

# The Princeton Transcript,

AND BLENHEIM AND BURFORD ADVOCATE.

PRINCETON, N. J., MAY 23, 1867.

NO. 8.

VOLUME 1.

## Poetry.

### DEPARTED.

The river flow'd past with the light on its breast,  
And the weeds went eddying by,  
And the round red sun sank down in the west  
When my love's lips to my lips were prest  
Under the evening sky.  
Not weeping alone by the river I stray,  
For my love has left me this many a day,  
Left me to droop and die!

As the river flow'd then, the river flows still,  
In ripple and foam, and spray,  
On by the church, and round by the mill,  
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,  
And the heart is given away!

Oh, river, run far! Oh, river, run fast!  
Oh, weedy, float out to the sea!  
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past  
As the hopes that like bread on the water-lark  
Have drifted away like these!  
So the dream is fled, and the day it is done,  
And my lips still murmur the name of one  
Who will never come back to me!

## Miscellaneous.

### GOSSIPING NEIGHBORS;

#### OR,

#### A MONSTER UNVEILED.

"Poor thing! I do feel for her, though she is a person I never saw; yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but—"

"Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed."

"But what could have induced a girl to be herself to such a man?"

"Well, I don't know; the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a man with his habits, if she had known them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he would conduct himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch, I have no patience with him!"

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright clean-windowed, gaudy-colored houses, which form a row of shops in the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other her guest, a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friends, and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa exact opposite, but apparently the abode of great wealth.

The following morning Mrs. Bray and her guest Mrs. Clayton were at the windows of the parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Williams, when the door quietly opened, and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

"There she is, poor soul," cried Mrs. Bray; "only look so carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she may make even in the street may wake the fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation."

Mrs. Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed her, this quiet looking, broken-spirited wife, investigating the whole figure, from the neatly trimmed straw hat, to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious interested gaze on the house opposite, she said,

"And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to act in such a way I am sure I couldn't endure it a week."

"It does seem scarcely intelligible," answered Mrs. Bray, "but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself—for without any wish to pry we can see straight through her house, from front to back—suppose to pay a visit to the neighbor, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her, by and by, return, looking up, as she approaches, to the bedroom; and if the blind be drawn up she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself 'how angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast! Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve, at noon, at two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner!"

"And when does he have his dinner?"

"Oh! his dinner; I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers,—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere but at home."

"And when does he come home generally?"

"At all hours. We hear him upon the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning. Indeed our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneaking in, pale and haggard, worn out with his horrid vigils, at an hour when decent people are seated at breakfast."

"I wonder if she waits up for him?"

"Oh, no, for we see the light of her solitary lamp in her room always as we are going to bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor thing! I don't know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature."

"Dear dear! it is terrible!" sighed the sympathizing Mrs. Clayton. "But does any one

visit them? Have they any friends do you think?"

"I don't think he can have any friends, the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people calling—stylish people, too—in carriages; and there is he, the wretch, often with half-stupid look, smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world."

"Has she any children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absence."

"No; even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her."

"My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy; let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal!"

The ladies of course set out; saw all the 'lives of bonnets' in Regent street; all the 'sacrifices' that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford street; bought a great many things 'less than half the original cost'; made calls; laughed and chattered away a pleasant exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping, crestfallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in—Road.

The next day a lady, a friend of Mrs. Clayton's, who had been out when she left her card the day before, called, and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs. Bray, and complimenting her on the situation of the house,

"I find you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Williams."

"Mrs. Williams?" exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity; "Mrs. Williams, Oh, how very singular that you should know her, poor miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about—"

"Poor—miserable! what can you mean? You mistake? My Mrs. Williams is the happiest little woman in London!"

"Oh, it cannot be the same," said Mrs. Bray; "I mean our opposite neighbor in Hawthorn villa; I thought it couldn't be—"

"Hawthorn villa! the very house. You surely cannot have seen her, or her husband, you?"

"Oh, the dreadful wretched gambling fellow! interrupted Mrs. Bray; 'I wouldn't know such a man—'

"It's a gambler! he is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!"

"My dear Mrs. Eccles, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means of living is gambling or something equally disreputable; who—"

"You have been most grievously misled, again interposed Mrs. Eccles; who can have so grossly slandered my excellent friend William! He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow! That may safely be called his misfortune, not his fault; and the good lady warned as she spoke, till she had to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing cheek with her hankerchief."

"His misfortune!" murmured Mrs. Bray; "How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help every day he pleases?"

"But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

"Then what, in heaven's name, is his business?"

"Why, don't you know? He is the Editor of a Morning Newspaper."

—Selected from the Scrap Book.

### SMART GIRLS.

At an examination in one of our young ladies' seminaries, the other day, the question was put to a class of little ones—

"Who makes the laws in our government?"

"Congress," was the ready reply.

"How is Congress made?"

"By the people," was the answer to the question; but the little girl to whom it was put failed to answer it.

Another little girl in the class raised up her hand, indicating that she could answer it.

"Well," said the examiner, "Miss Sallie, what do you say the division is?"

Instantly, with an air of confidence as well as triumph, the answer came—

### THE REJECTED BANK NOTE.

"What is the price of this dressing gown, sir?" asked a sweet faced girl, as she entered the elegant store of Huntley & Warner in a city, and a street of a city, which will be nameless. It was a cloudy day. The clerks lounged over the counters and yawned. The man to whom Alice Locke addressed herself, was jaunty and middle-aged. He was head clerk of the establishment of Huntley and Warner, and extremely consequential in manner.

"This dressing gown we value at six dollars on shall have it for three dollars," looked at her. He saw that her clothes though made and worn genteelly, were common enough in texture and that her face was very much out of the common line. How it changed! now shaded, now lighted by the varied play of her emotions. The clerk could have sworn that she had no more than that sum, five dollars, in her possession.

This gown is a very good for the price. It was of common shade, a tolerable merino lined with the same material.

"I think," she hesitated a moment, "I think I'll take it," she said; then seeing in the face before her an expression she did not like, she blushed as she handed out the bill the clerk had made up his mind to take.

"Jenny," cried Torment, the head clerk, in a quick pompous tone, "pass up the bank note detector."

Up ran the low headed boy with the detector and down ran the clerk's eyes from column to column. Then he looked over with a sharp glance and exclaimed,

"That's a counterfeit bill, Miss."

"Counterfeit! Oh, no, it can't be! The man who sent it could not have been so careless; you must be mistaken, sir."

"I am not mistaken, Miss. This bill is counterfeit. I must presume, of course, that you did not know it, although so much bad money has been offered to us of late that we intend to secure such persons as pass it. Who did you say sent it?"

"Mr. C—, sir, of New York. He could not send me bad money," said the frightened girl.

"Humph!" said the clerk. Well, there's no doubt about this; you can look for yourself. Now don't let me see you here again until you can bring good money, for we always suspect such persons as you find come on deck days with a well made story."

"But sir," said the girl, "you need make no explanations, Miss," said the clerk, insultingly. "Take your bill, and the next time you want to buy a dressing gown, don't try to pass your counterfeit money," and as he handed the bill it fell from his hands.

Alice caught it from the floor and hurried into the street.

Such a shock the girl had never received. She hurried to a banking establishment, found her way in, presented the note to a noble looking man with grey hair, faltered out, "Is this bill a bad one, sir?"

"The cashier and his son appeared to be the only persons present. Both noticed her extreme youth, beauty and agitation.

The cashier looked closely and handed it back, as with a polite bow and somewhat prolonged look, he said:

"It's a good bill, young lady."

"I knew it was," cried Alice, with a quivering lip—"and he dared—"

She could go no further, but entirely overcome she beat her head, and the hot tears had their way.

"I beg pardon, have you any trouble with it?" said the cashier.

"Oh, sir, will you excuse me for giving away to my feelings—but you spoke so kindly, and I felt so sure that it was good. And I think sir, such a man as one of the clerks in Huntley & Warner's should be removed. He told me it was counterfeit, and he added something I am glad my father did not hear."

"Who is your father?" asked the cashier, becoming interested.

"Mr. Benjamin Locke, sir."

"Benjamin—Ben Locke—was he ever a clerk in the Navy Department at Washington?"

"Yes, sir," said the cashier, "he has not been well, and we are somewhat reduced. Oh, why do I tell all these things, sir?"

"Ben Locke reduced!" murmured the cashier, the man who was the making of me! Give me the number and street, my child—your father was one of the best friends, perhaps the only one I had. I have not forgotten him. No 4 Liberty Street. I will call this evening. Meantime let me have the bill—let me see, I'll give you another. Since I have come to look I haven't got a five—here's a ten; we'll make it all right."

That evening the inmates of a shabby genteel house received the cashier of the bank. Mr. Locke, a man of gray hair, though numbered but fifty years, rose from his chair, and much affected, greeted the familiar face. The son of the cashier accompanied him, and while the elders were talking together, Alice and the young man grew quite chatty.

"Yes I have been unfortunate," said Mr. Locke, in a low tone. "I have just recovered, as you see, from an attack of rheumatic fever, caused by undue exertions, and had it not been for that sweet grief-misdeed, I know not what I should have done. She, by giving lessons, has kept me so far above want."

is in my gift and value at twelve hundred a year.

Pen cannot describe the joy with which his kind offer was accepted. The day of delivery.

On the following morning the cashier ordered the handsome head clerk, as usual, and inquired for the bill.

"Sir," said the cashier, "that's a bad note?"

"The cashier went to the door. From his carriage stepped a young girl in company with his daughter.

"Did you not tell this young lady, my ward, that this note was counterfeit? And did you not forget self-respect and the interest of your employers as to offer as usual?"

The man stood confounded—he dared not deny, he could say nothing for himself.

"If your employees keep you, sir, they will no longer have my custom," said the cashier sternly. "You deserve to be horse-whipped, sir."

The firm parted with their unworthy clerk that very day, and he left the store disgraced, but justly punished.

### STARVED TO DEATH.

The boy was starved—yes starved to death. Where?—who?—earnestly ask.

Listen. Do you see that little brown, low-roofed cottage close under the hill?

It's all alone. How sad everything around it looks! The once beautiful garden now full of noxious weeds; the gate hangs by one hinge; the blinds shake and swing this way and that in the wind; the windows are stuffed with rags and old torn hats; while the wind is blowing drearily through the old pine trees, sobbing wind and ghostly.

We approach the door—then enter. Ah! You shrink back from that bearded wretch, half covered with filthy rags, cowering and shivering in a mass of straw for there is no fire. There is no warm bed—no comfortable chairs; there is nothing but that horrid object on the floor. No wonder that you shudder back!

Youth, with fair, soft hair, bright eyes, ruddy cheeks, red lips, elastic, buoyant step, and free, glad heart, you had your companions to your sickening wretch.

And yet he was like you once!

"He?"

Yes, he was as fair, as well fed and clothed, as frechearted as you are now.

"How came he so, then?" you ask with a shuddering glance.

I will tell you.

When a child he lived in a large pleasant house in the country. His parents were as kind and loving as yours. As he grew up, every one said,

"What a noble man he will make!"

At the age of twenty he went from home to learn a trade in town. He got among vile companions, but he knew it not. He thought them good and pure as they at first seemed.

They drank wine, he drank with them. His appetite for drink grew upon him. His course was downward.

But he became acquainted with a pure noble young woman. Her love and the pledge and they were married. For a while he was happy.

But the appetite was not dead it only slept. In a moment of temptation he broke his pledge. From that time hope died out of him. The earnest appeals of his wife—the pale, supplicating face of his babe—the entreaties of friends were of no avail. Down—down—down—O, how fast did the demon hurry him! The Demon that destroys both soul and body—Intemperance.

His wife died broken-hearted but he paused not.

Long again his friends had ceased to trust him, and to satisfy his burning thirst he had sold everything—even his wife's Bible!

"The worst of all earthly friends—the rum seller, took his all greedily, forgetting the reckoning time."

We will now come to the end of this poor wretch.

### EXTEMPORANEOUS SURGERY.

Even young children should be taught how to act in some of the accidents of life which require surgical skill. The arteries of the body carry the life's blood from the heart. If one of these is ruptured for any cause, and the blood allowed to escape, the person will die within a few minutes sometimes, when the chief either of which are almost always at hand, his life might be saved. If the severed artery is the leg or arm, and their is no string at hand, tear a strip from any part of the clothing, tie it loose around the limb, pass the stick between the skin and the strip, and twist it round until the bleeding ceases. If a vein is wounded or cut, apply the dust from a tea-canister, or common cob-web, or even without these, wrap a strip of cotton cloth around moderately tight, and then another piece around that if the bleeding does not cease, let cold water run on the wound until it does, or until a physician arrives. But it is of vital importance to remember that the artery sends out blood by spurts and jets, and of a bright red character. If the blood comes from a vein, it flows slowly and evenly, and is of a dark red. But these directions will do no good unless it is especially noted that if the blood comes from an artery, the application of the string must be made above the wound, that is between the wound and the heart; if a vein has been wounded, and the same appliances needed, they must be made below the wound, or between the wound and the extremities. If an artery is cut in a part of the body where a string cannot be applied, hard pressure with the thumb at the spot above the wound, or the string would have been applied may save life. If struck or bitten by insect, snake, or animal, apply spirits of hartshorn very freely with a soft rag, because it is one of the strongest alkalies, and is familiar to most persons. The substance which causes the so-called poison from bites or stings, is so far as ascertained certainly acid. Hence the hartshorn antagonizes it in proportion to the promptitude with which it is applied. If no hartshorn is at hand pour a cup of hot water on a cup of cooking soda or saleratus, or even the ashes of wood just from the stove or fire-place. Because all these are strong alkalies, and hartshorn is only best because it is strongest. There is no conclusive evidence to believe that burning or cutting out a snake has ever done the slightest good. The proof adduced to show that they have been effectual is wholly of the negative character and therefore not decisive.—W. W. Hall, M. D.

### THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

Animals are invariably great pets with soldiers. In Austria almost every regiment had a dog, and we of course had ours. Hector had his peculiarities; he was attached to no one in particular, but always recognized a Jager by a friendly wag of his stump of a tail. He was a short, brown haired beast, of no particular breed, and he first joined us in the battle of St. Lucia. Whence he came no one knew, but he was ever to be seen in the thickest of the fight and firing, and before the end of it was severely wounded. He was considered to have shown great bravery; and was immediately voted into the Jager corps, and an honorary member of each mess-table. From that time, whicther mess Hector graced with his presence at the dinner hour (and he never failed to turn up at one or the other) the cook, after allotting the portions, always made one for Hector, and called out his name in turn with the others—a proceeding which the dog perfectly understood and listened for. Whenever any of the Jagers were mustered for parade, Hector always turned out and took up his position behind the commanding officer and in front of the staff trumpeter. On the occasion to which I have alluded, i. e., our final separation from the old companies, Hector, seeing that some movement was in contemplation, hurried on to the ground, but was not noticed till the last moment, when some of the men called him to accompany them back to quarters while we called him to go forward with us. The dog looked first at one and then at the other, with a profoundly reflective air; but observing that we were in full marching order, he decided, to our great joy, that duty required him to cast in his lot with us, and accordingly trotted cheerfully by our side during that long day's march. Those who hold the doctrine of the metempsychosis of souls would have little difficulty in believing that the spirit of a brave active and most thoughtful officer was imprisoned in Hector's poor ungodly form.

### REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

Brush a little of the fuzz from the wings of a butterfly, and let it fall upon a piece of glass. It will be seen on the glass as a fine golden dust. Slide the glass with it under a microscope, and each particle of dust will reveal itself as a perfect symmetrical feather. Give your arm a slight jerk, so as to draw a small drop of rain; mix the blood with a drop of vinegar and water, and place it upon the glass slide under the microscope. You will discover that the red matter of the blood is formed of innumerable globules or disks, which, though so small as to be separately invisible to the naked eye, appear, under the microscope, each larger than the letter of this print. Take a drop of water to the light, it will look little milky; but, on placing the smallest drop under the microscope, you will find it swimming about in it with the greatest vivacity. These animalcules exist in such multitudes that any effort to conceive of their number bewilders the imagination. They are the universe of created beings in the microscope. During the whole of man's existence on earth, while he has been fighting, taming and studying the lower animals which were visible to his sight, he has been surrounded by these other multitudes of earth's inhabitants without any suspicion of their existence! In the endless variety of form and structure they are bustling through their active lives, pursuing their prey, defending their persons, waging their wars, prosecuting their amours, multiplying their species, and ending their careers—countless hosts at each tick of the clock passing out of existence, and making way for new hosts that are following in endless succession.

### PIGEON SCOURGE IN THE WEST.

From the Dubuque (Iowa) Herald. We learn from reliable sources that the farmers of many of the western counties are much troubled with pigeons. In fact these birds have become a perfect scourge. Vast flocks have made their appearance, the grain in many places being literally darkened, and having migrated a long distance from the South they are very voracious. These flocks alight upon the fields of new sown grain, and rolling over and over like the waves of the sea, pick up every kernel of grain in sight. It is impossible to drive them away; they are unmindful of the firing of guns, throwing of stones, shouting of men or barking of dogs; and it is an easy task to kill any number of them with a long pole. One farmer residing two miles east of Independence, had sown 3 acres of wheat, and was preparing to harrow it, when the pigeons made their appearance and got upon every kernel before he could get it covered. Some fields containing 40 acres were absolutely covered with pigeons, and although the sportsmen waged an incessant warfare against them, and killed great numbers, their places were soon supplied with others. Hunting pigeons has lost the charm of novelty, and the main question is how to save the grain. With the present high price of seed wheat and its scarcity, this becomes a question of serious consideration.

### A SHIP OF DEATH FLOATS INTO A PORT OF THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the cursed laden ship with her crew of ghastly corpses, no more thrilling story of the sea has been related than that of the whole ship Diana, that recently drifted into one of the Shetland Islands.

A great number of vessels have to be towed a second time, and we hear of some farmers who are towing it the third time. From all accounts, the main deceptions of the feathered scourge appear to be confined to the region of country bordering the Waspinnicon, as but comparatively little damage is reported along the Cedar River.

Mr. Sothern, it is announced, is to play eight weeks in Paris during the Exhibition seven nights a week, for Sunday is the great play night in Paris. For this engagement he to receive 250 per night, or, in the aggregate, 22,800, equal to more than 213,000 in gold.

Love is not ripened in one day, nor many, nor even in a human life-time. It is the oneness of soul with soul in appreciation and perfect trust. To be blessed, it must rest in that faith in the divine which underlies every other emotion. To be true it must be eternal.

THE GOSPEL-GENERAL.—The Montreal Gazette understands that Lord Monk and family will leave England for Quebec on or about the first of June, and that they will occupy Spencer Wood until the Rideau Hall is completed.

The whole amount received by the Treasurer of the New York Southern Relief Association since its organization has been \$193,000, of which \$150,000 have been expended.

### BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

At the meeting of this body held in the Town Hall on Monday, May 13th, and following days, there were 41 applicants for certificates. Of these 24 retired, 11 were rejected as falling below the required standard, 8 received a first-class certificate, 10 a second A, and 6 a second B, and 4 a third-class. One undetermined for special reasons.

### FIRST CLASS—TELL RECALLED.

Mary Fritella, Ellen Archibald, Adelaide Dyke, Mary Nathan Bicknell, Angus L. Shattuck, John M. Fair, David Bean, William Smith.

### SECOND CLASS FOR ONE YEAR.

Elizabeth Gilbert, Catherine Henry, Anne E. Wilson, William Coutts, A. Fisher, John Sippell, Hugh C. Ross, Abraham Nash, James Winterbourne, P. M. McKay.

### SECOND CLASS FOR SIX MONTHS.

Emmanuel Brown, G. R. Patullo, Wesley Ribbourn, D. W. Malcolm, Jas. Allison, Gilbert S. Harris.

### THIRD CLASS FOR SIX MONTHS.

Mary Nasmith, William Johnston, Edmund Bertram, Edward Wilson.

Several papers rejected on account of want of merit would not, whatever might have been their character, have been received from their authors, in the judgement of the Board, having been guilty of copying.—See list.

### THE MYSTERY.

Two darlings had bought a mess of pork in partnership; but Sam having no place to put his portion in, consented to entrust the whole to Julius's keeping.

The next morning they met, when Sam said,

"Good mornin', Julius, anything happen strange or mysterious down in your vicinity lately?"

"Yass, Sam, most strange thing happen at my house yester-night. All mystery! All mystery to me!"

"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"

"Well, Sam, I tole you now. Dis mornin' went down in the cellar to get a piece of hog for dis darkey's breakfast, and I put my hand down into the brine and felt round, but no pork dere—'all gone, couldn't tell what went with it; so I turned up the bar!' an' Sam, as true as preachin', de rats had eat a hole clear from the bottom ob de bar! and dragged the pork all out!"

Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said—

"Why didn't the brine run out of the same hole?"

"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery! Dat's de mystery!"

### CANINE KINDNESS.

A day or two ago, a number of boys dragged down to the water-side a dog which they had received instructions to drown, and threw him into the water. The boatman's dog which happened to be standing by, jumped in and pulled the other dog out. The boys threw it in again, but the boatman's dog once more came to the rescue, and this time turned so graciously upon the boys that they were obliged to run away. Some kind hearted person who happened to witness this wonderful instance of the fidelity of a dog towards a persecuted member of its own species, picked up the poor half-drowned animal and carried it home.

During last week there were four hundred and five deaths in New York city and the public institutions, and one hundred and five in Brooklyn. The per centage in both cities, according to D. Harris, continues to show the deleterious effects of the present tenement house system. The presence of cholera is not reported in any of the large cities of Europe, and we may reasonably expect that the commercial towns in the Mississippi valley will be the only sources whence the pestilence can reach us this year.

The engineer of a saw mill in Minnesota, which was burned a few nights since, was awakened about midnight by the roaring of the flames, and discovered that his retreat was cut off by the fire. His only hope of life was to run some ten or twelve feet through the burning mass. He wrapped a blanket round his head, and protected the other parts of his body as well as he was able, and escaped amid the burning timbers three times before he escaped from his cruel prison.

The Foreign Missionary Society in 14 North has collected and disbursed \$22,000 within the last year, and the Home Society \$4,000.

The expense of publishing the New York Independent, over its income, during the twelve years of its existence, has been \$40,000.