THE Ashland Union.

A Weekly Family Newspaper—Devoted to Light Literature, News, Agriculture, the Arts and Sciences, Morals, Mechanics, the Markets, General Intelligence, the Dissemination of Democratic Principles, &c.

VOL. IX. ASHLAND, ASHLAND COUNTY, OHIO, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1854. NO. 25.

Business Directory.

JUDICIAL OFFICERS.
JAS. STEWART ..... PRES'T. JUDGE.
A. L. CURTIS ..... PROBATE JUDGE.
J. SHERIDAN ..... CLERK C. C. PLEAS.
ALEX. PORTER ..... PROS. ATT'Y.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
ISAAC GATES ..... AUDITOR.
JAMES W. BOYD ..... TREASURER.
JOHN D. JONES ..... SHERIFF.
ASA S. REED ..... RECORDER.
ORLOW SMITH ..... SURVEYOR.
JOHN G. BROWN ..... CORONER.
GEO. M'CONNELL, LUKE SELBY, AMOS HILBORN, } COMMISSIONERS.
DAVID BRYTE, PATRICK KELLEY, WILSON BOTDORF, } INFIRMARY DIRECTORS.
SCHOOL EXAMINERS.
GEORGE W. HILL ..... ASHLAND.
ORLOW SMITH ..... SULLIVAN.
J. McCORMICK ..... LOUDONVILLE.
BOROUGH OFFICERS.
WM. RALSTON ..... MAYOR.
J. MUSGRAVE ..... RECORDER.
E. W. WALLACE ..... TREASURER.
R. P. FULKERSON ..... MARSHALL.
A. DRUMB, S. G. WOODRUFF, H. AMES, T. C. BUSHNELL, } TRUSTEES.

HOTELS.

NEW HOTEL.
THE undersigned announces to the public that he has again taken charge of the Hotel in the village of Orange, Ashland county. Thankful for past favors, he hopes all of his old customers will give him a call. Everything will be done to make all who may stop with him comfortable.
☞ A good Hostler will always be on hand.
Oct. 24—1y JAMES ALBERSON

BOWSBURG HOTEL,
WILLIAM ZIMMERMAN, Proprietor; Rowsburg, Ashland county, Ohio.
May 31, 1854.—no-tf.

EMPIRE HOUSE,
AKRON, Ohio; G. RAYNOLDS, Proprietor.
January 18, 1854—n35-tf.

MILLER HOUSE.
THE subscriber begs leave to announce that he has opened a Hotel, to be called the "Miller House," directly opposite the Sampsell House, Main Street, Ashland, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. M. MILLER.
Ashland, March 22nd, 1854.—n14.—tf.

FRANKLIN HOUSE.
HAVING leased the above named House for a term of years, the undersigned respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage. No pains will be spared to make comfortable all those who may favor him with a call.
WILLIAM ROBINSON.
Ashland, Nov. 23, 1853. 26tf

FULLER HOUSE.
JOSEPH DEVARMAN, having again taken the above House, will be prepared to accommodate all his old friends who may favor him with a call.
Loudonville, Nov. 23d, 1853. 26tf

LAWYERS.

W. B. MCCART
Attorney at Law, and Justice of the Peace,
WILL promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care. ☞ Office, corner of Main and Church streets. June 14, 1854.—3tf

J. W. JOHNSTON,
Attorney at Law,
LOUDONVILLE, Ashland county, Ohio. Prompt attention given to all business connected with the legal profession. June 14, 1854—3tf

GEORGE A. WATSON. GEORGE H. PARKER
Tiffin, Ohio. *Ashland, Ohio.*
WATSON & PARKER,
Att'ys & Counsellors at Law & Sol'rs in Chancery;
HAVING formed a copartnership, will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care in this and surrounding counties. Office nearly opposite the Sampsell House.
Ashland, Nov. 23d, 1853. 26tf

ROBERT BEER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE, on Main Street, West of the Sampsell House, Ashland, Ohio.
Ashland, May 24th, 1854. n21tf

OLIVER W. KELLOGG. WILLIAM S. ALLISON.
KELLOGG & ALLISON,
Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery;
WILL attend to all professional business entrusted to their care, in this and adjoining counties. Ashland, Nov. 23d 1853. 26tf

J. W. SMITH,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law;
OFFICE over Drug Store of Sampsell & Co. Business in this and neighboring counties promptly attended to.
Ashland, Nov. 23d, 1853. 26tf

JAMES V. KENNY. ALEX. PORTER.
KENNY & PORTER,
Att'ys and Counsellors at Law,
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in this and adjoining counties. Office, corner of Main and Church streets.
Ashland Nov. 23d, 1853. 26tf

JOHN S. FULTON. JOHN H. M'CORD.
FULTON & M'CORD,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law;
OFFICE on Main street, over the Store of T. C. Bushnell, Ashland, Ashland County, O.
November 23d, 1853. 26tf

THOMAS J. BULL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Justice of the Peace, Loudonville, Ashland County, Ohio.
November 23d, 1853. 26tf

PHYSICIANS.

J. ROSS, M. D.,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery,
WILL give prompt attention to all calls in his profession.
Hayesville, July 5, 1854. n5tf

F. H. CLARK, M. D.,
OFFICE opposite P. & J. Risser's Store, Main Street, Ashland, Ashland county, Ohio.
Ashland, Feb. 14, 1854.

I. L. CRANE, M. D.
Surgeon and Oculist,
OFFICE, adjoining Millington's Drug Store opposite P. & J. Risser's store.
Ashland, April 19th, 1853.—n48tf

DR. W. H. JONES,
Of the Eclectic School of Medicine,
HAVING located in Hayesville, Ashland County, Ohio, offers his professional services to the public generally. Particular attention paid to Chronic diseases, Rheumatism, Liver and Lung complaints, old Sores, etc., Cancers, Schirrous "Cancerous Tumors removed without the knife or caustic." May 3, 1854.—n30tf

DR. T. THOMAS HAYES,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery;
SAVANNAH, Ashland County, Ohio. Also, Justice of the Peace and Notary Pub.
November 23d, 1853. 26tf

DR. W. W. RIDDLE,
Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery,
WILL attend to all business connected with his profession. Office in the Centre of Troy, Ashland county, Ohio. n26

DRS. F. P. & J. COWAN,
PRACTITIONERS OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, Jeromeville, Ashland county, Ohio.
March 8th, 1854 45tf

JEWELERS, &c.

WILLIAM RALSTON,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, Post Office Building; Main street, Ashland, Ohio. Gold and Steel Pens, and a choice variety of Jewelry, kept constantly on hand. Ashland, November 30, 1853.

I. E. GOODFELLOW,
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER, Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Yankee Notions, &c. Watches and Clocks repaired and warranted. Highest price paid for old Gold and Silver. Opposite the Sampsel House.
Ashland, Ohio. 20tf Dec 14, 1853

C. A. HEINES,
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes;
THREE doors below the Times Printing Office, Ashland, Ohio. Custom Work done to order on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.
December 14th, 1853. 20

Poetry.

TO MY BOY IN HEAVEN.

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy boat, thy bow,
The cloak and bonnet, club and ball—
But where art thou?
A corner holds thy empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scattered there,
But speak to me of our despair.

E'en to the last, thy every word
Too glad to grieve,
Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
On summer eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy spirit cast a shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade.

We mourn for thee when cold bleak night
Thy chamber fills,
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills,
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall flower and wild pea,
Are changed, we saw the world through thee.

And though perchance a smile might gleam
Of casual mirth;
It doth not own, waste'er may seem,
An inward birth.
We miss thy small step on the stair,
We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
All day we miss thee every where.

Yes, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, dearest boy,
That heaven is God and thou art there,
With him in joy.
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever glows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows.

Farewel, then—for a while, farewell,
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart.
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee.

Select Miscellany.

[From the Detroit Daily Advertiser.]

CORRESPONDENCE OF Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

Doesticks on the Ohio.

STEAMBOAT BLUE WING,
October 1st, 1854.

Which said boat is very much the shape of a Michigan country-made sausage, and is built with a hinge in the middle to go around the sharp bends in the river, and is manned by two captains, four mates, sixteen darkies, two stewards, a small boy, a big dog, an opposum, two pair of grey squirrels, one clock and a cream colored chambermaid; fog so thick you could'nt run a locomotive through it without a snowplow; night so dark the clerk has two men each side of him with pitch pine torches, to enable him to see his spectacles, (he wears spectacles;) pilot so drunk the boys have painted his face with charcoal and coke berries, till he looks like a rag carpet in the last stages of dilapidation; and he is fast asleep, with his legs, (pardon me, but—legs) tied to the capstan, his whiskers full of coal-dust and cinders, and the black end of the poker in his mouth; boat fast aground, with her symmetrical nose six feet deep in Kentucky mud; there she complacently lies, waiting for the mail boat to come along and pull her out. Passengers elegantly disposed in various stages of don't-care-a-cent-itiveness, and the subscriber, taking advantage of the temporary sobriety of the clerk, and his consequent attendance in the after-cabin to play poker with the mates, to drop you a line. The silence is of brief duration, for I am interrupted by a grand oratorio by the nigger firemen, much to my delight and edification. It runs somewhat as follows:

(Grand opening chorus.) "A-hoo—a-hoo—hoooog—a-hooo—a-hoo—a-hooo—a-hoooop!"

(The dashes in the following represent the passages where the superfluity of the harmony prevented the proper appreciation of the poetry.)

"Gwin down de ribber—a-hoo-a-O!"

Captain interferes and orders the orchestra to wood up—and so interrupts the concert.

Have got over on the Indiana side, principal difference to be noticed in the inhabitants is in the hogs; on the Kentucky side they are big, fat, and as broad as they are long; on this side they are shaped like a North river steamboat, long and lean. I just saw two of 'em sharpen their noses on the pavement, and engage in mortal combat; one rushed at his neighbor, struck him between the eyes, and split him from end to end; cart came along, run over the two halves, cut them into hams and shoulders in a jiffy—*rediescat in many pieces.* This is decidedly a rich country; the staple productions are big hogs, ragged niggers, and the best horses in the United States. The people live principally on bread made of corn; whisky ditto; and hog prepared in various barbarous ways.—They give away whisky and sell cold water. The darkies are mostly slaves; they nail horse-shoes over their doors to keep away the witches, indulge in particolored hats in the most superlative degree of dilapidation; go bare-footed, and have large apertures, "in puppes pantaloni. It is a perfect treat to watch their entertaining performances. At the hotel the allowance is fourteen niggers to each guest, and as each one seems to be possessed of the peculiar idea that his province is to do nothing at all, with as many flourishes as possible, the confusion that follows is far from being devoid of entertainment.

They never bring you anything you call for; if you ask for chicken, you will probably get corned beef and cabbage; if you want roast beef, they will assuredly bring you apple dumplings; ask for sweet potatoes, and you'll get fried eggs; send for corn bread, and you're safe to obtain boiled pork; ring the bell for a boot-jack, and you'll get a hand-sled. And when you want to retire at night, instead of providing you with a pair of slippers and a candle, the chances are ten to one the attendant sable angel will give you a red flannel shirt, a shot-gun, a flask of whiskey, three boiled eggs and a pair of smoothing irons. The slaves are, as may be imagined, for various colors, ranging from the hue of the beautiful yellow envelope of the Post Office Department, to that of the blackest ink that ever indites a superscription thereon. The theory of "woman's rights" is in practical operation among them; the men cook, set the table, clean up the dishes, and do the washing, while their blacker halves hoe corn, chop wood, go to market, and "run wid de masheen."

Have great fruit in this country; apples big as pumpkins not very large pumpkins, small-sized pumpkins, diminutive pumpkins, infantile pumpkins, just emerged from blossomhood, and ere they have assumed that golden overcoat which marketh their maturer friends so glorious to the view. And pumpkin pies, manufactured by the sable god of the kitchen; pies enormous to behold; wherein after they are ready to be devoured, you might wade up to your knees in that noble compound which filleth the interior thereof, and maketh the pie savory and nectarean; in fact pies celestial, whereof writers in all ages have discoursed eloquently; and sweet potatoes, such s-w-e-e-t p-o-o-t-a-t-o-e-s!! Jiminetty! big enough to fill a six foot grave, yellow as rubard, and luscious as—lasses candy.

To return to the principal topic—the darkies—they are all built after the same model; hand like a shoulder of mutton, teeth white as milk, foot of suitable dimensions for a railroad bridge, and mouth big enough for a depot; have all got six toes on each foot, skull like an oak plank, yellow eyes, and nose like a split pear; the black extends inwardly four inches and a half; they live on yams, whiskey, corn-bread, swine-beef, hog-mutton, and pork; they are not sickly, principal ailments are spine in the back, the diaphragm in the region of the stomach, and cranium of the head; besides which they are apt to be troubled with retina of the eye, tibia of the leg, mumps, whiskey-blossoms, and the six-foot measles. Should I hear of any more distinguishing characteristics, I will let you know soon. Meanwhile I am,

Desultorily, yours,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

Doesticks Sees the Spirit Rappers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25, 1854.
SEVENTY HUNDRED AND ONE, NARROW ST.

Being satiated with the ordinary common-place things of every day life, and having heard a great deal about the mysterious communications telegraphed to this, our ignorant sphere, by wise and benignant spirits of bliss, through the dignified medium of old chairs, washstands and card tables, we three (who had met again,) determined to put ourselves in communication with the next world, to find out, if possible, our chances of a favorable reception when business or pleasure calls us in that direction. Up Broadway till we came to an illuminated three cornered transparency, (which made Bull Dogge smack his lips and say "oysters,") which informed us that within a large assortment of spirits of every description were constantly in attendance, ready to answer inquiries, or to run on errands in the spirit world, and bring the ghosts of any-body's defunct relations or friends to that classic spot, for conversational purposes, all for the moderate charge of twenty-five cents. (Damphool, who had been there before, said that these "delicate Ariels" were the spirits of departed newsboys, who are thrown out of their legitimate business, and strive to get an honest living by doing these eighteen-penny jobs)—Entered the room with *becoming* gravity, and *over*coming awe. Two old foozles in white neck-cloths, and no collars, a returned Californian in an Indian blanket, two peaked nosed old maids a good looking widow, with a little boy, our own sacred trio, and the "medium," composed the whole of the assembled multitude. The "medium" aforesaid, was a vinegar complexioned women, very ruby nose, mouth the exact shape of the sound hole to a violin, who wore green spectacles, and petticoats of equivocal purity.

The furniture consisted of several chairs, a mirror, no carpet, a small stand, a large dining table, and in one corner of the room a bedstead, washstand, and bookcase, with writing desk on top.—After some remarks by the medium, we formed the magic circle, by sitting close together, and putting our hands on the table. Bull Dogge took a big drink before he laid his ponderous fists by the side of the others. After a short length of time the table began to shake its ricketty legs, to flap its leaves after the manner of wings, and to utter ominous squeaks from its crazy old joints. Pretty soon "knock" under Damphool's hand; he trembled and turned pale, but on the whole, stood his ground like a man. Knock, *knock* in *my* immediate vicinity—looked under the table, but couldn't see any body—knock, *knock*, KNOCK, KNOCK, directly under Bull Dogge's elbow. He, frightened, jumped from his seat, and prepared to run, but, sensible to the last, he took a drink, felt better, reverently took off his hat, and said, "d—n it"—and resumed his seat. Knocking became general—medium said the spirits were ready to answer questions—asked if any spirit would would talk to me—yes. Come along, I remarked—noisy spirit announced its advent by a series of knocks, which would have done honor to a dozen penny postmen "rolled into one." Asked who it was—ghost of my uncle—(never had an uncle)—inquired if he was happy—tolerable. What are you about?—principal occupations are, hunting wild bees, catching cat fish, chopping pine lumber, and making hickory whip stocks. How's your wife?—*sober*, just at present. Do you have good liquor up there?—*yes* (very emphatically.) What is your comparative situation?—am in the second sphere; hope soon to get promoted into the third, where they only work six hours a day, and have apple dumplings every day for dinner—good bye—wife wants me to come and spank the baby. One of the old foozles now wanted to talk spirit—was gratified by the remains of his maternal grandmother, who hammered out in a series of forcible raps, the gratifying intelligence, that she was very well contented, and spent the most of her time drinking green tea and singing Yankee Doodle.

Damphool now took courage, and sung out for his father to come and talk to him—(when the old gentleman was alive, he was "one of 'em")—on demand, the father came—interesting conversation—old man in trouble—lost all his money betting on a horse-race, and had just pawned his coat and a spare shirt to get money to set himself up in business again, as a pop-corn merchant—(Damphool sunk down exhausted, and borrowed the brandy bottle.) Disconsolate widow gets a communication from her husband that he is a great deal happier now than formerly—don't want to come back to her—no thank you—would rather not. Old maid enquires if husbands are plenty—to her great joy is informed that the prospect is good. Little boy asks if when he gets into the other world he can have a long-tail coat—mother tells him to shut up—small boy whimpers, and says that he always *has* worn a short jacket, and he expects when he gets to Heaven, he'll be a bob-tail Angel.

Damphool's attention to the bottle has re-assured his spirits, (he is easily affected by brandy—one glass makes him want to treat all his friends—when he has two bumpers in him he owns a great deal of real estate, and glass No. 3 makes him rich enough to buy the Custom House,) and he now ventures another inquiry of his relative, who shuts him up, by telling him as soon as he gets sober enough to tell Maiden Lane from a light-house, to go home and go to bed.

Went at it myself; inquired all sorts of things from all kinds of spirits, "black spirits and white, red spirits and grey." Result as follows: By means of thumps, knocks, raps and spiritual kicks, I learned that Sampson and Hercules have gone into partnership in the millinery business. Julius Cæsar is peddling apples and molasses candy. Tom Paine and Jack Sheppard keep a billiard table. Noah is running a canal boat. Xerxes and Othello are driving opposition stages. George 3d has set up a caravan, and is waiting impatiently for Kossuth and Barnum to come and go halves. Dow, Junior, is boss of a Methodist camp meeting. Napoleon spends most of his time playing penny "ante" with the three graces. Benedict Arnold has opened a larger bier saloon, and left a vacancy for S. A. Douglas, (white man.) John Bunyan is clown in a circus. John Calvin, Dr. Johnson, Syksey, Plutarch, Rob Roy, Davy Jones, Gen. Jackson, and Damphool's grandfather, are about establishing a traveling theatre, having borrowed the capital, (two per cent. a month)—they open with, "How to pay the Rent." Dr. Johnson in a fancy dance; to conclude with "Widow's Victim," the principal part by Mr. Pickwick. Jo Smith has bought out the Devil, and is going to convert Tophet into a Mormon Paradise. Shakspeare has progressed in his new play as far as the fourth act, where he has got the hero seven miles and a half up in a balloon, while the disconsolate heroine is hanging by her hair to a limb over a precipice; question is how the heroic lover shall get down and rescue his lady-love before her hair breaks, or her head pulls off.

Spirits now began to come without invitation like Paddies to a wake. Soul of an Alderman called for clam soup and bread and butter. Ghost of a newsboy sung out for the Evening Post. All that was left of a Bowery fireman wanted to know if Forty had got her butt fixed, and a new inch and a half nozzle. Ghost of Marmion wanted a dish of soft crabs, and called out after the old fashion, to charge it to Stanley. Medium had by this time lost all control over her ghostly company. Spirits of waiters, soldiers, tailors, (Damphool trembled,) babies, saloon keepers, dancers, actors, widows, circus-riders, in fact all varieties of obstreperous spirites, began to play the devil with things generally; the dining table jumped up, turned two somersets, and landed with one leg in the widow's lap, one in Damphool's mouth, and the other two on the toes of the sanctimonious looking individuals opposite; the washstand exhibited strong symptoms of a desire to dance the Jenny Lind polka on Bull Dogge's head; the book-case beat time with extraordinary vigor, and made faces at the company generally; our walking canes and umbrellas promenaded round the room in couples, without the slightest regard to corns, or other peddal vegetables; while the bedstead in the corner was extemporizing a comic song, with a vigorous accompaniment on the soap dish, the wash bowl, and other bed room crockery.

Bull Dogge here made a rush at the door, and dashed wildly down Broadway, pursued, as he avers, to this day, by the spirit of an Irishman, with a pickaxe, a handsaw, and a ghostly wheelbarrow.—Concluding I had seen enough, I took Damphool, and B D.'s bottle, (empty, or he would never have left it,) and went home, satisfied that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of," except by lying "*mediums*," so-called; who, too lazy to work, and too cowardly to get an honorable living by stealing, adopt this method to sponge their bread and butter out of those, whom God, in his mysterious wisdom, has seen fit to send on earth weak enough to believe their idiotic ravings.

Disgusted, but still yours,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

Doesticks Runs with the 'Masheen.

NEW YORK, October 30, 1854.
Seventy hundred and one Narrow street.

I am not known by the cognomen of "Moses," nor do I answer to the name of "Sykey"—neither a general thing do I promenade the middle of Broadway with my pantaloons tucked into my boots. Still, by way of a new excitement I lately joined the Fire Department, and connected myself with the company of Engine 97.

Bought my uniform, treated the company, took up my quarters in the bunk-room, where I slept by night in a bed occupied in the day time by a big yellow dog. First night, went to bed with my boots on, ready for an alarm. At last it came—seized the rope with the rest of the boys; started on a run; tugged and toiled till we got her into the 11th district, four miles and a half from home; found the alarm had been caused by a barrel of shavings, and the conflagration had extinguished itself; had to drag her clear back; tired most to death; it wasn't funny at all; turned in; half an hour, new alarm; started again—hose 80 laid in the same alley, got our apparatus jammed on the corner; fight; 97 victorious; got our machine out, and carried off the forewheel of 80's carriage on our tongue; reached the fire; big nigger standing on the hydrant; elected myself appraiser and auctioneer; knocked him down without any bidder; took water; got our stream on the fire; fun; worked till my arms ached; let go to rest, foreman hit me over the head with a trumphet, and told me to go ahead; thought d—n, but kept at it; children in the garret; horrible situation; gallant fireman made a rush up the ladder; battled his way through the smoke—re-appeared with a child in each arm, and his pocket full of teaspoons.

Old gentleman from the country, much excited; wanted to help, but didn't exactly know how; he rushed into a fourth story bed-room; threw the mirror out of the window; frantically endeavored to hurl the dressing table after it; seized coal scuttle; hurriedly put in the poker, bootjack, and a pair of worn out slippers, carried them down stairs and deposited them in a place of safety four blocks away; came back on a run into the parlor; took up the door-mat, wrapped up an empty decanter in it, and transported it safely into the barn of the nearest neighbor; he kept at work; by dint of heroic exertions, he at various times deposited, by piece, the entire kitchen cooking stove in the next street, uninjured; and at rest, after knocking the piano to pieces with the axe, in order to save the lock, and filling his pockets with the sofa castors, he was seen to make his final exit from the back-yard, with a lenght of stovepipe in each hand, the toasting fork tucked behind his ear, and two dozen muffin rings in his hat, which was surmounted by a large sized frying pan.

During the next week there were several alarms—fire in a big block full of paupers—first man in the building; carried down stairs in my arms two helpless, undressed children, thereby saving their valuable lives; on giving them to their mother, she, amid a whirlwind of thanks, imparted the gratifying intelligence that one was afflicted with the measles, and the other had the Michigan itch. Fire in a boarding school dashed up a ladder; tumbled through; a window entered a bed-room; smoke so thick I couldn't see; caught up in my arms a feminine in a long night-gown; got back to the window; tried to go down; ladder broke under me; stuck adhesively to the young lady; and after unexampled exertions, deposited her safely in the next house, where I discovered that I had rescued from the devouring element, the only child of the *black cook*. Fire in a storehouse—went on the roof; explosion; found myself in somebody's cellor, with one leg in a soap barrel, and my hair full of fractured hen's eggs; discovered that I had been blown over a Church, and had the weathercock still remaining in the rear of my demolished pantaloons. Fire in a liquor store—hose burst; brandy lying round loose;" gin "convaynient," and old Monongahela absolutely begging to be protected from further dilution; Croton water too much for my delicate constitution; carried home on a shutter.

Fire in a Church—Cathhlic—little marble images all round the room in niches: wall began to totter; statues began to fall: St. Andrew knocked my fire hat over my eyes; Saint Peter threw his whole weight on my big toe; Saint Jerome hit me a clip over the head which laid me sprwling, when a picture of the Holy Family fell and covered me up like a bed quilt. Fire in a big clothing store—next day our foreman supported a new silk velvet vest, seven of the men exhibited twelve dollars doeskin pants, and the black boy who sweeps out bunk-room, and scours the Engine had a new hat, and a flaming new cravat, presented, as I heard, by the proprieto of the stocks of goods, as an evidence of his appreciation of their endeavors to save his property. I didn't get any new breeches; on the contrary, lost my new overcoat, and got damaged myself. Tell you how—fire out, order came "take up 97;" took off the hose; turned her round, got the boys together, and started for home; corner of the street hook and ladder 100 (Dutch;) engine 73, (Irish;) hose 88, (Yankee;) and our own company came in cantact; machines got jammed polygot swearing by the strength of the companies; got all mixed up; fight; one of 88's men hit foreman of hook and ladder 100 over the head with a spanner; 97's engineer clipped one of 73's men with a trumphet; 73's retaliated with a paving stone; men of all the companies went in; resolved to "go in" myself; went in; went out again as fast as I could, with a black eye, three teeth (indigestible, I have every reason to believe) in my stomach, intermingled with my supper, my red shirt in carpet rags, and my knuckles skinned, as if they had been pawned to a Chatham street Jew; got on a hydrant and watched the fun; 88's boys whipped everything; 73's best man was doubled up like a jack-knife, by a dig in the place where Jonah was 4 of 97s fellows were lying under the machine with their eyes in mourning; hook and ladder took home two-thirds of their company on the truck; and the last I saw of their foreman he was flying in the middle of the street, with his trumphet smashed flat, his boots under his head, and his pockets inside out. Four policemen on the opposite corner, saw the whole row. On the first indication of a fight, they pulled their hats down over their eyes, covered up their stars, and slunk down the nearest alley. Got home, resigned my commission, made my will, left the company my red shirt and fire cap. Seen enough of fire service; don't regret my experience, but do grieve for my lost teeth and my new overcoat. Sorrowing, sorrowfully yours.

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

P. S. Have just met the foreman of 73—he had on my late lamented overcoat; ain't big enough to lick him—magnanimously concluded to let him alone.

Q. K. P. D. P. B.

WHY DON'T YOU ADVERTISE.

To those who are complaining of the severity of the times, we address this inquiry: Why don't you advertise? It is just the thing to help you out of your difficulties—to relieve you from existing embarrassments—to save you. There is no mistake about it, and the demonstrations which have been made within your own observations, within the last seven years, by those who have advertised extensively, prove the fact that advertising is the sure road to fortune.

Do you say you have not the means to meet the expense, and cannot afford to do it? You cannot afford *not* to do it. There is a difficulty. If you have not the means, make haste to get them—send a lot of musty goods to auction—or try your credit; Your increased sales and additional profits will ensure you not only to pay your advertising bills, but save you from destruction, and inspire confidence in your creditors and the public. But should this expectation not be fully realized, you can hardly be worse off than you now are. "Nothing risk, nothing win." You know that large fortunes have been made by advertising—and you also know that no man ever advertised extensively and thoroughly that did not succeed. Those who are doing business must advertise or fail!

It is true that advertising may not save all who are embarressed; for there are some whom *even* advertising, however potent, cannot now save; but it will save many—all who are not hopelessly insolvent—it will save hundreds who are doomed to certain failure without it. There is no sense in standing idle—no sense in brooding over existing ills—the true way is to commence a war upon them—and do it through the means and agency of the press, wich is truly and emphatically "the mighty lever of the business world," and you know it. Advertising is the grand remedy. "Cast your bread upon the waters" and in a short time it shall return to you again. We ask no man to advertise for the sake of the press, but for his own sake—to save himself from bankruptcy, and his family from penury and want.

Many of our business men appear to be paralyzed; ther are panic struck and trembling in their shoes. They are wondering what is to become of them instead of laying hold of the lever which alone can save them—ruin stares them in the face! To all such we say, advertise—advertise at once: let it be the first thing you do. If you are *too far* gone it may not save you. It is in fact, the only thing you *can* do and hope to weather the storm. Then be about it at once; the engine can be set in motion. The experiment is worth trying, is it not? It is the last chance of the buisiness men who are in distress for more and better customers. *Why* should any one hesitate to resort to it?—*Tribune.*

POTATOES AND PROGENCY.

Dr. Mackenzie tells with great good humor an anecdote in the New York *Union*, which we before heard verbally related. It is all about a certain Lady Middleton, who contrary to her most anxious wish, was unblessed with any children. After an absence of several years with her liege lord, in England, she returned with him to reside for a time on one of their Irish estates.

As the carriage drove up to the mansion, she noticed several fine looking children about the gate, and having learned that their mother was the wife of the gate porter, she determined to interrogate her relative to the cause of her fecundity; she therefore made her way, next day, down to the porter's lodge and commenced her inquiries:

"Whose children are these good woman?"

"All my own, my good lady."

"What! *three* infants of the same age?"

"Yes, my lady, I had three the last time."

"How long are you married?"

"Three years, your ladyship."

"And how many children have you?"

"*Seven*, my lady."

At last came the question of question—how she came to have the children? The poor woman, not well knowing what the catechism meant and not well knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last, for want of something better to say, replied:

"I think it must be the potatoes, my lady."

This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton, who eagerly demanded:—

"The potatoes. Did you eat much of them."

"Oh, yes lady; very seldom we have bread and so we take potatoes all the year round."

Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked—

"And where do you get the potates."

"We grows them in our little garden, my lady; sure Pat tills it."

"Well," said Lady Middleton, "send me a cart load of these potatoes, and the steward shall pay you for them."

Shortly after, her Ladyship rose to leave the house, and indeed had left it, when the matron ran after her, and blushing as she put the question, asked—

"Ah, then, my lady, is it to have children that you want the load of potatoes?"

It was the lady's turn to blush as she confessed that it was.

"Because I'm thinking, my lady, in that case, *Pat had better take the potatoes to you himself!*"

LAND SPECULATORS, LOOK OUT!

We have frequently noticed the fact of men having entered heavy tracts of land in one body, monopolizing whole sections and townships, thus thwarting the design and beneficience of the late "Land Graduation Bill" for the benefit of actual settlers. The Washington *Star* now states, by authority, that under the construction which the Secretary of the Interior and Commissioner of the General Land Office put on the land question, no such swindling entries will be patented. The construction of the act, which these authorities announce, is, that the reduction of prices is to operate only in favor of three classes of persons:

First—To persons who are settlers and occupants at the time of the enactment of the law, or such as may hereafter become such settlers, and who may be entitled to a pre-emption.

Second—To persons who desire the same for his or her own use, and for the purpose of actual settlement and cultivation. That is, where the land is desired for immediate use of that particular person as a farm for himself or family, and for no other use and purpose! and

Third—To persons who already occupy or own land previously acquired, who may be desirous of securing public land adjoining that so occupied or owned, with a view to the extension of their present "farm or plantation." No other person can rightfully avail himself of the provisions of the graduation law in this respect. All entries made under other circumstances will be regarded by the General Land Office as illegal, and therefore void:

This will be a serious back-set to these cormorant speculators who have already secured all of the West and a part of Michigan by their Land Office entries. It has always been known by the speculators that the above construction of the law was the just and designed one and their purchases have been in open violation of what they were conscious was right; therefore, they merit no pity if they are shorn of their thousands of acres.—*Cin. Gazette.*

This Administration is deserving much credit for its vigilance in protecting the hardy pioneers of the West from the repacity of land sharks. A "liberal" construction of the law by an Administration of Gulphin tendencies, would have given to monopolists the whole benifit of this favorite measure of the Democratic party.

EUROPEAN POWERS.

Great Britain.—Area, 89,000 square miles. Population, 27,000,000. Square miles in colonies, 1,950,000. Population of colonies, 106,000,000. Yearly revenue $270,000,000. Yearly expenses, $255,000 000. National debt, $3,060,000,000. Yearly exports, $438,000,000. Tonnage of vessels, 4,000,000. Standing army, 112,977, of whom 9,000 are of the cavalry and 16,000 of the artillery. Navy, 107 ships of the line, 105 frigates, and 266 smaller vessels; in all 560,990 tons, and including 160 steam vessels, of which 24 are ships of the line and 17 frigates.

France.—Area, 211,730 square miles. Population, 36,000,000. Yearly revenue, $250,000,000. National debt, $125,000,000. Foreign trade, imports and exports together, $500,000,000 Standing army, 502,000. Navy, 334 vessels, which 24 are ships of the line, 38 frigates, and 160 steam vessels.

Austria.—Area, 257,000 square miles. Population, 36,000,000, of whom 8,000,000 are Germans, and the remainder are Italians and Slavonians. Revenue, $125,000'000. Expenditure, $160,000,000. National debt, $550,000,000.—Foreign trade—imports, $90,000,000, exports, $60,000,000. Standing army, 600,000 men, with 1,000 pieces of heavy artillery. Navy, 27 vessels, with 524 guns Eight of the vessels are steamers.

Prussia.—Area, 106,000 square miles. Population, 17,000,000. Revenue, $70,000,000. Expenditure, $730'000,000.—National debt, $150,000,000. Standing army, 253,000, with a reserve of 350,000 disciplined men, that may be called out on a month's notice.

Russia in Europe.—Area, 1,800,000 square miles. Russia in Asia, 5,500,000. Population, 65,000,000; Russia in Asia, 6,000,000; revenue, $80,000,000, Yearly exports, $78,000,000; imports, $75,000,000. National debt, $325,000,000 Army 600,000. Navy, 45 ships of the line and 30 frigates.

Turkey in Europe.—Area, 990,000 square miles; Turkey in Asia, 2,000,000. Revenu, $33,000,000. Expenditure, $33,000,000; Exports, $44,000,000.—Imports, $48,000,000. Army, 140,000. Navy, 30 vessels, with 2,236 guns.

Denmark.—Area, 2,000 square miles. Population, 2,500,000. Revenue, $1,700,000. National debt, $130,000,000. Exports, $19,000,000. Imports, $30,000,000. Standing army, 10,000 men. Navy, 23 vessels, of 982 guns.

Spain.—Square miles, 180,000; population, 12,000,000

Sardinia.—Square miles, 28,689; population, 4,500,000.

Belgium.—Square miles, 11,500; population, 4,000,000.

Bavaria.—Square miles, 30,0; population 4,000,000.

THE MILITARY POWER OF RUSSIA.

We may safely leave John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme, for a while, to their rejoicings at the "glorious victory" of the Alma and their anticipations of the fall of Sebastopol. The war on the Danube and in the Crimea, whatever importance it may have in the eyes of the allies and of the united middle class liberalism of Europe, has very little weight, as far as Russia is concerned. The center of gravity of that country is in no wise affected by its posible results; while a defeat in the Crimea and forced retreat of the allies would cripple their land operations for a considerable time, and give them a moral check to recover from which would require their utmost exertions.

Some authentic reports of the distribution and late movements of the Russian forces have lately come to hand, and it may be well to sum them up in order to show how little, comparatively speaking, of the Russian force is as yet engaged, and what the remainder is expected to perform. As, is well known, the Russian army consists, as nearly as can be stated, of the following bodies:

I. THE GRAND ACTIVE ARMY—
2 corps of elite, Guards and Grenadiers, containing 76 battalions, 92 squadrons, 228 guns.
6 corps of the line, 3,900 battalions, 192 squadrons, 672 guns.
3 Cavalry corps, ——, 176 squadrons, 24 guns.
Total, 376 battalions, 460 squadrons, 996 guns.
II. SPECIAL CORPS—
Finland corps, 12 battalions.
Orenburg corps, 10 battalions.
Siberian corps, 15 battalions.
Caucasian corps, 55 battalions, 10 squadrons, 180 guns.
Reserve Caucasian corps, 36 battalions, 3 squadrons, guns.
Caucasian line, 47 battalions, — squadrons, — guns.
Total, 175 battalions, 12 squadrons, 180 guns.
III. COSSACKS AND OTHER IRREGULARS—
About 700 squadrons, 32 battalions, and 224 guns.
IV. RESERVES—
1. Allotted 50 battalions of interior Guards, besides invalids, penal companies, 77.
2. Reserve of the grand army, 5r 4th, 5th, and 6th battalions of guards and grenadiers, 5th and 6th battalion of the line, viz: three battalions for 24 regiments, two battalions each for 72 regiments, or in all 216 battalions.

As all the reserves are called in and fully organized, so far that *the formation of the 7th and 8th battalions* of each regiment has been commenced out of the lately decreed levy of 300,000 men, the above 216 battalions may be comprised in the grand total, which would