

# Raffin's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1861.

VOL. 7--NO. 27.

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

A rosebud blossomed in my bower,  
A bird sang in my garden;  
The robed was the fairest flower,  
The bird its gentlest warbler.  
And a child beside the linden tree  
Sang, "Think no more of sorrow;  
But let us smile and sing to-day,  
For we must weep to-morrow."

I asked the bird, "Oh, didst thou hear  
The song that she would sing thee?  
And can it be that thou shouldst fear  
What the next morn'g may bring thee?"  
He answered with triumphant strain,  
Saying, "I know not sorrow;  
But I must sing my best to-day,  
For I may die to-morrow."

I asked the rose, "Oh, tell me, sweet,  
In thy first beauty's dawning,  
Thou canst not fear, from this retreat,  
The coming of the morning?"  
She lunged her fragrant leaves apart,  
The lover for her sorrow,  
Saying, "Yet I must bloom to-day,  
For I may droop to-morrow."

## ONE OF THE SPEECHES.

The most refreshing specimen of a speech, in the "spread eagle" style, we have met with for a long time, was recently delivered in the Missouri Legislature, by one General Reilly. As the author is evidently a trump, we feel disposed to help immortalize him by publishing his speech in full. After a long and heated discussion on the reference of a bill amending the charter of the city of Carondelet, to a standing committee of the House, Mr. Reilly obtained the floor, and addressed the House, as follows:

MR. SPEAKER: Everybody is pitching into this matter like a toad into a willow swamp, on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin, ethereal atmosphere of air. [Applause.] Sir, I want to put in a word, or perhaps a word and a half.

There seems to be a disposition to fight. I say, if there is any fighting to be done, come on with your topknots and lightning-bugs! In the language of the ancient Roman,

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base, in a pig's eye."

Now, there has been a great deal of bombast here to-day. I call it bombast from "Alpha" to "Omega." [I don't understand the meaning of the words though.] Sir, the question to refer, is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a sponge, like a large unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, it is a small tumbler of water—it sucks up everything. Sir, I stand here with the weapons I have designated, to defend the rights of St. Louis county, the rights of any other county—even the county of Cedar itself. [Laughter and applause.] Sir, the debate has assumed a latitudinosity. We have a little black-jack buncombe, a little two-bit buncombe, a little buncombe, a little buncombe, and the devil and his grandmother knows what other kind of buncombe. [Laughter.] Why, sir, just give some of 'em a little Southern soap and a little Northern water, and quicker than a bound pup can lick a skillet they will make enough buncombe-lather to wash the golden rock that roams abroad the azure meads of heaven and lightning-bugs.

I allude to the starchy firmament.

The SPEAKER: The gentleman is out of order; he must confine himself to the question.

MR. REILLY: Just retain your linen if you please. I'll stick to the text as close as a hot plaster to a pine plank, or a lean pig to a hot jam rock. [Cries of "go on," "you'll do,"

I want to say to these honorable gentlemen, these ingenious individuals, these delectable demonstrators, these peregrinous vociferous, come on with your combustibles! If I don't—well, I'll suck the gulf of Mexico through a goose quill. [Laughter and applause.] Perhaps you think I'm diminutive

and sparse in the mundane elevation. You may discover, gentlemen, you are laboring under as great a misapprehension as though you had incinerated your inner vestment. In the language of the noble bard,

"I was not born in a thicket  
To be scared by a cricket!" [App.]

Sir, we have lost our proper position. Our proper position is to the zenith and nadir—our heads to the one, our heels to the other, at right angle with the horizon, spanned by the sunbeams of the luminous firmament, bright with the curcutions of innumerable constellations, and proud as a speckled stud horse on a county court day. [Cheers.]

"But how have the mighty fallen," is the language of the poet Silversmith. We have lost our proper position. We have assumed a sissindustrial or a dialogical position.

And what is the cause? Echo answers "buncombe," sir, "buncombe." The people have been fed on buncombe, while a lot of

ring-boned, hamstrung, wind-galled, swayed, spithoofed, distempered, poivelled, pot-bellied politicians have had their noses in the public crib until there ain't fodder enough left to make a grub for a sick grasshopper. [Cheers and loud laughter.]

Sir, these hungry brats keep tagging at the public pail. They say, "let down your milk. Suck, or you'll have a split bag." Do you think they can stuff such buncombe down our craw? No, sir; you might as well try to stuff butter in a wild cat with a hot awl. [Continued laughter.] "The thing can't be did."

The public grindstone is a great institution, sir; yes, sir, a great institution. One of the greatest, perhaps, that ever rose, reigned or fell. But, sir, there is too much private cutlery ground. The thing won't pay. Occasionally a big axe is brought in to be fixed up, ostensibly for the purpose of hewing down the gnarled trunks of error and clearing out the brush-wood of ignorance and folly that obstruct the public highway of progress. The machine whirles; the axe is applied. The lookers-on are enchanted with the brilliant sparks elicited. The tool is polished; keenly edged; and, lo! the public stare in gaping expectancy of seeing the road cleared, the implement is slyly taken off to improve the private acres of some "faithful friend of the people." What is the result? The obstructions remain unmoved. The people stare because the car lags, or, if it does move, 'tis at the expense of a broken wheel and jaded and sore-backed team. I tell you the thing won't pay.

The time will come when the nasal promontories of these disinterested grinders will be put to the stone, instead of their hardware. [Applause.] I am mighty afraid the machine is a going to stop. The gressie is giving out thundering fast. It is beginning to creak on its axle. Gentlemen, it is my private opinion, confidentially expressed, that all the "grit" is pretty near worn off. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity and circumlocution. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly, but if anybody gets peppered, it ain't my fault if they are in the way.

Sir, these dandical, supersquirtical, mahogany-faced gentry—what do they know about the blessings of freedom? About as much, sir, as a toad frog does of high glory. Do they think they can escape me? I'll follow them through pandemonium and high water. [Cheers and laughter.]

These are the ones that have got our liberty pole off its perpendicularity. "Tis they who would rend the stars and stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers enlivened in its red. The purity of the cause for which they died—denoted by the white; the blue—the freedom they attained, line the azure air that traps their native hills and lingers on their lovely plains. [Cheers.]

These are the ones that have got our liberty pole off its perpendicularity. "Tis they who would rend the stars and stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers enlivened in its red. The purity of the cause for which they died—denoted by the white; the blue—the freedom they attained, line the azure air that traps their native hills and lingers on their lovely plains. [Cheers.]

The high bird of liberty sits perched on the top-most branch, but there is secession salt on his glorious tail. I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let not Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wing to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast; or, what is the same, make a pen to sign a secession ordinance. [Applause.]

Alas, poor bird, if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum-tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship while water grows and grass runs. [Immense applause.] Mr. Speaker, I subside for the present.

## THEN AND NOW.

"Occasional," in his letter to the Philadelphia Press, dated Washington, February 25th, makes the following pointed observations:

"Mr. Lincoln, unlike Mr. Buchanan, labors under the disadvantage of coming into the Presidency in the midst of a tempest of denunciation and ridicule. The present Chief Magistrate found all sides ready to give him a fair trial. The country had so much confidence in his supposed ability and integrity that the Republicans were almost as free in their expressions of kindness in his behalf as the Democrats themselves. Such was the auspicious commencement of his Administration; but what a melancholy and sad close it has! Opening like a beautiful summer day, it is going out in clouds and sorrow. May we not hope that the proportion as the end of Mr. Buchanan's dynasty has been unfortunate, and the inauguration of that of Mr. Lincoln stormy, the latter will terminate his career the ruler of a peaceful and a united people!"

"A good portion of the invective and satire leveled against Mr. Lincoln grows out of his sudden entrance into Washington on Saturday morning. The Baltimore Star of to-day extends nearly a column of vulgar ribaldry and execrable English on this text. It is regarded, by such authorities as it, as an evidence of want of courage. I have heard very free comments upon the movement by men of all parties, and the general judgment is that it was a capital expedient. It is unquestionable that Mr. Lincoln never received an invitation from the authorities of Baltimore. It is notorious that the greatest apprehensions were entertained that some of the mob of that city were in readiness to inflict insult and injury upon the President elect. Would it be surprising if they had done so? Who does not remember, only a few years ago, when, in broad daylight, some of these fiends in human shape murdered, or wounded, or struck down, in the streets, a number of the most respected and influential citizens? Stabbing and killing were almost as frequent in those days as in the days of Italian feudalism. It is not many weeks since Mr. Lincoln's friends, when they attempted to hold a public meeting at the Holiday-street Theatre, were overrun and expelled by a turbulent and savage invasion of these ruffians.

"When Mr. Buchanan left Lancaster, four years ago, he was threatened by these cowards with personal violence, in any number of anonymous letters, and it made such an impression upon him that, in company with a few friends, he took a private carriage, leaving behind his escort and a dinner that had been prepared for him. There were no newspaper charges of cowardice against him, although animal-vergers without number were uttered in private circles. I will not recall the terror produced by the National Hotel disease, so mysterious and so fatal in its effects upon some of our best citizens, and so near carrying off the President himself. But would not most of these facts justify Mr. Lincoln in not making any unnecessary exposure of his person, especially when compared with the new indications of a sudden assault upon the capital on the day of his inauguration. No opponent of James Buchanan declared that he would plunge a dagger into his heart rather than see him mount the Presidential chair. No wild ex-Governor called upon Virginia to march to the capture of Washington four years ago. No influential newspapers predicted and provoked revolution at that time; and yet all these things have been done since the election of Abraham Lincoln. But I am credibly informed that the motive that induced him to enter Washington as he did was a desire to be on the spot early in the morning, so as to enter into consultation with Gen. Scott and his friends, who believed that another hours delay would be unfortunate. The better judgment of our leading men has been that Mr. Lincoln should have been present in Washington two weeks ago; and when we remember how wisely and well he has occupied his time since Saturday morning, it is at least fair to infer that the only reason for his sudden arrival was a sincere desire to assist in reconciling our national troubles."

The city of London contains a population of nearly three millions of people, and it increases at the rate of 20,000 per annum. It extends eighteen miles one direction and ten in another, and it grows on devouring up fields and gardens like a great monster.

The enduring odor of musk is astonishing. When Justinian in 528 rebuilt what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor.

## THE CHANGE IN MR. LINCOLN'S ROUTE.

From the N. Y. Tribune, of Feb. 27.

We lay before our readers a statement of the facts which are said to have led to the alteration of the programme of Mr. Lincoln's journey to Washington. Though not strictly connected with the subject in hand, it may be stated that the original route, as planned by Gen. Scott, was for Mr. Lincoln to come by way of Pittsburgh, thence on by the Pennsylvania Central through Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington, on the very train which he finally took. It is not necessary to go into the reasons why another programme was adopted. The matter of Mr. Lincoln's personal safety, however, was one that was never lost sight of; in fact, precautions looking to this were taken everywhere.

The facts, as given by Superintendent Kennedy, are substantially as follows: The police authorities of Baltimore had come to the conclusion that there would be little demonstration of any kind during Mr. Lincoln's passage through the city. Indeed, so firmly had they become convinced of this, and that there would be no riotous proceedings, that they had determined to employ a force of only twenty men for the special duty of attending to the route of the Presidential cortege through Baltimore.

The reason alleged for the change was that they wished to demonstrate to the country and to the world the law-and-order character of the city. This coming to the ears of Gen. Scott, he at once declared that one of two things must be done: either a military escort must be provided for Mr. Lincoln at Baltimore, or there must be a coup de main by which he should be brought through the city unknown to the police.

Under the circumstances, it was thought that the employment of a military escort might create undue excitement, and the cause of its being brought into requisition misinterpreted. The alternative of employing stratagem was therefore determined upon. A messenger—a civilian, and not a military man, carrying three or four letters from men high in position, Gen. Scott, Gen. Scott, was therefore immediately dispatched to Philadelphia. He had an interview, and delivered his letters sometime toward midnight of Thursday. It is not known that the fact was communicated to any other person than Mr. Lincoln on that night. Mr. Lincoln, therefore, was apprised of the deviation from the published plan of his journey before he left Philadelphia. The messenger then went on to make arrangements for the special train which conveyed Mr. Lincoln from Harrisburg the next morning.

Superintendent Kennedy, who had accompanied the President in the special train from this city, took his leave on Thursday evening, about 8 o'clock. After calling on a few friends he took the 1 p. m. train and returned to New York. The next morning, on going to his office, he found several letters reciting the fact of the inadequacy of the police force ordered out for the reception at Baltimore. He determined to proceed thither, to induce, if possible, a change in the arrangements. It so happened that he went on from Philadelphia in the very train which conveyed Mr. Lincoln, although he was not aware of it at the time. Arrived at Baltimore, he went to the Police Headquarters, on Holiday street, and learned that, yielding to the pressure of public opinion, the police authorities had determined to have out the whole force, though they still believed that twenty men would be sufficient. "Nobody is going to turn out," said they; "they will keep their heads in at the windows, they shan't—Trot him out!" Let's have him, "Come out, Old Abe," "We'll give you hell," "You bloody Black Republicans," and other equally polite but more profane ejaculations. Some rude fellows entered the private apartment in which Mr. Lincoln was sitting, with the accomplished daughters of the Speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature, but were promptly turned out by Mr. Hay, who locked the door. As the parties composing the suite, and the various correspondents, issued from the car, there was an exhibition of rude vulgarity and disregard of personal comfort that I have never seen equaled. Without thinking of the consequences to us, the crowd rolled in upon us like vast tidal waves, and bore us with irresistible force against the side of the car. To go either way was a physical impossibility. If we had been in the crowd, we could have moved with or through them; but as it was we were compelled to stand still, and sustain, as well as we were able, the terrible rush of an excited, rude and thoughtless populace. Oaths, obscenity, disgusting epithets and unpleasant gesticulations, were the order of the day. After half an hour's experience of this sort of thing, Mrs. Lincoln and her son were taken to a carriage, which they entered without attracting much attention, and were driven to the house of the President of the road. A huge omnibus that chanced to be in the yard was chartered by Mr. Wood, and into it were piled Mrs. Williams, her sister, Hon. Mr. Williams, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Wood, Mr. Porter, Mr. Nicolay, Mr. Hay, Col. Ellsworth, Judge Davis, Dr. Wallace, Mr. Todd, Mr. Frisbee and the Times' correspondent. As we drove through the dense masses of people we were saluted in divers and sundry familiar and jocular styles. At one point a knowing chap discovered that Mr. Wood, who has a very handsome beard, was the President elect, and at once the people began to hurrah and shout and run after the bus. The scene was with an exciting one, and long to be remembered.

## WAS MR. LINCOLN IN DANGER?

From the Baltimore Republican, Feb. 23.

An immense crowd of people, not willing to give up the hope of seeing Old Abe, commenced about noon to flock toward Bolton depot and Calvert station, where the extra train was expected to arrive about one o'clock. The police, under Marshal Kane, took the position assigned to them, and the vast crowds extending from the station along Calvert street as far as the Battle Monument, and all the way along North and Franklin streets, impatiently awaited the coming. Numbers also besieged the Easton House, and peered anxiously into the faces of the occupants of all carriages that approached.

About the hour of 1 o'clock, a loud shout was heard at the northern end of the depot, announcing that the train was in sight, when the entire mass of people, to the number of about 6,000 or 8,000 who were stationed about the entrance, rushed in a body into the building, with cries of "Here's Old Abe!" "Look out for him," &c.

The train partially stopped at the intersection of Charles street to allow them to dismount, but owing to the immense crowd assembled at that point the train again moved on and appeared in sight as above stated, being followed by hundreds of the Charles street crowd, who were running rapidly in the rear of the train.

As the train approached the depot, another, and if any thing, a more desperate rush was made, the crowd again passing into the depot. The entire platform in the center of the building was instantly packed to suffocation with the crowd, when a train of cars came rapidly into the depot. It was heralded by loud shouts and groans by the crowd, who soon besieged the platform, crying, "where is he?" "where, here?" "where, here?" "where is he?"

## HIS FIRST RECEPTION IN WASHINGTON.

The greatest curiosity was manifested to witness Mr. Lincoln's first reception in Washington. At 6 o'clock Dr. Puleston, Sec'y of the Peace Congress, presented a communication announcing that the members of the Congress were anxious to pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln, and requesting the latter to name the time when he would receive them. He replied that he would be happy to receive them at 9 o'clock.

At 7 o'clock Mr. Lincoln left his hotel, and proceeded in a carriage to the residence of Mr. Seward, with whom he dined. At 8:50 he returned to his hotel, and was received by an enthusiastic crowd, who greeted him as though he was their father and life. Some were old men, and some old and some young ladies. They reflected the general feeling, that in Mr. Lincoln rests the future hope of the Government and the Union. Mr. Lincoln passed through the long parlor hall thronged with the elite and fashion of the national metropolis shaking hands as fast as he could on his right and left with ladies and gentlemen, so intensely interested that he forgot even to take his hat off, which was excused by a looker-on, who remarked that it was new and outshined the crowd.

At 9 o'clock, according to previous arrangement, Mr. Lincoln received the Peace Congress. The members formed in procession in the hall where they meet, and proceeded to the reception parlor, ex-President Tyler, and Gov. Chase, of Ohio led the van. The latter introduced Mr. Tyler. Mr. Lincoln received him with all the respect due his position. The several delegates were then presented to Mr. Lincoln by Governor Chase, in the usual manner. The most marvellous thing that occurred was the manifestation by Mr. Lincoln of a most wonderful memory. It will be remembered that the Convention is composed of many men, who although distinguished in their time, have until very lately not been very much known. Each member was introduced by his last name, but in nine cases out of ten Mr. Lincoln would promptly recall their entire name, no matter how many initials it contained. In several instances he recited the historical reminiscences of families. In short, he understands the material of the Peace Congress.

When the tall General Doniphan, of Missouri, was introduced, Mr. Lincoln had to look up to catch Doniphan's eye. He immediately inquired: "Is this Doniphan, who made that splendid march across the Plains, and swept the swift Camanches before him?" "I commanded the expedition across the Plains," modestly responded the General. "Then you have come up to the standard of my expectation," rejoined Mr. Lincoln.

After the reception of the Peace Congress was concluded, a large number of citizens were presented. Mr. Lincoln was then notified that the ladies and main parlors of the hotel were filled with ladies, who desired to pay their respects, to which the President elect very promptly consented. The ladies then passed in review, each being introduced by the gentleman who accompanied her. Mr. Lincoln underwent the new ordeal with much good humor.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet called and paid their respects. In response to Mr. Lincoln's cordiality at the White House this morning. Their reception was very pleasant. It may be truly said that Mr. Lincoln's first day in Washington as President elect has been a decided success. Democrats, as well as Republicans, are pleased with him, and the ladies, who thought he was awkward at first sight, changed their opinion, and now declare him "a very pleasant, sociable gentleman, and not bad looking by any means."

THE TREASON OF GEN. TWIGGS.—Dispatches reached the War Department on February 25, announcing that Gen. Twiggs had dismissed and disbanded his whole force in Texas, consisting of nearly 2,500 men, and left them unprovided with means of transportation. Several officers had started for home with nothing but their side arms. This act of treason has excited a great surprise, as Gen. Twiggs' disaffection has long been suspected, and his recent appointment in the Georgia Army justified the reasonable expectation that he would betray his trust at any favorable opportunity. He had obtained leave of absence some time ago. No doubt is entertained that this step was the result of an understanding with Jefferson Davis, and was intended mainly to the belief or knowledge that the troops in Texas were to be ordered away. He intended to deprive the Government of their use at this time. It is unfortunate that he was not taken prisoner by some gallant and daring officer, and consigned to the doom of a traitor.

NEW STATES AND TERRITORIES.—Kansas made our thirty-fourth State. It also annexed one territory from our list. New Mexico will make the thirty-fifth, and will take another territory from our list. But with the addition of the three new territories just ordered by Congress to be organized, we shall have a list of six in all, viz: Nebraska, Washington, Utah, Colorado, Dacotah, all in a fair way to become States before the lapse of the next ten years. They will atone for the loss of the seceding States, and should the latter not return, the new States will increase the array to thirty-five without them. Such is the growth of this great Union.

MISFORTUNE OF A TAX COLLECTOR.—A few nights ago while Mr. Robert A. Laird, tax collector of Porter township, Huntington county, was travelling in a carriage from Petersburg to Alexandria, his horse took fright, ran off and broke loose from the carriage, pulling him out over the dasher and dragging him some two or three rods on the frozen road before he got the animal stopped. He lost his overcoat, and a pocket book containing twelve hundred and eighty-five dollars in bank bills. The pocket book was found the next day, but the bills were taken out. Mr. Laird offers a reward of three hundred dollars for the money.

Secretary Dix has, by order of the President, directed that the names of Captain John G. Breshwood, and Lieutenant S. B. Caldwell and Thomas D. Foster, be stricken from the rolls of the naval service, as a mark of disgrace for treason committed by them against their Government.

On one farm at Monterey, Cal., there are 60,000 grape vines arranged on the slope of the mountain, from which 1,500 gallons of wine were obtained in 1860.

## COTTON FIELDS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

We find in the New York Post a letter from Mr. Squier, formerly our Charge d' Affairs at Nicaragua, to Senator Anthony, of R. I. in which he describes the capabilities of Central America as a cotton-producing region. No man is better qualified to speak on this subject than Mr. Squier, who was for many years a resident of the country, and who has since devoted to it much patient enquiry and study. In his letter he demonstrates these points:

1. That Central America is better adapted for the production of cotton, of equal if not superior quality, in larger quantities, and at less cost of labor and capital, than any portion of the Southern States of this Union.

2. That by the introduction of foreign enterprise and capital, under such protection and guarantees as the United States and Great Britain could give, through means of treaties with the Central American States, the cultivation of cotton, with the existing local supplies of labor, could be stimulated to the extent of filling a very large part of the demand for that staple, present or prospective.

3. That the country is eminently adapted for the introduction of exotic labor, and that under such inducements as England and the United States could easily secure from the local governments, emigration would be attracted thither to an extent adequate to remedy any deficiency in the supply of cotton resulting from a lack of local labor.

The Post says Central American gentlemen, now in that city, are able to corroborate everything Mr. Squier has said, and they offer, moreover, on the part of their respective nations, the most active co-operation with every free nation which will undertake to develop the resources of the isthmus. Now that the wanton and mad fanaticism of the proslavery leaders has directed the attention of mankind to more stable sources of cotton supply than the southern States promise to maintain, the opportunities opened there cannot fail to be considered.

A REMINISCENCE OF NULLIFICATION.—It seems that Gov. Letcher, of Kentucky, who sympathized with the nullifiers in 1832, called upon General Jackson to learn, if possible, what the General intended to do toward crushing Calhoun's conspiracy against the Union. The Governor opened the subject mildly, and Jackson only answered by telling Letcher to read a certain instrument of writing on the table before them. Letcher read it, and found it to be a warrant for the execution of John C. Calhoun. "But, my dear General, you don't intend to carry out what this paper calls for?" "Gov. Letcher, is my name signed to that paper?" "Yes, General, it is." "Very well, Governor; it is very seldom that I sign papers merely for effect. Governor, look on the left corner of the paper: is the seal of the United States to it?" "It is, General." Letcher visited Mr. Calhoun after he left Gen. Jackson, and awakening him out of his sleep, intended to him his interview with Jackson. Gov. Letcher alleged that Mr. Calhoun assumed the appearance of a ghost, when he heard what Gen. Jackson intended to do, and Nullification lost all its venom from that hour. Gen. Jackson said on his death bed that he had only one thing to regret, and that was that he had not hung John C. Calhoun.

During the reception of Mr. Lincoln at Columbus, Ohio, thousands approached him to exchange salutations, and among them an interesting lady leading two beautiful children. One after the other, "Honest Old Abe" raised the children and pressed upon their cheeks a paternal kiss which was proper and very republican. But when the lady, with bewitching grace, presented her own sweet lips in attitude to be saluted, Abraham gallantly waved his hand, and cautiously remarked:—"No, madam; non-intervention."

Roger Sherman was a member of Congress from Connecticut. He has not been there from the shomaker's bench. John Randolph, who had Indian blood in his veins, once rose, and with his squeaking voice said, "I should like to know what the gentleman from Connecticut, before he came here, did with his leather apron?" Mr. Sherman, mimicking the same squeaking sound, replied, "I cut it up to make moccasins for the d-deendants of Pocahontas."

The export of grain from the United States to Europe during the past year has been unequalled. In the year 1859, 2,590,937 bushels of grain were exported to Great Britain; in 1860 there were 23,820,820 bushels exported, being an increase of 21,229,883 bushels. Never before has the surplus product of the United States risen to such gigantic proportions.

Coal ashes are stated, by some who have tried Concentric, to be an excellent material for putting around the roots of peach-trees and gooseberry bushes in the spring. They are generally held to be of no use whatever, but as they contain some traces of potash and considerable lime, they will no doubt tend to destroy grubs and worms.

The Charleston Courier is moved to anger because, on Washington's Birthday, Fort Sumter "belched forth its saucy salute" of 24 guns. It is not strange that traitors' ears are troubled by the sound of guns which show the strength of the power they daily insult, and the patriotic sentiment of the true men who are to wield that power.

Among the curiosities of London life is the appearance of Lord Cathness in that metropolis, guiding his steam carriage. He has driven through the most crowded parts without frightening the horses, and threaded the vehicles, thickly strewn as they are in the city, with ease and elegance.

In England land is sometimes manned by continuing sheep at night on a small piece of ground, then moving the hurdle fence which encloses them every night until the whole field is thus treated to a few nights' lodging.

The Montgomery convention has adopted the Constitution of the United States. The Charleston Mercury says that this is only an indirect way of trying to get back into the old Union.

A young lady remarked the other day that she would like to do something so as to have her name appear in the papers. We advise her to get some one to put his name in with hers.