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## THE GUARDIAN.

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## Poetry.

From Emery's Journal of Agriculture.

### LIGHTING THE LAMPS.

Sitting by my window  
On a summer eve,  
Listening to the fallow,  
Listening to the breeze—  
Dark the shadows falling,  
Bright the stars, and clear;  
Men have ceased their toiling,  
To their homes draw near.  
Hear the drowsy beating  
Of the city's heart,  
As the hours are fleeting  
And 'tis growing dark!

Sitting sad and lonely,  
Mother far away,  
Father dear is only  
At our home to-day.  
Brother, too, is wand'ring  
O'er life's rugged way,  
Wearily he's plying,  
Striving as he may,  
Thinking of my life task,  
Thinking I must try,  
And sorrowing aid to ask  
Struggle till I die—  
Wishing mother heard me  
Breathe that lonely sigh,  
Knowing that to comfort  
Joyfully she'd try—  
Thinking of sweet Forest Home,  
Where miles away,  
In its beauty sleeping  
This bright night of May—  
Thinking of a thousand things  
Thought of oft before,  
But not quite so sadly  
On the nights of yore.

See a light is gleaming  
Down the fading street!  
Ah! 'tis brighter beaming,  
Guiding weary feet.  
Wake from thy dreaming,  
Wanderer not away,  
Soul of mine! what seeming  
For this night of May!  
Glist'ning thro' the gloom,  
Round thee gently twining,  
Gaze thee not to roam,  
See the light! 'tis mine!  
Groped they thro' the dark,  
Till the lamps were lighted—  
But now listen, hark!  
Joyous songs are ringing  
Thro' the summer air;  
Light has caused this singing,  
Light so sweet, so fair!  
And it makes me joyful,  
Musings fly away—  
I forget my sadness,  
All is bright as day.  
Thus, there's always pleasure  
Following after gloom,  
Filling up life's measure  
Even to the tomb.

## Miscellaneous.

"Meet Lizzie at Six."  
This was all the dispatch contained.  
Four little words; yet what excitement  
they caused in the household at Maple  
Cottage; the quiet sober household,  
whose members at the moment of its re-  
ception, were on the point of going to  
rest for the night.

"Meet Lizzie at six!" Was our dar-  
ling indeed so near us? Two years and  
three months had passed since our eyes  
had been gladdened by her girlish beau-  
ty, since her voice had mingled with the  
bird music that floated all the day long  
among the maples. Two years and three  
months she had been buried among  
books, in a far away city, bowing her  
sunny curls over algebra, and geometry,  
grammar, and philosophy, astronomy,  
and botany, French and Latin, and  
lyric at first, because her parents desired it;

and she was on her way to us once more  
—our Lizzie—our pet and pride—we  
should "meet her at six." And indeed  
she had left D. in the morning; had  
journeyed without stopping all day; this  
we guessed at once; and at eight in the  
evening, finding a hasty opportunity,  
she had telegraphed to us the words  
above. At six, the Eastern train arrived  
at our station. Lizzie was to ride all  
all night, for the sake of reaching home  
thus early. It was like her; impulsive,  
warm-hearted child that she was! How  
little we slept that night! What slight  
sounds aroused us; how early we were  
all astir—even the baby, and the white-  
haired grandfather. "Meet Lizzie, eh?"  
he said; "aye, indeed will we!" And  
the old man's voice caught a youthful  
tone, and his crutches an electrical move-  
ment, as he hobbled about the house,  
giving orders, as if the responsibility  
rested on him, to be sure.

There was Hannah, too, bewildering  
the mother about breakfast. "Did Lis-  
sie like coffee or cocoa best?" And  
would she make biscuits or waffles?—  
And the mothers smiling all the time nod-  
ding her head to everything, and went  
hurrying about, with the gridiron in one  
hand, and the egg boiler in the other,  
coaxing Fanny to curl the baby's hair,  
and looking at the clock every five min-  
utes. But Fanny, with mysterious  
apronfuls of something, was flitting up  
stairs and down, leaving a book here, a  
flower there, a daguerreotype on the ta-  
ble, or a rosy cheeked fall apple in the  
window—something for Lizzie to see and  
smile at. Only the father seemed undis-  
turbed. We noticed, to be sure, the  
dimples in his cheeks, which Lizzie al-  
ways said she made with her fingers  
when she was a babe, looked deeper when  
he smiled, and that his voice was a trifle  
less steady when he told Thomas to get  
the horses; but he did not like to be  
considered a demonstrative man, so we  
only looked significantly at each other,  
and said nothing. Still waters are some-  
times very deep.

At last the carriage came round, and  
we got in; two of us beside the father  
who was to drive. There was room for  
more; but it was quite out of her line,  
the mother said, to go on a dashing drive  
before breakfast; so we left her on the  
piazza, with the pickle-dish in her hand,  
wiping her eyes with her apron.

It was half a mile to the depot, and the  
sun not quite risen when we started.—  
How balmy and pure the air was, that  
soft September morning. We thought,  
egotists as we are, in our happiness, that  
nature sympathized with us. It seems as  
if there never had been so fair a sun ris-  
ing before, and as if half the glory of the  
morning would have been wasted had  
Lizzie not been coming home.

The cars had not arrived when we  
stopped at the station, but we heard the  
whistle of the locomotive not very far dis-  
tant; and those few waiting moments—  
what a world of blessed anticipation they  
held. The sun was rising—ah, Lizzie!  
Lizzie!

At last the train came up—stopped.—  
We looked at the windows; only a row  
of sad faces! Lizzie must have sat on  
the other side. A few passengers came  
out solemn faced and silent. We pressed  
forward—so did they who were going  
out on the train. The conductor appear-  
ed and waved everybody back, then mo-  
tioned to some in the car. Two men  
came out and slowly descended the steps,  
bearing a lifeless body—a woman's  
features covered by a veil. They took it  
into the saloon, and laid it reverently  
upon the sofa. Still the conductor waved  
the crowd back, except our party; he  
knew us, and turned away his face as we  
approached.

Then we knew how it was; all except  
the father; he could not believe! Firmly  
he raised the veil from the dead face.  
Oh, God! All merciful! Is it thus we  
meet thee, Lizzie, darling, our best be-  
loved, idol of our heart!

In a brief time we learned the story—  
learned how the Angel of the Lord had  
"met Lizzie" before us, in the still twi-  
light of that autumn morning, and after  
one pang—terrible, we know, but brief—  
had waited her gentle spirit to those who  
waited for her in the home of the Angels.

At the very last stopping place, Lizzie  
had left the car to procure some food for  
a little child who had fretted all night in  
the arms of a weariest mother. The  
train stopped but a moment; it was dusk,  
and none of the officials had seen her  
leave it. She returned hastily to find it  
and the rest—it is a terrible story, as  
newspapers chronicle every week.—  
The beautiful head, with its sunny curls,  
was—what we saw at the station house!  
We shed no tears at first, though it  
seemed as if a drop would save our  
hearts from bursting; it would not come!  
Not even when one, we afterward learned,  
was on his way to a wedding party,  
and who, journeying with Lizzie but a  
few hours, had yet learned to know her  
good as beautiful, came up and laid, in  
tearful silence, a bouquet of pure white  
rose-buds upon her bosom. We buried  
them with her—the stranger's kindly of-  
fering of sympathy and respect.

Blessed be God for tears! They came  
at last; came when we saw the mother!  
That scene is too sacred for detail. But  
the old grandfather's mind wandered  
when he heard the tidings; and all day  
he sat in his arm chair on the porch, lis-  
tening for the whistle of the train, and  
saying, as his dull ear faintly distinguish-  
ed it: "I reckon Lizzie's aboard that."  
Has anybody gone to meet the gal?  
When told again, he would seem to com-  
prehend for a few moments, and once he  
called the creeping baby to him, and pat-  
ting its white shoulders, said Grandfather  
old, and lame, and blind; he couldn't go

to the station, but Grandfather's going to see  
Lizzie first after all. Yes, yes; Grand-  
father's not so far from his little gal as the  
rest of them; but we're all following fast!

Blessed lost one! How prone we are  
to forget this. How hard for our faith to  
"put back the dead love from her arms,"  
and look upward, to the gray morn that  
passeth thee forever. We mourn thee  
always, Lizzie; our idolatrous hearts  
yield but slowly to the Father's chasten-  
ing, yet in it we feel the earnest of joy to  
come; we know the clinging earth gar-  
ments cannot hold us back from thee for-  
ever; we know that we shall yet "meet  
thee at six," at the glorious sunrise of the  
Resurrection Morning.

### Signing the Pledge.

Rev. John Abbott, the sailor preacher,  
relates the following good story of one of  
his temperance converts:

Mr. Johnson, at the close of a cold  
water lecture, intimated that he must  
sign the pledge in his own way, which  
he did in these words:

"I, William Johnson, pledge myself to  
drink no more intoxicating drinks for one  
year."

Some thought he wouldn't stick three  
days, others allowed him a week, and a  
few others gave him two weeks; but the  
landlord knew him best, and said he was  
good stuff, but at the end of the year  
Bill would be a good soaker.

Before the year was quite gone, Mr.  
Johnson was asked by Mr. Abbott:

"Bill, ain't you going to resume the  
pledge?"

"Well, I don't know, Jack but what I  
will. I have done pretty well so far.—  
Will you let me sign it again in my own  
way?"

"O yes, any way, so that you will not  
drink rum."

He writes:

"I, William Johnson, sign this pledge  
for nine hundred and ninety-nine years,  
and if living at the end of that time, I  
intend to make out a lease for life."

A day or two after, Johnson went to  
see his old landlord, who eyed him as a  
hawk does a chicken.

"O, landlord, I, whited Bill, accom-  
panied by sundry contortions of the body,  
as if enduring the most excruciating tor-  
ment, 'I have such a lump on my side.'

"That's because you have stopped  
drinking; you won't live two years long-  
er at this rate."

"If I commence drinking, will the  
lump go away?"

"Yes. If you don't you'll have a  
lump on the other side."

"Do you think so, landlord?"

"I know it; you'll have them on your  
arms, back, breast, and head; you will  
be covered all over with lumps."

"Well, may be I will," said Bill.

"Come, Bill," said the landlord, 'let's  
drink together; at the same time pour-  
ing the red stuff from the decanter into  
the glass, gurg, gurg, gurg.

"No," said Johnson. "I can't, for I've  
signed the pledge again."

"You ain't though! you are a fool!"  
Yes, that old sailor coaxed so hard I  
could not get off."

"I wish the old rascal was in Guinea.  
Well, how long do you go this time?"

"For nine hundred and ninety-nine  
years."

"Won't live a year."

"Well, if I drink, are you sure the  
lump on my side will go away?"

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I won't drink; her's  
the lump," continued Bill, holding up  
something with a hundred dollars in it;  
and that was that.

Taish Ar.—A poor emaciated Irish-  
man, having called in a physician, as for-  
lorn hope the latter spread a large must-  
ard plaster, and clapped it on the poor  
fellow's chest. Pat with a tearful eye  
and a countenance, looked down upon  
him and exclaimed: "Docter! docter!  
docter! it strikes me that this is a great  
deal of mustard for so little mate."

### The Value of Legal Formula.

Dubuque, June 20th.

DEAR SPIRIT.—The Following anec-  
dote is taken from a monthly published  
in Iowa several years ago, and edited by  
the 'Bar of Iowa.' From the similarity  
of this Justice's orthography to that of  
the distinguished 'Tittlebat Timmouse,'  
and 'Ansom Jeebs of Buckley Square,'  
you might conjecture that the three had  
studied the same spelling-book. The  
zealous peace preserving officer is said to  
have been quite discouraged when the  
Judge dismissed Job Parker, after he  
had piled upon him the United States of  
America, the Territory of Iowa, Jeffers-  
on County, and 'Locust Grove Precinct,'  
by Judy Lemon, Junior, in his carefully  
made up docket.

### A CASE REPORTED.

'We have the record for the authen-  
ticity of the following case, which was  
disposed of at the September term, 1851,  
of the District Court of Jefferson County,  
Iowa. The case was docketed by the  
clerk, United States vs. Job Parker, and  
had been called several times by the  
judge, and put off by Shuffleton, the de-  
fendant's counsel, on the ground that he  
'had filed a motion to dismiss, but had  
not fully decided whether to insist upon  
the motion or not.' At length the order  
was, 'that the case must be disposed of.'  
Mr. S. obtained the papers, and read his  
motion to dismiss 'for want of parties to  
the suit.' The transcript of the Justice  
was referred to, which Mr. S. commenced  
reading as follows:

"The United States of America, The  
territory of Iowa, Jefferson county, by  
Judy, lemon, junior, s.s. The United  
States of America, the territory of Iowa,  
Jefferson county, by Judy, lemon, junior  
(vs.) Job Parker.

and now this Present day, To wit the  
13 day of august, In the yere of Our  
Lord Jesus Krist, 18 and 40 One, came  
before Me A Justis of The Peace, For the  
united States of america, The Territory  
Of Iowa, Locust grove Precinct, the uni-  
ted states of america—the territory of  
iowa—jefferson county by judy lemon  
junior, and philed his affidavit against  
The Said Job Parker, charging, That  
the Said Job Parker Did on The Said, 13  
Day Of august 18 and 40 One Strike and  
Threteen: To Kill and Wound The Said  
United States of America—the territory  
of iowa jefferson County—by judy lemon  
junior, And unless He the Said Job Pa-  
ker, Is Prevented There is danger That  
He the Said Job Parker, Will Kary His  
threts, Into execution against the Said  
unite states of america, territory Of iowa,  
jefferson county, By judy, lemon junior.

"The Jdgc here interrupted old  
Shuff.

"Mr. Shuffleton, you are not reading  
Correctly."

"Verbatim, your honor, verbatim,  
not a word wrong, sir."

"Court—Go on, sir, go on."

"And therefore A Justis of The Peace  
isshue a warrant, in name of The united  
States Of america, the territory Of iowa  
jefferson county By judy lemon junior  
against the Said job, Parker, And the  
Said job Parker; Was Bro't before Me to  
Answer the united states Of america,  
The territory Of iowa, jefferson County,  
By judy, lemon, junior: For striking  
and Threting to Kill the said united  
staits Of america, territory, of iowa, And  
jefferson, county By judy Lemon junior,  
And the Said job Parker being Reddy  
for Trial, Witnesses was Egsamin'd To  
wit The united Staits Of america, the  
territory Of iowa, and jefferson, County,  
By judy, lemon, junior; who did solem-

On the Said Day, 13 day job, Parker, had  
40, One, Struck him, the Said united  
Staits of america, The territory of iowa,  
jefferson County By judy, lemon junior,  
And it appeared Too him, the Justis,  
That said united Staits, Of america,  
Was greatly Bruyed about His eyes, and  
other, Parts Of His face And, the Said  
job, Parker, incistid That he had a write  
too Strike, the Said united Staits Of  
america, the territory Of iowa, jefferson  
County By judy, lemon junior, for Cal-  
ling, him the Said job, Parker, a liar,  
and It Not being loved that The Said  
united Staits Of america, the Territory  
Of iowa jefferson, County, By judy, lem-  
on, junior, Did, say That said job, parker  
lide, i the Said mate; Do fine, the Said  
job, Parker, 59 Diers in Favor, Of The  
united Staits, of america, the territory,  
Of iowa, And jefferson, County, By judy,  
lemon junior: Do recover, Of  
The said Job Parker The Said, sum Of 5  
\$ Dollars, as costs Of this Sute."

"The Jdgc here interrupted old  
Shuff.

"Mr. Shuffleton, you are not reading  
Correctly."

"Verbatim, your honor, verbatim,  
not a word wrong, sir."

"Court—Go on, sir, go on."

tion, decided that there was nothing fair  
or equal in such a contest; that there  
was not a want of parties, but too many  
plaintiffs for one defendant, and the suit  
should be dismissed."—Daily Times.

### The Atlantic Telegraph Thrown into the Shade.

A writer in the Philadelphia Press,  
whose mind has been somewhat agitated  
by the startling inventions of the day,  
sends to that journal an article from Mr.  
Dick's Works on the subject of Acoustic  
Tunnels, 'believing,' he says, 'that  
great improvements can be made in them,  
especially since the discovery of gutta  
percha, and that we may be able, some  
time or other, to talk to John Bull across  
the Atlantic ocean. He adds:

"Experiments were made in Paris by  
M. Biot on the transmission of sound  
through air in very long tubes, and  
through solid bodies. These experi-  
ments were made through long cylindri-  
cal pipes, which were constructed as  
conduits for fountains to embellish the  
city of Paris. With regard to the veloc-  
ity of sound, it was ascertained that its  
transmission was ten and a half times as  
quick as through the air. The pipes  
were over one thousand and thirty-nine  
yards in length. M. Biot was stationed  
at one end, and a friend at the other;  
they heard the lowest voice so perfectly  
as to hear the words and keep up a con-  
versation on the subject of the experi-  
ments. They wished to determine the  
lowest point at which the human voice  
seemed to be audible, but could not ac-  
complish it; words spoken as low as  
when we whisper a secret to another were  
understood, so that not to be heard there  
was but one resource not to speak at all.

Between a question and an answer the  
interval was not greater than for the  
transmission of sound. The time in the  
experiment through one thousand and  
thirty-nine yards, was about five and a  
half seconds. Reports of a pistol fired at  
one end occasioned a considerable explo-  
sion at the other; the air was driven out  
of the pipe so as to give the hand a smart  
blow, and drive light substances out of  
it to the distance of half a yard, and to  
extinguish a candle. Don Gautian, an-  
other savan, proposed to build horizon-  
tal tunnels widening at the remoter ex-  
tremities, and found, at the distance of  
nearly a mile, the ticking of a watch  
could be heard far better than close to the  
ear. He calculates that a series of such  
tunnels or pipes would convey a mes-  
sage nine hundred miles in an hour.—  
The advantages of such tunnels must be  
obvious; they might be laid between  
railroad stations, across rivers, and even  
between cities; and the day will proba-  
bly come when they will be perfected so  
as to be used as much for long distances  
as they are: now in many large manufac-  
tories, and even in dwellings, on a small  
scale, and known as speaking tubes.

### The American Chess Player.

Mr. Morphy, the American chess  
player, is carrying everything before him  
in England. At the great Annual  
Chess Congress at Birmingham, on the  
28th of August, Mr. Morphy performed  
the extraordinary feat of playing eight  
games simultaneously, blindfolded,  
against as many players, and these the  
best players in England. Mr. Morphy  
won every game but one.

The match between Morphy and Low-  
enthal was nearly cleared. The stakes  
were £200 for him who first should win  
nine games. Morphy had won 8, Low-  
enthal 3, drawn 2. An arrangement had  
been made for a match of £500 between  
Morphy and Staunton, but the Critic  
says:

"To raise the stakes necessary for backing  
our English champion against this Amer-  
ican lad—for lad he is, and he looks  
much more juvenile than he is. The  
match with Herr Lowenthal offers, how-  
ever, very little encouragement to Mr.  
Staunton's friends, and it is very con-  
fidently predicted that Mr. Morphy will  
have to return to America without van-  
quishing the King of English chess play-  
ers. Having enjoyed an opportunity of  
overlooking Mr. Morphy's play, we  
must say that in our opinion he is cer-  
tainly the most astonishing player we  
have ever beheld. He plays with great  
courage, and makes what appear to be  
the most alarming sacrifices; yet so pro-  
found and well-grounded are his calcula-  
tions, that he is never more dangerous  
than when he appears to run the greatest  
risk; and, as we heard a veteran chess-  
player remark, 'it is impossible to fore-  
see half his moves.' Another very  
wonderful peculiarity about him is the  
retentiveness of his memory. We are  
told upon good authority, that after play-  
ing eleven or twelve games, he will go  
home and play them all over again from

beginning to end, playing out the varia-  
tions, and showing how he would have  
met any change of tactics on the part of  
his adversary.

### IMPORTANT HINT IN WASHING CLOTHES.

—The American Agriculturist asserts  
that the great secret of the success of  
nine out of ten of the washing fluids,  
mixtures and machines which have been  
sold over the country for many years  
past, is not owing to much of the inher-  
ent qualities of the articles themselves as  
to the process of soaking, which they  
invariably recommend. If people pur-  
suing the old-fashioned system of wash-  
ing will simply take the precaution to  
throw all the clothing to be washed into  
water ten or fifteen hours before begin-  
ning operations, they will find half the  
labor of rubbing and pounding saved in  
most cases. Water is, of itself, a great  
solvent, even of the oily materials that  
collect upon clothing worn in contact  
with the body, but time is required to  
effect the solution. Everyone is aware  
of the effect of keeping the hands or feet  
moist for a few hours—the entire external  
coating of secretion is dissolved. The  
same effect is produced by soaking, for  
a few hours, clothes soiled by the excre-  
tory matter of the skin.

### DRYING PUMPKINS AND TOMATOES.

Pumpkins may be put up in the old-  
fashioned mode of cutting into rings,  
paring and drying upon poles; or they  
may be cut into small pieces and dried  
on plates in the sun and oven. A better  
plan, however, is to pare, stew and strain  
them, just as if for pies; then spread the  
pulp thinly upon earthen dishes, and dry  
quickly in a hot sun or a partially heated  
oven. If dried slowly, there is danger  
of souring. Store in a dry room. Kept  
in this manner, they retain much of the  
freshness and flavor of newly gathered  
fruit. The dried pulp should be soaked  
in milk for a few hours before using.—  
In making pies, they are greatly im-  
proved by stirring the pumpkin in scald-  
ing milk, especially if eggs be not used.  
Tomatoes may be kept in excellent con-  
dition by cooking, straining and drying,  
just as described for pumpkins.

### HORSES RUBBING THEIR MANES AND TAILS.

—In your impression of July 19th,  
I observe a correspondent has sent you  
a recipe for "horses rubbing their  
Manes and tails," and you also recom-  
mend turpentine. Allow me to offer  
you the following recipe, which I have  
always used and found thoroughly effi-  
cacious, and at the same time, most pure,  
cleanly and simple:—Sulphuric acid lo-  
tion—oil of vitriol, 3 drachms; rain  
water 1½ pints; to be well shaken to-  
gether. (This is a very clean lotion to  
rub on a horse when you find him rub-  
bing and biting himself.) Rub the lo-  
tion on the part with a sponge, two or  
three times a day.—Ohio Farmer.

### PEACH LEAVES FOR YEAST.—Mr. Daniel R. Mitchell, of Rome, Ga., says the

Courier of that place, has discovered  
that dried peach leaves are superior to  
hops for making yeast. It is said the  
bread made from this yeast is quite as  
light and well flavored as that made from  
the best hop yeast. The yeast is made  
the same as hop yeast, except dried  
peach leaves are substituted for hops.

### LAND MEASURE.—Every farmer should have a rod measure, a light, stiff pole,

just 164 ft. long, for measuring land.—  
By a little practice, he can learn to step  
just a rod at 5 steps, which will answer  
very well for ordinary farm work. As-  
certain the number of rods in width and  
length of one acre, and divide by 160, and you have the number of  
acres, as 160 square rods make a square  
acre. If you wish to lay off 1 acre square,  
measure 13 rods upon each side. This  
lacks 1 rod of full measure.

### An anxious mother in Maine thus writes to her son in California:

"My dear son—come home. A rol-  
ling stone gathers no moss. Your af-  
fectionate mother."

### To which Young America, with equal laconism, replies:—

"My dear mother—come here. A  
setting hen never gets fat. Your affec-  
tionate son."

### A few weeks since, says the N. O. Crescent, we mentioned a singular cir-

cumstance, the marriage of a German  
widow, in the Third District, to her 5th  
husband—no one of the previous four  
having outlived his wedding a year.—  
Well, a few days since, the 5th husband  
took the yellow fever. He died, and on  
Friday he was buried.

### Excellent wine is now manufactured

from tomatoes.

### Private Fortunes of Great Men.

Cicero possessed, in land and proper-  
ty, a fortune equal to £1,700,000, be-  
sides a large amount of money, slaves  
and furniture, which amounted to an  
equal sum. He used to say that a citi-  
zen who had not a fortune sufficient to  
support an army, or a legion, did not  
deserve the title of a rich man. The  
philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £3-  
600,000. Tiberius, at his death, left  
£23,825,000, which Caligula spent in  
less than twelve months. Vespasian, on  
ascending the throne, estimated all the  
expenses of the State at £35,000,000.—  
The debts of Milo amounted to £500,-  
000. Caesar, before he entered upon any  
office, owed £2,500,000. He had pur-  
chased the friendship of Cato for £500,-  
000, and that of Lucius Paulus for  
£300,000. At the time of the assassina-  
tion of Julius Caesar, Antony was in  
debt to the amount of £300,000; he  
owed this sum on the ides of March,  
and it was paid before the kalends of  
April; he squandered £147,000,000 of  
the public treasures. Appian squandered  
in debauchery £500,000, and finding  
on examination of the state of his affairs,  
that he had only £80,000, he poisoned  
himself, because he considered that sum  
insufficient for his maintenance. Julius  
Caesar gave Serrillus, the mother of Brutus,  
a pearl of the value of £80,000.—  
Cleopatra, at an entertainment given to  
Antony, dissolved in vinegar a pearl  
worth £80,000, and he swallowed it.—  
Clodius, the son of Esopus, the comedian,  
swallowed one worth £8,000. One sin-  
gle dish cost Esopus £80,000. Caligula  
spent for one supper £80,000, and  
Heliogabalus £20,000. The usual cost  
of a repast for Lucullus was £20,000;  
the fish from his fish-pond were sold for  
£36,000.

THE MISCHIEF MAKER.—When the ab-  
sent are spoken of, some will speak gold  
of them, some silver, some iron, some  
lead, and some always speak dirt, for  
they have a natural attraction towards  
what is evil, and think it shows a pen-  
etration in them. As a cat watching for  
mice does not look up though an ele-  
phant goes by, so they are so busy goss-  
ing for defects, that they let great excel-  
lences pass them unnoticed. I will not  
say that it is not Christian to make beads  
of other's faults, and tell them over ev-  
ery day; I say it is infernal. If you want  
to know how the devil feels, you do know  
if you are such a one.—Henry Ward  
Becher.

### STAND FROM UNDER.—A "statement"

is published in the papers concerning  
the fall of Thurston the aeronaut. The  
elevation was thought to be three miles  
when he was last seen, and assuming  
this to be the distance he fell, it would  
only require thirty-one and a half sec-  
onds for him to reach the earth, a mean  
velocity of 495 feet per second. Assu-  
ming his weight to be 160 pounds, he  
would strike the earth with a momen-  
tum equal to 160,800 pounds, or a little  
more than 80 tons, a power sufficient to  
scatter his body, bone and muscle, into  
atoms so minute as scarcely to be per-  
ceptible, if not to bury him deep into the  
earth.

### The following advertisement appears in the St. Louis Republican:

ENGAGED—Miss Anna Gould to John  
Candal, City Marshal, both of Leaven-  
worth, K. T.

"From this time henceforth and for-  
ever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a  
widow—all young gentlemen are request-  
ed to withdraw their particular atten-  
tions."

A young lady explained to a printer,  
the other day, the distinction between  
printing and publishing, and at the con-  
clusion of her remarks, by way of illus-  
tration she said:—

"You may print a kiss upon my cheek,  
but you must not publish it."