THE CALEDONIAN,
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C. M. STONE & CO
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

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The Three Sons.

BY REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

I.

"I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grave in all his ways appears;
That my child is grave and wise of heart, beyond the childish years.
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air.
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech, he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on hat or ball,
But looks on mankind's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, then, are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be.
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

II.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought, as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
Will sing his little song of love when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

III.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months, where he has gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow;
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy forever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I,)
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be griefs and fear, but *his* is certian peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles *their* souls from bliss may sever,
But if our poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours forever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him back again.

MARKET REPORTS.—Mrs. Partington says she can't understand these ere market reports. She can't understand how cheese can be lively, and pork can be active, and feathers be drooping—that is, if it's raining; but how whisky can be steady, or hops quiet, or spirits dull, she can't see; neither how lard can be firm in warm weather, nor iron unsettled, nor potatoes depressed, nor flour rising—unless there has been yeast put in it—and sometimes it would not rise then.

The Caledonian.

VOL. 23--NO. 23. ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1164.

The Feet in Winter Time.

No person can be well long, whose feet are habitually cold; while securing for them dryness and warmth, is the certain means of removing a variety of annoying ailments.

The feet of some are kept more comfortable in winter if cotton is worn, while woolen suits others better. The wise course therefore is for each one to observe for himself, and act accordingly.

Scrupulous cleanliness is essential to the healthful warmth of the feet; hence all, especially those who walk a great deal out of doors during the day in cold weather, should make it a point to dip both feet in cold water on rising every morning, and let them remain half ankle deep, for half a minute at a time, then rub and wipe dry, dress and move about briskly to warm them up. To such as cannot well adopt this course from any cause, the next best plan is to wash them in warm water every night just before going to bed, taking the precaution to dry them by the fire (most thoroughly before retiring) this, besides keeping the feet clean, preserves a natural softness to the skin and has a tendency to prevent and cure corns. Many a troublesome throat affection, and many an annoying headache will be cured if the feet are kept always clean, warm, soft and dry.

The moment the feet are observed to be cold, the person should hold them to the fire, with the stockings off, until they feel comfortably warm. One of the several decided objections to a furnace heated house, is the want of a place to warm the feet, the registers being wholly unsuited for that purpose. Our wealthy citizens do themselves and their families a great wrong if they fail to have one room in the house, free for all, where a fire is kept burning from the first day of October until the first day of June, on a low grate, on a level with the hearth, after the pattern of Andrews & Dixon, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia; for the closer a fire is to the hearth in a grate, or to the floor in a stove, the more comfortable is it, and the less heat is wasted. This is one of the delights of the good old fashioned wood fires, the very thought of which carries so many of us away to the glad scenes of childhood and early homes. It ought to be known in New York, where hard or anthracite coal is burned, that with one of the grates named, filled with hard coal and a few pieces of Liverpool or cannell put on top, nearly all the advantage of a wood fire are secured, at least as for as cheerfulness, comfort and warmth are concerned.

Some feet are kept cold by their dampness from increased perspiration, in such cases cork soles are injurious, because they soon become saturated, and maintain moisture for a long time.—Soak a cork in water for a day or two and see. A better plan is to cut off a piece of broad-cloth the size of the foot, baste on it half an inch thickness of curled hair, wear it inside the stocking, the hair touching the sole; remove at right and place before the fire to dry until morning. The hair tilitates the skin, thereby warming it some, and conducts the dampness to the cloth.

Scrupulous cleanliness of feet and stockings with hair soles, are the best means known to us of keeping the feet warm when they are not cold from decided ill health. A tight shoe will keep the feet "cold as ice," when a loose fitting one will allow them to be comfortably warm. A loose woolen sock over a loose shoe will maintain more warmth than the thickest soled tight fitting boot. Never start on a journey in shoes nor any other time, with a new shoe.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

A FRENCH WITNESS IN A VERMONT COURT.—At a trial in a Vermont court, several years ago, a French lady had been subpoenaed as a witness, and was called upon to give her testimony. She was a stranger in the place, and the court felt itself bound to address her in her native tongue. But the court's education in the parlez vous fran had been sadly neglected, and how to administer the oath in an intelligible form to the silent lady before him was for some moments a puzzling question. What was to be done? The judge called upon several of the lawyers near him, but they all avowed their ignorance of the language then so supposedly necessary. Finally the counsel for the defendant, a clever Yankee, feeling himself equal to the occasion, volunteered to extricate the court from its embarrassment. He accordingly rose and addressed the lady witness in these terms:

'Vous jurez zat wat you here testify shall be ze truse, ze whole truse, and nossing but ze truse, so help you mon Dieu?'

The lady looked for a moment at the manufacturer of this hybrid sentence in silent astonishment, then turning to the court, said in perfectly good English, though with a slight foreign accent, 'What does the gentleman say?'

The effect was electrical. Such a laugh went up to the roof of that country court room that the counsel for defendant has not heard the last of it till this day.

[From the Alta Californian, Sept 21.]

A Suggestive Placard.

Yesterday, Senator Gwin and Charles L. Scott left on the steamer John L. Stephens for the Atlantic States. An immense crowd had gathered upon the wharf, under the impression that some demonstration of hatred for the two departing Congressmen would be made by the multitude; but nothing occurred to disturb the peace. It was perhaps one of the most quiet and orderly steamer days ever witnessed in this city. There was no shouting nor loud boisterous mirth; there was no pelting of oranges and apples between those on the wharf and those on the steamer. The very newsboys and peanut venders were quieted. The only thing which caught the eye as unusual, and awakened a train of thought on the occasion, was an immense placard on canvas, six feet long by three wide, wreathed in mourning, with the photograph of the lamented Senator, David C. Broderick, in the centre, and the following words in unmistakable characters, inscribed above the picture: "The will of the People—May the murderers of David C. Broderick never return to the State of California," and beneath the picture were the memorable words of the departed Senator: "I am killed because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration." This placard was placed in a conspicuous position near the gateway at the entrance of the wharf, and none who passed could fail to notice it. What a bitter parting salute that placard, with its inscription, must have been to the *honorables* who were about returning to Washington to represent the people of California, and gaze upon the vacant chair of him, "*the noblest Roman of them ALL.*"

"If you ever think of marrying a widow," said an anxious partner to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; for that is the only way to prevent her from throwing his memory into your face, and making annoying comparisons."—"Even that won't prevent it," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor; "she'll then praise him by saying that hanging would be too good for you."

From the London "Once a Week."

Tom Rocket, the English Highwayman.

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, leastwise lawyers, said that the British constitution was being pulled up, root and branch. But that's neither here nor there. I cannot tell you how it was that he come to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was on the road at half-a-dozen different places at once every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse of giving it up easily, because, you see, no one thought of resisting Tom. So it was, that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was an awfully tall man, and had a voice like thunder; another that he was a mild little man, with black eyes and light hair. He was a fiery fat man, with blue eyes and black hair with some; he had a jolly red face—he was as pale as death—his nose was Roman one day, Grecian or a snub the next. His dress was all the colors of the rainbow, and as for his horse!—that was of every shade and breed ever heard of, and of a good many more beside, that have yet to be found out. He wore a black half-mask, but somehow or other it was always slipping enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them could ever agree what it was like.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half crown between his finger and thumb, and was brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob *him* on the highway; and as I said before, he *did* see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great title cause that was to be tried at Warwick spring assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over to look up the evidence.—There was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than he could help, he set out to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry his weight over, or past, anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden, it struck him that the bar maid of an inn just out of Warwick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and reloaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that there was in those days over the Axon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and bade him '*Stand and deliver!*' It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and snapped within a yard of the highwayman's breast; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty bar maid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely upon the old dodge of drawing the balls, or damping the charge; she thrust a pin into each touch-hole, and broke it short off.

'Any more?' Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

'Yes!' shouted my father, in a fury, 'one or your nob!' And seizing the weapon last fired by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom ducked, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat, and fell heavily on the grass by the roadside. In less time, than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bade him be quiet, or it would be the worse for him.

'You've given me a deal of trouble,' said Tom, 'so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by G—d' I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there!' and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead just between his eyes.

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded firearms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

'Much good may it do you,' he said, 'for there's only three and sixpence in it.'

'Now for your pocket-book,' said Tom, not heeding him.

'Pocket-book?' inquired my father, turning a little pale.

'Aye, pocket-book!' Tom repeated, 'a thick black one; it is in the left hand pocket of your riding-coat.'

'Here it is,' said my father, 'you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell me what its contents are worth.'

'I'll see,' Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal looking documents.

'They are law papers—not worth a rush to you or any one else,' said my father.

'Then,' Tom replied, 'may tear them up,' and he made as though he would do so.

'Hold! on your life!' my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

'Oh! then they *are* worth something, then,' said Tom, with a grin.

'It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again,' my father replied sulkily,—'that's all.'

'How much trouble?' Tom inquired, with a meaning look.

'Well,' my father answered, 'I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and where you wish.'

'You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred,' said Tom.

'A hundred and fifty, then,' said my father.

'Go on,' said Tom.

'I tell you what it is, you scoundrel,' cried my father, 'I'll stake five hundred against them if you'll lose your hold, and fight me fairly for it.'

Tom only chuckled.

'Why what a ninny you must take me for,' he said; 'why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without?'

'You're a cur, that's what you are,' my father shouted in fury.

'Don't be cross,' said Tom, 'it don't become you to look red in the face. Now, attend to me,' he continued in an altered tone, 'do you see that bridge? Well, there's a heap of stones in the centre, isn't there? Very good. If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, amongst those stones at twelve o'clock at night five day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterwards.'

'How am I to know that you will keep your word,' my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

'I'm Tom Rocket,' replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, 'and what I mean, I say; and what, I say, I stick to. Now, get up, and mind,' he added as my father sprang to his feet, 'my pistols don't miss fire.'

'I shall live to see you hanged,' my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

'Shall I help you to catch your horse?' Tom asked politely.

'I'll never rest till I lodge you in jail,' said my father, savagely.

'Give my compliments to your wife,' said Tom, mounting his horse.

'Confound your impudence,' howled my father.

'Good night,' said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he jumped his horse over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own, but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted up to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down, and help to catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way side inn about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock p. m. on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterwards they were to join him on the road three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of meeting; but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a loutish-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

'Good noight, maister,' said the yokel.

'Good night to you,' replied my father.

'Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for,' said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

'Where did you get that?' he said quickly.

'Ah!' replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, 'that ud be telling. Be yer expecting anybody?'

'What's that you?' said my father.

'Oh, nought,' said the yokel, only a gentleman from London—'

'Ha!' cried my father, 'what gentleman?'

'Will a name beginning with F. suit you?' asked the yokel.

'Fraser!' The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

'That's the name,' replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. 'I'm Fraser, sir, and you're Mr. Sandiger, as has been robbed of pocket-book containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket as has got it—that's our game, sir. All right, sir; and now to business.'

'But where are your men?' my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

'All right again, sir,' said the runner, 'they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way.'

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came in sight of the bridge, they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. One appeared as a tramp, one as a pedlar, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed, consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter time were generally covered with water. It so happened, that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out, so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road on each side of the river. This causeway was built of wood. At some places the timbers were covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out and they were bare, so that any one looking up from underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one on each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom, or any of his friends, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practice his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment and impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch and strict silence. 'And now, sir,' he said to my father as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, 'it is time to get our places and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify the trial.' He had made up his mind, you see, to nail master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father let himself down into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

'It's all right,' said Fraser in a low tone.

'Do you think he will come?' whispered my father.

'Certain,' replied Fraser, 'but, hush! we must not talk, sir, time's up.'

For three mortal hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the broad of their backs upon those hurdles watching for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a sound but the wash of the swollen river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been nodding for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep, as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing Fraser cry out that they were adrift.

Adrift they were, sure enough. The rope that held them had been chafed against the sharp corner of a pile (so Mr. Fraser explained) till it broke, and away went the boat, whirling round and round in the eddies of the river, fit to make any one giddy. So strong was the stream, that they were carried a mile and a half down it, before they could get ashore. My father was for returning directly to the bridge, and so was Fraser; but somehow or other, they lost each other in the dark; and when my father arrived there, having run nearly all the way, he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there the first thing that caught his eye was his pocket-book—*the money was gone!*

Lord, how he did swear!

Determining to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had met, and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door.—No answer. He knocked again, louder. No answer. He was not in the very best of humors, as you may guess; so he gave the door a big kick. In it flew; and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him owlishly, sat the *real* Mr. Fraser and his four Bow street runners. Tom Rocket had managed the business at the bridge himself! How he managed to get scent of the plot, and to seize the officers, all together, just at the nick o' time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book, my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:

'By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing so I should have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false. TOM ROCKET.'"

Here Mr. Josh paused, and smoked for some time in silence.

'And what became of Tom?' asked one of the company.

'Well,' replied Mr. Josh, after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle!'

From the N. Y. Sun, Nov. 5.

Tremendous Excitement—An Elephant Loose in the Street.

Yesterday morning, a tremendous excitement was created in the lower part of Williamsburgh, caused by the elephant belonging to Van Amburgh's menagerie becoming enraged and breaking loose from his keeper. A man had been employed to bring some shavings to the menagerie, which were brought in a wagon. The man drove into the tent, and while unloading his wagon the elephant was observed to grow restless at the sight of the horse, which had a white blanket on.—The man was advised to take his horse away, but before he could do so, the elephant advanced and knocked the man down with a blow of his trunk, next seized the horse by means of his trunk and injured him seriously. He next seized the wagon, throwing it up in the air and breaking it to pieces. His anger was fully aroused then, and proceeding to the cage of the prairie wolf smashed it with his trunk, releasing him. Next in his mad way was the cage of a black bear. This cage was demolished but the bear was chained up and could not escape. The cage of the zebra was next in his way, this he pushed through the tent and clear though the wall of a small shanty at the back of the tent.—Then leaving the tent he got into the street, pursued by his keeper and hundreds of people, none of whom were able to cope with the enraged elephant. He did not molest passers by, but seemed to have a great aversion to horses, which he would pursue as rapidly as he was able, being hoppled by a chain connecting his tusks with one of his fore legs. He was finally driven by the crowd into the stone yard, corner of South Fourth and Seventh streets. Here a number of workmen were engaged in dressing stone, and had just placed upon wooden horses a huge stone weighing about fifteen hundred tons. In attempting to get out of the stone yard, the elephant got caught by his chain to this stone which checked him. The keepers gradually approached him with chains to fasten his legs, but it was not till he received several severe blows with spears that his attention could be diverted so as to render it possible to further secure him. Finally, he was thrown down upon his side, where he lay for some time bellowing and thrashing about him with his trunk. Application was made to Hook and Ladder Company Nos. 1 and 3, who furnished the keepers with large hooks. One of these was run through one of his ears and twisted round until the poor animal could not move his head from pain of the wound. When he was perfectly subdued, he was heavily bound with chains and taken back to the menagerie. He is almost covered with wounds received from the hooks and spears, and it is not deemed safe to exhibit him for a few days, nor would it be safe for his keeper to approach within sight of him. It is a very fortunate circumstance that no person was killed by the elephant, or trampled to death in the confusion of escape; as it is, the poor animal is the greatest sufferer. This is the largest elephant that has been exhibited in this part of the country, and is the same that a few years since caused such havoc by escaping from his cage at Harlem.—Fits of anger, it is said, occur annually, and the keepers have sometime been expecting some such demonstration, and kept a more careful watch over him.

New Publications.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.—By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. St. Johnsbury: T. M. Howard.

It has been remarked that everybody is either reading Mrs. Stowe's new novel, or is just about to read it. No better compliment could be given it; and from what we hear and know of this work, it deserves just such an appreciation. Another of our exchanges says it is the best of Mrs. Stowe's productions. It has been too long open to public opinion in its serial form to need any criticism from us as to its theological or artistic merits. The points on which it touches theologically are of such vital importance that each individual mind decides upon them for itself, beyond the possibility of change from the representations of any novel. In an artistic point of view, whether considered as a picture of New England manners, or as appealing to the universal interest by a truthful delineation of human character and the play of human passions, it is thoroughly charming and perfect. In every point it comes home to our observation and experience, often expressing in the most appropriate language thoughts and feelings for which we have never found words. The warm, earnest heart, keen observation and profound insight into human character possessed by its author are evident throughout the book.

This work has been published in the Atlantic Monthly, and is now complete in a handsome volume of nearly 600 pages. We need not advise anybody to buy it, as everybody will do so without advising.

☞ We waste our time in moments, our money in shillings, and our happiness in trifles.

The Complaint of the Man With the Big Belly.

What on earth makes a man's belly grow three or four times as large as it ought to be, and not any of the rest of his body—for my part I can't see. Why don't a man's nose grow so? Why don't the other animals grow so? That's what I'd like to know. "Laugh and grow fat?" I say, grow fat and be laughed at. The human form divine indeed!—Adam wouldn't recognize me for a fellow man, if I was introduced to him with these hoops on. As some one said, it seemed as though I had stepped growing for a time, and when I commenced again, I grew the wrong way. I've tried everything to stop it. I've drank green ale. I've slept on my face. I've dieted. I've tried buckles and straps; but who can sleep on his face, or go without his victuals, or be strapped up so tight he can't whistle? I'm not respected on the street. No longer ago than yesterday, going along the street, an impudent school-boy ran up by my side, kicked up his heels and squealed like a pig,—then off before me. I pretended that I took no notice of it, but hang the young rascal, if I'd got my hands on him, I'd cuffed his impudence out of him. A boy wouldn't say more dared to do that when I went to school than he'd have struck a selectman; but you might as well try to find a lost sleeve-button as to find a boy now-a-days. We don't have any boys. I'm open to everybody's jokes, high and low.—Every time there's a city election, a hundred or more tell me that I should be made an alderman. 'Billings calls me Mr. O. and then they all laugh. Day before yesterday that confounded Tinkham commenced running me before the whole board, telling them that an itinerant monkey jumped upon me in the street, thinking my stomach was his master's hand organ, and wanting to know how I got into bed, and if they didn't roll me up on skids. I would have clawed his eyes out, but I had to laugh with the rest. That man jokes too much. I'll bet a supper that more than five hundred have asked me this last year "how much I weigh." What business is it to them how much I weigh? Do they want to buy me? And then everybody asks me if I'm not come of the Dutch, if I don't eat too much? It makes me so mad. Come of the Dutch, when my name's just the purest English ever spoken—Waddle? I eat what I please, that's what I eat; can a man starve? Then some of them want to know if I was always so; if I was a fat boy. When I was a boy I was as thin as a man's hand; there wasn't a boy could jump farther or climb a tree quicker, than I, within twenty miles. I was thin enough then, but since I've swelled from the new to the full moon. I met one of my old school-mates the other day; he knew me when I was lean enough, and must speak of it, and give me a punch with his fist, and say I was like the man in Shakspeare.—I had "achieved greatness." "I would I were a boy again." I'd be as lean as a telegraph pole, and as tall, too, if I could get rid of this thorn in the flesh. I'm told to exercise, to take a run before breakfast. Run? I have not run a step for fifteen years. How can I run?—it half kills me to walk down hill. I've slipped down on the ice though, but I didn't get over it all winter. I don't enjoy riding either; supposing I should be thrown from a wagon? It makes me quake to think of it, what a sight and mass I should be! O! O! I'd swap it off for a hump on the back, if I could; it's bad enough to be hunch-backed, but it's a worse thing to be hunch-bellied.—The future is dark to me; my body casts a shadow over it all; I gather size like a rolling snow-ball. But suit yourself. I'm independent of you, and if it's any satisfaction to you, why then grow, grow, grow!—*Springfield Repository.*

TOM CORWIN AND THE BULL-TERRIER.—While Tom Corwin was addressing a large meeting at Springfield, Ohio, not long since, and was soaring into the higher regions of political eloquence, a black, middle-sized and morose-looking bull-terrier mounted the platform, and taking his place beside the speaker, surveyed the assembled sovereigns with a severe countenance and a melancholy wag of his candal stump. His *debut* was greeted with roars of laughter, and Tom Corwin paused in the middle of a sentence. Turning toward the intruding animal, he waved his hand courteously, saying: "Come, one at a time, if you please." The terrier retired a few paces and glanced quizzically at the speaker, when Corwin advanced to the edge of the stand, and said to the people in a very confidential tone, "I do believe he intends to leave the other dogs and join the Republican party." This palpable hit was received with a tempest of laughter and applause, in the midst of which his dogship trotted out of the hall, with his tail at an angle of intense disgust.

Phunnygraphs.

An old lady meeting a Cambridge man, asked him how her nephew behaved himself. "Truly, madam," says he, "he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall," (name of a college.) "I vow," says she, "I feared as much; he was always hankering after the girls from a boy."

A BUSY-BODY.—One who generally has no business in this world beyond making it his business to neglect his own business, in order to attend to the business of others.—*Punch.*

Mr. Merryman Lathrop says when he came on the steamer to California, they kept their chickens in the *hatch*way, the beef in the *bull*warks near the *steer*age, and when they run out of eggs the ship "*lay too.*"

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS." A new See is about to be established in Greenland by the Broad Church, under the appropriate title of "The See of Ice."

A love lorn swain broke a wish-bone with his "heart's queen," somewhere in New Hampshire.

"Neow what'd you wish, Sally?" demanded Jonathan, with a tender grin of expectation.

"I wish I was handsum," replied the fair damsel, "handsum as queen Victory."

"Jerusalem! what a wish!" replied Jonathan, "when you're handsum 'nuff neow. But I'll tell yer what I wished. Sally, I wished you was locked up in my arms, and *the key was lost.*"