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NEWS IN BRIEF.

-The people of Southern California are enjoying green corn, cucumbers and green peas.
-The average speed of railroad trains between New York and San Francisco is 19 miles an hour.
-Since the first day of last April 43,000 emigrants have entered Texas by the way of Delmonico, by actual count.
-New York has about twenty sugar refineries, some of which can produce as much as 2,500 barrels per day, or nearly 500,000 pounds.

-A Detroit card writer, having nothing better to do, wrote, in plain, legible letters, no less than 1,000 words on the surface of a postal card.
-If you are tired of city business and its small profits, you might go to logging up into Minnesota, where hands get \$300 a month.
-Potatoes are in demand at the Maine starch factories. Those at Presque Isle and Maysville alone have bought over \$30,000 worth.
-Mrs. Bekamp, it is reported, is writing a book on the condition of society and political life in Washington during the past six years.
-The number of visitors to the Centennial from Iowa is given in round numbers at 17,000, an amount of money expended at \$2,000,000.

-A Galveston (Texas) doctor raised a sweet potato that weighs 18 1/2 pounds. Two patients recovered while he was busy watching the potato grow.
-Australia, not to be behind the rest of the world, will have an exposition at Sidney early in the coming spring. So far America has not responded.
-Mrs. James Shelton, of Olympia, was the first white child born on American soil north of the Columbia river. She is now ten years old.
-Americanus, Ga., is an independent little town which issues her own currency, and when that becomes mutilated reissues and replaces it with new.
-A venerable Hoosier of 80 makes regular weekly journeys of 40 miles each way to his home, a distance of 90 miles, which he has been courting for the past year.
-Europe and Africa to be connected by a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar, is the latest proposition. The submarine part of the tunnel would be nine miles long.
-Ira L. Hibbison, formerly a General in the Brazilian Army, and subsequently a Major General during the Mexican war, was appointed at the Ottawa (Canada) Police Commission the other night for shelter and food.
-Nelson's paragon has just died at the Jardin des Plantes at the ripe age of 115 years. He was the oldest of the Admiral at Trafalgar, and during the battle was never able to say anything but "bomb, bomb, bomb."
-Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour has been chosen president of a new historical association which is to be called "The Quebec Historical Association of Urieu." Senators Conkling and Kernan are also officers of the association.
-President Smith of Dartmouth College has offered his resignation because of ill health, and his trustees decline to accept it. They will give him a vacation, but he does not expect to be able to resume the duties of the office.
-George W. Bruce met a grizzly bear near Santa Cruz, California, and a fight began promptly. The man stabbed and shot the bear, but the bear broke the man's ribs by spearing him, and then both retreated, apparently satisfied to escape without a victory.
-The daughter-in-law of General Jackson, the wife of his son Andrew, is compelled by financial pressure to part with valuable relics collected by her during her husband's military career. She is now living at the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.
-Dr. Spiers of San Francisco has a collection of ancient and modern coins which Dr. Linderman says surpasses in rarity, antiquity and number of specimens every collection he had ever seen, including those in the museums of London and Paris.

-Alfred Russell Wallace, a writer on the Distribution of Animals, assumes that the world will in forty years increase its kind to 10,000,000. Good enough in pigs, but when applied to pole cats it is not so pleasant a prospect.
-The applications of two old actors have been favorably received by the managers of the Forrest Home, Philadelphia. William Evans and George G. Spear will, it is supposed shortly take their places in the Home, as the first of Mr. Forrest's heirs at Springfield, Mo.
-Paris is one of the most healthy and taxed cities in the world. It is stated that the average share per head of the national tax paid by the Parisians is \$15, and that in addition to this their municipal tax amounts to \$22 per head. The interest on the debt alone is \$8,400,000.
-Miss Grattan, the adventurous Englishwoman who ascended Mount Blanc, and whose untimely death was reported by the Swiss guide who accompanied her. She made the acquaintance of the hardy mountaineer when, only fifteen years old, she first clambered up the Alps. She is now about thirty.
-Chinese peculiarities are not confined to the male sex. The wife of Wong-Ful, an officer of one of the Chinese companies in San Francisco, died recently under suspicious circumstances, and an investigation showed that she had stolen \$1,700 from her husband; lost it in gambling, and then taken poison.
-The death from the Brooklyn fire, as reported by the registrars, shows that 284 bodies were interred, of which number 183 were identified; the bodies were put in a common grave. A portion of the remains were subsequently recovered, so that no doubt is left that the number of people who perished reaches at least 300. Seventy per cent. of the deaths were unannounced men.
-Felix Bly at one time connected with a scheme for cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, recently attempted suicide in Brussels. The cause of his action was thought to be pecuniary distress. He previously wrote a note to his landlady apologizing for the inconvenience his death would cause her, and giving directions as to the disposition of his effects. He had no stomach for a life of adversity.
-There are, says The People's Transcript, four men living on adjoining farms, on the Farmington road, seven miles west of Peoria, whose united ages amount to 346 years. Their names, ages, and places of birth, respectively, are as follows: John Borland, born in Scotland, aged 80 1/2 years; David Porter, born in New Jersey, 82 1/2 years; William Davis, born in Pennsylvania, aged 57 years; and Frank Smith, born in New York, aged 96 years.

-The shape of 'a parade borrowed from La Fontaine's tales, or from the farces of the Italian drama." Philippe Egalite went to sing coarse songs before the court, with ample grimace and broadly suggestive gesture; making, indeed, a moutebank of himself. After these performances, the noble company, stirred by plentiful champagne, and put in wild humor by the play, would indulge in frolics which are surely amazing to read of as happening in so polite a society. Madame de Genlis relates how on one occasion "they upset the tables and furniture; they scattered twenty carafes of water about the room; I finally got away at half past one, wearied out, pelted with handkerchiefs, and leaving Madame de Clarence horse, with her dress torn to shreds, a scratch on her arm, and a bruise on her forehead, but delighted that she had given such a gay supper, and flattered with the idea of its being the talk of the next day." In such manner the bufferies of the court danced and gambled on the already smoking volcano of revolution.
-Black Pearls. A black pearl is found in the concha naca, a dark colored species of the mother of pearl, and also in the Ardoles, which is a species of the same genus. A beautiful single shell of variegated hue, which is found in shallow water, and attached to rocks. This shell is greatly admired, and is manufactured into innumerable ornaments, like hat buckles, pins for the hair, coverings for pocket books, parasol handles, &c. Black Pearls of a fine quality are also gotten from the mussels found off the shores of San Quentin, on the outer coast of Lower California. It was here that Capt. Ned Wakeman, who accomplished the perilous feat of bringing the small side-wheel steambark, New World, with the Sheriff aboard, who intended to seize her for debt, around the Horn, and safely into San Francisco Harbor, delighted to stop. "Capt. Wakeman's Museum," and other stories have passed into the marine history of the Pacific, and are now a part of the standard nautical "yarns" of the far West. Pearls more than any other genus, vary in price. Their size, color, and lustre regulate the value of the individual pearl. They also have an associated value on account of the difficulty of catching and the impossibility of altering them by art. As an instance, if one pearl is worth \$20, two exactly alike in size and beauty would be worth \$55, or \$60, or three similar ones would probably bring \$100 or more. Good pearls bring from \$15 per ounce and upwards. Mother of pearl is decidedly the most profitable and certain, and is quoted at from \$7 to \$22 per hundred-weight in the rough. It is collected at La Paz, and from there shipped in bulk to the Old World. The pearls find their way, through the regular channels of trade, to the diadems of queens, and help to adorn the person of the nobility. Beautiful and simple chaste, they form an ornament for the hair, or for the neck, as appropriate and effective as their most costly rivals. They can neither be imitated nor improved. They stand out alone amongst all gems for just what they appear, pure or defective, an ornament or a deformity. It is a gem that tolerates no deception, and like a pure and beautiful woman, commands itself from innate worth.
-Dressing a Lobster. The Kingston Freeman has this domestic incident to relate: "A young housekeeper up town was much surprised the other day upon answering a ring at the door-bell to receive from a small boy a package, which proved to be a large red lobster, (it having been cooked) with a note pinned around one of its legs. 'Your husband would like to have this broiled for his dinner.' She knew her husband was partial to broiled meats, but not having seen a lobster, she really couldn't conceive how such a hard, horrid looking thing could be cooked in any way much less broiled; but he must be pleased if it was possible to do it, and so all the cook-books (she had a small library of them) were taken down and examined, but no receipt could be found for broiling anything that resembled this. Finally, being at her wit's end, she dressed it up in a doll's clothes and sat it on her husband's chair at the dinner table, where that good fellow, who was quite approving of the job being completely turned upon himself, though the woman was seemingly unconscious of it, only saying, 'You wished me to dress it for dinner, and that is the only way I knew of doing it.'"

Private Theatricals in France in the Last Century. The taste for drama and music took a new and vigorous departure, as did most court and public pleasures, when the gay and reckless regency had replaced the cloistral gloom of Madame de Maintenon's reign. We see this taste and fashion springing up in all the higher social ranks. The French became a nation of actors and mimics. People of rank and fortune imitated their children, and just as boys and girls then as now were playing some character, or enacting some scene in their holidays, the lords and dames of the court and of the hotels imagined every variety of dramatic diversion with which to beguile the time that hung heavily upon their hands. It was, as Taine says, carnival-time in France at the very outset. There was comedy, and the spirit of comedy everywhere. "In every chateau, in every mansion, at Paris and in the provinces, this fashion of comedy sets up travesties on society and domestic life. On welcoming a great personage, on celebrating the birthday of the master or mistress of the house, its guests or invited persons perform in an improvised opera, in an ingenious, laudatory pastoral, something dressed up in good virtues, as mythological abstractions, as operatic Turks, Laplanders, and Poles, similar to the figures then gracing the frontispieces of books; sometimes in the dress of peasants, pedagoes, peddlers, milk-maids, and flower-girls, like the familiar villagers with which the current taste then filled the stage. They sing, they dance, and come forward in turns to recite pretty verses composed for the occasion, consisting of so many returned compliments, as to weary the great houses where this sort of performance was much in vogue, and where they were presented with much pretentiousness and elaboration, was the historic chateau of Chantilly, then the lordly residence of the Princess de Conde. There the young and lovely Duchesse de Bourbon, was wont to array herself as an alluring water-nymph, to conduct the young nobility across the canal in the park to the island which she had named the Isle of Love; while the Princess de Conti acted as the fair dame's pilot, and a crowd of gallants and demoiselles attended in every variety of allegorical guise. On one occasion, at another chateau, the ladies were mysteriously advised that they were to be carried off to seraglios; whereupon a pretty play was improvised in which the ladies cast themselves up as vestal virgins, and sought an improvised temple in the park, where they were received by a melodious priest with a suspiciously black moustache. Then the temple was suddenly attacked by three brooded upon its sanctity amid a thrilling chorus, and carried off the vestals in palanquins. We hear, on another occasion, of the Little Trianon being turned into a fair, to which the nobles, and the noble ladies appeared as saleswomen. To the Queen was consigned the supervision of a cafe. About the grounds, meanwhile, charades and little plays were performed under the trees and beneath silken tents.
-The rage for comedy so completely possessed the French in the time of Louis XV. that a house, either in town or country, was scarcely regarded fashionable or well furnished that did not have its little theatre, with stage, scenery, green-room with wardrobe, footlights, auditorium, and all. Bachant, writing about 1770, says that the rage was so great for theatricals that "there is not an attorney in his cottage who does not wish to have a stage and his company of actors." County magistrates would erect theatres in their chateaux, form companies among their neighbors and intimates for miles around, and beguile the long winters by the fireside with these entertainments. The Duke de Lamoignon declared that "those who are accustomed to such spectacles agree in opinion that it would be better to play better and more intelligently." The fashion was long-lived, and was in full favor in the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette was not only passionately fond of the theatre, but was herself one of the very best actresses in the court, and won what was evidently the most sincere applause by taking the part of Colette in "Le Devin de Village," and Rosine in "Le Barbier de Seville."
-The privileges of the blood and the greatest nobles participated in these dramatic diversions.
-The Count de Provence had a theatre in his house, and the Count d'Artois and the Duke d'Orleans each two. Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was noted as a comedian of striking merit; while the count de Clermont was equally distinguished for the talent with which he took the "serious parts." Philippe Egalite was famous for his vivid representation of peasant characters; and Count de Funs was a wonderful Monarchist. The Prince de Linges declared in one of his letters that "more than ten of our ladies of high rank play and sing better than the best of those I have seen in our theatres." "In a certain chateau, that of Saint-Aubin," says Taine, "the lady of the house, to secure a large enough troupe, enrolls her four chambermaids in it, making her little daughter, ten years old, the part of Zola, and for over twenty months she has no vacation. After her bankruptcy, and in her exile, the first thing done by the Princess de Guemenez was to send for upholsterers to arrange a theatre.
-These patrician theatricals were carried out with the most elaborate and professional completeness. There was always a drama or comedy, something by Moliere, or Voltaire, or late in the century, by Beaumarchais; and after this the dramatic dessert was given in

the shape of 'a parade borrowed from La Fontaine's tales, or from the farces of the Italian drama." Philippe Egalite went to sing coarse songs before the court, with ample grimace and broadly suggestive gesture; making, indeed, a moutebank of himself. After these performances, the noble company, stirred by plentiful champagne, and put in wild humor by the play, would indulge in frolics which are surely amazing to read of as happening in so polite a society. Madame de Genlis relates how on one occasion "they upset the tables and furniture; they scattered twenty carafes of water about the room; I finally got away at half past one, wearied out, pelted with handkerchiefs, and leaving Madame de Clarence horse, with her dress torn to shreds, a scratch on her arm, and a bruise on her forehead, but delighted that she had given such a gay supper, and flattered with the idea of its being the talk of the next day." In such manner the bufferies of the court danced and gambled on the already smoking volcano of revolution.
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MEMORIES. BY EDWIN E. CORRIHAN. The autumn leaves are fallen All withered is the ground, The summer's golden light is past, And all seems dark around: Yet though the sunshine's faded, And seasons quickly flee—I'll not forget the smile of her Who's all the world to me! Or like a lovely poem We long to hear once more, Like the sound of mountain waters, Breaking on the shore: Though past and gone those happy hours We never more shall see, Fond memories still recall her voice Who's all the world to me! Though worldly forms divide us, Though time and distance part, I'll hold her well-loved image Deep treasured in my heart: And whosoever I wander, Still thought of fancy free—I'll pray that Heaven may guard her steps, Who's all the world to me!

My Flirtation.

BY A MARRIED WOMAN.

I had plenty of beaux when I was young, and liked that very well. However, I had heart enough at bottom, and was struggling as young doctors must. There was a pretty house just outside the town, that Steve and I had our eye on for a long time, and I had promised to become his wife as soon as he would call it his own. By dint of such struggling and economy as I never could have guessed, he had put by enough for the first payment, and was plodding patiently on toward the second and last. I can see now what a selfish creature I was, what a wretch, indeed, to please myself with the flatteries of others, while Steve was working so faithfully for me. That sounds as though I wasn't going to marry Steve for love, but I was. Our town was something of a fashionable resort for summer-boarders; and many of the people were in the habit of taking boarders then. Father had always objected to our doing so; but this summer of which I speak he fell in with a stranger, as he was returning from a long ride in the country, who having shared his views with him, and his homeward drive, succeeded in convincing him of the wisdom of his father's plan. The stranger was very much in my line—a distinguished-looking, possessing an elegant pair of eyes nearly of color of my own, and having a propensity for saying "pretty things" that was just delicious to a girl of my turn. It was such fun to draw him out and then laugh at him; to pretend pleasure, then shyness; to invite and repulse in the same breath. It was genuine flirtation, as much to him as to me. Steve came often to see me, but he did not see me alone, and he never stayed late. Steve's sister Marian and I were intimate, and spent much time together. Poor Steve enjoyed my visits to Marian better than he did seeing me anywhere else, and I liked it too, as much because of seeing him as Marian. It was then a miserable piece of heartlessness for me to permit Mr. Fordyce, the stranger, to accompany me thither, thus parting, as it were, my conquest with another. When I was with him, I was with a man who had no other object than to please me, and who was not in the least dissatisfied with my father that he allowed him to board with us. The stranger was very much in my line—a distinguished-looking, possessing an elegant pair of eyes nearly of color of my own, and having a propensity for saying "pretty things" that was just delicious to a girl of my turn. It was such fun to draw him out and then laugh at him; to pretend pleasure, then shyness; to invite and repulse in the same breath. It was genuine flirtation, as much to him as to me. Steve came often to see me, but he did not see me alone, and he never stayed late. Steve's sister Marian and I were intimate, and spent much time together. Poor Steve enjoyed my visits to Marian better than he did seeing me anywhere else, and I liked it too, as much because of seeing him as Marian. It was then a miserable piece of heartlessness for me to permit Mr. Fordyce, the stranger, to accompany me thither, thus parting, as it were, my conquest with another. When I was with him, I was with a man who had no other object than to please me, and who was not in the least dissatisfied with my father that he allowed him to board with us.