

THE KANZAS NEWS.

"THE PEOPLE ALWAYS CONQUER."

By P. B. PLUMB.

EMPORIA, KANZAS, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

VOL. 1--No. 22.

JOB PRINTING.

The office of THE KANZAS NEWS is furnished with a complete assortment of the newest styles of Type, Borders, Florishes, Caps, Cards, Fancy Papers, Colored Inks, Bronze, &c., enabling the proprietor to PRINT CIRCULARS, CARDS, CERTIFICATES OF STOCK, DEXES, POSTERS, and all other kinds of JOB PRINTING, in a manner unsurpassed in the country. Particular attention paid to printing all kinds of Blanks. Orders for work promptly attended to when accompanied with Cash. "Excelsior" is our motto.

The Kansas News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Re-Organization of the Supreme Court.

The Republicans, at an early day in the next session of Congress, will introduce, and unanimously support, a bill for the re-organization of the Supreme Court, and a re-adjustment of the Judicial Circuits, according to population and political weight. Under the present system, the slave States, with a white population, according to the census of 1850, of 6,412,503, are represented in the Supreme Bench by five Judges; while the free States, with a population, according to the same authority, of 13,434,799, are allowed but four members in the highest judicial tribunal in the country. The representation of the free States in the lower house of Congress is one hundred and forty-three; that of the slave States, with the constitutional proviso for the enumeration of two-thirds of the negroes—a proviso which does not extend to the Supreme Bench—only ninety.

The United States are divided into the following nine Judicial circuits:

Table with 2 columns: Circuit Name and Free Population. Includes Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Connecticut and New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan.

Table with 2 columns: Circuit Name and Free Population. Includes Delaware, Maryland and Virginia, Alabama, Louisiana and Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, Mississippi and Arkansas.

In the above table, Kentucky is twice numbered. Deducting her population, the total for the slave States is reduced to 5,883,037.

From these figures it will be seen that the free States would have, under a fair apportionment, at least six out of the nine Judges. Apart from considerations of the political complexion of the Supreme Bench, and the astounding dictum put forth in the late Dred Scott decision, the democratic principle of government demands a remodeling of the court. The majority principle, which runs through all departments of our polity, is a palpable force so long as a minority court has the power of "deciding" away every enactment which happens to displease that minority.

Our brethren in this church must not take these remarks unkindly. They are presented in all kindness and affection. The choir sung better than many choirs in city churches, but no one sung with them. The people were mute. They used their ears, and not their mouths! But, alas! we missed the old fervor—the good, old-fashioned Methodist fire. Wesley's hymns, taking the congregation by the hand, would have led them up the gate of heaven. But yesterday it only led them up as far as the choir, about ten feet above the pews. This will never do. Methodists will make grand good worshipping Christians if they are not ashamed of their own ways, but very poor ones if they are. Brethren, you are in the wrong way. It will never do for you to silence the people. Your fire will go out if you rake it up under the ashes of a false refinement. Let an outsider, but a well-wisher, say these plain words to you without offence. The Methodist Church has laid the Christian world under a great debt by its service in the cause of Christ, and we have a right in it, and an interest in it, as common Christians, too great to suffer us to see signs of degeneracy in it without sorrow and alarm. We hope God means to do great things by it, yet, for our land. But it will not be by giving up heart and soul, zeal and popular enthusiasm in worship, for the sake of sham propriety and tasteful formalism, that the Methodist Church will become yet further efficient. We hope to see such a revival of religion among them as shall come like a freshet upon their churches, and sweep out the channels of song, and carry away the dead wood and trash which has already dammed up the current of song, and made the congregation stagnant. Oh, that there might be a rain of righteousness upon them, which shall swell their hearts to overflowing, and cleanse their sanctuary from all formalism, and especially from the formalism of pedantic music!

The Caloric Engine.

Ericsson, the inventor of the caloric engine, not disheartened by the failure of his great experiment with the caloric ship "Ericsson," four years ago, has continued to labor perseveringly ever since to put in successful operation his plan of substituting heated air for steam as a motor, and we learn from the New York Journal of Commerce that his prospects of eventual success are quite encouraging. Besides two stationary engines, which bid fair to work well, a beautiful yacht has been plying in New York harbor during the past ten weeks, propelled solely by a caloric engine; and although she has been plying almost daily, she has consumed only one cord of oak wood in all that time—the engine being suited to either wood or coal. Another remarkable feature about it is, that after the fires have been wholly extinguished, sufficient heat is retained in the metal of the engine, providing it has been thoroughly warmed, to propel the boat about two miles. The yacht is about fifty feet long, and has an eight feet paddle wheel, which works about thirty turns per minute, giving a rate of speed equal to about nine knots an hour. Although the principle on which Ericsson's caloric engine was originally built is wholly preserved, the mechanism and arrangement are entirely different—the whole being reduced to a simplicity never before attained in any engine.—Boston Journal.

EVERYTHING BUT DOGS.

A traveler in the backwoods met with a settler near a house, and inquired: "Whose house?" "Mog's." "Of what bulk?" "Fogs." "Any neighbors?" "Fogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "Your diet?" "Hogs."

Why did Adam bite the apple?

A schoolmaster of one of his pupils. "Because he had no knife to cut it," replied the hopeful biblical student.

Henry Ward Beecher on Church Music.

In a letter from Henry Ward Beecher, printed in the Independent under date of "Mountain-rest Mateawan," we read:

"By the way, yesterday morning I was at the Methodist Church here. A very pleasant room it is, and I am told that a very worthy society occupy it. But I have a most weighty charge to bring against the good people, of musical apostasy. I had expected a treat of good, hearty singing. There were Charles Wesley's hymns, and there were the good old Methodist tunes, that ancient piety loved, and modern concert laughs at! Imagine my chagrin when, after reading the hymn, up rose a choir from the shelf at the other end of the church, and began to sing a monotonous tune of the modern music-book style. The patient congregation stood up meekly to be sung to, as men stand under rain when there is no shelter. Scarcely a lip moved. No one seemed to hear the hymn, or to care for the music. How I longed for the good old Methodist thunder! One good burst of old-fashioned music would have blown this modern singing out of the windows like wadding from a gun! Men may call this an improvement, genteel! Gentility has nearly killed our churches, and it will kill the Methodist churches if they give way to its false and pernicious ambition. We know very well what good, old-fashioned Methodist music was. It had faults enough, doubtless, against taste. But it had an inward purpose and a religious earnestness which enabled it to carry all its faults, and to triumph in spite of them? It was worship. Yesterday's music was tolerable singing, but very poor worship. We are sorry that just as our churches are beginning to imitate the former example of Methodist churches, and to introduce melodies that the people love, and to encourage universal singing in the congregation, our Methodist brethren should pick up our cast-off formalism in church music. It will be worse with them than with us. It will mark a greater length of decline. We could hardly believe our eyes and ears yesterday. We could not persuade ourselves that we stood before a Methodist church. We should have supposed it to be a good, solid Presbyterian or Congregationalist church, in which the choir and pulpit performed everything, and the people did nothing.

Our brethren in this church must not take these remarks unkindly. They are presented in all kindness and affection. The choir sung better than many choirs in city churches, but no one sung with them. The people were mute. They used their ears, and not their mouths! But, alas! we missed the old fervor—the good, old-fashioned Methodist fire. Wesley's hymns, taking the congregation by the hand, would have led them up the gate of heaven. But yesterday it only led them up as far as the choir, about ten feet above the pews. This will never do. Methodists will make grand good worshipping Christians if they are not ashamed of their own ways, but very poor ones if they are. Brethren, you are in the wrong way. It will never do for you to silence the people. Your fire will go out if you rake it up under the ashes of a false refinement. Let an outsider, but a well-wisher, say these plain words to you without offence. The Methodist Church has laid the Christian world under a great debt by its service in the cause of Christ, and we have a right in it, and an interest in it, as common Christians, too great to suffer us to see signs of degeneracy in it without sorrow and alarm. We hope God means to do great things by it, yet, for our land. But it will not be by giving up heart and soul, zeal and popular enthusiasm in worship, for the sake of sham propriety and tasteful formalism, that the Methodist Church will become yet further efficient. We hope to see such a revival of religion among them as shall come like a freshet upon their churches, and sweep out the channels of song, and carry away the dead wood and trash which has already dammed up the current of song, and made the congregation stagnant. Oh, that there might be a rain of righteousness upon them, which shall swell their hearts to overflowing, and cleanse their sanctuary from all formalism, and especially from the formalism of pedantic music!

Influence of Agricultural Pursuits.

Edward Everett thus speaks of the moral influences and benefits to a nation of an intelligent agricultural population:

"I do not claim for agricultural life in modern times the Arcadian simplicity of the heroic ages; but it is capable, with the aid of popular education and the facilities of intercommunication, of being made a pursuit more favorable than city life to that average degree of virtue and happiness to which we may reasonably aspire in the present imperfect stage of being. For the same reason that our intellectual and moral faculties are urged to the highest point of culture by the intense competition of the large towns, the contagion of vice and crime produces in a crowded population a depravity of character from which the more thinly inhabited country, though far enough from being immaculate, is comparatively free.—Accordingly, we find that the tenure on which the land is owned and tilled—that is, the average condition of the agricultural masses—decides the character of a people. It is true that the compact organization, the control of capital, the concentrated popular talent, the vigorous press, the agile temperament of the large towns, give them an influence out of proportion to numbers; but this is far less the case in the United States than in most foreign countries, where the land is held in large masses by a few powerful landholders. Divided as it is in this country into small or moderately-sized farms, owned, for the most part, and tilled by a class of fairly-educated, independent and intelligent proprietors, the direct influence of large towns on the entire population is far less considerable than in Europe. Paris can at all times make a revolution in France; but not even your imperial metropolis could make a revolution in the United States.—What the public character loses in concentration and energy by this want of metropolitan centralization is more than gained by the country in the virtuous mediocrity, the decent frugality, the healthfulness, the social tranquility of private life. I trust I do full justice to the elegant refinements, the liberal institutions, the noble charities, the creative industries, the world-encompassing energy of the cities; but the profuse expenditure of the prosperous, the unfathomable wretchedness of the destitute, the heaven-defying profligacy of the corrupt, the insane spirit of speculation, the frantic haste to become rich, the heartless dissipation of fashionable life, the growing ferocity and recklessness of a portion of the public press, the prevailing worldliness of the large towns, make me tremble for the future. It appears to me that our great dependence, under Providence, must be more and more on the healthy tone of the population scattered over the country—strangers to the excitements, the temptations, the revulsions of trade, and placed in that happy middle condition of human fortune which is equidistant from the giddy heights of affluence, power and fame, and the pinching straits of poverty, and as such most favorable to human virtue and happiness.

A Strong Legislature.

The new Legislature just elected in the old Bay State will be one of the ablest bodies ever assembled in that commonwealth. Among other distinguished gentlemen, we notice the names of the following, who have held prominent places in the affairs of our country during the last quarter of a century:

Hon. Caleb Cushing, late Attorney General of the United States under Pierce's administration—elected to the House from Newburyport.

Hon. Marcus Morton, who was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1841, after twelve previous unsuccessful efforts, by one majority, and again, in 1842, by the same majority, is elected to the House, from Taunton.

Hon. Julius Rockwell, formerly United States Senator, and the Republican candidate for Governor in 1855 against Governor Gardner—elected to the House from Pittsfield.

Hon. Amasa Walker, the distinguished philanthropist, and formerly Secretary of State of Massachusetts—elected to the House from North Brookfield.

Hon. James H. Duncan, of Haverhill, and Hon. Charles W. Upham, of Salem, recently distinguished members of Congress—elected, the former to the House and the latter to the Senate.

Messrs. Cushing and Morton are elected as Democrats, although Governor Morton has, since 1854, and until quite recently, acted with the Republicans, and Messrs. Rockwell, Walker, Duncan and Upham are Republicans.

The Industry of India.

Whatever may be the turbulence of some classes of Hindoos, and the indolence of others, it is certain that there are in India persevering and industrious laborers. Within the last twenty years the amount of the products of other countries, consumed in India has increased from \$30,000,000 to \$85,000,000, and her native productions have more than kept pace with it. Every nation which trades with her becomes her debtor. In 1835, the surplus produce of India was \$40,000,000; in 1855 it exceeded \$125,000,000. Last year the balance due India for the excess of the exports was \$41,000,000. The specie importations, which may be regarded as a sure indication of the balance of the trade, have increased from \$14,000,000 in 1846, to \$62,000,000 in 1856. Such statistics show that there is progressive industry in India, which the present mutiny must effect disastrously.—London Economist.

Part of a Speech by Theodore Parker.

I was neither born nor bred for servitude. I drew my first breath in a little town not far off, a poor little town where the farmers and mechanics first unsharped that revolutionary sword which, after eight years of heaving, clove asunder the Gordian knot that bound America to the British yoke. One raw morning in Spring—it will be eighty years the ninth of this month—Hancock and Adams, the Moses and Aaron of that great deliverance, were both at Lexington; they obstructed an officer with brave words, British soldiers, a thousand strong, came to seize them and carry them over the sea for trial, and so nip the bud of freedom auspiciously opening in that early spring. The town militia came together before daylight for "training." A great, tall man, with a large head, and a high, wide brow, their captain, one "who had seen service," marshalled them into line, numbering but seventy, and bade "every man load his piece with powder and ball." "I will order the man shot that runs away," said he, when some one faltered. "Don't fire unless fired upon, but if they want to have a war—let it begin here." Gentlemen, you know what followed; those farmers and mechanics fired the shot heard round the world. A little monument covers the bones of such as before pledged their fortune and their sacred honor to the freedom of America, and that day gave it also their lives. I was born in that little town and bred amid the memories of that day. When a boy, my mother lifted me up one Sunday, in her religious, patriotic arms, and held me while I read the first monumental line I ever saw:

"SACRED TO LIBERTY AND THE RIGHTS OF MANKIND."

Since then, I have studied the memorial marbles of Greece and Rome in many an ancient town; nay, on Egyptian Obelisks have read what was written before the Eternal roused up Moses to lead Israel out of Egypt, but no chiselled stone has ever stirred me to such emotions as those rustic names of men who fell

"IN THE SACRED CAUSE OF GOD AND THEIR COUNTRY."

Gentlemen, the Spirit of Liberty, the love of Justice was early fanned into a flame in my boyish heart. That monument covers the bones of my own kinsfolk; it was their blood which reddened the long grass at Lexington. It is my own name that stands chiselled on that stone; the tall captain who marshalled his fellow farmers and mechanics into stern array, and spoke such brave and dangerous words as opened the war of American Independence—the last to leave the field—was my father's father. I learned to read out of his Bible, and with a musket he that day captured from the foe I learned that "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

The New Constitution of Oregon.

The new Constitution of Oregon bids fair to contain some curious features. One of these, prepared at the last dates in the Convention, was to abolish the Grand Jury system, on account of its expense and inquisitorial character, and substitute therefor the result of the examinations before Justices of the Peace. Another is to make the Governor ex-officio treasurer of the State, to have no Lieutenant Governor, and to make the Secretary of State Governor pro tem, in case of the death of the Executive. A third novelty is the limitation of the number of members of the State Senate to fifteen, and of the Assembly to thirty, with biennial sessions. A fourth is the viva voce system of voting at all public elections.—This has been done all along in Oregon, and is the old English plan, adopted thence into Virginia, and from Virginia carried westward through Kentucky to Missouri, and Missouri to Oregon. There are some other interesting features which may be briefly stated thus: Judges of courts are rendered ineligible to any office, other than a judicial one during the terms for which they may have been elected, and for one year thereafter; towns and cities are prohibited from contracting debts for any purpose whatever; banking charters are absolutely prohibited, so that the business of corporate banking will not be recognized.

"Eyes Open."

"Our minister said in his sermon, last evening," said Mrs. Beach, the wife of a prosperous wholesale dry goods merchant on Market street, as she dusted her mantle of porcelain and marble, on Monday, "that he who wanted to do good must keep a constant 'look-out' for opportunities; that God does not find our work, and bring it ready fitted and prepared to the hand; but spreads the world before us, and we are to walk through it as Christ and the Apostles did, with 'eyes open,' looking for the sick and suffering, the poor and the oppressed."

"Now I am certain," continued the lady, as she replaced a marble Diana in the centre of the mantle, "I should like to do some good every day; one feels so much better when they go to rest at night, and I'll just keep my 'eyes open' to-day, and see if I come across any opportunities that under ordinary circumstances I should let slip."

Half an hour later Mrs. Beach was in the nursery, with the washerwoman who had come for the clothes. "I wish, Mrs. Simms," said she, as she heaped the soiled linen in the basket, "that you would get Tommy's aprons ready for me by Wednesday; we are going out of town to remain until Saturday, and I shall want a good supply on hand for such a careless little scamp as he is."

"Well, I'll try, ma'am," said the washerwoman; "I've got behindland a good deal since Sammy had the whooping cough; but now he's better, I must try to make up for lost time."

"Has he had the whooping cough? Poor little fellow! How old is he?" questioned the lady.

"He was three last April, ma'am." "And Tom is four," mused the lady.—"Look here, Mrs. Simms, won't you just open the lower drawer of that bureau, and take out those four green worsted dresses in the corner? Tom's outgrown them, you see since last winter, but they are almost as good as new. Now, if you want them for little Sammy, they'll do nicely, without altering, I think."

"Want them, Mrs. Beach!" answered the washerwoman, with tears starting in her dim eyes, "I haven't any words to thank you, or tell what a treasure they'll be. Why they'll keep the little fellow as warm as toast all winter."

"Well, I'll place them on the top of the clothes," said the lady, smiling to herself as she thought, "My eyes have been open once to-day."

Not long afterwards, Mrs. Beach was on her way to market—for she was a notable housekeeper—when she met a boy who had lived a short time in her family, the year before, to do errands, wait on the door, &c. He was a bright, good hearted boy, and had been a great favorite with the family, and Mrs. Beach had always felt interested in him, but this morning she was in quite a hurry, and would have passed him with a cordial but hasty, "How are you, Joseph, my boy? Do come and see us," had it not struck her that Joseph's face did not wear its usual happy expression. She paused as the memory of last night's sermon flashed through her mind and asked:—"Is there anything the matter with you, Joseph? You do not look so happy as you used to."

The boy looked up a moment, with a half-doubting, half-confiding expression, into the lady's face; the latter triumphed. "Mr. Anderson's moved out of town," he said, pushing back his worn, but neatly brushed cap from his hair, "so I've lost my place; then little Mary's sick, and that makes it very bad just now."

"So it does," answered Mrs. Beach, her sympathies warmly enlisted. "But never mind, Joseph; I remember, only night before last, my brother said he would want a new errand boy in a few days, for his store, and he'd give a good one two dollars a week. Now, I'll see him to-day, and get the situation for you, if you like."

The boy's whole face brightened up.—"Oh! I shall be so glad of it, Mrs. Beach." "And see here, Joseph; I'm going to market, and perhaps we can find something nice for little Mary." The lady remembered that Joseph's mother, though a poor seamstress, was a proud woman, and felt this would be a delicate way of presenting her gift.

So she found some delicious pears and grapes and a nice chicken to make some broth for Mary, who she learned was ill with fever, before she proceeded to do her own marketing. But it was a pity that the lady did not see Joseph as he sprang into the chamber where little Mary lay moaning wretchedly on her bed, while her mother sat stitching busily in one corner, and held up the chicken and the fruit, crying: "Good news! Good news! I've got all these nice things for Mary, and a place at two dollars a week!"

Oh how little Mary's hot fingers closed over the bunches of white grapes, while the sewing dropped from her mother's fingers, as the tears ran down her cheeks.

It was evening, and Mrs. Beach sat in the library absorbed in some new book, when she heard her husband's step in the hall.—"Though the morning had been pleasant the afternoon was cloudy, and the day had gone down in a low sullen, penetrating rain."

"Now, Mrs. Beach loved her husband with the love of a true wife, but he was not a demonstrative man; and the first beauty and poetry of their married life had settled down into a somewhat bare, every day, matter-of-fact existence. But her heart was warm to-night—warm with the good deeds of the day, and remembering the resolution of the morning, she threw down her book and ran down stairs.

"Henry, dear," said the soft voice of his wife, "has the rain wet you at all? Let me take off your coat for you."

"Thank you, Mary; I don't think that I'm any wise injured, but you may help me, just for the pleasure of it," and he stood still while she removed the heavy coat, with all that softness of touch and movement which belongs to a woman. She hung it up, and then her husband drew her to his heart with all the old love's tenderness.

And there was music in Mrs. Beach's heart as she went up stairs—music to the words, "Eyes open! eyes open!"

Eli Thayer's Yankee Colony in Virginia.

The Cincinnati Gazette has a letter from Ceredo, the new town in Virginia; the building of which has just been commenced by the Yankee Colony under Eli Thayer. The writer says:

"As I approached, a busy scene presented itself on the opposite shore. Workmen and teams were engaged in digging down the high bank, and opening a highway from the river to the town that is to be.—The grade will be carried far back, so as to be of the easiest and gentlest slope to be found perhaps anywhere on the Ohio.—After reaching the top of the bank, some of the advantages of the location were apparent at a glance. One of the widest bottoms on the whole river stretches away for miles above and below. The soil is sandy, eminently favorable to dry cellars and basements. There is a sufficient slope everywhere to carry off all surface water. An excellent quality of building stone is at hand and in great abundance. This is also the natural and most feasible terminus, we understand, of the great Central Virginia Railway, now being constructed from Norfolk to the Ohio river, and which is already completed as far as Covington, between the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies.

"The season was so far advanced when operations were commenced, that there can be little show of buildings this winter.—However, quite a number of cellars are dug, and foundation walls laid up. Forty thousand dollars' worth of steam engines, now lying at Parkersburg, will be floated down this week, and set in operation as soon as suitable shelter can be provided; and when spring opens the work will go vigorously onward.

"The town of Ceredo is in Wayne county, which was formerly a part of Cabell.—A few persons in Cabell having interests about Guyandotte felt jealous of the new town, and got up a meeting a few weeks since to denounce the Yankee invaders."

In reply to this meeting there was a gathering at Ceredo on the 13th inst., when Eli Thayer, at considerable length, defended his projects from the various attacks made against them.

A Dissatisfied Man of War.

John Fitzgerald enlisted on Saturday in the United States army, for the purpose of putting down "them ere sinners at Utah."—On Monday afternoon, Mr. Fitzgerald appeared at the police office to enter complaint against the United States for obtaining soldiers under false pretences. Mr. Fitzgerald was slightly inebriated.

"What do you want?" "A warrant (hiccup) 'gainst the States of 'Meriky' (hiccup)." "For what?" "False (hiccup) pretences; for obtaining soldiers by false 'tences' (hiccup)." "In what respect?" "They agreed (hiccup) to give me eight dollars a month (hiccup) and a first rate suit of clothes (hiccup) Call that a suit of clothes? Look at that coat—so short-waisted in the back, it fits you off of the ground (hiccup) Look at them pants—so long-waisted in the seat, you might use the slack for a back room to sleep in." (hiccup)

"And for that you want a warrant for false pretences against the government?" "I don't want nothing else (hiccup) I'm not to be done by such a pair of trousers no day."

The Justice refused to grant a warrant, and Mr. Fitzgerald left the office, promising to write to the President, and have "another pair of trousers, or blood."—The moment President Buchanan's letter is received, we shall publish it, as a matter of course.

A Funny Incident.

Owing to the embarrassments of the Massachusetts Central Railroad, the running of the trains is sometimes attended with great difficulty, and no little credit is due to the management for keeping them moving.—North Wrentham is a wood and watering station, but, unfortunately what wood is in the sheds is under attachment. To procure more, and store it there, would be to subject it to the same process. But the engine must have wood, and when it arrived from Blackstone, a load was waiting, and was hastily thrown on the tender without being cut. To have stopped to have it sawed, would have been to place it at the tender mercies of the creditors. So a woodswayer was taken on board the engine, and he plied his saw vigorously all the way to Boston. The sight was a comical one. The monster which the woodswayer had attempted to feed, was almost too much for him, but he acquitted himself of his task like a good nurse, and when the monster halted, the self-satisfied hiss of the escape steam showed that he had not suffered.

A good story is told of a country gentleman who for the first time heard an Episcopal clergyman preach. He had read much of the aristocracy and pride of the church; when he returned home he was asked if the people were "stuck up." "Pshaw, no," replied the man. "Why, the minister actually preached in his shirt-sleeves."

Recently an American young lady, named Trainway, one of a party attempting the ascent of Mount Blanc, slipped over an ice precipice, and fell hundreds of feet into a fissure where it is supposed she must have been dashed to pieces. Living or dead, however, no assistance could be given, and there her remains must lie, until the last tramp shall sound.

A worthy minister, noted for his wit, on being asked what kind of a person the wife of Mr. — was, replied: "I will give you her grammatical character: She is a noun substantive—seen, felt and heard."

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the hearing more acute. A wag suggested that this accounts for so many closed eyes in church at sermon time.