CARLISLE, PENN'A, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1869.

THE OLD TURNPIKE. We hear no more the clanging hoof, And the stage coach rattling by, For the steam king rules the travel world, And the old pike's left to die. The grass creeps o'er the flinty path, And the stealthy dasies steal Where once the stage horse, day by day, Lifted his iron heel,

No more the weary stager dreads The toil of the coming morn; No more the bustling landlord runs At the sound of the cehoing horn; For the dust lies still upon the road, And this bright eyed children play Where once the clattering hoof and wheel Rattled along the way.

No more we hear the crackling whip And the strong wheele' rumbling sound; And ah! the water drives us on, And an iron horse is found! And an iron horse is found !
The stage coach rusting in the yard,
The horses have sought the plough;
We have spinned 'the world with an iron
—And the steam king rules us now.

The old turnpike is a pike no more ; Wide open stands the gate;
We have made us a road for our horse to stride,
And we ride at a flying rate. We have filled the valleys and levelled the hills, "And tunnelled the mountain's side, And round the rough crags dizzy verge

Fearlessly now we ride. On-on-on-with a haughty front,
A puff, a shrick, and a bound,
While the tardy echoes wake to hate
To echo back the sound.
And the old pike road is left alone,
And the stagers seek the plough;
We have circled the earth with an iron rail,
And the steam kine rules as now. and the steam king rules us now.

THE GOLD GAMBLERS. As the operations in the gold and stock mark during the last week have attracted the attention of the whole country, we copy from one of the New York dailies the following interesting account of the great fight between the bulls and bears of Wall street.—[Ed.

How the great bull clique, who got low the price on the day of sale. possession of from ten to fifteen millions bear clique into the enormous "short" the midst of their dilemma, secured the how foolish must it seem when it is conheads, are problems, the explanation of bears who sold the gold, promising to

The names of the men in the bull clique are already pretty well known. The names of the men in the bear olique (without, the existence of which clique the bands of bulls could not have carried on their scheme) are ventilated on Wall street, but have not got into the livered; the sellers (the bears) had no newspapers. It is not sufficient for the gold. purposés of this explanation to under-, stand that both cliques consisted of some of the richest bankers, brokers, and spec-

ulators in the metropolis. The bears having entered the marke first, the object of the bulls was to "corner" them, and all other dealers in gold. The first step of the bulls was, therefore, to get possession and control of the major quantity of gold in the market. As the average total quantities of gold in New York-in the Sub Treasury, in the banks, and subject to the drafts of indioutside of the field of speculation, any ring which can obtain the control of say from ten to fifteen millions, is of course enabled to dictate the price of gold at the

Gold Room and on the street. It required enormous capital to purchase this sum of gold, and a low prevailing price to make the purchase worth do this, they could return their borrowed The bull clique had an enormous capital to operate with, and the bear clique had so broken down the gold market that the bull ring, watching their chances, succeeded in buying ten or twelve millions

Another condition, precedent to the success of the bull purchase, and absolutely essential to the success of the bull lating and apparently weak, did not once scheme after the purchase, was the seercey of the purchase, and the blinding of everybody to the fact that this twelve millions of gold was being brought into ly dazed and blind. the possession of this clique of bulls. If readers will pay attention, they may perhaps be made to understand how the

thing was done. It must first be remembered that the bull clique was formed of several firms, and members of firms, accustomed, and

known throughout the banking and speculative community to be accustomed, to large transactions in gold and securities. Next, it must be remembered that purchases of gold at the gold board, of government securities at the National Stock Exchange, and of railway and other shares at the New York Stock Exchange, are very rarely, in fact almost never, made by members of the great banking and speculative firms, or by perthem. It often happens that a single

sons who are publicly known to represent house has need, on a certain day, of a million or two millions of gold or secu rities. If it should send its known agent into the market to make that purchase, all holders of the gold or securities demanded would instantly become awar of the firm's necessity, and would inevitably band together to raise the price. So the great firm having the million or the two millions to buy, adopts the customary method of self defence. It sends out, through its confidential clerks, directions to a half a dozen, or a dozen, different brokers to buy each a hundre thousand, or two hundred and fifty thou sand, as the case may be. The brokers, with these orders in their pockets, pro ceed to the Gold Room or the Stock Exchange, and effect, one by one, the purchases. Every broker (as in honor bound) No one broker knows that another broker.

who may be standing by his side, holds a commission, similar to his, from the same principal for whom he is negotiating. No broker present, employed by other principals to sell the gold or secu rities asked for, knows to whom he is selling. The brokers are thus the go betweens of the great speculators on either side; and it is only by sharply watching the offers and bids that the selling brokers may possibly ascertain or suspect that an unusual demand is being jest made for gold or the securities in their trust-a suspicion that induces them in-

stantly to raise the price. Agthis mothod of procedure is habitually adopted by single firms in the region of Wall street, it was equally practicable

115

into the great bull clique. Day after day and week after week the rich coalition of bull operators proceeded-by changing their brokers so as to blind even those mole eyed beings to the colossal job that was being "put up" against the bears and the whole speculating and business community—to gather in and lock up the vast hoard of gold which they finally

This was done so quietly, so dexter ously, and with so little effect upon the gold market at large, that scarcely suspicion of the truth was whisper until quite recently, except through the columns of The World. And The World, which sent forth louder and louder notes of warning as the plot thickened, and prophesied, before last Friday, the crash to come, did not happen to have the ears of the bears who were too helplessly involved and cramped to "stand from

under." Meanwhile this clique of bears kept on at their big game. The game of the bears

selling gold "short." tempt to explain, for the comprehension of minds outside of Wall street, what the process of "selling short" was in those

The bear clique-more than equal in wealth to the bull clique, of whose existence they had not the slightest knowledge—engaged in this way: On a certain day gold was, say, firm at 135. The bears, through their brokers, sold, respectively, a hundred thousand, or three hundred thousand dollars, gold, to parties wanting it, agreeing to deliver the gold next day at noon for 134-one per cent be

To the inexperienced mind, this agree f gold last summer, entangled the great ment of the bears to deliver such an amount of gold at one per cent below bransactions which culminated on Friday its current market value must, at first last; and how the great bear clique, in thought, seem inexpressibly foolish. But interference of the Secretary of the sidered that, at the time when the bears United States Treasury, so that the in- entered into the agreement, not one of nearly good, the risk which the bank has flated price of the gold in the bulls' pos- them had any gold in his possession? That, session came tumbling down about their be it remembered, was the truth: the

which in a concise and homely way will deliver it to the purchaser on the morrow, clear the minds of men all over the coun- had no gold to sell; and, except that they were rich men, able to own the gold, and competent to get it in some way and deliver it at the appointed time, they would have no more right to sell the gold than any boot black, with only his day's earnings in his pocket, in the City Hall Park. The sale was made; gold had to be de-

They had, first, to obtain the gold to deliver, and thus make good their bargain and their credit.

They had second to secure themselves against a loss of the one per cent difference between the price of gold on the day of agreement and the price they had agreed deliver it for. Or else they were, invitably, losers by the transaction. The first thing the bears did, after

elling short in the way described, was to borrow the gold wherewith to make good their deliveries. This borrowing providuals-rarely exceeds \$ 20,000,000, and | cess was effected through their brokers, as a good deal of that amount belongs with brokers representing the parties to the government, or is held by parties having the gold to loan. The thing that that the gold market, under the influence of their short sales, would decline, so that they could go and buy next day, or the day following that, an amount of gold equivalent to that they had sold and borrowed for, say, 1321 or 133, If they could

while. Both these conditions existed. gold to the lenders and retain a profit of one-half or one per cent. To the chagrin of the bear operators their short sales failed to weaken the gold market. So they had to renew their

oans day after day, and trust to the future. Weeks passed; they continued their short sales, and continued borrow ing, and still the market, although vacildescend below the rate which existed when they first began their operations. They were disappointed, but still utter

They failed, all the while, to find out the fact that the bull clique of operators with ten or twelve millions of gold is their possession, were actually loaning them, through one set of brokers th gold that they borrowed, and buying back again, through another set of

brokers, the gold that they sold! The bears at last became enrage They formed a pool on Wednesday of las week to sell \$12,000,000 of gold short. They sold it short: and without their knowledge the bull clique took nearly every dollar of it! They had to borro the gold, and the bull clique lent them nearly every dollar, receiving it back again, of course, on the day of delivery

through their brokers, who had bought Still the market, thus entirely in the hands of this tremendous clique of bulls would not go down in favor of the bears. On the contrary, the immense short sales f Wednesday disclosed to the bulls more ully than before how completely the bears and all classes of speculators besides outside the bull ring were in their (the

They raised the price of gold in the arketi This was a terrible move. The dilemna of the bears was now a desperate one For we must omit to consider that the pears, who had kept on borrowing over and over again the gold necessary to make good their contracts, had, some ime or another, to buy the gold to return finally to, the lenders. Their hope and endeavor had all along been to break the market down, buy the gold at a reduced keeps the secret of who he is buying for. rate, and thus make their profit. But, when the market rose against them, im-

agine the consternation of these men, who had by that time engaged in short ales amounting to millions upon millions! They made one more venture = another hort sale of five millions or more. Again the bulls took it. But when the bears went to borrow the gold to make thi last sale good, the bulls stopped lending there was no gold.

This was on Friday. Dismayed and frantic, the bears then ushed to the Gold Room to buy gold, and get out of the whole bus Their necessities were too well known. the cashier. Up went the price, higher, higher, higher. The tempest threatened to sweep them all into bankruptcy.

Then it was that Secretary Boutwell, of Wall street, it was equally practicable same to the rescue with the promise much information—more than you al-with the band of firms and members of same to the rescue with the promise much information—more than you al-firms who had secretly formed themselves of four millions wherewith to ready have."

relieve their needs. Then it was that the fog and smoke descended upon Wall street and its environs, which still makes

that region appear chaotic. The bulls ran up gold too high—thereed bears who bid for and agreed to take gold at the extreme rates on Friday, found themselves unable to take it after

their excessive avarice, are presumed to have emerged better off than their victims. The tightness of the money market which resulted from this crash in gold was followed by the panic in stocks. Men and firms were compelled to realize money on railway shares, which, when forced heavily upon the market, suffered: The fictitious values of them burst at nce, and the real-value of others fell under suspicion, or were sacrificed from

ecessity. The nominal depreciation of railway shares above is estimated to be not less than two hundred millions: The stock panie, far more than the

Let readers again attend while we at- gold panic, affects business men and the rural banks throughout the country. In cities such as Buffalo and Cleveland, and in the cities throughout the West, nerchants and banks have lost heavily even disastrously. The banks here and n Philadelphia are not, it is believed, ramped as yet by the downfall of stocks and the great firms dealing in them. It is the custom of New York banks to protect themselves by the retention of heavy nargin loans on railway shares—margins which have constantly to be kept good as such shares decline. It is the keeping good these margins which drains the esources of dealers; and whenever 2 louse to which the loan is granted fails to keep good its margin the bank has the privilege of selling the collaterals forth-with for its own protection. The price

which the securities thus bring, together with the margins already in the bank's nossession, will generally make good, or Still, there is yet room for doubt as to

what may befall.

VISIT TO COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S PRIVATE OFFICE. At the corner of Wall and William . he Bank of New York. During this present panic it has been the headquarters of the Spirit of Central. From its omfortable offices, upholstered as a Fifth Avenue drawing room, the Commodore has worked his ship. From it he has dispatched his boarders to the assault of

of Junior Jim Fiske. From it he has sent words of encouragement to those who have been winged on his side, or in nis fight. There he has held his council of war, which, unlike all other councils of war has done something. From there, his shots have been well aimed; his shells, well filled, have been sent amongst the "Central," and make its commodore walk the plank. The old tar has fought bravely, as he has said, "to protect him-

self." He has resolved as bravely, for if rumor be not—as she mostly is elsewhere. but always in Wall street—a lying jade, he has nailed his flag to the mast and has money market." sworn not to go down while there is a either, that he shan't mash that damned pirate the 'Admiral."

To the corner of Wall and William then, on yesterday at full noon, our reporter's footsteps bent. Trinity, with a burst of brazen music, told the hour of twelve. In tolling it its tones were as dulcet and as cold as if indifferent whether it was a knell of death to the broken, or a chime of exultation to the conqueror. The pleasant September sun shone as pleasantly for bull as for bear. Wall

street and Broad and their vicinage were just at the moment quiet. Yet in the faces of thoses surging crowds which shot about in the financial heart of the republic like the animalcule of a drop of water there was a shade here and there of deeper anxiety than even ormal Wall street can produce. They urry along as flocks of seagulls on the

The corner of Wall and William i eached. Passing in, the first official met is a careworn man conning over figures with a deeper energy than ever Phomist devoted to the arguments of an opposing Scotist: There is no pause; one, five, fifteen, twenty-two, three four, six, eleven, nineteen." "Five leven, forty-four, seventy-six, one,

irty-three." "Is Commodore Vanderbilt in?" "Five, four, six, elev-" "Is Commodore Vanderbilt at prese

n the bank?" "Three, two, Commodore; five, six ommo-three, four-Commodore Van-

derbilt, did you say?" The question vas rather peevish. - -A face, anxious in calculation, looked up; but before an answer could be given t sank again to its task.

. "Yes, Commodore Vanderbilt. here such a person? After another round of calculation the interrogated admitted to his persistent rogator that such a person as Comnodore Vanderbilt did exist, and that h was not a myth, created to toase naughty boys who would play at bulls and bears, r to disappoint young maidens who purchase gorgeous trousseaux. Before the gracious informant could relapse into rithmetical unconsciousness he was rene he seen ? "

"Can't say; better inquire in the other

The other room was not far distan woodwork was a gorgeous individual, is so frequently wanted, while it equally case; for the court-don't know how forbabe the idea that he received "a such a case could be decided." hundred a year, and was expected to live

with his parents."
"Can I see Commodore Vanderbilt?" "Well, now, I really can not say. Perhaps it would be well for you to take a seat and wait until the Kishliore In a few minutes the "Kishherd" came. A word explained the errand of the poripatetic questioner, and a word satisfic

"Go right through the bank," courteously replied. "At the end of it you will see a stairs; up stairs is the Commodore. I don't think he can give you

Remembering a previous statement o the jolly old Commododore to one of The World seekers after knowledge—that he was the damnedst fellow for knowing nothing that there ever was-these word fore so many failures resulting from the of the cashior seemed prophetically true, gold transactions. Many of the benight-Forcing a way through the horde of gamins who, if, as Wordsworth poetically foresaw, they are to be the father of Wall street of the future, will make all. But the bull clique, notwithstanding | that region hotter than it seethes at pres ent-the iron stairs of the "keep" were

reached. Its gate was unbarred, and neither myrmidons of the law nor conservators of peace stood there to guard the way. Two bounds—well, Commo dore Vanderbilt is Monarch of Central as is Admiral Fiske Prince of Erie, but it may be doubted if either of them could run up that stairs-two bounds brought the interviewer to the Presence. Chapeau bas, chapeau bas,

A Monsicur le Marquis de Carabas

All hail, Thane of Cawdor. The Com modore is at his table. A burly rustic by his side is the picture of rude health. With neckerchief twisted around his throat, and swinging his muscular arms as i conscious of thews like cords, his boisterous laugh and abrupt manner contrasted unfavorably with the polished style and keen courtesy of the great navaland railroad hero. The conclusion of course, was irresistible—the rustic, i not the janitor, was the first deputy sheriff met round the building. He seemed, however, remarkably intimate with time which his apparent services of keeper had been needed. But there are some vise laws, as well as modern instances, which justify the belief that misery, which teen.

had just raised his eyes from a statement s the reporter entered the room. "Commodore Vanderbilt, I believe." "The same sir; what can I do for you

rives us such strange bedfellows, makes

ompanions of us all. So the Commo

dore sat with his Man Friday. A bundle

It was a keen eyed old man who spoke He spoke with lips and with eye. His words have been repeated. His eye said, Who are you, anyway? What the deuce do you want? Get right through your siness and git. When you call on a business man in business hours, see that ways with her dragon aunts."you do your business and go about your business." It said this and a few volumes more, accordingly as it was interpreted. It meant "No," if you took no for an answer. Yet all the time it was a diplomatic negation by glance which meant "I have no objection, I'm sure;

can't say I'll tell you much, but you just try." What a study those two faces were, the henchman and his thane. The latter past his sixties, bright, keen and adamantine, with a silent tongue in silent face. Half an hour over 2 dinner table would reveal every thought of his companion to that eye. But to interview pirates who want to wreck the old ship the Commodore; and not study his face or the less interesting one of his stolid companion, was the business of the mo-

'Well. Commodore, I have been sent to obtain from you any views which you have formed on the present crisis in the large city, and aunt Sophy says you

A shake of the head said "no;" the much, too much, indeed, about this thing, deed, young man, not if I know myself, want me to. Very truly yours, and I think I do." So the lips moved and said:

I really don't know what to make of it. "Are we, in your opinion, likely to ave such a serious commercial revul sion of proceeding from Wallstreet, and af. feeting other channels of trade, as swept ver the country in 1857?"

"Well, now, really, sonny," (Wouldn't t be glorious to be "sonny" of \$300,-000,000?) I really cannot tell you anything. I don't care about forming opin ons. All we want is to protect ourselves.' Here was an opportunity to get at omething, so so the questions: "Against whom and in what was, was this pro tection needed" were almost ready when the Man Friday put in his lingual

"What opinions do you want?" "I stated very clearly to Commodor Vanderbilt that my inquiries were in oference to the present crisis and its robable adjustment.

"Crisis be hanged. I tell you there ain't no crisis. There is only a crisis in the newspapers. It ain't anywhere else.' This might have been immensely satisfactory to the person who uttered it, and as it is does it finds a place here; but further conversation with him was likely o result in similar information. Turning to the courteous old Com

dore, some leading questions were again put, with the invariable result : "I don't know nothing, sonny ; I don't know nothing. I've no opinion and I've no facts."

" If the jury believe from the evidence that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that theplaintiff bought out the defendant, and that the defendant paid the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted not breachy, and the warranty was broken by reason of the breeching of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but he refused to receive her, and the deendant took her home again and put a vived by the quick query, "Where can heavy yoke on her to prevent her from imping fences, and by reason of her yoke she broke her neck and died; and if the jury believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anyand behind its enshrining glass and thing the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for whose appearace suggested that he was beef or milk, then the jury must find out one of those "young men" whose help for themselves how they will decide the

> Many of our readers who have visited Niagara will agroe with Mark Twain, who said that the first time he was there, the hack fares were so much higher than the falls, that the falls appeared insignifleant. It became apparent that either the falls had to be discontinued or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the falls, and so they dammed the backmen.

> If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.
>
> If you would obtain power, be conde-

SMITTI'S GOOD LUCK. I always was a lucky fellow, and the nost fortunate thing that ever happene to me was being born a Smith. Listen

Three years ago I had just been jilted, nd was out of money. That doesn't sound lucky; but it was the prelude to the best of luck. I concluded to go down to Plymouth, to my uncle's housepartly that the murmurs of the sea might oothe my inward perturbation, and par ly to save a month's board. I stepped on board the early down

rain. It was full of silly six o'clock pas sengers, mostly men. The sun was shining on the water, but the fog was hugging the banks, and clinging to the rnished surface of the tide. I suppose a poet could have made something pretty out of the sight, but I only wrapped my self closer in my overcoat, and looked a it sulkily. After a while I got listening to two men who sat behind me. 🖫 "A pretty girl with a fortune isn't al

ways to be had for the asking." "Oh, but the girl isn't asked, I take t. It's all arranged by her sunts, and she'll acquiesce. She's shining pretty, but a mere child-not sixteen, I believe. They had another fellow booked for her, but he died in New Orleans of the yellow

ever last fall." "And she's never seen this Smith?" "No, nor they either. The aunts plotted with Mr. Dunbar, the guardian, and he picked Smith up for them, opened a correspondence, and got Rose to write the Commodore, considering the short a letter or two. Smith professes to be in love with her letters, and her picture ? but of course it's the money-forty thousand, if she marries before she's seven

"If the girl amounts to anything, it's deuced shame !" "She does amount to something. "She of papers was before the former. He has the making of a splendid woman in her, but nobody knows it, or cares. They

are bent only on saving the money for her. If she forfeits it, it goes to some petcharity of her crazy old grandfather's. He was always an old tyrant, and as ecentric as the d-l." "You know Smith?"

"Only by sight, but I know a chum of his. Burton, and got the story, with a copy of a letter of the girl's. I've seen her many a time down on the shore, al-"Where's the letter?"

"I've got it here in my allet. Nov you know the right sort of a man won't have his girl's letters hawked about mong his associates. He let Burton take this copy, and Burton gave it to me. Let me see-this is it. Listen. 'Dear Mr. Smith .- My aunts wish me

to reply to your kind letter. I do not know what to say. I am not accusto to writing to gentlemen, but I must tellyou that I was sorry to have aunt Sophy send you that picture of me; I am not near so pretty; it flatters me very much You are so handsome that you will want beautiful wife; so I don't think you you ought to be deceived. I don't want to be married; but my aunts say I must, on account of the money; and perhap t may turn out all right. I am very lonely here. I would like to live in a

would do everything to please me. Have you any sisters? Will you but you don't catch me just yet; no in- | you love me, I will do whatever you

There were comments upon, and laughing discussion of the letter, which was certainly very unique. But as we rattled along there was a bump, a shocthe cars stood still, and everybody was in consternation. "We are off the track; he patient

little while," said the conductor, passing through. But in consequence of this little accident, it was two o'clock before we got down in Plymouth. As we swarmed out upon the platform, I noticed a very pale young man, not unlike myself in looks. emerge from the foremost car-his coat deeve torn out, and a violent purple bruise on his forehead.

"If that should be the lover Smith, he is in !"

He seemed very much out of humor, and beckoned angrily to a hackman, jumping into a carriage, and desiring to be taken to the best hotel. After that I saw several other persons more or less disordered and bruised by the railroad iccident.

I was leaving the depot, when a ored coachman bowed before me. "Beg pardon; sir-Mr. Smith?" "Yes."

"Carriage is waiting. Step this way, you please." I followed him, wondering if inde my uncle had sent up a carriage. - It used to be my aunt's per hobby a barouche, with the old English egat of arms, which and, indeed, belonged to us, but had been n disguise since the impoverishment of Raleigh Smith, of England. I-wasn't quite sure what they were, but believed t was a sword and a helmet upon a piece of parchment; but it proved to be a pen very appropriate, as there had been scholars, artists, and military men among

our ancestors.
"All well?" I asked good naturedly. "All well," answered Sambo, with grin, shutting the door. Then he looked back to say with a grin :

"Ladies very gay this morin. If my staately aunt and cousin were gay, it was certainly worth remarking; so I laughed a little and Sambo chuckled again and jumped upon his seat. We rattled through the streets, under an arch, up an avenue. Things began

to look strange. "Where are we?" I asked, as Sambo live here?" "Yos sir. Hero's Mr. Dunbar, sir."

"The cars run off the track," I and the butter men know about; but the

swered; and before I could say anything rest—where are they? else he hustled me into the house. "Everything ready. Hurry with your your whiskers so close; it alters your apry much: Koperbitana

Hurry, now, the ladies are waiting." I found myself in a luxurious dressing com, and a mulatto was respectfully in ttendance. I sat down and looked at

"What is your name?" "Robert, sir. Will you be so kind as hurry, sir. They are waiting on you." I gaye him the key to my portmanteau. and resigned myself to my fate, whatsover it might be. But things were very "Where is my uncle?" asked I. as

bad attempt at not smiling, "he's with the ladies, now.' "How long have you lived here?" "Don't know, sir. I ve only been bre a day or two. There, sir; do you

sleeve buttons.

ant anything more?' " No; I was arrayed in my best appa el, and looked well, though my whiskers istead of being trimmed, were of early growth, and had never been of any ength.

I was met at the foot of the stairs by the irrepressible Mr. Dunbar.
"It's all fixed," said he. "You'll be married at once. I had different arangements made: was going to give you and Rose a chance to get a little acquainted; but the railroad delay spoiled that. The Rev. Mr. Lawson is here. Come right along. A stiff upper lip,

He led me into a long reception room dome ladies shook hands with me. A tiny, golden haired creature was put at | you know what becomes of those pins? my side. The clergynian married us. There are a few in your wife's pincushion, Then there was a chatter of congratula- and one may occasionally be seen gleam-

nead dress put her head on my arm and tounding how seldom one encounters a drew me aside. for your wedding trip?" asked she. "None," I answered, truthfully.

"But you are going to New York for week or two? I thought New York as good a place. as any, if I was expected to go somewhere, and answered yes. "Aunt Sophy," said a trembling little

"Run up stairs and put on your traveling dress, child. Your aunt Magaret will assist gou."

me but ran away again. Refreshments were circulating. I tried very hard not to go crazy. At last Dunbar came to me again.

ng. You'll catch the evening train with smart driving. They hustled me out again, kissed Rose, shook hands with me, and we two, prickly with steel pens. It ought to be. alone, were driving pell mell to the depot. I bought tickets for New York, gave Sambo five dollars, and we were off. Well we got into New York about midnight. I took a carriage to the St Nicholas, took rooms, locked the door and told my wife all about it.

She looked at me awhile with her grea blue eyes, and then said innocently: "Well I don't know us it makes any difference."

same, quite as strongly, "I know too ters, and a mother of my own. I do not The disheveled young man with the ano what else to tell you, except that if bumped forehead proved to be the expected Smith, but he didn't arrive until ialf an hour after our departure. Dunbar came after us, raving, but ere was nothing to be done. Rose was satisfied; the other man

wash't, but I imagine he was a fellow of bad luck. WHAT BECOMES OF THINGS!

[From All the Year Round.] . What becomes of the enormous quan ity of objects, natural and artificial, which are daily, weekly, monthly, aninally, and perennially produced and sent forth into the world?

What becomes—to plunge in median res-of all the pictures which our painter paint and exhibit at the metropolitar and provincial exhibitions, season after season, year after year? We see them ow," said I to myself, "what a plight at the Royal Academy, at the Asylum for Rejected Contributions to the Roya Academy, at the Water Color Galleries and at all the other art exhibition rooms What becomes of them all? Of some of them—the best—we know the fate. They go into the hands of certain collectors in the manufacturing districts who luckily have a taste for art. Of some others, also, we know the fate. They hang up in the studios of our friends who painted them. Sometimes, again, we come upo

one in some carver's and gilder's shop. But where are all the rest? Where are the views of "Bettws-y-coed" and of "Loch Coruisk," the production of which has necessitated long journeyings and much sitting out under white umbrellas Where are the representations of "Dead Game," the "Italian Peasants," the "Studies of Heads?"

The books, again, what become of them? These come out in legions season after season, representing, in addition to an enormous amount of labor of differen kinds, a considerable accumulation of and a sword against a pallete, which was actual material of mill board, of cloth, of leather. What becomes of all this material? What sort of proportion do the number of books that are sold bear to those that are brought out? And again, of those that are sold-what becomes of them? Those that we see or the shelves of libraries, or even lying about tables and chiffonniers, are but a small percentage of the number contin ually issuing from the press. What be comes of the thousand page novels which appear, in great numbers, in the course of every season? How does it happen that our rooms are not entirely surrounded with full book shelves, or that there exists in any apartment, hall or pened the carriage door. "Do they passage, any vacant portion of that space noccupied by books on which to put hings down? Hundreds of thousands At the same moment an elderly gentle-man rushed out to the terrace to meet year, and have been since one is afraid to say when; where are they all at this Why, Smith, you are wonderfully present writing? The booksellers' shops iste," he exclaimed, shaking hands with | furnish an account of some, the libraries of others, and some the trunk makers

tollet and come down. Pity you trimined articles of wearing appairs become the to a lamp nost and vomitin as the their od, richer and more abundant than has articles of wearing appared become the to a lamp post and vomitin as the their od richer and more abundant than has she really possesses, worn for a short-time by every— wuz a minitoor earthquake into his in- ever yet been stored in the graneries of If you would preserve hearty rise ear pearance very much: Robert, help Mr. body, and are then by everybody east off sides.

Smith dress. Right in here, Mr. Smith. and rejected. What is the destiny those rejected articles? When steel pet icoats disappear, what becomes of them? When the ordinary hat worn by Englishmen is reduced to a height of from six t six and a half-inches, what becomes o

the hats seven and eight inches high, of which the hatters' shops were full a few months ago? Where are the Wellington boots, of which the shoemakers' shops used to display long rows? Where are the steel chatelains which ladies used to to his stumick, that it_reminded me uv carry at their girdles? Where are the Malacca canes of our youth? Even the Robert dexterously arranged my garnet footmen have discarded their use, w know; but what has become of them? He was a copperhead durin, the war, "Your uncle? Oh, yes sir," with a They must be somewhere, in some form Where? And in what form?

Numbers of people have entirely l

forts to arrive at some rational conclusi on the subject of pins. The statistica ccounts of the numbers of pins turne out annually at Birmingham and Sheffield alone, would lead one to expect that the earth itself would present the appearance of a vast pincushion. When are those pins of which the yearly fabriin favor uv either payin off the bonds in cation is on so vast a scale? Pins are greenbacks or repudiashun; in Tennesnot consumed as an article of diet. Pins do not evaporate. Pins must be somewhere. All the pins which have been made since civilization set in must be in existence in some shape or other; we ought to see nothing else, look in what direction we might, but pins. This island, not to meddle with other countries, ought to be knee deep with pins. Reader, how many pins are imported into your own house within the course of the year? Do ly mixed that I woodent agree to go from ing in the housemaid's waistband; but county believed in. One woman with a horrible scarlet where are the rest? It is perfectly as-

pin on "the loose." Now and then, by "What arrangements have you made rare chance, as when a carpet is taken as to be a promisin candidate for a loon atic asylum. up, you may catch a glimpse of a pin lying in a crevice; but even this is an ncommon occurrence, and not to be unted. You often want a pin, and take trouble to get a pin. Where are all delphy committees twice with success the pins that ought to be always in attendance everywhere?

What can possibly become of all the voice at our elbows, "what must I do steel pens, of which myriads are continually turned loose upon the world? Each individual pen does not last for a very long time. Left unwiped, as they gen erally are, steel pens soon corrode, and It was my wife. She never looked at so get unfit for use. What do we do with them? We take them out of their holders, replace them with others, and leave the old pens lying about in the pentrays of our desks, or where not. "All ready, Smith. Carriage is wait- They are awkward things to get rid of, and mostly lie about uncared for. Still the pens, like the pins, do at last disappear. Whither? The earth is not

> NASBY: MR. NASRY TAKES A LOOK OVER THE PO-LITICAL HORIZON AND GIVES THE RE-

Why isn't it?

SULT THEREOF. MOCK CHUNK, (which is in the State v Peensylvany.) September 11, 1869.-At last I hev struch a haven uv rest. At anolled to nick up my tell. But what do I care? For the presthe golden shower is a fallin onto me, and I am content. That is I am content

personally. I am ez as well of ez I cood be. I hey twice penetrated the august for governor of Pennsylvany, representin myself ez president av a Democratic club n Philadelphy, and twice hev I received \$100 to carry on the good work. The young man which guards the outer door ny the candidatorial manshun is a most acoot judge of human nacher. The servant at the door askt for credemshels, at which the young man who happened to

be in the hall, noticin me, rebuked him for delayin me. "Terenco !" remarkt hesharply, "admit all sich noses without question. Yo

bet they are our friends." That nose hez cost me thousands uv other neople's dollars to keep up in color Thank heaven, its repayin me some uv the trouble I hev gone to on its ac-

I am well enuff off, and possibly ought to be satisfied, but the condishun uv the Democrisy afflix me. The fact is, we are in a bad way, and ther ain't no way out uv it. We ain't got no yoonamimity. We ain't got nothin to fite for, and the country hez hed universal good crops. The weather's been agin us. If we cood hev hed rain enuff in harvest to hev rustid the wheat, and enuff follerin the vheat harvest to hev rooted the pertaers, and then a juicy attack uv cholera and yellow fever, and other disorders us that nacher, so the people could hev got dissatisfied and ugly and sick, ther wood hev been some hope for us. The potato at the late commencement of Williams rot in Western Pennsylvany wood hev made thousands of votes this fall slone. But wat's the use of talkin to farmers with teers in your eyes uv a country goin to rooin, when every mother's son uy more? Wat's the use of clamorin for ez it kin anyhow?

Then agin, our management hez been frightful. In Ohio we made a boggle in rious with the bloom of spring, and the beginnin, in the nominashun of Ro- bright with the beams of morning. secrans. It wuzn't in the nacher uv On the side where I stand are herbless things for our patriots who had shot of fields and leafless woods, pools sheeted icers sent out by Rosecrans to arrest their with ice, a frozen soil and the shadows sons, which hed taken bounty and hed deserted to Canady, to vote for Rose- which I look are emerald meadows, fields in a low tone. crans, pertickerly exhundreds uv emhed of springing wheat, orchards in bloom, been dragged to Bastiles for emptying transparent streams, and a genial suntheir rifles at them. The hurras stuck in their throats, I must confess that they further hopeful tillage, and if the plow forts to hurran for Rosecrans, and the sods. On the side to which I look I see face they made uv it reminded me of the tokens of judicious cultivation; and but every one is sensible of a desire an incident wich occured to me once. careful attendance recompensed by a please. Brown, who was given to indulgence in kindly care thus bestowed, and my hope a friend by smiles, what folly to make the flowin bole to a fearful extent. Wun and prayer is that finder such anspices an enemy by frowns, nite he attempted to be convyviyed on a all the promise which meets my eyes may If you are envious of another worms. nite lie attempted to be convyviyel on a all the promise which meets my eyes may In these days, as in all the days which new brand uv whiskey, and it floored be amply fulfilled, and that from these never show it but by allowing her ever have preceded these days, all sorts of him. At 11 p, m, I found him clinging luxuriant fields a harvest may be gather-

"Brown " remarked I, laying my and affectionately onto his shoulde

Brown, are you sick?" "Sick! sick!" replied he, swinging ound to the other side of the post and lischargin another avalanch. Sick 1 do. you think I'm doin this for the fun uv

the thing ?"? Our Democrats in Ohio swallered Roecrans, but their hurrahs were so much like the retchin uv a man with a load on-

my friend Brown. In Pennsylvany we ain't much better off. Our candidate has pints about him. wich makes all that class uv Democrats enthoosiastic in his support; but on tother hand it drives off the war Demowildered and stupefied themselves in ef- crats, without wich we ain't worth shucks. He hez money though, and ez hez bleedin freely he may keep the organization alive till we kin make a fite with a man wich we kin elect. The principle trouble is however

find out wat Domocracy is at this junctur. In Ohio its agin nigger ekality and see its nigger suffrage and nigger offic holdin : in Connecticut its payin the bonds in gold, interest and principle; in Californy its anti-Chinese, and in Looisiiana its Chinese. In Maine our people are runnin a perhibertory likker law, and everywhere else the're for free whiskey. In Illinois Democracy is free trade; ir Pennsylvany its high protective tariff; and so on around. In short its so high one county to another to make speeches. without having first carefully ascertained wat the Democracy uv that perticeler

I got Democratic papers from all the States one day, and by persistent readin uv em for five hours. I become so mixed

I shell stay where I am so long as there s anything to be got out uv the posishen I hev personated a cheerman uv Phila to-morrow I shel try it again, and after that sich other characters as may occur to me. I must make hay while the sun shines, for the furious assaults on Pack ers pile is redoosin it fearfully. PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

(wich wuz Postmaster.)

WANT OF SLEEP-TERRIBLE

DEATH.

It is related that a Chinese merchan

naving been convicted of murdering hi wife, the judges determined to pun-ish him in such a manner as to inflict the atmost amount of suffering, and, at the

same time, striking terror into the hearts of all those who might entertain the idea of following his example. He was, accordingly, condemned to die by being deprived of sleep. The prisoner was placed in confinement under the care of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and were instructed to supply him with a full allowance of food and drink, but who prevented his falling asleep night or day. At first the condemned man congratulated himself on last I hev a shoor abidin place, for a time the mildness of his punishment, and was at least. How long I may stay, or how rather disposed to regard the whole matlandlord's spare shirt and travel I can't uation tended to keep him awake, and for a day or so his guards had little to do. ent I am under the wing uv a man who By the third day, however, he began to has \$20,000,000, and who is yourn it at a feel uncomfortable. His eyes were red, terrific rate. Some few uv the drops uv his mouth parched, his skin dry and hot, and his head ached. These symptoms continued to increase in intensity, and at the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so acute that he was presence uv the Democratic candidate at times delirious. In his moments of reason he begged the authorities to put an end to his torture. He implored them to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangled, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, garrotted, shot, quartered, blown up with gunpoder, cut in small pieces, or killed in any conceivable way, their humanity, or ferocity might suggest. All this was in vain-his tormentors coolly did their work till there was no occasion for their interference.

period was reached at which he could not have slept even if left alone. The brain was feeding on the products of its own disintegration, and sleep was impossible. He was now entirely insane. Illucions of his sight and hearing were almost constant, and erroneous fancie filled his thoughts. At one moment he fought the guards, with all the fury of a maniae; at the next he cowed with terror before some imaginary monster, and then, relapsing into calmness, smile with delight at some enchanting vision which flitted through his mind. Finally, nature gave way altogether. Or the nineteenth day, death released him

from his sufferings. SAD SPEECH BY WILLIAM

· CULLEN BRYANT. One of the saddest and most touching speeches that we ever read, is that of the venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant, College. Being called upon to speak at the annual dinner, he said: "It has occurred to me, since I, in the

decline of life, came to visit once more them hev their pockets stuffed with green- are trained to succeed us on the stage of backs and a barn full of wheat to bring the world, that I am in the situation of one who, standing on a spot desolate change when the country's dooin as well with winter and dim with twilight, should be permitted, by a sort of miracle, to look upon a neighboring region glo shine. With me, it is too late for any made a brave attempt at it, but they were put into the ground, its coulter looked sick when they did it. The of- would be obstructed by the ice bound I hed a friend whose name it wuz free promising growth. I rejoice at the

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS. The brain is the great centre of he nervous system. From it pass

double set of nervo lines which divide and subdivide until they pervade the whole fabric. One set goes to the centre of the body, and these coloct impressions of the surrounding universe; its gradations of heat and cold, of light and color, and of melody, and all ts multiform contracts; these, in the have of sensations, pour along, the sensory filaments to the great nervous centre and seat of consciousness. The other set of nerve lines goes to the muscles and it is along these that the will stransmits its orders to the instruments of motion, and thus commands the movements of the body. The brain is thus a focus

verse is gathered and reproduced; it is also the source and spring of bvery form of human power. In this narrow chamber, which is so mall that a man's hand may cover it, what grand events transpire. Within its walls occur the sublimest order of phenomena. The thoughts that have revolutionized the world originated here I every achievement which sheds glory upon our race, projects which involve all nations in their operations, which radiate impules to the end of the earth, and send unlulations of power down the current of time for thousands of years originated

into which, for each living man, a uni-

Acts that bless mankind in their beniscence, as well as those that darken it in the shadow of their malignity, alike have originated here! Nay, do not-all invenions and discoveries, all arts and literature, and civilization itself come into

existence in the human brain? It is enstomary to point to the heavens as the sublimest object that can engage human attention; and certainly, the contemplation of its maginficent see nery, must ever awaken the profoundest wonder. Those ponderous revolvent orbs, sweeping through the shorelessamplitudes, as if hurrying down the vortex of chaos, and yet returning through their grand celestal circuits, with the punctuality of the All Controlling; those gorgeous galaxies of stars thick strown arough the skies, and sunk so deen in the abysses of space as to be brought to our gaze only through telescopic enchantent-what are they all but symbols of the Infinite; fit and awful emblems of

plicated in the brain of the astronomer.

sternity? and yet these heavens are du-

THE BRAVE COLLIERS. How do men feel when about to dienot after being weakened by disease, or when the blood is heated by the strife of battle, but when they see inevitable death slowly but certainly approaching them, and know that in exactly so many minutes it, will seize upon them and extin guish the lusty life that animates their frame? Do they rage and struggle against their fate, or do they meet it with calmness, resignation and dignity? In the recent terrible coliery explosion in Saxony, all the miners were not killed immediately, as was at first supposed; a number of them were unharmed by the explosion, and were killed, after an interval of some time, by suffocation. Some of these poor fellows occupied the last sages in their note books to their wives and children, and these were found when the bodies were discovered. There is a curious pathos in some of these messages from the grave, but the calmness and resignation which they manifest is their nost notable faature. These men, in the very presence of death, had thought for every one but themselves. "Dear wife," writes one of them, "take good care of Marys; in a book in the bed room you will find a thaler. Frrewell, dear mother and sisters, till me meet again." One by the name of Schmidt had pinned a paper to the breast of his blouse, on which he had written the following words . "My dear relations, while seeing death before me I rémember you. Farewell till we meet again in happiness." A miner named Bahr wrote thus in his note book: "this is the last place where we have taken refuge. I have given up all hope, because the ventilation has been destroyed in three separate places. May God take myself and my relatives and dear friends who must die with me. as well as our families, under His protection." Another had written: "Janets has died; Richter left his family to God. Farewell, dear wife; farewell, dear children; may God keep you." One only uttered a complaint, and it was not violent one : "Farewell, dear wife and

children; I did not think it would end so. Oberman." One reads these simple messages with moistened eyes, and pietures to himself the scene of the rough handed but soft hearted men spending their last moments, not in wild cries for mercy and screams of remorse, nor in repining against their cruel fate, but in ending these farewell words to their oved ones, who were even then bewaiting them as dead.

ADVIOR TO UNMARRIED LADIES.

The following advice to ladfes remain ing in a state of single blessedness, is this seat of learning, in which our youth, extracted from the manuscript of an old Dowagor:

If you have blue eyes, languish. If black eyes, effect spirit. If you have pretty feet, wear short If you are the least doubtful as to that oint, wear them long.

While you are young, sit with you

ace to the light. When you are a little advanced in 2ge, sit with your back to the window. . If you have a bad voice, always speak

If you dance well, dance seldom. If you dance ill, never dance at all. If you sing well, make no puerile ex

If you sing indifferently, hestate not : noment when you are asked. for fee persons are competent judges of singing If it is always in your power to mal

good quality and perfection except the in the morning or a matter at the