Poetry.

THE OLD STORY.

[illegible]

Social Intelligence.

THE QUAKERS.

The New Lebanon Society—Interesting Description of Their Habits and Place of Worship.

[illegible] of the New York Sun.

[illegible] Society of Shakers [illegible] and is the [illegible] society of the order. The settlement is [illegible] with proper boundaries of the [illegible] sisters, [illegible] men, who come in [illegible] will go down [illegible] wooden houses, [illegible] children in [illegible] the dwelling [illegible] runs through the building. The apartments [illegible] are usually at [illegible] ends of the house. [illegible] a room, and altho' [illegible] of the community live [illegible] sleeping under the same [illegible] in the same dining room, [illegible] have no social intercourse [illegible] beyond that of business [illegible]. They enter the [illegible] of the hall, they [illegible] each other, unless it be [illegible] their immediate wants, or when a [illegible] or instructs a [illegible]

[illegible] known that each society [illegible] of several [illegible] supporting, [illegible] themselves perfect or[illegible] temporal and spiritual [illegible] collected, comprising [illegible] elders, preachers and others. [illegible] Eldress employes [illegible] families. The different [illegible] families, in each Society [illegible] members of both [illegible] usually occupy one large mai[illegible] which, as they claim, the [illegible] together in a spir[illegible] fellowship.

[illegible] RELIGION AND HORTICULTURE.

[illegible] has been the lead[illegible] in most of the Shaker Societies [illegible] they are turning their attention [illegible] to agriculture. The Society [illegible] owns about 1,000 [illegible] of land, which is for [illegible] and sheep, being very mountainous. The rest is devoted to agriculture [illegible]

[illegible] THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

[illegible] above up to the Shaker "meeting [illegible] long, rectangular, plain, wooden [illegible] with a convex roof, their singing [illegible] They had already held [illegible] exercises, although it [illegible] to do so in the morning. We [illegible] the church and entered [illegible] the door on one side of [illegible] and went through another on [illegible]. Many visitors were in [illegible] and an usher gave us seats al[illegible] to those who are not of the "persuasion." These seats are plain wooden [illegible] and differ from those used by the [illegible] in that they are sup[illegible]

[illegible] entered the "meeting house" [illegible] smile. Ranged [illegible] the room—one row behind [illegible] in height—the men on [illegible] of the house, the women on the [illegible] stood in their quaint costumes, [illegible] cast down, their eyes on the [illegible] men wore coats, pantaloons, [illegible] of the same material, but [illegible] cut of the ancient shad[illegible] fashion, with a standing collar [illegible] the arms, waistcoat buttoned [illegible] throat, with standing collar [illegible] of the most liberal di[illegible]. At their necks each wore a [illegible], containing at least a half [illegible]

[illegible] were neatly attired in gowns [illegible] of colored material reach[illegible] endless of expansion [illegible]. Each wore pinned over her [illegible] a white kerchief or [illegible]. Each one, from the oldest [illegible] man to the youngest child, [illegible] a Quaker white cap, not unlike a [illegible] which was tied or pinned a [illegible]. This completed the head[illegible] of the women was cut [illegible] in a small brown net. [illegible] was cut close to the [illegible] and temples, but [illegible] hung behind the ears. In [illegible] tangled, tufted locks [illegible]

[illegible] seated but a few moments, [illegible] and brethren, acc[illegible] began in a slow, drawling, [illegible] tune, each of their peculiar [illegible], the words of which we [illegible] not. All the worshippers [illegible], moving their hands in an [illegible] up and down in unison [illegible] vocal songs were thus [illegible] for a space of the exercises [illegible] the economics of their [illegible]. After this ceremony one of the [illegible] from the front rank, and [illegible] a position on the floor midway between [illegible] sexes, spoke a few words of exhortation admonishing the members of the society to live in harmony [illegible] the rules of their faith. [illegible] had finished the quietly took his place again in the ranks and was followed by others in a similar strain.

[illegible] THE SHAKER SOCIAL DANCE.

[illegible] that the dancers stood immediately [illegible] upon the floor and [illegible] the most supple [illegible]. At once did one of [illegible] or all the eye to look to the [illegible] Until intervals of their service [illegible] would have heard a pin fall in any [illegible] hall of worship. But this [illegible] the first part of the service. Suddenly at a signal from one of the leaders [illegible] with the precision of [illegible] their backs to the spectators [illegible] distance from each [illegible] preparation for the [illegible] which is also a part of their religious [illegible]. All entered into this [illegible] of the brethren [illegible] hung them on [illegible] the walls of the hall; and [illegible] last days it is the [illegible] to divest themselves [illegible] and sometimes their [illegible] to, on the beginning of the [illegible]

[illegible] and brethren [illegible] next took their positions [illegible] and facing [illegible] of their peculiar [illegible] hardly be called a [illegible] by with their [illegible] the music for [illegible] and in a sort [illegible] in the singing [illegible] with the hands [illegible]. Moving forward [illegible] together [illegible] the position which [illegible]. This was continued [illegible] half an hour, and [illegible] ceasing to see [illegible] some of the [illegible] entered in [illegible]

[illegible] ceremony also ceased at a [illegible] of the leaders, and [illegible] in the same position [illegible] covered the house. [illegible] the same meditative, [illegible] described, they [illegible] preparation [illegible] other feature of [illegible] in column of [illegible], the men in one [illegible] women in another. Again [illegible] the chants, [illegible] up to the [illegible] the women in [illegible] to that of the men.—[illegible] including the music, and all kept time to the [illegible] the peculiar emphatic gesture of the hands and arms as before. For half an hour at least did they thus march around the hall, the choir forming a circle and occupying a station [illegible] position in the center of the floor, and at a signal all again assumed the position they had at first occupied, with the precision of soldiers.

Again they stood for a few moments silent as so many statues. The plain, white pine benches, which were piled one upon the other about the sides of the hall, were then taken down and placed in position by the sisters and brethren respectively. Regularly and silently as clockwork this was done, without any commotion whatever. The men took their seats first, and then, noiselessly as so many ghosts, the women glided to their proper places and dropped on the benches. Both men and women took from their pockets their large cotton handkerchiefs or napkins, which they spread on their knees, and on which they rested their hands.

The preacher of the community then stepped forward in front of the visitors, his back toward the members of the Society, and in a calm, impassioned manner began his discourse, which was addressed entirely to the visitors. It was an able, logical argument in support of the Shaker creed; but although he spoke without notes it was easy to see that the address had been carefully prepared for the occasion. He studiously avoided reference to the dogmas of the sect, and only alluded to those parts of their creed on which few persons would be inclined to take issue. I was told, however, that frequently the preachers of the community openly and energetically proclaimed their doctrine as the only true faith, and characterized all other orders as heathen. The remarks of the preacher concluded the devotional exercises of the morning. One of the leaders arose, simply remarked, "The meeting is now dismissed," and then, without a word being spoken or a look of recognition with one another exchanged, the Shakers glided out of the hall, the women through one door, and the men through another.

Remarkable Masonic Incident.

The first Masonic funeral that ever occurred in California, took place in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found in the bay of San Francisco.

An account of the ceremonies states that on the body of the deceased was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which were engraved the initals of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder, the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems that was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man upon the human skin.

There is nothing in the history of traditions of Freemasonry equal to it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue ink, which time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the entered apprentice-ship. There were the Holy Bible, the square and compass, the twenty-four inch guage and common gavel. There were also the Masonic pavement, representing also the ground-floor of King Solomon's Temple the indented tessel, which surrounds it, and the blazing star in the center.

On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the fellow craft degree, viz: the square the level and the plumb. There were also the five orders of architecture—the tuscan, doric, ionic, corinthian and composite.

In removing the garments from his body, the trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative Masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense.

On the other parts of his body were the bee-hive, the "Book of Constitutions," guarded by the "Tyler's sword, the sword pointing to a naked heart; the All-Seeing eye, the anchor and ark, the hour-glass, the scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid, the sun, moon, stars and comets, the three steps emblematical of youth, manhood and age.

Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the "Book of Constitutions." In her left hand she held the pot of incense, the Masonic emblem of immortality of the soul.

Immediately beneath her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts life brittle thread of life, and the hour-glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner.

Thus were the striking emblems of mortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and in all probability such as the majority will never witness again. The brother's name was never known.—*Colorado Chieftain*

An Elephant Inspects a Bridge.

The Montreal Star says the well known sagacity of the elephant had a somewhat remarkable exemplification, at St. John, in the Province of Quebec, on Saturday morning last, in which the immense Ceylon elephant, belonging to Campbell's Menagerie and Circus, which was to exhibit in Montreal, was the hero. We will premise our statement with the fact that, a few weeks since, while traveling from Waterbury to Northfield, in the state of Vermont, this elephant in crossing a bridge, over a creek, crushed the floor with his enormous weight, and fell partly through, his forequarters only remaining on the bridge. By this accident he was lamed for several days, but not sufficiently to prevent him from traveling. When he was brought to the Long Bridge, over the Richelieu River, at St. Johns, he evidently retained a vivid recollection of this mishap, and neither coaxing, threats, persuasion, nor force, could induce him to budge an inch on the, to him, perilous structure. Nor does it appear that his apprehensions were unfounded—for the proprietors of the bridge notified the menagerie managers that they were oblivious of the capacity of the structure to uphold the weight of the elephant, and if they crossed him they must do so at their own risk. The morning was rather chilly, and as they did not wish to risk his health by swimming, they concluded to make the venture. The band chariot and an enormous den of performing lions were started on ahead of him, in order to give him confidence, and when he saw that they were safely over, he was induced to follow, which he did very slowly, testing each plank and timber with his fore feet and trunk as he progressed. Whenever he discovered any of the timbers to be defective he would cross over the division to the opposite roadway, and would so progress until he came to another doubtful place, when he would cross back again. He worked along in this way until he had come more than half way over, when he became suspicious that neither road was safe, and started rapidly back, driving back a long den of cages that were following, and clearing the bridge for the space of ten or more rods. At this juncture a flock of sheep came running past him, and he vented his spleen by picking them up one by one with his trunk and throwing them into the river until he had disposed of seven in this way. He was finally induced to go on, and after having been more than two hours in crossing, arrived safely over. The scene was witnessed by over two thousand people, and the utmost excitement prevailed.

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—Some thirty-five or forty years ago, a Mr. Williams, a clergyman of the old school, somewhat eccentric, came to Salem from the country to exchange desks with one of his brethren in the ministry. During the Sabbath noon intermission he said to his daughter:

"I am going to lie down. If St. Paul himself comes, don't disturb me."

Mr. Bently, who preached in the East Church, who had been very intimate with Mr. Williams, but had not seen him for several years, hearing that he was in town, hurried off, after dinner, to make his old friend a call.

"Where is Brother Williams?" he inquired, as he met the daughter.

"He can't be disturbed, sir, even if St. Paul should call."

"I must see him!" was the impatient rejoinder, in the inimitable manner of Mr. Bentley.

Resistance to such a *must* was out of the question. The room of the sleeper was invaded, and with no gentle shake and a corresponding voice, Mr. Williams was aroused. He was delighted to see his old friend Bentley, reiterating with fervency his gratification.

"I think, Brother Williams, that you are a little inconsistent."

"How so, Brother Bentley?"

"Didn't you tell your daughter you were not to be disturbed even if St. Paul called? yet you seem very glad to see me.

"No, no, brother; not inconsistent at all. I was I am glad to see you. The Apostle Paul! why, I hope to spend a blessed eternity with him; but you, Brother Bently—I never expect to see you again.

—While the Chicago commercial party were at the mine at Treasury Hill, Nev., their presence excited considerable curiosity, and one of the miners asked a comrade: "Which is the Chinaman, anyhow?" when the individual addressed responded promptly, "Why, d—n it, don't you know there's no Chinese chaps yonder that have to grease their legs to get their pants on."

AN EPISODE OF CATTLE-RAISING IN WESTERN TEXAS.

How a Texan with Many Herds Lived—A Night at Coffee's Ranche.

From the State Journal.

The El Paso stage was flinging the mail on its up trip, several hours behind time, delayed by the heavy rains. I was on the box with Charlie, the driver, who was urging the mules to their utmost, that we might reach and cross the Guadaloupe by "by" in the morning.

Just at dark we reached Coffee's Ranche, on its bank, and were greeted with the pleasant information that the river was "booming ten feet past fording," so there was nothing to do but put the mail and baggage in the house, build a pen around the stage to keep the cattle and goats from it, and resign ourselves to the decrees of fate with as much patience as possible.

The old woman asked me to pot-pap per, while I chatted with the head of the family in conversation with a view to the pursuit of knowledge.

"How many cattle have you got, Mr. Coffee?"

"Wal, I don't know; there's five or six hundred cows coming up every night. I allow there must be three or four thousand head in the brush."

"You must make a good deal of butter from so many cows."

"No, we generally gits our butter from the Dutch settlement, (comfort) over there, but we're out now."

"Why don't you make butter for the market? You might turn off a thousand pounds a month, if you tried, and it is worth fifty cents in San Antonio, 145 miles distant?"

"It's too much trouble, stranger. You see there's no one but me and the boys, (three or four, men grown, leastways about), and somehow we never keered about it."

"Got many horses?"

"Had a right smart along back, but the injuns have been gittin 'em, and I don't reckon we've got more'n a hundred left."

"How much corn and garden stuff have you this year?"

"Don't raise no crops. The hogs allers gits in, and 'taint no use; too much trouble.

"How many hogs have you?"

"Don't know. I go out in the brush and blow (a bugle) fur em, and there's so durned many comes 'taint no use to try and count 'em."

The old woman puts in and says, "Supper's ready, sot by, stranger," and Charlie draws up a nail keg, while I find a seat on a section sawn off a log. The table is without a cloth, and is decidedly short of civilized feeding tools, and the fare consists of goat meat fried in fat corn bread and river water. I was not very hungry.

The lady at the house (near by, for the table was spread out of doors under a tree and lighted by a rag in a tin cup of grease) made the customary excuses for the poorness of the fare, that you may hear at almost every table—however bountifully supplied—anywhere in the Union, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, not even skipping the servant question, for since her niggers left, she'd had to put up with common doins, for she never was no great of a cook no way."

Supper out of the way she told one of her "boys" to "drive out that old sow and pigs from under the bed, for she 'lowed the strangers were tired." the boy did as he was bidden, but remarked "t'want no use, fur it was gwine to rain, and she (the sow) would be right peart to git in again.

Charlie and I went to bed and the fleas commenced operations. We rolled, fought fleas and tried to sleep, but it was no use, a hundred fresh and hungry ones came to the funeral of every one killed; at last we were forced to get up and strike a light, when we saw that our shirts were covered so thick as to be actually black; we started for the stage, taking our cloth s with us. Inside the stage, I put my ordinary under and over clothing upon the top of the coach, and then wrapped up in my great coat; in fifteen minutes that was full of fleas, and I threw it out and put on my other clothes. Texas fleas are good travelers, and a very few minutes was time enough for the last one of them to find the way from the inside of the great coat to the inside of my shirt; then another change, Charlie meanwhile fighting the other wing, and swearing. We were not allowed to close our eyes the whole night—must have changed our clothes thirty times each.

We asked Old Coffee whether the fleas were always troublesome; he said "no, they're *most all gone now*, but 'long back there was a *right sweet* of them here."

More goat meat and corn bread for breakfast, at the very reasonable price of two bits a meal, and, the river having fallen during the night, we hitched up our mules and "got." GEO. E. ALLEE.

Reasons for Life Assurance.

1. It is the surest way to prevent the household loaf from being buried with the household head.

2. It helps to rid the community of pauperism and its expenses, and of the crimes incident to poverty.

3. It brings relief to the sorrows of bereavement, and brightens the otherwise desolate pathway.

4. It gives the permanence of an estate, or of a fortune, to those depending only on their daily toil.

5. It is the safest of all investments, as it thrives even upon the ruins of ordinary financial concerns.

6. It is a profitable use of funds, yielding, besides security, better returns than most investments.

7. It is a property not exposed to the demand of creditors, but protected by law for one's heirs.

8. It brings ready money in a moment and just at *that* moment when it is most timely and welcome.

9. It affords all the conveniences of saving institutions, and also much larger pecuniary returns.

10. It benefits the assured, promoting industry and economy, and prolonges life by relieving it of anxiety.

Wrong Notions Corrected.

1. It is not impiety to talk of Life Assurance; for it is not assuring *Existence*, but *Possession*.

2. It is not distrusting Providence; for Providence was not designed to procure self help.

3. It is not a chance operation; for it proceeds upon a strictly legitimate and scientific basis.

4. It is not a speculation, or deceit; for many of the best men of the world are its supporters.

5. It is not an "expense," for it is simply *Laying up* for a future time—simply accumulation.

6. It is not a risk from inability to keep up payments; for a policy may be on the *Non Forfeiting* plan.

7. It is not for the poor only; for the rich are now very generally taking advantage of it.

8. It is not for the rich only; for no is one so poor that he cannot keep up a a life policy.

9. It is not an unnecessary outlay; for no other provision is positively certain and secure.

10. It is not just as well to put it off; for health may be impaired, or life may suddenly end.

A Quaint Society of Women.

From the Nashville Banner.

While perepriating through town a day or two since, we met with a person who advised us of a quaint society of women existing in our city. Although it has been in existence for several months past, it has been almost wholly unknown to any but those who participate in its odd meetings. The least intimation given by any of its members regarding the secrets and mysteries of the society is equivalent to a probationary expulsion if disclosed to a woman. If any revelation should be made to man, the implacable enemy to their orderly desires, the informer is severely reprimanded by the presiding officer, excluded from further participation in the proceedings of the association, and driven out of the place of meeting by terrific scowls, menaces and groans. This very severe rule has, at all times, had the desired effect, and prevented any disclosure of it designs.

We understand the society has adopted the euphonious name of the "Snuff Club." There are some forty delegates in this club, who meet every month at places selected with a great deal of caution, and designated at each meeting previous. The members of the club are, in accordance with the constitution, elected to their position once every year by subordinate clubs, fact tenally denominated "snuffers," numbering from three to ten members each. The new member is always initiated into the "snuffers," who meet daily, through divers influences brought to bear upon the council. On entering these inner sides they are compelled to sign a paper pledging themselves never to reveal to any living woman, much less a man, as to whom may be guilty of using snuff. The unmarried females are thoroughly drilled in the use of the "stick" and mug and snuff, and taught the best manner of concealing their practice from all young beaux. The trimmering of the lips and the sudden cleansing of the teeth with a linen handkerchief are taught to such perfection as would defy detection.

—Two former French shoemakers met after a lapse of years. "Sa you are married, Victorine?" "Yes." "Children?" "Oh, yes, perfectly happy." "You have children, of course?" "No, you know our lodgings are so small."

FRIENDLY PUBLISH.

A Priest Calls a Parishioner a Liar and Punches Him.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, Aug. 6.

The Catholic clergy has been disgraced by another instance of pugilistic pugilism. On Sunday evening last, Rev. Father P. V. Moyes, of Northampton, was called on by a messenger, sent by John Riley, of Florence, and requesting the performance of some Romanist rites at the bedside of Riley's mother, who was sick unto death. Moyes refused unless the messenger had a physician's certificate, whereupon the messenger replied: "But Riley said you told him that, now you had an assistant, you would visit without a certificate from the doctor." To which the reverend gentleman replied: "Tell Riley he is a liar." The messenger went back, and Riley started out, secured the necessary document from a doctor, and, chartering the livery stable keeper, rode with him to Northampton. Halting a short distance from, but in plain sight of, Moyes's, Riley approached the parsonage, and the livery keeper watched events from his buggy, expecting, however, nothing serious. The meek parishioner knocked at the door, and the priest put his head out of the window, asking who was there and what was wanted. Riley said he wished a priest to see the aged woman who was dying, and that he had sent a messenger previously. "Yes," said Moyes, "and I sent back word that you were a liar." "I beg your pardon, Father Moyes," said Riley, "I am not a liar, and do not wish to be called a liar." "You are a d—d liar," retorted the ecclesiastic. The priest descended and opened the door, and stood there, candle in hand, supposing, no doubt, that no one had witnessed his wickedness but the little Irishman on whom it had been vented. Moyes again called John a liar and struck him a severe blow over the left eye. The livery man heard all the conversation, and by the light of the priest's candle saw the blow given. The priest now hapened to see the wagon and said to Riley, "Have you a team there?" "No sir, none for you," said Riley, "if you go out to night you will for all my carrying you, after you have struck me." Here the matter ended for the evening. The livery man carried Riley home. Some time after the latter appeared before E. Parsons, Esq., complaining of the priest for an assault. Mr. Parsons issued a warrant for Moyes's arrest, making the document returnable before Trial Justice W. C. Bassed, of Easthampton, who, during the absence of C. E. Smith in Canada, officiates as the magistrate in Northhampton. Deputy Sheriff Wright brought the accused before Mr Bassed at Justice Smith's office on Thursday afternoon. Riley, the complainant, was present, his forehead still adorned with the bloody scar caused by the ecclesiastic argument of his spiritual adviser. The thoughts of incurring the priest's displeasure over came his grit and he finally consented to acknowledge satisfaction for the injuries received, on the priest paying the costs, $7.70. Moyes seemed specially desirous that the affair should be kept out of print. But when a minister "goes in on his muscle," he ought to be thankful, we think, for a faithful account of his chivalrous deeds. Such, we believe, is here given, this being in substance, the statement of a disinterested witness, the livery stable keeper referred to.

European Harvests—Estimate of the Prospects.

From the Mark-lane Express, July 27.

Another brilliant week has further redeemed the promise Summer from the bad character it commenced with, and, so far as wheat is concerned, it could not have been better, the occasional coolness experienced preventing too hasty a maturity of the grain, and, contrary to all expectations, we can announce that we are on the eve of harvest. Samples of ripe grain have been exhibited at market from the neighborhood of London of full average quality, though rather short. Others, however, have appeared thoroughly blighted from Essex, where, we hear, there is much of foot-rot, occasioned by the excessive wet chills on a forward growth; others much blighted have been exhibited from the Fens. The well-drained loams will therefore, as usual, carry the day, and the excessively heavy as well as the light lands are to go short.—Hungary has about finished with a good quality, but doubtful yield, as have Italy, the south of France and Spain; but there are yet complaints of backwardness and some rough weather in the north of Europe, while nearly the whole has yet to be gathered before we know what is our gain. The stock of food, Prices as yet have stood remarkably well for the unexpected fineness of the weather; but there has been a decline generally of 1s. in this country, and about the same in France and Belgium. The barley and peas are said to be suffering from want of rain, as well as oats, potatoes, and many secondaries; but there seems many indications that this is not far off, and our only hope is that it will be smart and transient, lest the main crop should suffer. Of the course of the crops in Europe we do not hear universally favorable reports; and though we would hope for the best, no great if any surplus is to be reckoned on.

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL.—Of the celebrated Merchant's Gargling Oil, and of the enterprise and successful business management of our respected townsman, John Hodge, Esq., the St. Louis Weekly Dispatch of July 31st, speaks as follows:

No better reputation has attended the manufacture of any article manufacturer in this country than that of the Merchant's Gargling Oil, which has now come into general use throughout the United States, and to-day stands upon its own merit as a liniment enjoying the full confidence of the public. Its name has become world wide, and the cures effected by it on both man and beast are witnessed wherever it is used. This article, possessing in a high degree the properties of an anodyne and restorative, has a wonderful influence over many painful diseases, and its efficacy to heal is attributed to the chemical combination of the choice ingredients of which it is composed.

It was in Lockport that the discovery of this medicine was made, and there it has arisen from infancy to a good old age, fostered by the many satisfactory results arising from its use. It has stood the test for upward of thirty years, and stands to-day unshaken as the rock, its foundation being built upon actual testimonials of the cures it has performed upon both man and beast. The demands for it has been steadily increasing for years, and notwithstanding the breaking out of the late war, which cut off a large demand from the southern States, its spread in the North made its sale more extensive than before, and now as the Southern States are again open to the commercial world, in addition to the old ones, it has gained many new customers in that section of the country. Not alone to the healing qualities of this medicine is its success attributable, although its popularity has been gained only by a thorough test. Such a business requires skillful management, and to our respected friend, John Hodge, Esq., Secretary of Merchant's Gargling Oil Company, belongs to a very large extent the credit of its unlimited success. His untiring energy, unsurpassed business qualifications, has won for him not only the esteem of all those with whom he deals, but through his exertions the credit of the business has been maintained and has grown in greatness, and will continue so to do while under his control.—*Lockport Journal*

A World's Congress.

The Central Committee of the International League recently met at Geneva under the Presidency of M. Jules Dami. It was decided to hold the next Congress at Lausanne on the 14th prox. The following are the questions which will form the principal subjects for discussion: 1. To determine the basis of a federal organization in Europe. 2. The solution which the Eastern question (including that of Poland) should receive. 3. The means of removing all social or economical antagonism between citizens in each country. 4. Revision of the organization of the League and the establishment of its journal, The United States of Europe. A local committee was formed, under the direction of Mr. Eytel, to make preparations at Lausanne for the approaching Congress. The circular convoking the Congress is signed, in the name of the Central Committee, by Jules Dami, of France; Armand Goegg, Germany; Joliscant, Switzerland; Cesar Sicard, Italy, and Gaesok Hacke, for Poland. It is announced that Senor Castellar, of the Spanish Cortes, will share in the deliberations of this Congress.

CONSCIENCE CHECKED IN CONNECTICUT.—Connecticut, which has as good a common-school system as there is in the United States, now virtually compels children to avail themselves of its advantages. The last General Assembly passed a law which requires three months' schooling each year as the legal condition of employing minors under fourteen years of age. If any manufacturer or other person shall hire a minor contrary to the provision of the law, he forfeits $100 to the state treasury for each offence. The schools of the state are free to all, and now the poorest people are compelled to educate their children, since their employment is absolutely conditional upon such education. It is noted that the manufacturers throughout the state cordially approve of the new law, and only a few laboring men oppose it.

VANDERBILT AND COMMODORE.

A Queer Story. Did Commodore Garrison Try to Shoot Commodore Vanderbilt?

[From the St. Paul Dispatch, Aug. 2.]

There is in New York a steamboat man by the name of Garrison. When Vanderbilt began running his steamers to San Francisco, he engaged Garrison at $10,000 a year, to attend to his business at San Francisco. The contract was for $10,000 a year for ten years and was in writing. A little time after the Commodore sold out his interest to the Pacific Mail Company, and Garrison was left to himself. The latter threatened, and finally sued Vanderbilt, but to no effect. At length, being weary of Vanderbilt's delays, and being a man famous for his Herculean powers, he called upon the Commodore at his little office in Fourth street, near Broadway. On entering he turned the key and placed it in his pocket. Turning to Vanderbilt, he said: "Commodore, you are at my mercy. You or I will never leave this office till you have settled with me." Upon this he drew out an imposing looking revolver and sat down opposite the Commodore.

Vanderbilt is not easily terrified. Addressing Garrison, he said, "Captain, keep cool, you are joking. Even if I wished, I could not pay your demands here at this time."

Garrison was undaunted by this, but exclaimed: "Commodore, it is useless for you to talk so. This account must be settled. You or I will be dead, but I will not leave this office until you have paid me."

"How can I?" said Vanderbilt, now beginning to feel the discomfort of his position.

"Well," said Garrison, "in that safe there you have enough to pay me. This account must be settled, or you or I die, that is all."

The Commodore looked sternly at Garrison for a moment, then turned to his safe, drew out some stocks and bonds, and said: "Garrison, you are game. Here are stocks and bonds. Take your dues, and leave."

Garrison selected $180,000 of the precious certificates, pocketed them, and walked out. Ever since that time he and Vanderbilt have been good friends. Garrison is still here among New York shipping men, many of whom have known him in even more serious *roles* than this we have described.

The Perils of Drinking Bad Whisky.

[From the Georgia Constitutionalist.]

Many years ago when the state of Georgia was in its infancy, one of the Circuit Judges was Bela Brown, an ancestor of the recent "secesh" Governor of that name.—He was a man of ability and integrity, but like a good many distinguished persons of that day, he loved a social glass; and when ever the members of the bar wouldn't turn in and help, he sometimes drank to excess and became gloriously fuddled. On one occasion while traveling on circuit, he reached the village of Dayton, in Dooly county, where the court was to be opened next day, and took quarters with a relative of his wife, that lady accompanying him. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the place, kept by one Sterritt, where he met a number of his legal friends. A convivial evening was passed; drinks frequently went round, and somewhere about midnight, the Honorable Bela was in a state of mind quite the reverse of that implied by the old saw, "Sober as a Judge." When he was leaving for home, one of the young lawyers, in a spirit of mischief, slyly passed some spoons from the tumblers into the Judge's pocket.

On dressing himself next morning, the eccentric official, putting his hand into his pocket, was greatly perplexed in discovering three or four silver spoons.

"My God! Polly," said he to his wife, (just look here, I believe I've stolen some of Sterritt's spoons!"

"Let's see them," says the wife. "Yes, sure enough—here's his veritable initials! Pray how did you happen to have them in your pocket?"

"I think I must have been drunk when I came home, wasn't I?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes," replied the devoted Polly, "you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"Certainly; I can understand easy enough how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest liquor in the state; but I never supposed that to drink it would make a man steal!"

The spoons were duly returned to the landlord, and the Judge went and opened his court, thinking no more about the matter. Several days elapsed, and the business of the court was drawing to a close, when one morning a rough looking customer was arraigned before His Honor for larceny. He pleaded guilty, but said in mitigation that he was drunk at the time of committing the offence.

"What is the nature of the charge against the man?" inquired Judge Brown.

"Stealing money from the till at Sterritt's tavern," replied the clerk.

"Young man," said the Judge, solemnly, "are you sure you was intoxicated when you took this money?"

"Yes, your Honor, I was so jolly drunk that thinks like they were dancing double shuffles, and when I went out doors the ground kept coming up and hitting me in the head."

"That will do," replied the Judge. "But tell me, did you get all the liquor you drank at Sterritt's?"

"Every drop of it, your Honor."

"And so you got tipsy on his liquor, and then stole his money?"

"That's it exactly; I didn't know what I was doing."

Turning to the prosecuting attorney, the worthy magistrate said: "This is a most extraordinary case, Mr. Attorney, and one, I think, demanding the clemency of the Court. You will, therefore, do me the favor of entering a *nolle prosse*. That liquor of Sterritt's, I have reason to know, is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it myself the other night, and stole all his spoons. If Sterritt will sell such abominable stuff, he ought not to have the protection of this court. You may release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff."

Amusing Paragraphs.

—An English clergyman tried to persuade one of the black sheep of his flock to come to church, on the plea that he had seen his wife there on the previous Sunday. "I hope you'll try and come now, James." "Well, sir, I think I'll try, for our Mary says you're a hell of a preacher."

—"William, thee knows I never call anybody names, but, William, if the Mayor of the city were to come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in Philadelphia,' I would come to thee and put my hand on thy shoulder and say to thee, 'William, the Mayor wants to see thee.'"

—The following ode to organ-grinders is going the rounds:

Eternal Rome! who sat on seven hills,
Big with vast conquest and ambition's lust,
Sent forth legions, thick as Egypt's ills,
To grind opposing nations to the dust.
And Rome still stands, immortal and sublime,
Nor is there a city where ye may not find
Her legions now, in the ancient time;
They still go forth, their mission still to *grind!*

—The following is a literal copy of a letter sent to a medical gentleman:

"Ser—Yole oblige me if yole kum na cume have a bad Kowld am Hill in my Thetan Chess and have lost my Happy tight."

—A farmer in the remote district of the Yorkshire woods recently met a country rector who had been two years on travel. "Mr. Rector," said the farmer, "you've been to the Holy Land," I hear." "I have John, and got back safe, you see." "Well, I often thun't I'd like to hear about that spot. It's a fine country I lay." "Well," said the rector, "I saw Lebanon and Jerusalem, and the twelve palm trees, and the wells of water in the great desert, and we went across the Jordan, and went up Mount ——" "Excuse me interrupting you, Mr. Rector, noo. But if it be a fair question, how was turmets (turnips) looking out yonder?"

—A friend of mine, a clergyman, tried to persuade an old scamp of a fellow to come to church, on the plea that he had seen his wife there on the previous Sunday. "I hope you'll try and come, now, James." "Well, sir, I'll try, for our Mary says you're a hell of a preacher."

—An aristocratic lady in Lansingburgh, after anxious inquiry as to what would remove some faint spots from her window glass, was told that "elbow grease" was the best thing known. Whereupon she naively exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad to have found out! I wonder if they keep it in Troy?"

—A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man. But remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

EXECUTING SENTENCE IN AN ENGLISH GAOL.

Frantic Appeal of a Condemned Woman.

The Birmingham Post publishes the following letter, written by the condemned woman, Fanny Oliver, to her father and mother:

THE WORCESTER PRISON, July 21.

My dear Father and Mother and dear Brother: I received your letter, and am sorry to hear that my poor, dear mother was worse; but I hope she is better. My dear mother, I am better thank God for it, for God gave me grace to bear my trouble. Dear mother, though I am condemned to die, I fear it not; for God knows that I am innocent, and He will raise me up in Heaven.

Dear mother, do not fret for me, for I was only lent to you, and now my Heavenly Father wants me.

"The dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught."

Dear mother, I hope that we shall meet in heaven, where no trouble comes. Dear mother, they are all so kind to me, and God is with me. Oh! I love him more and more, for I love Him more than you all in heart. May God bless you all, and Pray to God to help you. Though I shall never see your dear face again, dear mother, in this world, but I hope I shall in heaven, for I am going to die for that, dear mother I am innocent of. Yes, dear parents, I am innocent. God knows I am, and I wish some one will take it up, and hear what I have got to say. My trial is an unjust one. My dear father and sister, has written to the Governor, and she will come with you, and I should like to see my brother, and tell him about his Heavenly Father. I should like to see Mr. Parry. As soon as you can, come and see me, your poor innocent child, for God knows my time is short in this world.

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.
The dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not."

Oh! may the Lord be with you all, dear mother I have plenty of nice food, and they are all so kind to me and the Lord. Come on Monday, if you can, my dear friends; pray for your innocent child. My dear brother, be strong, and pray to God to make you so, and a child of God, for your poor sister's sake. We may never meet again in this world, but I hope we shall in heaven. Good bye, dear mother; good bye. I wish I could see your dear face once more. Good bye, my dear mother, for ever! From your poor innocent child, FANNY OLIVER. Come to see me."

The prisoner was convicted of the wilful murder of her husband by poison, by arsenic—and the motives by which it was presumed she was actuated, were that she had contracted an improper intimacy with a man named Brice.

After the jury had returned their verdict the prisoner made a most "agonizing" speech. "I am not guilty (she exclaimed) by any great God! If I speak an untruth, Oh, God! (here the prisoner clasped her hands solemnly, and cast her eyes upwards)—take my breath from me, and let me die before my enemies. (Great sensation in court.) As for administering poison to my husband (here she raised her voice and again clasped her hands) great God answer for me; Thou knowest that I am innocent. Heavenly Father, of the charge they have brought against me.—And why dost Thou leave me in this terrible hour of need? My God I have trusted in Thee. I have been very wild and wicked, I know, but Heavenly Father, give me strength. I never possessed such strength as I have possessed since I have been cast into prison. I never knew the power of God in me until then; and, although death is to be passed upon an innocent woman, Lord, receive my spirit; and although I am found guilty by an earthly judge and jury—(there she raised her voice defiantly)—my Great Judge and Jury who are in Heaven, they will receive me to their home. (Sensation.) I am innocent in the sight of my God, and know not what I have to do to save me.—What, even though you should put me to death to-morrow, I would receive it cheerfully, my God, as it has come from Thee; for now I am left alone; my home is gone; my friends are far; I have but one, and that is He (pointing upward.) Lord, do not leave me in this terrible hour. Lord, prepare me to meet this trial. Thou knowest I am innocent. Murder! I loved my husband. God, thou knowest I loved him. Yes, and he loved me. Call his friends; call those that were with him when he died. What is the reason that this has been brought against me, O God?" The prisoner here made a rambling statement about her husband's mother having accused her of poisoning her husband because she had not got some money that belonged to him.

A SHARP SWINDLE.

How a Young Man Lost His Watch—A Story that may be Read with Profit.

From the Pittsburg Evening Mail, Aug. 11.

On last Friday night, a ball was given at Lafayette hall, which was largely attended; handsome ladies predominating. One young lady in particular, attracted the attention of a gentleman of a tender age, who sported an elegant gold watch and chain, valued at $250. Some time after midnight he engaged her company to dance with him, and drawing forth his watch, looked at its face to ascertain what time would be required to finish the present one. The young lady admired the timepiece very much, and would be under lasting obligations if her new companion would just loan it to her until she was ready to go home. Pleased at having it in his power to accommodate this whim, he unfastened the chain from his button hole, and placed the watch in her hands.

Time passed pleasantly enough until 4 o'clock arrived, when the young gentleman expressed a desire to accompany the lady to her home, as the entertainment was drawing to an end. She accepted the proffer, but never thought to return the gentleman's watch, which she still retained possession of. They walked up