

Raffsman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY HANNAH F. COULD.
Old Winter is coming again—alack!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back—
He's a sassy old chap to white and to black—
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold country.
A witty old fellow this Winter is—
A mighty old fellow for gloom!
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss,
The wrinkled old maiden mist to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this
Is the way with such fellows as he?
Old Winter's a frolicsome blade, I wot—
He is wild in his humor, and free!
He'd whistle along for the want of his thought,
And set all the warmth of our fires at naught,
And rattle the lace by pretty girls' loughs—
For a frolicsome old fellow is he!
Old Winter is blowing his gust along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning till night he will sing his song—
Now moaning and howling, now howling and long—
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A wicked old fellow is he!
Old Winter's a wicked old chap, I wot—
As wicked as ever you'd see!
He withers the flowers so fresh and green,
And bites the port nose of the miss of sixteen,
As he triumphantly walks in maidenly shoes—
A wicked old fellow is he!
Old Winter's a tough old fellow for gloom,
As tough as ever you'd see!
He will trip up our trotters, and read our clothes,
And sift our limbs from fingers to toes—
He will nudge the cry of his friends to his face—
A tough old fellow is he!
A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He creeps in the crevices day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

ANTIQUITIES IN AMERICA.

Throughout the entire length and breadth of the country—washed, as it is by the waters of two mighty oceans, and abounding in natural resources—enormous beyond what is impossible to conceive—we find much to admire in the aspect and beauty of nature, and what we travel from the distant shores of Maine and New Brunswick to the golden sands of California, and the shores of the great Pacific, or from the bright crystal lakes of Minnesota to the orange groves of Florida, we behold throughout the immense extent, the features of nature, grand and beautiful in every form and aspect. The mineralogist, the geologist, the naturalist, the botanist, and even the antiquarian, have all a rich field here.

Strange as it may appear, America abounds in antiquities, so extensive, so beautiful and majestic, as to rival those of Thebes or Nineveh. Ruins of ancient cities, of immense extent; fortifications, mounds and pyramids; temples with walls built of heavy stone showing a refined taste in architecture—and adorned with human figures beautifully executed; large alters ornamented with hieroglyphics, probably giving a record of those who reared them, but which no man has been able to decipher; remains of ancient palaces, with beautiful specimens of sculpture and painting, with many other marks of ancient greatness, prove to us that this is not a new world, but that a powerful empire existed at a very remote period of time, teeming with a population highly skilled in arts, and in a state of civilization far beyond anything we have been led to conceive of the aborigines, previous to the discovery of the continent by Europeans.

The antiquities of America extend from the eastern shores of Maine and Massachusetts to the Pacific, and from the great lakes and British dominions, to Peru and La Plata in South America; in fact, throughout the extent of both continents. Immense forests grow over the ruins of large cities, and the gigantic size of the trees, with indications that other generations of trees sprung up and grew before them, proves that the ruins were in existence before the Christian era. In every portion of the United States interesting ruins have been discovered. In the State of New York have been found sculptured figures of one hundred animals of different species, executed in a style far superior to anything exhibited by any of the existing tribes of Indians. The State of Ohio abounds in ruins of towns and fortifications, with extensive mounds and pyramids. At Marietta, and in Missouri, beautiful pottery, silver and copper ornaments, and pearls of great beauty and lustre, have been dug from the earth. In the caves of Tennessee and Kentucky, mummies have been found, in a high state of preservation, clothed with cloths and skins of various texture, inland with feathers. Like discoveries have been made at Carleton near Milwaukee, in the State of Wisconsin—ruins of huge fortifications appear. Similar ruins appear in the State of Missouri. On the south side of the Missouri river, in the western portion of the State, is an enclosure of some five hundred acres, which includes the ruins of a building (no doubt ancient tower) with walls over one hundred feet high, and eighty feet wide at the base, attached to which are a redoubt and citadel, with work much resembling the structure of a tower in Europe. But it is in the south of Mexico that magnificent and beautiful ruins present themselves in abundance. Ruins of majestic cities and magnificent temples and altars, with beautiful works of sculpture, tastefully wrought; palaces adorned with paintings—colors chiefly sky-blue and light green—which show by their richness and elegance, to be the work of highly cultivated people.

These ruins, majestic and beautiful in appearance, but overgrown with thick forests of mahogany and cedar of immense dimensions

and great age, prove to the world that a great empire existed here at a very remote period of time, and that this empire teemed with an immense population, a people skilled in the mechanical arts, and in advanced state of cultivation. The most extensive ruins are to be found at Uxmal and Palenque, in the south-east of Mexico. At Uxmal are immense pyramids, coated with stone, and quadrangular stone edifices and terraces. The highest of these pyramids is 130 feet, and on the summit it supports a temple; on one of the facades of the temple are four human figures, cut in stone, with great exactness and elegance. The hands are crossed upon the breast, the head is covered with something like a helmet, about the neck is a garment of the skin of an alligator, and over each body is a figure of a death's head and bones.

At Palenque—a city of great extent—are immense ruins, with the remains of a royal palace. One temple, that of Copan, 520 feet by 600, and supposed to have been as large as St. Peter's at Rome. Another temple of great dimensions is here, having an entrance by a portico one hundred feet long and ten feet broad; it stands on an elevation of sixty feet. The pillars of the portico are adorned with hieroglyphics and other devices. Different objects of worship have been found—representations of the gods who were worshipped in this country. These temples, with fourteen large buildings, and many other objects of curiosity, stand here as monuments of ancient greatness, to remind us of the remote origin of a mighty empire. The city has been described as the Thebes of America, and travellers have supposed that it must have been sixty miles in circumference, and contained a population of 5,000,000 souls.

Centuries must have elapsed, and dynasties succeeded each other, before such orders of architecture were introduced, and a great length of time must have passed before an empire would become sufficiently powerful to erect such temples, and possess a city of such vast extent. In looking back to the past we feel interested in the imagination that this people once in the noonday of glory, enjoying all the fruits and luxuries of an advanced civilization; but when we behold these ruins, a melancholy reflection must at once seize our minds. On the ground where once nations met in their strength and power, will be seen now ruins, and venomous serpents wind their way; and over these vast cities, where once the busy hum of industry and the voice of merriment resounded, grows the vast cedar, on whose branches the owl chatters discordant notes and the bat sleeps at midnight. In this country is exhibited the largest pyramid in the world—that of Cholula, near Puebla. It covers 41 acres, and is 230 feet high, on its summit was a temple, and in the interior has been discovered a vault, roofed with beams of wood, containing skeletons and idols; several smaller pyramids surrounded this large one. It appears to have been formed by cutting a hill into an artificial shape. Its dimensions are immense, being nearly three miles in circumference, and about 400 feet high. It is divided into terraces and slopes, covered with platforms, stages and bastions, elevated, one above the other, and are formed with large stones skillfully cut and jointed with cement. In some respects the style of architecture resembles the Gothic, being massive and durable, while in other respects it resembles the Egyptian—yet the general construction, manner and style of architecture is different from anything hitherto described in the world. In Egypt, hieroglyphics on stone denote remarkable events, which no one has yet been able to decipher.

A dark shade rests on the antiquities of America, and a few rays of light enliven the gloom. We have ancient history to inform us of the events of Egypt—how that empire was founded and how it prospered, and fell—we have the same record of Babylon, Nineveh, Greece, Rome, and Carthage; but not the least information have we relative to those who erected these cities, what people and whence they came; not a ray of light to dispel the dark gloom which seems to rest on the earliest history of America.

Architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the arts that adorn civilized life, have flourished in this country, at a period far remote. There is evidence sufficient to prove that these cities were in ruins at least sixteen or eighteen hundred years ago. In Palenque are the remains of an altar, over which grows an immense cedar, whose powerful roots enshrine it. The whole city is overgrown with mahogany and cedar trees, of enormous size. The concentric circles of some of these trees—the well known cycles for a year—have been counted, which showed they were more than 800 years old, and there were indications of another generation of trees having sprung up before them. How few reflect on the fact that America is an old dominion—the seat of an ancient, mighty empire. These facts are opening themselves every day to the eyes of the astonished world, and it is to be hoped that the spirit of inquiry, which seems at present to animate all classes of learned men, may throw light on the early history of this remarkable region.

The following is on a tombstone in Ireland:—
"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

COL. YELL'S FIRST COURT.

When Colonel Archibald Yell, afterwards killed at the battle of Buena Vista, had taken his seat for the first time upon the bench, in Arkansas, the bar was composed of a set of lawyers who had always brow-beaten his predecessors and had their own way. Judge Yell determined to put a stop to this. The first case on the docket was called, and the plaintiff stood ready. It was a case that had been in litigation for five years. General Smoot arose for the defendant, and remarked in an overbearing tone:

"Our witnesses are absent, and, therefore, I demand that the case be continued until next term, in course."

"Let the affidavit be filed, for not until then can I entertain a motion for continuance," was the reply of the Judge.

"Do you doubt my word as to the facts?" Gen. Smoot exclaimed sharply, and involuntarily raised his huge sword cane.

"Not at all," replied the Judge with his blandest smile; "but the law requires that the facts justifying a continuance must appear on record, and the court has no power to annul a law, nor any will to see it annulled."

The Judge's calm and business like tone and manner only served to irritate the bully, and he retorted, shoving his sword cane in the direction of the bench. "Whatever may be the law, I, for one, will not learn it from the lips of an upstart demagogue and a coward!" Judge Yell's temper was a little moved at this reply, but he only turned to the clerk, and said "Clerk, you will enter a fine of fifty dollars against Gen. Smoot, as I see him named on my docket, for gross contempt of court; and be sure you issue an immediate execution."

He had hardly communicated the order, when Gen. Smoot was rushing towards him, brandishing his sword cane. Every glance was fixed on the countenance of the Judge, for all wished to know how he would bear the shock of the duelist's fierce assault; but none however, could detect the slightest change in his appearance. He did not change color, nor did a nerve seem to tremble: his calm eye surveyed the advancing foe with little of perturbation. He sat perfectly still, with a little rod of painted iron in his hand. Smoot ascended the platform, and immediately aimed a tremendous blow at the head of his foe. At that blow all expected to see the victim's skull shivered to atoms. The general astonishment then may be conceived, when they beheld the little iron staff describe a quick curve, as the great sword-cane flew from Smoot's fingers, and fell with a loud clatter at the distance of twenty feet in the hall. The baffled bully uttered a yell, and snatched his bow-knife from his sheath, but ere it was poised for the desperate plunge, the little iron staff cut another curve, and the big knife followed the sword-cane. He then hastily drew a revolving pistol, but before he had time to touch the trigger his arm was struck powerless by his side. And then for the first time did Judge Yell betray perceptible emotion. He stamped his foot till the platform shook beneath him, and shouted in trumpet tones, "Mr. Clerk, you will blot this ruffian's name from the roll of attorneys, as a foul disgrace to the bar. Mr. Sheriff, take the criminal to jail." The latter officer sprang to obey the mandate, and immediately a scene of confusion ensued, which no pen can describe. The bravos and myrmidon friends of Gen. Smoot gathered around to obstruct the Sheriff, while many of the citizens lent their aid to sustain the authority of the court. Menaces, shouts, and curses were commingled. The new Judge used his little iron cane with terrible efficiency, crippling limbs, yet sparing life. The Sheriff, imitating the clemency of his honored friend, disdaining the use of either knife or pistol, actually trampled and crushed all opposition, singing out at every furious blow. "This is the way to preserve order in court!"—a sentiment which he accompanied with a wild peal of laughter. In less than two minutes the party of the Judge triumphed, the clique of Gen. Smoot suffered a disastrous defeat, and the bully himself was borne away to prison. Such was the debut of Archibald Yell in Arkansas; and from that his popularity as a man, as a Judge, as a hero and as a politician, went on rapidly increasing, till eclipsing the old and most powerful names, it set on the bloody eve of Buena Vista.

KANSAS.—The Special Session of the new Territorial Legislature of Kansas, called by acting Governor Stanton, has been held; and we believe it is hardly pretended that its acts contravene the pledges made by the leading Free-State men to Stanton to induce him to call it. The Legislature has provided for a fair and full submission on the 5th January of the Constitution lately framed at Leecompton—such a submission as Mr. Buchanan says he would have preferred, and Mr. Douglas says must be had—enacted stringent provisions against illegal voting and fraudulent returns—provided for an organization of the Militia, which will render it difficult for the invading Border Ruffians of Missouri hereafter to pretend to be Militia of Kansas—and resolved in favor of the Topeka as against the Leecompton Constitution.

The vote at the election on the 21st was meagre, and the Leecompton Constitution with Slavery was adopted by a large majority.

A LADY FREE MASON.

The Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger was the only female ever initiated into the ancient mystery of Freemasonry. How she obtained this honor we shall lay before our readers. Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, was a very zealous Mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened a Lodge at the Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting; and it is said that never were the Masonic duties more rigidly performed than by them. Previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge-room. This room, at the time, was undergoing some alterations—among other things the wall was considerably reduced in one part. The young lady having heard the voices of the Free Masons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors and witnessed the ceremony through the first two steps. Curiosity satisfied, fear at once took possession of her mind. There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt to escape that way; and with a light and trembling step glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the door, and gently opening it, before her stood a grim looking Tyler, with a drawn sword.

A shriek that pierced through every apartment, alarmed the members of the Lodge who all rushed to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the paroxysm of their rage, resolved on her death; but from the moving supplication of her younger brother, her life was saved on condition of her going through the whole of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials, which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution; little thinking that they were talking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect lustre on the annals of Masonry. The lady was cousin to Gen. Anthony St. Leger, Governor of St. Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doncaster St. Leger stakes. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the Free Masons with her apron and her insignia of Free Masonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on these occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of every lodge in Ireland.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

CALVES AND YOUNG CATTLE.—Calves must have good keeping through the first winter or they will prove small and inferior cattle. The best of hay should be fed to them and in the fore part of the winter, they should have fine rowen. In the latter part they will be older and more able to manage common merchantable hay. They require less warmth than cows and old cattle, and they are frequently kept in open sheds. But they need something in our long winters in addition to good hay. They are more often costive than older cattle, and they need something to counteract this tendency. A little meal given daily will do them no harm—oats and Indian are the best. But roots of all kinds are good. Apples are good for them, but apples should be crushed. It is not a good idea to tie the calves by the head in stalls. Three or four of them may be kept in a pen loose without risk, as they cannot use their horns with much effect. When kept in pens they require a great deal of care to keep them clean and dry. It is surprising to see what a quantity of good manure may be made in a winter from a few calves. In many places leaves may be gathered rapidly at this season by the roadside, and we see no better way to dispose of them than to put them in the calf pen. If you have no calves put the leaves into the hog pen for nests.

Yearling cattle are wintered at less expense, and our farmers here prefer to buy such in preference to calves. But calves must be wintered somewhere, and farmers in the far interior are unwilling to sell very low after the first winter. Young cattle more than a year old will live on straw and poor hay, but they look better in the spring when they have had roots and hay. Water in abundance should always be supplied, and the water should be brought to the cow yard.—*Mass. Plowman.*

Why was Gen. William Walker sent to New York, to be transported at public expense to New Orleans, instead of being forwarded direct to the place of his final destination? Was it to allow him the opportunity of consulting with his friends in this region and at Washington before going through the comedy of a trial for the violation of the neutrality laws, in which he is to take a part at New Orleans? And how long is it likely he will be allowed to remain in Washington in charge of a United States Marshal, all at the cost of the Federal Treasury? There are some curious things in this world, which are not so well understood by outsiders as by those who are within the curtain.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

STRAY SKETCHES.—NO. 1.

EDITOR OF RAFFSMAN'S JOURNAL:—I have the honor, not misfortune, as some are disposed to think, of belonging to that much-abused class, ye old maids. I am free to confess that I am a fair specimen—tall, "lean and lank" as a Cassius, thin lips, grey eyes, sharp nose, ditto temper, and all those other peculiarities which are said to belong to the "tribe." I am candid, so that you may know what sort of customer you have to deal with on this occasion.

There—I have introduced myself to you. I have, perhaps, done it bluntly, but I trust you will not consider me rude—for prudery, you have doubtless already observed, is not in the question. That is an element altogether foreign to my nature. I wish it were so with the great mass of the sex to which I belong. It is really disgusting to witness the pranks of some of the weaker "human vessels" in this respect. I have seen them flare up and threaten a gentleman with their eternal displeasure, for having, unconsciously in all probability, said or done something which, in company, they feigned had shocked their extremely sensitive nerves and super-exalted ideas of refinement and propriety. And yet these same ladies will indulge in all the frivolous contrivances of fashion, no matter how unbecoming and indecicate they may be. Whenever I see such occurrences, I am forced to believe in the truth of the adage that it is "evil to her who evil thinks."

I have no doubt, that by such plain talk as this I will stir up the wrath and indignation of some whom "the shoe fits"—perhaps, get fits from them, and provoke a smile to the face of male bipeds, many of whom seem to be vying with each other in their efforts to imitate the monkey, or some other representative of the ape tribe. Whenever I see one of these hairy-faced creatures, I involuntarily think of what a young lady acquaintance compared one of these whiskered, perfumed and fashionable specimens of humanity, to. She said he was "the very personification of a big rat." Just think of a frill of grizzly hair encircling the chin, a lappet of the same material flapping over the mouth, head thrown back like that of a dying calf, eyes straining to get a glimpse of the earth, trying to look as wise as an owl, and then tell me if the comparison is a bad one.

But, Mr. Editor, I must close. I may hereafter trouble you with some more of the gossip of
AN OLD MAID.

Cat Retreat, January 1, 1858.

THE RIGHT TALK.—A plain spoken writer gives the following advice to those young men who "depend on father" for their support, and take no interest whatever in business, but are regular drones in the hive, subsisting on that which is earned by others:
"Come, off with your coats, clinch the saw, the plow handles, the axe, the pick-axe, spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood! Fly around and tear your jacket, rather than be passive recipients of the old man's bounty! Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potato patch—let yourself to stop hog holes, or watch the bars; and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. Get up in the morning—turn round at least twice before breakfast—help the old gentleman—give him now and then a generous lift in business—learn how to take the lead, and do not depend forever on being led; and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new earth, wake to a new destiny—and you may then begin to aspire to manhood. Take off, then, that ring from your little finger, brake your cane, shave your upper lip, wipe your nose, hold up your head, and by all means never again eat the bread of idleness, nor depend on father."

A RICH LETTER.—The following letter was sent by a father to his son at college:

"My dear son: I write to send you two pair of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks that your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you may not use it wisely, I have kept back half and only sent you five. Your mother and I are well except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other girls, if Tom had not them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings, if not, then you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

HERE is a fact exceedingly Frenchy. The great dry goods store under the Hotel du Louvre, in Paris, announces, in the editorial column of a journal, that an order has been issued in that store that hereafter the clerks who show ladies up stairs will invariably precede instead of follow them. The reason of this singular announcement is because many ladies—probably American or English—complain that the clerks follow a few steps behind in order to enjoy certain advantages afforded by their hoops!

It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States \$12,000,000 annually; the criminals, \$40,000,000; the lawyers, \$70,000,000; and liquor, \$200,000,000.

COURTING IN CALIFORNIA.

A writer in the Golden Era, gives the following as his experience: "In the summer of 185-, I crossed the plains in company with Capt. B. and family, and fell deeply in love with his daughter. We arrived in the mines, and separated. I intended to make a pile soon, and claim her hand. I worked six months, and found my worldly effects to amount to one very poor mule and the clothes on my back, viz: a gray shirt, the buckskin pants I crossed the plains in, and a pair of old shoes and a wool hat. My pants terminated about half way from the knees to the shoes—no socks. I concluded I would wait no longer—must see my girl, and know if she still waited patiently. Mounted the mule and rode thirty miles—got there after supper—had no dinner—too bashful to call for supper. At the proper time I went to bed, and put my pants in a crack between the logs to keep out the wind. There being but one room in the house, I thought to rise before the family; but oh, horror! my pants had been pulled out by the calves, which ran around the house, I laid low—women got up and got breakfast, and left the room, evidently for me to rise; but did I not feel like it. Captain called out 'Ferguson, (I used that for short) get up; breakfast is ready.' I told him I did not feel well—had a heavy chill during the night, and would prefer lying abed. Breakfast over, they all left the house to milk. 'Now' said I, 'Fergy, here is your show for breakfast.' Got up, but found every thing at naught, and retired again. The old Captain soon came in with a large bucket of milk, set it down, and left. I jumped up and eagerly thrust my head into the milk, when I heard a noise at the door. I started for the bed, and ran my head under the bale of the bucket—extricated myself as soon as possible, and broke for the bed. I could not see who it was, as they were in the rear; but I heard the girls giggle distinctly. The old man soon came in with the buckskins chawed off to the knees. I took them, put them on, found my mule as soon as possible, and left. I have never been courting since, and, no doubt, will die an old bachelor. I saw old Captain afterwards. He asked me very kindly to give them a call, and said grinningly, 'we have a corral now, away from the house, that will keep the calves.'"

CHINESE RELIGION.—A missionary, long resident in China, says:—The priests of both these sects (Buddhists and Tairists) shave their heads, wear a peculiar garb, and are forbidden to marry. Both sects have monks who shut themselves up in cells to exclude worldly objects; and nuns who take vows of chastity, and shut themselves up like the monks. In their worship, they have the same mummeries and manoeuvres, bowing and genuflections, marching and countermarching.

It is stated that the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre is Jeremiah Spencer, now of Torrington, Conn., eighty-eight years old, and in full possession of all his faculties, mental and physical. The massacre took place eighty years ago, but Mr. Spencer remembers his passage down the ladder from the chamber where he slept, in his mother's arms, and their flight into the wilderness.

Fawns.—Col. Geo. Nelson Smith, editor of the *Mountain Echo*, at Johnston, a short time since presented to the State two beautiful Fawns, a Buck and Doe, raised by a gentleman in Cambria county. They have been placed in the enclosed grounds at the Capitol at Harrisburg, where they are to remain, lively evidences of the good taste and liberality of the donor.

THREE is a family of twelve brothers and sisters, all of whom are married and live within a few miles of each other, in Franklin co., Mass., who, with their mother and their own children make a family of sixty persons.—They all met around a common board last Thanksgiving day, according to their usual custom.

"What does the minister say of our burying ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbor. "He don't like it at all; he says 'he never will be buried there as long as he lives.'" "Well!" says Mrs. Hines, "if the Lord spares my life I will."

On the Monongahela river, above Brownsville, a man named Clark rescued another named Brown, from drowning, and then swimming after an oar that had been dropped, was drowned himself.

A Quaker once hearing a person tell how much he felt for another who was suffering, and needed pecuniary assistance, dryly asked him, "Friend, hast thou felt in thy pocket for him?"
Fife and Charlotte Jones, two of the Wilson murderers, are to be executed on the 12th of February, and Stewart of the same gang, on the 26th of February.

A silver mine has been discovered in Alabama, which had been waited up with solid masonry, and is supposed to have been worked hundreds of years ago.

The richest man in England is the Marquis of Westminster. His property is estimated to be worth \$150,000,000. His annual income is \$5,500,000.