H. A. Loomis

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR. THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED. OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY

NEW SERIES.---VOL. 7, NO. 20. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 808.

THE PORTAGE SENTINEL,

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JAMES W. SOMERVILLE.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

ALPHONSO HART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office in Seymour's Block, over Poe & Brother's store, Ravenna, Ohio. [January 4, 1860.

J. L. & H. C. RANNEY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Office on Mainst., one door west of the bank, Ravenna, Ohio

P. B. CONANT,
Attorney at Law. Office No. 3 Phœnix Block Ravenna, Ohio.

J. DEMPSTER HORTON,
Attorney at Law and Justice of the Peace. Also, General Collection and Insurance Agent. Office in the Court House, Ravenna, O. [Apl. 14, '59-y

LUTHER DAY,
Attorney at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, Main Street, second entrance up stairs, over H. L. Day' Store, Ravenna, O. March 17-1v.

S. W. M'CLURE.] [E. SPALDING.
McCLURE & SPALDING,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over Robinson, King & Co., No. 1 Phœnix Block. March 24, 1859.

E. B. TAYLOR.] [H. H. WILLARD
TAYLOR & WILLARD,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phœnix Block, over Coffin & Pitney's Store. [Oct. 21, '58-1v.

O. F. BROWN.] [L. D. WOODWORTH
BROWN & WOODWORTH,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law. Office in Phœnix Block, directly over the Store of A. G. Coffin & Co., Ravenna, Ohio. [Feb. 24, 1859-1y.

MICHAEL STUART,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in the east end of the large brick block, over E. Bradshaw's Grocery Store.—Deeds, mortgages and all legal instruments carefully and plainly drawn or acknowledged. Pensions and Land Warrants obtained. April 15, 1858.

C. S. LEONARD, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence on the south side and east end of Main street, Ravenna, Ohio. [July 11, 1860.

E. L. MUNGER, M. D.] [G. M. PROCTOR, M. D.
MUNGER & PROCTOR,
Physicians and Surgeons, Shalersville, Portage co., Ohio. [April 11, 1860-1y

A. BELDING, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon. Office over D. K. Wheeler's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, on Main Street. Residence on Cedar Street. Ravenna, November 23, 1859.

G. W. ESSIG,
Mason, Plasterer and Concreter, is prepared to perform all kinds of work in his line on short notice and reasonable terms. White-washing attended to. He may be found at his residence on Chestnut st. Ravenna, April 18, 1860-1y

BAIRD & WAIT,
Dealers in Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, &c., &c., Swift's Building, Main street, Ravenna, Ohio.

H. L. DAY.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries etc., No. 2 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

J. T. GREEN,
Dealer in Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Ladies' Furs, etc., No. 2 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

JOHN C. BEATTY,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries carpets, etc., No. 5 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

VANCE & HINMAN,
Dealers in Furniture, Upholstery, Pictures, Looking Glasses, etc., No. 7 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, O.

L. W. HALL & SON,
Dealers in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Fancy Goods, etc., *Democrat* Building, Ravenna, O.

D. W. GOSS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries Hardware, etc., Edinburg, Portage co., Ohio.

POE & BROTHER,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, &c., north side of public square, Ravenna

STREATOR, DAILY & CO.,
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery Hardware, &c. Shalersville, Portage county, Ohio.

CURTIS HATCH,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, together with Flour Salt, etc., No. 6 Phœnix Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

CHARLES E. SWIFT,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, north side of public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

WILLIAM FRAZER,
Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Saddlery etc., Wheeler's Block, directly opposite the Court House, Main st., Ravenna, O.

R. B. WITTER,
Sadle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, three door east of Phœnix Block Mainstreet, Ravenna Ohio

HENRY JAMES,
Barber and Hair-dresser. Shop opposite Phœnix Block. Shaving, Hair-cutting, and Shampooing done promptly and in the most fashionable style.

E. G. RUSSELL,
Sign and Ornamental Painter and Gilder. Carved Letters furnished to order. Stencil plates of any desired pattern cut with neatness and dispatch. Shop one Building west of the Democrat office, up stairs.

BARRED and Embroidered Curtain Mull Paper Curtains, Oil Shades, etc., at April 30, 1857 POE & BRO'S.

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE,
SNOW WHITE ZINC,
PURE WHITE LEAD,
GREEN COLORS, FOR BLINDS,
PAINTS, BRUSHES & PUTTY,
SUPERIOR LINSEED OIL,
VARNISH & TURPENTINE,
Very cheap for cash.
June 20, 1860. By CHARLES E. SWIFT.

AT SWIFT'S DRUG STORE!
PINT FLINT JARS,
GLASS FRUIT JARS,
ONE QUART FRUIT JARS,
TWO QUART FRUIT JARS,
For sale
June 20, 1860. By CHARLES E. SWIFT.

Meat Market.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he still continues to supply his customers daily with FRESH MEAT of all descriptions at his Market, under the Grocery of C. A. Pitkin, on Main street. J. A. DAVIDSON.
Ravenna July 11, 1860-1y.

JOCKEY CLUB, Verbena and Citronelle Perfumes, for sale by the ounce, at October 30, 1858. SWIFT'S.

CARBON OIL, colorless, and free from offensive odor, for sale by Sept. 12, 1860. CHARLES E. SWIFT.

Poetical.

Fairy Lore.

Glad were the children when their glowing faces
Gathered about us in the winter night,
And now, with gleesome hearts in verdant places,
We see them leaping in the summer light.

For they remember yet the tales we told them
Around the hearth, of fairies long ago
When they could only look out to behold them,
Quick dancing earthward in the feathery snow.

But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And peoples with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

For them the gate of many a sunny palace,
Opes to the ringing bugle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,
Wine filled, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering;
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic lore;
The foam-bells, down the ringing brooklet steering,
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The aim of wisdom in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stretch of callous teaching,
That withers the young heart into the old;

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,
Their vision-fields forever shorn and bare,
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,
Showing the face of things so very fair!

Time hath enough of ills to undeceive them,
And care will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting, leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

Miscellaneous.

Removal of the Remains of Columbus.

It is stated from Havana that the remains of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, are again to be removed to a new and splendid cemetery soon to be opened near that city. They are to be deposited in a silver urn, upon which will be inscribed in letters of gold the most remarkable events of his great enterprise. A bronze statue is to be erected over them, representing the great discoverer in the attitude of revealing the grand mission of his wonderful life.

Columbus died Ascension day, the 20 h of May, 1506, in about the seventieth year of his age. His obsequies were celebrated with great pomp at Valladolid, and his body deposited in the convent of San Francisco. Thence, nine years after, in the year 1515, it was removed to the Carthusian monastery of Seville, where was likewise deposited the body of his son Diego. Twenty-three years after, in the year 1538, the bodies of both the Admiral and his son were removed, with appropriate pomp and ceremonies, to the New World he had discovered, and interred in the principal chapel of the city of San Domingo, Hispaniola. There they remained undisturbed for the period of two hundred and fifty-nine years.

In the year 1795, however, at the close of the war between France and Spain, all the Spanish possessions in the Island of Hispaniola were ceded to France, whereupon a request was preferred to the French Governor to have the remains of Columbus removed to Cuba. The request was granted, and on the 50th of December, 1795, the vault in the cathedral of San Domingo was, for the first time in nearly three hundred years, opened. "Within," says the record of the event, "were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body. These were carefully collected and put in a case of gilded lead, about half a yard in length and breadth, and a third in height, secured by an iron lock, the key of which was delivered to the Archbishop. The case was enclosed in a coffin, covered with black velvet, and ornamented with lace and fringe of gold.

After appropriate funeral ceremonies, the body was taken on board the ship San Lorenzo and taken to Havana, where it arrived on the 15th of January, 1796. It was received in the most solemn manner with all the honors given to a sovereign. On arriving at the mole the remains were met by the Governor of the Island, accompanied by his generals and military staff. The coffin was then conveyed between lines of soldiery which lined the streets to the obelisk, in the Place d'Armes, where it was received in a hearse prepared for the purpose. Here the remains were formally delivered to the Governor and Captain General of the Island, the key given up to him, the coffin opened and examined, and the safe transportation of its contents authenticated. The ceremony concluded, the solemn rites for the dead were performed by the Archbishop, and the remains of the great discoverer were again deposited in the wall, on the right side of the great altar of the cathedral of Havana, where they have ever since remained, the object of reverence to all visitors of the Island.

Nothing can be said against any honors that may be done, on the occasion of opening a new cemetery in Havana, to the memory of one so illustrious. The erection of a statue would certainly be very appropriate. But why again disturb the bones of the great discoverer? They now rest in a consecrated place, a building whose walls have only become firmer as they grew gray with years, and which are proof, so far as any edifice can be proof against the elements, gives every guaranty of protection; and why should the mortal remains of the great Admiral be not allowed, then, to rest at last in peace?

☞What is the oldest piece of furniture in the world? The multiplication table.

THE WAGER;
OR,
The Trapper's Daughter.

In a mountain valley, snugly sheltered from northern winds, stood the cottage of Gabriel Heath. Its occupant—an old bear hunter—had been a wanderer among the Ottawas. Without society, except their occasional companionship, and wholly wedded to a wild life, yet as age came upon him, he pined to return to his kind and wear social fetters.

Helen Heath inherited from her mother—the daughter of a Canadian hunter—both, her name and the roaming spirit of her race. From the days of earliest recollection she had been at her father's side on the wild prairie, or ranging over the mountains.

The old hunter delighted in nothing more than predatory skirmishes with the Indians, who were wont to acknowledge the debt with interest. Once, with only two comrades, he was surrounded in his trapping lodge, and forced to stand a week's siege.—Then the fearless conduct of his daughter, child as she was, won from him a hunter's praise and a fatherly pride.

It was a singular training that she received; wandering over an uninhabited country with a rude hunter, shut out from education, and only taught to read and write by an accidental visit for a few weeks at a missionary station, without means of refinement, and having for the language of her mind only what could be learned from the voice of nature in her deepest seclusion. She loved the green woods, the mighty forests, for there her soul could live beyond the rough influence of the only life she had ever known.

Such was the character of our heroine, when old Gabriel Heath exchanged his wandering life for a residence in the little cottage on the hill. Here a few acres supplied him with many of the necessaries of life, and he had an opportunity to follow, at his pleasure, the business of his youth, and comfort seemed to circle round the cottage home, whose exterior was rendered somewhat picturesque by the natural taste of the daughter.

In fine days old Heath tilled his ground, or hunted among the neighboring hills, and by the side of the streams; and in unpleasant weather he sat by the fireside, smoked his pipe, and told huge stories of old adventures.

A thriving village lay just behind the range of hills among which the cottage was nestled, though the cottagers formed but little society with its inhabitants.

Long exposure to the sun had veiled but not hidden Helena Heath's fair complexion with a rich olive, and added to her charms. Constant exposure had given firmness and elasticity to her limbs. No wonder, then, that though but seldom seen, and still rarely dressed, she was deemed the belle of the surrounding country. Ramblers among the hills had noticed the fair cottager, and become infatuated with her beauty and native, and even become suitors for her hand; but they had all been repulsed. The bold and adventurous she instinctively disliked for their coarseness which generally characterized them. The few of a different character who occasionally visited her, she did not trouble herself to notice. Of this latter number, the most prominent was Thomas Gifford, a young lawyer who had opened his office in the village. Educated in an eastern University, and naturally of a retired cast of mind, Gifford had always avoided the world; and lived only with his books; and consequently, but a part of his character had as yet been developed. In his eyes, the beautiful young cottager was the type of what philosophers had long sought to find, and he determined to obtain the reality of the child freshness, while they could only conceive the ideal. He therefore resolved to amend his deficiencies in her eyes, and his sanguine nature hoped the rest.

Old Heath looked upon marriage as a necessary evil, which all ought to endure sometime, and he was determined that none but a man after his own heart should possess his daughter, and the qualification necessary, in his views, were strength and agility in manly sports. He took no pains to conceal his determination, and it was surprising how suddenly such games rose in favor with the young villagers.

Time passed, and among those who had gained the applause of the old hunter, was a sturdy pioneer named Alexander Wilson, though as yet he had never shown any preference for the young forester. And time had also brought the young lawy to theer feet of the beautiful cottage girl, while to her his breathings of heart attachment had become an episode well cherished.

We had forgotten to mention that over the range of hills that formed the picturesque landscape about the mountain home, a noble river spread its liquid waters. Gifford had always enjoyed all the sports that can be gathered from a life of rural freedom.

Strong at the oar, unerring in the aim at the target shot, and sinewy in the leaping wager, he had become quite a favorite, as well as the envy of his cotemporaries.

In all of his manly feats, Helena Heath was the first to praise; and while her pride of his masculine acquirements was increasing, she could not but also feel admiration for his mental attainments, which, after all, found a something kindred and congenial in her own bosom.

One afternoon, as young Gifford was strolling along the shores of the stream above mentioned, he saw the favorite of old Heath, the trapper Wilson, push off in a skiff. Having frequently been brought in contact with him while pursuing their favorite feats of strength, Gifford, out of friendship walked to the water's edge, and wished him a pleasant voyage.

"It cannot be but pleasant such a day as this. Come try a hand with us at an oar this splendid weather," returned Wilson.

The temptation was too great to be withstood, and Gifford stepped into the boat, which, in a moment, shot out upon the water, rising and falling with the waves, and yielding to the pressure of the oars. For a long time the skiff continued to move out upon the stream; at last the breeze stiffened, and the two companions rested upon their oars, to enjoy the move ent of the boat, as it tossed to and fro. The sun was sinking slowly in the West, and darting his horizontal rays across the troubled waters, At last Wilson said, with a smile:

"It is now sunset at eventide. I have an engagement—let us return to land."

"Certainly," replied his friend, "especially if your rendezvous be of an interesting nature; perchance with a lady-love."

"You are good at guessing," was the reply.

"You have, then, an evening tryst?"

"Yes, with the prettiest girl in the country."

Gifford thought of his beautiful Helena and wished only that his friend possessed one as fair and true. For a few moments both were silent, and then, as they approached the land, again commenced the conversation.

"My fair one is very fair. Though I am but a hardy pioneer, I know how to value qualifications like hers."

"Ah," replied his companion, "You are happy then; but tell me who this fair one is."

"It is a secret; none but you have been allowed even the whispering of such a revelation," said Wilson.

"A secret, sweet and precious," replied Gifford, laughing.

"But I, too, have a heart idol—one who is very kind—pure as the Virgin Mary—and I dare speak her name. Now for a mutual exchange of secrets, confess your lady-love, and you shall know my own."

"You would force a confession," remarked Wilson. "Very well; but as I have sworn not to utter her name, had I a scrap of paper I would write it, and then we would exchange."

Gifford produced a blank leaf from his memorandum, drew his pencil, and wrote the magic word. Wilson did likewise, and then exchanged papers. Wilson read on his, "Helen Heath," Gifford the same on his, "Helena Heath." Their eyes met; Wilson was embarrassed, Gifford pale with agitation and anger.

"Very well," Wilson at length said; "it seems that our mistresses are one and the same."

"Impossible! I know Helena Heath too well," returned Gifford. "All you have said of her is false!"

Wilson had all the subdued spirit of the restless adventurer. His embarrassment vanished and he became furious. "False!" he echoed fiercely.

"Yes—a famous lie!" responded Gifford.

Stung to the quick, Wilson grasped an oar with both hands, and leveled a blow at his companion's head. Gifford eveded the blow, and sprang upon his enemy like a tiger. Wilson dropped the weapon, and the two were clasped in a furious embrace.—They struggled, rose upon their feet, and falling, were plunged headlong into the stream. The waves closed over them, and the skiff, half filled with water, slowly drifted out to sea. In a moment, both arose to the surface, still clasped in a fierce embrace. The shades of night were closing around them, but there was yet light enough for them to glance at each other, and gather fresh courage at the sight. Wilson loosed his hold on his antagonist to level a blow at his head, but Gifford parried it, and grasped him by the throat, and once more both disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Gifford's energy seemed the most powerful, and the pioneer, lashed to a fury, seized the jack knife that his right hand purloined from the pocket of his enemy, opened it with his teeth, and plunged it into the bosom of the young lawyer, who, with a bubbling cry, released his hold.

Night set in, and the dark waves rolled heavily. As he paused to regain his strength, he saw the form of his inanimate companion tossed about on the stream. It would be impossible to portray the thoughts that rushed through his mind. Oh, how bitterly he did regret having been so rash. Having recovered his strength, the young man began to make for the shore, which he gained.

Two days afterwards, the following announcement appeared in the village Gazette:

"A most lamentable occurrence took place on —— evening. A young law student named Gifford, well known in this vicinity accompanied a young man named Wilson, in a boat ride up the river. A sudden gust upset the boat, and both were plunged into the water. Wilson made his escape by swimming, but his companion found a watery grave."

The dream of happiness of Helena Heath was at an end. With all the poignant grief that the susceptible heart can feel, she lamented the sad fate of her lover, while she could not repress the chagrin she felt at the idea that some adventurous favorite of her father would usurp the pre-eminence that she had given him.

Nearly two years passed, and Helena Heath still remained unmarried. Old Heath had selected young Wilson for his future son-in-law, and he sought to commend him to his daughter; but, meeting with indifference and denial, he resolved to select from among the large circle of the hardy and athletic young men, the one whose feats were the greatest, and compel her to receive him as her lord.

At last the day came for the allotted trial, and to the spot marked out for rendezvous many an eager aspirant came. Among these was a newly arrived settler, who had often made the sinewy and bold look pallid with envy at his success.

The first trial was that of leaping. One by one the competitors joined in until a perfect Ajax in limb reached seventeen feet.—This settled the question; still, notwithstanding this proof of his prowess, the old hunter seemed dissatisfied at the idea of marrying his daughter to such a stranger.—He resolved to become better acquainted with his strength and skill, and, suddenly turning to his rivals, he said—

"Come, boys, let's have a little rifle practice—two shots apiece, remember."

A painted nail was partly driven into a tree. The heroes of the other exercises made trial, but were wide from the nail's head. The stranger rubbed his hands, and seizing a rifle, took rapid aim. The nail was driven into the tree.

The unknown marksman once more fired; the nail's head was bent double. This was more than the rival, who was no other than young Wilson could bear, and he walked off.

All congratulations were offered the lucky victor. Old Gabriel Heath placed the hand of the reluctant Helena in his; but she, still treasuring the memory of him whom she had so admired, and who had opened her mind to the world of intellectual beauty, remonstrated against her father's choice to no purpose.

For some time the victor visited the abode of the hunter, chatted with him, and walked with his daughter. They talked long and fervently together, and he spoke in glowing terms of his love for her. She started at this, for the image of her lost lover seemed to rise and rebuke her.

"You love another, then?" he said. "Remember that I won you by my prowess."

These words in some tones might have made her indignant, but now they only tended to dissipate her reserve as she replied:

"What you have said is true. I owe the richest and deepest debt to another, who translated for me the mysterious teachings of nature. I ought to love him, and though he is forever lost to me, yet while I exist, I will live for no other but him."

While she was thus speaking, the hunter was regarding her with the same curious expression, which hardly became a rejected lover. She was turning from him, when he detained her, and said:

"This was the young lawyer, Gifford, was it not?"

"It was," she replied, looking in his face, where the smile had settled into anxiety.

"Blessing on you for that word!" he cried. "I am the long lost one—the rescued and the redeemed!"

It was indeed young Gifford, who, through an unseen and mysterious Providence, had not been drowned, but was saved from a watery grave by a fisherman, whose kind care had restored him to life and strength.

He told her how he had returned to the village just in time to bear off the wagers of prowess for her hand; and, confident that he should be brought to her again, he dissembled himself and gained the victory.

It is needless to say that the joy of meeting him of whom he supposed himself the murderer, was so great, that Wilson thought but little of the refusal that he ultimately received from Helena. He could hardly believe his eyes until the generous Gifford took his hand and faithfully promised never to reveal the circumstance of the boat ride and forgive him for his rashness.

The two rivals were rivals no longer, and Gifford lived with the lovely daughter of Gabriel Heath many years of happiness; and, successful in business and generous in thought, he was the pride of the village.

Age tempered the rashness of Wilson, who, after the decease of old Gabriel Heath, was the quotation of his pioneer friends.—But Thomas Gifford never revealed the secret to his dying day.

Gen. Jackson's Proclamation.

The following is the concluding portion of the Proclamation of Gen. Jackson, issued in 1833, at the time and on the occasion when South Carolina, by her celebrated Ordinance attempted to nullify the laws of Congress. After picturing the blessings of free government under our Union, he said:

"And then add, if you can, without horror and remorse, this happy Union we will dissolve—this picture of peace and prosperity we will deface—this free intercourse we will interrupt—these fertile fields we will deluge with blood—the protection of that glorious flag we renounce—the very name of Americans we discard. And for what, mistaken men! for what would you exchange your share in the advantages and honor of the Union? For the dream of a separate independence—a dream interrupted by bloody conflicts with your neighbors, and a vile dependence on a foreign power.

If your leaders could succeed in establishing a separation, what would be your situation? Are you united at home—are you free from the apprehension of civil discord, with all its fearful consequences? Do our neighboring Republics, every day suffering some new revolution or contending with some new insurrection—do they excite your envy? But the dictates of a high duty oblige me solemnly to announce that you cannot succeed. The laws of the United States must be executed. I have no discretionary power upon the subject—my duty is emphatically pronounced in the Constitution.—Those who told you that you might peaceably prevent their execution, deceived you—they could not have been deceived themselves. They know that a forcible opposition could alone prevent the execution of the laws, and they know that such opposition must be repelled.

Their object is disunion; but be not deceived by names; disunion, by armed force, is TREASON. Are you really ready to incur its guilt? If you are, on the head of the instigators of the act be the dreadful consequences—on their heads be the disaster, but on yours may fall the punishment—on your unhappy State (South Carolina) will inevitably fall all the evils of the conflict you force upon the Government of your country. It cannot accede to the mad project of disunion of which you would be the first victims—its first magistrate cannot, if he would, avoid the performance of his duty—the consequence must be fearful for you, distressing to your fellow citizens here, and to the friends of good government throughout the world.

Its enemies have beheld our prosperity with a vexation they could not conceal—it was a standing refutation of their slavish doctrines, and they will point to our discord with the triumph of malignant joy. It is yet in your power to disappoint them. There is yet time to show that the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Rutledges, and of the thousand other names which adorn the pages of your revolutionary history, will not abandon that Union to support which so many of them fought, bled and died. I adjure you, as you honor their memory—as you love the cause of freedom, to which they dedicated their lives—as you prize the peace of your country, the lives of its best citizens, and your own fair fame, to retrace your steps.

Snatch from the archives of your State the disorganizing edict of its Convention—bid its members to re-assemble and promulgate the decided expressions of your will to remain in the path which alone can conduct you to safety, prosperity and honor—tell them that compared to disunion, all other evils are light, because that brings with it an accumulation of all—declare that you will never take the field unless the star spangled banner of your country shall float over you—that you will not be stigmatized when dead, and dishonored and scorned while you live, as the authors of the first attack on the Constitution of your country!—its destroyers you cannot be. You may disturb its peace—you may interrupt the course of its prosperity—you may cloud its reputation for stability—but its tranquility will be restored, its prosperity will return, and the stain upon its national character will be transferred and remain an eternal blot on the memory of those who caused the disorder.

Fellow citizens of the United States! the threat of unhallowed disunion—the names of those, once respected, by whom it is uttered—the array of military force to support it—denote the approach of a crisis in our affairs on which the continuance of our unexampled prosperity, our political existence, and perhaps that of all free governments, may depend. The conjuncture demanded a free, a full and explicit enunciation, not only of my intentions, but of my principles of action; and as the claim was asserted of a right by a State to annul the laws of the Union, and even to secede from it at pleasure, a frank exposition of my opinions in relation to the origin and form of our government, and the construction I give to the instrument by which it was created, seemed to be proper.

Having the fullest confidence in the justness of the legal and constitutional opinion of my duties which has been expressed, I rely with equal confidence on your undivided support in my determination to execute the laws—to preserve the Union by all constitutional means—to arrest, if possible, by moderate but firm measures, the necessity of a recourse to force; and, if it be the will of Heaven that the recurrance of the primeval curse on man for the shedding of a brother's blood should fall upon our land, that it be not called down by any offensive act on the part of the United States.

Fellow-citizens! The moment us case is before you. On your undivided support of your government depends the decision of the great question it involves, whether your sacred Union will be preserved, and the blessing it secures to us as one people shall be perpetuated. No one can doubt that the unanimity with which that decision will be expressed, will be such as to inspire new confidence in republican institutions, and that the prudence, the wisdom, and the courage which it will bring to their defence will transmit them unimpaired and invigorated to our children.

May the great ruler of nations grant that the signal blessings with which he has favored ours, may not, by the madness of party, or personal ambition, be disregarded and lost, and may His wise providence bring those who have produced this crisis, to see the folly, before they feel the misery, of civil strife, and inspire a returning veneration for that Union, which, if we may dare to penetrate His designs, He has chosen, as the only means of attaining the high destinies to which we may reasonably aspire.

☞Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday coat or a new pair of boots. To have time sit easy, your garments must set the example.

Diptheria.

The following report from the pen of one of our leading physicians in relation to this disease and more particularly in regard to certain facts disclosed by examination into a fatal case happening during the course of his practice, will be found of importance and general interest to the community, particularly at this time.

"This disease, which for the last four or five years has been making its way westward, has appeared in the various localities throughout this country, and by its fatality has caused considerable alarm in the public mind. It is characterized by the formation of a membranous exudation covering the throat and roof of the mouth more or less completely, and in some cases extending into the windpipe, causing death as in croup, by suffocation. It is not identical with a form of throat disease which has occasionally prevailed in different parts of the country and which has been variously designated, as malignant sore throat, Black Tongue, &c. The tendency in this form of the disease is to a rapid death or gangrene of the parts affected; and it lacks wholly, the membranous exudation which is the peculiar feature of Diptheria. The disease is not altogether new. Several epidemics have been described in which this peculiar exudation was observed. The physicians of every country have occasionally met with cases of throat disease accompanied with a membranous exudation, but lacking altogether that fatal tendency that has marked this epidemic visitation of the disease. The danger from the extension of the exudation into the windpipe has been referred to. This undoubtedly in some cases is the direct case of death, but very many cases prove fatal in which there is no affection of the windpipe and no material obstruction to the respiration.—Death has been supposed to result, in such cases from the terribly depressing effects of disease upon the nervous centres. Perhaps a large majority of the fatal cases have been of this character, and until the interesting fact developed by a case that occurred in the family of Mr. Radham Prichett, of East Goshen, but little has been brought out to satisfy the minds of intelligent Physicians as the precise cause of death in those cases in which the difficulty about the throat is insufficient to account for the result.—In Mr. Prichett's family the disease first appeared in June last and at that time counted two victims. Last week it again appeared and added two more to the list. In none of these did the exudation extend to the windpipe, nor was there an amount of the disease of the throat to explain the result. The attending Physicians finding themselves baffled in their efforts to arrest the fatal tendency, sought in the last case, and readily obtained the privilege of making a post-mortem examination, which developed the fact that in the cavities of the heart there had been formed a mass of firm leathery consistency, and more or less firmly adherent to the linings of the cavities. Much the larger amount was found in the cavities of the right side of the heart, forming when rolled together a mass nearly an inch in diameter. The adhesion to the walls of the heart in some parts was so firm as to render it impossible to separate it without leaving particles still attached. It is true that gelatinous mass is often found in the heart, formed by its contracting upon its coagulated fibrum of the blood, during the last hours of existence; but the leathery character of the mass removed, and the firmness of the adhesion precluded such a theory of formation. A more rational explanation is found in the altered condition of the fibrin of the blood which is the remarkable feature of the disease.—The existence of such a mass would account not only for the rapidly fatal termination, but also for the existence of an extremely feeble pulse in connection with a violent tumultous action of the heart, as is often observed in fatal cases of this disease.

Should this condition be confirmed by subsequent examinations great practical good may result in directing the attention of Physicians to another source of danger than the local disease of the throat, and lead them by early and decisive measures to counteract more successfully the blood-vice, upon which the disease depends. One other point may be worthy of notice as calculated to do away with unnecessary anxiety upon being brought in contact with cases of Diptheria. It appears to be purely and simply an epidemic disease, dependent upon a cause or causes extant in the atmosphere, and that it will select localities and individuals that have most affinity for it without reference to direct exposure to the disease.—

☞"Bill, I've been in real estate a little lately." "Well how much have you dipped in?" "Bought a lot in the cemetery, and a half acre for a residence lot north of it." "Just north! what the deuce did you go so far off? Going to live there?" "Yes, Bill, I wanted a home beyond the grave!" Bill looked solemn, and they both vanished whistling a melancholy air.

☞"Sir, our account has been standing for two years, and I must have it settled immediately." To which the customer replied: "Sir, things usually do settle by standing; I regret that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it run awhile."

☞An astute individual recently declined to occupy a state room in a steamer on Lake Erie, because it had been converted into a harness room. On inquiry it appears that three inflated life preservers were suspended in the room. The greenhorn had mistaken them for horse collars.