

Afternoon Journal.

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CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1860.

VOL 7—NO. 7.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Love hailed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Sneering at the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he;
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
"By and by," she mocked reply,
"Love's not in season."
Years went, years came—
Light mixed with shadow;
Love met the maid again,
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Not so," urged the boy,
"List in time to love and reason."
"By and by," she mused reply,
"Love's still in season."
Years went, years came,
Light changed to shadow;
Love saw the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more—my dream is o'er—
I can listen now to reason."
"Keep the boy," mocked the boy,
"Love's out of season!"

CUPID AND CRISPIN.

A TALE, SHOWING THE UTILITY OF LEATHER IN AN AFFAIR OF LOVE.

In the small sitting room of a small tavern, in one of the smallest villages of the very east of the Eastern States, on a certain summer afternoon, about twenty five years ago, a young man, known to his limited circle of friends and acquaintances by the name of Tom Winchell, was pacing backward and forward with an uneasy and discontented air. As he was young, good looking and unmarried, it would have been difficult for the most acute stranger to guess the cause of his troubles. Yet some explanation might have been found in the despairing look which he often cast upon his feet, which (although they as well as the appertaining legs were remarkably handsome) were arrayed in a pair of shattered and decayed half boots, of that class which in earlier times were called "nullifiers."

Tom Winchell's meditations were interrupted by the sound of a cheerful melody, whistled by a person who at that juncture entered the room with a pair of patent leather boots, which he had just finished for the landlord of the tavern. This person was Jack Hutchinson, an artist of much skill in that useful branch of industry called cordwaining, and able to construct anything in his line of business, from a Brobdinagian boot, fit for a fashionable gentleman to kick his creditors out of doors with, down to a Lilliputian slipper, suitable for a lady dancer, with heels as light as her hair.

Jack Hutchinson perfectly understood all the mysteries of "pegged work," and he could fasten on boot-soles so expeditiously by this process that nothing could be more surprising—except their aptitude for coming off again. But he had a heart capable of friendship far more enduring than his handiwork in leather; and of the devotedness of that friendship the argument of our story presents a memorable example.

Having some acquaintance with Tom Winchell, Mr. Hutchinson now opened a conversation with him, by saying, "Good afternoon Mr. Winchell; going to the ball next Wednesday?" This ball, which was to be a very fashionable affair, was to "come off" at the principal saloon of the village situated in the second story of Baxley's hotel; and this grand event was the very subject of Tom's reflections at the time he was addressed by Mr. Hutchinson. He answered with a profound sigh, "It was my intention to go, but I have even bought a ticket, but to tell you the melancholy truth, Mr. Hutchinson, these wretched boots are the best articles I have to cover my feet, and I cannot think of appearing in them before all the select society of the neighborhood. To increase the misery of my disappointment, Henrietta Brundle, the prettiest girl in the county, and one of the richest, will be there, and I counted on my fine dancing and the graceful proportions of my lower extremities, to recommend myself to her favorable notice. But alas! what are the most symmetrical legs and feet without presentable shoes and stockings? I'm in as bad a fix, you perceive, as Cinderella herself; and still more unlucky than she was—because I have no obliging old witch of a grandmother to give me a pair of glass slippers, or even morocco ones. The worst of it is, Mr. Hutchinson, that I'm pressed 'hard up' at this time, or I should immediately give you an order for a pair of dancing pumps, as you are the only man in this section of the country who knows how to get up such an article in the proper style."

Now this state of being "hard up" was known to be a sort of constitutional peculiarity with Mr. Winchell, though, among the provident and industrious inhabitants of the Eastern States, such a trait is a very notable singularity. Tom's address had the desired effect upon the heart of the generous and gifted cordwainer, who immediately offered to supply Mr. Winchell with the pair of pumps, and to wait for payment until something should "turn up."

On the important Wednesday evening, the grand saloon over Mr. Baxley's bar room was lighted up by a dazzling display of spermaceti candles, and all the windows were draped with new curtains of red bouzazine and white book muslin, purchased expressly for the occasion. The fiddler turned up, the company pointed in, and the reigning belle, Miss Henrietta Brundle, appeared in a perfect blaze of beauty and rose colored ribbons. By her side was seated Mr. Larkin Brown, the enamored owner of the largest and finest farm in the neighborhood, though his appearance was somewhat of the gawky and chuckle-headed style. But when Tom Winchell approached and politely requested the honor of her hand in the dance, Henrietta glanced first at Tom's captivator dancing apparatus, (set off to Tom's best advantage by the workmanship of Mr. Hutchinson,) and then casting her eyes at the huge cowhide boots of Tom's wealthy but tasteless rival, she unhesitatingly stood up as Mr. Winchell's partner.

Tom was a perfect adept in the art of dancing, and this evening he surpassed all his previous performances. The rich rival in the cowhide boots alternately became purple with rage, and pale with mortification, as he saw Tom and Miss Brundle stand up together for several dances in succession. But he was completely paralyzed, when at the conclusion of the ball, the young lady graciously accepted Tom as her home ward escort. During the walk, Tom made a declaration of his love, and was given to understand that Henrietta's sentiments corresponded very nearly with his own. When they reached the commodious dwelling of old Brundle, (who owned most of the

ground on which the village stood,) Henrietta invited her companion to come in and rest himself; and Thomas, of course, did not refuse. But he had scarcely been seated five minutes, when old Brundle himself entered the apartment, and regarded Mr. Winchell at first with a look of surly astonishment, which was soon changed to a stare of unmistakable displeasure.

He knew the young man by sight, and being acquainted with Tom's habitual deficiency of cash, he did not desire to see him on terms of intimacy with his daughter. So without, any unnecessary circumlocution, Mr. Brundle exclaimed:—"Henrietta, what do you mean by bringing this worthless puppy into my house? If you do not know how to choose your company, I must choose for you; and so I insist on your dropping Mr. Winchell's acquaintance immediately. And I warn him to make himself of the greatest possible rarity about my premises. No replies, young man—there's the door!"

Of course, Tom had no alternative but to depart; so he bowed to Henrietta, looked vindictively at old Brundle, put on his hat and disappeared. He observed, as he left the room, that Henrietta burst into tears, and this was some consolation; but for several days afterward he sought in vain for an opportunity to change a word with her. He sent a boy with a letter for Miss Brundle, cautioning him to deliver when unobserved by any one else; but her watchful parent was not to be overreached. He tore the note to pieces and crowded the messenger, who came back bellowing to make his employer acquainted with his ill success.

Soon after this incident, Tom again encountered his shoemaker friend, Jack Hutchinson, and inquired for his confidence in trusting Henrietta's dancing pumps, when he trusted Mr. H. with the secret of his present trouble. "I have written a letter," continued Tom, "persuading Henrietta to elope with me, and, if I could only convey that letter to her hands, every thing will turn out well."

"Trust your letter to me," cried Hutchinson, warmly; "I have just finished a pair of shoes for Miss Brundle, (a prettier foot and ankle, by the way, never came under my oblation,) and I'll put the important paper into the toe of one of them, when I send them home."

Tom gladly and thankfully gave his letter to Mr. Hutchinson, and it was safely transmitted in the manner specified to Henrietta, who sent her lover an answer by the same messenger, and in the same manner, intimating, as a pretense for returning the shoe which had performed the office of mailbag, that it was too tight at the toe, and required a little stretching.

It so happened that on the same afternoon Mr. Brundle inquired of his daughter whether the shoes which she had just received were good ones, as he had some notion of engaging Mr. Hutchinson to make him a pair of long boots. "Oh, you can't find a more trustworthy shoemaker," earnestly replied Henrietta, "or one who better understands his business. I'm sure I never in my life had a pair of shoes that gave me so much satisfaction as those he has just made for me."

This strong recommendation induced the old gentleman to give Hutchinson his measure, insisting that the boots should be finished and delivered on the following afternoon. The boots were ready for use at the time specified, and while Mr. Brundle was trying them on, Henrietta first found an opportunity to leave the house unobserved, and with a bundle on one arm and a bundle under the other she repaired to the spot where it had been arranged in the above mentioned epistolary correspondence that she should meet Mr. Winchell. But a laborer in the employment of old Brundle happened to be at work in a field near the place of meeting, and seeing Henrietta in company with Winchell, he hastened to give his employer notice of the fact.

The gentleman, who had just pulled on his new boots, started up, and grasping a huge oaken cudgel, strode off to the designated spot—taking a short route, of which Henrietta, in the hurry and confusion of her flight, had forgotten to avail herself. As he was a rapid walker, and the young people were unconscious of his approach, it is highly probable that he might have surprised them before they were fairly started, broken Tom's head, and taken Henrietta home again, but for the following intervention—Jack Hutchinson, with admirable foresight, and with a constant determination to serve his friend, had left some huge pegs as sharp as poignards sticking up in the heels of Brundle's boots, and these so impeded his progress that, after a painful run of two hundred yards, he was obliged to stop at the side of the road, take off the boots, and flatten the wooden spikes with a stone.

CARL SCHURZ.

We find in an exchange the following interesting sketch of the life of Carl Schurz. He was born 32 years ago, in Bonn on the Rhine, in the Prussian dominions. In 1849, he joined the Constitutional army, and sharing in its reverses, was sentenced to death for high treason. For three days and nights, after the Prussians had entered Rastadt, he lay concealed in a shed, on a beam or rafter, just wide enough to conceal his person from the eyes of those who stood below. A guard of some kind was stationed in the very house to which this shed belonged, and every night the soldiers assembled on the floor beneath his hiding place, and danced to the music of the trumpet. On the fourth night a heavy shower of rain gave him the first opportunity of attempting an escape, and he jumped from the roof upon a chicken-coop, which broke down under him with a loud crash, though without attracting the notice of the sentry who was, or ought to have been, but a few yards off. By the assistance of his friends he reached a sewer, and thus obtained the outside of the fortifications. Even here there was a sentry, but by following closely behind him as he walked, he managed to gain a cover before the sentry turned on his beat. He made his way to Paris, and remained there a considerable time, in the vain hope of a favorable turn in the affairs of his native country. In a little book published by the chief spy of Bonaparte's police, he received honorable mention as "the most audacious and most adroit" of the exiles, who, while constantly active, could never be ensnared into any act furnishing a pretext even to the liberal conscience of a Bonaparte for his extradition. At this time the public opinion of Germany was much aroused by the cowardly vengeance wreaked by the Prussian Government on Godfrey Kinkel, a townsman of Schurz's, a professor, who had joined the constitutional movement at the same time with himself. This man, a poet, of delicate frame, highly educated, and accustomed to all the refinements of life, was imprisoned at Berlin, dressed as a convict, his hair cropped short, and forced to labor at wool-carding, and to room and mess with felons. Schurz, having determined to rescue him, repaired to London, collected the means, and made the arrangements. With a forged passport he traveled direct to Berlin, left his papers with the police over night, obtained a key for some other town the next morning, and instead of proceeding, took lodging in a boarding-house. There he remained for six weeks, going to Spandau every day, and returning late at night, when the policeman was always so obliging as to unlock the door of his boarding-house for him. All the arrangements having been completed, he carried off Kinkel in a coach on a rainy night, together with his keeper. Relays of horses were in readiness from station to station, until they reached the sea shore, where a pilot-boat received them. They landed at Hull or Yarmouth long before the government had the most remote idea of the prisoner's whereabouts. In 1851 Mr. Schurz came to this country, and took up his abode in Philadelphia. He was, at that time, almost ignorant of the English language. The necessity of learning our language became at once obvious, and he German exile set to work reading nothing but English. To his constant perusal of the daily papers, Mr. Schurz attributes much of his success in learning our language. He now speaks it with perfect fluency, correctness of pronunciation, and a familiarity with phraseology. With the exception of Ruffini, the Italian writer, and Kossuth, no foreigner has more completely mastered the English language remaining in Philadelphia three or four years, Mr. Schurz removed to Wisconsin, and commenced the practice of the law at Milwaukee. His residence is, however, at Watertown, some distance in the interior of the State. It is only two or three years since Mr. Schurz made his first political speech in English. In one of the Western towns. He was successful, and since that time has spoken frequently, in all parts of the country. His speech, delivered at the Cooper Institute was written on a Lake Erie steambot, during a day's detention at Detroit by a storm.

OLD-TIME DEMOCRACY.

"Slavery is an atrocious debasement of human nature."—Dr. Franklin.
"Slavery is contrary to the law of nature and nations."—William Wirt.
"It is wrong to admit into the Constitution the idea that there can be property in man."—James Madison.
"We have found that this evil (slavery) has preyed upon the very vitals of the Union, and has been prejudicial to all the States."—James Monroe.
"I never would have drawn my sword in the cause of America, if I could have conceived that thereby I was helping to found a nation of slaves."—Lafayette.
"The earth, which multiplies her productions under the hands of the free born laborer, seems to shrink into barrenness under the sweat of the slave."—Dr. Rush.
"It is a debt we owe to the purity of our religion to show that it is at variance with that law which warrants Slavery. Give me Liberty or give me Death."—Patrick Henry.
"So long as God allows the vital current to flow through my veins, I will never, never, by word or thought, by mine or will, aid in admitting one rod of free territory to the everlasting curse of human bondage."—Henry Clay.
"Slavery stifles industry and represses enterprise; it is fatal to economy and Providence; it discourages skill, impairs our strength as a community, and poisons morals at their fountain head."—Judge Gaston, of North Carolina.
"Your late purchase of an estate, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country."—Washington's Letter to Lafayette.

"I would rejoice my very soul, that every one of my fellow-beings were emancipated. We ought to lament and deplore the necessity of holding our fellow-men in bondage. Believe me I shall honor the Quakers for their noble efforts to abolish slavery."—Patrick Henry.
"One hour of American Slavery is fraught with more misery than ages of that which our fathers rose in rebellion to oppose."—"I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that His justice cannot sleep forever." A revolution is among possible events. The Almighty has no attribute which would side with us in such a struggle."—Thomas Jefferson.
"My opposition to the extension of slavery dates farther back than 1844—forty years further back; and as this is a suitable time for a general declaration, and a sort of general conscience delivery, I will say, that my opposition to it dates from 1804, when I was a student in law in the State of Tennessee, and studied the subject of African Slavery in an American book—a Virginia book—Tucker's Edition of Blackstone's Commentaries."—Thomas H. Benton.
"Sir, I envy neither the heart nor the head of that man from the North who rises here to defend Slavery on principle."—"I give to my slaves their freedom to which my conscience tells me they are justly entitled. It has a long time been a matter of the deepest regret to me, that the circumstances under which I inherited them, and the obstacles thrown in the way by the laws of the land, have prevented my emancipating them in my life time, which it is my full intention to do in case I can accomplish it."—John Randolph.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

A great if not general European war seems to be imminent and scarcely avoidable. The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies is completely in the hands of Garibaldi and the Sardinians, and the States of the Church are fast following in the footsteps of their Southern neighbor. The City of Rome and two or three outposts are still held for the Pope by a French army; but the Papal host, under La Moriciere, has been utterly routed and is no longer available for any military purpose. The fight of the Pope of Spain to Austria is believed to be close at hand, upon which it is supposed that the French will quietly abandon the Eternal City itself to the victorious army, which will then be master of all Italy but the north-western corner, strongly held by Austria, studded with fortresses and bristling bayonets. Against this iron wall, it may fairly be presumed that Victor Emanuel and Cavour will hesitate to precipitate their legions; but can Garibaldi and his flushed companions be likewise restrained by the dictates of prudence? Having liberated Southern Italy by what every one would have branded as sheer madness had they failed, will they begin now to weigh probabilities and calculate chances? When the thousand who so nobly yet so rashly responded to the appeal of Sicily are swelled to a geographical expression, are they likely to turn a deaf ear to the frantic entreaties of Venetia? We believe they will rush straightway upon her oppressors—that Austria will therefore declare war against Sardinia—that the fleet of Young Italy will forthwith transport a revolutionary expedition to the coast of Dalmatia, and that Kossuth will once more arouse Hungary to a struggle for liberty and nationality. Then if the Czar should once more cast the heavy sword of Russia into the Austrian scale, Louis Napoleon will be compelled to march to the defense of Italy, and thus the flames of war will sweep from Etna to the Caucasus.

THE LITTLE JOKER.

Douglas' subriquet of the "Little Giant" seems destined to be soon superseded by the more appropriate one of the "Little Joker." His facility in shifting himself from the Northern to the Southern, and then to the Squatter Sovereignty thimbles, is remarkable. For instance, now you of the North see him, as in his speech before the people of Illinois:—"It matters not what way the Supreme Court may decide the question, the people have consented to be bound by the decision, whether it exist a day or an hour anywhere, unless it is supported by local police regulations; these police regulations can only be established by a local Legislature, and if the people are opposed to slavery they can elect representatives to that body who will by unfringed legislation, effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst."

And now you don't see him, or oughtn't to, as in this speech in the Senate, intended for the Southern ear alone:—"Bear in mind that this question, touching the right of property in slaves, was referred to the Territorial Courts, with right of appeal to the Supreme Court. When that case shall arise, and the Court pronounce its judgment, it will be binding, and the army, navy, and militia must be used to carry it into effect."

And so goes the little joker, and you never know where to find him. Now you see him, as at a clam-bake at Rhode Island, declaring his preference for claims to Southern niggers; and now you don't see him, as when hard questions are propounded to him in Maine. Now you see him in Virginia, or North Carolina, under the Southern thimble; and now you don't see him, for he has gone North, and has again got under the Northern thimble. Now you see him stamping the country for the Presidency, but after November you won't see any more of him for the remainder of his life. So watch the little joker while he is in sight.

A blacksmith, having been slandered, was advised to apply to the Courts for redress. He replied with true wisdom, "I shall never sue anybody for slander; I can go into my shop and work out a better character in six months than I could get in a court house in a year." Others should follow his example.

Two blacksmiths in Brooklyn, N. Y., had a duel with sledgè hammers the other day, and both were fatally injured.

NEW-LIGHT DEMOCRACY.

"The Democracy" is the same everywhere; North, South, East, and West. It seeks the ascendancy of the same principles, and the success of the same measures, in all sections.—Washington Union.
"The Democrats of the South in the present canvass cannot rely on the old ground of defence and excuse for Slavery, for they seek not merely to maintain it where it is, but to extend it into regions where it is unknown."—Richmond Inquirer.
"The Democracy is national. It is the same in Maine and Massachusetts that it is in Virginia and S. Carolina."—Albany Argus.
"Nor will it avail us aught to show that the negro is most happy and best situated in the condition of Slavery. If we stop there, we weaken our cause by the very argument intended to advance it; for we propose to take into Territories human beings unfit for liberty, self-government, and equal association with other men. We must go a step further. We must show that African slavery is a moral, religious, natural, and, probably, in the general, a necessary institution of society."—Richmond Inquirer.
"We rejoice in our candidates as national—in our principles as national—the same everywhere."—Senator Bright.
"Make the laboring man the slave of one man instead of the slave of society, and he would be better off. . . . Two hundred years ago the white man made the colored man a pauper handmaid. . . . Free society has failed, and that which is not free must be substantial."—Senator Mason, of Virginia.
"The platform on which we have placed our candidates is no sectional thing. It is broad enough to cover, and does cover, the whole Union. Its principles are the same in the free and in the slave States."—Senator Hunter.
"Free society is a monstrous abortion, and Slavery the beautiful, healthy, and natural being which they are trying to adopt. . . . The Slaves are governed far better than the Free laborers of the North. Our Slaves are not only better off as to physical comfort than Free laborers, but their moral condition is better."—Richmond Inquirer.
"I trust the day will come when the principles of Democracy, as understood and practiced at the South, will prevail over the country."—Senator Evans.
"Men are not born entitled to equal rights. It would be nearer the truth to say that some were born with saddles on their backs, and others booted and spurred to ride them, and the riding does them good. . . . Life and liberty are not inalienable. . . . The Declaration of Independence is exuberantly false and abominably fallacious."—Richmond Inquirer.
"Should the Democratic party fear this issue to oppose the extension of Slavery? No, indeed! There is not a single Democrat in the North opposed to the extension of Southern society, or so-called extension of 'slavery;' and they only await the truth spoken out, to sweep the Abolition atmosphere from the Republic, and bury its besotted tools in the profoundest depths—the lowest possible depth of public contempt."—New-York Day-Book, a Democratic paper.
"Slavery exists in Kansas under the Constitution."—James Buchanan.
"If the Constitution carries Slavery there (in the Territories), without affirmative law, no power on earth can take it away."—Douglas, at Chicago.

WHAT IT HAS DONE!

On the 16th of May, 1860, Mr. Douglas made a great speech in the U. S. Senate, in which he magnified the triumphs of Popular Sovereignty for the cause of Slavery. This speech was made with a view of coaxing the Southerners into supporting him for President at the then approaching Convention at Baltimore. While it failed of its object at the South, it has had the effect to open the eyes of Northern Democrats as to the real bearing of "non-intervention" in reference to slavery. We make the following extracts:

"But," said Mr. Douglas, "we are told the necessary result of this doctrine of non-intervention, which gentlemen, by way of throwing ridicule upon it, call popular sovereignty, is to deprive the South of all participation in what they call the common Territory of the United States. That was the ground on which the gentleman from Mississippi, (Mr. Davis,) predicted his opposition to the Compromise Measure of 1850. He regarded a refusal to repeal the Mexican law as equivalent to the Willmot Proviso; a refusal to deny to a Territorial Legislature the right to exclude slavery as equivalent to an exclusion. He believed at that time that this doctrine did amount to a denial of Southern rights; but they doubted it. Now let me see how far his predictions and suppositions have been verified. I infer that he told the people so, for he makes it a charge in his bill of indictment against me, that I am hostile to Southern rights, because I gave those votes. Now, what has been the result? My views were incorporated into the Compromise Measure of 1850, and his were rejected. Has the South been excluded from all the Territory acquired from Mexico? What says the bill from the House of Representatives now on your table, repealing the slave code in New Mexico established by the people themselves? It is a part of the history of the country, that under this doctrine of non-intervention, this doctrine that you delight to call squatter sovereignty, the people of New Mexico have introduced and protected Slavery in the whole of that territory, more than five times the size of the State of New York. Under this doctrine, Slavery has been extended from the Rio Grande to the Gulf of California, and from the line of the Republic of Mexico, not only up to 35° 30', but up to 38 degrees north latitude, and a half more Slavery territory than you ever claimed. In 1848, 1849 and 1850 you only asked to have the line of 36° 30'. The Nashville Convention fixed that as its ultimatum. I offered it in the Senate in August, 1848, and it was adopted here, but rejected in the House of Representatives. You asked only up to 36° 30' m., and non-intervention has given you slave territory up to 38° 30', a degree and a half more than you asked for, and you say that this is a sacrifice of Southern rights?"

"These are the fruits of this principle which the Senator from Mississippi regards as hostile to the rights of the South. Where did you ever get; any other fruits that were more palatable to your tastes or more refreshing to your strength? What other inch of Free territory has been converted into Slave Territory on the American continent, since the Revolution, except in New Mexico and Arizona under the principle of non-intervention affirmed at Charleston. If it be true that this principle of non-intervention has conferred upon you all that immense Territory; protected Slavery in that comparatively Northern and cold region, where you did not expect to go, cannot you trust the same principle further south when you come to acquire additional territory from Mexico? If it is true that this principle of non-intervention has given to Slavery all New Mexico, which was surrounded on nearly every side by Free territory, will not the same principle protect you in the Northern States of Mexico, when they are acquired, since they are now surrounded by Slave territory; are several hundred miles further south; have many degrees of greater heat, and have a climate and soil adapted to Southern products? Are you not satisfied with these practical results?"

"It is the language of Mr. Douglas himself. It shows up in a strong light the fallacy of popular sovereignty. Let every man read and consider well the above extracts."
During the last war, a quaker was on board an American ship, engaged in close combat with an enemy. He preserved his peace principles calmly, until he saw a stout Briton coming up the vessel by a rope that hung overboard, seizing a young man, the quarrel looked over the side of the ship, and remarked—"Friend, if these wants that rope, these may have it!" When suiting the action to the words, he cut the rope, and down went the poor fellow to a deep and watery grave.
GOING TO HEAVEN VIA ARKANSAS.—"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock, Arkansas. "I am going to heaven, my son; I have been on the way 18 years." "Well, good by, old fellow, if you have been travelling towards heaven 18 years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

Sixty years ago, a naval officer wishing to cross from Staten Island to Bergen, could find no person willing to undertake the job save a barefooted boy, who, despite the roughness of the sea, bravely rowed him to the place of destination. The officer was so pleased with his pluck that he got him a situation on a steamer, and that boy is Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is now worth over \$13,000,000.

The efforts that have been recently made to London to mitigate the "social evil," appears to have met with almost unexpected success. Twenty-three hundred fallen women have been gathered at the midnight meetings. Many of these have been permanently reclaimed. Twenty-seven of them have returned to their friends, one of them to New York city.
At last we have received certain news in regard to Walker. By the arrival of a U. S. Steamer, details of the execution have been received, from which it appears that ten shots were fired into his body, and the cheers of those assembled to witness the execution.

Philip of Macedon founded a colony at Thrace, which he baptised by the name of the "Town of Rogues;" and thither he transported more than 2,000 scoundrels, false witnesses, and legal harpies.

"What's Jography, Bill?" "It's a tellin' of forin lands that we know nothin' about by 'cute chaps that's never seen 'em.' Bill got government situation."

Merritt Stovall, of Middletown, Tenn., while suffering from insanity, killed his wife and four children with an axe, on Saturday night, ending the terrible tragedy by cutting his throat with a razor, and to make assurance double sure, drowned himself.

An editor says—"On our outside will be found some fine suggestions for raising peaches." We suppose that on his inside may be found the peaches themselves.