H. R. Bringhurst

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H. L. BONSALL, Editor.

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Written for the Daily Enterprise.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

BY EGO IPSE.

A man once saw a moon,
'Twas not the moon on high—
But, at the bottom of a pond
Which was by no means dry.
And much amazed was he
To see so strange a sight;
The heavens underneath him,
And the stars all shining bright.

Now in the school-books he had read
Of many wondrous things;
Of how the world turn'd upside down,
And how a star wore rings.
He was not versed in heavenly lore,
And thought it a strange whim,
That bodies always fixed before,
Should go and take a swim.

Then feeling rather dry,
He thought he'd take a drink;
But stumbling o'er a stone,
Plump in the mud did sink.
In truth he then saw stars,
But they were in his eyes;
While the moon had left the water,
And looked down from the skies
Upon a now quite sober man,
Who henceforth will be wise.

MORAL.

Though water will make you sober,
If you happen to fall in it;
'Twill surely make you drunk
If you drink your brandy in it.

Parke Benjamin, in his poem on "Hard Times," makes the following capital hits:

GO IT WHILE YOU'RE YOUNG.

Americans are much renowned for phrases, said or sung,
And the earliest thing to children taught is "Go it while you're young."
A mandate which they all obey, and if the truth were told,
The vast majority keep on and go it when they're old.

LET 'ER RIP.

Another phrase which often glides in music from the lip,
Is one of fine significance and beauty, "Let'er rip."
In the late panic we have kept this mandate o'er and o'er,
And let her rip so frequently, that some can rip no more.

A New York banker asked a young lady of that city, what kind of money she liked best.

"Matri-*mony*," she replied.

"What interest does it [illegible]?"

"If properly invested, it will double the original stock every two years," she said.

Somebody said that if nature had designed man to be a drunkard, she would have constructed him like a churn, so that the more he drank the more firmly he would stand.

A chap publishes a challenge in a Western paper to any man in the world to beat him walking a plank without rest. The editor of the paper, having learned that the fellow was confined five years in a treadmill, offers to back him for two cords of wood.

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it "Ah, my bonies," answered he, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

At a ball in Baltimore, a gentleman, having danced with a young lady whose attractions, both personal and conversational, seemed to have made an impression on his sensibilities, asked to have the pleasure of seeing her on the following evening.

"Why, no, sir," replied the fair one, "I shall be engaged to-morrow evening; but I'll tell you when you can see me."

"I shall be most happy," exclaimed the stricken swain.

"Well, on Saturday night," resumed the lady, "you can see me at the foot of Walnut street wharf, selling clams."

When we hear these words "Am I not my own master," coming boastfully from the lips of a young man just entering upon his majority, we cannot forbear recalling the reply of a French prince to a stranger whom he encountered in one of the rooms of his palace. "Pray, sir," said the Prince, "to whom do you belong?" "To my self," gruffly replied the stranger. "Ah, my dear sir," was the ready retort, "what a pity it is you have such a stupid master!"

For the benefit of "the nephew of his uncle," and for that of sundry others of our modern "descendants from the Cæsars" who seem disposed to check the tongues of their so-called slanderers and defamers by enforcing a change of climate, we resuscitate the following: Philip, father of Alexander the Great, being advised to expel from his dominions a man who had been speaking ill of him, "I shall take care not to do that," said he, "for then he would go and slander me every where."

"Who throws the bouquet to-night at the theatre?" was the question asked by Manager Crummels, in Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby."—In Paris, the actors provide their friends with the bouquets that are to be thrown on the stage. We remember hearing of the mother of a celebrated actress being very angry at finding only eleven bouquets, when she knew that she had furnished twelve to be thrown. The same bouquets answer until they become so faded that they will not hold together.

To make hens lay perpetually—hit them a well directed blow on the head with a club.

Kentucky Horse-Jockey in Georgia.

"A stranger in these parts, I reckon?"

I was fatigued by a week's traveling by stage-coach, over what they called an "alligator road," (the fates deliver me from such another,) and was not disposed to be very civil, and certainly not in a very agreeable humor, so, without raising my eyes from the floor, merely nodded my head with, yes, you reckoned right first time."

A chair was placed by my side, and I was preparing to be very uncivil, when he continued:

"Great country this, sir, but no more to be compared to old Kentuck than an Alabama River alligator to one of our race horses. A light from your weed, stranger," said he, out-stretching his hand to me.

His peculiar tone and address amused me, and excited my curiosity, so, for the first time, I looked up, and, with a half smile at his far-fetched simile, offered him my cigar. He was apparently about thirty years of age—sun burnt, and dusty; his neck, which was almost bare, was encircled by a broad collar turned far back from the throat; his chin was beardless, but an incipient mustache adorned his upper lip, and his eye was like a fox's, so bright and cunning its expression.

His dress was evidently intended to be "fast," but the tailor had overstepped the mark by embellishing the fancy coat with a very wide figured braid or binding, extending round the edges. In his hand he had a riding whip, with which he amused himself by carelessly striking the tops of his boots.

Leaning toward me, he continued in a rather low and confidential tone, for there were many others in the room:

"Very good people in this section, but slow; not up to the boys that drive round Louisville. I knew you wasn't bred in these parts as soon as I saw your gait, when you drove up to the door and walked into the bar-room; reckon you'r from old Kentuck, or Virginia perhaps—they raise good stock in Virginia too!"

"Yes," said I, smiling, "I'm told they do, but I'm not so fortunate as to come from either State; my home is at the North, in New York."

"Well, you've a long road to travel," said he. "Going to make any stop in this place?"

"No, I take the coach to-night to Columbus."

"All right, we go the same road," he said, "for I've used up 'this one horse place'—sold the last pair of ponies I had to-day."

"Had you many horses when you came here?"

"No, I sold all but one pair of little Canadians before I arrived at this place. I started with forty head."

"Indeed!" said I; "you must be a dealer in horses. May I ask what you got for that last pair of ponies?"

"Yes, that's been my profession for some years, but I should give up the business, didn't I hate to see people ride such bad [illegible] Georgia, Alabama, and Florida. It goes against my feelings. Now, that last span of little Canadians I fairly gave away, as you may say, for I only got five hundred dollars for them; didn't sell a pair of the others for less than seven hundred."

"But," said I, somewhat surprised, "that must have paid you very handsomely."

"Gave me interest on my money, you know, which is all I care to make. They cost me, laid down in Kentuck, with all expenses from Canada, about forty-five dollars a piece; but as I said before, the most I care about it is to see people ride good horses; 'taint the little money I make that is any object."

I said nothing, but was altogether convinced of his disinterested motives.

The coach drove up to the door, and the night being fine, I mounted the seat with the driver, and had hardly seated myself ere my jockey companion also mounted, and took the vacant seat by my side, and again commenced, while I, resigning myself to the force of circumstances, listened.

"Sold one old horse that is pretty well known round this section, I reckon, but no one knows it yet though; sold him to the same man I bought him of last years. I'm afraid he'll be profane when he finds out he's got the same old nag again. But I let him judge for himself. He thinks he's some at a trade, but it takes two to do that you know, stranger. You see he don't care much for fast horses, but likes a stylish, gay animal, that will show off well before the women; so, when I was here last year, I sold him a spledid nag, one of the handsomest and best horses I ever saw; but I knew he would soon take the flesh off of him, and cool his spirit, by keeping him dancing round the streets, and I would be very likely to get him back again cheap; he paid me seven hundred dollars in gold, and gave me an old lame, broken-down horse in exchange, with a long switch tail, and a main that looked as though it had never been combed. Well, I took that nag home with me, had him rubbed down every day, well fed, and in a few months made him as fat and lively "as a two-year old." But mind you, 'twas all *oats*, and a week's driving would have made a frame of him again. I then cut off his main and tail, trimmed his fet-locks, and filed his teeth to make him look young, and brought him among my horses this time. When I saw Mr. G. I told him I thought he might be in want of a match for the horse I sold him last year. As I expected, he said he might want another, for the horse he bought of me 'was used up, and thin as a rail.'"

"Well," said I, "I've got the very thing you want; something hard to beat, very stylish, fine action, young and ambitious; but you mustn't expect me to give him to you for nothing, as I did that other horse.—You can't have this one less than nine hundred dollars, and when you see him, you'll say he's cheap at a thousand. And off I started to bring him, after giving him up a few cuts with the whip, just to wake him up before mounting. I soon was putting him through his paces before the door, to the admiration of Mr. G. and a few idlers that were standing near. After some little persuasion, I permitted him to mount him, but not until I had given him many cautions, saying he was so lively, young, and scarcely broke—(I should have said broke down, he laughingly added.) Well, he liked him much; 'fine action,' said he, looking very knowing, 'and good grit, but I'm afraid he's not so young as you think;' and then examining his mouth, he said, in an undertone to one of his companions standing near, 'not a day over six years or I'm no judge;' and, turning to me, said he, 'I will give you just seven hundred and fifty dollars for him.'"

"Not a dollar less than nine," said I.

"Say seven hundred dollars and the horse I bought of you last year," he urged.

"'Twould be money out of pocket," said I, but didn't say whose pocket, mind you, for I don't like to deceive people; "but," said I, "just for old acquaintance sake, and as you have always paid the cash down, as a gentleman should do when he gets a bargain, I'll say eight hundred dollars, and the old nag I sold you last year, though he wasn't never to be compared to this ere one!"

After some hesitation, just for the looks of the thing, you know, he paid me the eight hundred dollars, just one hundred dollars more than he gave for the other one, and I got his own old horse back again, and I rode off on a horse that, in three months, will be as good as he ever was. I reckon when the main and tail of the horse he's now got begins to sprout again, some of his friends will recognize him, if he don't."

On my saying I should like to visit Kentucky, he said:

"If you do come, stranger, just inquire for me, and I'll sell you as good a horse as take on to York as you ever three a leg over, and let you have him at a fair price."

I thanked him, and at the same time assured him, should I visit Kentucky, I should not fail to find him out, and more especially should I think of purchasing "horse flesh," being now fully convinced of his disinterested motives in following his profession of a jockey, and of which profession I doubt not he was one of the brightest ornaments.

Sweatland's Adventure on Lake Erie.

It was a beautiful morning in September last, and Solomon Sweatland, of C[illegible], on the Ohio shore of Lake Erie, had arisen at the earliest dawn to enjoy his favorite amusement of hunting deer. This exciting sport he had been accustomed to follow in connection with a friend and neighbor, who, by the aid of dogs, would drive the deer into the lake, where Sweatland would pursue them in his canoe and shoot them without difficulty. On the present occasion he had left his cabin without his coat or waistcoat, to listen for the baying of the dogs as they drove the deer. The welcome sound soon greeted his ears, and he was surprised to find that a noble buck had already taken the water, and was some little distance out in the lake. In the enthusiasm of the moment he threw his hat upon the beach, jumped into his canoe, and put off after the [illegible] every nerve thrilling [illegible] the pursuit [illegible]

[illegible] over a hundred and fifty me[illegible] 19th, between Rinconada and Corra[illegible] principally by desertion; that his [illegible] were fleeing towards Banderilla, and th[illegible] authorities nominated by him had aban[illegible] their posts. The National Guard of Jala[illegible] was leaving on [illegible] 20th [illegible]

[illegible] by a log canoe and a single paddle. A considerable distance from the land had been attained, and the canoe had already shipped a heavy sea before he overtook the deer, who turned and made for the shore. Upon tacking to pursue him, Sweatland was at once apprized of his danger by the fact that, with his utmost exertions, he not only made no progress in the desired direction, but, on the contrary, was drifting further out to sea. He had been observed in his outward progress by his neighbor, as well as by his own family, and as he disappeared from sight, considerable apprehension was felt for his safety. The alarm was soon given in the neighborhood, and it was decided by those competent to judge that his return would be impossible, and, unless help could be afforded him he was doomed to perish at sea. Actuated by those generous impulses which often induce men to risk their own lives to save those of others, three neighbors—Messrs. Gilbert, Cousins, and Belden—took a light boat and started in search of the wanderer. They met the deer returning, but could see nothing of their neighbor and friend. They made stretches off shore in the probable range of the fugitive, until they reached a distance of five or six miles from land, when, meeting with a heavy sea in which they deemed it impossible for a canoe to live, and seeing no signs of it on the vast expanse of waters, they reluctantly, and not without difficulty and danger, returned to shore, and Sweatland was given up as lost. Meantime the object of their search was laboring at his paddle, in the vain hope that the wind would abate, or that aid might reach him from the shore. One or two schooners were in sight in the course of the day, but notwithstanding he made every effort to attract the attention of their crews, he failed to do so. For a long time the shore continued in sight, and as he traced its dim and fast-receding outline, and recognized the spot where stood his cabin, within whose precints were the cherished objects of his affections, now doubly dear from the prospect of losing them forever, he felt that the last tie which united him in companionship with his fellow men was about to be dissolved, and the world, with all its busy interests, forever hidden from his sight. Fortunately he possessed a cool head and a stout heart, which, united to a considerable share of physical strength and power of endurance, eminently fitted him for any emergency. He was a good sailor, and his experience taught him that "while there was life there was hope." That experience taught him also, as the outline of the far off shore disappeared from his sight, that his only expedient was to endeavor to reach the Canada shore, a distance of fifty miles. It was now blowing a gale, and the sea was evidently increasing, so that it required the most incredible exertion on his part to trim his uncouth vessel to the waves. He was obliged to stand erect, and move cautiously from one end to the other, well aware that one lost stroke of the paddle, or a tottering movement, would bring his voyage to a sudden termination.—Much of his attention was likewise required in bailing out the canoe, which he managed to do with one of his shoes, a substantial pair of stogies. Hitherto he had been blessed with the light of day, but to add to his distress, night was fast approaching, when he could only depend upon a kind Providence to guide him over the dark waste of waters. The sky, too, began to be overcast, and an occasional star which glistened through the haze was all the light afforded him through that long and fearful night. Wet to the skin by the constant dashing spray; part of the time in the water half way up to his knees; so cold that his blood seemed chilled in his veins, and almost famished with hunger, he felt that death was preferable to such long continued suffering, and nothing but the thought of his family sustained him in his exertions to keep his boat trimmed and headed for the land. When morning dawned the outline of the Canada shore greeted his eyes, and he found he had made land in the vicinity of Long Point. Here he met with another difficulty, in an adverse wind and heavy breakers, but the same hand which had sustained him thus far guided him in this emergency, and after thirty hours of unremitting and incredible exertions, he succeeded in landing in safety. What his emotions were on again treading the "green and solid earth," we shall not attempt to inquire; but his trials were not yet ended. He found himself, faint with hunger, and exhausted with fatigue, at the distance of forty miles from any human habitation, while the country that intervened was a desert, filled with marshes and tangled thickets, from which nothing could be obtained to supply his wants. These difficulties, together with the reduced state of his strength, made his progress toward the settlement slow and toilsome. On his way he found a quantity of goods which had been thrown ashore from the wreck of some vessel, which, although they afforded him no immediate relief, were afterward of material service. After a long and weary march through the wilderness he arrived at length in the settlement, where he was received and treated with great kindness and hospitality by the people. When his strength was sufficiently recruited, he procured a boat and went in search of the goods. These he found and brought off. He then started overland for Buffalo, where he disposed of part of his treasure, and with the proceeds furnished himself with a complete outfit, and finding the Traveler, Captain Charles Brown, from Conneat, in the harbor, he engaged passage on board of her. The captain and crew had heard of his disappearance, and looked upon him as one risen from the grave. His story was so astonishing as scarcely to be credible, but as he was there in person to verify it, it could not be doubted. Within a day or two he was on his way to join his family, who, he was informed by the captain, had given him up for dead, and were wrapped in the deepest despair. His feelings can be easily imagined as he approached the vicinity of that home which he had never expected again to behold. When the packet arrived opposite the house, the crew gave three long, loud, and hearty cheers, and fired guns from the deck in token of joy, which led his family to anticipate his return. On landing, he found that his funeral sermon had been preached, and had the rare privilege of seeing his own widow clothed in the habiliments of deep mourning.

A Contented Man.

[illegible] which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavor of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, fluttering about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames, and now and then eyeing the buxom nursery-maids with what might be mistaken for an air of libertinism.

Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked hat of the *ancien regime*; his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly savoring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility, and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however, that he seldom kissed a child without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex.

I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

Where there is a favorable predisposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established.

I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good-humored remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuileries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of everything. He was secretly denounced by his own steward during a sanguinary period of the revolution, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbors having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich.

When he reached London he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its color he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-colored box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre!

He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting, and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognize an old friend and neighbor in the very act of extorting music from a huge violoncello.

As soon as the evening's performance was over he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a means of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received, and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth.

Here therefore he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself, by the exercise of their talents. They associated together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavored to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London.

They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurateur in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, where they were served with a caricature French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavored to fancy it the Tuilleries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to everything but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens*; and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of a few years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood.

The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several [illegible] francs, [illegible] independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily.

As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hotel garni*, he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favorable terms; among them was a favorite opera dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the revolution. She had been a protegee of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favorites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shrivelled, little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose.

The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees: he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm, for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty he made light of it, and indeed had a good-humored way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors, and I defy the grand seignior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end: I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good humor, when I think upon the various risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy, I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune.

Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher, and it is the picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them, but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune, and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found, what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.

The value of a good constitution—like a money box—is not known till it is broken.

The Philadelphia Press learns that Thomas Washington Smith, who was acquitted of the murder of Richard Carter, on the ground of insanity at the time of the commission of the act, is now a confirmed maniac. His condition is a source of much regret to his friends.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer estimates the live stock in the Union, as follows: Cattle of all kinds $18,378; horses and mules 4,896,050; sheep 21,722,220; swine 30,334,213; Total value $655,883,658.

The Houston (Texas) Republic, gives the following notice of a persevering pedestrian:—We have met an individual who had traveled on foot from Montreal, Canada, to Houston, Texas, a distance of perhaps 2,500 miles. In most cases he journeyed along the banks of rivers, and when he crossed from Louisiana to Texas he found the prairie covered with water between the line and the turn of Liberty. This gentleman spoke in the highest terms of the hospitality of the people along the whole route. He had served in Sir Lacy Evan's Brigade in Spain, during the war between Don Carlos and Queen Isabella. He was accustomed to carry a knapsack and preferred travelling on foot to any other way.

As Wombwell's larger collection of animals was entering Hartlepool, (Eng.) two of the elephants traveling abreast, attached to a large van, "Chubby" either fell or lay down on the ground, and before this was discovered, the horses drawing the van had dragged him a short distance, part of his body becoming "jammed" between the bottom of the van and the ground. He was speedily extricated, and restoratives applied, but the poor animal never rallied, and died where he had fallen, in about two hours. "Chubby" was the animal from the right side of which a tumor was removed, at Hull a short time since. He has never been quite well since, losing flesh; and last week the right leg was fomented. It is supposed that the cold weather affected him, and hastened his death. He was about twenty years old.

The engineers and firemen of the Housatonic Railroad have been competing with each other, to see who could run the greatest number of miles with the smallest amount of wood. On Thursday one of the locomotives, with the regular passenger train, ran one hundred and four miles, consuming only one cord of wood.

The trial of Mrs. Julia M. Dewey, alias Lewis, for horse stealing, came off on Friday afternoon at Oswego, N. Y. The prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to three years and two months' imprisonment in Sing Sing prison. The Times says the beauty of the fair criminal had no effect [illegible] the jury.

On a recent visit to the Lancaster (Pa.) prison, it was found that Richards, the murderer, by means of his contribution box, has made about fourteen dollars, which he intends to appropriate for the expenses of his burial. Anderson, his companion in crime, has already received over forty dollars, a great part of which he has given to his wife. Richards will give his money to his brother John, who intends to have him decently interred.

Some months ago, Charles Morey, an American inventor was imprisoned at Paris, and while gazing out of the window of the prison, was suddenly shot dead by a soldier on guard below. The soldier had misconstrued the orders of his superior officer. Through the efforts of the American Minister, Mr. Mason, the French Government has lately been induced to grant to Mrs. Morey, the widow, the sum of $15,000, as indemnity money for the loss of her husband.

Orders are out to the 20,000 mayors of the various communes of France to deliver no passports without the personal attendance of the individual, whose personal peculiarities are to be more carefully depicted, specifying all the distinguishing marks of the physiognomy.

Late accounts from Port au Prince, Hayti, represent that city, and indeed the whole island, as suffering terribly from the combined effects of a financial crisis and a small-pox epidemic. The harbor of Port au Prince, however, was tolerably healthy.

Conrad Pleister, a brewer at St. Louis, made a wager that he could uplift a half barrel of beer by his teeth. Whilst endeavoring to do so he had his upper jaw broken in so fearful a manner that it is expected he will die of his injuries.

William Walls, a soldier of the Revolution, died in Waterford, (Conn.,) on Saturday the 20th ult., aged over 100 years. He was buried on Monday following with all the honors of war.

In Little Compton, R. I. on Sunday last, there was a snow storm which continued for about two hours. Some snow fell in Dartmouth, Mass., at the same time.

The bill for imposing a tax upon oysters was laid on the table in the Virginia House of Delegates on Monday, by a decided vote.

The laborers employed on the West Philadelphia Passenger Railway are upon a strike, and a force of policemen is requisite to restrain them from rioting.

There are in the city of New York nearly forty thousand women who sew for a living. About thirteen thousand of these are shirt-makers, eleven thousand tailoresses and vest-makers, four thousand four hundred cloak and mantilla-makers, three thousand dress-makers and milliners, besides those employed in other branches of needle-work. Most of these women have been out of employment during the past winter; only about three thousand of them, it is said, have had work to do during this period. Shirt-makers generally receive twenty-five cents a day.

Cincinnati owes a debt of $3,869,000, and owns property valued at about $6,500,000.