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AT THE OFFICE OF
THE JEFFERSONIAN.

A Prayer for Strength.

Give me Thy strength, my Father: I am frail,
And weak, and helpless; unto Thee I pray
For strong upholding power, lest by the way
My footsteps falter and my courage fail.

I need Thy strong assistance—many foes
Are waging warfare with a fearful strife,
While I, devoid of strength!—almost of life—
May not attempt such numbers to oppose.

Give me Thy guidance, Father! round my way
So many dangers lie, and hidden snares,
That I am fearful oft, lest, unawares,
My feet into some secret pitfall stray.

The wrong so oft in guise of right appears—
The evil often hidden from my view,
That I am doubtful sometimes what to do—
My brain bewildered and confused by fears.

How oft o'er duty's pathway clouds like night
Spread darkest shadows! and no single ray
Appears to show the safe and better way—
Father, 'tis Thou alone can guide aright.

Give me Thy grace, my Father, day by day,
As newer trials come, and earthly cares
Increase the burden which my spirit bears—
Thy grace to lighten care and cheer the way.

Give me Thy grace when hope's glad ray appears,
Gilding the future with its golden light,
While I, enchanted by the glorious sight,
Know nought of sorrow or foreboding fears.

Oft then I need Thy grace to guide aright,
Lest, quite bewildered by the brilliant ray,
I tread unheedingly the flow'ry way,
Till duty's safer path be lost to sight.

Give me Thy guidance ever on my way
Throughout the strange chequered path of life;
Thy strength to conquer in the hour of strife,
And all-sufficient grace for every day.

GEORGE IV. visited a very old man,
who was about 125 years old, and asked him
amongst other questions, how he came to live
to such an age. He replied, "I will tell you
my good friend:"

"Wine and women I refused,
Late suppers I never used;
Head and feet I always keep cold,
And that is why I am so old."

Bayard Taylor, in one of his recent
letters from Hindostan, relates the following
account of a cure effected by a new agent. It
may be well for the medical profession to look
into it. He says:

"On getting into the cart, at the last
station before reaching Khurdee, the step
broke, and as I fell my knee struck upon a
projecting bolt, causing such intense
pain as almost to deprive me of my senses.
By the time we halted again the joint was
so stiff that I could scarcely bend it. The
hurt produced such a chilliness that my
teeth chattered, and I was fain to sit in the
sun while breakfast was preparing. The
morning was scorching hot, and I soon
noticed that the heat seemed to draw out
the pain from the injured limb. In fact in
half an hour I was able to get up as usual,
and since then have not felt the slightest
inconvenience from the injury. This is a
case of sun cure, which I recommended to
any who are anxious to start a new system
of healing."

A Human Candle.—The Chinese Repository
tells a very singular story of the punishment
inflicted on a Chinese criminal. His offence,
it seems, was unpardonable, and it was
determined to make an example of him.
Consequently, he was wound round with
cotton, saturated in tallow, and having been
dipped until he presented the appearance of
a gigantic candle, was stuck up on his
father's grave and lighted. Of course, the
poor fellow perished in slow torture. Was
ever device heard of, so completely diabolical.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—If a person
fall into a fit, and the face be pale, let
him remain on the ground; for should it
be fainting, or temporary suspension of
the heart's action, you may cause death
by raising the body or by bleeding. But
if the face be red or dark colored, raise
the body and keep it in an upright position,
throw cold water on the head, and have
the person bleed immediately, or fatal
pressure on the brain may ensue.

The farmers in Iowa say it is almost
impossible to sleep at night on account of
the racket made by the rapid growth of
the corn.

Guarded Secrets.

What woman is there that confesses
not to the possession of a guarded secret?
School girls have their cherished mysteries;
but these pass from mouth to mouth till,
like the witches at 'seventh hand,' all their
magic dies out. It is not of such we
would speak, but of that sterner and more
stubborn secret which is the life in life,
which occupies the soul's inner and most
secret chamber, and is the hearts' holy of
holies; a joy, or a dread, or a pang—
most commonly the last—through life;
a thing that weaves itself, with more or
less intensity, into every act of our daily
struggle on earth.

My grandmother had an old-fashioned
cabinet, portioned out, as was the method
of constructing such commodities in her
day, into sundry small shelves,
drawers, and old-covered boxes. The
centre compartment of this same old
chest opened like a door, having lock and
key, and within was a long sliding-drawer,
occupying the entire depth of the cabinet.
That in this drawer something
very precious was stored, all her children
knew. None, however, dared pry into
their mother's guarded secret. Her husband,
it was more than suspected, could
have thrown some light on the matter; but
he was never known to do so, and silence
rested upon the unknown occupant of
the drawer; the mystery remaining a
mystery up to the day of my good grand-
mother's death.

The contents of the secret drawer were
committed to the flames, in accordance
with the expressed wish of the dying.—
But somehow or other the secret oozed
out. It would appear that, like most
other grandmothers, mine had early in
life had a love-affair—as that deepest-
striking of all woman's experiences, is
somewhat irreverently termed. It was the
old story; the man she loved went abroad
without having spoken just that one word
for which her soul thirsted, and which,
nevertheless, had found a thousand other
utterances scarcely to be mistaken. For
years, there was a dreary silence between
the two. Then came my grandfather
with his earnest courtship. Under the
feeling that she was not justified in
cherishing a predilection so apparently
unresponded to by the earliest object of
her affection, she yielded, after a prolonged
struggle, to my grandfather's suit.—
No sooner, however, was she formally
engaged to him, than there came a letter
in the old, forgotten hand writing!—
"Oh, you who have listened with beating
hearts for the postman's knock, fully
prepared for all it might bring, think,
for one moment how the coming of this
letter, long even unlooked for, and now too
late, knocked at the heart of her who
received it! Now, my grandmother had a
conscience, and a more than commonly
tender one. Her first impulse, of course,
was to tear open the letter; but a second
thought stayed her hand. She had long
ago made the fact of this early attach-
ment known to my grandfather. What
she now did then, was at once to tell
him she had received such a letter, and
that, as his affianced wife, she could not
and would not read it. Was she fantastic
in her notions of right and wrong? I do
not believe so; I do not think she could
have done a better or wiser thing. Out
of her act no suffering could possibly fall
upon the man to whom she was pledged,
and whose happiness was henceforth in
her keeping, though much of pain bore
heavily upon her. That letter, with its
unbroken seal, lay, all her life, shut up
in the old musty cabinet, where it stood
revealed at last. That acting up to the
truest spirit of her intention, she fought
long and victoriously against the desire
to fathom what those hidden characters
contained—whether or not they bore that
assurance of love which would once have
been joy unutterable—we are bound to
believe. Upon one solitary occasion alone
was she ever seen to wrestle with
her temptation. After a meek endurance
of one of my grandfather's fits of passion
—for he had a stormy temper—she was
found seated, weeping bitterly, before the
open door of that guarded chest wherein
lay the unbroken seal.

Solemn as such subjects must be, and
are, there is a blessed comfort in the tho't
of them. It is a gracious thing to feel
that there is something, be it what it may,
of real truth—of lasting good; something
which neither time, nor trial, nor the
common wear and tear of actual, dull,
every day life can crush out of man. Do
men know anything of such relics as I
speak of? I am ignorant; I cannot say;
but I should fancy they do not. The
steady, unflinching devotion of a long life
to one thought, and one remembrance,
I own I never found, save in woman.

I myself confess to a few hoarded re-
licies—Heaven forbid that any woman
should be without them! But these are
yet under the seal that lies so heavily on
all living lips. Some day, perhaps—but
we, none of us, like to think of that—
strange hands may overhaul them. Pity
it is that so few of us have strength of
soul enough, or, it may be warning-time
enough, ere the Great Revealer steals upon
us, to enable us to put beyond the reach
of sacrilegious eyes our most darling
secrets! Oh, could we but summon
the nerve to place them with our own
moving fingers upon some funeral pyre!
Could we but watch them slowly consum-
ing! But no; we cannot do this. While
we have life they are ours. It would
seem like bidding an eternal farewell to
our protecting genius, to put away the
guardian spectres of lost hopes, dead
loves, and mystic memories. No! Let
us treasure them while we yet walk
among the living. But, oh, may some
kind and pitying hand, when we lie
silenced, bury them with us, unprofaned
by a single look!

A singular instance of this silent
treasuring up of one solitary thought, and
in the breast of a child, fell under my
knowledge not long ago, while staying
by the sea-side, at the house of some old
friends. They were at the same time
visited by a little girl of about seven years
of age, who had been confined to their
care, in order that she might have the
benefit of the sea-bathing, recommended
for some weakness of the spine, under
which the child suffered. She was the
loveliest little creature I ever beheld—
quiet and shy, too, though least so with
me, for whom she at once took a strong
liking. Our hostess, who every night
made a point of seeing her young charge
put comfortably to bed, always remained
in her room until the child had said her
prayers. When her ordinary devotions
had been gone through aloud, the child
invariably bent down her head upon the
bed, at the side of which she knelt, and
offered up some prayer within herself.—
What this prayer was, nothing could in-
duce her to reveal. Her parents were
questioned about it; but though perfectly
aware of the fact, they were unable to
solve the question. It was, of course,
a thing altogether too sacred to be intruded
on by any forcible appeal, and all parties
remained in their ignorance. I own that
when first I was told of it, the secret ap-
peared to me to be of so strange and un-
earthly a character, that I trembled as
one who suddenly stands faced by a
spirit. It seemed like a silent commu-
ning with angels. Feeling very anxious
to witness with my own eyes what inter-
ested me so deeply in the telling, I one
night, with my little friend's consent, ac-
companied her to her room. As usual,
the prayers were repeated aloud; and
then followed the silent offering up of
that pure young heart. So holy was the
hour, that I held my breath for very
reverence, the tears springing to my eyes
with sudden emotion. Surely angelic
hosts hovered about that small bowed-
down head, on whose golden locks a halo
seemed to rest! Whatever was that
silent, guarded and mysterious prayer—
and sometimes it struck me that it might
possibly have relation to either a dread
of dying or to her anticipations of her
near heaven, as she was at that time out
of health—whatever that prayer might
be, that it was a beautiful and pure one
I am sure—the purest and the best, per-
haps, in all the long catalogue of guard-
ed secrets.

One secret, which every age has been
most carefully and religiously guarded—
guarded in terror and dismay, through
inconceivable wrong and suffering, thro'
life and up to the grave's brink, not per-
haps even then to be rendered up to
those who stand around scattering their
last tears with the 'dust to dust'—is the
secret of birth. Instances of the kind al-
luded to are so numerous and so start-
ling, that it would be difficult to invent
any story surpassing in interest the al-
ready written and attested records of that
most dangerous secret. Such tales I re-
member to have heard in Scotland. One,
in particular, struck me as most singular,
because, though generations have been
born, and have passed out of being since
the occurrence narrated took place, no
clue was ever found to the secret so cau-
tiously and mysteriously guarded. The
following is an outline of the tradition:—
A couple, coming whence no man
knew, arrived one sharp winter night
amid the smoke of Edinburgh. The wife
was younger than her husband by some
years, and possibly from the fact of this
disparity of age, looked up to him with a
feeling of reverential devotion belonging
rather to a daughter than to a wife. It
was noticed, indeed, by all who knew
them, that she had even thus early in
her wedded life, laid down for herself a
law of more strict and unquestioning ob-
edience than is usually practised by the
best of wives. The result of this blind
submission, as will be seen, must have
borne hard upon a pure heart and tender
conscience, such as hers were represented
to have been, though not perhaps until
added years brought home the lesson
rightly understood by few—that no mortal,
even though he be a husband, has a
right over any other human soul, author-
izing him to rule its obedience contrary
to God's higher law. The married pair,
it would seem, had been united for some
years, yet no offspring had been granted
to their prayers. It was now that, while

living in the utmost retirement in an ob-
scure street, the husband introduced to
his wife an old Scotch nurse, bearing in
her arms a new born child. This child,
said by him to be the posthumous son of
a dear friend recently deceased, he re-
presented it was his interest to adopt,
and produce to the world as his own. To
insure his wife's aid in the project, he care-
fully concealed from her whatever deep
laid schemes were working in his own
mind—made light of the affair—asserted
that it was but to serve a temporary pur-
pose, and that, the object in furtherance
of which this singular deception was car-
ried on, once attained, the whole thing
should be revealed.

A quick instinct of wrong in the mind
of the young wife, made her at first hesi-
tate; but the recollection of that strict
obedience of her own will to which she
had vowed herself, at last prevailed over
her scruples, and the pleading looks of
the helpless little orphan, lying safe and
warm within her arms, melting her soul,
she took the forlorn babe to her bosom
and bestowed upon it heartily a mother's
care. The child proved sickly, a weary
burthen to any but a real mother; yet
its foster-parent, though young and un-
used to such a charge, never for a mo-
ment shrunk from the responsibility she
had incurred. The consequence naturally
was, that the boy learned to love her
strongly and entirely. But toward's his
reputed father he at all times evinced
most strange and unaccountable aversion,
amounting to an instinctive horror and
shrinking from his presence. When the
child had grown to be about a year old,
Mr. A—g, the gentleman in question,
his plans now apparently matured, re-
solved at once to introduce his protegee
to his family as his own legitimately born
son and heir. Mr. A—g was a
descendant of one of the old border fam-
ilies, renowned in history for many a
raid and many a foray across the Eng-
lish frontier, and, judging from his deeds,
the unscrupulous character and adventu-
rous spirit of the early freebooter
would seem to have been transmitted
down through many generations, little
modified by the march of centuries.—
And now came the poor wife's trial.

In her husband's home, and under the
eyes of his kindred and household, she
was soon doomed to feel bitterly how a
single deception inevitably leads to num-
erous others, and how one falsehood en-
tails the necessity of a thousand more to
follow in its wake. A mother in seem-
ing, yet no mother in truth, her entire
ignorance concerning all that related to
the birth of her supposed child became a
subject of ridicule with the female mem-
bers of the family. Sooner or later bet-
rayal seemed inevitable. Nor was this
all: the worst was to come. No sooner
had the imposture been carried out suc-
cessfully, than the young wife found her-
self about to become a mother. Here
was a new involvement. She had then
given up the birth-right of her own child
in favor of a stranger! It was true
that the fact of the imposition of the
adopted child could be proved, but what
humiliation must accompany such a con-
fession—what a heart-wearing tissue of
law proceedings might not be entailed by
the admission! To the married pair,
years of torturing anxiety and strange
discord followed. Heart-burnings of
many kinds unavoidably arose out of a
state of things so unnatural. The real
son became a secondary consideration in
the household, the very servants seeking
favor with the presumed heir, and look-
ing down on the 'younger brother.'

All this time the mystery was still
maintained. Whence the adopted had
come, and to whom he belonged of right,
was throughout kept a guarded secret
from the wife—her husband's solitary
admission to her being to the effect, that
the boy's mother was a lady of noble
birth; of the father he never spoke.—
Mr. A—g made frequent and sudden
journeys from home, no one knew whither
or for what purpose, always returning as
unexpectedly as he had departed. After
these absences he was observed to be
gloomy, nay, almost fierce in his temper,
especially towards the child of his adop-
tion, between whom and himself a mortal
antipathy appeared to exist, and to in-
crease with the boy's years. What might
have been the issue in after-years it is
needless to surmise. The Gordian-knot
of this evil was suddenly and unaccount-
ably cut by that unseen Hand which has
undone many another coil of mischief in
the world. One day the adopted child
was found drowned in the Tyne, which
rolled its waters through Mr. A—g's
estate. There was a hurried and unsat-
isfactory inquest held on the body, and
all was done. Through one breast—
that of the wife—a secret shudder ran.—
A sickness as of death fell upon the
heart of her who alone knew what hid-
den temptation might have laid in wait,
like the weird sisters of Macbeth, urging
on the man with whom her fate was
bound up, to the commission of 'a deed
without a name.' From that hour a
blight fell over the faded house. But to
this day all is enveloped in mystery. It
is true, that the bare fact of the imposi-
tion of such a child in place of a real
heir, incourse of time, and after the death
of Mr. A—g, got rumored abroad; but
the actual parentage of the ill-fated
victim of the imposture remained, and
will now doubtless forever remain, among
the catalogue of these guarded secrets
which the grave refuses to render up.

The Pauper Dead of Naples.

A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette
gives the following account of a visit to a
place where the pauper dead of Naples
are buried:

About two miles from the city, in a
large square place, enclosed by a high
wall, there are 365 cistern shaped vaults
or pits, with an aperture on top about
three feet square. These cisterns are
some 20 or 25 feet deep by 12 or 15 in
diameter, with the opening covered by a
heavy stone, and tightly cemented. One
of these is removed by a portable lever
every day in the year, to receive the dead
of that day, and then closed again for a
year. They begin to deposit the bodies
about 6 o'clock in the evening, and end
at 10. When I got there about ten or
twelve people had already been thrown
in, and were lying promiscuously as they
chanced to fall, with head, body and
limbs in every possible attitude across,
over and under each other. An old priest,
or three attendants, and a few idle spec-
tators of the common sort, were loitering
about.

Shortly after my arrival a box was
brought containing the body of a child
some 4 or 5 years; its hand held a bunch
of flowers, and a rose was in its mouth.
The priest mumbled a short prayer, sprin-
kled it with holy water, and turned away,
a man then took the little fellow by the
neck and heels and pitched him in as he
would a stick of wood; his head struck
the curb as it went in, and he fell whirl-
ing to the bottom; seeing the flowers that
fell from his hand, he took them up and
threw them in after it. In a few minutes
more a man was brought to the mouth of
the pit; the priest again prayed and sprin-
kled, the attendants took him up by the
head and legs and down he went also.

Then followed another child like the
first, and I was about leaving the ground
when a fourth subject entered. The lid of
the box was thrown back, and it was the
body of a young and rather handsome fe-
male. She was apparently about twenty
and died evidently from some short ill-
ness. Her arms and face were round and
full, and she appeared more asleep than
dead. The prayers and holy water again
in requisition: the attendants took her
roughly up, and tossed her in. I imme-
diately stepped to the mouth of the vault
and looked down; her limbs, and those
of the dead below she had disturbed by
her fall, were still in motion. Her head
was slowly turning, and her hair, which
was long, black and luxuriant, was set-
tling in thick clusters across a very white
and naked body lying near her. For a
moment the whole horrid mass seemed
instinct with life, and crawling on the bot-
tom of its loathsome charnel house. I
had seen enough; sick and disgusted I
turned away, and moralizing on the dif-
ference between such an interment and a
peaceful one in our own beautiful ceme-
tery at Spring Grove, I mounted my vol-
ante and returned to Naples, meeting on
my road some half a dozen boxes, great
and small, containing more victims for that
insatiable maw that opens its mouth but
once a year to be gorged with its dread-
ful banquet.

The bodies thus entered are generally
from the Hospital, and the sight can be
witnessed by any one 365 times a year.
Before the pit is closed, quick lime is
thrown in, and nothing but bones left
when it is again opened.

The Moth.

A great fuss is usually made "about
this time" to keep off that delicate and
beautiful little insect, the Moth Miller.—
She has certain instincts, as well as other
people, and they lead her to deposit her
eggs where food can be found when her
young are "born into the world." So
she, like a good mother, looks about indis-
tinctly and claps an egg here and there
under the seams of our best woollen coat,
or in madam's wrist-cuffs, or bonas, or
muff; or, for want of better shelter and
more refined feeling, will deposit half a
score of eggs among the hair of the buff-
alo robes that hang in the carriage-house.
Now this is very innocent and commend-
able conduct throughout all bugdom, but
is looked upon by us as a peculiarly in-
sinuating proceeding by the bugs, and a
form of deposit not altogether approved.

So the housewife tries to defend her-
self with cedar closets, camphor draws,
rosmary sassafras leaves and other
delectable odors, but the bugs care no
more for them than a hectoring gallant
for a tap with his lady's fan; they are true
to their instincts still, and will continue
to be so in spite of the nostrums of *Es-*
culapius and all his disciples!
But, fair, lady, there is one infallible
remedy; simple, and always in reach.—
Shake your garments or furs well, and
tie them up tight in a pillar-case, or any
cotton or linen bag, and hang that in the
garret; or any where under cover, and
your vegetables will be perfectly safe from
the ravages of the moth.

The Crops, Generally.

During the month just closed, we have
traversed in various directions the large
and productive region bounded by the
St. Lawrence on the North and the Ohio,
on the South, and stretching from the
Green Mountains on the East to the
Cuyahoga on the West. In addition to
the observations thus made, we have con-
versed with many intelligent travelers from
nearly all parts of the country and received
letters giving some account of the
state of the Crops in almost every part of
the Union. From the information thus
obtained, we sum up the general state
and prospects of this year's Harvest as
follows:

Wheat was considerably injured by
the Fly and the Weevil, but not so seri-
ously as was at first supposed. The
crop is a fair average.
Rye came in well, but was not exten-
sively sown. [It rarely fails.]
Grass or Hay is short in the average
—we think not over three-fourths of an
average yield throughout the Union. It
was very generally injured by drouth
and by grasshoppers, and its later growth
so hastened by the intense heat that very
much of it suffers by standing in the
field after it should have been cut. There
is much yet out which will not be worth
nearly so much as it would have been if
cut a fortnight ago. It is very short in
the great Grazing States of the West.

Indian Corn was quite extensively
planted, and about half of all we have
seen bears a good color, though often
shortened by drouth. About a quarter
of all we have seen is very miserable, and
cannot yield ten bushels to the acre—
much not five. The remaining quarter
is rather worse than middling. There is
time yet for improvement, if rains are
frequent and frosts hold off, but the prob-
ability now is that the yield per acre
will be below an average. If so, Pork
must be higher. In the South, Corn is
a great staple, and there will not be half
a crop this year.

Potatoes cover a great deal of ground
—we think more than usual—but the
prospects for a yield are not bright. They
have widely suffered from drouth, and
the vines are generally less luxuriant
than they should be. We hear reports
that the dreaded Rot has made its ap-
pearance in Westchester County, where
rain has been abundant. We believe the
average yield will be small, though many
fields look well.
Oats are a failure. There was a great
breathless sown, but the severe drouth of
July has stunted them, so that they are
short and look badly. Even in West-
chester, where there has been rain enough,
they look thin and feeble—a result at-
tributed to the intense heats of June.—
We did not see a dozen really good
fields in the last thousand miles we tra-
veled. There will not be over half a
crop.

Sweet Corn (for fodder) is doing fair-
ly.
Buckwheat is seen in all stages—some
fields in the blossom; others hardly out
of the ground. The earliest sown is gener-
ally short. It is too soon to speak as to
the latter.

Roots, other than Potatoes, are not ex-
tensively sown or not yet up. The
shortness of the Grass crop ought to have
induced a very general sowing of Tur-
nips and Indian Corn to eke out the de-
ficiency of Hay, but we do not learn that
it has done so.

Our general conclusion is that Grain
will rule high and probably advance
during the next nine months, carrying Pork
along with it, and that Cattle and Beef
will be cheaper in the fall. Sheep can-
not well be dearer. But August may
materially change all this. So much de-
pends on the fullness or deficiency of the
Harvest, that we will thank our friends
in every quarter to advise us early of
anything that may occur affecting it in
their respective neighborhoods, and to be
careful to inform us accurately.—
Grass and Winter Grain are mainly cut,
while Oats are generally past praying
for; but Indian Corn and Potatoes may
yet come in so bounteously as to ensure
general plenty.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Freeman's Journal of New
York, Bishop Huges' organ, says:
"Letters from Rome, received here
three days ago, announce that a distin-
guished Senator of the United States
has formally renounced of Protestantism,
and was received in the Catholic Church
on the Feast of Visitation, (July 24,) by
his Eminence Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect
of Propaganda. I have not been able to as-
certain the name of the convert, but it will
not long remain unknown."
The person alluded to above is report-
ed to be Senator Douglass, of Illinois,
who is now, or was recently, in Rome.

"Puppy, can't I go to the zoological
rooms to see the camomile fight the rhy-
noscerow?" "Sartin, my son—but don't
get your trousers torn. Strange, my
dear, what a taste that boy has got for
natural history."