

Railton's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1860.

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AN ADIEU.

A blooming lass of sweet sixteen,
First roused my admiration,
With looks so mild, I thought that she
Loved me—like all creation;
My boyish heart at last found words
It's tale of love to tell her,
And listened when she fondly swore
She loved—some other fellow!

My second was more lovely far
Than all the girls around her,
With mules and niggers, stocks and lands,
And money too—confound her—
I coaxed her with a cunning tongue,
And thought she asked refused her,
But when she begged me to "excuse,"
I, like a fool, "excused her."

The next had charming, golden curls,
Around her shoulders floating,
With lip and eye, and voice so sweet,
I scarce could help from courting;
So mild, so gentle too, was she—
So little touched with evil,
But when I made my motive known,
She proved a perfect d—equette!

I tried again, with like results
The lower and the higher—
Each beauty seemed to dote on me
Until I came to try her,
So here's a toast to one and all
The female population:
I'll keep my pictures, books and rings,
And quit the occupation.

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON CITY.

Editorial Correspondence of the "Journal."
CLEARFIELD, March 8, 1860.

DEAR READERS:—During my absence from home, last week, I paid a flying visit to Washington, the capital of the Union. The city has a favorable location, but the buildings are too scattered and irregular to make one regard the place as either tasteful or beautiful. It has been well named the "City of Magnificent Distances." It might also be appropriately called a city of magnificent pretensions and habits, for extravagance and display abound everywhere, in private as well as in public circles, to such an extent that you involuntarily are forced to conclude that no little of it is mere sham. Tastes and morals are beyond all doubt vitiated. Everything, indeed, in and about the place, has a touch of the *neglige*, if I may be permitted to use the term in this connection, which leaves a doubtful, uncertain and suspicious impression on the mind of a stranger.

No one visiting Washington for a few days can fail to become impressed with the idea that corruption and peculation abound there to an alarming extent. In this connection, an acquaintance remarked to me that all that a man required to enable him to get rich was a mere nominal office, and that "everything was done with money for money." In the course of a conversation with another gentleman, I inquired of him what a member of Congress could clear in a winter; to which he replied that "he can be reasonably honest and clear his salary." If this can be done by being "reasonably honest," what, we are left to inquire, may not be done by acting dishonestly? Many thousands of dollars are no doubt uselessly wasted upon the public buildings. Whether the Capitol, Patent or Post Office "extensions" or "alterations," of which we read, have really for their object the improvement of the buildings, or are intended to give fat jobs to favorites, I leave others to infer; but it seems to me that keeping a few men picking away at a couple of big lime-stone blocks for a year or two, and paying out enormous sums for the work thus done, looks more as if it was designed to "pile up rocks" in the contractor's pocket than on the public buildings. A fact or two concerning the dome of the Capitol, will give a faint idea of how some things are done. The original design of the dome was altered in 1856, and \$600,000 appropriated toward its construction. Another change was made last year. On the demolition of the old and the progress of the new dome, \$301,890 have been expended. The balance on hand is \$398,140. A further sum of \$245,000 is required, and three years more time will be consumed in completing it, if no further alterations are made. This will make the cost of the dome alone \$901,000.

The public buildings are splendid structures. The Capitol is a building of which the Nation need not be ashamed. It has been erected at an immense cost, and there is no telling how much more money may yet be spent in its adornment and in its completion, for those who get the control of it seem to be like the boy who undertook to say grace, they "can't wind the darned thing up." The Capitol stands on an eminence, and from it you have a tolerable view of the city, with Georgetown and Alexandria in the distance. The grounds surrounding it display much taste. An enlargement of these, it is said, will be proposed by the appropriate committee, one square north and one square south. The square north is covered with brick houses, worth perhaps not less than half a million of dollars. If the bill is reported and becomes a law, as a matter of course somebody will make a nice thing out of the "enlargement." The post office, treasury, and patent office buildings are also beautiful and costly. The latter is a place of decided interest, and the visitor becomes lost in wonder and amazement at the vast number and variety of articles it contains.

On Wednesday afternoon I heard Mr. Seward deliver his speech on the admission of Kansas. By the kind intervention of Gen. Cameron, a number of the members of our State Legislature and other Pennsylvanians who were in the city, were accommodated with seats in the ladies gallery. Such a crowd as

was there on this occasion, rarely gathers to listen to a speech. Numbers of persons were not able to get inside the doors. The closest attention was paid to the speaker by all. This was especially the case with the Southern Senators, who apparently caught every word as it came from his lips. The speech was a powerful one, patriotic and national, admired by his friends and dreaded by his enemies. Mr. Seward is smaller in stature than I had supposed him to be. He is not over five feet eight inches in height. His hair, which is slightly shaggy, has turned quite gray. He has a harsh, broken voice. His posture on the floor is awkward, and the few gestures he makes whilst speaking, are generally inappropriate. And yet, for two mortal hours, did that immense crowd listen patiently, the thermometer standing at 71 degrees in the galleries. This fact alone speaks volumes. Mr. S. is a plain, unassuming, unobtrusive, yet companionable man, full of incident and anecdote, which make his conversation very attractive.

On Thursday I listened to a running debate in the Senate on Mr. Wigfall's amendment to the Military Appropriation bill, asking \$1,100,000 for the support of a regiment of mounted volunteers to defend the frontiers of Texas, in which Messrs. Wigfall, Jeff. Davis, Douglas, Crittenden, Fessenden, Hale, Wilson and others participated. Mr. Wigfall is the new Senator from Texas. He makes a rather fine appearance, and is a good debater. Jeff. Davis is tall and spare, calm in appearance, but becomes easily excited and is ardent in discussion. Douglas has a short, heavy set body, with rather slender extremities, though they are an improvement on what they were when on an electioneering tour he had to retire in the presence of the settler's family, and a bright-eyed, mischievous girl told him he had "a mighty slim chance of legs, thar." His head is large and round, covered with dark, wavy hair. His face, which narrows down at the chin, bears the traces of much anxiety and care. He is fidgety, dodges around constantly, popping up and down like a cork on a fish-line, speaks loud, is always on the alert, ready to talk and vote if there is the remotest possibility of making ever so little Presidential capital. His efforts to make fair weather with Southern gentlemen, are really humiliating. Crittenden is above the medium size, well formed, but a little stooped under "the weight of years"; his head is white, and his appearance generally venerable. Hale is a robust, good-natured looking fellow, brimful of humor, and a general favorite, whom everybody is anxious to hear speaking. Fessenden, of Maine, is of medium size, very ordinary in appearance, but is one of the readiest and most effective debaters in the Senate, his remarks being always pointed and forcible. The Vice President, Mr. Breckenridge, is one of the finest looking men to be seen in that body.

The House is a noisy place. Mr. Pennington, the Speaker, is large and makes a good appearance in the chair, but is not stern and decided enough, in my opinion, for the position he occupies. There are some marked men among the members. It requires but a casual glance to tell that you large, corpulent, jovial and brawny faced individual is Tom Corwin of Ohio. That tall, slim man, with keen eye, smooth hair, and firm but easy gait, is John Sherman, who has the reputation of being the best parliamentarian in the House. That self-important fellow, with short, curly body, who is strutting through the aisles, fingering his arms about so much, is Tom Florence. Henry Winter Davis, of Md., is small and slender—prompt, eloquent and fearless. Lamar, of Miss., is above medium size, has heavy, dark hair, and though of a strong freighting propensity, is a man of acknowledged ability. Thad. Stevens—who has not heard of him, with his plain, honest countenance? But lack of space admonishes me that I must bring this gossip to a close. I was struck with the friendly disposition exhibited towards each other by members from different sections of the Union. It made me think that much of the "fuss" made before the organization was sheer pretence and humbug.

During my stay in the city I stopped at the Washington House, where I was well treated. I found there, amongst others, Hon. Chapin Hall, our Member of Congress, who showed me much kindness and attention. I also met there Hugh Young, of the *Tioga Agitator*, a clever fellow, who had the good luck to get an appointment to one of the minor posts in the House.

Pennsylvanians visiting the capital are kindly treated by the amiable and courteous lady of Senator Bigler. Such was my experience, and has been that of others who have visited his hospitable residence.

I must not omit to mention that on Thursday evening Gen. Cameron invited to his rooms a large number of his friends, who then and there put in "a good time generally."

Yours,
Row.

A man named Oats, was held up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.

Advices from the Rio Grande are warlike. It is true that the President has ordered Col. Lee to pursue Cortinas in Mexican territory, we may calculate upon serious consequences.

THE LOVER'S SUSPICIONS.

"What a splendid girl! I faith, she has no equal for beauty of expression, whatever may be said of beauty of form and feature."

The young man who said this was gazing admiringly on a lovely girl who was among the dancers, her bright sylvan-like form seeming to float rather than move in the mazes of the dance.

After a few moments' silence he turned again to his companion, who made no response to his previous remarks, and with a manner of blended gravity and playfulness, said: "Take my advice, old fellow—you know I am famous for giving valuable counsel—and secure this peerless creature while yet you may. If you dally much longer you deserve to lose your chance of winning her."

"Much chance have I among the flattering crowd that always surrounds her," was the moody answer.

"Oh, well, you can't expect every one to withdraw whenever you choose to approach her," said the other, laughing. "You should be all the more pleased that you can win the admiration of all admirers in despite of them all. Why don't you propose, and end your doubts and fears?"

"I can perceive nothing in her manner to me to warrant my doing that," was the reply. "Once I did fancy that my love was returned, but I was only deluding myself then. I don't believe she has any more thought for me than for any one of a dozen others who are courting her favor."

"Miss Linden is not one to meet your advances half way, if I am any judge," replied the friend, more seriously than he had before spoken. "I believe that she does care more for you than for the others, principally because she is more reserved with you than with them. She evinces a conscious embarrassment in your presence, that would hit me to the pinnacle of blissful hope were I in your place. Rely on it, you are trifling with her happiness as well as your own."

"See how she smiles on that Railton," said the lover, evidently paying no heed to what his friend was saying. "He is ever at her side, and her pleasure in his society is very evident."

"Yes, no evident to be a symptom of love," said his companion. "You are not fancying him in the way, surely? Oh, Tom! Tom! what has become of your wits? Pluck up courage, man; pop the question, and if you do not find me a true prophet, punish me by never believing me again."

Young Morris thought over what his friend had said, and the result of the reflection was, that on the following morning he repaired to the house of his lady-love, resolved to learn his fate without delay. When shown into the parlor, he found to his extreme annoyance that several lady friends were present, who manifested no intention of soon taking leave. However, having made up his mind, and determining to outstay them, let them stay as long as they would, he entered into a trifling conversation with the ladies.

He soon learned that two of the visitors were in despair, because Miss Linden was to leave home the next day. Her sister at Reading was going to give her horse-warming, it was indispensable that Gertrude should be there; but on the other hand, Julia Stevens's party next week would be a failure without her. Julia intended to have tableaux, and Gertrude was just the one for that; they would be obliged to give up three or four that they were most anxious to represent, if she could not be there to take the principal characters. And further, to Julia's disappointment, Mr. Railton had begged her to excuse his absence, as he would not be in town on the appointed evening. Julia was quite vexed with them both, for it was her birth-day, and she wanted to have it celebrated in the most brilliant manner.

Mr. Morris forgot to sympathize with the ladies at this point; for on the mention of Mr. Railton he had instinctively glanced at Gertrude, and she meeting his eye, colored visibly. His jealous fears returned, and he paid little heed to the conversation now going on; he was deliberating whether it would be better for him to defer the object of his visit for another time—ill he could satisfy himself by close observation whether Railton was indeed a rival, and still more important, whether he was likely to prove a successful one. Before he had come to any conclusion, the other visitors prepared to depart. As they were stepping into the hall they met a servant bringing a large box which she had just received at the door.

"Oh, there is your dress from Madame Carson," Gertrude said on eagerly. "Let me just take one little peep."

Gertrude objected, but the young lady had an insatiable curiosity, and moreover, prided herself on a "pretty, child-like wilfulness," which was increased by opposition. Aware of this, Gertrude yielded the point, though she was evidently annoyed by her friend's unceremonious procedure, and young Morris quite sympathized with her. But her own feelings changed when he heard the exclamation, "Why, if it is not a bridal dress, and the veil, orange wreath and all! Just look!" and the laughing girl held up to view a wreath of orange blossoms intermixed with lily of the valley. "Isn't that exquisite? Ah, Gertrude, your secret is out."

It was indeed exquisite, that dainty French imitation of nature; but in our hero's eyes, what a hideous thing it was, and what a selfish, selfish coquette its beautiful owner! All was plain enough now; and while the ladies were yet bantering her on their discovery of her secret, he took his leave, rejoicing that he had escaped the humiliation of "a refusal."

The other visitors did not tarry much longer, being in haste to spread the news. Gertrude tried to convince them that they were altogether in error, but her protestations were heard with laughing incredulity. After they had left, she sent the box, with its elegant contents, back to the dressmaker; and in a short time it again appeared, accompanied by the regrets of Madame Carson for the mistake that had been made.

Very beautiful was the evening dress that Gertrude now drew forth from the unlucky box, but she surveyed it with small appearance of interest or admiration. The reproachful look which she had received from Morris, as he made his parting bow, still haunted her. Though he had never in words declared his passion, yet she had long felt that he had loved her, and felt, too, that his love was not unreturned. Vexed by the unlucky incident of the morning, and the impression it had evidently left on his mind, she prepared for her trip to Reading, with less pleasure than she anticipated; though she reassured herself by reflecting, that on her return he would discover the mistake into which he had been led, and all would be right.

But on her return, she learned that he had disappeared suddenly, and without apprising any one of his intentions. "Doubtless he will return soon," his friends said; but weeks and months went by, and he came not. Gertrude mourned in secret over the unfortunate mistake, which she had no doubt was the cause of his departure. In society she was gay and blaring as ever, and many sought to win her love, but sought in vain.

It was nearly three years from the day of his mysterious disappearance, ere Mr. Morris returned. He had not been in town many days, when, to his extreme annoyance, he encountered his former confidant and adviser, Coleman. The latter, overjoyed at his friend's return, piled him with eager inquiries, to all of which he received vague and brief replies. Ere long Coleman fell upon the very theme that his friend most wished to avoid.

"Ah, Tom, you stubborn fellow!" said he, "why did you not act upon that sage advice I gave you at our very last meeting? Don't you remember it? Confess now that in all your wanderings you have not met one to equal the bewitching Gertrude. I saw her the other day, and, by George, I thought her handsomer than ever."

"Does she still reside in town?" Tom put the question carelessly; his friend did not hear him, and he was obliged to repeat it.

"I merely asked if Mrs. Railton still resides in town."

"Mrs. Railton, did you say?" Coleman looked slightly puzzled. "Oh, the wife of our old friend, Railton. True, he married soon after you disappeared, but I do not know his wife by the first name. The next object that attracted my attention was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not—he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the forest, and knowing that I should pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries, is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever."

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I could expect. Such a thing as a bed could not be seen, many large unopened boxes and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew my time piece from my breast, and told the woman it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate on her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it around my neck and presented it to her. She was all ecstacy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and, as I fancied, myself in so quiet a spot, secure, I paid little attention to her talk and movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite. The Indian arose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that what ever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, would it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the priming, and returning to my tent, gave a favorable account of my observations. I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearances, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance bearing a stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal, (meaning the Indian, who they knew understood not a word of English) was in the house.

The mother—for so she proved to be—bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me, and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived the danger of my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lady had eaten and drunk themselves into such a condition that I already looked on them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the *hors de combat* to the ugly mouth of their dame, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving knife and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

Audubon, gives, in his "Ornithological Biography," the following account of a situation of peril, in which he was once placed—a position which our readers will admit, was sufficiently exciting to affect the nerves of any man:

On my return (he says) from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, and all around me was as fresh an blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of Nature. My knapsack, my gun and my dog, were all I had for luggage and company. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trail, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which formed their food, and the distant howling of wolves, gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of the woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire light attracted my eye. I moved towards it full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangement.

I reached the spot, and presented myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my attention was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not—he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the forest, and knowing that I should pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries, is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. The fact was, that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever."

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spite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll settle 'em. Boys, kill you—, and then for the watch."

I turned my gun lock silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready.

The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons looked on with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising, and shooting her on the spot—but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travelers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced for joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than I should have expected. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair, rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sober. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time that which my wife was in danger from my fellow creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States, that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence, by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?—An anecdote is told of Finney, the revivalist, and a canal-boatman to the following effect: He was holding forth in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, he came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Marching up, he confronted him, and rather abruptly asked: "Sir, do you know where you are going?" The unsuspecting navigator innocently replied that he was going up the canal on the boat Jenny Sands.

"No, sir, you are not," said Finney. "You are going to hell faster than a canal boat can carry you."

The boatman looked at him with astonishment, for a moment, and then returned the question: "Sir, do you know where you are going?" "I expect to go to heaven."

"No, sir! you are going right into the canal." And, sitting the action to the word, he pounced upon poor Finney, and tossed him into the murky water, where he would have drowned, had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

PENCIL SKETCHES OF THE SUPREME COURT JUDGES.—A graphic writer in the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, thus describes the personnel of the U. S. Supreme Court:—"First on the bench sat Clifford, fat and sleek, with no gray hairs, and weighing, I should judge, two hundred. Next, Grier, about the same size, and quite gray headed; then Wayne, with light, but not gray hair, and about one hundred and fifty pounds weight; next, McLean, with scarcely a white hair, though far advanced in years, looking hale and hearty, and of about two hundred pounds weight. Catron, with silver hair, but not so large a man as McLean. Next, Nelson, with whiskers from his ears round under his chin, and the only man who wore a whisker. He would weigh one hundred and eighty or more. Last, Judge Campbell, the only baldheaded man. He had silver side locks, and is above medium size. Altogether it is a weighty body. In front of the judge's bench, (very fine arm chairs) are the busts of the venerable Chief Justice Marshall, Rutledge, Jay and Ellsworth. The Court room is small, not large enough to hold more than fifty persons."

THE WASHOE EXCITEMENT.—We learn by our California advices that the discovery of the Washoe silver mines is creating an excitement in San Francisco, equal to those of the discoveries at Pike's Peak and Fraser river. Money is hard to get in San Francisco, but everybody who can raise a thousand is putting it in Washoe. Judges and lawyers, merchants and mechanics are all afflicted. Doctors on the way to see sick patients stop their horses on the corners to talk Washoe. The ladies talk Washoe, and dream of \$400 dresses to come from it. Mechanics knock of work if they own a few feet, and consider their fortune made.

ADULTERATED LIQUORS.—A bill is now before the Legislature to prevent the adulteration of liquors in this State. It provides for the appointment of a competent chemist in every county in the State, and two in the city of Philadelphia, whose duty it shall be to test properly the liquors sold in their various localities. If any one shall be found selling adulterated liquors, he shall be liable to prosecution and conviction. The penalty upon conviction for such sale shall be a fine of not less than \$100, nor more than \$500, and imprisonment for not less than thirty nor more than ninety days.

SCREWTIGHTEN IN 1559.—Francis II, the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, whose health was giving way, went by the advice of his physicians to Blois, celebrated for the mildness of its climate. While on his journey, he found the villages through which he passed deserted—the French peasantry having heard, and fully believed, that the nature of the king's complaint was such that it could only be cured by his bathing in the blood of young children!

An Irishman fights before he reasons; a Scotchman reasons before he fights; a Yankee is not particular—will do either to suit his customers.

"I know," said Topsy, "that water is a very fine thing, but it is so dreadful thin."