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WHOLE NO. 392.

Selected Poetry.

I SEE THE STILL.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

I see the still:
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light,
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old:
Then thy soft arms my neck infold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear.
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
In every hallowed token round:
This little ring thy finger bound;
This lock of hair thy foot on a shade;
This silken chain by thee was made;
These flowers, all withered now, like thee,
Sweet sister, thou didst call for me;
This book was thine—here didst thou read;
This picture—ah, yes, here, indeed,
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
Here was thy summer moon's retreat;
Here was thy favorite fireside seat;
This was thy chamber—here, each day,
I sat and watch'd thy sad decay;
Here, on this bed, thou at last didst lie;
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die.
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—
As then I saw thee, pale and cold,
I see thee still.

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot chain the immortal mind;
Thou'rt close o'er thy sacred trust,
But goodness does not in the dust.
Thou, O my sister, 'tis not thee:
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou'rt a fainter limit art gone—
There, let me hope, my journey done,
I see thee still.

A Beautiful Story.

THE PIN-HOLE.

Among the many traditions held in reverence by the descendants of the Lady Mary Chobham, there is one of peculiar interest. The afternoon of an untroubled summer day was verging towards evening; long shadows were cast upon the turf; a gentle breeze stirred the thousand leaves overhead, and rippled the surface of the river Wear, which, ponded back, formed the really magnificent sheet of water that constituted one of the chief ornaments of the Cobham family.

A pleasure-boat, into which the dripping oars had only recently been drawn, rocked on the bosom of the lake; and on a rustic seat on the margin sat two young people who had been loitering away the whole day in a state of entire felicity. The Lady Mary was at that time more than fifteen and rather childish in her appearance, with long, fair hair flowing in infantine carelessness and grace, clear delicate complexion, large eyes that sought the ground; the whole contour hardly giving promise to that exquisite loveliness which in after-days shone unrivaled in the Court of George III. Her dress was that of a child—a simple white frock, with a broad blue sash; a comfortable German bonnet, with its deep tippet or cape.

The young girl was slightly thrown back on the seat; and whilst her companion held her left hand, the right was busily engaged in forcing the gold pin that had fastened her sash in and out of the hard oak arm of the park chair. This she did in a sort of unconscious manner, though every now and then the blood would rush into her cheeks, and her efforts become almost spasmodic. With infinite difficulty, at such times, a speck of wool might be forced out, almost big enough for the cricket-ball of a mite. Perseverance, however, did much, and the pin-hole attained more and more of a respectable depth and shape. The young man by the Lady Mary's side was in reality not much older than herself; but the hardships of a seafaring life, the constant change of climate, and the real service he had already seen, gave him an appearance of age and manliness. He had entered the navy at thirteen, and was now enjoying a short leave of absence. Dressed in the stiff uniform of the service, Arthur Townsend had no adventitious advantages; but if you looked in his face, its high resolution and great mental power shadowed out the future companion of Nelson and Collingwood. You might almost have read his part in Trafalgar. And now he was warming with the subject most interesting to him; and that voice of singular sweetness destined "to shout amid the shouting crew" was telling to earnest attentive ears, of moonlight watches on the tedious Mediterranean; of stormy conflicts on the Bay of Biscay; ay, and of the cannon's roar—of conflict, of death, and victory. The Lady Mary, with head declined, and little hand working diligently with the gold pin, listened with breath almost suspended to the account of the gallant and successful defence of Gibraltar; she seemed to see the red-hot balls as they fell on the enemy's ships and batteries; and the flash on her cheeks came and went more rapidly as the narrator described the daring deeds, the moments of peril, as the victors braved everything to rush to the rescue of their baffled foe, maddening and perishing in their burning ships, no longer considered as enemies, but as suffering fellow creatures; and her heart swelled within her, as she insidiously recognized, felt, thro' the little that was indicated, how large a share the narrator had in these events. And then Arthur Townsend narrated softer scenes; coral islets formed under sunny skies, where the flamingo was wading in the still lagoon, and the palm tree saw its

feathered top reflected; scenes of quiet beauty, like a still evening after a stormy day; and the cheek grew clear and pale, and the wonder-working little hand rested; but in these communications, there was no talk of self.

Night had crept round and finally closed over Wearscote: the morning hours were even approaching, but still Lady Chobham meditated in her library. Living in courts, the intimate friend of politicians, acute and far-seeing in all things, the aspect of public affairs filled her with anxiety. There were discontent and disunion at home; abroad, the nations were still staggering under the effects of the French Revolution; the course of Bonaparte was beginning. Nor was she insensible to the dangers attending the career her gallant young kinsman had so well begun. On the morrow he would depart. When, how should she see her sister's son again?—Now she considered the two children were at rest; hours had passed since their bright undimmed good night. She was aroused by a most unaccountable step—once agreed only by those whose walk is over the unsteady waters; and young Townsend entered. There was neither hurry nor anxiety in his manner, and the strong will suppressed all emotion. Quietly, respectfully, he told his aunt that he loved the Lady Mary, and that he intended to marry her. There was great feeling; there was earnest purpose; there was nothing ridiculous in the declaration of the boy-lover. He rather expressed his conviction of what would be, than asked sanction or assistance.

Lady Chobham was, to say the least, greatly puzzled; she thought the proposition absurd—its probabilities small. The youth was entering on a life of difficulty and dangers; years might elapse before he would see his native land again; and then would he be a match for her child? Rank, fortune were alike inadequate. The mother's eye saw the splendor of womanhood into which the young girl would develop; she did not undervalue her great advantages of wealth and connexion; and here was a sailor-boy almost, claiming her. She looked up, in the calm, clear eye, the self-reliant ample brow, the herosodist revealed; she doubted not his future nor his destiny. He might die; but living or dying every one connected with him would be ennobled. The fulfillment of his hopes was unlikely, but she would not send her sister's child away in sorrow.

"Arthur," she said, and eye and lip quivered; "my child is happy in your love, but I never will understand more of her worth, her position and its requirements. You must entirely deserve her: till you do, do not attempt to win her. I have but one stipulation; no word of what has passed between us must disturb her peace, until you become her husband."

Strange word to a boy of sixteen, stranger still that he did not seem incongruous, and he accepted the terms. Long before the rest of the world was stirring, he again visited the seat by the river-head, and made prize of a small portion of a blue sash that had been left waving in the breeze; and by sunrise he had joined his ship at Portsmouth.

The Lady Mary returned to school; it was observed that for some time she paid marked attention to her geographical studies; and walking her measured pace round the dull London squares, her thoughts were often on the broad Pacific, or coasting the Mediterranean. Time passed on; and these things faded. With a delicate refinement, she stood the acknowledged beauty of her day. But she lived in stirring times, and hers was no spirit that could live for itself alone. In all the daily occurring public events she took an absorbing interest. Suijors came and went; she never seemed to have any but kind and gracious words of refusal to give them. She could not account for it herself. From time to time she read with interest, but without emotion, the glowing descriptions of Arthur Townsend's progress and rewards. She saw his name coupled with all his country's valor or honor, and she felt glad and proud that she was related to him. Twice he had returned, and they had met with pleasure and unreserve on her part; but they had never been at Wearscote together again. And still more years passed, and with them came sorrow; her mother did not live to see the end of the romance. And now even the trial was over, and at five-and-twenty the Lady Mary was in possession of great wealth, every personal charm in full perfection, but still wandering, fancy-free, by the side of the river at Wearscote.

And again it is a summer evening, and again the Lady Mary is sitting on the chair by the side of the lake, and again earnestly, respectfully, by no mean cavalier, is a suit she has often heard before urged on her. The affections of the Lady Mary are disengaged; she almost fears it is selfish to feel so indifferent; ought she not to give some encouragement, some hope?—She wavers in her refusal, assuming the same attitude in which she had listened to another voice years before. Her eye rests on a small speck in the arm of the chair; a crust of paint had been recently rubbed off; and with a sudden rush and bound backwards memory takes in the whole scene when that small hole was nervously bored. All the very words then uttered came back, and with a feeling that she dare not accept or encourage any offered love.

True to his promise and to himself, Arthur Townsend returned. His country paid in wealth and honors part of the debt of gratitude she owed him. He met the Lady Mary on equal terms: how he sped in his wooing is matter of history. In an old cabinet, a small piece of oak delicately perforated, and wrapt in a portion of blue crape, was found, and then this imperfectly-told little story came out.

Interesting Miscellany.

"DON'T SPEAK TO HER."

"Don't speak to her!" There was a bitter sneer upon the little girl's face as she and her companion turned away from the poorer dressed school companion.

No, little Miss, don't speak to the poor girl. Your father swindled poor people and made a large property out of their hard earnings. He was a low-bred vagabond when a young man, and universally despised, but is now one of the "upper ten." At heart he is as base and low as he ever was. But he deals in stocks and robs by shaving bonds and mortgages. He is a moneyed man. He is rich. He is your father, Miss, and would not like it were you to place yourself on a level with honorable poor people. Don't speak to her! The girl is plainly clad and has a humble home and a poor mother. Her father was ruined by one who now rolls in wealth and died a stricken man. His fine house—the early home of the poor girl—was sold at a sacrifice, and purchased by the man who ruined him. Her mother, the once beautiful and accomplished belle and noble woman, takes in washing.

Don't speak to her! Her sweet face is pale and sad, and her dress is coarse and plainly made. Why can't the vulgar thing dress as well as you do, and why can't her self-beat mother have a fine house and ride to church in a carriage? What business have folks to be poor? How exceedingly vulgar it is to work for a living!

Don't speak to her! She ain't fit for your company—she don't dress well enough. No matter if she does hear the cutting words. Poor children have no feeling—It's your privilege to say what you are pleased to about such kind of folks. There is a tear in her mild blue eye and a quick flash on her pale cheek, and as she passes the group with their hoops, she draws her checkered bonnet tightly around her face and steals away with many a bitter sob. Her young heart is learning its first sorrow. Her woman's heart will need all its bravery. She may triumph in the stern and trying struggle, or she may give way and go down to worse than a grave.

Her soul was full of the pure and noble in all that is womanly, but they crushed her with an iron heel and she was lost.

FANNY FERRE.

A Miner's Story.

A young physician, who after having received his diploma from one of our medical Colleges, finding that there was no chance of gaining a livelihood by the practice of his profession in the place of his nativity, concluded to pack up his tools and emigrate to the land of gold on the Pacific. Here he found no better encouragement in the practice of medicine, for which he had been duly prepared and incensed. As a last resort he turned miner and exchanged the scalpel for the pickaxe. In a recent letter to a friend at home he embodies a sort of valedictory sermon to his last pursuit, which is well worth a perusal.

"Why will ye dig?"—Son of man!—for the light of whose presence my spirit yearneth and my bowels grumbleth, dost thou ask me why? Is it not written that fortune smiles upon fools? And for the sake of the smiles, hath not thy servant been making a fool, yea, an ass of himself in vain? For five years and ten days he has sojourned in this place—he has dived into the water he has torn ancient rocks from their resting places, and removed them afar off—he has likewise torn his breeches in parts not to be spoken of!—he has rooted into the mud like unto the swine. His beard hath grown long, the skin upon his hands and face hath changed; his color until he is now likened unto wild beasts, and his garments are rent and soiled, so that 'sackcloth and ashes' would be fine as purple and linen to him. He would fain feed on husks, but there are none. Yea, he who in times past was wont to fare sumptuously, and to grumble over greater delicacies than were piled upon the table of Dives, now snuffs with gladness the fragrance of pork and beans, and ginses his teeth impatiently over a frying shipjack. He beloveth a raw onion with unspeakable avidity. Potatoe skins fear his presence, beef vanishes from before him and dogs look in vain for the bones. He sighs for the flesh pots of Egypt, and mourns over the barrenness of the lands.

In his sleep nevertheless, the good angel of the past designs to visit him, and delightful visions are opened to his recollection, for a delicious "bill of fare" floats before the mind of the dreamer, and he orders "oysters and terrapin for six" only to awaken to his infernal slajacks and molasses.

All this hath thy servant endured. Is he not then a fool, an abomination in the sight of wisdom? And is not unto such, and such only that fortune dispenses her favors? Yet she hath deserted me. I approach her and she fleeth! I "double on her trail" and she turneth away! I await

her coming and she stands still! I secrete myself in her path, and seize her unawares! But she glideth off as though I had caught a log by his greased tail! Sic transit, I exclaim, as with a sick heart I revile poverty and curse fortune.

Lo! are not these evils? And wherefore should they be visited upon thy servant? Surely he hath sinned as other men sineth. He hath not coveted his neighbor's ox, nor his ass, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant—for he is ignorant unto thee, that there are no maid servants here. He has bided by the "law and the prophets," but the prophets have not abided by him! Now, therefore, I renounce these diggings—I put out—Islope—I departed without scrip or pro-vider, taking no heed for the morrow, for the morrow takes no care of me. Ere five days shall have passed, the shirt tail of thy servant will be waving in the breezes of Nevada. A remnant of it will be nailed on the highest mountain that he crosses—an emblem of the extremity to which man may be reduced in the land of Ophir. Yet think not, oh! Elisha, that I would rend my garments, for this alone. Verily I say unto thee, an evil genius has long pursued me. She hath followed me close upon my footsteps, that every thread and fibre of my raiment is familiar to her eye. And if in the pursuit of me, she should gaze upon this robe in the solitary fastnesses of the mountains, she will at once recognize it, and believing me to have been torn and destroyed by wild beasts, she will retrace her steps and thus I will escape her.

I go hence, Elisha, unto the town of Sonora, where it has been prophesied that thy servant will heal the sick, and prosper with amazing prosperity. As Moses reared the serpent in the wilderness for the children of Israel to look upon and be cured of their infirmities, so I will elevate my sign among the Gentiles, and they may gaze upon it and be made whole—Their offerings of gold and silver will be acceptable unto me, and if they live not afterwards, peradventure they may find treasures in Heaven.

Not "the Last Rose of Summer."

The people of the Eastern District, in Lincoln county, Maine, have chosen a lady for Register of Deeds, in place of Hezekiah Coombs, deceased. The election was held on the 30th ult. The returns show the election of Miss Olive Rose of Thomaston.

She had two competitors, Silvester and Scattering. There were 469 votes for the Rose, and 245 for the others. This incident has stimulated the eloquence of the *N. Y. Herald*, and it breaks out in a fine strain:

"Miss Rose! What delightful associations cluster about that beautiful name!—Who is there that has been touched by the melancholy fate of—
"The last rose of summer,"
that will not rejoice in this first full blown rose of the season? Is not the name ominous of a better and brighter day for woman's rights, over the length and breadth of the land? To be sure it is. And let the unmanly cloth-hopper judges of the Eastern District of Maine pronounce Miss Rose ineligible if they dare! They will rue the unlucky day as long as they live.

The Bearded Woman.

The papers have had something to say lately, of a female in the East who boasts as fine mustachios and whiskers as any other man. The *New York Tribune* confirms the story, and says she is at Barnum's. She is a madam Clotilda, and has a husband and child. She permits you to take her by the beard, and handle her bushy whiskers for your self-conviction; and, sooth to say, she is magnificently provided for in this particular. Her beard and whiskers are jet black in color, full, thick, glossy, soft, and of capacious proportion, covering her whole chin and both her cheeks, almost up to her eyes, where she shaves them off for convenience.

Frankenstein and his great Panoram.

The great panorama of Niagara, by Godfrey M. Frankenstein, is nearly completed. It has been engaged on the paintings. *Holt's Magazine* says, since 1844. This enables him to present this great masterpiece of nature under the various changes of nine years. They were taken during all the seasons of the year, and all hours of the day and night. The moonlight and winter views are peculiarly unique and interesting. What a treat it will be to see this world-wonder in every possible aspect, and as it can only be seen in nature during the course of a number of years, in the short space of one or two hours. Among the unusual and remarkable scenes, will be a view by the light of a fire which occurred last summer on the Canada side not far from the Falls.

We have heard of a great many novel ways of getting people to work, but the late mode adopted at Downville, Cal., is entirely new.—The Mountain Echo, a paper published in that place, in speaking of a projected wagon road says:

This road can be completed in one day, if all hands will turn out on Monday morning early and go to work with a will. Mr. James M. Flagg and Dr. Webber, the energetic leaders of the enterprise, will be on hand at Craycroft's at 6 1/2 A. M. with Capt. Dan's drum.

Humorous Sketches.

A Sharp Transaction—Wall Street Shaved.

Some days since as a financier was just leaving his office, in Wall-street, after a busy day of stock and banking operations, (which had evidently been satisfactory, since his countenance wore that pleasant expression which is compatible only with unqualified success,) he noticed a countryman, with slouched hat, homespun coat, and thick mud-covered boots, driving along a cow and calf. The cow's udder was brimming full, so that fine streams of the lactical fluid were running from her teats. The thought of pure country milk crossed the broker's brain, and the temptation to secure such a luxury induced him to pause.

"I say," cried he to the countryman. "Hello yourself," replied the rustic. "That's a fine cow you have there."
"Waal, yes, pretty smart animal, I reckon."
"Where do you come from?"
"Dutchess county, leete back of Pokenepsic. Been drivin' all day round town; censored tired, my bow?"
"Is your cow for sale?"
"Don't know; hate to part with her, but might dicker. Like to buy?"
"Perhaps so. What's your price?"
"Look here, Mister, you can't have the calf. That's half Devonshire, and more'n a quarter Durham. I want her."
"Well I don't want the calf. What will you take for the cow?"
"What a thunderin' big house," soiloquised the countryman, as his glance rested on the Exchange. Must a cost a heap o' pewter!"
"Oh, if you won't sell I'll go," observed the financier.

Waal, I don't like to part with old Bet; but if you'll give sixty-five dollars in Callionny shiners you can take her. Look at that," continued the Yankee pointing to a little pool of milk that had gathered on the pavement; "that's true old Dutchess grass juice, two-thirds cream and the rest sweet buttermilk."

The financier thought the price rather high, but the sight of the milk—and such a bag full—convinced him that the bargain was a good one, so he stepped into his office and produced the gold, which the Yankee carefully counted, hefted, bit, &c., to make sure that it was good, observing that "folks are pesky sharp down here, and somebody said this was Wall-street, so I'd better look out." Having satisfied himself that the money was good, he turned away with the calf, almost crying at parting with Old Bet, whom he said he loved "more'n he did his brother."

The Wall-street gentleman hired a Hibernian to drive Old Bet to his home across the river. That night there was rejoicing in Brooklyn. Great was the flow of pure country milk, so abundant that the broker began to think that he had tapped the Milky Way. Newpans were purchased, the children were filled up like demijohns, even the cats had a lick extra, and Biddy called in all the helps around to talk over the new wonder. The proud owner and his wife congratulated each other a hundred times, and went to sleep only to dream of sailing in a huge tin pan over an ocean of milk. Old Bet was fed on corn meal, and bedded like a pet dog—Next morning, instead of fifteen quarts, she gave but three; next day about a pint and in a week she was as dry as a book of logarithms.

The Wall-street financier was completely sold. The Yankee never saw Dutchess county, but had got an old "farrow" cow, just drying up, borrowed a calf, sat him to nursing until the flow was somewhat stimulated, then kept the cow without milking for a week, when she was in proper order to appear "on Change," when he dressed himself for the occasion, and made his debut in Wall-street. The done-brown broker has since sold his cow to a butcher for some twenty dollars, and taken the milk pans to his office to pick pennies into.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Dutch Justice is the universal pack-horse of all judicial bulls; but we lately heard a story which we shall saddle upon a Yankee justice residing not more than fifty miles from this place, in Iowa. A man sued another in an action of account. After patiently hearing the case through, his Honor pronounced judgement as follows.

"John Smith stand up. You have had a fair and impartial trial by a jury of your country, and have been found indebted to the plaintiff. This court, therefore pronounces judgement against you for the sum of eighteen and three-fourth cents, and may God Almighty have mercy on your soul."

As a criminal was once on his way to the gallows, proclamation was made that if any woman would marry him under the gallows, with a rope around his neck, he would receive a pardon.

"I will," cried a cracked voice from amidst the crowd.

The culprit desired the eager candidate for matrimony to approach the cart, which she did; and he began to examine her countenance.

"Nose like a knife," said he, "lips like wafers—Drive on hangman."

On the 17th inst., the anniversary of the battle of Bunker's Hill is to be celebrated at Charleston, Mass.

SWIFT AND HIS SERVANT.—Dean Swift, while on a journey and stopping at a tavern desired his servant John (who by the way, was as eccentric as his master) to bring him his boots. John brought up the boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," replied the man, "for they would soon be dirty again."

"Very true," said the Dean, and he put on his boots. Immediately after he went down to the landlady and told her on no account to give his servant any breakfast. The Dean breakfasted and then ordered the horses out. As he was ready to start John ran to him in a great hurry and said—

"Mr. Dean, I didn't get my breakfast yet."

"Oh," replied the witty divine, "there's no use in your breakfasting, for you would be hungry again."

John finding his theory thrown back on himself, submitted to the privation with the same stoicism as did his master with his boots. On they rode, the Dean in front reading his prayer book, and the man behind at a respectful distance, when they were met by a gentleman, who, after eyeing the Dean very closely, accosted the servant thus:

"I say, my man, you and your master seem to be a sober pair; may I ask who you are and where you are going?"
"We're going to Heaven," replied John. "My master is praying and I'm fasting." The gentleman looked again in wonderment at the master and man, and then rode off!

The Springfield Gazette tells a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse on Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy, until midnight he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job: "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burden of his thoughts, cried out, "I know where he is—he's in Deacon Smith's barn."

Miss Wheeler.—It will be remembered that Miss Wheeler killed a young man at Milwaukee, for seducing her under promise of marriage. She has had her trial and been acquitted, as the following from the *Sentinel* will show:

The jury retired with the case at midnight, Saturday. At 4 o'clock A. M., the jury having then been out four hours, the constable in attendance was notified that they had agreed on a verdict, and the Judge, the prisoner and her counsel were summoned to meet them in the Court Room.

When the jury came in, in charge of officer Beck, the Judge, the prisoner, attended by her sister, and under charge of Deputy Sheriff, Conover, and Messrs. Tucker and Hamilton, counsel for the defence, were the only persons present.—Upon being asked the usual question by the Clerk of the Court, the foreman of the jury read from a written slip the verdict they had found, "Not guilty by reason of insanity." The prisoner immediately rose, advanced and shook hands with each of the jurors, and then turned to speak with her counsel. In answer to an inquiry from Mr. Tucker, the Judge referred to the provision of the R. S., that where a person indicted for an offence, shall be acquitted by reason of insanity, if the Court shall deem the discharge or going at large of such insane person, manifestly dangerous to the peace and safety of community, the Court may order him committed, or may give him into the care of his friends on their giving bonds that he shall be well and securely kept. The Judge remarked that there was nothing in his judgement, in the evidence, or the appearance of the prisoner, requiring any such precaution, and he should therefore direct her immediate discharge from custody.

The MURDER.—The excitement in Fairfield and Pickaway counties, consequent upon finding the remains of a man, believed to be a sheep-buyer, from Pennsylvania, and believed also to have been murdered last winter, is growing so strong that the facts will probably all come out in time. A young man named Akron, was arrested at Zanesville, on Friday last, and taken over. His description corresponds with the one seen with Rowe, the supposed murderer man. The clothing of the deceased was found.

SPIRITUAL WIFEISM IN ILLINOIS.—Wm. Smith, brother of the Mormon prophet Joe, is before the Circuit Court of Illinois, sitting in Lee county, on a charge of having more wives than the law allows. One of the female members of the church has made affidavit that she had been induced to believe that it was necessary for her salvation, that she should become his spiritual wife; the result of which was the same that usually accompanies cases where no spiritualism is claimed.

A Yankee has just completed a very important invention. It is designed for editors, and when perfected, will cut out items, patch-trowsers, grind out poetry, rock little responsibilities, stuff bustles, and dun delinquent subscribers.

PRICE OF A KISS IN DIFFERENT CITIES.—Wm. J. Hines Kissed Mrs. Gorham, in East Boston, the other day. She sued him for damages, for value received; but didn't appear on the return day, having been satisfied by a cash payment of \$15. This may be set down as the Boston market price of kisses. The last decision in New York was \$5, and in New Orleans \$3.—A very valuable article, certainly; but luxuries must be paid for.

A MAN IN DISGUISE.—Last summer a reputed female was going the rounds, instructing ladies in the art of cutting dresses, &c., hailing from the North, we believe. We understand that this person recently died in one of the upper counties, when the discovery was made that the cutter of ladies' garments was a man in disguise—one who had donned the petticoats for some unexplained reason, and passed for a female until after death.—*Evil Doer.*

WRECK.—Capt. Waterbury of Bark Princess Alice, reports having passed, on Saturday last, at 6 A. M., about 60 miles W. S. W. of the Heads, the hull of a large vessel which he supposed to be 100 tons. He thinks, from all appearances, she had been burnt to the waters edge. He was not more than a mile distant at the time, and is quite satisfied upon its being the wreck of some vessel.—*Times & Transcript.*

THE LARGEST YET.—The Miners' Advertiser says that the largest lump ever found in this State, was taken out of Dr. Carpenter's claim, at the Columbia House, about five miles above Columbus, on Monday last. It weighs over 100 pounds, two-thirds of which is supposed to be quartz.—*Times & Transcript.*

SNOW STORM.—The Calaveras Chronicle says that the heaviest fall of snow of the year occurred at Mokelumne Hill Friday morning, the cold was intense. To make things worse, people generally had taken down their stoves, and all was gloomy and misery. The blues were awfully prevalent.

The tunnel at Doughlass, Calaveras county has been dug 600 feet into the hills.—The Chronicle says that it is an immense piece of work, the whole extent requiring the most substantial timbering. The company can form no idea of the extent and felicity of its claim. It extends 1100 feet, and has been prospected 60 feet wide. They find dirt wherever they drift, extending from below the level to above reach of working.

WAS IT AN EARTHQUAKE?—On yesterday afternoon, in various parts of the city, a remarkable shaking or jarring, was noticed. So severe was it as to rattle dishes, and startle persons from their seats. In one instance it awakened a sleeper. The shock was momentary but severe.—*Cleveland Herald.*

The Maryland House of Representatives has passed to a third reading a bill prohibiting the use of sectarian books in public schools, after amending by adding a proviso that this prohibition shall not extend to the Bible.

Lynch Law was inflicted at Council Bluffs, Iowa, lately, by a party of emigrants from Columbus, Ohio, upon one of their number named Baltimore Meier, for killing his messmate, J. C. Samuels. They took him from the Sheriff's hands, tied convicted and hung him. To the last he protested his innocence.

At the Literary and Fund Dinner, D'Israeli presiding, a great many Americans attended; and it is said that a direct communication was made by the American minister in London, that if any public complaints were paid during the proceedings to the name of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, all the American guests would immediately rise from the table and quit the room.

Long continued drought and unseasonable cold are complained of by the southern papers as unfavorable to the growing cotton. The last Charleson papers mention the welcome occurrence of a shower of rain.

A general complaint of the ravages of the fly among the growing wheat is made by the papers of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Western Maryland.

BETTING ON ELECTIONS.—The Supreme Court of Ohio have decided that any person losing money in a bet on the result of an election; may recover the amount lost by suit; and if the loser fail to sue in six months, any other person may sue for and recover it for his own use.—*Ex.*

It is estimated that the aggregate taxable property of Santa Clara county, this year, will reach four million dollars in value.

Pretty good tax to pay, if it is in California.

A Massachusetts woman, in view of the accordance of the right of females to vote, asks that election day be changed from Monday—that day being, from time immemorial, "washing day."

BIG STRIKE.—Three men, near Diamond Spring, last week, took out \$1,400, the result of five days sluicing.—*California.*

An Aligator is a deceitful creature and yet he presents an open countenance, when in the act of taking you in.

During the past year 80,000 bathers and 10,000 washerwomen enjoyed the benefit of the People's Bathing and Washing Association in New York.