopes to be realized? Can the daughter of a wealthy man condescend to acknowledge her affection for a poor bankrupt merchant?"

The fair girl blushed and looked doubtfully at me.

"Do not fear to speak in his presence," said he, "for next to you he is probably my best friend."

"Then listen," she said, smiling sweetly. "A few weeks since, with the consent of my parents, I solemnly plighted my love to one who has long possessed my heart's best affection. I did not ask the weight of his money bags, nor the weight of his coffers, for such matters, did not form one item of consideration with me. I found him a gentleman, and as such I gave him my hand. Until I am convinced to the contrary, why should I desire to retract my words?"

"Clara, you are an angel," said Raymond, as he covered her hands with kisses, "and this treasure I prize more than my existance, for in adversity as well as in prosperity, it is still true to me."

"Miss Richards," said I, "you have perplexed me. When I entered this house I thought I had solved the problem of human nature, and was about to write the sum total—selfishness; but I must recant. Human nature is not so bad after all."

After a happy consultation on the part of the lovers, who in their earnestness quite forgot my presence, we left the house.

"Now," said Raymond, "one more visit, one more illustration and then for home."

"No, my friend, we will make no more visits this afternoen. The last terminated too pleasantly to be marred by a fresh picture of selfishness."

Raymond did not urge the matter, and we returned to his house.

When Mr. Richards came home that evening, his wife and daughter found him in excellent humor. Something had occurred which pleased him. Occasionally he indulged in a silent fit of laughter, which for him was unusual; and once an unconscious exclamation of "Capital!" escaped his lips.

"I am glad, Mr. Richards, to find yon so happy," said Mrs. Richards, "for I was never in a worse humor. That Wellford has called here again and Clara has honored him with a long private conference."

"I have received a note from him, in which he desires me to sanction his marriage with our daughter."

"How presuming! I declare I quite detest him."

"And I admire him," cooly replied her husband. "Several days since I offered him the means with which to commence business, which he declined. To day I learned the reason, as I also learned his fortune was not impaired. His mansion house has not been sold but he allowed a friend to retain the same as the apparent owner. The fact was that he was envious of his wealth, and played the bankrupt simply to test the friendship of his acquaintances, who have generally acted according to the world. Those who slighted him must suffer a just mortification of which, my lady, you must bear your part."

"I have never disliked him as a man," said Mrs. Richards, coloring with shame. "My daughter's welfare has only governed my conduct. She has only experienced affluence, and would make an ill companion to poverty. I acted as a prudent mother."

Reader, all comedies end in marriage; so does the majority of tales. And in this instance I shall not be out of fashion. I have lived to see many cloudless years of happiness pass over the union. Raymond is very cautious in the selection of his friends although their number is legion, while he and myself still retain the same opinion that human nature is not so bad after all.

FUN AT HOME.—A writer who gives some excellent advice to parents says they should not be afraid of a little fun at home. Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once home is regarded as only the place to eat, and drink and sleep, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with those arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.—Those who are counting the costs of dissolving the Union, may close their calculation somewhat after the fashion of the old woman in the subjoined anecdote:

"A person having occasion to visit an old couple in Durham, of extremely penurious habits, found them holding counsel together upon a matter which apparently weighed heavily on the minds of both, and thinking it was respecting the probable dissolution of the wife, who was lying dangerously ill, proceeded to offer them all the consolation in his power; but was cut short by being informed that this was not exactly the subject they were discussing, but one which affected them still more deeply, viz: the cost of the funeral; and to his astonment, they continued their ghastly calculations until every item in the catalogue, from coffin to night-cap had been gone through, with much grumbling at the rapacity of the undertakers, when a bright thought suddenly struck the husband, and he exclaimed—'Well, Janet, lass, you may not die after all, ye ken.' 'Deed, and I hope not, Robert,' replied his helpmate, in a low, feeble voice, 'for I am quite sure we cannot afford it.'

A new light of intense brilliancy has been exhibited lately in the London Crystal Palace. It is obtained by projecting a jet of oxygen and hydrogen, or oxygen and carburetted hydrogen gases combined upon a surface of lime, which is protected from crumbling. It is called the Lime Light. The power of illumination is said to be immense, a single jet of medium size being equivalent to the light of four hundred wax candles of four to the pound.

A set of rowdies in Virginia, burned the Hon. Henry Winter Davis in effigy last week, for his vote in favor of Mr. Pennington. Mr. H. Winter Davis is a handsome man and, if the effigy was enough like him to enable a spectator to discover the resemblance, it was no doubt a good deal the handsomest figure in the crowd. If Winter Davis himself had been in the place of his image, the Virginia ruffians would have had a warm Winter.

A miserly old lady in Northampton, who lived in great apparent destitution for many years, mainly supported by charity, died recently, and in her trunk was found a long stocking full of five and ten dollar gold pieces, and a roll of bills of the first issue of the Northampton Bank. It was also found that she had sums of money at interest in different banks.

The Dutch Government has swept away the last vestige of slavery from its East India possessions. On the 20th of September last, the institution ceased to exist. The Government offered an assessed compensation in money to the owners, many of whom, however, refused to take it, while others took it and made it over to the emancipated slaves themselves.

A Pennsylvania paper undertakes to compare Mr. Corwin and Mr. Toombs with each other. But there is nothing in the two admitting of comparison. The one is witty, good-humored, genial and eloquent, whilst the other is as gloomy, repulsive and revolting as one of his ghastly namesakes in the graveyard.

INDIAN RHETORIC.—One of the Penobscot Indians recently appealed to the Maine Legislature to build his tribe a schoolhouse, and thus described the old one: "The building has become bald with age, and weeps now, within and without, in every rain; is as ragged and tattered as a dead poplar in the woods."

"ZIP!"—The other day a locomotive and tender passed over the northern railroad, of New Jersey, from Piermont to Jersey City, a distance of twenty-four and a half miles, in twenty minutes. We have not learned how many stout Jerseymen were employed to hold the engineer's hair fast to his head.

Millions of wild pigions passed over Cincinnati on Sunday. A great fuss is made in this State when a single bill passes over the head of the Governor, and we wonder what Cincinnati must have thought when so many bills passed over her head in a single day.

The New York Sun says: "It is stated that the agent who made up the list of New York merchants for Southern buyers to trade with, pocketed between $3,000 and $4,000 black mail during the operation." The Philadelpha agent has hardly made as much.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

The quibbling and twaddle that some would-be scientists are wont to exhibit on this subject, is well met by these thoughts thrown out hastily, in an address before the London Bible Society, by the justly celebrated Doctor Cumming. Read and reflect upon what he said:

In speaking of this book, there is one question, which, though it does not occupy so large a space as formerly, nevertheless excites a great and growing interest, and it is this: 'Is it true that science in its freest development, in the least degree contradicts any written word of God?' Once it was said it did, but what are the results? That the progressive science of the nineteenth century and the statements of the blessed book show that true science and religion have a common origin—the bosom of God. Now, mark, your Bible was not written to teach science, but it is the only book that will stand the test of science. The Veda, the Shaster and the Koran cannot stand the test, but the Bible can; and even when it seems to us beset with difficulty and mystery, those passages by modern investigation shine with a brilliant light.

Let me mention to you one or two proofs of this. And first of all, the Bible never hints a system of science. If it had been written by mere human writers, they might have indicated here and there, something like a system of science. It speaks of flowers and trees, from the hyssop on the walls to the cedars of Lebanon, but there is no hint of a system of astronomy. So that no investigator or professor of science can ascertain that he is in the least degree assisted or impeded in his system of science by the Bible; so that it seems to me the silence of the Bible is as impressive as its eloquence, just as on the dial the shadow and the sunshine are alike instructive as to the hour of the day. Then, take the word 'firmament,' to be found in Genesis. In the Greek it is translated by a word signifying a concave with a vast solid mass. The Greeks and modren translators have conveyed this term according to their knowledge, but when you go back to the original Hebrew word you find that it means a space without limit. Thus you will see that Moses was far in advance of those who translated for him; for the actual truth is disclosed by modern science. In another instance: Job speaks of himself, as standing on the *circle* of the earth; and Isaiah speaks of the *circle* of the sea. Take one thought more: 'Who can sway the influence of the Pleiades?' Many have wondered what was the influence of the Pleiades. Science, however, tells us that the stars, the sun, the moon, and the earth and their sattelites, constitute one group which revolves around a central sun, and that central sun is one of the Pleiades. Here, then, we see that while the Bible does not profess to teach science, when it does refer to science it is invariably correct.

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE.—A curious class of fairies follow the humble occupation of shoemakers. Once upon a time, a cobler had become so poor, and that without any fault of his own, that there only remained to him as much leather as would make one pair of shoes. He had them cut into shape at night, so as to sew them up on the following morning, and then slipped quietly to bed. When he arose early to begin his work, the two shoes stood finished upon the table. He did not know very well what to think of this, but having taken them up in his hand to look at them more closely, he found that the workmanship was a perfect master-piece. This pair of shoes was sold so well that the cobler was enabled to buy as much leather as would serve to make two pair. Having shaped them at night, he again rose early on the following morning, to begin his work with fresh spirit; but he did not need to do this, for the shoes were already made. And this went on day after day, until he was no longer poor, but made a capital thing of it. One evening not long before Christmas, the cobbler said to his wife, "What think you to waiting up to-night, to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?" So they hid themselves in a corner of the room, behind some clothes, and kept a sharp look-out. At midnight two neat, naked little fellows sat down at the table, and began to sew and hammer with such speed, that the cobbler, in his admiration, could not keep his eyes off them. When all was finished they ran away. Next morning the good wife said, "The little men have made us rich; let us show ourselves thankful for this. They run about naked, and must be very cold. I will make shirts, coats and breeches for them." At night, instead of the regular working materials, they laid the clothes on the table. The little men came as usual, and were greatly surprised that there was no leather for them, and looked at the clothes with delight. They put them on with the greatest liveliness, and danced and hopped about, almost out of their little senses with joy. At last they danced themselves out of the house. But they never came back again. All things, however, went well with the cobbler during the rest of his life.

Agassiz has a human jaw and portions of a foot taken from conglomerate rock in Florida, which, he thinks, is at least 10,000 years old; he might add 100,000 as well. Dr. Dickenson has a portion of a human pelvis (a true fossil), obtained near Natchez, Mississippi—in tertiary deposits, supposed to be 120,000 years old. The world renowned Guadaloupe fossil, to which no antiquity has been assigned with any degree of probability, is certainly as old; in fact, no definite time or age can be ascribed to any fossil; we can only approximate to it, and that not very closely; we may say of fossils, that they are 10,000, 100,000, or 500,000 years old, and yet that will seem short in geological computations. It would be impossible to set any limit to the period when man did not exist on our globe, nor can we approximate that age until we can, by geology or some other means, determine how long a time has elapsed since the continents were covered with the waters of the drift; and then determine how long anterior to that the stone hatchets and other implements which were found, passed under the hand of their fabricators.

HE REMEMBERED THE POOR.—One John Rose, a rich old bachelor of New York, died the other day, leaving $300,000 to educate poor children in the science of agriculture. This disposition of his fortune is made contingent upon the raising of a like sum by the city of New for the purchase of a farm to be devoted to the object named.

Many persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a rich man who bought a splendid library, and signed the contract with his mark.

SCARLET FEVER.—We find in one of our exchanges the following paragraph in reference to scarlet fever, a disease which is now alarmingly prevalent in many sections of the State. Parents should be very careful about their children when this devouring plague seizes them, and every good mother should be prepared for it with the following good remedies:

1st. When a child is taken with the fever give it a dose of castor-oil; if the body shows a flush color, have a pot of saffron tea made and give it to the child to drink. This will drive the eruption out. 2d. Have warm baths for their feet, keep it warm, and the room under a proper temperature. 3d. When the eruption is out grease the whole body with bacon fat, and keep the body open. Then call for a doctor if the throat should get sore.

To this a cotemporary adds: "Better begin with the doctor first." Not bad advice—but then doctors cannot always be summoned in time, and mothers can do a great deal themselves, if they have a good stock of common sense. To keep the body well oiled, however, is a treatment which ought not to be neglected in any case. We have never known it to fail, where the application was made in time and adhered to.

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.—The amount of land the United States Government has for sale is almost incalculable. All the people of fourteen States and Five Territories derive their title to their lands from the Federal Government, and the records and files evidencing the inception of their rights, are preserved in the general land office at Washington. The public domain now covers a surface, exclusive of water, 1,450,000,000 of acres. The Government has sold but about 120,000,000 of acres of land during the last quarter of a century, less than $150,000,000. It will thus be seen that Uncle Sam's farm is still large enough for practical purposes, and though he should sell off lands for centuries to come he would have an abundance left, even if he does not enlarge his borders by the annexion of Cuba, Mexico, and half of the rest of the world.

NEW DODGE.—We saw a letter recently, says the Wheeling *Intelligencer*, directed to one of our wholesale grocery houses, the writer of which warned the proprietors that certain millers West were making flour out of white corn and wheat mixed, and selling it for the genuine article. The correspondent stated that a barrel of this stuff had been inspected in Cincinnati, recently, and when placed in water it would sink straight to the bottom. When baked it is brittle and has no tenacity whatever. We are not advised as to the extent of the imposition, but it has been thought a proper subject for a letter of warning, and is entitled to consideration.

SMALL POX.—A medical gentleman writes to a New York paper that from all the information he can obtain from medical men now having cases of Small Pox under treatment, that there is no house where gas is burned, of the ordinary consumption, in which the disease has yet found lodgment. The gas is a powerful disinfectant, and hence there is no contagion within the circle of its influence. He says that a person burning gas may contract the disease abroad and take it home with him, but it will not be communicated to any other member of the family.

It has been observed by Camden that our forefathers made their conveyances, even if it were a whole manor, in about twenty lines. Contracts of all kinds were made in a few words. Tully, Atticus, Plutarch, Lysander, and Aristotle approved of this brevity. There is, says Tertulion, more certainty in fewer words, if they be the proper ones, that in many parchment skins or foolscap sheets, filled with tautological repetitions of particulars, and in some of which lawyers will find a flaw or doubt.

THE EIGHT K'S.—The Hon. Henry Clay was denominated the eight K's by a coterie of wags in Washington, during his last session in Congress. He acquired the title thus: A gentleman sitting in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, during an interesting debate, wished to point out Mr. Clay to his friend, a foreigner, who sat beside him, without disturbing the house, and wrote upon a card for him, "The gentleman to the left of the Speaker, in the klaret kolored koat with krimson kollar, is Mr. Klay, member of Kongress from Ky."

A story of good luck is being circulated in Danbury, Ct. A man near Fairfield, named Stevans, it is said, lately bid off at an auction sale, for a trifling sum, a package of old papers belonging to his father's estate, among which was found a deed for a soldiers land warrant. Rumor says that the location is where the village of Batesville, in Arkansas, is now built, and he sold his claim to a gentleman of that State for $40,000.

An English correspondent writes that at Calcutta, at the Governor General's ball, a beauty appeared who was not "put out" though apparently on fire. In countless diminutive bags of gauze she had imprisoned *fire flies*, and these tacked on to her dress, far outshone the diamonds of the Oriental ladies. As she walked in the more dimly lighted alleys of the garden and grounds, she was indeed a most brilliant belle!

A HUNDRED FOLD.—Samuel Higgins, of Kinderhook, N. Y., says that he raised one hundred and seven Prince Albert potatoes from one, all but three of marketable size and weighing forty-five pounds. Now, if this can be done once, we want to know why it can't be done twice, with the same sort of cultivation; and we want to know if such cultivation would not be more profitable than the present mode?

AN AUTO DA FE.—The oligarchs in Montgomery, Alabama, are engaged in the laudable businesss of burning every copy of Spurgeon's sermons they can lay their hands on. They have decreed the burning of all copies that may be found in the bookstores and in private houses, and advertised the affair to come off in the jail yard in about a week. The next book in order will be the Bible.

Gen. William Walker is still a firm believer in the necessity of a slave government outside of this Union—Nicaragua, for instance—and regards the Hon. S. A. Douglas as one of the most devoted friends of that mode of Slavery extension. He is a firm believer, too, in the success of Douglass before the Charleston Convention. So says the Montgomery *Mail*.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must pass.