

**THE PRESS.**  
THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 2, '74.  
Gossip and Gleanings.

Considering that umbrella, it is odd to be informed that George Alfred Townsend doesn't believe in inflation.

Brotherly love is not the only kind they cultivate in Philadelphia. For 15,782 fond hearts were made to beat as 7,891 in that city last year.

Mr. Rumill flaunts his name with shameless effrontery as the editor of an Ohio paper; but he will encounter retribution just as soon as he proposes to present it to a crusader.

Somebody has been trying to kill James

The latest freak is a "flirtation" pocket-handkerchief, composed of grass muslin and faille silk, the latter for borders, in bright colors, stitched upon the edges in bands about the width of an ordinary hem-stitch.

John Fowler of Butler county, Pa., went to the war in 1862. Just got home. Wife has another husband and refuses to recognize him. Changed her name, but is Fowler than he ever thought of being. Offer

Theodore Tilton says it is the hardest thing in the world to bow and smile when a man weighing 200 pounds has stepped on your corn. It is a hard thing to do, certainly, says the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and the man who thus bows and smiles, when he feels infinitely more like lumping himself and howling profanely at that, is a fraud against which the law should protect us.

that their system of communism was "the most perfect democracy in existence, as it rated every one according to his or her merits, without any adventitious aids whatever. He thought there was a great need of social reform in England, and had no doubt that a community like ours would be tolerated in England, and mentioned the Agapemone as a case in point."

Said a member of the Mississippi Legislature: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! ain't I t'itled to de do'?" I got up, sah, next after Mr. Smith, who was next after Mr. Johnson, who was next after Mr. Brown, who came next to Mr. Burrus, who

who was next to Mr. Bates, who was next to Mr. Ball, who was next to Mr. Blue, who was next to Mr. Barclay, and, having understood here until they all got through, turned about, and now it's my time."

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From the New York Graphic.

**Adventures of a Slave Boy.**

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FROM A NORTH CAROLINA PLANTATION TO THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

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One warm afternoon in the summer of 1862 a half dozen little slave boys were playing carelessly about a cotton-pedd, sixteen miles

est and youngest of them overheard some-  
thing that attracted his attention and which  
had the effect to stop the play. From this  
conversation between two adult slaves he  
knew that all of them were to be taken, in  
a few days, back into the interior part of the  
State, to be sold to the planters and slave-  
holders. This set him to thinking. A com-  
munication of war was held by the little fel-  
low. There was made one of the most fervent  
speeches in favor of liberty that was ever ut-  
tered by a slave. He told of the wrongs of  
the sharp ears and the reputation of a mis-  
chievous and headstrong boy among his play-  
mates, and now they listened to him with a  
kind of wonder. With boys an enthusiasm  
which he had never before witnessed in the  
Yankee line.

They were to start the next afternoon. But at about three o'clock the next morning he heard the booming of the guns at the battle of Newburn. He knew precisely what they meant, and he was not alone. His two companions in the plot, but at the last moment their hearts failed them. Nothing daunted, the little fellow, not yet twelve years of age, with such clothes as he had on him, and with a supreme trust in himself, set out on his journey, and in the direction of the canonading. He took a circuit around the town, and came in at the rear of the Union lines about three o'clock in the afternoon. The distance was about a mile, and he was tired. He was not, however, whether that was tired. On the journey he was revolving in his mind a magnificent scheme of going back stealthily to organize a

Until 1884 he was engaged in various capacities as a boy in the Union Army and Navy, which he proposed to join. The Union Army was where he proposed to join the Union Army, where he was soon advanced from the position of officers' mess boy to the more honorable one of powder-boy.

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He was the first of several visits to his old home. During his residence at the North he had come in contact with many public men, and had cultivated the art of public speaking. His great eloquence and his great ascendancy over the minds of his old friends, On his visit in 1872 they insisted for a long time that they would nominate him for sheriff, and it was only his inability to qualify on account of age that prevented him from accepting. He is regarded by them as a patron, and scarcely a colored man in his native country, to whom he is not personally known, ever comes to New York without his recommendation. He has secured positions of one kind and another for over fifty of his people from the old North State.

The above is the life story, briefly told, of David F. Nelson, who yesterday received notification that he had passed with very successful examination for the \$1,000 clerkship in the New York Post-office. He is a little over twenty years old, and has held the post of doorkeeper for the Postmaster since 1870, when he was sent for him by Mr. Thurston Weed. He has cultivated his pen, and his books of possession contain s, beside a mass of valuable statistics concerning his race, a large selection of miscellaneous literature culled from the writings of Whittier, Alice Cary and other writers of equal merit. This morning he was overwhelmed with congratulations by his fellow employees of the post-office on the success he had attained.

**A Home Snake Story.**

THE RULING PASSION STRONG—AFTER DEATH—IN A BATTLE-SAXE.

Across the Westfield river, where it rolls down among the rocky hills of Berberis, just before it sweeps out upon the plain to join the smooth Connecticut, there is a massive stone dam. The vexed waters beat against it; it never trembles. They seek to burrow beneath; its bed is upon the very bones of the everlasting hills. The very topmasts wave in the breeze, and are pushed by those behind, fall white and shivering down the abyss below. But those that braved the loudest as they rushed down the mountains, and railed at the stone barriers with many a noisy echo, just brine their heads and shoulders in the still and cold, and

missive, through a hidden culvert, glad to escape by toilsome service, working an underground passage for themselves through the iron wheel of Jesup & Laffin's paper mill. Here is one of those rugged fastnesses that seem more out of place amid our all-conquering civilization, but which will remain wild and fuzzed till every valley shall be exalted, every mountain and hill laid low.

Among such solitudes, rough, rocky and unsubdued—slowly sinking centres of dead and dying mountain chains—are still found, from

[illegible]











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