

look on with new and constantly increasing delight."

This description itself is beautiful as well as the grand scene it sets before us. But the mistake, as above signified, is in attributing this beauty, this variegated appearance, to frost. It is the ripening of the leaves, that gives the crimson, golden, and other hues, as the blush of the peach, the crimson of the plum, the golden appearance of the apple, and not the result of frost, but the ripening of the fruit. The "frosty" fingers are indeed to those delicate classes of vegetation "fingers of death." At their touch, all this beauty, alike in fruit leaf, and flower disappears.

#### A LUCKY DREAM.

A correspondent of the United States Gazette gives the following curious account of the manner in which the mode of making round shot was originally discovered. We believe it will be new to many of our readers: My father was a plumber in this city, and for a long time could think of nothing but how to make round shot. Round shot was the burthen of the night as well as the day. One night he was awakened by a blow in the back from my mother, who exclaimed, "I have found out how to make round shot. I dreamed I was going into a shop to buy the child (myself) a hat, when, on hearing a hissing noise proceed from an inner room, I was informed that they were making round shot; on going in, I looked up, and saw a man pouring melted lead through a sieve at the top of the building, which fell into a tub of water on the floor, and on taking some of the shot into my hand, I found they were perfectly round!" My father exclaimed in ecstasy, "You have found it out." Immediately he set the melting-pot to work, and on pouring some of the lead from the top of the stairs he found the shot much rounder than any which he had before made. At daylight he poured some from the top of the leading tower in the city, succeeding much better; and on pouring some from the shaft of the mine he found that he had obtained "round shot."

#### THE JESUITS IN MEXICO.

Mexican papers bring us the intelligence that Santa Anna has formerly issued a decree establishing the order of the Jesuits in that republic, and restoring to them all estates, rents, rights, &c., which were possessed by them formerly. The decree is said to be most unpopular among all classes, and the most obnoxious act of Santa Anna's dictatorship—even the Roman Catholic Priests detest them there. One who has portrayed their character justly in times past, says of them:—

"Inflexible in nothing but in their fidelity to the church, they were equally ready to appeal in her cause to the spirit of loyalty and to the spirit of freedom. Extreme doctrines of obedience and extreme doctrines of liberty—the right of rulers to misgovern the people; the right of every one of the people, to plunge his knife in the heart of a bad ruler, were inculcated by the same man, according as he addressed himself to the subject of Philip or the subject of Elizabeth. Some described these men as the most rigid, others as the most indulgent, of spiritual directors. And both descriptions were correct. The truly devout listened with awe to the high and saintly morality of the Jesuit. The gay cavalier who had run his rival through the body, the frail beauty who had forgotten her marriage vow, found in the Jesuit an easy, well-bred man of the world, tolerant of the little irregularities of people of fashion. The confession was strict or lax, according to the temper of the penitent. His first object was to drive no person out of the pale of the church. Since there were bad people, it was better that they should be bad Catholics than bad Protestants. If a person was so unfortunate as to be a bravo, a libertine or a gambler, that was no reason for making him a heretic too."

#### Is Truth stranger than Fiction?

A Yankee Pedlar, who had stopped in a Coffee House to refresh himself, one hot day, (says the Yankee Blade,) heard a very sage-looking old gentleman remark, in answer to a friend who had been relating some marvelous story said to be true, "truly Truth is stranger than fiction. So Jonathan, stepped up and slapping the astonished gent on the back said, 'You're mistaken right thar, old hoss, 'tain't so—and to pruv it, I'll wager you juleps for the crowd that I can tell you one fiction thar'll

just go a leetle ahead of any truth as ever you heard tell on."

"Good!" said the old gentleman; "I'd like to hear any fiction that can go ahead of Christopher Columbus."

"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't a circumstance," said Jonathan; "but here goes."

"Onst I was standing by a river out in Sahara desert, what was dried up. The sun shone so all-fired hot, that I was obleeged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes to keep from bein' blinded; and as I was standin thar I happened to look down the river and seed a big boat without any bottom, come floating up the stream, with a hull lot of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eyes, 't'other no arms—another no legs, and the last chap in the stern of the boat, he had no mouth Gosh! I neaver seed sich a sight afore; I was scared like blazes—and jest stud and looked at 'em. Presently the chap as had no eyes looked down and seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the river and the feller wot had no arms leant over and picked it up, then handed to the chap who had no legs and he jumped out of the boat, waded to shore, went over to the grog-shop wot wasn't thar, bot a pint of wiskey, and handed it to the feller as had no mouth, and he drank it up; and all the rest got drunk—and the last I seed of them the feller wot had no mouth was singin.' Hail Columby; while the chap wot had no legs was dancin; the no-eyed chap was readin a text out on a psalm-book, and the feller who had no arms was clappin his hands and wavin his hat like blazes—and I left jest about that time. Whar's Christopher Columbus neow, old hoss?"

"Juleps for the crowd, and charge to me!" roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out of the back door.

CONSCIENTIOUS SOLDIERS.—There has been a general gathering of the U. S. troops destined for California, at the castle on Governor's island, in New York harbor. A few weeks since one fine Sunday morning, the soldiers numbering about four hundred were mustered in their best regimentals, and put under marching orders for the church on the island. Before entering the officer in command courteously halted the regiment, and gave permission to any who had conscientious scruples to leave the ranks. When the regiment again formed and proceeded on the march, it was found to number fifteen, there being three hundred and eighty five men who had scruples of conscience against entering the sanctuary! How many fish these absentees caught that forenoon we do not know; there were not probably fifteen among them who had conscientious scruples against baiting a hook.

FINDING A WIFE'S TONGUE.—Mr. H. affronted his wife who to punish him resolved to act dumb when he was present, and so well did she maintain her resolution that a week passed away and not a word did she utter in his presence. She performed her household duties as usual, but not a word did she speak. He tried to coax her out of the whim, but in vain. At last he tried the following plan to overcome her resolution, by working on her curiosity—the most ungovernable of female propensities.—Returning one evening from his employment his lady sat there as usual, mute. He immediately commenced a vigorous search around the room. The closet was examined the bedroom, drawers, boxes, shelves; everything that could possibly be thought of was overhauled.

His wife was struck with astonishment at his unaccountable behavior and so he proceeds in search. She became very nervously anxious to find out what he was in search of. What could it be? She looked in his face if possible to glean from his expression the object of his search, but no go he was as sober as a judge. He lifted the edge of the carpet, looked under the table cover and finally approached her chair looked under it, and even going so far as to brush her dress particularly aside, as if what he sought might be there. She could stand it no longer. She burst out—

"Bob, what are you looking for?"

He smiled and answered:

"Your tongue, and I've found it."

They are building a steamboat in Ohio, so long that it will take two captains to command her one at each end.

#### POLITICALLY DAMNED.

Mr. Vicker, Yankee Mac, "Comedian to the born Republicans," related the following good story to us during his stay in this city. It will serve to give some idea of the "principal ingredients" of success in political life away down South. It will be remembered by many persons about this neighborhood that McG., an Alabama Marshal, arrived at Cleveland about two years ago, in search of a fugitive from justice. He put up at the Weddell House, and during his stay there had a "difficulty" with a person who roomed with him one evening, in which McG. shot three times at his antagonist slightly wounding him the third time. He was immediately arrested and put in jail; on the morning the following scene took place in the prison:

A friend of the Marshal entered his cell, and found him seated, his head resting on his hands and looking like one who had entirely given up in despair.

Come, Mac," said the friend, "cheer up; the man is but slightly wounded, and the matter will not be prosecuted."

"Ruined! ruined! ruined!" groaned the Marshal, without ever changing his position.

"Ruined! bah!" returned his friend, "don't be a child; I tell you the wound is but slight besides it is an aggravated case, and had you killed him you would not have been ruined!"

"I know it," said the Marshal, suddenly starting up, "but three times! only think of it! to shoot three times at a man and not kill him! I am politically damned in Alabama!"

#### GOOD-BYE.

The editor of the Albany Register comments thus upon this simple word, so common, and yet so full of solemn and tender meaning:—"How many emotions cluster around that word! How full of sadness and to us, how full of sorrow it sounds! It is with us a consecrated word. We heard it once as we hope never to hear it again. We spoke it on an occasion such as we hope never to speak it again. It was in the chamber of death, at the still hour of night's noon. The curtains to the windows were all closed, the lights were shaded, and we stood in the dim and solemn twilight, with others around the bed of the dying. The damps of death were on her pale young brow, and coldness was on her lips, as we kissed her for the last time, while living. "Good-bye, my daughter," we whispered, and "Good-bye, father," came faintly from her dying lips. We know not if she ever spoke more but "Good-bye," was the last we heard of her sweet voice. We hear that sorrowful word often and often, as we sit alone, busy with the memories of the past. We hear it in the silence of the night in the hours of nervous wakefulness, as we lay upon our bed, thinking of the loved and lost to us. We here it our dreams, when her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in its loveliness and beauty. We here it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery where she sleeps, alone, with no kindred as yet by her side. She was the hope of our life, the prop to lean upon when age should come upon us, and life should be running to its dregs. The hope and the prop is gone, and we care not how soon we go down to sleep beside our darling, beneath the shadow of the trees in the city of the dead."

A little boy had disobeyed his mother by going in swimming. At night she said to him—"Edmond, how is it that the buttons are on the inside of your shirt collar?"

"I don't know: isn't that the way mother?"

"No, my son; you have disobeyed me I am sorry to see: you have been in swimming; else how could you have turned your shirt?"

"The little boy felt that his mother had spoken the truth, and was for a moment silent—however the satisfactory explanation, as he thought, soon occurred. With a triumphant look and bold voice, he replied:

"Mother, I—I—guess I turned it getting over the fence."

Plato says there is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of the truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

#### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Leaves, fancy stocks, and painted girls are falling.

"Are my steaks ready, fellow?" bawled a buck at an eating house. "No," replied the waiter, "but I perceive your chops are!"

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living who can remember.

A female writer says: "Nothing looks worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow us to observe that stockings which need darning look much worse than darned ones—darned if they don't!

It is announced for the benefit of those persons who did not get a sight at the comet, that it will again appear before the public for a few nights only, in the autumn of 2147.

ENCOURAGING TO YOUTH.—A writer in Putnam's Magazine says that "the man who will be President of the United States in 1900, is, in all likelihood, running barefoot at this moment among the whortleberry bushes of Oregon."

A CONUNDRUM.—A friend asked us, yesterday, why no man could possibly starve in the Great Desert of Sahara? We could not conjecture. "Because," said he, "of the sand—which is there."

#### SMALLEST SONG IN THE WORLD.

We three  
Brothers be  
In one cause—  
Bill puffs,  
I snuffs,  
John chaws.

"So you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner while dancing the polka a few evenings ago. "What would you take me for then?" "For better or for worse," replied he, quickly, and they were recently married.

"Was Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?"

"I should think he was," replied the gentleman, "as many persons endeavored to prevent his leaving: several of them, including the sheriff, his deputy and several constables, followed him for some distance."

One may pick up a joke at almost any time, says the Province Post:—A man with enormous feet was measured for a pair of boots, and inquired of the man when he would have them finished? "By Wednesday if it does not rain!" was the reply. "If it does not rain! What has rain to do with the boots?" "Why, do you suppose I could build a pair of boots for your feet in a house?"

ONE OF THE DOGS.—The Albany Knickerbocker gives an account of a wonderful dog, belonging to one of its carriers. The carrier falling sick, sent out a boy to deliver the papers, who, unacquainted with the round, was followed by the dog, who stopped at the door of every subscriber, never missing one in a list of six hundred. At the door of the subscriber who had not paid in a long time, the dog was heard to howl.

JOINING THE CHURCH.—An Irishman, in time of a revival, had joined the church.—some time afterwards, a piously-inclined, person was exhorting him on the subject of religion, when PAT indignantly answered:

"Sure, an didn't I jine the Met'odist?—Faix, and I did. I jined for six months, 'and behaved myself so well, they let me off at free!" —Knickerbocker.

GOOD.—We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age a short time ago. The subject of "wedding cake" had been introduced in the course of conversation in which the father was taking part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something: "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why so?" was the inquiry.

"Because," answered the little fellow, "you don't send me any of yours."