

Raffinism

BY S. B. ROW.

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JUDGE KINDLY.
Judge kindly! Oh, you cannot tell
How oft the troubled heart
May seek to hide its grief in smiles,
And act a careless part;
How oft beneath the ringing laugh,
A moon is smothered there;
And in some hasty, thoughtless word,
Is breathed an earnest prayer!
And oh! perhaps when heaven
The heart by sorrow pressed,
The words and actions often are
Most carelessly expressed.
Then kindly judge: it is no proof
Because the words are light,
That nobler thoughts are buried, or
The heart's no longer right.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.
OR CIRCUMVENTING A BURGLAR.
"I'll tell you a story," said the mistress of a village school in England, to one of her small scholars, "of how I once saved my life entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet. There were two little boys who used to come and stay with Uncle Frank and me when we were married, and they could neither hear nor speak. They could only talk with their fingers—so—only ever so much quicker. They were quick and clever; could read and write, and do many other things which most boys would make a very bad hand at. They could play at draughts and backgammon, at chess and fox and geese as well as any boys. They could almost see what we said, though they could not hear, with such quick, eager eyes that they watch every movement of our lips. We soon, however, got to talk as easily with our fingers as our tongues; when the lads were not with us Uncle Frank and I used to converse in that manner, when alone, for practice."
"It happened on one occasion that he had to go up to London on important business; he was to leave by an afternoon train, but something delayed him, so that he was not able to leave before the night express. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bed-room about two hours before his departure. He promised, however, to come and wish me good-bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. The matter which called him away was connected with the bank here, which had just burnt down; and my husband, it seems, though I did not know it at the time—so great a secret had he endeavored to keep it—had many thousands of pounds belonging to the concern in his temporary possession, locked up in an iron safe in our bed-room, where the plate was kept. He was a bank manager, and responsible for the whole of it. It was winter time, and there was a fire in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it and get into bed, but sat up, looking at the fiery coals, and thinking about all sorts of things—of the long journey your Uncle Frank had to take that night, and of how dreary the days would seem until he returned, and in particular of how lonely I should feel in that great room, all by myself, when he should be away; for I was a great coward. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not seem inclined to sleep then. I knew Uncle Frank would be coming to wish me good-bye presently, and besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my foolish ear always used to hear whenever I was alone at night-time."
"If a little soot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a great black crow at least, which would soon be flying about the room, or settling on my pillow; and if the wind blew at the casement, I thought it was something trying to get in at the window, although it was two stories high. You may imagine, then, my horror when I heard a sneeze within a quarter of an inch of me, just behind the head-board of the bed, and between that and the wall, where there was a considerable space. I had, as usual, taken the precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking everywhere in the room where it was quite impossible any person could be hid; but in the little alcove into which the bed had been pushed, I had never thought of looking, although that was a capital hiding place for anybody, ever since I had slept in that room; in short, I had been like the ostrich of which we read, who puts his head in the sand, and then imagines himself in perfect security. I had piqued myself upon precautionary measures, that after all, might just as well have been omitted. The only thing, as I believe, which saved my reason from departing altogether, when I first heard that terrible sound, was that my mind clung to the hope that it might be, after all, only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made half such a disturbance, it is true; for it was the sneeze of a man who sneezes in spite of himself, and almost shook the house, but the idea sustained me over the shock. The next instant the wretch had sneezed again, and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on castors, was standing beside my bed looking at me. It he had given only one sneeze, he might, perhaps, have believed me as I lay quite still, breathing quite regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep; but he sneezed very justly, that, unless I was dead or dead, I must have been awakened by the sound."
"You're awake marm," said he in a gruff voice, "and it's no use shamming! If you don't want a tap with this life preserver, just look alive."
"I opened my eyes exceedingly wide at this, and beheld a man with crumpled hair, his face, standing by the bed; he held a sort of club with two knobs upon it in his right hand, and with his left pointed to the iron safe."
"Is the money there?" said he.
"The plate is," said I in a trembling voice.
"Pray take it, sir; I am sure you are very welcome," for he might have had everything of value out of the house with all my heart, so long as he left me my life."
"The money—the gold—the notes, are they there?" cried he again, in a trembling sort of whisper.
"It's all there," I replied, although I knew nothing about it; "all except fifteen and sixpence in my purse on the dressing table yonder. There's a silver mustard pot besides in the pantry; and a couple of candlesticks in the study, only they are plated, for I would not deceive you, sir, upon any account."
"You had better not," observed the burglar gruffly, "or it will be the worse for you." He produced a key like that my husband used, and approached the iron safe, but as he did so, his guilty ear caught a footstep upon the staircase.
"Who's that?" cried he.
"My husband, sir!" I returned, "but pray don't hurt him, pray."

"Is he not gone to town, then?" cried the ruffian with an oath of disappointment.
"He is going at twelve o'clock," replied I, "he is, indeed."
"If you tell him," said the burglar hoarsely, "if you breathe but one word of my presence here, it will be the death doom of you both." He had slipped into the alcove, and drawn back the bed to its place in an instant. My husband entered immediately afterwards and even while he was in the room, I heard the awful threat repeated once again through the thick curtain behind me—"If you do but whisper it, woman, I will kill you where you lie. Will you swear not to tell him?"
"I will," said I solemnly. "I promise not to open my lips about the matter."
Your Uncle Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss me and observed how terrified I looked.
"You have been frightening yourself about robbers again, I suppose, you silly child."
"Not I, Frank," returned I, as cheerfully as I could; "I have only a little headache"; but I said with my fingers so that he could plainly read in the fire-light—"For God's sake, hush; there is a man behind the bed-head."
Your Uncle Frank was as bold as a lion, and had nerves like iron, although he was tender-hearted and kind. He only answered, "Where is your sal volatile, dearest?" and went to the mantle piece to get it. I thought he could not have understood me, he spoke with such coolness and unconcern, until I saw his fingers reply as he took the bottle. "All right; don't be afraid," and then I was not afraid, Dick; or at least, not so much; for I knew that I should not be left one instant in that room alone; and I felt that my Frank was a match for any two men in such a cause. Only he had no weapon.
"He has a little life preserver," (pistol) said I, with my fingers.
"Your fire is getting rather low, Georgy," observed he, as he took up the poker. (Ah, he had a weapon then!) "I must leave you a good blaze to comfort you before I go." He hooked the fire and left the poker in, but without ever taking his eye off me and the bed-head.
"I will just ring the bell, and see whether Thomas has got the portmanteau ready." "Mary," continued he to the maid that answered the bell, "send Thomas up." Then, when she had gone upon that errand—
"By Jove! I never gave him that key;—is it he, Georgy? I have not a minute to lose;—is in your dressing case with the rest of them. I shall be an age in looking for it. Might I ask you to get out of bed an instant and show me which it is?" He said with his fingers, "Jump!" and I jumped, you may be sure, Dickey, quickly enough, and was inside the dressing-room, and with the door locked, in half a second.
"Come in, Thomas," said your uncle; "come in." For Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber door; there's a snoring blackguard got into the house and behind my back there; if he makes the least resistance, I'll kill him with this hot poker."
At these words the bed was pushed slowly outward, and the burglar, without his crumpled mask, and with a face as pale as ashes, emerged from his hiding place. Your Uncle Frank knew him at once, as having been a bank messenger, who had been turned out of his situation since the fire, upon suspicion of dishonesty.
"O, sir, have pity upon me," cried he; "I am an unlucky dog. If it had not been for a sneeze, I should have had ten thousand pounds in my pocket by this time."
"O, you came after that, did you?" said my husband, coolly. "Well, please to give up that life-preserver which you have in your pocket before we have any more conversation."
"And did your lady tell you that, too?" cried the villain, in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the man servant.
"And yet I stood by her yonder, and never heard her utter a syllable."
"I never spoke one word," cried I, through the dressing-room-key-hole, for I did not wish the man to think that I had broken my oath; nor, to say the truth, was I anxious to make a deadly enemy of him, in case he should be ever at large again.
"Then it's a judgment on me," exclaimed the miserable wretch, "and it's no good for me to fight against it." "Presently, marm," said your uncle Frank, decisively, "and we will go to the police office at once."
So off the burglar went in their custody leaving poor Aunt Georgy safe and sound after all. And now, don't you think there may be some use in learning everything, even so small a thing as a deaf and dumb alphabet, Dickey?

"Sometimes," replied the small boy, cautiously not wishing to commit himself to the general question.
"It actually saved my life, you see," continued the old lady; and I didn't break my promise, either; did I, Dickey? I said I wouldn't speak a word, and I didn't; for what I did was what I call speech without words."
WHAT THE LECOMPTON BILL COST.—The testimony before the Covode Committee at Washington shows that it cost the government nearly a million to pass the Lecompton bill. During the examination of Wendell, checks to the amount of \$325,000 were produced by him and left with the Committee. Most of them are dated during the contest on the Lecompton bill. They are payable to no particular individual. Curious combinations of letters are inserted at the usual place for the name of the payee. Mr. Wendell refused to give any explanations of these mysterious marks. Some of the checks are payable to Senators, others to members of the House of Representatives. Whether these payments were made to secure the passage of the Lecompton bill, or for other corrupt purposes, Wendell refused to disclose; but the other testimony brought out by the Committee leaves but little doubt that this immense sum was used by Wendell, under the direction of the Administration in buying the passage of the most odious law ever enacted in this country. That's the way the money goes. Wendell never had that much money of his own, and does not pretend that it was his own. His very refusal to testify what it was used for shows that it was not used for any honest purpose.

The absurdity of regarding Heenan and Sayers as representatives either of England or America, or of "Anglo-Saxon" valor, pluck and endurance, or other phrases of the muscular vernacular, is apparent from the fact that the champions are both of Irish parentage, and that it is understood that their parents lived within 50 miles of each other in Ireland.

HOW BARNEY GOT HIS WIFE.
BY SAM SLICK, ESQ.
"Well, there lived an old woman some years ago at Musquish Creek, in South Carolina, that had a large fortune and an only darter. She was a widder, a miser, and a duncker. She was very good and very cross, as many riteous pious people are, and had a loose tongue and a tight purse of her own. All the men that looked at her darter she thought had an eye to money, and she was as if beauty and money missed that, for it seems as if beauty and money was too much to go together in a general way. Rich gals and handsome gals are seldom good for nothin' else but their cash or their looks. Pears and peaches are not often found on the same tree, I tell you. She lived all alone the most, with nobody but her darter and her in the house, and some old nigger slaves in a hut near at hand; and she seed no company she could help. The only place they went in a general way, was meetin'; and Jerusha never missed that, for it was the only chance she had sometimes to get out alone."
Barney O'Balentine had a most beautiful voice and always went there, too, to sing along with the gals; and Barney hearin' of the fortin of Miss Elies made up to her as fierce as possible, and sang so sweet, and talked so sweet, and kissed so sweet, that he soon stood number one with the heires. But he didn't often get a chance to walk home with her, and when he did, she darsen't let him come in for fear of the old woman. But Barney warn't to be put off that way long. When a gal's in one castle and a lover in another, it's a high fence that they can't get over, that's a fact.
"Tell you what," says Barney, "set up alone in the keepin' room, Jerusha, dear, arter old mother has gone to bed, put out the light, and I'll slide down on the rope from the trap door on the roof. Tell her you are exercised in your mind, and want to meditate alone, as the words you heard to day reached your heart."
Jerusha was frightened to death 'most; but what won't a woman do, when a lover is in the way? So that very night she went to the old woman she was exercised in her mind, and would rattle with the spirit.
"Do, dear," says the mother, "and you won't think of the vanities of dress and idle company no more. You see how I have given them all up since. I have made a profession, and never so much as talk of 'em now, or even think of 'em."
"Strange, square, ain't it? But it is much easier to cheat ourselves, than to cheat the devil. The old hag was too stingy; to buy a dress, but persuaded herself it was 'being too good to wear it.'"
"Well, the house was a flat roofed house, and had a trap door in the ceiling over the keepin' room, and there was a crane on the roof, with a rope to pull things up, to spread out 'nig dry there."
"As soon as the lights were all out, and Barney thought the old woman was asleep, he crawls on the house, opens the trap-door, and lets himself down by the rope, and he and Jerusha sat down on the hearth in the chimney corner, courtin'; or, as they called it in them diggin's, smuffin' ashes. When daylight began to show, he went up the rope hand over hand, hauled it up after him, closed the trap-door, and made himself scarce. Well, all this went on as slick as could be for a while, but the old woman saw that her darter looked 'n' after a while, as though she didn't get sleep enough, and there was no gettin' her up in the mornin'. She got uneasy after a while, and would some times get up in the night, and call her darter, and make her go off to bed, and once or twice come mighty near catchin' of 'em."
So what does Barney do, but takes two niggers with him, when he went after that, and leaves them on the roof, and fastens a large basket to the rope, and when they feel the rope pull, they must hoist away for dear life, but not to speak a word for the world. Well, one night the old lady came to the door, as usual, and said: "Jerusha, what on airth ails you, to sit up all night, in that way? Do come to bed, that's a drest." "Presently, marm," said she, "I'm wearin' with the evil one, I'll come presently." Dear, dear," said she, "you have rasted long enough with him to have throwed him by this time. If you can't throw him, give it up, or he may throw you." "Presently, marm," said his darter, "It's always the same thing," said his mother, goin' off grumblin'—"it's always presently—what has got into the gal to act so? Oh, dear! what a protracted time she has on it. She has been sorely exercised, poor girl."
As soon as she had gone, Barney larfed so that he had to put his arm around her to stidy him on the bench, in a way that didn't look unlike rompin' and whelms when he larfed so he did nothin' but touch her cheek with his lips, in a way that looked pluggily like kissin', and felt like it, too, and she pulled to get away, and they had a most regular rastle as they sat on the bench, and down went both on 'em on the floor with an awful smash, and in bounced the old woman.
"Which is uppermost, said she. "Have you throwed Satan or has Satan throwed you?" "I have throwed him," said his darter, "and I hope I have broke his neck, he acted so." "Come to bed then, darlin'," said she, and say a prayer arterward, and—just then the old woman was seized round the waist, hoisted through the roof, and from thence to the crane, where the basket stopped and the first thing she knowed she was away up ever so far in the air swingin' in a large basket, and no soul near her.
"Barney and his niggers cut sticks in double quick time, crept into the bushes, and went all round the road, just as day was breakin'." The old woman was singin' out for dear life, kickin' and squealin', and cryin' and prayin', all in one, properly frightened. Down runs Barney, hard as he could slip, lookin' as innocent as if he'd never heard nothin' of it, and pretendin' to be horrid frightened; offers his services, climbs up, releases the old woman, and gets blessed till he was tired of it. "Oh!" says the old woman, "Mr. O'Balentine, the moment Jerusha, throwed the evil one, the house shook like an earthquake, and as I entered the room he grabbed me. Oh! I shall never forget his fiery eyelids, and the horrid smell of brimstone he had."
"Had he a cloven foot and a long tail?" says Barney. "I couldn't see in the dark," says she, "but his claws were orful sharp, oh! how they dug into my ribs. It enmost took the flesh off here! Lord have mercy on us! I hope he's in the Red Sea now."
"Tell you what it is, Aunty," says Barney, "that's an awful story; keep it secret for your life—folks might say the house is haunted that you were possessed, and that Jerusha was

in league with the evil one. Don't so much as slip a syllable to a living sinner breathe; keep the secret, and I will help you."
The hint took; the old woman had no wish to be burnt or drowned for a witch, and the moment a feller has a woman's secret, he is that woman's master. He was invited there, he stayed there, married there, but the old woman never knew who the evil one was, and always thought to her dying day it was old Scratch himself. After her death they didn't keep it secret any longer, and many a good laugh has been there at the story of Barney O'Balentine and the Devil.

A CANNON BALL IN HIS HAT.
An anonymous writer, supposed to be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a common cannon ball from the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and with much trepidation and more headache carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up with the following reflections which, though philosophical trite, are conveyed with much force and freshness.
When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after solitary reflection, I gave it away on the same day to a prize fighter.
But, after all, that six pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I thought it was the last thing I ever stole except a little matter of heart now and then, and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catichising, but ethics rubbed in with a six pound shot are better than none at all.
But I see men doing the same things going into underground and dirty vaults; and gathering up wealth, which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball, and not be a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall street who will believe that.
I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who was born above him, and when he got her, walked all the rest of his life with a cannon ball in his hat.
I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, and making no sacrifice of principle for the sake, at last, of carrying a burden that no man can bear.
All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and much care; and I am accustomed in my walks among men, noticing their walks and their folly, to think, there is a man stealing a cannon ball; or there is a man, with a ball on his head—know it by the way he walks. The money which a clerk hoards for his pocket at last gets into his hat like a cannon ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, and evil passions will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

A remarkable fact has been developed by the publication of Lord Brotham's "Mental and Physical Traits." One of the papers, on the subject of light and colors, was published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1796. The copy sent to the Royal Society contained remarks on the effect of exposing a plate of ivory stained with nitrate of silver to the rays of the spectrum, and also on the result of submitting the plate to the rays passing through a small aperture into a dark room. Suggestions, were considered by Sir C. Blagden, to relate more money which a clerk hoards for his pocket at last gets into his hat like a cannon ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, and evil passions will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

The Japanese have discovered that a few seconds previous to an earthquake, the magnet temporarily loses its power, and have ingeniously constructed a light frame supporting a horse-shoe magnet, beneath which is a cup bell metal. To the armature is attached a weight; so that upon the magnet becoming paralyzed, the weight drops, and striking the cup, gives the alarm. Every one in the house then seeks the open air for safety.
The Japanese thought that the ladies whom they saw at the Sandwich Islands wearing crinolines actually filled the immense skirts. One of the men, who happened to touch a dress in passing, was much surprised to find it caving in, and burst out into roars of laughter at his astonishing discovery. His ideas of the bodily portions of the fair one suddenly collapsed.
The Pope, according to a letter dated Zurich, April 6, published in the Journal of Commerce, is going to leave the city of Rome and to put up his residence in the city of Ancona. His object in changing his residence is to get rid at last of the French garrison of the city of Rome, by taking away the only pretext of protecting the Head of the Catholic Church.

A gentleman boasting at a hotel in Boston, wishing to display his talent at the breakfast table, and needing the milk, said to his opposite neighbor, "Will you pass the lactaeal fluid?" "Haven't any of that," was the reply; "but here's the stump tail—perhaps that will do as well." This milky joke produced a roar of laughter.
In the Registry of Deeds at Cambridge, Massachusetts is recorded a deed, dated 1784, which gives the following bounds:
Then southerly on Wm. Smith to a pine in the swamp marked W, then southerly on said Wm. Smith to stump and stones where Daniel Harrington licked William Smith."
"What a fine head of hair your boy has," said an admiring friend.
"Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block, ain't you soony?"
"I guess so daddy, 'cause the teacher said yesterday, I was a yung blockhead."
It is one of the Waltham statistics which is worth remembering, that "a single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is manufactured into one hundred thousand screws, which are worth eleven hundred dollars."
Franklin, on hearing the remark that what was lost on earth, went to the moon, observed that there must be a deal of good advice accumulated there.

THE ADULTERATING BUSINESS.
Much has been said and written lately relative to the adulterating of liquors, and the tricks resorted to by wholesale dealers to make fortunes in a short space of time by poisoning the people. But adulteration, it appears, does not extend alone to what we drink. Even the ordinary articles which come to our tables are adulterated, and probably to a greater extent than our drinks. This may sound strange; but people generally know it to be a fact that not only the milk (and water) is adulterated, but almost every article which comes from the groceries, in which it is possible to drive the nefarious business. On this subject a cotemporary says, "there are probably few persons ignorant of the fact that articles of food are more or less adulterated; a less number, perhaps, are informed of the extent of these adulterations, and their baneful effects upon health and life. Most European Nations have been compelled to take strong measures against these infamous corruptions, which are in the highest degree an injustice and hardship upon the poor. In this country these evil practices are not less perniciously pursued. Bread is mixed with plaster of paris, alum, and sulphate of copper; coffee with chicory, roasted wheat, beans, and mangel turned; vinegar with sulphuric acid; sugar with sand, etc. Wine, which is absolutely necessary for the poor when recovering from sickness, is fearfully debased. Frequently, when recommended as a wholesome stimulant and astringent, it has produced griping, acidity, irritation and pain. A late investigation in England demonstrates that a large proportion of domestic and imported butter is composed of tallow, flour and beef suet. The latter article is imported in large quantities for this express purpose. It is believed that eggs and meat are the only kinds of provisions which are sold in an unadulterated state. The latter is not above suspicion. It is alleged that salted beef and pork are not 'corned' until the flesh becomes fetid, and only a petty fraction of the great quantities of city milk, so essential to the healthy nourishment of children, is retained in its pure condition. Abuses like these demand immediate attention. The weekly mortality of young children in our large cities is a fearful experience, and so long as even medicines prescribed by the physician are adulterated all sanitary regulations are mockeries. Science alone can alleviate such evils. There are in our country hundreds of educated men, good analytical chemists, without employment. No inspector should be appointed who is not adequate to his position, and a skillful and frequent analysis of suspected provisions, with punishment for adulteration, is the only sure remedy. Such officers are shortly to be appointed in England by a late parliamentary enactment. These are authorized to enter, at will, any establishment, and experiment upon samples of food. It is a known fact that in this country are large manufacturers engaged in open adulteration, scattering broadcast defolations and poisonous compounds, with death and misery. Of what avail are temperance reformers in alcoholic purities, when the ordinary comforts of the table are equally degrading. The matter calls for redress, and at every pause in remedial legislation the spoilers are at work. Ruined constitutions and debilitated systems are the sure effects of foul adulterations."

NEGRO INFATUATION.
A deplorable instance of the mental darkness and obliquity of the African race has just been brought to light. An ebony chateai calling himself William Bracker—a name which probably belongs to his master—most ungratefully tired of working for such horrid and honorably as is freely accorded to chateais in the patriarchal State of South Carolina—resolved to commit a grand larceny of his own body and bone, hide, features and wool—as villainous chateais have been known to do ere now—and, to this end, stowed himself away on board the steamship S. R. Spaulding, of and from Boston, whence she was about to return richly freighted with New-England Delegates to the late Democratic National Convention. We had already heard of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and all manner of kindred fatuities; but to attempt to escape from slavery by hiding in a vessel whereof Benjamin Hallett and Caleb Cushing had virtual command, goes ahead of any absurdity within our knowledge. Of course, this fugacious mass of constitutional proptery was seized as soon as he was driven from his hiding-place by hunger; the vessel's course altered, a southward-steering vessel thereby intercepted, the negro put aboard of her, and returned to Baltimore, whence he will be promptly forwarded, at a liberal cost to Uncle Sam, to his master in Charleston. If that negro should ever again be caught aboard of a vessel chartered by a regiment of Democratic office-holders and office-seekers, in the hope of thus escaping slavery, he will deserve for his stupidity a far severer flogging than his master has now in store for him."

INGENUOUS USE OF A DOG'S TAIL.—A sergeant with about twenty-five soldiers had been sent some miles from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to guard some stock which were sent to graze, when they found that the party was surrounded by about four hundred hostile Navajo Indians. The brave and skillful sergeant took position on an eminence, and by a volley from the long-shooting rifles of his men, first drove off the savages, who, however, soon rallied, and prepared to storm the small party on all sides. The sergeant, in taxing his brain for an expedient by which to convey intelligence of the desperate peril in which his party was placed, took a dog which had accompanied the party, fastened to his collar a note written with a pencil, informing the commander at the fort of his situation, took a tin cup in which he put some pebbles, which were confined with a piece of string to the top, fastened about a string to the dog's tail and started the dog loose, knowing that he would in his fright run to the fort. He dashed with his greatest speed to Fort Defiance; the note was discovered and read; straightway a party was sent to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the lives of the whole party.

CONTEST BETWEEN BLACKSMITHS.—The development of muscle leads not always to the prize-ring. In Troy, N. Y., the other day, John McKeeney and Patrick Kennedy, blacksmiths both, had an extraordinary trial of skill. The former challenged the latter to compete with him in making horse-shoes for the championship. The challenge was accepted and the words of the contest were, "each man, with his 'helper,' went to the metal. Their shops were surrounded through the day with an interested throng, and ropes were stretched about the forges to give sufficient space. At the expiration of the ten days, Kennedy had made 240 shoes, and McKinney 210. Near the close of the contest, the 'helper' of the latter fainted from fatigue. It is not probable that an equal feat has ever been accomplished before."

DOGS IN JAPAN.—The streets of Yeddo are infested with—not the wretched, mangy curs of Constantinople or the pariahs of India, but sleek, well-fed, audacious animals, who own no masters, but seem to thrive on the charity of the community, and bid defiance. They trot proudly about, with ears and tail erect, and are most formidable to meet in a by-lane. These animals are held in as high veneration as they were in former times in Egypt; and it is a capital crime to put one to death. There are no quarantines appointed for their protection, and hospitals to which they are carried in case of illness. Certainly a long experience has taught them to profit in the immunity from persecution which they enjoy.

A Frenchman at Dexter, Maine, undertook a few days since, upon a wage of \$10, to saw six cords of wood, two cuts, between sunrise and sunset. He accomplished four cords and seven feet at 5 p. m., and then gave up the job. The Frenchman carried down to Dexter for the purpose by a hotel keeper, who wagered \$40 on his head. The wood was packed very close to make the feat as hard as possible. Besides having a man constantly sharpening them, the betting landlord furnished a round of pork with which to lubricate the saws.
They are in a ludicrous hobby in Troy, N. Y. That city is full of cents, coppers and nickels; in fact are increasing so rapidly that the people are growing superstitious, thinking that they either multiply themselves or that they attract other cents thither. They bid fair to become the exultation of the city; already some who buy for cash are forced to take with them a boy and a basket to carry the circulating medium. One of the papers calls for a public meeting on the subject, and for a concert of action.
The best fencer in Paris is a beautiful young lady of Polish origin, Mlle. Linowska. At a soiree at the house of an aristocratic widow in the Faubourg St. Honoré, who it appears is fond of fencing, and has an apartment in her house devoted to that sort of exercise. The evening closed with a grand assault-at-arms. Dressed in the handsome costume of her country, Mlle. Linowska held her sword with so much grace and precision, that no gentleman present was able to compete with her.
Mr. Breen, editorial proprietor of the Messenger at Fremont, Ohio, is a model of incorruptibility. In 1858 he was a clerk in the House under Mr. Allen, and he testified before the Covode Committee that he received \$5,000 from Mr. Wendell just before the passage of the English bill. He further testifies that he tried to influence the votes with it, but simply put the money in his pocket, and declares that it did not even influence his own opinion! That man knew Breen, but Wendell didn't.
A shocking calamity occurred near Camden, in the State of South Carolina, on the 5th inst. A party of boys and girls on a picnic were drowned in a mill-pond, the boat on which they were sinking in the middle of the pond. Nineteen bodies had been recovered, and it is thought ten more, making twenty-nine in all, perished.
A sensible writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good-natured; for, says an army man said, "I tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrella."
A gentleman, bragging of having killed a panther that had a tail three feet long. Brown observed that the animal died seasonably, as the tail was long enough not to be continued.
A dying West India planter, groaning to his favorite servant, sighed out, "Ah, Sambo, I am going on a long, long journey." "Never mind, massa," said the negro, consolingly, "I am all de way down hill."

NEGRO INFATUATION.
A deplorable instance of the mental darkness and obliquity of the African race has just been brought to light. An ebony chateai calling himself William Bracker—a name which probably belongs to his master—most ungratefully tired of working for such horrid and honorably as is freely accorded to chateais in the patriarchal State of South Carolina—resolved to commit a grand larceny of his own body and bone, hide, features and wool—as villainous chateais have been known to do ere now—and, to this end, stowed himself away on board the steamship S. R. Spaulding, of and from Boston, whence she was about to return richly freighted with New-England Delegates to the late Democratic National Convention. We had already heard of jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and all manner of kindred fatuities; but to attempt to escape from slavery by hiding in a vessel whereof Benjamin Hallett and Caleb Cushing had virtual command, goes ahead of any absurdity within our knowledge. Of course, this fugacious mass of constitutional proptery was seized as soon as he was driven from his hiding-place by hunger; the vessel's course altered, a southward-steering vessel thereby intercepted, the negro put aboard of her, and returned to Baltimore, whence he will be promptly forwarded, at a liberal cost to Uncle Sam, to his master in Charleston. If that negro should ever again be caught aboard of a vessel chartered by a regiment of Democratic office-holders and office-seekers, in the hope of thus escaping slavery, he will deserve for his stupidity a far severer flogging than his master has now in store for him."

INGENUOUS USE OF A DOG'S TAIL.—A sergeant with about twenty-five soldiers had been sent some miles from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to guard some stock which were sent to graze, when they found that the party was surrounded by about four hundred hostile Navajo Indians. The brave and skillful sergeant took position on an eminence, and by a volley from the long-shooting rifles of his men, first drove off the savages, who, however, soon rallied, and prepared to storm the small party on all sides. The sergeant, in taxing his brain for an expedient by which to convey intelligence of the desperate peril in which his party was placed, took a dog which had accompanied the party, fastened to his collar a note written with a pencil, informing the commander at the fort of his situation, took a tin cup in which he put some pebbles, which were confined with a piece of string to the top, fastened about a string to the dog's tail and started the dog loose, knowing that he would in his fright run to the fort. He dashed with his greatest speed to Fort Defiance; the note was discovered and read; straightway a party was sent to the rescue, and arrived just in time to save the lives of the whole party.

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