" CLIPPINGS.

he's a bad crop to reap.

It is easy onuff to raise the devil. but

The man who kant git ahead without

The principal difference between a lux-

Whenever the soul is in grief it is

"Give the devil his due," but he care-

After a man has ridden fast oust he

It strains a man's philosophy the worst

Don't mistake arrogance for wisdom :

nany people have thought they were

It won't do to stir up a man when he

s thinking any more than it will a pan

Those families who are really fustclass

never are afraid that they shall git cheated

out of their respectability, while the cod.

All of us complain of the shortness

ful that there ain't much due him.

never wants to go slow again.

kind to laugh when he gits beat.

wise when they were only windy.

a pulling others back is a very limited cuss.

CARLISLE, PENN'A, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1870.

fresh and striking-illustration of the an-

onders for Pennsylvania. But the com-

y everybody first and chiefly considered,

s not the most striking in which the sub-

ject may be viewed. The world will

never know how much, of culture and

prise; for the annals of the times when

railroads were unknown, are-like those

of the poor, "short and simple." But

we may calculate the burden of this debt

appropriately. We know that the spread-

of civilization was slow and painful, in-

natural obstacles to material progress

disappeared slowly. Now and then

bold adventurer packed up his household

goods, took his family, and bade adieu to

his farm in the forest. He could raise

them in the plainest and not most com-

fortable manner. But all this time

where were culture and moral advance.

Contact with untamed nature did mor

for nature than it did for the pioneer.

The struggle with poverty narrowed and

evnical. The routes leading to civilized

society were devious bridle paths, blocked

by rocks and crossed by almost impas-

sible streams. Thus, for years; and

when the "clearing" became part and

log-school-houses of-fifty-years-ago:

moved from the carliest considerable tri-

umph of art over nature, stories of pio-

neer life sound like fiction. The bonds

which fettered enterprise were consumed

like flax by flame as the locomotive sped

a miracle. It excited their wonder and

had heard of cities and great markets,

moral progress is due to railroad enter-

BY BAYARD TAYLOR Lalon't half live; penned upin doors; a stove's not I might have farmed till now I think-on 's fam-As if a min-can't oversie who's in his eight is the

Father, I mind, was eighty-flive before he give I followed in his old, stendy way, so be wa

te busk ng on the first, and nov And yet I can't fill out my days. I tire myself with

to follow lived. Ud like to know what he

There's no use thinking of it now, and yet it mak The way I've staved and saved, I caght to count 3

things I'm thinking now ;

afraid. I hever cheated any man, and all my delts are said

GEORGE PEABODY AS HE WAS. PV V S DODGE

It seems a pity that a man of our own generation should become a demi god in given, by the American Association,

serve the cause of truth. at the Star and Garter on Richmond Hill, as published in the Times, Mr. Peabody's help you my friend," said the Queen. some twenty gentlemen, Horace Greeley name might be seen. But no where The veteran looked at her increduceusly. among the number, being present, and cise. Lord Shaftesbury's ragged schools, The Queen, however, took down his dired—as the guests of George Pea- Henry Mayhew's prison relief societies, name and that of his daughter, and after body always dired-sumptuously, pro- Miss Marshe's "nabby" homes, L. N. giving the old man some money, contintracting our siting till past cleven. It, R's bible women who completed "the ued her walk. The Berlin correspondent was Mr. Peabody's habit to give dinners. missing link" between the rich and the of the Baltic Gazette, who relates the No host ever presided with better grace. He knew the secret of making his guest? gale's institution for educating nurses, at home, and up to the last of his contin- had no aid from him. His charity never nons residence in England as he rarely, flowed in hidden channels. It was natif ever attended church; and made no -ural, therefore, that he should decline copretence of being a religious man, his operation with the American Associamost festive entertainments when ap- tion. Its object was the relief of citiplauses that followed and song and well | zons of the United States in London, told story made the apartment ring, were who were destitute and deserving. Gen. given on Sunday.

wealth and renown. Wealth came first. was one of its executive committee. He had the character to do it. There son, Mr. Perkins and other leading Amer never lived the man of more single eye | ican merchants in London, assisted it on the end he had in view. Self abne. with cordial and liberal aid. Not so with gation to promote self aggrandizement Mr. Peabody. For every five pound sterbecame of his life. He did not marry, though very fond of women; he never gentlemen, he did not give five shillings. though very fond of women; he never it was always so. He had no faith in So it was with the monaid of the patrion, purchased or built a mansion for personal residence in England, though ex- unavoidable poverty; lent no willing car ceedingly attached to all the comforts to the tale of suffering; and when overand display a splendid home would give; come by importunity, or shamed by exin and out he toiled in Wareford Court, Thrognorton street giving himself not dole: a week's relaxation, though never was with the history of Mr. Peabody's man more attracted to country air or extraordinary benefactions the world is traveling; he never owned horses or dogs, familiar. He suffered no largess to pass nover attended a "meet," never went to out of his hand unannounced. In his Ascot or the Derby, never became a sub- carlier, endowments upon Danvers and scriber at Tattersalls', never owned nor Baltimore there was less of the desire for rented shooting grounds, and never fame apparent. His lips touched only stalked deer in the highlands, nor an- the cup of applause. But the taste was gled along the Tweed, (pleasures one or pleasant; it was what his nature craved; other of which his friends indulged in,) desire grew with its gratification; he though by nature keenly adapted to coun- had not the heart to resist it; and for try sports, and their auxiliaries. Theself the last few years of his life, up to the denial was from the principle. Relaxa- very sick bed on which the debiltated tion and sports hindered accumulation and almost imbecile old man lay dying of money. That was his end in view in that palatial mansion of Eaton square, from the day he first arrived in England | he drained the goblet to its bottom and

and till 1851. just named, he was a rich man even in second ruling motive of Mr. Peabody's shall I do! I cannot listen as I ought, London. The American Department of life, does violence to the truth. His unless he listens too! What plagues

THE OLD PENNSYLVANIA FAR | frument had provided no funds. Mr. Webster had appointed a Commissioner and had sent over our industrial products in the St. Lawrence. Nothing more. Progress was at a dead lock. Visitors and contributors, Abbot Lawrence and Sir William Reid, executive committee of the Royal Commission, and American esidents in London, stood aghast. There was no' money. At the instant-honor for the deed to his memory-George Pea

body, of whom few of us had ever heard, But he wasn't dim o's'ght, and crippled with the without even a request having been made or a statement of our needs presented, seeins easier here;
1 haven't seen as fine a Spring this five and twenty department of the Exhibition. We owed downents he made—the elaborate and And now the time gors round so quick: a week. I and Colt's revolvers, Goodycar's india position he was making of his property rubber and Palmer's artificial legs, Dick's the publicity given to the letter he terwards and still are large elements in the holocaust of unread and unopened commercial interchanges between our letters asking charity-and the building and generous advance of money.

given by Mr. Peabody at Will's fooms,

(quondam Almack's) on the fourth of July of this year most Americans are There's different stock and other grass, there's pa familiar. It was a capital idea, that of ment in his character. bringing Englishmen and Americans together in social enjoyment on the anniversary of the Declaration of Indepensition and mentioned it to the "Old Duke." The latter was delighted and tive home nor the healing waters of Virpromised to be present. Nothing was ginia rejuvenated his worn out frame. pehaps in highest favor. No sooner was from friends in England that the Queen given, than nobility and gentry, ladies of his presence at Windsor. It touched the their domain with much the same hauteur can merchant's assembly. Of all the splendid entertainments of the season lest season of the London year, to give and especially proud of those who have on the morning of the fifth of July upon him an honor unknown heretofore George Peabody awoke to a fame of to a foreigner. Could he have foreseen the newspapers that chronicled the sitecess of the great banquet, his name for have done the same. From his own the first time became familiar in the United Kingdom almost as a libusehold

For the eight following years Mr. Peaospitality in London on every recurring national holiday. He put no unnecessary restrictions upon the invitations given. And sometimes I get tired of them, and wish I'd objections made, not only to the prece-President, but to the prominence they bestowed on the host. Once there octhe whole, however, they were successetative Americant in London

In 1859, at the Fourth of July dinner the popular belief because nene of his among the guest at which was John friends have leisure to tell what they Bright, Mr. Peobody was asked to preside. know. Mr. Winthrop's oration makes At first he hesitated, and at length de- of her ladies on the road leading from George Peabody a hero. Resolutions of clined. It was taking a place subordi- Sans Souci to Potsuam when she say respect to his memory, passed by Legis- nate to that of the host. Whatever of an old soldier, who had lost one eye and lative bodies and philanthropic institutions success the festival might have would one arm, sitting by the wayside. The tions, place him above his contemporal add nothing to his renown. He felt that old man looked very sad, and the Queen ries as the model man of his time. And a presciptive right to give the Indepenthe Poston correspondent of The Advance, dence dinner had been taken from him. taking a new departure, canonizing the Besides modial not sympathize with the departed septuagenarian as a praying electmosynary purposes of the Associaman from the earliest years of manhood, tion. In private charities he had never distress. I have but one child -a daughter a believer, an aspirant for the "commu- been profuse, and when an attempt was nion" service without becoming a church | made to organize these charities into a | employed as a chambermaid at the Royal member, and a Christian whose motto system he gave it no encouragement. It was, Christ is My nore. Now what is is no injustice to his memory to say that wages; but the other day one of the girls wanted is the truth. Of extravagant he never relieved the poor, visited the who had hated her for some reason or eulogy, there has been enough. A ten sick, cared for the unfortunate, defrayed other, charged her with having stolen years' observation of the best part of the expenses home of bereaved widow some articles of value, and, although my George Peabody's life may be, perhals, and orphans however worthy, or helped condensed into narrative that shall sub- bury the dead of his countrymen, with a willing heart. He was proverbially cannot find another situation, and so I In April, 1851, I accepted the invitationse. Upon a supscription list, headed and deprived of my only support, for my tion of Mr. Peabody to spend Sunday by the Queen and filled with names of scanty pension is not sufficient to buy with him at Hampton Court. We dined landed aristocrats and city dignitaries, bread enough for us." "I believe I can

Campbell was its President. Mr. Dallas Mr. Peabody had two purposes in life, gave it cordial support. Mr. Morgan To achieve this he made great-sacrifices. Russell Sturges, Curtis Miranda Lamp-

ling contributed by each one of these ample, eked out gradgingly his rueful

thirsted for more.

the Great-Exhibition was threatening to friends had been aware of it more than these follows are ! I'll bethe's fast aslege be a failure. The United States Gov twenty years before his death, and made at home, or smoking a cight,

it often in conversation a subject of pleasantry and regret. In 1867 I gave a sketch of his life in the National Intelligencer, which he no sooner saw, than he bought all the copies and had the article reprinted for circulation. When I met than persistyles, than the Paris fer him next, he thanked me. but added. 'Had you waited a few months, you would have found that I should do greater hings yet." He was alluding to the gift million dollars he shortly after made for the purpose of education,

If any reader, thinks this judgme harsh, let him recall what he, himself with no possibility of pecuniary gain and knows of the events of Mr. Peabody's irge probabilities of loss, unthought of last ten years. The parade of his benend unsolicited, stepped forward and factions by preliminary letters—the men proffered a loan of £1,500. It saved our of mark constituted trustees of the ento it our success. McCormick's reaper | continually repeated accounts of the dispresses, and Erricson's nautical instru- ceived from the Queen and the exhibiments, House's printing telegraph, and tion in various cities of her portrait that country and Europe, from this timely the permanent and georgeous catafalque at Peabody for preservation of gifts and With the history of the great fete memorials, as if to defy the inroads of time—can be satisfactorily accounted for only by admiting that love of applause and

desire for fame constituted a chief ele-The last act in the drama of his life was in keeping. He had returned here to die. Old age was upon him and he dence. Mr. Lawrence liked the propogracefully accepted the inevitable, Neither the genial summer air of his naever more successful. It was the year | He expected and desired to end his days it known that his sanction had been regretted that she had never commanded other to obtain invitations to the Ameri- perils of an uncertain month on the Atlantic and the vicissitudes of the gloomto a foreigner. Could be have foreseen which he had never dreamed. Through the more than royal distinction that awaited his decease, he would no doubt you will hear the maitre, regaling them standpoint,

- nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it.

The Queen, upon his return to Engbody was the representative of American land being made known to her, sent her. commands with the usual pomp and more than usual personal regards. It was too late. The old man was bowing to a American visitors, foreigners interested higher behest; and failing in pursuit of in the United States, English Liberals, an honor that would have crowned right well, well, ten thousand times I've thought the and his countrymen engaged in various royally a life's success, he obtained pursuits all over England, were welcomed greater honor in a more than royal burial. Mr. Peabody's benefactions have given him renown. He deserves it. No wiser dence given at those festivals to the philanthropist has lived in our generatoast to the Queen over the toast to the tion. But he was not, -in the New England sense, -a professing Christian. He

There is no place like old England ••• . The Queen of Prussia was, the other day, the heroine of the following little adventure. She was walking with one stopped in order to inquire what was the matter with him. "Oh, madam," said the veteran, who evidently did not know who the lady was, "I am in the deepest -a young girl, who until recently was Palace in Potsdam. She received good dear girl strenuously protested her innocence, she was discharged. Now she poor in London, and Florence Nightin- above, adds that the Queen, after examining the case of the veteran's daughter, ordered that a more lucrative position should be given to her, and sent a handsome present to the veteran. .

> How easily spiders are made to know the voice of their masters is familiar to all, from many a sad prisoner's tale. When the great and brilliant Lauzum was held in captivity, his only joy and comfort was a friendly spider. She came at his call : she took food from his fingers, and well understood his word of command. In vain did gaolers and soldiers try to deceive his tiny companion. She would not obey their voices, and re jected the tempting bait from their hand captivity for too ardent love of his coun try. He also had tamed spiders, and taught them to come at his call. But the little creatures were not only useful to him, but to the nation to which he belonged; For when the French invaded Holland, the prisoner managed to send a message that the inundated and now impassable country would soon be frozen over, so that they would be able to march over the ice bridged swamps and lakes; for spiders, true barometers as they are, had taught him to read in their queer habits, the signs of approaching winter. The frost came, and with it the French; Ho!land was taken, and the lucky prophet set free. The spiders were forgotten, but the lesson is an interesting one.

Lines from a hymn book which a young lady uncautiously left behind her: In either means, or would have it apthirsted for more. In lady uncautionsly left behind her: In When I first knew him, in the year Any one who attempts to conceal this vain—he does not come; dean, dean, what

PARISIAN FENCING. SCHOOLS. masters, Bertrand, was the inventor. He introduced a system of fenoing at once-There are few places which would afregular and rapid, elegant and effective. ord more amusement to the thinking Harper's Weekly. foreigner, who prefers to study men rather than stone, and qualities rather

THE TRIUMINIS OF STEAM schools. Here you meet the men of fash-There are men and women still living ion, the men of the boulevards, downy in Pennsylvania who remember the times lipped aspirants for army commissions, when their fathers went sixty miles to students from the Latin quarter, but mill, with two bushels of corn, on a led above all, ambitious journalists. Access horse, through an unbroken wilderness as a spectator is easily obtained, and von determining their course by the sun, or may go far and hunt a great deal before by blazed trees. To those who rememhading an exhibition which lets you so ber pioneer times the progress of the last far into French characteristics. There thirty years is an ever increasing miracle. re many fencing schools of all grades of Between that time and this the years are fame, price, and accommodation. There comparatively not many; yet the gulf of are little rooms in darksome quarters eparation is so broad, in one sense, that where you may learn, after a fashion, for but for the splendid triumphs of science a trifling fee; and there are spacious, and art which arch it over, the mind

ively as high as are those of Victor Hugo for his novels, or of Gustave Dore for Hobb's permutating locks, became af accompanied it—the announcement of his illustrations. These saloous are decorated in a fashion appropriate to their use. They have suits of armor along the walls, elaborate collections of rapiers swords and sabres crossed athwart cae other, pictures of tournaments, due's and battles. But curious above all, are the specimens of human nature which you see there. A fencing saloon is a lit tle theatre where there are quite as many originals as in the best of Sardon's com edies. The maitres d'armes, the awe of youthful beginners, and the admiration of the antest of their scholars, betray in every look and motion their pride and conceit in their art, and seem to exhibit sort of independence and bluffnes arising from a consciousness that the before Wellington's death, when he stood in America. But an intimation came can maintain their ground against all comers. They are the champion knights the Queen's household and Pecresses in old motive for action. Against medical of physical prowess which the knights of their own right, Foreign Commissioners advice, the dissuasion of friends, and old used to show. Still their armour and ex-Lord Chancellors yied with each his own sober thought, he braved the propre is not unaimable; they are burly, gay "good fellows and brave fellows," devoted heart and soul to their pupils none passed off with more celat. And Her Majesty the opportunity to confer pinked their man in the wood of Vincennes. They fire loquacious, and if you appen to go in when half a dozen of the scholars are preparing for their lesson,

with wonderful stories, in which he is

always the hero; never having, if you

elegant saloons kept by celebrated mas

ters of the art, where the prices are rela-

will believe him, been hit with rapier or foil. It is odd to watch the countenances of the pupils as they parry and thrust with monsieur the maitre. The best masters use the foils without outtons after the pupil has reached a cortain stage of proficiency. Then it is that; on may judge of the real quality and "grit" of the man. Pretending is out f the question when one has the naked foil'in his hand. Hypocrisy abandons the coolest. The polite and polished man of the world dissolves before your eyes into the true man of nature, cool or rash, timid or bold, cunning or frank, sincere or subtle. A gentleman well known as believed to the last that he was better off skilled in the art, relates that one day he curred a demonstrative opposition and here than in the elsewhere of the great fenced with what he-regarded as good They call it rost that we shall have but work would several of the guests left the table. Upon hereafter. No man ever more fairly results to himself. He tells us that he represented the legendary bishop who had a bout with a very extensive agent ful. The observance of the day, more querulously remarked to his servantthat of wines and liquors, who previous to suggestive abroad than at home, was he was dying. "Well, my lord," said the sport, had offered to furnish him kept up, and they served to increase the the good fellow, "iyou are going to a bet- with some excellent wine, which our reputation of Mr. Peabody as the representation maitre, and said to him, "I will buy no Champagne of this gentleman." "Why?" "His wine must be adultorated ; he denies that he was struck F. He applies the principle to prospective sons in law. When a pretender to your daughter's hand presents himself, don't waste your time informing yourself of him, information of this sort being often unreliable; say simply to your future son in law, 'Will you have a bout?' At-the end of a quarter of an hour you will know more of his character than after six

be awkward.

science, aiming rather to produce a

real combat rather than a gent

ity-quickness. The "old school"

still professed by many distinguished

own as the most aristocratic and "gen

demanly" method. The "new school

pear that hermeans serious business. Re

excellence of both. Of this school, the

most renowned of living French fencing

remunerative prices in eash; and from those markets the railway, like iron weeks of investigation." The art of arms, stretched out and dropped the de- Balkley; "you are all too much excited lencing, as it is in France, has its antagonistic schools, as well as the arts of chanic's door along its course. painting and letters. Those who practice the art as it was practiced half a century ago are called the "old school;" these who follow the system of the "reformers" of fencing. Roussel and Lozes, dren, and through all this, moral growth. left to await the issue. pride themselves on being the "new school." The admirers of the art imag-The railway has created great markets ine that they see in it a rival or reform in regions where, thirty years ago, it was a small farm, some distance from the analogous to that which took place at not thought that man could live. And town of Colchester, and found, it necesabout the same period in music, paint- to-day, this great Commonwealth, so sary the same day he wrote the opinion ing, and literature. What Rossini and rich in resources, owes not less than and advice to the brethren of the disafMeyerbeer were in opera, Hugo and St. ninety one hundredths of its facilities for feeted church, to drop a line to his farm-Beuve in letters, and De la Roche and his contemporaries in painting, Roussel general intelligence of its people and its Having written a long and of course, claband Lozes were in fencing-founders of railways. To the remote settlements orate "essay" to his brethren, he wound a new era. Fencing has had, says a they have given markets; and in advan- up the day's literary exertions with a French writer, "its romanticism and its ontests of schools." The "old school" of fencing was in harmony with the old true that the locomotive is the unreason- ments, and the next moment despatches manners, the old order of society and ing apostle of growth; in the highest them-but, by a misdirection, sends each regime. Elegance and grace were its re- sense of the word. Its very existence is to its wrong destination, quirements and characteristics. It was an eloquent protest against barbarism .-

ornamental and polite art. Did your The Day. life hang in the balance; you must not I believe in novels. I think that if To be "pinked" was a slight offense they are good they are useful. I believe ompared to falling out of the line of that they are no more to be disallowed harmo, y. A blunder was literally worse than any other part of literature. They than death. The very language of the can be made to serve the very best ends old fencing schools hinted their ideal to of economy, of virtue and morality, to be classical and "geademié." When say nothing of religion; but a man who one went to take lessons, he went to the feeds on nothing but these-how miseraacademy." A fencer could not formerble he is! These are the whips and syly run in attacking, nor draw back the labubs of life. They are not the bread hand in thrusting, nor stoop, nor bend nor the meat. They are the confections over, nor engage body with body, nor of life. But ought a man to sit down "take a stroke in rest." That is in the and cat sugar plums for his dinner, and time of the "old school," it was in verity mothing but sugar plums ?- Beecher. an art, having as its object, the harmonious and elegant. The "new school" is

.... A correspondent says that he has been tudying the book. "How to Make the practical effect than an arsistic one. To Farm Pay," and has got his farm so hit is its great purpose. The means rich that when he planted his cucumbe were all in all in the old; they are insigseed the plants came up before he could nisicant in the new. The new proposes get away, followed him at full speed to the fence and growing faster than he whilitien and even uncoutliness is not could run, he became entangled in the abooed. It permits lying down, putvines, and a large cucumber ripened in his ing the head behind the knee, thumppocket before he could cut himself loose. ing or pounding with the sword, taking We have great confidence in the teach aim at the belly, giving strokes beneath ing of the book, but think the above it reduces the whole art to one sole qualstatement a little doubtful.

A young lady contemplating matri amateurs of foncing, and still holds its ony was one morning handed a Testas resorted to by "young France," and down to the following passage:-by the journalistic duelist, who usually "He who giveth in marriage doth well, but he who giveth not in marriage docth better." tween the two schools is a third, which She immediately returned it with the aims at a compromise, and at uniting the following reply written underneath :--

" Dear father, I am content to do well-

let those do better who can "-----

....

THE OLD-BLACK BULL Old John Bulkley (grandson of the nce famous President Chauncey,) was a minister of the Gospel, and one of the best educated men of his day, in the

rooden nutnieg State, when the immo-

'round," and in his youth. Mr. Bulkley was the first settled min ster in the town of his adoption, Colchester, Connecticut. It was with him as afterwards with good old Brother onathan (Governor Trumbull, the bason friend of General Washington), good to onfer on almost any matter, scientific political, or religious—any subject is short, wherein common sense and general good to all concerned was the issue. A ounsellor, he was looked to, and abided

would with difficulty comprehend it. We It so fell out that a congregation had almost presented the contrast as a Mr. Bulkley's vicinity got to loggerheads, cient saying : Time is short, ART- is and were upon the apex of raising "the evil one" instead of a spire to their church, as they proposed, and split upon done, railroad enterprise has achieved | The very nearest they could come to mutual cessation of hostilities, was to appoint a committee of three to wait on nercial aspects, though everywhere and Mr. Bulkley, state their case; and get him to adjudicate. They waited on the old gentleman, and he listened with grea ttention to their conflicting grievances "It appears to me," said the old gen

-a trifling thing to cause so much yex "So I say," says one of the committee. "I don't call it a trifling case, Mr. Bulkley," said another. "No case at all," responded the third. nd, prior to the age of steam. The

leman, "that this is a very simple case

"It ain't, ch?" florcely answered the irst speaker "No, it ain't, sir!" quite as savagely eplied the third. 'It is anything but a trifling case

civilization. With his axe he hewed out nyhow," echoed number two, "to exect to raise a minister's salary and that enough of grain and root crops to feed new steeple, too, out of our small conhis family, and by exchange clothed gregation. "There is no dauger of raising much ut of you, anyhow, Mr. Johnson," spite-

fully returned number one.' "Gentleman, if you please"agly interposed the sage. I did not come here, Mr.

belittled him. He became selfish and arrel," said one. "Who started this?" sareastically at ered Mr. Johnson. 'Not me, any how,"

"You don't say I did, do you? parcel of a "settlement," and a school imber one. was established; the necessities of the Gentlemer family only permitted, possibly, six "Yes, Mr. Bulkley," says Johnson weeks out of the fifty-two, to be devoted and there's old Winkles, too; and here's

to the pursuit of knowledge. There are Deacon Potter, also." many persons living who owe more to "Iam here," stiffly replied the deacon, and I am sorry the Rev. Mr. Bulkley the pine knot fire in the old fashioned kitchen, than to the brief opportunity. finds me in such company, sir !" afforded them for book knowledge in the "Now, gentleman, brothers, if you

But these hardships and privations please,' aid Mr. Bulkley, "this is ridic endured to the threshold of the age of ulous"... "So I say," murmured Mr. Winkles, steam. And now, only thirty years re-"As far as you are concerned, it is ridiculous," said the deacon. This brought Mr. Winkles up, stand-

"But, my dear sirs"-beseechingly from the seaboard westward through the said the philosopher. wilds of our great State. Thousands "Sir!" continued Workles. of hard handed pioneers to whom so this grand system of inland communica- Bulkley, to allow a man, a mean despition without comprehending its results. | cable toad, like Deacon Potter -They had literally cut their way into the "Do, you call me-me a despicable wilderness, suffered every imaginable pri- toad ?", menacingly replied the deacon.

vation, and glad if, at the end of each heroes in their way, the locomotive was bickering." ickering."

"I do not wish to bicker," said Johnit laid the world at their feet. They son.

"Nor I don't want to, sir," said the where the products of labor commanded | deacon, "but when a man calls me a toad - a mean, despicáble toad"-"Well, well, never mind," said Mr.

mand of trade at every farmer's and me- now; go home again, and wait patiently on Sunday evening next, I will have pre-Thus the age of steam became the age pared and sent to you a written opinion of old to the farmer and mechanic; but of your case, with a full and free avowal more than that-it begains the age of of most wholesome advice for preserving leisure. It gave to the working man you church from desolation, and your-time to think; time to educate his chil-self from despair. And the committee

Now, it chanced that Mr. Bulkley had religious and secular education, and the er regarding the fixtures of said estate. tages for mental and moral growth, the despatch to the farmer, and after a revincrease is manifold. So literally is it eric to himself, he directs the two docu-

On Saturday evening a full and anxious Synod of the belligerent churchmen took place in their tabernacle, and punctually, as promised, came a despatch from the Plato of the time and place-Rev. John Bulkley.

All was quiet and respectful attention. The moderator took up the document and broke the seal open, and-a pause ensued, while dubious amazement seemed to spread over the features of the worthy President of the meeting. "Well, Brother Temple, how is itwhat does Mr. Bulkley say?" and an-

other pause followed.

black bull !"

"Will the Moderator please proceed?" said another voice. The Moderator placed the paper on the table, took of his spectacles, wiped the glasses, then his lips-replaced his specs upon his nose, and with a very broad grin, said :

"Brethren, this appears to me to be a ery singular letter, to say the least of "Well, read it-read it," responded

the wondering hearers. "I will." The Moderator began. "You will see the repair of the fences, that they be built up high and strong, and you will take special care of the old

lack bull I'
There was a general pause; a silent mystery overspread the community; the Moderator dropped the paper to a ment by her father, with the leaf turned "rest," and gazed over the top of his glasses for several minutes, nobody saying a word. "Repair the fonces!" muttered the

Moderator, at length. "Build them strong and high !" echoed Deacon Potter. "Take special care of the old black bull " growled half the meeting. gallery of the Sonate on account of color, I isn't sca

Ther another pause ensued, and each man-eyed-his neighbor in mute-mystery. A tall and venerable man now aros from his seat : clearing his voice with a

hem, he spoke:
"Brethren, you seem lost in the brief and eloquent words of your learned ad. tal (ought to be) Jonathan Trumbull wa viser. To me, nothing could be more appropriate to our case. It is just such profound and applicable reply to us as from the learned and good man, John Bulkley. The direction to repair the fences is to take heed in the admission and government of our members : we must guard the church by our Maker's laws, and keep out stray and vicious cattle from the fold! And, above all things, set a trustworthy and vigilant watch over that old black bull, who is the devil, nd who has already broken into our en osure and sought to desolate and lay waste the grounds of our church l'', The effect of this interpretation was

> f Mr. Bulkley's cogent advice, and nanimously resolved to be governed by it ; hence the old black bull was put hors du combat, and the church preserved in The effect produced on the farmer by unication intended for the

church, history does not record.

Many of our readers have heard of the rich English lady, Miss Burdett Coutts, with her eccentric ways, and her noble gifts to many public charities. But they may not know that her eccentricities have some traces of gypsy blood, and may, perhaps, show her connection with

a gypsy stock. Her mother, when a little girl, caught by a gypsy hand, on the outskirts of an English town, and adopted as one of the strolling company. For a time, she entered with great zest into this new life, and enjoyed its wildness of freedom and roving habits. She readily assimi-

lated with the tribe, and might have

passed for one of their children. But a new fancy attracted the versatile girl. A band of strolling players capti- under the belly of the pony, and would vated her imagination, and she deserted. rustic associates on the stage, and was finally the hand of the wealthy banker,

Thomas Coutts, and after some years, was left a widow with the snug income of seventy thousand pounds a year. The romance of her career was not yet ended, for her beauty, or perhaps her wealth attracted the young Duke of St. Albans, and the strolling gypsy girl weight against each other, and the un ended her life as wife of an English

It is not surprising that the daughter of a woman leading such a strange and versatile life should inherit eccentricit his feet, staggered away, pausing a ties both of temper and character. Some of her curious whims, which have startled the steady going people who stand in fear of Mrs. Grundy, may have been

born of the gypsy habits ingrained into the mother during her wandering life. +++ "She has no mother." What a volume of socrowful truth is comprised in We must go down the hard, rough path of life and become injured to care and sorrow in their sternest forms before we can take home to our own experience "Brethren," said Mr. Bulkley, " if I the dread reality no mother without a year, the narrow system of neighborhood am to counsel in your difference, I must struggle and a tear. But when it is said exchange left them even. To these men, have no more of this unchristianlike of a frail young girl, just passing from

childhood toward the life of a woman, how sad is the story summed up in that short sentence! Who shall now check the wayward fancies? Who shall now bear with the errors and failings of the motherless daughter? Let not the cup of sorrow be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your sympathizing coolness. Is she heedless of your doings? is she forgetful of her duty? Is she careless of her movements? Remember, live years of age, a widow, and about

the size of Miss Anna Dickinson. She oh remember, she has no mother. somewhat resembles Mis. Dickinson in And the poor boy, too, with none to care for him or to administer to his com- the carnest vehemence of her manner. fort. You see him spor ive with his but the black sister has a more musical companions, perhaps rude may be at voice than the white one, and is more of a soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices times wicked. He has no mother to warn natural orator. In complexion, she re and chid him, no mother to shed her soft- sembles a "Cuba Sic"-a dark olive, ening influence over him. And when he clouded in spots. She has a wealth of goes to bed strange fears creep over him, very black and glossy hair (not wool) and a desolation of spirit that no tongue | which carls like the tendrils of a vine can express. He is turned out into the and bangs over the back brain in a tan world to battle his storms alone, and gled yet graneful mass, forming a huge when pain and weariness press upon natural waterfall. The high check bone aim, no words of pitying sympathy fall and straight nose proclaim the Carib on his ears no soft hand soothes and blood, while the large mouth and promi supports him. Remember, oh, remem- nent teeth are derived from Africa. The lady was arrayed in a fashionable ber, he has no mother.

Of all painful things, can there be any green, which well suited her complexion. so exerutiatingly painful as a bone felon? We know of none that flesh is heir to. and, as this malady is quite frequent and lowed the frilled undersleeve to be seen. the subject of much earnest consideration, we give the latest recipe for its tened at the front with a yellow bow, cure, which is given by that high au- and her waist was encificled Bya yellow thority, the London Lancet. "As soon as the pulsation, which indicates the disease, is felt, and directly over the spot a behind, after the style of Miss Anna fly blister about the size of your thumb nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly petticoat of red flannel were occasionally under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instanly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet."

"A Pennsylvania bachelor" thus gets after a lovely woman . "I impeach her in the name of the great whale of the ocean, whose bones are torn asunder to enable her to keep straight. I impeach her in the name of the peacock, whose strut without his permission she has stealthfully and without honor assumed I impeach her in the name of the horse, whose tail she has perverted from its use to the making of wavy tresses to decorate the back of her head and neck. I im peach her in the name of the kangaron whose beautiful figure she, in taking upon herself the Grecian bend, has brought into ill favor and disrepute."

"What makes you look so glum Tom ?". "O. I had to endure a sad trial to my feelings."
"What on earth was it?"

"Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl nnet while her ma was looking on."

A GOOD HOG STORY From Donn Piatt's curious article

Kbout Hogs," in Lippincott's Magazine for April we take the following original hog story: I once witnessed fight Detweon a pony and a boar, in which both sides exhibited a good deal ary and necessary is the price. of that natural art of war to which Mr Corwin referred as blessing the many taking root. militia colonels of Congress. I had ridwe should have hoped and looked for saen home one afternoon upon my little sturdy Tough Dick, and, turning him oose in the stable lot, poured upon the ground a quantity of corn to serve him s dinner. Upon this, a huge boars learly as large and quite as heavy as the pony, trotted up, unbidden, to take part life, yet we awl waste more time than n the repast. Tough Dick, not liking we use. he company nor the loss of his provender. it the hog, who in return threw up hi usk, catching the pony's nostril upon the sharp 'point, and inflicting an ugly little wound. Quick as thought almost the pony wheeled and planted his two of milk when the cream is rising. lectrical. All saw and took the force ironed heels upon the boar's side. The blow sounded like, that of a flail, rolling the hog over. Nothing daunted, he regained his legs and again made at the fish families are always nervous lest they little horse. The plucky creature was mite. ready for him, and sent the hog rolling. This second charge seemed to give the

hungryand aggravated at the interruption

attempted to take a mouthful of corn

The boar, seizing the advantage, rushed

in. Escaping the heels, he charged i

in the twisting given his unhappy ear

Finding the boarlikely to gain his point,

the pony suddenly released the ear. The

two had been pulling with their entir

expected release staggered the heg, and

ere he could recover a well directed kiel

rolled him over. I thought him killed

but he slowly recovered, and rising to

imes to shake his ugly head, as if won-

MADAME PARQUA.

GLOWING PEN PICTURE OF A SABI

RIVAL OF ANNA DICKINSON.

A Cincinnati reporter thus deliver

Madame E. C. L. Parqua, who lee

ared last night at the Temple, was born

on the Island of Hayti. Her father wa

Carib Indian of Hayti, and her mother

negress of Madagascar. She therefore

unites in herself the blood of two race

and of two hemispheres. Her father

was a sea captain and commanded a ves

sel in the African trade. He saw

comely young negress at Madagasear,

and, becoming smitten with her charms

took her home with him and made her

his wife. A few days after giving birtl

to her first child she died. Mrs. Parqua's

father was killed in one of the revolu-

tions of the country, and the lecturer is

'Mrs. Parqua is apparently about twenty-

robe of chanageable silk of orange and

The sleeves came a little below the el

bow, and, being wide at the bottom, al

She wore a very large lace collar, fas-

ribbon. Her feet were encased in thick

Dickinson, but not so still. A chemise

with heavy frills at the bottom and

visible. Like Miss Dickinson, she spoke

without notes, and used no desk or ta-

table. She were white kid gloves, and

spoke with a foreign accent on some

words. Her enunciation was, clear and

distinct, and at times she become quite

eloquent when speaking of the wrongs

The audience was quite meagre, there

being less than a hundred persons in the

hall, and these were principally colored,

with a small sprinkling of white ladies,

A Yankee one day asked his lawyer

"You cannot do it with safety," said

the counseller. "but I tell you what you

may do, let her mount a horse and hold

a bridle and whip; do you then mount

behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you."

The next day the lawyer found that

Touching and irresistible was that in-

vocation of the rustic maiden to her

have a new lamp at our house, that we

and three or four white men.

- ------

ow an heiress might be carried off.

of the black race.

with his client.

the last of her family

lering how it all came about.

himself:

The man who put together seven joints boar a realizing sense of the inequality of out to be a graduate of a deaf and dumb of stove pipe without swearing, turns such a contest. Regaining his feet again, asylum, ie trotted some paces away and stood con-"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your templating his foe from under his long ears, grunting and snapping his jaws in outh any wider," said a dentist to his wrath and disgust. Tough Dick, with his patient; "I" intend to stand outside to

ears drawn back, eyed his antagonist as if draw_your tooth.". expecting a renewal of the conflict. After The chaplain of the Iowa State, prison was asked by a friend how his parishsame seconds the boar began walking in a circle about the pony. He kept beyond "All under conviction." ioners were. he reach of his heels, and would at times | was the reply.

walk and at times trot; and all the while A little boy in Denver being told by Tough Dick kept his eye on and his his mother that God would not forgive heels toward the foc. This continued him if he did something, answered. for some time, and might have ended in "Yes he would, too-God likes to for-

in the hog's retreat, but the pony was give little boys-that's what he's for. Rufus thus addressed his bottle of his meal. In an unhappy moment he 'Tis very strange that you and I

Together cannot pull, For you are full when I am dry, And dry when I am full.

her gypsy friends, drawn by this new tusks, but the force of his attack carried ductor, passing through one of the magnetism. She soon eclipsed all her him beyond the point of danger and her trains the other day. "Tickets, sfr.?" said a railroad confore he could escape the wicked pony had "My face is my ticket," said the other called to London, where her genius found him by the car precisely as a dog would a little vexed. "Indeed.!" said conduca wider range on the boards of old Drury. have caught him. The boar squealed tor rolling back his wristband and dis-Here she won the admiration, and dismally, and began turning so as to playing a most powerful bunch of fives, bring his tusks under the throat or jaw well, my orders are to punch all tickof the enemy. Slowly but steadily he ets passing over this road. swung around, suffering intense tortur

The Louisville Courier says : "When you come to look at it properly, there is nothing strange in the fact that no citizen of-Chicago has ever been converted to Mormonism A man who can't live with one wife six weeks at a time naturally stands aghast at the thought of atempting to live with fifteen or twenty."

A New York letter says: "The most elegant dress ever seen in merica was worn at a late disreputable ball in metropolis. Twelve hundred yards of delicate white illusion; forty yards of the costliest gold cord, thirtyeight vards of salmon colored satin 66. teen yards of white satin, and eight yards of thread lace, were used in making the beautiful pattern dress. It was made by an American modiste, after de

signs by the wearer." The St. Paul and Missis panies have been harvesting all the ice they could during the winter. The first company has cut over'14,000 tous and the cond 6,000. This amount-20,000 tons -is designed for shipment south, the companies calculating that they will be able to procure an additional quantity, that will more than suffice for home consumption, before the breaking up of the

Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that have seen in the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, Liepresent to myself the struggle and temptation it has passed through -the tears of regret; feebleness of purpose; the sporn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the within; health gone; happiness gone-1 would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came."

When Spencer had finished his famous noom of the " Fairie Oneen." he carried t to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of that day! The manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the reader twenty pounds. Reading on, he cried in rapture, "Carry the man another twenty pounds." Proceeding farther, he exclaimed, "Give him twenty pounds more." But at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house, for if I read farther I shall be ruined." A Parisian Countess lately lost two

valuable diamonds-from her necklace, They were found in the street by a gamin, who traded them to one of his follows for a pocket knife; the second boy played at marbles with them, lost one in a gutter, and gave the other to a servant who showed it to her mistress; a jeweler's wife, who recognized it as belonging to the Countess, who was one of her husband's customers. Afterwards the other diamand was discovered in the conduc tor leading to the sewer, the boy indicating the spot where he had lost it. All of us a c not lucky. Etiquette is the art of behaving your.

self. Manners not only make the man, but the woman, too, what they ought to be-ladies and gentlemen, whether they roll-through life in their carriages, or tridge along the pavement in the lowly Blucher. True gentility is the exerdiso of a due regard for the feeling of your neighbors, and etiquette is the esence of gentility. You cannot wash the blacksmoor white, nor could all the teachings of Lord Chestorfield convert his boor of a son into a polished gentleman. You must have the materiel to work upon; so to all who go in for it was his own daughter who run away vapeaking their mind," and setting up their backs against the conventionalities of well behaved society, we have not a. word to say. Our present precepts are intended for those who will recieve them wain: "Come over and see me; we in the spirit in which they are offered, and will lay our golden words to heart Revels, was once excluded from the can turn down, down, down, until there and commit the many priceless pe gallery of the Senate on account of color, isn't scarcely a bit of light in the room," worldly wisdom to memory. can turn down, down, down, until there and commit the many priceless pearls of