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"The Union of the States and the Constitution of the Union."

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There was an old lady lived over the sea,  
And she was an Island Queen;  
Her daughter lived off in a new country,  
With an ocean of water between.

The old lady's pockets were full of gold,  
But never contented was she;  
So she called to her daughter to pay her tax  
Of "trippence" a pound on her tea.

"Now, mother, dear mother," the daughter replied,  
"I shan't do the thing that you say;  
I'm willing to pay a fair price for the tea,  
But never the trippence tax."

"You shall," quoth the mother, and redded with rage,  
"For you're my own daughter, ye see;  
And sure 'tis quite proper the daughter should pay  
Her mother a tax on her tea."

And so the old lady her servants called up,  
And pack'd off a barge of tea,  
And, eager for trippence a pound, she put in  
Enough for a large family.

She ordered her servants to bring home the tax,  
Declaring her child should obey,  
Or, old as she was, and almost woman-grown,  
She'd half whip her life away.

The tea was conveyed to the daughter's door,  
All down by the ocean's side,  
And the bonnet girl poured out every pound  
In the dark and boiling tide.

And then she called out to the Island Queen,  
"O, mother, dear mother," quoth she,  
"Your tea you may have, when 'tis steeped enough,  
But never a tax from me—  
No, never a tax from me."

**Miscellaneous Readings.**

**Important Decisions.**

We learn that last week Judge Bartley decided that the county Sheriff is not an officer of the Probate Court, and that he cannot imprison a man by order of said court. The case in point was the State of Ohio, vs. Joseph Stubbs, who was immediately released from custody. Since then a Mr. Cunningham was released on the same ground. The decision is an important one, and shows another defect in the Probate code. What effect it will have on the enforcement of the liquor law in future? We hear that prosecutions for false imprisonment are talked off.

In addition to the above, we learn that Judge Bartley has decided that in order to sustain a prosecution for drunkenness he must be arrested when intoxicated. This will give a new phase to prosecutions of that class, and is in accordance with the just and obvious meaning of the law.—[Wayne Co. Democrat.]

If this be a true report of a decision by Judge Bartley, then we shall confess our surprise.—We lack faith in the soundness of either of the points said to be decided. The liquor law provides that for a violation of the first, second and third sections, the person so offending, shall be fined and imprisoned in the county jail for not less than ten, nor more than thirty days. For a violation of the other provisions, the law provides for the imprisonment of the offender in the county jail.

Now, the liquor law provides that prosecutions shall be commenced by complaint before a Justice or Mayor, and there is reason to suppose the charge is true. The defendant is required to enter into bonds for his appearance at Court, or in default thereof, he is committed to jail to await his trial.

That the Probate Court has jurisdiction of this class of cases is evident by reference to the 750th page of Swan's Statutes, which says, the Probate Courts in this State shall have cognizance of all crimes and offences not specially exempted in the 23rd section of that act, "unless otherwise provided by law." The exempted cases are capital crimes, offences punishable in the Penitentiary, &c. There is nothing in the liquor law of last session that provides for the trial of the offences against its provisions in any other than the Probate Court, and the general law makes that Court the special tribunal to try that class of offences.

This, to our minds, is very clear. What is the question whether the Sheriff is the officer of the Probate Court to do with it? The law declares the offender shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail. The law has provided that the Sheriff or his deputy shall be the keeper of the jail. That receptacle of rogues, &c., is not the private property of the Sheriff. It belongs to the county and is kept for its use. The duty of the Sheriff is to execute the sentence of courts upon those who are sent to jail, when these Courts are acting within their jurisdiction. We have no doubt that the Sheriff is the officer of the Probate Court, but it does not seem to have anything to do with the case, and ought not to be considered. The Sheriff is not the officer of a Justice's Court, yet Justices frequently send men to jail and we have never heard of a jailer refusing to receive them, because the Sheriff was not the officer of that tribunal.

The second point, to our mind, is, if possible, more ridiculous than the first.

The fifth section reads as follows:

"That it shall be unlawful for any person to get intoxicated, and every person found in a state of intoxication shall, upon conviction thereof, be fined in the sum of five dollars, and be imprisoned in the county jail not more than three, or less than one day, and pay the cost of prosecution."

Now look at this section. It shall be unlawful for any person to get intoxicated. That is the offence. To prove the fact, it would be necessary for some person to see the offender when in that condition. It is the sublime of the ridiculous to suppose, that the man while drunk, must be taken before the Mayor or Justice, and be convicted of it, before he becomes sober, or in default thereof, that the 'unlawful' act of getting drunk becomes no offence at all. Suppose the offender were so far from a Justice, that it would be impossible to go to his office, get the necessary warrant and return, before the drunken man would become sober? Would there be no offence? This report makes Judge Bartley say there would be none.

It is possible that a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio can make such a decision?—But, a Supreme Court Judge once decided the entire liquor law unconstitutional, and void, though that Court subsequently unanimously reversed his decision. We have no doubt this will be similarly treated, when it comes before the Court of last resort.—[O. S. Journal.]

**FROM CALIFORNIA.**

**ARRIVAL OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT.**

New York, March 19.

The steamer Northern Light arrived off Sandy Hook last evening, and reached her dock this morning, with San Francisco dates to 26th of February. She brings 262 passengers and \$92,000 in gold dust.

The news is highly important. Business is entirely prostrated by the suspension of five banking houses. The news of Page & Bacon's difficulty, received at San Francisco on the 17th, causing a great run on that house. They met the run and paid half a million of dollars. A meeting of merchants and bankers who declared the house sound restored confidence, and afterwards seemed to wear a better aspect. On the 22nd however, Page, Bacon & Co., suspended, followed on the 23rd by Adams & Co., Wells, Fargo & Co., and Wright's Miner's Deposit. The excitement was immense.

Adams & Co., closed all their branches without paying a dollar, except in San Francisco, where on the 22nd they stood a run of \$200,000. Wells, Fargo & Co., closed, but their country branches paid as long as the coin lasted, and were still paying as fast as coin could be obtained in exchange for dust and bars. The house announced that they would resume in San Francisco on the 26th.

The suspension of Wells, Fargo & Co., in California, does not effect the American Express Company.

It was feared Adams & Co., could not resume under 60 days, if at all. Page, Bacon & Co., would probably resume in a few days, depositors having granted time on \$400,000. Their assets were large. The heavy failures caused the detention of the steamer until the 26th.

Rumors were current of heavy failures among the merchants, but we have nothing authentic upon this head.

Owing to the scarcity of water, but little gold had been taken from the mines; but heavy rains commenced falling on the 26th, and still continued when the steamer left.

No election of U. S. Senator had taken place yet.

The Joint Convention adjourned sine die, on the 16th, by a vote of 63 to 44. Those voting in the minority were principally the friends of Dr. Gwin.

The news from Kerr river is of an exciting character. The miners are said to average ten to twenty dollars per day.

Steamers for San Pedro, the nearest point of disembarkation for the mines were going full of passengers.

On the 18th, the St. Charles Hotel and Silliman's Hotel in San Francisco, were destroyed by fire. Loss \$5,000.

In Nevada, 16 houses were destroyed by fire on the 16th, and in Stockton, 25 houses also on the 21st.

Indian troubles appear to be on the increase. Some ten white men and about 70 Indians having been killed.

Owing to the monetary difficulties, the recently arrived ships were not discharging.

The riot at Balarat, growing out of the miner's tax, of which we previously had the commencement, resulting in a conflict between the Tryps and miners, in which 12 miners and 22 of the Tryps were killed.

In Central America, Ohinior is still succeeding, having taken all the towns occupied by the revolutionists, except Conon.

At San Juan, the people were anxiously looking for Col. Kinney and party.

In the San Francisco markets business was very dull; quotations exhibited no change.—Gallagos and Huxall flour sold at \$16, lard 14c and 16c, hams 19c, clear pork 21c.

**MORNING CASUALTY.**—A shock was given to this community on Saturday evening last, that cast a gloom upon every countenance, and awakened serious thoughts even in the minds of the most thoughtless, as the rumor flew from one to another that Orlando Hall, one of our leading merchants had, in a single instant, been launched from time to eternity. The sad rumor was but too soon confirmed to the excited multitude, who gathered around and filled his place of business. The carriage was in waiting to bear him to his home, where his loved companion to whom his destinies were united but a few weeks since, awaited him.—The table was set, the tea simmered over the fire, and the cheerful glow of a happy home seemed to chide his delay. Alas! he was never more to gaze upon that happy scene—never more to receive the joyous greetings of that loved home circle. The sad messengers who bore in their train the lifeless form of a suddenly stricken brother, were the first to enter the door opened to receive him who could enter it no more: Their gloomy brows, trembling lips, and tearful eyes, told the tale for which they could scarce find utterance. Heart rending, indeed was the wall of sorrow that rose to Heaven from that household. The scene may be imagined but not described.—such grief is too sacred for public gaze. We disturb not its sanctity.

Mr Hall had stepped down for a moment into the cellar, preparatory to his return home; having closed up the business for the week.—In the gathering darkness of evening, he made a mis-step on the lower landing of the cellar stairs, as it is supposed, and fell over backwards, striking the back of his neck against the top of a heavy hardware cask, filled with tin. His neck was dislocated by the fall and blow, and death ensued almost instantly. He uttered a single convulsive groan. It was heard by the clerks overhead, who hastened to his relief. They found him prostrate, gasping and pallid; and a moment or two after medical aid was secured, he breathed his last.

Mr. Hall was in the prime of life, in his 35th year. He was married to Miss Town, a lady of rare accomplishments, but a few weeks since. He is the brother and partner in business of Mr. P. D. Hall. He had fine business qualities, and was eminently successful. His social qualities endeared him to a large circle of friends; and his death leaves a hiatus in business walks, which will not soon be filled.

Mr. Hall was born in Bridgeport, Conn., and came to Akron in 1840. So that he has been here nearly fifteen years.—[Akron Beacon.]

**SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.**—The recent firemen's parade in New Orleans took place on Sunday. A correspondent of the Bulletin says: From an early hour until nearly the close of day, the chief streets of the city were occupied and usurped by this procession, and the air rang with the sounds of its music, proclaimed from nearly fifty bands; the side-walks and every open space were occupied by spectators of either sex and of all ages and conditions; bar rooms and places of like character, contributed to the commerce and hilarity of the occasion, and as a fitting close to the day, at evening, the excited public were furnished at the Place d'Armes, with a series of refined entertainments, such as games in the ring, the greased poles—sack racing—the sending off balloons, and other things of that sort—balls and theatres winding up the festival. To such scenes and to such solemnities the city was devoted. Those of our citizens who remembered and sought to honor the day as the Christian Sabbath, were either restrained by the confusion from leaving their dwellings, or if they succeeded in gaining their respective places of worship, found their devotions disturbed, and the services of the church well nigh impracticable, because of the noise from without. It is true that the programme of the performances, with considerate toleration, announced that no band of music was to play within a certain number of feet of any place of worship. Those who visited Christ's Church, know how faithfully that portion of the bill was performed. If this were a land of heathens and of heathen temples, and the rites of sacrifice were performed on numerous altars, the music and display of yesterday had harmonized with our religion, served to drown the cries of the victims, and conceal the most revolting features of the spectacle.

**'She Always Made Home Happy.'**

Such was the brief but impressive sentence, which a friend wished us to add to an obituary notice of one who had gone before.

What better tribute could be offered to the loved and lost? Eloquence with her loftiest eulogy—poetry with her most thrilling durg, could afford nothing so sweet, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead as those simple words: 'She always made home happy.' Hear this, mothers, wives and daughters, and think of your own duty. How many could have the same said of them in truthfulness and sincerity? Ask that woman, whose splendid residence attracts the gaze of every passer by. Thousands have been lavished on those imposing walls, long colonades and high-arched windows; and now and then you obtain a glimpse of costly hangings, rich carpets and tall mirrors, which dazzle you with magnificence. Often you pause a moment and look wistfully through the half closed blinds and murmur to yourself as you pass on: 'I should think the possessor of all this might enjoy life.'

But you are sadly mistaken. The dove of

peace never folds her white wings by that fire side; the gentle spirit of content never sheds her holy influence there. The master of the mansion, though yet in his prime, seems prematurely old; there is an expression of suffering around his compressed lips, and his broad brow bears many a trace of care. Ah! there is a rupture at his heart, which like the hero of the olden story, he would fain conceal. Ten years ago he married a beautiful girl, with a thousand and pleasant visions of domestic quietude and bliss. But his dreams have founded; the rosy haze of romance is lost in the cold, gray dawn of bitter reality.

His wife presides over his household with surpassing gracefulness; she is the idol of society, and a leader of fashion. She goes and comes through those spacious halls, dressed in garments that might bend a queen; she gives brilliant dinners, where she shines the brightest star; and parties, which every body pronounced charming. But she is never the kind devoted companion—the loving, trusting, helpmate, sharing every joy and sorrow, cheering him when he desponds, and counseling in trials and perplexities with winning delicacy and tenderness. In short, she never makes home happy. But it is not alone to the frivolous, that our subject speaks the language of reproof and instruction; there are others, to whom it may be applied with equal force. Ask the would-be reformers of the nineteenth century, whose loftiest aim is to step beyond her appropriate sphere, how she performs her duty in this respect. She is often seen in the debating hall and lecture room, where strife and confusion prevail. Her voice is heard ringing out in defence of the rights of her sex; she allows her name to be dandied about, linked with the coarsest epithets; she takes long and tedious journeys in behalf of the cause she has espoused. You may hear her talk enthusiastically of all that is pure and elevating in woman's mission and sublime in her destiny. Indeed she appears to be ready to suffer any hardship or privation, if she can only aid in the glorious work of redeeming oppressed females from their terrible thralldom.

But you do not find her bright presiding genius of home. Her smiles and cheerful welcome do not greet her husband when he returns from his daily toil; her hands do not draw his arm chair to that favorite nook; her society does not charm away his weariness and make him forget his cares. When he is ill, she is seldom near to smooth his pillow, or bathe his fevered cheek, or whisper of hope and consolation.

Can it be, that she, with all her boasted regard for the best interests of humanity, ever realizes her own responsibility! Alas, we fear not.

Ask the peevish, complaining wife, if she has ever thought seriously of the matter. What a comfort she has. Her two noble looking boys and their fair sister are as beautiful a trio of children as ever graced one household; her husband is kind and indulgent, but her fretful disposition will not allow her a moment's tranquility. She is in perpetual anxiety; sometimes it is one thing, then another that causes her inquietude, but she is never at rest. The children yearn for the sunshine, which they see in the homes of their playmates, and invent all kinds of excuses to get away from the endless troubles which haunt their mother. They have already learned that pleasure cannot be had under their own roof; and the gambling hall, the theatre and the club room hold out temptations, which she can scarcely resist. Aye, think of these solemn considerations and be wise.

**What more fitting inscription can be engraved on the tombstone of an estimable woman, of which this was said? It will stand perchance, in some church-yard, where birds and flowers open their starry eyes, all mindful of the silent sleepers below. Other monuments and tablets will rise around it, bearing the high sounding epithet, but nothing there speaks a sweeter lesson than the brief sentence, 'She always made home happy.'**

**POSTOFFICE CLEAR IN JAIL.**—The Chicago Tribune notices the arrest of Perry Denniston, a clerk in the Chicago Post-office, charged with breaking open letters and robbing the mails.—Large amounts of money mailed to Chicago never reached the consignee's hands. The purloiner was employed in arranging the papers and letters in piles, for the convenience of the 'thrower,' or the clerk who distributed them into the various boxes to which they belonged. By observing him at times when he supposed no one was watching him, Mr. Pinkerton discovered that Denniston was in the habit of feeling or weighing the letters in his hand as he arranged them, apparently for the purpose of ascertaining whether they contained money. Mr. Pinkerton placed some packages, containing marked money, in the basket with the other letters awaiting distribution, and secreted himself in a position in which he could watch the movements of the suspected clerk. His hours of work are during the night, and he goes off duty at four in the morning. While engaged in assorting newspapers, he worked with his coat off, but when he came to the letters he put on his coat, and shortly before four o'clock Mr. Pinkerton saw him, very boldly but very adroitly, slip one of the decoy packages in his coat pocket. Immediately after doing so he went out of the office for a few moments, and soon afterwards went to his boarding house, where, at 6 o'clock, Mr. Pinkerton arrested him. On searching him, the marked money was found in his possession, and Mr. Pinkerton took him at once to jail.

**POOL.**—A monument is to be erected to Poole, and a fund is to be raised for the benefit of his family. The Boston Atlas, in an article on the 'apotheosis of blackguardism,' says: 'We did think, when this miserable affair occurred, when some of the second-rate parties were shot, and some of them compelled to fly from the city, that New York might consider herself well rid of a nuisance more noxious than the garbage in her streets or the stench of her slaughter houses. But the turn which the affair has taken, will make matters worse and worse. Where she had one bully before, she will have twenty now. Pulginius and the pistol, shoulder hitting, gouging and maiming have been elevated into the heroic. The young lad, who reads the Herald or the Express, will conclude that to be a fighting, drinking, gambling loafer, will build him up as insupportable, in the great city of New-York.'

**Last Words of Distinguished Persons.**

"A death bed's a detector of the heart:  
Here tried dissimulation drops her mask,  
Thou' life's grimace the mistress of the scene—  
Here real and apparent are the same."

Head of the army—Napoleon.  
I must sleep now.—Byron.  
It matters little how the head lieth.—Sir Walter Raleigh.  
Kiss me hardy.—Lord Nelson.  
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.  
Is this your fidelity?—Nero.  
Clasp my hands, my dear friend I die.—Alfred.  
Give Dayrols a chair.—Chesterfield.  
God preserve the Emperor.—Hayden.  
The artery ceases to beat.—Haller.  
Let the light enter.—Goethe.  
All my possessions for a moment of time.—Queen Elizabeth.  
What I I there no bribing death.—Cardinal Beaufort.  
I have loved My God, my father and liberty.—Madame de Staël.  
Be serious.—Grotius.  
Into thy hands, O Lord.—Tasso.  
"It is small, small indeed," clasping her neck.—Anne Boloy.  
I pray you see me safe up, and for coming down let me shift for myself," ascending the scaffold.—Sir Thomas Moore.  
Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—Robert Burns.  
I feel as if I were to be myself again.—Sir Walter Scott.  
I resign myself to God, and my daughter to my Country.—Jefferson.  
It is well.—Washington.  
Independence forever.—Adams.  
'Tis the last of earth.—John Q. Adams.  
I wish you to understand the true principles of government; I wish them carried out. I ask no more.—Gen. Harrison.  
I am prepared. I have endeavored to do my duty.—Gen. Taylor.  
There is not a single drop of blood on my hands.—Frederick V.  
Let me die to the sound of delicious music.—Mirabeau.

**THE EMPEROR NICOLAS.**—The Czar was born July 6, 1796, and hence was nearly 59 years of age. He has been nearly 30 years on the throne, having reigned since Dec. 1, 1826. This Sovereign was of the Greek Church. A contemporary thus apostrophizes him: "The death of the gigantic Czar—he who towered in stature and intellect above all men of his nation—whose powerful and perfect physical organization seemed to give assurance of a century of life on earth—whose absolute will gave direction to the energies of the most potent nation on the globe—who was to scores of millions the personification of their idea of God—in whom was concentrated more authority and force than in any other human being—who was the representative man of monarchs—who 'brought this earth like a Colossus,' himself best described as 'The Iron Colossus of the North,' his death, just at the time when the eyes of all men were upon him, watching with dread the development of his tremendous resources; when he had baffled the grandest armament that ever floated, and had set himself like an immovable and insurmountable rock in the path of the great civilized nations of the west, and was sternly preparing to join battle with all the millions that might be hurled against him—a dispensation of Providence which sends a thrill of awe to all hearts. And yet Nicholas Romanoff was a man born of woman, and it was written that his days upon earth were to be few, yet 'and full of troubles.'"

**MURDER IN JEFFERSON COUNTY.**—The Steubenville True American of the 15th, says: On Sunday, the 11th inst., a man by the name of John Robinson; residing on Salt Run, Wells tp., was shot by a man named Wm. Roe. Roe, was informed, rested his gun on the corner of his house, took deliberate aim and fired—the ball entered the body of Robinson and passed out at the opposite side. He lived but a few hours. The cause of this distressing event is said to be jealousy. Roe and his wife had been for some time separated, and he blamed Robinson for the separation.

A warrant was issued on Monday, for the arrest of Roe, but he has not yet been taken.

**It is a matter of some importance to lawyers, suitors, and witnesses, who have business in the Circuit and District Courts of the United States for Ohio, to remember that all the cases are transferred from Columbus to Judge Leavitt's Court in Cincinnati. The term of his Court will commence on the 17th of April.**

The legislature of Missouri adjourned on the 5th inst. without electing a U. S. Senator. So far, three States have failed to elect, and will have but half a delegation in the next session of the Senate. These are Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Missouri.

**The distribution of the Art Gallery of Mr. Derby took place on the 28th ult. and that of the Greek slave fell to the lot of Miss Kate Gillespie, of Brady's Bend, Pa. This work of art was valued at between four and five thousand dollars.**

**BURIAL.**—The Newark Times of the 10th inst., says:—A young scamp named Houseman, was arrested last Sunday night for whipping his mother! There is no penalty severe enough for such a crime. The fellow ought to have his ears cropped, and be sent to the Penitentiary.

**The recent elections in the interior of Pennsylvania have resulted in victories of the American party. At Bellefonte, Centre county, Tremont, Schuylkill, county, Johnstown, Cambria county, Williamsport, Lycoming county, Hollidaysburg, Altoona, and other towns in Blair co., and all through Clinton county, the party candidates were all elected.**

**The amount of wool grown in the United States in 1854, was 70,000,000 lbs. The importations for the same period, mostly in a manufactured state, were 140,000,000 lbs.—making over 210,000,000 lbs., consumed in the United States in one year.**

**The Know Nothing candidate for Mayor in New Bedford, Mass., was elected by an overwhelming majority.**

## Douhys' Department.

"Why's D like marriage?" asked the maid,  
Whose love to me is pledged;  
I blush'd, of course, and lung my head,  
While she seem'd quite delighted.

"Come, answer me," continued she,  
And don't be long about it,—  
You stupid nunny, don't you see  
We can't be wed without it!"

**DON'T BE TOO CERTAIN.**

Aye now, boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting to your word. Never make a positive statement, without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, remove them, by examination, before speaking confidently. Don't be too certain.

"John where is the hammer?"

"It is in the corn house."

"No it is not there. I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it is there; I saw it there, not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn house, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "O, it was the axe I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"Well, don't be too certain another time."

"Yes, father, but I did really think I saw it, or I should not have said so."

"But you said positively that you did see it, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure, for if you do, bye and bye you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain."

John wandered off to the house, trying to convince himself he was in the right, after all.

His father had given him a pretty wooden snow-shovel the winter before, and John had taken great delight in shoveling the clean white snow during the winter.

It was now the middle of April. The sun shone warm, and the birds sang gaily in the trees. John shouldered his pretty shovel and was marching off with it.

"What are you going to do with your snow-shovel, John?" said his grandmother.

"I'm going to put it away in the barn for the summer, so that it needn't get broken."

"Seems to me, I would not put it away just yet! I wxy have more snow pretty soon."

"O, Eddie-dee-dee! we shall not have any more snow this winter; I'm sure of that. Don't you see how warm it is? The lilacs have all budded, the pease have come up, and the robins and martins are singing about. I know it won't snow any more."

"Well, perhaps it will not," said his grandmother, "but don't be too certain; it looks like a storm now."

"Don't be too certain!" The words rang in John's ears; but he carried on his shovel, and stowed it away carefully in the barn.

The next morning what was his astonishment to see the ground white with snow, and the storm violently beating against the window. It continued to snow all day long, and next morning it lay in great drifts around the house.

John waded down to the barn for his shovel and soon cleared the paths of snow. When he came to his breakfast, he declared he would not put away his shovel again until the first of July, at least.—[Monthly Instructor.]

**SPELLING BY SOUND.**—The principles of phonetic spelling, it would seem from the following are not of modern introduction. Dr. Franklin relates an instance of a gentleman receiving a letter in which were these words: 'Not finding Brown at home, I delivered your message to his wife.' The gentleman called his wife, to help him read it; and between them they picked out all but the 'r's, which they could not understand. At length the wife proposed calling her chambermaid, 'because,' says she, 'Betty has the best knack of reading bad spelling of any body I know.' Betty came, and was surprised that neither of them could tell what 'r's' was, 'Why,' says she, 'r's spells wife—what else can it spell!'

**ETIMAS.**—What English word of one syllable, by cutting of its first letter, becomes a Latin word of two syllables, both having the same signification?

There is a thing that nothing is, and yet it has a name; 'Tis sometimes tall, and sometimes short, it joins in walks, it joins in sports, And plays at every game.

**ANSWER to puzzle in 'Free Press' of the 15 h**

—Subscribe for the Press. The puzzle is unraveled by commencing at the centre letter, 'S', in the right hand column, and spelling in any direction.

Madam your shawl is dragging in the mud.  
"Well, your little hussey suppose it is, isn't it the fashion?"

Honestly sometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

Why are Cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them HEAR.

**et of ana ted, floor 23th-3 of 10 in art's 100), and d st on to d st j No. (25) (35), (40), (41) to be O.**