

Pittsburgh Courier

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1861.

VOL. 7.—NO. 33.

SATURDAY EVENING.

How sweet the evening shadows fall
When dancing from the West,
As ends the weary week of toil,
And comes the day of rest!

Bright o'er the earth the star of eve
Her radiant beauty sheds,
And myriad sisters calmly weave
Their lights around our heads.

Rest, man, from labor! rest from sin!
The world's hard contest close!
The holy hours with God begin—
Yield these to sweet repose.

Bright o'er the earth the morning ray
His sacred light will cast;
Fair emblems of the glorious day
That evermore shall last.

MR. WOODBRIDGE'S INVESTMENT.

The fiery crimson of the stormy November sunset was staining all the hills with its lurid glare, the wind murmuring restlessly among the dead leaves that lay heaped over the wood paths, seemed to mourn, with an almost human voice. But the autumnal melancholy without served to heighten the cheerfulness of the morning wood fire, whose merrily glow danced and quivered over the rough rafters of Farmer Woodbridge's spacious old kitchen, sparkling on the polished surfaces of platters and glimmering brasses, and sending a long stream of radiance through the uncurtained windows out upon the darkened road.

"Yes—as I was saying afore," observed the old farmer, rubbing his toll-hardened hands together, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire, "it's been a capital harvest this year. I wouldn't ask for no better. So, wife, you just pick out some o' them yaller pippin apples, and put 'em in Jessie's basket again when she calls arter 'em."

"Won't the little red 'uns do as well? I calculate to keep them pippins for market; Squire Benson says they're worth—"

"I don't keer what they're worth," interrupted the farmer, as his helpmate, a spare, angular woman, with a face ploughed with innumerable little lines of care fingered the yellow checked apples dubiously. "I tell you what it is, Keturah, folks never yet lost anything by doin' a kind thing. I never could make you believe that, unless the pay came right in, in hard cash! Now here's Jessie Moreton, as lively a gal as ever breathed, teachin' school day in and day out, and her marm sewin' to hum, earnin' a livin' by the hardest labor—born ladies both on 'em. Don't you s'pose the apples'll be worth more to them, if you give 'em with a kind word, than they would be to that pesky tight-fisted agent, up to Hardwiche Hall, if he gave a dollar a bushel?"

"Charity begins to hum," said Keturah, jerking out the supper table with an odd twist of the face. "Not but what Jessie's well enough—but you'd a plagued sight better s'cratch your pennies together to pay up that mortgage, if you don't want the Hardwiche agent foreclosing on you. And them pippins is just as good as so much money. There they be, anyhow, in the basket—one of your investments, I guess!"

"One of my investments then, if you like to call it so, Keturah," said the farmer with a good humored laugh, banishing the annoyed expression which had overspread his face when she alluded to the mortgage. "Come 'long in Jessie's gal!" he added, cheerily, as a light touch sounded on the door-latch. "Here's the basket all right, and some o' them golden pippins tucked into it. Maybe they'll tempt your mother's appetite."

Jessie Moreton was a slender, graceful girl of about seventeen, with satiny-smooth bands of chestnut hair, parted above a low sunny forehead, large liquid eyes, and cheeks which farmer Woodbridge always declared "not him to think of." "I've seen 'em," he said, "but they grew on the tree down on the South meadow!" She took up the basket with a grateful smile, that went even to the flinty heart of Mrs. Keturah.

"O, Mr. Woodbridge, how kind you are always to us! If I were only rich—if I could only make some return."

"Don't you say a word about that," said the farmer, rubbing his nose very hard. "Jest you run home, as fast as ever you can put, for it's getting most dark, and the November wind ain't no way healthy as I ever heard on. And I say, Jessie, if it rains to-morrow so you can't get to school handy, just you stop here, and I'll give you a lift in my wagon."

"Dear old Mr. Woodbridge," soliloquized Jessie Moreton to herself, as her light footsteps pattered along on the fallen leaves, "how many times have I had cause to thank his generous heart. And I think that he should be so distressed about the mortgage by the agent at Hardwiche Hall."

She paused for a moment to look up to where the stately roofs and gables of the Hall rose darkly outlined against the crimson that still burned stormily in the sky. On a commanding height, and nearly hidden in trees, many of whom still retained their brilliant autumn foliage, it seemed almost like an old baronial castle.

"There it stands," she mused, "shut up and silent, year after year; its magnificent rooms untenanted; the flowers blossoming ungratefully in its conservatories. Since Mrs. Hardwiche died—twenty years since, mamma says—the family have been away, and now the only surviving heir is traveling, no one knows where. I wonder if he knows how grasping and cruel his agent is? Oh, dear," she added softly, "money does not always come where I think most needed. If I were the mistress of Hardwiche Hall—"

She started with a slight scream the next instant, as a tall figure rose up from a mossy border by the roadside, directly in front of her.

"Pardon me," said a voice that instantly reassured her, for it was too gentle to come from any but a gentleman, "but I am not certain that I have not lost my way. Is this the Eden road? I was waiting for some one to come and direct me."

"This is Eden road," said Jessie, all unconscious that the last gleams of the fading sunset were lighting up her fair innocent face with an almost angelic beauty as she stood there among the fallen leaves.

"And can you tell me the shortest foot-path to Hardwiche Hall? I have not been in this neighborhood since I was a little child, and I am completely at fault."

Jessie hesitated a moment. "I could show you better than tell you, for it is rather a complicated road," she said, "and if you will accept my services as guide, it will not be much out of my way."

"I shall feel very much honored," said the stranger, "meantime let me carry your basket." It was a wild and lovely walk, winding among moss-garlanded trees and hollows, sweet with aromatic incense of dying leaves. Jessie could not help admiring the chivalric manners and polished courtesy of her companion, and he was more than pleased with the blooming loveliness and girlish dignity of his young guide. A few adroit questions respecting Hardwiche Hall and its neighborhood, sufficed to draw forth a spirited abstract of the character of the Hardwiche agent, and the impositions he was wont to practice upon the tenants and neighbors, as well as an arch description of most of the "characters" thereabouts. Then he contrived to learn all about Jessie's little school, and her ailing mother, and he smiled to himself, in the twilight, to observe the high position from which unforseen reverses had compelled her mother to descend.

"Then," she said, suddenly pausing with a feeling as if she had been almost too communicative, "if we could only cross yonder lawn, the gates are closed by, but we shall have to go a quarter of a mile around."

"Why?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Talcott will not allow travelers to cross here—he says that it is private property."

"I fancy I shall dare Mr. Talcott's wrath," said the gentleman, laughing as he pushed open the wire gate that defended the forbidden space, "it is perfectly absurd to make people go a quarter of a mile out of their way for a mere whim."

They had scarcely entered the enclosure when they met an unlooked for obstacle, Talcott himself, who was prowling over the grounds on the *qui vive* for trespassers.

"Hallo, here," growled he; just turn back if you please. This isn't the public thoroughfare."

The stranger held Jessie's arm under his a little tighter, as if to repress her evident inclination to "beat a retreat." He was disposed to maintain his position.

"I don't see any reasonable cause why we shouldn't go ahead," he said pertinaciously. "There is a path here, and I suppose it was made to walk on."

"Not for you," said the agent, contemptuously, "so go back as fast as you can!"

"Is it possible that people are made to travel a circuitous and unpleasant route, for no earthly reason but your caprices, sir?" asked the gentleman, from the altitude of his feet, with a kind of laughing scorn. "Did it ever occur to you, my friend, that others had rights and conveniences as well as yourself?"

"Can't help their rights—nothing to me," snarled the agent, planting himself obstinately in the path. "I forbid all persons passing here!"

"But I suppose Everard Hardwiche may have the privilege of crossing his own land?" persisted the stranger, still presenting the bald contemptuous smile that had from the beginning made the agent so uncomfortable.

Talcott grew, not exactly pale, but yellow with consternation.

"Mr. Hardwiche—sir, I did not know—we did not expect—"

"No—I know you didn't my good man. Be so kind as to step aside, and allow me to pass with the lady. Miss Jessie, don't forget that I need your services a few minutes yet. When we reach the house, I will prolong my walk to your cottage. Nay, don't shrink away from me—we are not to be good friends?"

"The prettiest girl I ever saw in my life," was his internal comment, as he at length parted from her at the little gate, where "burning bushes" and dark green ivy were trained together with all a woman's taste.

The Christmas snow lay white and deep on the farmhouse eaves—the Christmas logs crackled on the hearth, where Mr. Woodbridge still gazed dreamily into the glowing cinders, and Mrs. Keturah's knitting needles clicked with electric speed.

"That mortgage bothers me—it bothers me," he murmured almost plaintively. "Well, I s'pose it ain't no use frettin'," but I thought to live and die in the old place where my father did afore me. The Lord'll be done. Somehow things hadn't prospered with me—I don't seem to get along."

"You'd ha' got along well enough, I guess," responded Keturah, who belonged supereminently to that class of people known as "Job's comforters," "if you'd only looked after your p's and q's as I tell you. You always was too free handed, and now you see what it's brought ye tew."

"Well, well, Keturah, we never did think about such things," retorted the old man. "Let's talk upon a pleasanter subject. What do you think about your school ma'am's marrying young Mr. Hardwiche to-morrow? Didn't I always tell you that Jessie Moreton was born to be a lady? I may be unlucky myself, but anyhow, I'm glad to hear of little Jessie's luck."

"You'd a great deal better keep your sympathy for yourself," growled Keturah. "What's other folks luck to you. I'd like to know! Think of some one's knocking at the door—see who it is."

It was a little note brought by one of the school boys, under Jessie's care. "Where's my glasses? I can't see as well as I could once. Shove the candle this way, will you, Keturah?" And fitting his brass bowled spectacles upon his nose, the old man unfolded the note and read, in Jessie's delicate chirography:

"I do not let that mortgage disturb your Christmas day, to-morrow, dear father Woodbridge. Hardwiche will send you the papers soon, to destroy. This is Jessie's Christmas present. I have not forgotten those 'golden pippins' nor all the other kindnesses."

"Aha, wife!" said the old man smiling and trying to brush away, unseen, the big tears that would come, "what do you think of my investments now?"

Keturah's reply was neither elegant, nor strictly speaking, grammatical, but it was significant. She said simply—

"Well, I never!"

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness, and camp-fires of prayer.

In all matters except a little matter of the tongue, a woman can generally hold her own.

COFFEE AND ITS CULTURE.

The Coffee tree originated in Arabia, and it is said that from a plant brought as a curiosity to the Royal Gardens of France a century and a half ago, a few offshoots were sent to the West Indies. Now these islands produce the greater part of the world's supply. About fifty years ago, a "Padre," or the priest, obtained and planted a few coffee seeds in his garden at Costa Rica, and for twenty years it was only considered as a curiosity, but now it is so extensively cultivated there that it is the chief article of export, and constitutes the main source of individual and national wealth. It is being rapidly introduced into other Central American States, indeed, in San Salvador I saw the finest plantations, though everywhere its cultivation was of a negligent kind. From this charge, however, I must except the American Consul, Dr. Hino, whose plantation of 200 acres near San Jose de Costa Rica was well kept, and though young, was a charming sight.

Its cultivation is a beautiful and pleasant employment. It occupies best among the one airy highlands, where the climate is temperate and healthy through the year. In itself, it is remarkably beautiful, having a luxuriance of dark, glossy, evergreen foliage. When the blossoms, in their seasons, white as the new fallen snow, cover the whole trees and when the ripened crop loads the branches with dark red clusters, there is a richness and brilliancy unparalleled by any cultivated plant. It is a profitable employment, too. Even as it is conducted by the Costa Ricans, the returns from four crops annually repay the whole investment with interest.

Almost universally it is raised from seed, very much as a nurseryman does his apple trees. When the plants are six inches high, they are removed from the seed bed, and set out nine inches apart, and kept clear of weeds for a year. Then they are taken up and planted in their permanent positions, varying from four to eight feet apart. When the trees are very vigorous, they begin to bear, but a full crop is obtained the fourth year. A plantation should, if properly pruned and cultivated, continue in good bearing for twenty five or thirty years, but in the majority of cases which I saw, the trees were ready for the wood pile when ten years old.

In December and January, the crop is gathered. The wet season is then passed, and a uniform dry season may be depended on. Woman and children are almost all employed in the picking, and a busy time it is. The berries are thrown into large vats of water, and well stirred with paddles moved either by hand or machinery, until the grains are in part separated from their external coatings. The mass is then allowed to stand in the water for a day or two, until an incipient fermentation takes place, which decomposes the gluten, etc., and it is claimed, improves the flavor of the coffee. It is then taken from the vats and spread upon cement floors, which are a permanent and important part of the arrangements of a coffee estate, sometimes covering an acre or more of ground. Here the coffee is frequently stirred, and in the course of fifteen or twenty days, is sufficiently dry to be housed. In some cases, especially among foreign cultivators, I found kilns in use to facilitate the drying. The next process is to remove and separate the particles of hull, etc., which still adhere to the grain. This is accomplished by a rubbing process. Various machines are in use for this purpose, more or less efficient, according to the means or the intelligence of the operators. Yankee inventions have already been introduced, which reduce the cost of cleansing from 1 1/2 cents to 1/2 of a cent per pound. After this, the refuse and dust are removed by winnowing, and it is ready for sale. When, however, it reaches the warehouse of the merchant, it is picked over, grain by grain, and all the imperfect ones are sorted out.

ATHLETIC SPORTS AND EXERCISES, for a whole generation past, have gone too much into disuse. Our youth lack muscle, vigor and strength. A pure race of youth are growing up with spindly necks, thin chests, and sunken chests. Scarcely one of our young men of the present day could run a spirited race of forty rods without getting the heaves for life, or jump six feet on a level without wrenching himself terribly. Spirit and courage are not lacking, but it would all be ineffective in the hour of trial for want of muscle and good wind. The too prevalent bodily weakness among the men of our times predisposes to disease and early decay. The mind is apt to share the frailty of the body—and little old young men, already fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf," at a time of life when they ought to be in the prime and glorious strength of manhood, are a necessary consequence. In this free, open, unfenced country; in this land of spread eagles and fourth of July's, the native American ought to be the most vigorous and athletic men in the world. Let them play cricket, then, and wrestle and pitch quoits and run races and fete and ride horses, and skate; and let the girls practice archery and driving hoop, and riding and skating and dancing. Nothing is better than dancing if not carried too far into the "small hours." It is a natural and delightful exercise and has been practiced by all nations time immemorial. Under the exhilarating stimulus of music, every fibre of the body comes gracefully and joyously into play in the salutory art, and is secretly wearied with hours of hearty exertion. Dancing is vastly more agreeable and healthful to take than blisters and leeches and pills. He who decries this healthful and innocent exercise would switch a gray squirrel for his nimble antics, and be angry at the boblink because he don't sing psalms instead of his merry, mad roundelay. While the world is alive, let us be alive with it. When the spring season and the genial sun calls out the beauties and gaieties of animated Nature, let us not annual her decrees and veil ourselves in sackcloth and sprinkle our heads with the ashes of misery and despair; but with gratitude for all our benefits let us enjoy them while we may, heartily and thankfully.

A couple of travelers stopping at the Hotel Francais, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by notices on the bill of fare, "Eggs on horseback." Determined to know what it meant, they called for the equestrian dish, when it was steak with two eggs on the top.

In the historical collection at the palace at Berlin there are two cannon balls, each with one side flattened, said to have been fired by opposite parties at the siege of Magdeburgh, and to have met together in the air.

APPALLING PHENOMENA AT SEA.

Old sailors accustomed to ocean life within the tropics, have many startling stories to tell of dangers incurred from sudden and unlooked-for tempests, but we never read anything quite equal to the following description of a storm caused by a volcanic eruption. It is given as a true narrative in the Western Christian Advocate, by D. C. Wright:

It was a night of pitchy darkness. At four o'clock the first watch not a breath of air was moving, and the drenched sails, wet by the afternoon and evening rains, hung heavily from the yards or flapped against the masts and rigging as the ship rolled lazily on the long leaden swells of the Pacific Ocean. A number of days had passed without an observation of the sun or stars, and they had to run by "dead reckoning," and were not, therefore, sure of their latitude or longitude. They might be nearer danger than they thought.

The captain had gone below at eight bells, but he could not sleep. The portentous appearance of the weather, was unlike to heavy all on deck again, walking nervously forward and aft, now looking on this side and then on the other side of the quarter deck, looking anxiously into the darkness, then aft, then at the compass, and then at the barometer which hung in the cabin gangway. Round and round went the ship, heedless of her helm, and the mercury told the same tale it had told for hours before.

In vain did the eyes of anxious men peer into the darkness; only inky blackness met their straining gaze everywhere. The masts stood tall six bells, when the mercury began to fall suddenly. The quick, jerking voice of the captain was then heard.

"Mr. Smally, you may take in the light sails."

"Ay, ay, sir," and stepping to the mainmast he called out, "Forward, sir. Stand by the top-gallant and the flying-gib halyards."

In a moment he heard the report, "Ready, sir." The halyards and clew lines were down; let go the sheet and clew up; that'll do, let go; let go now jump in and furl them; be lively, lad."

While this was going on the captain took another look at the barometer, and found the mercury still falling fast. Thoroughly aroused now, he caught his speaking-trumpet from the becket, and sung out—"Hold on, there! down from aloft, every man of you; call all hands."

"All hands ahoy," was called, with great strength of voice, both the call and the forecastle gangways, and then followed one of those scenes which defies such description as would make it intelligible to a landsman, but which any sailor readily understands. The top-sails were close-reefed, and a reef taken in the main sail, the gib, and flying-gib, and all the light sails were furl'd, and the ship made ready for the expected gale. But yet no breath of air had been felt moving, while an unnatural stillness and heaviness of the atmosphere was observed by all. Several of the seamen saw a dim, purple streak suddenly appear right ahead of the ship, and called out, "Here it comes, sir." "Where?" said the captain. "Right ahead, sir." "Hard a port your helm." "Hard a port it is, sir." "Brace round the yards." "Ay, ay, sir."

The yards braced around, and was got ready to receive the expected blast on the larboard side. But at that dreadful streak of cloud grew almost crimson, and there was heard what they thought was the heavy roar of the coming gale, and every man seemed to hold his breath awaiting the shock. Good men and courageous sailors were on that ship's deck, but they shrank from the terrible accident like frightened children. When God speaks in those fearful storms, His voice is awful to the ear, and many a strong man has quailed before it. At the storm itself is scarcely more trying to ones nerves than the moment before it strikes, while the men wait in dread suspense. Thus those men waited till the minutes lengthened into hours, and the only change perceptible was in the deepening color of that lowering cloud of crimson light. At length eight bells told that four o'clock had arrived, and daylight was looked for as those men in the ship with Paul looked for it when they "swished" for day."

The struggling with the wind and waves only to reveal the thickness of the darkness to the wondering vision.

Just at daylight their ears were stunned by successive, quick reports, louder than whole broadsides from a hundred-gun ship; the whole heavens were lighted up with a fiery red light; the ocean was stirred from her profound depth; great waves, without any visible cause, ran in the most awful commotion, now striking together and throwing the white foam and spray high into the air; then the moment they met again in fearful embrace as before a school of sperm whales ran athwart the ship's bows, making every exertion to escape from the strangely troubled water; within a few cable lengths of the ship an immense column of water was thrown mast-head high, and fell back again with a roar like Niagara; a deep, mournful noise, like the echo of thunder among mountain caverns, was instantly heard, and no one could tell how it came; the noble ship was tossed and shaken like a toy thing.

"Great God, have mercy upon us!" cried officers and men. "What is this? What is coming next? Is it the day of judgment?" The royal Palmist described them accurately: "They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end."

Soon the mystery was solved, when right before their eyes, about one league from them, there arose a high mountain of a mountain out of the yielding water, and reared its head in the air; then from its summit flames burst forth, and melted lava ran like a river down the declivity, and fell like a flame into the seething ocean. It was a birth throes of nature, and an island was born which was miles in circumference.

Two years afterward I sailed right over that place, but the placid water gave no intimation that an island had been there; yet no man said that he saw the death and burial of that land whose birth I have thus chronicled.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in the great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

We see it stated that a liquid which will color the human hair black, and not stain the skin, may be made by taking one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part of good brandy, by measure. The hair must be washed by this mixture every morning, and in a short time the use of it will make the hair beautiful black, without injuring it in the least. The articles must be of the best quality, mixed in a bottle, and always shaken well before being applied.

MESSAGE FROM THE GOVERNOR.

The following message was delivered to the Legislature on Tuesday the 9th of April. After being read in both houses, committees of conference were appointed with instructions to report by bill on the subject as early as practicable:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN:—As the period fixed for the adjournment of the Legislature is approaching, I feel constrained by a sense of duty to call your attention to the condition of the military organization of the State.

It is scarcely necessary to say more than that the militia system of the State, during a long period distinguished by the pursuits of peaceful industry exclusively, has become wholly inefficient, and the interference of the Legislature is required to remove its defects, and to render it useful and available to the public service.

Many of our volunteer companies do not possess the number of men required by law, and steps should be forth with taken to supply these deficiencies. There are numerous companies, too, that are without the necessary arms; and of the arms that are distributed, but few are provided with the more modern appliances to render them serviceable.

I recommend, therefore, that the Legislature make immediate provision for the removal of these capital defects; that arms be procured and distributed to those of our citizens who may enter into the military service of the State; and that steps be taken to change the guns already distributed, by the adoption of such well known and tried improvements as will render them effective in the event of their employment in actual service.

In this connection I recommend the establishment of a Military Bureau at the capital; and that the militia law of the Commonwealth be so modified and amended as to impart to the military organization of the State, the vitality and energy essential to its practical value and usefulness.

Precautions, such as I have suggested, are wise and proper at all times, in a Government like ours; but special and momentous considerations, arising from the condition of public affairs outside of the limits, yet of incalculable consequence to the people, and demanding the greatest attention of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, justify the subject of which your action is invited by this communication, with extraordinary interest and importance.

We cannot be insensible to the fact that serious jealousies and divisions distract the public mind, and that, in portions of this Union, the peace of the country, if not the safety of the Government itself, is endangered. Military organizations of a formidable character, and which seem not to be demanded by any existing public exigency, have been formed in certain portions of the country, and the safety of our country is imperiled by these extraordinary military preparations may have been made, no purpose that may contemplate resistance to the enforcement of the laws, will meet sympathy or encouragement from the people of this Commonwealth. Pennsylvania yields to no State in her respect for, and her willingness to protect, by all lawful guarantees, the constitutional rights and constitutional independence, of her sister States, nor her fidelity to that constitutional Union whose unexampled benefits have been showered alike upon herself and them.

The most exalted public policy and the clearest obligations of true patriotism, therefore, admonish us, in the existing deplorable and dangerous crisis of affairs, that our militia system should receive from the Legislature that prompt attention which public exigencies, either of the State or the Nation, may appear to demand, and which, may seem, in your wisdom, best adapted to preserve and secure the people of Pennsylvania and the Union the blessing of peace and the integrity and stability of our unrivalled constitutional government.

The government of this great State was established by its illustrious founder "in deeds of peace;" our people have been trained and disciplined in those arts which lead to the promotion of their own moral and physical development, and to the preservation of the highest regard for the rights of others, have always cultivated fraternal relations with the people of all the States devoted to the Constitution and the Union, and always recognizing the spirit of concession and compromise that underlies the foundation of the government, Pennsylvania offers no counsel, and takes no action in the nature of a menace; her desire is for peace, and her object, the preservation of the personal and political rights of citizens, of the true sovereignty of States, and the supremacy of law and order.

Animated by these sentiments, and indulging an earnest hope of the speedy restoration of those harmonious and friendly relations between the various members of this Confederacy which have brought our beloved country to a condition of unequalled power and prosperity, I commit the grave subject of this communication to your deliberation.

Harrisburg, April 9, 1861. A. G. CURTAIN.

A MODEL COMMUNITY.—The Choctaw nation would seem to be a model community, and one furnishing an example which should excite all emulation. All lands, it is said, are held in common, and each Indian, or those connected with him by affinity or consanguinity, settles down, and nobody is allowed to come nearer than a quarter of a mile of this enclosure, that is his claim, and he is protected in his possession by the laws of the nation, as though it were his in fee simple. Merchants, mechanics, professional men, machinists, &c., are allowed to live there by permit from the Council, but no one is allowed to produce anything more than is necessary for the use of himself and family outside of his trade or profession. Not a drop of spirituous liquors is allowed to be given away, or transported through the Nation; and all that is found by the officer is poured out, and if found in any wagon, water-cart, or on horse back, the whole establishment is confiscated to the use of the nation.

On one of the ferry-boats that ply between Newport and Cincinnati, are two Irish laborers. One of them, Pat, is humpedbacked. The other day, Mickey, after eyeing Pat's deformity as he lay, said, "Pat, if yer head wur turned round the other way, begorra an' what a fine full chest ye'd have."

The Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, died on the 16th ultimo.

A STRANGE STORY.

"A young gentleman resided with his widowed mother and two sisters in the near neighborhood of Bristol, England. He was in easy circumstances, respected,—well, in fact, to do in the world—and moreover engaged to be married very shortly. Under such a state of things, there was nothing likely to beaying upon his mind, but he was of rather delicate health and nervous temperament. One morning he came down to breakfast, looking pale, ill, and altogether much agitated. His mother and sisters anxiously and eagerly inquired the cause. At first he assured them that nothing was the matter, but upon his mother and sisters more urgently pressing him, he confessed that he had a dream which disturbed and troubled him. I ought to have stated he held some position in the cathedral—was a minor canon, or something of that sort—and he said that he had dreamed he was in the vestry there, and looking over the register, when, latest among the entries of burial, he had read his own name, age, and all correct. There was no mistake; the writing was all clear, fresh and legible. Well, they laughed at him, and rallied him, and though he was evidently much impressed with what he had seen, after the lapse of day or two he shook off his dejection, and was the same as ever. Then again he appeared a second time at the breakfast-table in the same state of nervousness—only this time worse than before. Again he was pressed, and again it was a dream that troubled him. He had been walking, he said, over the cathedral with some one, and they had been surprised by the sight of a new monument in a most out-of-the-way and unusual place—over the vestry door: they stopped to read it—it was his own! This time it was a worse matter than his before to conquer his nervous anxiety—but just as the family thought him shaking off the effects of his second dream, he one evening rushed into the house in a state bordering upon frenzy, and calling out, "Where is it? Where are they? What have they done with it?" dropped down in sheer exhaustion and terror. As soon as he could answer their questions, he told them that they were at that moment in the house with two men with a coffin—a most remarkable one, covered with red morocco, thickly studded with brass nails, and with his name on it—that they had entered the door the moment before himself, and brushed by him in the lane as he stood against the wall to allow them and their ghastly burden to pass, when he had distinctly seen that the coffin was meant for himself, and so pursued them into the house. No such person could be seen or heard of. No such coffin had been made. It was quite light in a summer evening, and a public road. No one but himself had seen the men or the coffin—much less touched it—it seemed a delusion of the brain. However as he pressed it, every means were taken by his family, and large rewards offered for any information, as they rightly thought reason and life depended upon dispelling the hallucination. It was not to be! From the bed to which they carried him he never rose again. A few days only of feverish excitement elapsed, and he was dead! The family in their great distress could attend to no matters of business or money. The undertaker, to whom the funeral was entrusted, sent home the most expensive coffin for his own sordid ends—but it was, strange to say, covered with red morocco, and studded all over with brass nails, the name of course being conspicuous among them. This might have been the working out of the delusion, from its coming to the ears of those among whom previous inquiry had been made. But, the fact of the coffin being further interpreted for, the clergy belonging to the cathedral, wishing to show every respect, without consulting the family of the deceased, resolved to put up a tablet to his memory, and to their intense surprise his friends most unexpectedly found a monument erected in the very unusual place he had described as his situation in his dream."

Too SHARP FOR HIM.—Professor Johnson, of Middleton University was one day lecturing before the students of Mineralogy. He had before him a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate his subject. A roguish student, by sport, slyly slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The Professor was taking up the stones one after another and naming them.

"This is granite," said he, "is a piece of granite; this is a piece of felspar."

Presently he came to the bickat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice,—

"This," said he, holding it up, "is a piece of impudence."

There was a shout of laughter, and the student concluded he had made little by the trick.

An English paper says that a young damsel who is engaged and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariners Church. During the sermon the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking, "Is there one who thinks anything of him who wears a tarpanin hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trousers, made of duck? In short, is there one who cares ought for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of the damsel, jumped up, and looked archly her sister, and those who were not a talking man, but be known as easily from all competitors as diamonds can from brass rings.

The following is the inaugural message of Mayor Moody, of Belfast Maine: "Gentlemen of the City Council, I presume that those who voted for me on Monday last, knew that I was not a talking man, but a working man, and now, gentlemen, I am here ready to go to work."

They tell a story about a Yankee tailor dunning a man for the amount of his bill. The man replied—"I am sorry, very sorry, indeed, that I can't pay it." "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be very sorry—but if you are sorrier than I am, I'll quit."

If you have great talents, industry will prove them, if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.