THE CENTRE REPORTER.

VOL. VI. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1873. NO. 4.

And Yet.

I saw him look at Linda's wavy hair;
I see him watch Cecilia's winning smile;
I see him notice Maud's complexion fair;
My heart with dread is beating all the while
And yet
I'm almost sure he loves me best of all.

I see him glance at Milly's fairy feet,
And follow all their movements with a smile
I see him charmed by many maidens sweet,
My heart with dread fast beating all the while
And yet
I'm almost sure he loves me best of all.

For when he takes my hand in both of his,
And looks at me with his confiding smile,
My every doubt and fear are set at ease,
Although my heart is beating all the while;
And—yes!
I'm sure, quite sure, he loves me best of all

Machine Made.

[More of truth than poetry will be found in the following:]

A carpenter's duty is plain;
A cobbler for food sells his sole;
The barber, who ne'er crossed the main,
Still passes from pole unto pole;
The brick-maker, bloodthirsty elf,
To kiln's been addicted of old;
The pilferer goes for the pelf;
An elder's as oft young as old;
The weathercock-makers are vain
Of the vanes they expose to the blast;
The bellows man ne'er will refrain
From "blowing" his wares to the last;
A lawyer's existence is brief;
A printer 'gainst vice should be proof;
The builder will sure come to grief
Who commences to build at the roof;
The miller makes millions from mills;
In all trades can money be made,
But newspapers suffer from bills
Which seldom or never are paid.

The Story of a Singular Character.

On a drive with some friends over Pomfret Hills, Ct., the other day, we called on a singular character---a man who is 30 years old, who is deaf, dumb and blind. Whether he would have been dumb or not had he been blessed with the sense of hearing, it is impossible to tell, but his glimmerings of intellect are evidently rather feeble. The man is well developed physically; is of ordinary hight; has a stout thick neck, and looks strong and robust; has never eaten anything but milk; has never tasted water nor a particle of food but milk. Thirty years on clear milk, and with a neck like an ox, and apparently a muscular system to correspond. Can we say now that milk is for babies and calves, and not for strong men. This man had a full set of strong double teeth clear round, and every one of them had to be pulled out, as he tore his clothes to pieces with them. As he didn't use them to chew milk with, he probably thought he must make some use of them, as they were evidently made for something, and his clothes furnished excellent material on which to exercise them.

Another peculiarity of this strange being is that through all his life long he has chewed a rag---or rather, I should say, has gummed it since his strong teeth were taken from him. From infancy his mother has had to place a rag in his mouth as soon as he had taken his food. She said he gave her no peace till she put it back. He distinguished strangers from the neighbors and those who had visited him before. I took hold of his hand and he took it in both of his and seemed to be considering; then he passed his hand up the length of my arm, and patted his head and chest and made a singular gutteral noise. His mother said that was his way of expressing joy---of showing that he was pleased. His principal enjoyment seems to consist in having his mother get through with her work and sit down by his side. He has a swing in the room, in which he spends a good part of the time swinging. Sometimes when his mother steps out, he will lock the door so that she can't get back again, which shows that he has some wit about him, or trickery at least. He is always very wakeful at night, and rouses his mother out of bed many times in the night. She says he has lived thus without a good night's rest for 30 years, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday nights.

Every Saturday night he calms down like a lamb, and keeps that night and all the Sunday after in the strict letter of the old "blue laws" of Connecticut. His mother attributes this hebdomadal to the fact that she changes his clothes on Saturday night. But it is probably owing to the mere fact of change from the ordinary routine. This slight ripple of change is a change to him, and the rest a sort of weekly landmark in the dreary, monotonous blank of his life. Perhaps through the cloud and mist of his vacant mind he welcomes this slight ripple, and thus in his poor way computes the flight of time. What meaneth it to such a mind as this? To wake and sleep, to draw the breath, to take a pint of milk. The sun goes round, the seasons change, but naught of this knows he. Nations arise and nations fall---'tis the same to him. One dreary round, forever blank---will death improve his state? The bird that flies, the fish that swims, has better life than this.

Love Lore.

January.---The 1st of January is one of the earliest days in the year you can take a wife on, if you want to. If you really want two, though, you can't, because it is not legal.

February.--Feathered songsters choose their mates. This month they pick them, presently they will peck them. Go thou and do likewise.

March.---Don't believe the woman who says she will give you her heart this month. It is not given---it's Lent!

April.---The 1st is All-Fool's Day. This is the day to make promises of marriage, and accept accommodation bills. Go it!

May.---Trusting maidens, don't believe in a chimney-sweep's suit this month! The fellow will most likely wash it all off on May-day.

June.---The longest day occurs this month. Take care it doesn't come in the latter end of your honey-moon.

July.---Every dog has his day this month. Bachelor dog-days are numbered.

August.---The first mail, 1784! Poor fellow!

September. --- Michaelmas - day this month. Wise geese keep close.

October.---Old Michaelmas-day used to fall on the 11th of this month. Hoary-headed and unmarried old ganders chuckle at the thought of their escape.

November.---Mothers of large families should get their Guys off their hands, if possible, this month.

December.---If you have not been hooked before midnight on the 31st, you are safe for this year at least.

Odor of Rattlesnakes.

A writer in *Chamber's Journal*, referring to the peculiar and offensive odor given forth from the body of a rattlesnake when the reptile is enraged, recalls a remarkable instance of escape, which may be credited to a knowledge of this fact, coupled, however, with presence of mind, which fully attones for the rashness of the act which called it into exercise. Dr. Hamilton Roe, having opened a box directed to the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, London, put his hand under the layer of dry moss which appeared, to see what was there. He touched something alive, and the *smell* told him it was a rattlesnake. Had he withdrawn his hand rapidly, he would have been bitten to a certainty, since the odor is only apparent when the animal is enraged. Knowing this, he had the presence of mind to stroke the reptile, which allowed him to take his hand gently away. So powerful and permanent is this odor that, when a shake is irritated, and made to bite the rake or hoe with which it is intended to kill him, the implement often retains the odor for months.

The man King, who confessed himself the murderer of Pook at Greenwich, England, has been found insane and discharged.

Historical and Personal.

Louis XIV. was in 1691 not much beyond the prime of life, and he was still in all the strength of his glory. He was fifty-three years old, and undoubtedly at the head of Europe, Spain being decadent, Germany divided, and England only beginning her reaction against the vassalage of Charles II. and his brother, under the leadership of William of Orange. He had gained all the important triumphs which had given him the title of "Great," and the taint of fraud in some of which has been so bitterly expiated by France in our own time. He was master of French Flanders, Franche-Comte, and Burgundy. He had inflicted horrible sufferings upon Holland and Germany. He had taken Luxembourg, stolen Strasburg, and bought Casal. His ambition was known to be still unsatisfied; his designs upon the Spanish crown were foreseen; and hence Europe was now engaged in the confederacy which shook his kingdom to its foundations, and prepared humiliation for his gloomy old age. The influence of the men of genius (his support of whom constituted his charm in the eyes of Voltaire) was still unrivaled, although some of the greatest of them had passed away. His personal despotism retained all its unquestioned ascendancy, and was one of the dangerous legacies which he left to his family and to France. In private life the king had now become what we may call a respectable sinner, and was gradually sliding into a quasi-devout condition---half conventional, half founded on fear of the devil---under the adroit management of Madame de Maintenon. That lady had been a respectable sinner herself, and was a penitent after his Majesty's own fashion, having passed from a decorous demirep into a private unacknowledged wife, and added to the perfumes of Versailles a tinge of holy water. She ruled over Louis' passion of religious fear, as the Valliere, the Montespan, the Fontanges had over another passion, and, as far as we can see, with quite as little excuse. Sensual by calculation, amusing by study, with the cunning of Becky Sharp varnished over with the gravity of a court which was always pompous in its gayest times, she suited the mature Louis admirably. And she got her reward for betraying the Montespan, persecuting the Protestants, deserting Fenelon, and so forth---*not* the declaration of marriage which she hoped, but the privilege of nursing a morose, melancholy, disappointed, and meanly-timid old man, round whose neck she had hung relics probably as false as her caresses, and whom she fled from forever when he had the death-rattle in his throat. Of all the mistresses of Louis XIV., we confess that the one we like least is the legal one.---*Cornhill Magazine.*

The Farmer's Vocation Perpetual.

We need not fear that the human race will ever cease to have a delight in the cultivation of land---the raising of grain and fruits---in planting trees. Men always did delight in the pleasure of agriculture. It has been the chosen pursuit of the ablest and wisest men in all ages. The husbandry of the husbandman have been the theme of poets and orators in every language and in every land. These pleasures, Cicero tells us, are not checked by any old age, and make the nearest approach to the life of a wise man. And he tells us that Homer introduces Laertes, soothing the regret which he felt for his son, by tilling the land and manuring it. Marcus Curius, after he had triumphed over the Samnites, over the Sabines, over Pyrrhus, spent the closing period of his existence in agricultural pursuits. Cincinnatus was at the plow when it was announced to him that he was made Dictator. "God Almighty," says Lord Bacon, "first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Addison says a garden was the first habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquility, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. The philosopher Bolingbroke was never so happy Pope tells us, as when among the haymakers on his farm. And not alone in the refinements of rural life will there be an interest. Farmers hold the world together. There may be years when they seem to be of less consequence. Trade or manufacturers may allure some of them for a time. But there will ever be latent in every man's breast a hope to end his days on a farm.

An Essay Upon Correct Grammar.

A searcher after truth writes to ask us which is grammatically correct, to say, "the house is building," or "the house is being built;" "the street is paving," or "the street is being paved?". There is a wide diversion of opinion upon this subject; but we are inclined to favor "is being built," for the following reasons: Suppose you want to express another kind of an idea, would you say, for instance, "Johnny is spanking," or "Johnny is being spanked?" The difference to you may seem immaterial, but it is a matter of considerable importance to Johnny; and it is probable that if any choice were given him, he would select the former alternative. You assert, we say, that "Hannah is hugging," which, by the way, would be a very improper thing for Hannah to do, it would be positively scandalous, indeed. Precisely a similiar idea is conveyed if you say, "Hannah is being hugged," because it is a peculiarity of the act that it is hardly ever one-sided; there is no selfishness about it. And it is the same with kissing. "Jane is kissing," is just exactly as if we should say, "Jane is being kissed; and the sensation is the same. It will not be necessary, however, for our correspondent to attempt to prove this last mentioned fact by practice. He must take our own word for it. Unless he does so, we shall answer no more questions in Syntax for him or any one else. Our duty to conserve the morals of the community, not to start people to playing private games of Copenhagen.

The girls in the first class of the High School in Portland, Maine, have made a decided movement in favor of simplicity in dress. The class, between thirty and forty in number, have almost unanimously agreed to adopt for school wear dresses of plain, substantial, and inexpensive material. Fanciful ornaments and jewelry are to be used only to a limited extent, which is specified and fully understood by the girls. Many pupils in the lower classes are following their example. Any movement to cause the young girls in America to dress simply is worthy of highest commendation. It is painful to see those who are fresh and young, and who are ostensibly occupied in gaining an education, so dressed as to show plainly that their thoughts are largely spent upon outward adornments.

We heard this with surprise; but as it was not to be accounted for on ordinary principles, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he might carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly for about a quarter of an hour respect

The Fear of Death.

The dread of death is universal and instinctive; and yet how many rush into its arms! Suicide is a most impressive fact in this connection. The disappointed lover, the discouraged adventurer, the suspected clerk, the child wounded in its self-love or fearful punishment, faces the great enemy and invites his blow. Every now and then the community is shocked by suicides so unprovoked and so frequent as almost to persuade us that the natural fear of death is passing away. The inconsistency is easily explained. Lord Bacon says there is no passion that will not overmaster the terror of death. For passion is thoughtless; occupied wholly with an immediate suffering, it makes no estimate of any other kind of pain; absorbed in an instantaneous sorrow, it takes no other sorrow into account. The mind entertains but one passion at a time, whether it be joy or fear. But men are not always or generally under the influence of passion. Ordinary life is calm, calculating, considerate, and it is to ordinary life that death is so terrible. It is the thought of death is terrible, not death. Death is gentle, peaceful, painless; instead of bringing suffering, it brings an end of suffering. It is misery's cure. Where death is, agony is not. The processes of death are all friendly. The near aspect of death is gracious. There is a picture somewhere of a fearful face, livid and ghastly, which the beholder gazes on with horror, and would turn away from, but for a hideous fascination that not only rivets his attention, but draws him closer to it. On approaching the picture the hideousness disappears, and when directly confronted it is not any more seen; the face is the face of an angel. It is a picture of death, and the object of the artist was to impress the idea that the terror of death is in apprehension. Theodore Parker, whose observation of death was very large, has said he never saw a person of any belief, condition or experience, unwilling to die when the time came; and my own more limited observation confirms the truth of the remark. Death is an ordinance of nature, and like every ordinance of nature is directed by beneficent laws to beneficent ends. What must be, is made welcome. Necessity is beautiful.

Poor People.

There are various kinds of poverty. People perishing with famine are poor. People that cannot procure fuel in the winter, nor sufficient clothing for warmth and comfort, are poor.- People that are compelled by their circumstances to live in squalid apartments, in ill-ventilated alleys, are poor. People that are infirm in health, and need a warmer climate and have no means to go away with, are poor. These are poor in their own view, and in the view of all mankind. People may be said to be absolutely poor, too, whose intellectual natures have begun their development, and yet who cannot procure books, or access to libraries, or entrance into schools and colleges. But, after all, it is "style" that makes many people poor; the show in which other people live. The house that was well enough furnished before, becomes mean when the next neighbor furnishes her rooms with more expense and elegance. Bricks or wood were good enough, till another's brownstone front went up. And the sidewalk and the horse-cars would answer very well, till a neighbor's horses pranced along the street, with glittering harness and glancing wheels, and a black coachman with silver buttons drove up to the door. And the same is true in circumstances of much humbler degree. Content is known to live in the cottage, but takes its leave after it has once visited the "mansion." "Style" is the world in many people's thoughts. Is not this arrant folly, good people? Is our own house the less comfortable because that of our neighbor is larger? Are our own blessings the less appreciable because his apparently outnumber them? Out upon such folly! The strong-minded and the wise never find themselves poor, however small their means and however cultivated their tastes may be. The world of God's creation is so much larger, so much fuller, so much more to them, than any work which man can create, that they never have a want beyond their means. Cannot you be as wise as they?

The Extirpation of the Buffalo.

Secretary Delano takes a new and instructive view of the question of the prospective extirpation of the bison. With a heartless disregard of the rights of the noble sportsmen, who feel that they have lived in vain if they have not proved their valor by chasing buffalo cows on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, he suggests that the sooner the game is disposed of the better for civilization. His argument is that the Indians will continue more or less intractable while the hunting-grounds remain; but, as they become convinced that they can no longer rely upon the supply of game for their support, they will turn to the more equable source of subsistence furnished at the agencies, and endeavor to live so that the supply will be regularly dispensed. Stripped of its verbiage, this means simply that the only way to civilize the red man is to starve him into submission. However philanthropists may regard this suggestion, it is underlaid by something more than a modicum of truth. With a few exceptional cases, such as the Cherokees and Creeks, the Indians have shown no disposition to abandon their vagrant habits; but, following the wild herds from which they have derived their subsistence for centuries, they have wandered westward year by year before the white man's advance, preferring to pick up a scanty, chance subsistence, rather than to stoop to manual labor. Thus bison and savage are travelling rapidly the road to extinction; and the child is born to whom both will be almost as much an object of curiosity in our country as the elephant is now.

Milk Paint.---In *Every Man His Own Painter* we find the following: "For painting in rooms where the smell of oil of turpentine would be objectionable a preparation may be made as follows: Take eight ounces of freshly slacked lime and mix it in an earthen vessel with three quarts of skimmed sweet milk. In another vessel mix three and a half pounds of Paris white with three pints of the milk. When three mixtures are well stirred up put them together and add six ounces of linseed oil. Mix these well and it will be ready for use. This preparation is equal to oil paint, and is excellent for walls and ceilings. Any shade may be made by the addition of dry pigments."

The latest pets which the Parisian ladies affect are monkeys. These charming little animals are to take the place of the inevitable poodle, and are said to take kindly to the attention and affection lavished upon them. They are adorned by dainty silver collars but on their walks are left unchained, as each "respectable monkey is attended by two footmen, who guide his wayward steps and keep him within the bounds of the civilization of which he may one day form a part. We do not know whether Mr. Darwin, or a freak of fashion is to be thanked for this transfer of affections.

Tried and True.

The inexhaustible romance of emigration, of which in modern days our country is almost always the objective point, has its latest recorded illustration in a quiet little story recently made public through the circumstances of its gratifying conclusion.

Several years ago, in one of the midland counties of England, the son of a poor clergyman became enamored of a young lady named Moss, who lived in London, but was at that time passing the summer with her aunt, one of the minister's parishioners. Miss Moss was most graciously disposed toward her rural adorer, and as he was a gentleman by birth and a welcome guest in the most respectable country houses the society of the village recognized, there was no incompatibility in the affair. Upon her return to London, however, the young lady, whose father was a wealthy merchant, received so little sympathy from her family in the affair of the heart which she had to disclose to them, that she felt impelled to write rather disconsolately to her lover on the subject; and when he, upon hastening to the metropolis to present himself, was received with repellant coldness by the parents, the prospect for the lovers seemed unpromising enough.

Not to be thus dismissed, though, the clergyman's son obtained a private interview with the reluctant merchant, and stoutly asked why he was not eligible for the alliance he desired. The blunt answer was that his worldly circumstances were not suitable. He was poor and likely to remain so, and should seek a wife adapted to his means. Deeming the concluding piece of advice gratuitous, the lover took leave of the father with no great cordiality; but upon bidding adieu to his lady-love, asked her very earnestly if she would promise to wait for him until he should have gained for himself the means and position necessary to change the parental decision. The answer was as affirmative as earnest, and, without further explanation, the rejected suitor said a hurried good-by. Miss Moss heard no more of him until nearly three months thereafter, when a letter bearing an American postmark amazed her with the information that he had crossed the Atlantic to seek the appointed fortune, and had high hopes of soliciting the fulfillment of her promise in about two years.

A half-brother of his father was a merchant in Leavenworth, Kansas, and had given him countenance and general assistance by which he was sanguine that he could not fail to speculate successfully in city psoperty. Only let her remain faithful to him and in two years her father should see him in London again with plenty of money in his pockets. She answered appropriately, with a faith in the future as unworldly as his own, and from thenceforth their letters passed each other on the ocean by every steamer.

The story of American fortune-making by emigrants has not much variety. Occasionally the dream is at least partly realized, but as a general thing deferred hope is the burden of the song. The young Englishman in Kansas was always just about to do better, but the time of actual golden consummation never chanced to come. Two years and three years and four rolled on, and still he remained on this side of the sea and wrote hopeful letters. During this time his father, the clergyman, died, leaving an estate so meagre to the widow and daughter that the exile could not think of going back to his old home as poor as when he left. But the father of Miss Moss departed this life also, and about three months ago the true-hearted heiress wrote to her finally despoiding lover that, as he could not go to her, she had decided to come to him.

Accordingly, the spirited young lady, disregarding the still urgent objections of her kindred, and leaving a London home of luxury and refinement, crossed the Atlantic alone, and on Sunday last arrived at a hotel in Leavenworth, where her yet impecunious lover was to, and of course did, meet her. They were married on the same day, and it may be added, that their journey will be back to the old country. A serious temporary sacrifice was involved, of course, in the fair voyager's bold trip to this country on such an errand; but, as already noted, she is now an heiress; her array of traveling trunks is spoken of as something wonderful, and the reunited lovers will return to their native land, as husband and wife, in the glow of a romance to which riches will give all necessary gentility.

Eli Perkins on defective Flues.

It pains me to hear of so many people being burned, on account of elevators and defective flues. The other day I laid a plan before the Fire Inspectors, which, if carried out, will remedy the evil.

When I called on the Inspector of Buildings, Mr. McGregor was trying some experiments with Professor Ryndall. They were trying to abstract the heat from the fire, so as to leave the fire perfectly harmless, while the heat is to be carted off in flour barrels to supply cooking-stoves. Then they tried experiments in concentrating water, to be used in the engines in case of a drouth. The latter experiment proved eminently successful. Twelve barrels of water were evaporated down to a gill, and this was sealed in a small phial, to be diluted and used to put out fires in cases where no Croton water can be had. In some cases the water is to be evaporated and concentrated till it becomes a fine dry powder, and this can be carried around in the vest pocket of the firemen, and is to be blown upon the fire through tin horns---that is, it is to extinguish the fire in a horn.

I examined the powderized water with great interest; took a horn---in his hands---and proceeded to elucidate my plan for constructing fire-flues. I then told them how the holes of the flues should be constructed of solid cast iron or other non-combustible material and then cold corrugated iron, without any apertures, poured around them.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Professor Tyndall and Mr. McGregor in a breath, "but where will you place the flues, Mr. Perkins?"

"My idea," I replied, drawing a diagram on the wall-paper with a piece of charcoal, "is to have these flues in every instance located in the adjoining house."

"Magnificent! but how about the elevator?"

"Why, after putting them in the next house too, I'd seal them up water-tight and fill them with cotton and let it freeze. Then I'd turn them bottom-side up, and if they caught fire the flames would only draw down it into the cellar."

The leading actors at the New York theaters are by no means badly paid. John Brougham has a weekly salary of $300, and a handsome income besides from his many plays; Mrs. John Wood gets $600; Rose Hersee, $500; Stuart Robson, $150. These are at the Grand Opera House. At the Fifth Avenue Theater Miss Davenport (whom Boucicault pronounces one of the best light-comedy actresses of the day) gets $150; George Clark 125; James Lewis, $125; Plessy Mordaunt $80; Jenny Lee, $60; Emily Westayer 50. There are very many others receiving salaries ranging from $30 to $60 a week. Most of these are prudent, money-saving people, regular visitors at the savings-banks.

Stokes on Trial.

The trial of Edward S. Stokes, for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., was resumed in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Boardman. The prisoner himself was placed on the stand on his own behalf, and his examination lasted all day. He explained at length the circumstances of his business relations with Fisk, their subsequent litigations, and the various legal proceedings which arose from them. He narrated the progress of the libel suit instituted against Fisk by Josephine Mansfield, and having stated how he left Yorkville Police Court on the morning of the shooting, he detailed his subsequent movements up to the time of his arrival at the Grand Central Hotel. He was induced to enter the hotel by seeing a lady in the window above he thought he recognized as a friend he met at Saratoga during the previous summer, and he endeavored, but without success, to bring a friend, Mr. Bailey, with him. After entering the hotel he found that the lady was not the person whom he supposed, and he turned to go away; he had got down three or four steps, when he saw Fisk inside the second door; Fisk pulled his pistol out, and witness sprang to the left to be out of range. The witness here described Fisk as holding his pistol with both hands, and said he immediately took his pistol out of his right-hand coat pocket, and fired. Fisk cried "Oh" at the first shot, and at the second he turned partly around and said he was shot, and seemed to drop his pistol; had no premeditation to kill Fisk, and had no time to think; saw Fisk's pistol distinctly, and believed his own life to be in danger and he instantly took out his own pistol, cocked it, and fired as rapidly as possible, aiming at Fisk, but not thinking of killing, and not taking any particular aim. He denied the testimony of Thomas Hart that he crouched as if waiting for some one, and never used the words, "Now I have you;" did not go into the ladies' parlor, and dropped his pistol not there, but at the head of the stairs; did not say "I have just come in;" Fisk did not identify him as the man who shot him, but simply said, when he was confronted with him, "That is Mr. Stokes." Witness described that Fisk was a desperate, unscrupulous, vindictive man; that he had made threats against his life, and, in consequence of these threats, he was always apprehensive of violence through his agency; Fisk boasted to him that his touch was cold and clammy, that it was dangerous to cross him, and that Dorman B. Eaton would not trouble him any more. He denied the testimony of Parker that he said "Fisk was a ---- black-mailer, and that he would shoot him;" he had no acquaintance with Parker, and the statement was an invention. He repeated the evidence concerning the case given at the last trial, and was then subjected to a severe cross-examination.

One Result of Housekeeping.

Nothing robs one of that sort of personal vanity which youth is so apt to feel so soon as keeping house. If one never did that, it might be that the vain-glorious idea that it is a great thing to be the identical I which one happens to be, would never be properly modified; but a short experience of housekeeping proves conclusively that one is only of importance according to one's relation to each other folk.

There is a potato man who plainly thinks that if you do not take potatoes of him your mission on earth remains unfulfilled. There is an ice company which feels that your destiny is to buy ice. There is a gas company, to which you are number twenty-four, such a street, and can only prove your identity by depositing a certain sum of money in the company's hands.

You are "the person that is being painted" to the painter; and his notion becomes literally true, if you enter your domicile in a hurry, forgetful of his pots and brushes. You are so much meat a week to the butcher, and so many dollars a month to the cook.

In yourself you are nothing---sad or glad, tired, tormented, or in a state of beatitude, it matters not to any of these people. You are the big machine that winds the house up, winds food and furniture into it, and winds money out to pay for it all.

Oh for the golden dreams of early youth, when dinner was as natural a blessing as sunrise, and one never thought where the tin pans and teakettle came from; when, in a white dress and blue sash, one could repose upon a sofa, heedless of the rattle of ice-cart wheels or the howl of the milkman, unconscious of the awful days ahead, when every new arrival of the sort would be succeeded by a howl for "missus," and when one would be responsible for the sweetness of the butter, and the plentifulness of the green peas at that early season when they shell out small *Ledger.*

The First Carpet.

I was once very much amused at an anecdote an old preacher told of himself. It occured some sixty or seventy years ago. He had been raised in the backwoods, and knew but little of the ways of the world. Having been admitted into conference he was sent to a circuit, and upon a certain occasion was invited to dine with a wealthy man.

Carpets were not near so common then as they are now. Most people had their floors scoured very clean, and nice white sand sprinkled over them. This wealthy man with whom the young preacher dined, however, had a carpet; but it was not large enough to cover the floor, so their was a naked space all around the room about the width of a chair. It was the first carpet the preacher had ever seen, and he thought that it would not do to step on it; so he took a seat near the wall and drew his feet around on either side of his chair, so as not to touch it.

After a while a servant came in, and spreading down a piece of linen in the middle of the room, placed the dining-table on it and began to set it. The preacher was greatly troubled; he did not know how he was to get from the naked place where he sat to the piece of linen on which the table stood. He knew he could easily jump it if he had a fair chance; but how was he to manage with the chair between his feet he did not know. But then the thing must be done someway; so, when dinner was announced, he rose from his chair, and summoning all his energies, he made a desperate leap, and to his great joy, made the trip in safety.

Erie Speculations.---Jay Gould, just previous to the Boston fire, says a reliable New York authority, sent a prominent Broad street speculator to London, with letters of credit to a large amount, and orders to quietly buy calls upon an immense number of shares. The stock in New York had been depressed by Gould about 10 per cent., and was made to look very weak on purpose to induce the English speculators to sell calls at cheap rates. No telegrams were sent by cable, for fear of the operation leaking out, and the market for Erics was kept down until the return of the New York agent, who came back by the steamer City of Brussels two weeks ago. When the calls were all secured the trap was sprung and Erie shares ran up 10 per cent. within two days. Gould's profit in the London market are estimated at $5,000,000.

Disasters of the Year 1872.

It is lamentable that, as if to make up for the absence of war--the year 1872 was one of almost profound peace---storms, floods, earthquakes, fires, railroad collisions, assassinations abounded in all parts of the world, and carried off a great number of people.

Earthquakes, Floods, &c.---January 4 there were violent thunder-storms, with shock of earthquake, in England: 16th, the great earthquake at Smemacha, Caucasus, occured, killing 137 people, wounding 44, and destroying the city; 26th, there were reported terrible floods in England which caused immense losses of property. The next day began the famous snow blockade on the Northern Pacific Railroad. The latter part of January and the beginning of February were extremely cold, and many persons in the Northwest died of exposure. February 8, three persons were killed in Utah by enormous snow slides, 2,000 feet in height; the 14th, a frightful storm in the Northwest, 800 cars blockaded, and many persons reported as perishing from cold. March 30, snow drifts were reported in Nova Scotia thirty feet deep; 26th and following days, 7,000 shocks of earthquake were felt in California, 1,500 miles of country were shaken, forty people killed, and 40 wounded. Oaxaca, Mexico, was visited by an earthquake which destroyed part of the city on the 27. April 3, Antioch, Syria, was destroyed by an earthquake, by which 2,000 persons were killed; 8th, a great flood in the Ohio River by which 125 boats were sunk. An eruption of Vesuvius---the most terrible for two centuries---occured on the 25th to the 27th, causing the death of 200 persons. June 8th, a great tornado occured in Ohio, by which 160 houses were blown down and 60 persons more or less injured. The summer in the Northern States was characterized by the intense heat which occured at short intervals and continued long. The first snow fell at Blandford, Mass., on the 31st of August. September 28, Osceola, Ark., was nearly destroyed by a hurricane, and on the following day there were great gales and immense loss of property on the lakes. October 24th, disastrous freshets on the river Po in Italy rendered 60,000 families homeless. On November 13 and 14 terrible gales in the Baltic and North seas, eighty ships and hundreds of lives reported lost; the damage between $2,000 000 and $3,000,000; 26th, great gales on the English coast, causing great damage; December 4, the Po was again flooded; 8th to 19th, hurricane in England and Ireland, towns flooded and 449 lives reported lost in ten days; 19th, the Seine overflowed and Paris was partly under water; 22nd, the greatest inundation of the Thames in twenty years occured at London; 26th, great snow-storm in New York, travel almost stopped. The following days the storm continued in the West.

Railroad Accidents.---A railroad train at Upper Alton, Ill., was telescoped on February 7, seven persons killed and thirteen wounded; June 22, an accident on the Grand Trunk Railroad at Belleville, Ontario, scalded sixty-five persons, of whom twenty-three died; December 24, twenty persons killed and forty wounded by an accident at Corry, Pa.; the following day three persons were killed and seventeen wounded by an accident near Indianapolis, Ind.

Fires.---March 4, $1,000,000 fire in Philadelphia; 20th, Dusseldorf Art Gallery, Germany, destroyed; 19th, Jayne's building and five printing offices (Philadelphia) burned down; loss, $1,000,000. July 5, 1,000 houses in Constantinople burned; 20th, great petroleum fire at Hunter's Point, L. I.; loss, $1,500,000. August 12, a cotton factory in Geneva, Switzerland, burned; loss, $2,000,000. September 3, part of Canterbury Cathedral burned; 6th, 120 houses in Zernatz, Switzerland, burned. October 2, the Escurial, in Spain, damaged by fire caused by lightning. November 9-10, the great fire in Boston; more than eighty acres of ground were burned over; twenty to thirty lives are reported lost, and the money value of the property destroyed is estimated at more than 100,000,000. December 10, the Fifth Avenue Hotel horror---eleven women roasted to death; 24th, Barnum's Museum destroyed by fire; same afternoon, fire in Centre street---seven lives lost.

Losses of Ships.---March 4, ship Great Republic lost at sea. May 17, Cunarder Tripoli wrecked on west coast of Ireland. June 16, steamer Gaudeyea exploded her boilers in Marseilles harbor with a loss of fifty-five lives. July 5, ship Rothsay, from Calcutta, lost at sea with seventeen persons. August 13, steamer Bienville on her voyage from New York to Aspinwall burned at sea, nineteen lives lost; 24th, steamship America burned at Yokohama; lost $1,000,000 and several lives; 31st, steamer Metis lost in the Sound; forty-eight persons killed. November 9-19, eighty ships and hundreds of smaller vessels lost in the Baltic and North seas from hurricanes. December 8-19, fifteen ships driven ashore on the English and Irish coast by a great hurricane; 449 lives lost.

Diseases of Men and Animals.---January 1-8, 230 persons died of small-pox in Philadelphia; 12, small-pox reported as spreading in all parts of England, Ireland and Scotland. March 22, small-pox in New York and vicinity. April 6, 43 persons reported as dying in a week of small-pox in Montreal. June 11, cholera appears in Southern Russia. Week ending July 6, 1,569 persons died from the effects of the terrible heat in New York; 19th, rinderpest attacks the herds of England; 20th, cholera spreading in Central and Southern Russia. August 29, cholera in India and West Russia. September 17, fatal cattle plague appears in Nevada. October 1, the great horse-plague appears in Ontario, Can., and in the two months following is is said to have attacked 5,000,000 horses; 10th, 3,000,000 persons are said to have died of famine and plague in Persia; 25th, 30,000 horses sick of the epizootic in New York---the following days witnessed a great mortality among the sick ones; 30th, cholera appears in East Prussia; Hungary, and Ireland. November 2, the horse-plague reaches England; 3d, cholera in Vienna, Prague, and Berlin; 18th, 80,000 Russians have died since January 1 of cholera.

Assassinations.--February 5, attempted assassination of President Thiers by shooting; Earl Mayo, Governor-General of India assassinated at Port Royal (India) by a fanatical native: 29th, attempted assassination of Queen Victoria by a Fenian named O'Connor. July 18, attempt to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain in the streets of Madrid.

MAN AND MONKEY.—Mr. Darwin has written a new book, the subject of which is *The Expression of Emotion in Man and Animal.* For the purpose of proving the connection between the two species he states that both men and apes "pout" and "turn the cold shoulder" as an indication of displeasure. And he tells how it is done, in order that all juveline apes or humans who like may practice the pout without mistake. He says that "the pouting here referred to consists of the protrusion of both lips in a tubular form, sometimes to such an extent as to project as far as the end of the nose, if this be short," and that "pouting is generally accompanied by frowning, and sometimes by a booing or a whooing noise."

In the Condemned Cell.

Edward S. Stokes, sentenced to death for the murder of James Fisk, Jr., is in cell No. 4, of the Tombs, in New York. It is known as the condemned cell and is on the ground floor of the condemned row. The cell is about ten feet long by six in width. The last occupant of the room was Foster, the car-hook murderer, who was removed to better quarter when the stay of proceedings in his case was granted. Some seventeen condemned men have occupied it since 1850, and the last occupant who suffered the extreme penalty of the law was the negro John Thomas, executed sometime more than a year ago. The cell looked bare and cheerless enough yesterday, but will be carpeted and fitted up for the present occupant, who will be made as comfortable as possible. It is securely fastened with a net work of iron grating, the interstices of which will scarcely admit of the insertion of a man's finger. It contained only a chair at the rear end, on which was laid a bundle of clothing, another chair near it, supporting a small black valise; a bed near the door, and a small table directly in the doorway. On the table was placed a bottle of cordial and a tumbler with which the occupant occasionally refreshed himself. In his hand he held a lead pencil, and ever and anon he would write a mysterious something with it on the walls of his cell, and then ceasing abruptly, would draw with the pencil abstractedly. In conversing with the writer, of his case and his prospects, Stokes protested bitterly at the crowds of people that lined the streets yesterday morning as he drove from the Tombs to the court-room to be sentenced. "One would think," said he, "that the day was a holiday and that I was a procession." He also said that owing to some strange idea entertained by the "prosecuting lawyers" that they were in personal danger from him, he was searched by the officers for any weapon that he might have about him ere he entered the court-room yesterday. He indignantly disclaimed entertaining any feeling of personal hostility toward his prosecutors, and said instead that he pitied them, because he was convinced that when they had fully recovered from the excitement of the trial they will be sorry that they have succeeded so well as they have in their work.

"All three men," said he, "were not only my lawyers at one time, but my personal friends, and though they have forgotten that fact now, they will remember it hereafter. I tell you before God that I am happier to-day in my condemned cell than those three men are out in the wide City of New York. I at least was Fisk's open enemy for years. They were my friends, my advisers, up till just a little while ago. I dare say they mean right enough, but they will find some day that they were terribly mistaken. Beach I do not feel so badly about. He gave me fair notice of a fight (though a rather sudden one), and what he has done since he has done openly. But Fullerton has striven to stab me in the dark, and Fellows has acted as though he had never been under any obligations to me. Still I believe I owe the verdict against me more to Beach than to any one man. I hope he will pay for his money (this bitterly and with intense feeling) it will be every dollar of it blood money."

The prisoner also said that he was perfectly convinced that Mrs. Fisk had not been in any way among those who had "hunted him down." He was certain she had not spent any money against him, but that Jay Gould was the moving spirit of the prosecution. He said he was prepared to die, if die he must, knowing that Jay Gould had killed him. He attached the greatest importance to the fact that there had been so many murders in New York of late, and said, "After all a jury is a part of the public, and I happening to be the one tried at this particular time, was the one whom the public mind selected as an example. Had any other man been in my place he would have had to serve as this 'example' instead of me, but as I was generally supposed to be the richest of the lot, and all that sort of thing, why of course I have had to serve as a conspicuous example. Now, it may be, I did wrong in shooting at Mr. Fisk at all—though God knows I never had any more idea of killing him than I had of killing you—but all the murders that have been committed since then have nothing to do with my guilt or innocence, and should never have been for a moment considered in reference to my case one way or the other. And although I fully believe that the jury tried to do their duty, and although I deny altogether that any of the jury were bought up by Jay Gould or by anybody else, yet I do believe that, unconsciously to themselves, perhaps, they were influenced by the pressure of the public sentiment.

Mr. Stokes professes to be entirely satisfied with the efforts of his counsel save in one instance, in respect to which he said: "Had I really started out that Saturday afternoon to shoot Mr. Fisk, as the prosecution claim I did, would I not naturally have gone to the Erie Railroad offices. Besides, how on earth was I to know that he was going that afternoon to the Grand Central Hotel? or how was I to know when he would be there? Besides, I deny altogether that I ever had any idea of going to the Grand Central Hotel that afternoon all. I have always been in the habit of riding in a carriage in preference to walking since I have been in the City of New York, and have also been in the habit of designating any place I wanted to go to by some prominent object, hotel or theatre, in the neighborhood. Consequently, having an appointment that