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From the Valley of Death.

From Appleton's Journal.

[The following Poems were written by Frederick W. Loring, of whom we gave an account recently, while he was besieged by Indians in the Valley of Death, and are probably the last productions of his pen. The papers were doubtless destroyed by the savages who murdered him in Arizona.]

IN MAINE AND IN ARIZONA.

I

Matilda, just you mind them hens,
And shoo 'em out away from here;
They're scratching all the garden up.—
Why, Tildy's gone—wa'al, wa'al that's queer.
She ain't contrary, as a rule,
And gen'lly obeys my will;
Just though she heard me. (If she put—
Why, there's Lorenzo Pettengill!

He's met her and she's stopped to talk—
Them hens will eat up everything—
He's wanting her to take a walk—
Wa'al, it is nice to walk in spring.
He's took her hand—come that won't do—
She seems to stand uncommon still;
I'd better let them know I'm round,—
Good evening, Mr. Pettengill!

He don't mind me—it ain't no use—
Ah, wa'al, my time has been and gone;
But then I'd really no idee
That Tildy was a getting on.
These gals grow up, and pretty soon
They lay us old ones on the shelf.
Lorenzo is a smart young man—
I guess I'll tend them hens myself.

II

[illegible] Wicked one! So thus it is you do your duty.
[illegible] her along the trail from your home, the [illegible]
[illegible] not see I watch her, little tiger—she is pretty.
[illegible] her kind father—oh, so kind—because [illegible] here.
[illegible] Ah, Dolores, it is time for French, the [illegible]
[illegible] him you wonder, and your [illegible]
[illegible] a hundred miles, has this American
[illegible] brother Manuel, and to-morrow he [illegible]
[illegible] and I cannot watch your [illegible]
[illegible] my Manuel, there is one. He shall [illegible] spring—
[illegible] What is that which he now seems [illegible] her?
[illegible] pistol—it is, indeed, a ring, and such [illegible]
[illegible] hundred miles and he takes away my [illegible]
[illegible] more [illegible] sweet young love, it makes [illegible] heart stir—
[illegible] here—ah! he shall have his drink [illegible] the whiskey—
[illegible] Dolores! I shall lead her down [illegible]

CONSTANCY.

[illegible] mountain camp in the Sierra Nevada [illegible]

[illegible] Here's a handkerchief now,
[illegible] my clothes, I find lying near
[illegible] Well, how
[illegible] have kept in here?
[illegible] what is the other name?
[illegible] it must be Isabel King.
[illegible] What a shame!
[illegible] really a lovely little thing.

[illegible] I remember—how could I forget—
[illegible] when that handkerchief I took
[illegible] if she is married yet
[illegible] still keeps her girlish look;
[illegible] I believe it was like—
[illegible] how the wind [illegible]
[illegible] alone—there was nobody by,
[illegible]

[illegible] the handkerchief to my heart,
[illegible] to keep it for ever and ever
[illegible] her—she let it depart,
[illegible] it should go from me never,
[illegible] promise for all these years;
[illegible] I am more faithful than you:
[illegible] you are married, I have my fears—
[illegible] a woman known to be true!

[illegible] forgotten me quite, and I
[illegible] the ends from your handkerchief,
[illegible] it would never get dry
[illegible] now my assured belief
[illegible] get married, when this trip's through,
[illegible] the best husband in the world,
[illegible] I am ever constant and true—
[illegible] this rag on the clothes line curled.

[illegible] What's that? Why, Jim, old boy,
[illegible] a grizzly, you say?
[illegible] killed him! Good—that is cause for joy—
[illegible] down here, fellows, this side of the way
[illegible] I think you will find
[illegible] far from fun to be clawed by a bear.
[illegible] we stuff his wounds to bind,
[illegible] Take that old handkerchief over there.

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE DEACONS' COURTSHIP.

BY [illegible]

The handsomest and richest woman in all the countryside was the widow Adams. The reigning toast and belle at sixteen, a bride at eighteen, a widow at twenty, endowed with the largest and best farm in the upper parish with outlying pasture and woodlands, and thousands in bank stock, little wonder that though her crape had not diminished one iota, and her rosy cheeks and bright eyes were still shrouded in the widow's veil, that manly eyes and manly hearts should be directed towards her. less wonder that when a sleighing party from the "Port" should visit her on a bright moonlight evening, that the pretty widow should look her best, and be toasted as never before, over her Thanksgiving cake, sweet cider and choice old Jamaica; or that when the beaux and belles the next evening were congregated in the school house on the "Green," to practice choir singing, which was just beginning to supersede the old-fashioned "deaconing out," that the handsome widow and her surroundings should become matter for discussion.

Deacon Cluff at the "Pines," had a holy horror of this new style of singing. Though a man only a little past forty, he held in sacred disdain an infringement of his whilom privileges. It made him a person of mark to stand in the deacon's seat before the pulpit and read two lines of the psalm, for those in the singing gallery to turn into melody. So the deacon, that evening, had determined to go over to the school house to stop the disorderly proceedings. Six weeks a widower, I dare not aver how strongly other reasons urged the step. Let no one infer that the defunct Mrs. Cluff was forgotten, on the contrary she was remembered every hour in the day. He was lonesome, his house was at sixes and sevens, his children unruly. Then he was conscious of a strange sense of freedom—the feminine world was again open to him: it was pleasant to gaze at the lovely maidens of the society. He was high in the social scale, last year overseer of the poor, this selectman of the town, spoken of as being likely to be sent to the high and mighty General Court on the following. With his standing in the church, surely he might aspire to the fairest and richest of the land.

A huge fire of green logs was spattering and sizzling in the wide stone fireplace of the rude, half finished temple of learning, the tallow candles, stuck into square blocks, whittled from a pine stick, cast a weird light over the clumsy desks and seats, hacked and disfigured by their various occupants, casting ghostly shadows over the time stained and smoke embrowned walls. Grouped around the smoking fire and perched hither and thither upon the benches and desks, were some thirty lads and lasses, singers at the "Green," and a few friends, come to assist in the acquirement of sacred harmony.

Deacon Cluff was no artist—I fear he scarcely understood the full meaning of the term—still, as he pushed aside the clumsy outer door and stood in the little vestibule, the picturesqueness of the scene arrested his steps, and caused him to stand unobserved in the half open entrance to the larger room.

A merry laugh rang round the group as the deacon paused; a curly haired, blue eyed miss, perched upon the front desk, exclaimed:

"Eldridge Clifton expects to marry the rich and handsome widow we visited last night, but the lady is a good Godfearing Federalist, and would not look twice at such a Tom Paine infidel and Jeffersonian Democrat. Now John Pike has a chance. Cheer up John; if the school marm did give you the mitten, I heard the widow Adams ask you the price of salt hay."

Another uproarious appeal was the response to this sally.

"Who is this widow Adams?" inquired a young man, throwing down the bellows with which he had been coaxing the fire.

"My cousin, Mrs. Bessie Adams, the fairest and wealthiest dame in the country," replied the damsel on the front desk.

"Where does she live?"

"On a splendid farm in the upper parish. It's a magnificent place. Don't you wish to be introduced? Very likely you could cut out Clifton."

"And what would Miss Mears do if he did?" queried a distinguished looking young man who was leaning against the teacher's desk.

"Marry Deacon Cluff. Girls, you've a chance! I saw him peeking round the meeting-house Sunday. His wife is cold in the ground by this time, and he is still young and good looking; has lots of the ready, is a big man—intends to be bigger; has only six responsibilities. Girls there's a chance! Hurrah! I vote for the deacon—the boys may have the widow. Bring on your books, let's proceed to business."

Before the preceding had been half spoken Deacon Cluff had retreated across the entry. At its close, forgetting his mission he fairly bolted and ran, never stopping till past the pond and green, when wiping the perspiration from his brow, he began to gather up his ideas. Yes, the little minx was right, he was still young and good looking, rich, and a man of taste. Who was this widow Adams? He must learn! To be sure it was rather quick after his wife's death; but then, some of those young fellows would obtain her, and doubtless she would prefer an older more staid man like himself. At any rate, and it could do no hurt to introduce himself. He needed some pigs; of course on such a farm there would be an abundance of porkers; at least, pigs could be an excuse for a call. He would ride up to the upper parish the next Thursday lecture and ascertain where the lady resided and have a look at her, if nothing more. The Thursday afternoon lecture was a great institution with our forefathers. A half holiday to the schools, it was as regularly attended as the Sabbath services, and those, if health permitted, were seldom omitted.

The January thaw had come. It was poor sleighing, so as Deacon Cluff was an expert horseman, he determined to take to the saddle.

The widow Adams was an orderly woman—she never infringed upon custom or propriety; she would certainly have attended the lecture had not her next door neighbor slipped upon the wet doorstone and broken her leg; consequently the handsome widow was assisting snuffy, clumsy Dr. Rich in his manipulations, instead of being present at the afternoon service.

The old, unpainted, square meeting house, with its rattling windows and heavy doors, basked in the sunshine upon the hill-top. Males and females dismounted from the saddle and pillion at the horse block, near the principal entrance; the long, row of sheds became filled with sleighs, the square pews, long seats and wide galleries were thronged. The head chorister pitched his pipe, the tithing man with his long pole seated himself among the boys in the gallery; the three deacons took their place in front of the pulpit; the pastor in his wig, black gown and white bands, walked majestically up the centre aisle, and slowly ascended the stairs leading to the high rostrum; the sexton stealthily tiptoed forward and humbly seated himself upon the lowest step.

The parson rose psalm book in hand, the centre door slowly and noiselessly opened, the sexton sprung forward and ushered the stranger who had entered into one of the best pews, beside a very quiet, demure looking young lady.

Notwithstanding her sombre countenance and modest demeanor, Tabitha Dole was one of the greatest witches that ever danced to black Sambo's fiddle. She and Miss Mears had attended Atkinson Academy together and became close friends. Tabitha had been visiting at the Green, knew Deacon Cluff by sight and had there learned of his widowed estate. Consequently, when, after service through which he had been unusually devout he inquired for the residence of the widow Adams, the young sprite at once fathomed his intention.

Now there was another widow Adams, a woman of sixty with two unmarried daughters, Susan and Hannah, residing within a stone's throw of the meeting house; thither the mischievous girl directed the Deacon. But as he stopped to speak to the parson and other dignitaries, she ran over to apprise Hannah Adams, whom she found alone, of his coming. Hannah was the fiancee of Tabitha's brother, manager of the widow's farm, while Tabitha had promised to wed Edward White, another young man employed upon the premises.

Five minutes sufficed, amidst giggling and suppressed ejaculations, for Tabitha to unfold a plan, and Hannah to accede to it, by which the deacon was to be victimized.

Tabitha met her lover as she returned up the hill, and informed him of the part he was expected to play in the drama, so when the suitor, proud of his horse and horsemanship pranced up the long lane, everything was in readiness for an appropriate reception.

The worthy man never dreamed of any mistake. A large substantial farmhouse with long barns and an abundance of outbuildings, surrounded by orchards, fields and meadows, everything of itself wealth and ease.

Hannah answered his knock. "Yes, the widow Adams resided there. She was absent, but would return by sunset. Would not the gentleman walk in and wait, the man would take his horse. Pigs, oh yes there was quite a number, he could look at them." So Edward White threw the bridle over his arm and the deacon accompanied him to the stable. More and more pleased after an inspection of the place, and many inquiries, all of which his companion managed to answer satisfactorily, the visitor returned to the house, where a mug of flip awaited him, and he was placed in a large arm chair beside the fire, in the clean, bright family room.

The logs snapped and sparkled in the large fire-place, the long dresser, brilliant with pewter and many hued crockery, gleamed in the firelight; the tea kettle sang merrily on the long trammel, the supper table, with its spotless cloth, and beautifully painted china was drawn out in the centre of the neatly sanded floor. When Edward White had handed him a nicely lighted pipe the visitor felt remarkably comfortable and as he puffed curls of smoke about his head and watched pretty, buxom Hannah Adams as she bustled about, he thought if the maid was so good looking—and he never doubted her to be the serving maid—what would be the mistress? He scarcely cared, he liked the looks of this girl, so easy and deft in her movements.

With half closed eyes he gazed, as the pies and doughnuts were placed on the hearth to warm, bread, cheese and cake cut, the toast dipped and sausage fried.

Chang, chang, chang came the bells—good, old-fashioned, resounding bells. A large, low, comfortable yellow sleigh, drove up to the door. Two ladies in mourning and wide furs were assisted from the robes of strong coverlets, the foot stove was taken out, then Mr. White drove to the barn and Deacon Cluff rose to be introduced.

A tall, gaunt, pale, wrinkled woman, in large, round-glassed, silver mounted spectacles, entered, followed by a black eyed, sunny faced younger one.

"My mother, the widow Adams, and my sister, Miss Susan Adams," said Hannah in her most modest and bewitching manner.

The deacon certainly experienced a nervous start. For an instant his tongue was paralyzed, his brain whirled, all his ideas seemed resolving to chaos. But he was a man of the world, prided himself on always being equal to any situation. There was a mistake; this was not the woman or place he had sought, but it should never be known, so with his most courtly air he gave his name and inquired respecting the swine.

"Mrs Adams had not thought of disposing of any, her hired help ate a great deal of pork during the summer, but perhaps she could spare a couple; her foreman, Mr. Dole would be home soon. They must consult him. The gentleman must stop to tea; after that there would be plenty of time for business."

The supper was a very sociable one. The deacon learned that David Dole was the prospective son-in-law, as well as foreman to Mrs. Adams; but he was even more pleased with Miss Susan than he had been with her younger sister. She having been initiated in the roguish plot, played her part to perfection, and the mother, though perfectly ignorant of the conspiracy against the visitor, or of his mistake, too shrewd to believe that the purchase of a couple of pigs was his sole errand. Pleased at the prospect of such a respectable match for her eldest daughter, she strove to be as gracious and entertaining as possible.

The widower, surrounded by so much feminine sympathy, became extremely confidential. With tears he dilated on the beauty and virtue of his deceased spouse, gave a detailed account of her illness and death, concluding by a graphic description of his loneliness and domestic troubles. Words and sighs of consolation were then around him. The widow bemoaned her bereaved condition "but she was an old woman and had two such daughters. Her girls especially the eldest, had been such a comfort since her husband's death."

The guest looking unutterable things at the damsel, "was sure it must be so," while she comforted the mourner with shy, little glances, and sweetly lisped half finished sentences.

Supper over, Mr. Dole arrived with a sled-load of wood, drawn from a distant wood lot. The bargain for the pigs having been satisfactorily concluded, Tabitha Dole came to spend the evening. Apples were brought, nuts were brought and a bowl of hot punch mixed.

The tall clock in the corner struck nine, Tabitha donned cloak and hood, and escorted by Edward White ostensibly started homeward, but in reality the pair proceeded no farther than the long back kitchen, when raking open the smouldering fire they quietly seated themselves upon the settle in the chimney corner.

Mrs. Adams rolled up her stockings, took the knitting sheath from her side, and placing both on a high mantel, brought the large family Bible and politely requested Deacon Cluff "to set the house in order," which, after a slight show of modest hesitancy, he proceeded to do in his best style, which was really very good.

Prayers over, the widow, complaining of fatigue, but begging the visitor not to hasten his departure, sought her bedroom. The young ladies and Mr. Dole became more entertaining. Some cold chicken was brought, and another mug of flip made as a *bonne bouche* before the guest set out on his long cold ride. The merriment increased, till somehow the deacon found himself alone with Miss Susan Adams, who was demurely knitting in her mother's low rocking chair by the small round light-stand. He pushed his seat forward, and strove to take the work from her hand. She coquettishly resisted. The chair went forward another hitch, something intended to be sweet and complimentary was stammered, then everything swam before his vision, his eyes closed, his head sank on his breast, and the pious, distinguished Deacon Cluff was fast asleep.

The maiden's needles clicked, the fire snapped and sizzled, the cat purred on the hearth the clock tick-tacked, tick-tacked, then rang out eleven. The deacon never moved.

The door leading from the back kitchen was cautiously opened and four merry faces peeped in. Miss Susan put up her knitting, and with a motion to silence, softly opened the dairy room door, and bringing forth a tall upright churn, she quietly placed it between the sleeper's knees, and then noiselessly covering the fire with ashes she blew out the candle and joined the gay quartette in the next room.

A little suppressed laughter and the young men went to their chamber, while the girls betook themselves to their sleeping apartment, a bedroom adjoining the kitchen.

I need not state though the bed was sought it was not to sleep.

Towards morning Deacon Cluff awoke, rubbed his eyes and shook his benumbed limbs. Over went the churn with a great bang and rattle on the broad brick hearth. The cat with a terrible sissing, flew up the chimney and took refuge on the lug pole.

The widow lifted her night capped head, and muttered that the uncanny witch Goody Sleeper was at her tantrums riding hither and thither through the night on her broomstick. What was she up to now? Some mischief at the barn, she warranted; she must cut some hair from one of the critters tails and burn it on the morrow. Comforted at the thought of this specific against evil, she dozed off again. Meantime the deacon was becoming conscious of his whereabouts and situation. A good deal of shame, vastly provoked, yet in spite of his ire somewhat amused, he silently groped out his hat and coat from the entry, then as quietly made his exit from the front door, which had been considerately left unbarred. Making his way to the barn by the light of the moon, he easily procured his horse; the bridle hung upon the stall, but the saddle was missing.

A bareback ride of ten miles was no pleasant prospect, but after searching awhile the deacon concluded it must be done. He was only too glad to have the moon suddenly obscured, that he might escape being recognized by any chance wayfarer.

Nothing occurred to interrupt his lonely ride. Next day he arrived at his own door, a wiser if not a sadder man.

Some weeks later upon rising one morning our hero espied what at first he took for a wild animal perched in a tree opposite his chamber window, but which upon examination he found to be his missing saddle.

All parties kept his own counsel. The year waxed and waned. Choir singing was established at the "Green," even a bass viol had been introduced, much to the terror of the older members who were scandalized at such Papistical innovations. The young and beautiful Widow Adams had become Mrs. Eldridge Clifton, and Hannah Adams and David Dole had been cried three times in the meeting, when the post brought a letter to Deacon Cluff. What was his astonishment to find it an invitation to the wedding.

Taking heart of grace he determined to go.

On a lovely winter evening he again found himself riding up the long lane. The large house was thronged. The bride and her bridesmaid, Tabitha Dole looked as lovely as maidens ever looked. Miss Susan as mistress of ceremonies appeared to a great advantage; both the bridegroom and the groomsman, Edward White, were especially attentive to the deacon. Mrs. Adams, little wotting the reason, chided him for not before renewing his visit. Miss Adams sweetly hoped they should see him again. She did not hope in vain.

The orthodox year of mourning having ended, after a little coquettish prudery the lady consented to fill the vacant place in the deacon's household, and before the lapse of another year, his family received a mistress, and his children a mother, who verified the scriptural description of a perfect woman: "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her; her own works praise her in the gates."

In his latter years Deacon Cluff was fond of relating how he found his second wife, not failing to assure his hearers, with a merry twinkle of the eye, that he had never regretted his visit to the Widow Adams.—*Western World.*

A DAY IN A BEE-HIVE.

THE LARGEST SEWING MACHINE FACTORY IN THE WORLD—HOW THE WHEELER & WILSON IS MADE, AND WHERE.

Standing on the steps of the —— hotel at Bridgeport, Conn., the other day, I asked of the landlord:

"Have you anything in Bridgeport worth seeing?"

The Yankee host looked at me with a mingling of pity and contempt, and, Yankee-like, answered one question by asking another:

"Haven't you ever heard of the big factory which makes the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines?"

I had heard of it, as who has not? but it had slipped my memory that the great 'Bee-hive of industry, employing 1,500 persons, and turning out five hundred and twenty machines per day, was located at Bridgeport.

"If you want to see a sight as is a sight," continued the worthy man, "you go over there tell them you are a Detroit newspaper man, and they'll put you through all right."

I had the whole day before me, and was not long in making up my mind to heed the landlord's advice. I did not need a guide to show me the route. I knew that nothing but a powerful manufacturing company could occupy the mammoth buildings, whose chimneys sent up such tall columns of smoke in the morning air, and I sauntered towards them. Imagine to yourself a building having a frontage of one thousand feet and a depth of seven hundred, three stories high, and cut in twain by a public street, and you have the outside view of the great Wheeler & Wilson manufacturing establishment, only your imagination will not do justice to the size of the building. The main building seems as if it could furnish room for five thousand workmen, and manufacture all the machines sold in America; but, three or four years ago it was found just one-half too small for the demands made for the Wheeler & Wilson alone, and so this other huge pile of brick and mortar was erected. Put the two together and it makes a building which satisfies even Yankee pomposity.

Seeking the office I am greeted with a cheerful 'good morning,' and when I give my name and state my wishes, the polite clerk calls in Mr. W. A. Perry, the Superintendent of the establishment. We 'shake,' and he informs me that I have liberty to look through every nook and corner. He volunteers to go along, that I may have some one at hand to answer inquiries, and we start out.

Just at this point I feel like running away from the manuscript, and leaving the story unfinished. If a man had to be set down before a haystack, and asked to assort the different lengths of straws, his trouble would be hardly greater than is mine to go at it in detail and state what I saw. The first sight you get as the doors of this immense mill are opened is that of belts, pulleys, shafting and machinery, and you almost believe that the power of Niagara is wanted to keep so much machinery in motion. What a bee-hive! As you stand and look down the long shop, which seems to have no end, you hear a rumbling, a striking, a grinding, a polishing—steam hisses, hammers go, iron and steel clink, and scores of men and boys dodge about under their paper caps. You would imagine that by getting fifteen hundred men in one building all would be confusion and excitement, but it is not so. As you walk along, you see that every movement made by men or boys is just as true as clock work, or just as true and methodic as the motions of the beautiful machine which is here seen in parts. But there is a bit of excitement after all. The operatives have got word through the office that the establishment is four thousand machines behind its orders, and they are straining every nerve to catch up. For days before my visit, the Factory turned out five hundred and twenty perfect machines per day, and the men worked fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. 520 every fourteen hours would be a fraction over 37 machines per hour, or one for every minute and a half from six o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening. Just think of that! and yet working at this speed, the Superintendent finds himself four thousand machines behind orders.

As we go along down the seven hundred feet of busy life, Mr Perry explains that this gang of men are working at the bed plates, this one at the short lever and connection, these are at the hammers, and so on all through the machinery part of the machine. He also explains to me that the men do not work directly for the company, but the pieces of the machine are let out to contractors, who hire experienced workmen, the company furnishing tools for all.

Everywhere I go, I see perfect system and wonderful accuracy. Not only must every contractor work to plans and guages, but each must work so that his work will fit all other work, and the machine as a whole be absolutely perfect. There are no false blows, no needless filing, no waste of material or muscle. The days do not come and go more regularly than each blow is struck here. As we go, we note the Automatic Machine that makes the rotating hook—the most wonderful machine I ever saw— and when told that this part of the Wheeler & Wilson was different from any other machine, and that this rotating motion, which is continuous in one direction, with no stops or starts, as is the case with all other machines which take the lock stitch, was the great principle which had made the Wheeler & Wilson the leading machine for fifteen years, I lingered until admonished by Mr. Perry that time was on the move, and we pass in to the gang drills, the jig, and the score of other wonderful machines which are called into use in framing some part of this wonderful machine. One punches the holes for the screws, another makes the screws, another the bobbins, and you see so much that you hardly remember anything. We here see a hundred machines being tested. They are placed on gig and run by machinery. Every machine is subjected to this trial in order that there may exist no want of harmony between the various parts. This ought to be a good test, but it is not considered so. On the contrary, the testing process has only just commenced when the machines come off the table. Each part now gets a close scrutiny, and if there is the minutest deviation from 'true,' it is cast aside as old iron. 'Absolute perfection' is a motto here which is adhered to as rigidly as if the human hand was not capable of making mistakes. The deviation of a hair's breadth in some parts of the machine might cause a tangle in the whole. After several tests, each one growing more rigid, a machine which passes them all is sent to the final testing room, where men are constantly busy. As the machines are handed in they are tested with fine needles and coarse ones, long stitches and fine ones, fine cloth and heavy samples, and there is no way in which it is not tested.

I lingered long in the needle department, because it was there that the most skillful workmen, and the most delicate machines are employed. One will hardly find a sewing machine needle as small as a hair, but the finest seem hardly larger, and it was a query to me how the 'eyes' were made until I saw the little drills at work—little bits of steel threads that one had to look at twice to see. In connection with the needle department, I find the only 'lasses' yet seen about the establishment. They are mainly employed in assorting and wrapping the needles having little to do with their manufacture.

You have seen a company of soldiers march? Well, the monotonous 'left'—'left' of the Captain, is like the monotony prevailing here. Right hand—left hand—this way—that way—never missing a movement, and the longer I stand and look, the firmer is my belief that this man or that woman is an automaton, whose eyes, fingers and head are moved about by some hidden machinery within. It is wonderful that men can be so trained, but if it were not so, the Wheeler & Wilson would run fast and slow, jarring and jogging, because not a perfect machine. Experience has shown each contractor that any work not perfect in every detail, will be rejected, and the expense thrown back on his private purse. Just that care which a jeweler exercises in the manufacture of a watch is exercised here.

Time has been running away like a race horse, and it is noon. Just like a regiment of soldiers, obeying the order to 'carry arms,' the signal of noon time is obeyed by every operator about the building, and the change from labor to refreshment is so sudden and marked as to startle one. As the men go out and the wheels become still, one has a better chance to note the depth, width and height of the buildings, which contain, for one small item, eighty thousand dollars worth of iron girders, which support the roof.

A trip back to the hotel, a good square Yankee meal of corned beef and potatoes, and I return to the bee hive for a look through the shops devoted to the manufacture of the cabinets, and the tables of the machines. Just one half of the mammoth building is devoted to this work. Before we go in, the Superintendent tells me that these shops use up nearly 200,000 feet of the choicest pine lumber every month, and that the bills paid each month for mahogany, rosewood and walnut would start most any man in business. I did not ascertain what it costs to run the whole establishment for a single month, but should suppose that the product of a paying silver mine would be required. The cost of ground, buildings, machinery and tools must have used up over half a million dollars before a sewing machine was turned out. Here in these rooms are planing machines, smoothing machines, boring machines, turning machines, and machines without number, all running at once, and five or six hundred workmen dodging around and among them. Almost every blow is struck by machinery, only needing a human hand to temper its force.

Off from the main shops is a huge room where the cabinets and cases are finished and stored. They look like mirrors as I pass by, reflecting credit on every hand that had to do with them. Here I learn something which may be news to even those who have a Wheeler & Wilson occupying a corner of the sitting room. The tables are not composed of one solid piece of board, as one would imagine, but of four or five thin boards solidly glued together. This effectually checks any disposition to warp or spring.

But, as the afternoon wears away, we make shorter stops at each department. There is one room where I linger, although the superintendent casts anxious glances at his watch. It is among the artists, the men who give the last touches to the beautiful machines. Those who have a Wheeler & Wilson with decorations of gold and pearl cannot realize the labor and skill required to form and complete the beautiful patterns. The artist who gives life to the bit of canvass, and who has his reputation at stake, has not a task more delicate than have these patient and well paid toilers.

Now, we take a run for, and merely glance at the foundry, the several different boilers required to furnish the steam, at the piles of lumber and iron, and the dozen store houses containing other materials. There are men and boys coming and going, machines are being packed, boxes being shipped, orders coming in by telegraph and mail, and the idea that one single human mind directs and controls everything, almost staggers belief.

I sit down for a while in the office, and the gentlemanly assistant superintendent, Mr. Hurd, gives some general facts. Eighteen years ago, the annual sale of sewing machines of all makes, was hardly more than 1,000. Last year the sales were over half a million and the sale of the Wheeler & Wilson went far to make up this grand figure. How many stitches can a rapid seamstress take in a minute? About thirty. Here we see how machinery triumphs over muscle. The W. & W. machine makes 1,500 stitches per minute worked by foot power, and each is far stronger and more perfect than any human hand can make. When run by steam, as is the case in many of our large manufacturing establishments, the machine makes 3,000 per minute. It is calculated that a competent man or woman can with this machine do the work of eight persons, and do it well. There is not now a civilized country in the world where the Wheeler & Wilson machines are not in use. They have made their way to China, Egypt, Japan, Turkey, South America, Mexico, Asia, Africa, Newfoundland, Australia, Italy, Spain, Cuba and to every people who have use for a needle and thread. There are agencies in every foreign city of importance, and missionaries act as agents in the far off countries.

But this article would never end if I did not chop it off at some point. I merely went through the mammoth factory to satisfy personal curiosity, and I should not have attempted a letter but for the thought of the thousands of wolverines who think that no machine equals the W. & W., and who may be interested in learning how it is made and where. *Detroit Exchange.*

TO SMOKERS.—The great tobacco controversy continues to agitate Great Britain. The Dublin University Magazine for September takes up the subject, saying, by way of apology, "Our desk is littered with books relating to tobacco." One thing seems to be sufficiently evident: Few habits are more expensive than the habit of smoking. Tobacco is shown by official figures to cost more than bread in Germany, Holland, the United States, and England. The total expenditure in the last named country in 1868 for tobacco and snuff was £11,438,299. These figures are important, but two things should be remembered. The first is, that all aggregates of expenditure of a nation are startling. It would be the same with the cost of a country's buttons or pins, or friction matches. The cost of tobacco is not large if its use be in any way serviceable. Is it? Our writer says that it is not. It is a poison. It may call "henbane," he says, 'cousin, and claims kinship with belladonna.' But even this fact is not conclusive, there is poison in bread or in most other articles of food. It is undeniable that there is poison in tobacco, but it is not a poison which acts rapidly and fatally, and it is only in individual cases that it acts perceptibly at all. However, if the use of tobacco does produce morbid affections of the body, it is well that everybody should know it—even the ladies, since this Dublin writer affirms of his own knowledge, that many ladies are in the habit of smoking privately. Now, let it be distinctly understood that the use of tobacco produces locomotorotaxy! If we may judge by its impressive name, this must be a frightful disease to have. It may be explained that "locomotorotaxy" means no more and no less than a general paralysis of the nerves supplying the muscles. Therefore, good sir, if you will puff your meerschaum filled with "Lone Jack" or "Coporal" in a state of ignition, understand that you may be seized with locomoturotaxy at any moment, and rendered forever incapable of figuring in base-ball matches and other games implying the possession of a healthy biceps. But this is not all. If you will smoke you must just make up your mind to submit to one or all of the following diseases: Giddiness, sickness of the stomach, dyspepsia, diarrhea, angina pectoris, liver complaint, heart complaint, pancreas complaint, nervousness, amaurosis, paralysis, apoplexy, atrophy, deafness, nausea, ulceration of the gums, cheeks, and mucous membrance of the throat, hysteria, hypochondriasis! There, reader, only read that and go on blowing your cloud, if you can! You will? Of course you will? We might fling a whole medical dictionary of the largest size at your head, and it would not reform you. We have noticed the fact that men, as a mass, are not to be scared out of their little indulgences by scientific terms. "Is the excess you know," and what is peculiar is that nobody ever has the excess.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Marriages a hundred years ago differed in many respects from those celebrated at this time. It is interesting to read over the record of some of those occasions. Here is an account of a marriage celebrated in England in June, 1760, by which Miss Eleanor Shotten, "an agreeable young gentlewoman," became Mrs. Wm. Donkin, the groom being "a considerable farmer, of Great Fossom," near Rothbury, in the county of Cumberland. Of the entertainment given on this occasion we are told that it was "very grand, there being no less than one hundred and twenty quarters of lamb, forty-four quarters of veal, twenty quarters of mutton, and a great quantity of beef; twelve hams, with a suitable number of chickens, etc., which was concluded with eight half ankers of brandy made into punch; twelve dozen of cider, a great many gallons of wine, and ninety bushels of malt, made into beer. The company consisted of five hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, who concluded with the music of twenty-five fiddlers and pipers, and the whole was conducted with the utmost order and unanimity."

WHO ARE TO BLAME FOR WOMAN'S EXTRAVAGANCE.—We venture to doubt the statement, so often repeated, that women generally, and American women in particular, are extravagant. Women, it is true, are the slaves of conventionalism, and obey the commands of fashion even when those commands are felt to be a burden and a weariness. If they are thus obedient to fashion, the other sex exacts the obedience, and the error is therefore common to them both. But women are by nature economists. They give an attention to details which to men is well nigh impossible, and it is in such attention to the minutia of living that economy has its origin. In the majority of instances women are the correctors rather than the promoters of extravagance. Many a man has found a prudent wife to be in this particular the best of teachers. It is true the prosperous classes in America indulge in luxuries which many times are inconsistent with prudence, and at all times are hurtful as examples to society. But this passion for display is as often stimulated by the ambition of men as by the extravagance of women. In all such lavishness, men, as a rule, lead the way. So long as social position is determined by expenditure, and not by culture taste and worth, so long will both American men and women be under strong temptations to spend with prodigality. But we protest against the habit of attributing to the one sex alone a fault which, wherever it exists, is common to both. What we need is a truer social standard. Most women feel the hollowness of a life of display, but obey because society obliges. We wish that more of them would rebel and liberate their sex. It would be then seen that thousands of them comply with the world's exactions, as to fashion, under protest, and are living in the bondage of fear to that indescribable entity sometimes contemptuously styled Mrs. Grundy, but more soberly called the world. Must it ever be so? Is there not for them some hope of deliverance?—*The Methodist.*

ELECTION "PASTERS."—Among the candidates for office at the late California election was one who was very anxious. On the day before the election several acquaintances suggested that he must procure pasters. "You can never win, old fellow, unless you get pasters," said they. "You need a great number, too, for everybody will" scratch in your favor." The suggestion was pleasant; the candidate counted his cash capital which lay in his right-hand pantaloons pocket. Afterward he walked to a printing-house, and ordered the printing of 20,000 copies bearing his name. "You will have them gummed and cut, of course," said the printer man. "No, I think not. I'll do that myself," replied the candidate. Dubiously did the printer look at him, but as the cash was paid in advance, he said nothing. The printing was not done until after 9 o'clock at night, and the candidate, who had been walking up and down the hatchway, marched triumphantly toward home with his 20,000 pasters. "About one-half of them will be wasted," thought he; "the balance added to the straight tickets will render my election sure." They sat up all night "fixing" the pasters—the candidate and his wife, and his wife's mother and his eldest daughter. The candidate spread mucilage over the backs of the printed sheets of paper; the daughter hung them on a line against the stove to dry, and the wife and her mother cut until their hands were stiff and swollen. Two o'clock, 3 o'clock, 5 o'clock came, and still they worked away, yawning at every clip of the shears. The carpet was strewn with scraps of paper, the table streaked with mucilage, and the candidate himself was a perambulating court-plaster, so gummy was he. "My dear," said his wife, at half-past 5 haven't you enough? My thumb is almost cut in two with the shears, and grandma is quite done too." "We had better keep on, my love," replied the candidate; "I shall need them all." "Dear me!" said she; "I didn't know there were 30,000 voters in the city." "Of course you didn't; women are not expected to know anything about politics." The candidate had no sleep that night, and at an early hour in the morning sallied forth to distribute his 20,000 pasters. Then he "worked all day, spent a good deal of money for whiskey and a good deal of breath for nothing. Then he spent another 24 hours in seeing the ballots distributed. In his own precinct, where he had worked so hard, 800 votes were cast, of which he received two,—one of them by means of a paster. Elsewhere his luck was similar. On going home he responded savagely to the greeting of his wife, who felt sure he had been elected, with: "I circulated 20,000 pasters, and I got just 30 votes. If you ever say paster to me again, I'll sue for a divorce. I'm going to bed."

BOSTON AHEAD.—In the New York *Tribune* appears the following:

There is refreshing contrast between the accounts of the entertainment of the Grand Duke Alexis in Boston, which we print to-day, and that of New York's efforts on a similar occasion. The Grand Duke had all that New York cooks, wine merchants and upholsterers could do to make his visit agreeable, and a charming trip around the harbor was thrown in. But Boston bids him welcome with such voices as those of Winthrop, Eliot and Lowell. It is something to have a plenty of money to hire Paris cooks, but, after all, there is more real American flavor in the verses of Oliver Wendell Holmes and the wit of James Russell Lowell.

LOST AND FOUND.—In searching outside of books for strange romances, no more interesting is ever found than the following vicissitudes of real life extending over various widely separated parts of the globe. Twenty years ago an English merchant at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, who though going to that place a poor boy, had acquired a fortune, went home on a visit. While there he met a beautiful orphan girl whom he wooed, won and married, and the two returned to Brazil, where two children were born to them and for years they lived in the relations of trust and affection which should always exist in the best assorted marriages. They occasionally made visits to England, and on one of their trips the merchant heard rumors prejudicial to his wife's fidelity, which by degrees fanned the flame of jealousy within him, and he directly and openly accused her of what report had whispered to him. Although the lady indignantly denied the fault and challenged him to his proof which he was unable to produce, coldness and distrust so grew upon them out of the rupture, that by mutual consent they separated, he fixing an annuity upon her. Weary on his part of old associations he made his way to North America; did considerable trading in the West, and had his headquarters in St. Paul, Minn., where, though grave and taciturn in the extreme, and avoiding close intimacies, he made many friends by his consideration for other people and strict honor in all his business transactions. By the laws of Brazil his wife was allowed to marry again, and this she did after a few years, although by such a step she forfeited her annuity. Her husband, an educated but poor gentleman in feeble health, soon died, and she, with two children by her first husband, was left in destitute circumstances. Knowing nothing of her husband's whereabouts she, following some mysterious impulse, came to the United States, and in the fall of 1869 found herself in St. Paul. There the long separated met once more, and in spite of the crosses that had been borne, and the suspicions that had been excited, the old love was renewed, and a new wedding was the result. Since then they lived more happily than ever at the West until the other day, when they left New York for England to end their days in their old home.

The Last of the Commune.

SHOOTING OF ROSSEL, FERRE AND BOURGEOIS.

At half-past six the prison doors opened, and I saw Rossel come out, accompanied by the clergyman and advocate, who, with him, entered the van which was waiting to receive them, and which drove off at once with its escort. Rossel's step was calm and firm, and his face pale but resigned and placid. Bourgeois, the sergeant, followed him, puffing great jets of smoke from his cigarette, and assuming an attitude of defiance and indifference which produced a painful impression. Ferry was even more jaunty in manner. He, too, was smoking, and jumped into the van with the air of a man who was doing everything for effect. It is half an hour's drive from the prison to the Artillery Butts on the Plain of Satory. A thick hoar frost whitened the plain, and a cold morning air swept sharply across it. Forming three sides of an immense square were arranged, two deep, about three thousand men; the fourth side was filled up by the high mound which forms the butt, and in front of which, at intervals of about thirty yards, were three white stakes; before these stakes were the three shooting parties, composed each of twelve men. At the left corner, and about thirty yards from the nearest stake, were a group officers and about a dozen civilians, with the drums and bugles. Here I was stationed.

In a few moments the drums announced the arrival of the vans, which drew up in the middle of the square, and from each one a prisoner descended. Rossel, still accompanied by his pastor and advocate, between whom he walked, attended by a single gendarme, approached the stake nearest to me. He was still calm, and the expression of his face one of perfect peace. There was an entire absence of anything like bravado, or anything like fear. His attitude was exactly that which a brave man's under such circumstances should have been. He shook hands warmly with those who were with him, and also with an officer who came up and spoke to him, and once more asked in a clear tone, audible to us all, if there was one of his judges present, as he wished to shake him by the hand before he died, as an evidence that he admitted he had done his duty in condemning him. This caused a moment's delay and buzz in the group in which I was, but no officer answered to the appeal; so Rossel quietly took off his great coat, put his back to the stake, drew himself up to full height as the bandage was tied over his eyes, and remained motionless.

Meantime the other two prisoners approached their respective stakes, the sergeant with a less swaggering but perfectly firm step, Ferre, with even a more defiant air than before, still smoking and puffing large jets, that there might be no mistake about it. With a short, quick step he walked up to the stake, turning sharply round and boldly facing the shooting party. When the white handkerchief, with which the eyes of the other two were being bandaged, was produced he waved his hand defiantly, flung his hat carelessly upon the ground, drew himself up to his full height, which cannot be more than four feet six inches, and waited unflinchingly for the fatal word. It was impossible for men to face death with more heroism than Rossel, or with greater effrontery and indifference than the other two. The spectacle, which had up to this time been invested in my imagination with every element of horror, seemed in the presence of so much coolness to be robbed of half its terrors. When, indeed, the final word was given, and the fatal volley rang out simultaneously from three shooting parties, who had all advanced to within ten paces, I had almost ceased to realize the terrible nature of the tragedy which was passing before me. Rossel was shot by a party of the corps of Engineers to which he belonged, and they showed a true mercy. As the volley rang out, with a slight spring he fell back stone dead. There was not the lapse of a second between the moment he was standing a strong living man, and that in which his corpse was lying on the ground, without even a quiver. It was not so, however, with the other two. Bourgeois, who was in the middle, fell at once, but was found to be not dead, and a soldier, as is usual in such cases, put the muzzle of his rifle to his head, and the sharp ring seemed to curdle one's blood. Ferre, who was looking down the muzzles of the rifles which were aimed at him, seemed to have nerved himself to such a pitch that he remained standing motionless after the two others had fallen. For two or three seconds he stood upright after the whole volley had been fired from the first rank. It was not until the second rank fired, one or two seconds later, that his knees slowly bent and he sank gently to the ground. Even then the dreadful *coup de grace*, which proved that in the opinion of the doctor life was not quite extinct, had to be given, and with a shudder of relief, as if I had passed through some terrible nightmare, I hurried from the spot, leaving the army in the act of marching past the corpses. As I cast a last look at them, I could not but feel how different was the spirit which had animated each at the last moment. Rossel had died commending his soul to God; Bourgeois had gone through the form of confession, and died probably in the ignorance of a superstitious soldier; while Ferre died, caring as little for his own life as he had for those of others, and declaring, in the last lines he ever wrote, on the morning of his death, that he would die, as he had lived, a Materialist.—*Cor. London Times.*

Dramatic and Musical Notes.

P. S. Gilmore had charge of the music at the Duke Alexis' ball, at the Boston Theatre, Friday evening.

The new opera house at Providence, one of the finest theatres in the country, was formally opened Monday evening, with a poem by Gen. C. C. Van Zandt, an address by Mayor Doyle, and the comedy of "Fashion" by the stock company, the whole concluding with a grand dinner to the stockholders. The new theatre is greatly admired for the completeness of its appointments.

Adelina Patti was recalled, after her first performance at Moscow, twenty-nine times.

The Howard Athenaeum has killed off the St. James, the opposition variety theatre at Boston, and the doors of the latter are closed. The Howard not only gave a more attractive show, but entered into a combination by which performers who accepted a situation at the St. James were debarred from appearing at any of the principal variety halls of the country.

Brignoli, the tenor, in May, 1867, with the members of the Parepa-Brignoli troupe, under Strakosh, were travelling from Chicago to Cincinnati on the Chicago and Great Eastern railroad, and when near Logansport the car in which he was sitting overturned; he was thrown on his side and his collar bone was broken. He was unable to appear in opera that season. He instituted a suit to recover damages for the injuries sustained by him. The case was tried in New York City and the jury gave Brignoli $7,833.33. An appeal was taken and argued before the General Term some months ago. Lately they rendered their decision sustaining the Court below.

George Lingard, one of the most talented members of the famous Christy Minstrel troupe, died lately in London. The whole of the minstrels surrounded the last resting place of their departed friend, and sang the hymn for the dead in an impressive manner.

An insane musician attempted to kiss Miss Nilsson at her hotel in New York on Tuesday, and was arrested.

Vieuxtemps has accepted the position of first professor of violin at the Brussels Conservatory.

Bottisini, the greatest of contra-bassists, has gone to Egypt as Impressario of the Cairo Opera. Recently at Madrid he received from his enthusiastic admirers a chaplet of gold.

Ambroise Thomas, whose "Mignon" has been received with such favor in New York city is adapting his opera "Psyche" for the Grand Opera.

Miss Kate Stanley, the new *Stalacta* for the "Black Crook," has arrived. She is said to be the handsomest English actress who has yet visited New York.

Rubenstein, who since the retirement of Liszt is the greatest of piano virtuosos, will visit this country next year.

NOT A SATISFACTORY EXPERIMENT.—Here is a bit of grotesque humor from New Orleans:

Mr. Gray discovered a non-explosive illuminating fluid. To show how safe the compound was, he invited a number of his friends to meet him in his rooms, whither he had brought a barrel of the fluid, which he at once proceeded to stir with a red hot poker. As he went through the roof of his house, accompanied by his friends, he endeavored to explain to his nearest *compagnon de voyage* that the particular fluid in the barrel had too much benzine in it; but the gentleman said he had an engagement higher up, and could not wait for the explanation. Mr. Gray continued his ascent till he met Mr. Jones, who informed him that there was no necessity for him to go up higher, as everybody was coming down; so Mr. Gray started back to be with the party. Mr. Gray's widow offers for sale the secret for the manufacture of the non-explosive fluid at a reduced rate, as she wishes to raise money enough to buy a silver-handled coffin, with a gilt plate, for the late Mr. Gray. No cards.

Comical Answers by Aspiring School Teachers.

The minds of some people in Henry County, Ohio, have been much disturbed by their friends being refused to teach school. To satisfy the disturbed minds, the School Examiner of Henry County, Clarkson Davis, furnishes them, through the columns of the Newcastle *Courier*, the following answers given by disappointed applicants to the questions asked them:

Query—' What is affectation in reading?'

Answer—' It is affecting to hear a scholar when he gets up to read, to speak his words distinct and mind his punctuation marks. Affection is sympathy for the piece.'

' I have my class sitting, but when one reads they rise to their feet.'

Define sugar, sincere, calf.

A. ' 1st, I can't define; 2d, sincere, more sincere, most sincere; 3d, calf, calve and calves.' ' Generous' was defined as a person with a free will; ' salary,' a sum paid for work; ' sugar,' a mineral; scissors, spelled sizars; skull, schull; gnaw, pnaw.

' Location' was defined as a situation for a term. ' Presently,' any thing that is to take place after awhile. Iowa was spelled Iway.

What is the difference between the local and simple value of a figure?

' I don't understand the question.'

What is a cubic yard?

' It is a cubic yard containing a certain number of solid inches.'

One requisition was to write 894 in Roman characters, and out of a number of marvelous combinations of the alphabet I select the following: CCC,CCC,CCC,LXXIV.

' Pitch is a raising or lowering of the voice. Emphasis is placing more distress on some words.'

' The food is first masticated, and then passes through the phalanx.'

' Respiration, is the sweating of the body.' ' The chest is formed of two bones, the sternum and the spinal chord.' ' The animal part can be shown by putting a bone in acid.'

' The Ohio river flows N ortheast, and forms the Northern boundary of Ohio.' ' The Red Sea and Yellow Sea are in Europe.' ' Brazil is in Asia.'

' The beautiful scenery and fertile soil led to the discovery of America.' ' The number of broad acres laying untilled led to the discovery of America.'

' At the time of the discovery the Indians were kind and in good circumstances.' ' They was in a critical condition at the time of the discovery.'

' Virginia obtained its name from the Virgin Mary.' ' Virginia, so named by Queen Victoria calling it a virgin State.'

POLITICAL.

A prominent politician who is understood to know Tweed's plans, says that the " Boss" will not resign but means to take his seat in the senate at any cost. He has in his possession lists of bribes accepted by republican members of the legislature which would ruin the latter if published, and he thinks this fact will prevent any attempt to contest his election.

Frederick Douglass has announced in the *New Era*, published at Washington, his fixed and unconditional purpose to support General Grant for renomination and re-election. He admits that this will be opposed by some of the best friends the colored race has ever had inside and outside the councils of the nation, but declares that Grant, of all men in the land, is most dreaded by the reactionary elements which have arisen in the wake of defeated rebellion and slavery.

The Evansville (Ind.) *Courier* says the object of the Democracy is victory, and if this can be attained " by an alliance with honest Republicans, who are strong enough to give us a victory we are ready to extend a helping hand." The generosity of this declaration equals the " wonderful condescension" of Hans Breitmann, when he says:

That any man who gives me his [illegible]
Whatever his [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]

Ex-Collector Murphy is on the slate for police commissioner, vice Hank Smith, to be removed.

Tweed will be compelled to withdraw from the Tammany Society. This is the " unkindest cut of all."

The *World* calls upon the Democracy to give up the idea of nominating a Democrat for the Presidency. That certainly would be a good thing to give up, but, as we have already suggested, a still better thing would be for the entire party to " give up the ghost."

CURRENT NOTES.

The recovery of Chicago since the fire is the marvel of the century. Only two months since the fire broke out, and already there are as many liquor saloons as ever! Even the disciples of faro, keno, and other profits are resurgambling.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

Out of the 1,188 druggists and drug clerks in New York city, only 530 have received licenses after examination under the new law; 658 must qualify themselves by the 31st of December or suffer fine and imprisonment. At least one-third of the applicants are rejected the first time as unfit.

A cat in Fitchburg, Mass., lay down in a fly wheel early in the morning and was not discovered till the engine had been running three hours, a dog then detected her and gave the alarm. When the engine was stopped the cat was rescued uninjured, after making sixty revolutions a minute for three hours. It is a case of egregious lying for the cat or its rescuers.

Mr. John Chapman, the editor of the Salem, Pa., *Register*, does not begin work on his Monday morning paper until after midnight of Sunday. The habit is now quite fixed upon him, as he has maintained it for the last fifty-six years.

A Washington letter says Miss Minnie Chandler, only child of Zachariah Chandler, Michigan's millionaire Senator, is soon to be married to Mr. Eugene Hale, one of the Representatives in Congress from Maine. Miss Chandler has been one of the belles of Washington the past two seasons. She is quite young, is a natural blonde, has a tall, graceful figure, a very attractive face and lively, fascinating manners.

Street lamps are lighted again on the north side of Chicago.

There are 78 railroads in Germany, owning 10,145 miles of road.

The private art galleries of New York city are worth nearly a million dollars.

Thirty-six thousand persons are receiving temporary relief in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. T. Dewitt Talmadge is reported to have said in a late discourse: "If there be one gulf in hell deeper than another, it shall be the doom of these newspaper men whose pen is stabbing to death the purity of American society."

Here is a marriage notice from the N. Y. *Sun*: Gardner-Perryman —On Wednesday, November 1, at early candlelight, in the wigwam of the bride, in the town of Mason, Mason county, Texas, by Justice James M. Hunter, Senor Robert Gardner of the Mexican Republic to Miss Amy Perryman of the Wild Cat tribe of Seminole Indians.

A St. Louis firm makes a fortune yearly from the receipts of fifty liquor bars on steamboats, for which it furnishes potables and tenders. It is a grand river bar monopoly.

There is a man in Paducah, Ky., who breathes through a silver tube in his throat. It is immediately below the apple, and goes into the windpipe. He can only talk when he places his finger on the tube. He has been in this condition for eleven years.

Young Gent—"Might I ask you, Miss—ah.—" Miss—"Very sorry, sir; but I am engaged for the next three dances." Young Gent—"It is not dancing—ah—it is—it's beg your pardon, Miss; you are sitting on my hat!"

A lady's wardrobe is considered incomplete without a seal-skin jacket.

Some beautiful muffs have made their appearance, which cost $250.

It is fashionable this season to border a fur jacket with another kind of fur.

Mrs. Dorcas Rice of Jaffrey, N. H., was 102 years old on the 10th inst.

Mansfield Hatch of Newton, N. H., was found frozen to death in the woods on the 6th inst. Two beer bottles by his side explained the case. He was 45 years old.

A veteran " tramp" ninety-four years old, is now peregrinating through Ohio. He has been on the tramp for seventy-five years, walking, on the average, 3000 miles a year. He is now *en route* for Texas.

The grand duke is gradually learning American nomenclature. In one set in which he danced, at the Brooklyn ball, there were three ladies named respectively Smith, Jones and Brown.

A mouse in Belfast, Maine, was found the other day frozen stiff upon a hammer. Investigation showed that in picking up something that lay on the iron head of the hammer the tongue of the mouse had frozen to it, and being unable to get away it had died.

In November, 9,280 Germans arrived at New York, 3,500 more than came in the same month last year. The whole number of German arrivals this year, 78,928, is an increase of 10,242 over the same period last year.

Miss Minnie F. Austin, a native of Nantucket, is now associate principal of the San Francisco Female Seminary, and a member of the California State Board for the examination of teachers.

New Bedford boasts of a tame partridge. It was placed in a cage with some quails, but eats from a man's hand without quail-ing.

The publishers of Beecher's " Life of Christ" have already sold nearly sixteen thousand copies of that costly book.

Correspondence.

From Washington.

Rumored retirement of Secretary Akerman. —The government money vaults examined. —No frauds discovered. — The Anti-Grant movement.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13.

Dear Free Press and Times:

The retirement of Attorney-General Akerman is no longer a matter of doubt and guess work. From good authority I have learned that he will withdraw from the Cabinet this week, and that ex-Senator Williams of Oregon will succeed him. It is generally believed that Akerman will receive an appointment to a life position. His earnest efforts in favor of the administration entitle him to consideration.

At the request of Treasurer Spinner, a number of bankers' experts have been employed by the Secretary of the Treasury, to search the vaults and count the money in the hands of the various heads of divisions and to investigate all the books, accounts, and moneys of the Treasurer's Bureau. The work went on without cessation from Saturday evening till Monday morning, and covered every department of the Bureau, excepting the sealed packages in the vaults. The accounts of one teller showed a balance of $30 in his favor and another 20 cents short. All others tallied precisely with the money, each office is responsible for. The result is a triumph of the Secretary of the Treasury and Treasurer Spinner over those who are disposed to carp at their administration.

Edward G. Bradford, Esq., was nominated by the President yesterday, as United States District Judge of the District of Delaware, vice Hon. Willard Hall, resigned. Mr. Bradford is a sound and consistent Republican, and while at the head of the Delaware Bar, he was appointed by President Lincoln United States Attorney for the same district, which position he held until his opposition to Johnson's apostacy caused his removal. He was twice nominated for United States Senator by the Republican minority of the Delaware Legislature, and his appointment is, withal, one suitable to be made.

Senator Sumner flatly denies that he had denounced all movements to defeat Grant. I am willing to believe he has never yet given up the hope of attaining the Presidency himself, from his present ridiculous attitude.

Senator Wilson has been interviewed, and states that he has tried to bring about a reconciliation between Senator Sumner and the President, but was unsuccessful; that he (Wilson) is convinced that the Republican party is stronger than ever before, and that Grant is the strongest man in the party.

It is stated upon high Democratic authority that a few evenings since a conference of leading Democrats in Congress was actually held here, with several anti-Grant Republicans, who are at work organizing an opposition party to coalesce with the Democracy to prevent the re-election of President Grant. It is said to be the desire of these sore-heads and traitors to Republican principles, to have the name and game of running the opposition themselves, and to leave the Democratic party ostensibly free from responsibility.

This announcement is fully set forth by Zeta of the Baltimore Sun, who is one of the most accurate Washington correspondents, and is known also as the correspondent of the New York *World*. He says the parties to this secret arrangement object to their names being used in print; and well they may desire to conceal their performances, for when discovered (which they are sure to be) they will unquestionably have leave to retire from the Republican ranks to the tune of the Rogues March. But, as there is no earnest movement among the real leaders of the party, when the little game of the possum Democrats comes to light, it is quite likely that the anti-Grant men, whom they pretend to use, are not Republicans at all, or if so they are men of very little character and no influence as Republicans.

Correspondence of the Free Press.

Letter from East Tennessee.

PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY—WANT OF LARNIN' AND MONEY—EDUCATIONAL PROSPECTS.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 10, 1871.

Messrs. Editors:—Not long since, I paid a short visit to the home of a wealthy farmer, a dozen miles or so from this city. The people here of the regular Southern stamp, formerly slaveholders, are very much like good substantial farming people in Vermont, except in point of educational tastes; and also their houses, grounds and surroundings, are not as well kept as those of ordinary Vermont farmers. The proprietor of the place visited is a descendant of one of the old settlers of the country. The slaves of which he was the owner are now all gone, except one old negro, " Uncle Phil," who still lives in his old hut near the house, and who, when told by the Yankees that he was free, and could leave his master if he would, replied that he didn't think he could find another smoke-house like Massa George's. The oldest daughter was educated at the North, and is a very interesting young lady. She declares herself still a " little rebel," and says if another war should come, she will raise a female regiment to fight for the Southern cause. She admits that she likes the Yankees, and that they are superior to the people of the South in culture and enterprise, and that things are extremely slow and behind the times here in Tennessee.

It is from 15 to 30 miles from one village to another in this region, and even the main roads are very poor. It would be unsafe for a stranger to drive, at night, over the road between the country residence referred to and Knoxville. The genuine Tennessean rides on horseback and dont mind bad roads, and wagons are regarded rather as a Yankee innovation. Some of the students come in to Knoxville every morning on horseback, often riding two on one horse.

The better class of people here, a small minority, live quite respectably; but the majority, the " poor whites," inhabit log huts, and live in the most primitive style. Their diet is uniformly corn bread and bacon, and their dress home-made blue jeans. Their language abounds with odd expressions. They " meet up" with you on the road,—greet you with a " how d'y," (for, how are you?) " reckon its a right smart chance for rain," have their fall plowing " right smart done" and will have it " done done" soon. They are doubtful about the necessity of books and " larnin';" but are mostly upright and quite religious, and not at all troubled with skepticism. The other day in a Sunday School class, in answer to a question as to the direct aid of divine grace in resistance of temptation, (as an appetite for strong drink, or tendency to bursts of passion) one of them assumed a contemplative air, for a moment, and replied, " Wal, I don't know sure as it would cure a feller all up, but I reckon it would jest come right smart near it, any how, if he tried right good h'mself."

But with all their simplicity, the people among the mountains of East Tennessee have a great deal of good nature, and good sense; and their religion is of a very practical character. During my visit at this country residence, I heard some accounts of religious revivals, which had occurred in towns where the war had left an intensely bitter feeling among the population, who were so divided, as was the case here. The ministers told the converts that religious people must " be at peace with all men," and in many cases, these revivals had restored concord in communities where hatred and strife had been extremely violent.

In political affairs the people have very great confidence in their leaders. My host is a Johnson man, has known Andy and been associated with him for years in political life, and thinks him " the greatest man in the United States." I am informed, however, that this A. J., having subsided from the larger public life, is now "serving the people" in the little city of Greenville, his native place, in the more humble capacity of road master.

The one great complaint of the people here is the scarcity of money. Among all classes of business men the cry is: " We want money, but it is almost impossible to get it here." The East Tennessee University, in this city, is pressed for want of ready cash. The institution, having commenced operations, as an Agricultural College, holds about $300,000 in Tennessee State bonds, and as these are not payable for some time to come, and are paying six per cent., the trustees prefer, if they can, to hire money at ten per cent. for present use, giving security of two for one by depositing $10,000 or so of these bonds as collateral, or by the most ample security on their real estate in the city, rather than to raise money by selling the bonds at their present market discount. Perhaps some Vermont capitalist may be disposed to correspond with the President, Dr. T. W. Humes, on the subject. The University, which is an old institution, is now taking a new start, and with this endowment as an agricultural college, has good prospects ahead. *.*

Our Methodist brethren are getting critical, and there seems to be occasion for it. The papers accuse many of the clergymen of saying dis-*cip*-line for *dis*-cipline, tres-*pass* and tres-*passes* for *tres*-pass and *tres*-passes, *dee*-strict for *dis*-trict, and taber-*nickle* for tabernacle. To which the *Methodist* adds two on their own account which we strongly suspect need not be confined to the ministers of that church. They are the use of *moiety*, (one-half) for *modicum*, (a little); and *predicated on* for predicated *of*.

DRINKING CIDER.—To keep it sweet through the year, filter through clean fine sand, as soon as from the press. Put into a clean cask or bottle. No cask or barrel should be used the second time for cider, for the fruity flavor is to be preserved.

Found.

In dreams, long years ago, I saw a face—
A woman's, noble, sweet, and fair,
That shone upon me from some happy place,
And bade me seek her there.

So, forth I went, and traversed many ways,
Peopled with fair, and rich, and young,
And sometimes paused to wander or to gaze,
But found not her among.

Yet once we met: [illegible] she was my heart, I ween,
Deeming attained the goal I sought;
But ah! the world's cold shadow grew between,
And still I found her not.

She died: I sought her grave with solemn cheer,
Thinking to lighten my despair,
I found a form of clay, within a bier,
But her—I found not there!

What more? The flesh decays; but in my heart
She lives as ever, fresh and fair.
O God, who mad'st us, show where Thou art,
And I shall find her—there!

Julian Hawthorne in Appletons' Journal.

An Unpublished Poem of Coleridge.

THE FADED FLOWER.

Ungrateful he who pluck'd thee from the stock,
Poor faded flow'ret! on his careless way;
Inhaled awhile thy odors in his walk,
Then onward pass'd, and left thee to decay.
Ah, melancholy emblem! had I seen
Thy modest beauties dew'd with evening's gem,
I had not rudely cropped thy parent stem,
But left thee, blushing, 'mid the enliven green.
And now I bend me o'er thy withered bloom,
And drop the tear,—as Fancy, at my side,
Deep sighing points the fair, frail Abra's tomb—
"Like thine, sad flower, was that poor wanderer's pride!
Oh, lost to love and truth, whose selfish joy
Tasted her vernal sweets, but tasted to destroy!"

Atlantic Almanac.

A Winter Evening.

The chill sharp wind,
Huddled the sheep their wattled cote behind
And strips the last leaf from the brave old tree
That erst while held its own. On this wide lea
Falls sudden gloom, which clouds the shepherd's mind
With coming storm; and new dense snow flakes blind
The day, and another earth in cruel glee;
Whiteness now grows apace. Nature, farewell;
Keep thy long spell-bound slumber; I will hie
Me home with haste, and by the hearth will tell
[illegible] mighty wanderings to my boys,
Or [illegible] start at Hector's battle-cry,
Most prize we now sweet Fancy's ample joys.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

CONGREGATIONAL.

The Congregational church at Irasburgh, Vt., has received $500 from Mr. Fisk, of the firm of Fisk & Hatch, to be expended in purchasing a Bible for the pulpit, hymn books, a library for the Sabbath school, and the balance to assist the ladies in furnishing the church. Mr. Fisk's father was formerly a pastor of the Congregational church in Irasburgh.——The congregation at Cabot is much increased since Rev. Mr. Adams commenced his labors there, last August.——The church at East Craftsbury is now without a pastor, Rev. Mr. Johnson having resigned and removed to Philadelphia.——Rev. William S. Hazen, pastor of the Congregational church in Northfield, who has been absent some six months on a trip to Europe and the East, returned last week to his charge.——Rev. A. G. Bowker, of Landgrove, died December 3d, after a short illness. He told his family shortly after he was taken sick that he never would get well again.——Rev. John Nelson, one of the ablest Congregational preachers in Massachusetts, died at Leicester on the 6th. He had been pastor there since 1812, although for a number of years only able to preach occasionally, and having had a colleague since 1844.

BAPTIST.

Rev. Newton Glazier, late of Central Falls, R. I., has accepted a unanimous call from the Baptist church in Montpelier, and will enter upon the pastorate January 1, 1872.——There is reported quite an interest in the Freewill Baptist church at Albany, Vt. There have been fifteen recent conversions, and fifty within fourteen months.——The only Thanksgiving sermon in Berlin in four years, was delivered by Rev. N. Munford, at the Baptist church, Nov. 30.——The treasury of the Baptist Missionary Society is in debt over $20,000, with a large falling off in the receipts for the last two months. Cause, diversion of charities to the Chicago and Northwestern sufferers, probably.——A Baptist church recently advertised in a paper of that denomination that they wanted a minister. So many replies came that the clerk found it necessary to advertise that they did not want a minister, in their next issue.——It is stated that the preaching of a Baptist missionary, in a chapel near Vernon, Delaware, has induced the whole church that worshipped there to abandon its former sectarian connection and join the Baptist denomination.

METHODIST.

One of the Cincinnati Methodist churches, St. John's, puts cards in every pew Sunday morning with a printed request that any stranger who would like to receive a call from the minister, will put his address on the card and leave it in the pew; by which means many occasions for pastoral visits are obtained and permanent additions to the congregation are eventually secured.——The Methodist Educational Convention at its recent session in Boston, passed resolutions, among others, that the Bible ought not to be excluded from schools supported and controlled by the State; and approving of the opening of Wesleyan University at Middletown, to women as naturally growing out of views long held and advocated by the Methodist Episcopal Church.

UNIVERSALIST.

The Universalist Society of St. Johnsbury are holding regular meetings at the Town Hall. Rev. B. M. Tillotson preaches to-morrow on the " Advantages of Church-going."——The Universalist church at West Concord has been rebuilt, and is to be dedicated December 27th. Sermon by Rev. L. H. Tabor, of Norway, Me., in the morning, and in the evening by Rev. Mr. Healy, of West Burke. On the 28th, Rev. E. L. Scrift will be ordained as pastor of the church. The sermon will be preached by Rev. E. Fisher, D. D., President of the Theological School, St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.

EPISCOPALIAN.

The Protestant Episcopal Almanac for 1872, gives the following summary of statistics for that denomination:—Bishops 54; Clergy 2,808; Baptisms 38,495; Confirmations 24,121; Communicants 224,995; Marriages 9,808; Burials 16,591; Candidates for Orders 412; Ordinations—Deacons 124; Presbyters 116; Sunday-school Teachers 24,494; Sunday-school Scholars 229,000; Contributions $5,544,574.81.——The society for the increase of the ministry has 164 scholars now on its list, and received 259 applications during the past year.—The Rev. Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe, D.D., is soon to be consecrated as Bishop of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania.——Rev. Dr. Hill, missionary to Greece, is now on a visit to this country; and is temporarily disabled by a fall which dislocated his shoulder.——The editor of the *Gospel Messenger*, who is an eloquent and effective advocate of warm, reverent congregational worship, described a strange incident in one of his letters from Baltimore during the month of October. At the close of an afternoon service in one of the Episcopal churches, the Sunday scholars marched out in order; but, before leaving God's House, wheeled round with the precision of military discipline in order to bow to the altar. Speaking in the interest of the Anglican Communion, *The Church Journal* avers that ' we have no such custom.'

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

The new Roman Catholic church at Hoosic Falls, N. Y., was dedicated with very imposing and impressive ceremonies on Sunday last. Large delegations of worshippers were present from the surrounding country. The exercises were conducted by the Very Rev. Thos. Galberry, O. S. A., Commissary Gen. of the Order of Augustinians in this country.——It is stated that the Catholic Bishop, Barclay, of New Jersey, believes that Christian burial should be refused to all who die from drinking, and to all who sell liquor to drunkards.——On Wednesday commenced the last series of periodical fasts, known as the Ember Days, and closed Friday. They were instituted by Pope Calixtus, in the third century, but more formally inaugurated by the Council of Placentia, in 1095. The word " Ember " is said by some to signify the dust and ashes poured on the heads of fasting and penitent persons; and by others, to apply to the bread eaten at that season, which was baked on the embers of the fire only.

THOMAS NAST.—Thomas Nast, the great caricaturist, is thus described by his friend Nasby: " Nast is a man about 34 years of age, and about five feet seven inches in height. He has a keen, sharp eye, and a good German face; has black hair, and is dapper and neat in his person. I think he was born in Breslau, Germany and came over here when he was about three years of age. His father wanted him to be a jeweler, but he was already betrothed to art. Frank Leslie, I think brought him out first; at the time he sent him to England to make pictures of the great Heenan Sayers prize fight. And then when the war broke out the Harpers sent him South to sketch battles. It was in 1862, just after the election, when all the country was clamoring for peace at any price, that he struck the particular vein in which he has since become famous. The picture he drew then, entitled Peace, was grand. It represented a Union soldier's grave, over the tombstone of which was weeping Columbia. At the foot stood a companion of the dead loyalist, stripped of his arms, and shaking hands with a rebel armed to the teeth and with one foot upon the grave. That picture made his reputation. He was as well known the next day as he is now. It was circulated by the million as a campaign document. He lives, I think, in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York, in a modest frame house. His wife and his three sons constitute his family. They have no servants. At the end of the lot on which his house stands is a one-story brick building, where he does his work. He has there the quaintest collection of curiosities, chiefly of art, that could be imagined. His wife is a lady of rare intelligence, who assists him greatly in his labors. She is a relative of James Parton. Nast is a man of indomitable courage and rare intelligence. Politically he is a most intense radical.

The *Technologist* says: " One cord of wood cut and split fine, and corded up beneath a shelter while it is green, will furnish more heat after it has become seasoned than two cords of the same wood which has been continually exposed to the alternative influence of storms and sunshine."