The Indiana American.

A NEWS PAPER--DEVOTED TO FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, MORALS, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOCIETY.

VOL. XXV.--NO. 28. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1857. WHOLE NUMBER 1276.

TERMS OF THE

INDIANA AMERICAN.

Per year, at the end of the year.....$2,00
If paid within six months.....2,50
If paid in advance.....2,00
In clubs of ten or more.....1,50

Where ten or more are taken at one office, new subscribers may be added, or old subscribers may renew, at club rates, where two send Three Dollars, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

All subscribers are understood as engaging to continue unless express orders to the contrary are given; and no paper will be discontinued, while arrears are unpaid, unless the subscriber is worthless. Orders for discontinuance must be BY LETTER, and not by returning a paper marked "refused."

All papers, without regard to wealth, position or name, who leave without ordering their paper changed, or paying arrearages, or who let it come to their address without taking it out of the office, without ordering it discontinued and paying arrearages, will be published as delinquents in the BLACK LIST.

Money can be sent at our risk in a REGISTERED LETTER.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (or less, (ten lines) one insertion.....$0,75
For each additional insertion.....25
Business cards, not occupying more than one square, per year.....10,00
Yearly advertising, changeable quarterly, per square.....8,00

Anything less than a square to be counted as a full square; a fraction over a square, as a square and a half; a fraction over a square and a half, as two squares; and so on.

Circuit and common pleas court, administration and other legal notices, must be paid in advance, or amply secured. In no case will we await the issue of a suit for the printer's fee. Attorneys will be held responsible for the legal advertisements ordered by them.

Announcing candidates of every description, $1 to subscribers, and $2 to those who are not—payment invariably in advance.

Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified number of insertions, will be continued until ordered out, and payment required accordingly, unless they are for a definite date, when they will be inserted to that date. If marked "till forbid," they will, of course, be inserted until ordered out, at the usual rates.

All advertisements from strangers or transient persons to be paid in advance.

Special notices, Puffs and Communications designed to promote private interests, will be charged $1 per square for each insertion.

Marriages announced gratuitously.

Deaths will be announced gratuitously, but lengthy obituary notices will be charged for as special notices.

Business notices published in the Editorial columns will be charged for each insertion ten cents per line.

Advertisements headed and placed under the head of Special notices, if ten lines or over, will be charged double the usual rates; if under that amount, fifty cents for each insertion.

Choice Poetry.

For the American

LINES.

"WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD."

BY M. AUGUSTA BASSET.

Oh, do not weep for those who sleep
In earth's green, tranquil breast,
For it indeed must be most sweet,
To die and be at rest.
That life, with all its weary strife,
And its dark, gnawing grief,
Has passed, and they have found at last
A glorious relief.

Oh! do not sigh for those who die
In sunny childhood's bloom,
Ere dim'd by care their faces fair,
Or young hearts chill'd with gloom;
They dwell above, in Jesus' love,
Secure and ever blest.
Safe in his arms from all that harms,
They evermore shall rest.

Oh! do not grieve for those who leave
Our earth in youth's glad hours,
While life doth seem a fairy's dream,
And their feet press but flowers;
They no'er shall know sad, bitter woe,
Deep agony or pain,
No sin shall blight their spirits bright,
Or their soul's whiteness stain.

But rather weep for those who keep
Life's weary vigil still,
Who calmly toil with earthly spoil
Their heaven-born souls to fill;
Whom crime and vice strive to entice
From virtue's pleasant road—
Anxious to tear the spirits rare
From glory and from God.

Thrice happy they, who pass away
From earth, and are set free,
Ere one spot clings to their soul wings,
To mar their purity.
Then we'll not weep for those who sleep,
But strive with faith and prayer
To gain yon shore, and evermore
Be where our loved ones are.

Brookville, June 10th, 1857.

From the Flag of our Union.

THE HEART.

BY ELLERY ALBEE.

How oft the heart is bowed with grief,
When only smiles appear;
How oft the thorn is planted there,
While falls unseen the tear!

How oft amid the giddy throng,
When all appears so gay,
The heart is brooding o'er some grief,
And hastening to decay!

How oft the sparkling wine is quaffed,
To drown some inward grief;
How oft that life is long and sad,
Which seems to move brief!

Ah! little do we know the pangs
That rend the human heart;
That drive its victims to despair,
And then with life to part!

Ah! little do we know what griefs
Consume the vital part;
When pleasures seem to rule, what fires
Are burning in the heart?

A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY WM. FRY.

No love is like a sister's love,
Unselfish, free, and pure,—
A flame that light'ed from above,
Will guide; but ne'er allure.

It knows no frown of jealous fear,
No blush of conscious guile;
Its wrongs are pacified through a tear,
Its hopes crowned by a smile.

THE FIRESIDE.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our family and fire.
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbors enter here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys. COLTON.

FLATTERY.

Be flattery! boy! an honest man can't live by't
It is a little, sneaking art, which knaves
Use to cajole and soften fools withal.
If thou hast flattery in thy nature, out with't;
Or send it to a court, for there 'twill thrive. OTWAY.

THE SETTING SUN.

The dying sun
Stood like a stag at bay, and, lifting up
A flashing look upon the fleet black clouds
That follow'd in his track, with one brave bound
Dash'd into darkness. J. W. FLETCHER.

'I am astonished at your honor's decision! said a young lawyer to a judge who had decreed against him. This remark cannot be permitted, said the judge, and an apology will be necessary on your part.' Permit me,' said the senior counsel, to offer an excuse for my young friend; he is new in these matters and when he has practiced as long before your honor as I have, he will be astonished at nothing.

A Good Story.

From Arthers Home Magazine.

THE FAULTY HEART —AND THE— STAMMERING TONGUE.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

"O, now, Maggie, why will you be always thinking of that stammering Dickie O'Neil? What matter is it whether he is to be to the frolic or not? There'll be enough more there rest ye assured."

"I know—I know, Bridgy. I only asked be——"

"Yes, yes, ye only asked because ye wanted to know. And ye're only blushing, now, as ye'se always sure to blush when that stuttering body is mentioned. You are a silly girl, Mag, that's what you are, to be so cold to Pete Hannighan, who's a most dying for ye this blessed minit; and whose nice farm is full of good things he'd be glad to offer your own self, if ye'd only give him the least bit of encouragement. Well, every body has their own taste, to-be-sure." And with a dignified toss of the head, Maggie's friend drew her bonnet-strings together; preparatory to bringing her call to a close.

"O, Bridget!" said the pleading voice of the accused, "don't blame me so.—You do not know how bad a heart Pete Hannigan has got. If ye'd only heard him speak to his poor, old, blind mother, as I did once, ye'd never be the one to say such words to me. I know Dickie has a faltering tongue; but—but, Bridgy, he's got a good heart of his own, that's faller of good than any body's farm." And, half frightened at what she had said, the blushing girl bent lower over her ironing, to hide the tears her full soul pressed to her eyes.

Bridget's Irish heart melted instantly. With genuine repentance, she threw her arms around Maggie's neck and begged forgiveness.

"O, never you mind, darlin,' what I said. I'm forever saying the wrong thing. There's enough that would be proud of your love, dear, but your own clear heart will gide ye right.—And I might have remembered that, too, before I went to blaming you with my foolish tongue."

Maggie, no doubt, remembered that, "to err is human, to forgive, divine," when she gave her hand in token of reconciliation. She wiped away her tears, and carefully folding the shirt she had finished ironing, laid it away, while a heavy sigh escaped her, as if from weariness; though the absent look betrayed another cause.

"We'll go early, wont we?" said Bridget as she lifted the door latch.

"Yes," replied Maggie, pensively.

"And you will wear your blue cambric dress?"

"Yes."

"And I'll were mine. Good bye Maggie, dear."

"Good bye."

A kiss and the friends parted until evening.

"Bridget shown the lights" o're Ireland's sons and daughters. And if the rustling of the silks was not there, that broad, old kitchen resounded to happier sounds. There were blushing maidens there, and hopeful swains; and music and dancing and coquetting. And, if all was not done in the most refined style, there was as much good motive and purity, as the most conscientious and delicate could hove desired.

Away in the corner were Bridget and Maggie! And in close proximity were the Dickie O'Neil and Pete Hannigan, about whom they had contended in the morning.

The friends had worn their blue cambric dresses, according to agreement. And if they were not cut precisely after "the last Paris Fashion," they nevertheless, did credit to the industrious hands that made them.—And the deep falls of the cotton lace were just as delicious, in the eyes of their admirers, as the richest blonde would have been.

There was one among the crowd that night, whose entrance had hushed for a little time, the voice of mirth, and given rise to many a feeling of pity in the warm hearts that beat there. It was a blind sister of Dickie O'Neil's!

"She wanted to come," he was saying to Maggie, "and I told mother if she would le-let her, I'd see that no harm came upon her."

"I ought to brought my old blind mother," said Hannigan, drawing down his chin, with a chuckling laugh.

"And many's the thing you could'a done worse," tartly added Bridget, his late defender.

The young farmer, failing to excite ridicule against his hated rival, cast an angry glance at Bridget, and turning to O'Neil, continued:

"'Tis a hard time you must have of it to feed so many mouths, and only your two hands to work with. You must find you a wife who will bring you some land to live upon."

"I would not have a wi-wife for the land she would bring me," blushingly replied O'Neil, "I love to work for the dear ones at home, and we always have e-enough and to spare."

"'Tis seldom a frolic ye can attend, thogh, far want of money," bitterly replied Hannigan reddning with vexation.

"O, fie upon you, Pete Hannigan," again said Bridget, "to be speaking these to the like of Dickie O'Neil.—He's got a big, warm heart of his own, that's worth a thousand times more'n your few acres of cold land. And I know," she added slowly, "of some one else who thinks—." But an imploring glance from Maggie caused her to stop.

An angry light was burning in Hannigan's eyes. But he dared not say what he wanted to, because of Maggie's presence, whose face was red with confusion—the shade of satisfaction upon it being preceptible only to the saucy Bridget.

A sudden relief for all came at this moment. A soft pleasant voice was calling, "Dickie!"

"Yes, Mary," answered the brother. And the young man was at his sister's side in a moment.

"I left you a long time," was the brother's kind remark. "I did not consider how quickly the time passed."

"O, no, it was not long. I have not been lonely. I have been talking to the girls, and but just stopped to listen for your voice—I din not hear it so I spoke. But what is the matter, Dickie—how hot your hand is!"

"O, nothing—I guess your's is cocold—that's all. I'll lead you to the fire."

The sister strained her sightless orbs, as if to look in her brother's face. But it was in vain, and she contented herself to be led by him where he chose.

It was a pleasing sight, for those who had hearts to appreciate it, to see that young man leading about his blind sister, and trying to amuse her, carfully guiding her steps, and stopping where he thought she would be pleased. He did not leave her many times to join the merriment. Only once more, for the sake of leading Maggie into the whirling dance, he left her, seating her where the sound of the music would fall the most pleasantly upon her sensitive ear. When he went back to her, Bridget again heard Hannigan trying to ridicule him, which so roused her indignation that she longed for an opportunity to tell him how detestible he was. To appease her wrath she managed to give him a disagreeable shove whenever they passed or re-passed each other, during the mysterious changes of the dance. And he, vexed with her impudence, at length made it convenient to catch one of the brass buttons of his coat into one of the flowing ruffles of her dress, and did not stop his forward movement until the dainty trimming was shorn of all its beauty.

Bridget's wailing was long and hearty, at this disfigurment of her favorite blue. The dance was stopped, and hosts of sympathising friends crowded around her.

"Never you mind, darling," said one.

"It can surely be mended as good as new," comfortingly said another.

"Accidents will happen," gravely remarked a third.

"I'll help you to fix it to-morrow," whispered Maggie, who had an indistinct idea that it was not all an accident.

And so Bridget was comforted, at length, and the dance went on; though not until she had called Hannigan a miserable, old peice of awkwardness, and declared that he "wasen't fit to dance with the decent girls."

"That's more'n you can prove, Miss Bridget," was his retort. And so the master was settled for that night; each, however, vowing future vengence upon the other.

"Like all things lovely," the frolic had its ending. Groups formed here and there, around the heaps of bonnets and cloaks, that had been laid up carefully in divers places, to be out of the way. The young men cast eager glances around, each intent to secure his favorite for the homeward walk.

Hannigan's head rose high above those around him, as he threaded his way, industriously towards the spot where Maggie's voice was heard.

But Maggie—artful girl! was manœuvering with all a woman's adroitness to keep out of his way. Did he approach in one direction, something was sure to claim her attention in another. And, when, by rapid movements, he at length managed to face her, she suddenly remembered something she had forgotten to say to a friend across the room. She was relieved from the exertions, at last, by hearing a pleasant voice over her shoulder, asking:

"May I go ho-home with you, Maggie?"

"Yes, Dickie," was the prompt reply.

Placing his blind sister where no harm would be likely to befall her, O'Neil bade her wait his return; and then triumphantly walked away with the only one the well-to-do farmer cared to gallant home. Deep and bitter were the curses that followed the fortunate rival; but they did not rob him of Maggie's love, or the sweet pleasure of having her by his side.

How those full hearts unburthened themselves, during that moonlight walk. But, we are sure that both experienced a full satisfaction ere they parted at Maggie's door.

"O! Maggie, Maggie, I'm so glad of your choice," said Bridget, as they sat busily drawing together the broken meshes of torn lace. "It was a poor fool that I was, to be sure. to want you to have that mean, wicked fellow, who has no good word to say of any one. It would be a sorry life he would lead you, honey, with your kind heart that's always making you do somebody some good." And, stopping for breath, Maggie's friend wiped away the tears that were falling fast upon the shining cambric.

"I knew, Bridget, you would despise him, as I do, when you come to see him more. But, indeed, I'm far from wishing any harm to him, and hope he may yet be taken in the right way."

"He wouldn't see it dear, if he was, for he is always looking for bad.—Only to think, of his making fun of Dickie, because he had his poor blind sister there, who had as good a right as any one to have her heart made glad with the sound of our frolic. No, no, never a good thought could stay with Pete Hannigan, I dare declare! But come, tell me, Maggie, that's a darlin' is it settled that you and Dickie will be married soon?"

"Yes, Bridget, I may as well tell you, for you will know all about it before long," replied Maggie, thoughtfully.

"You'll never tell him what I said about him yesterday morning, will you, dear?"

"No—I guess not."

"Well, it's nothing, after all—his stammering. It's only once in the while a word; and then he always says just what he wants to, at last, and it's always something good, too, so where's the difference."

"Indeed, Maggie, I don't believe he'll stammer so much now, that he knows you love him. I dare say he's always felt embarrassed like, when he was near you; but now he'll feel more free, and talk easier."

"Yes, he did last night, Bridgy.—He bid me 'good bye,' and told me when he would come and see me, just as well as you or I. And, O, Bridgy, he's so good! Now that's the thing, after all, isn't it?" And again the cambric dress was saved from being soiled, only by its polished surface, over which the friends' tears glided, an offering at each other's feet.

"There, it's all as good as ever now," said Bridget, holding up the mended garment, triumphantly.

"Yes; it'll never show a bit where it was torn."

"And I can wear it to your wedding, Maggie."

"And I hope there'll be nobody there that'll tear it again!"

"Always wish a good wish, sure, it's you that deserves a good husband." And throwing her arms around Maggie's neck, the friends promised everlasting constancy to each other, whatever the future might make of change for them.

HOW MEN DIE

Some men die in ignerance, unconcerned, and seemingly, without fear for the future. Others are sullen and silent, as if determined to brave it out at all hazards. Others are so wernied out by long illness and continued pain, that they are eager for the change, yet give no evidence of being in a fit state to appear before God.—Others abound in professions of hope and confidence, yet leave impartial observers at a loss to conceive what basis there can be for such assurance. Others again, give their friends every reason to think that they are real children of God, make the dread passage with little or no sensible comfort—in not a few cases, under a dark and heavy cloud.

The majority of consistent Christians have their last end as it is described by the Psalmist in a single word, it is "peace." A few of them, however, taste heaven this side of the old Jordan, and their rapture is a thing to be witnessed in order to be understood.

There is a very simple rule for the direction of any one who feels concerned about the manner he is to meet the last enemy. This is to live habitually in communion with God through Jesue Christ. Such a life cannot end miserably. Death must be to it only the crowning seal of its steadfast course, the finishing touch to its lofty blessedness.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE FINISHING OF THE TEMPLE.

Suppose the period arrived when the scaffolding is struck down and the rubbish moved away,—that is, suppose this earth, which was the stage for its erection, now moved from beneath it, and the wicked and the refuse of mankind cast far away out of sight: conceive you see nothing but the building,—lo! it stands high in view, for the admiration of the surrounding universe. "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks; consider her places—that ye may tell it to the generation following." What is her foundation? The rock of ages! Who is her inhabitant? Her inhabitant is God!

Not a flaw or a blemish is to be seen, every stone in its proper place, and all contributing to the beauty of the whole. No want of semmetry in the general outline plan—nothing imperfect in the execution of each part.

Behold, it stands an eternal monument—the glory of God, of his power, and wisdom, and grace! It is all bright and glorious wherever you take your view of it—radiating in every part with the beaming of divine glory. Her light is like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper. It is a temple of souls, every stone is a living soul—Blood bought spirits!—Every one is a chosen warrior who has fought his battle in his day, and has conquered. They have come out of great tributation to be stones for this building. Affliction gave them their polish and the cement which unite them is love.—*Rev. H. Martin.*

A student of one of our State Colleges had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary to usage. He received a summons to appear before the President, who said,

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what explanation can you make?"

"Why, the fact is, sir, my physician advised me to try a little each day as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where the beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel of it taken to my room."

"Indeed! and have you derived any benefit from the use of it?"

"Ay, yes, sir. When the barrel was first taken to my room, two days since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the very greatest ease."

We believe the student was discharged without special reprimand.—*Rochester Union.*

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM FRANCIS GRASMUCK.

TECUMSEH, K. T., June 4th, 1857.

MR. GOODWIN:—I would have written some time ago, but my dear wife was very sick. Everybody thought she could not recover, but she is doing well now, and is able to be up a little. The neighbors around us have been very kind to us in our affliction.

I wish I was able, and had time, to write some on our political affairs, now going on in this Territory. Kansas is a remarkable country; there is always something interesting going on, and when one excitement is going down, another one is going up. Yesterday, the Northern Methodists had a meeting of the trustees for the purpose to build a church in Tecumseh. We, the members, intend to do all we can, and I believe we go beyond our means, I do not know that we can succeed.

I have seen in the *American* a letter from Mr. Blackledge, formerly of Franklin county, Indiana, dated and written at Wyandott City, K. T. I could but smile when I read his statement that all was peace in this Territory. Mr. Blackledge was little aware that, while he was writing this peaceable letter, the same day, there was war and destruction going in Tecumseh, and that the battle-ax and war-hatchet was being used to destroy property. Whisky has done very much mischief last winter, in our town. Several valuable lives were lost by it, and the ladies of the town and neighborhood had a meeting, and went to this house where liquor and whisky were sold, and told the seller that he must take his ardent spirit out of town within three days; if not, they would come and destroy it all. Now, it happened that these ladies were all Free-State ladies, and the whisky sellers were all pro-slavery. The ladies were true to their promise; they broke through the locked up doors, and broke all the barrels and kegs, and let the spirits loose. The pro-slavery men, friendly to whisky, did murmur, that it was a political action against their party, and said that one Free-State store-keeper was selling whisky also, and they informed the ladies of this fact. Amongst the ladies were the wife and daughter of this same Free-State man. This was a very critical question, what to do, but there was no help for it, and so the ladies all went in a company to said store, and destroyed that two barrels of the best old rye also. How this store-keeper, and his wife and daughter rejoice and delight in in it, I am not able to learn.

Our political affairs are very interesting at present, but I am tired to write about it, because our cause is so little understood by the people in the States. We have to plant corn and tend to our farming business. We are waiting to see if President Buchanon & Co. are really foolish and tyrannical enough to enforce such things as laws! Perhaps when that big comet pushes against the world there will be change somewhere. I still say and believe as I have said in my former letters, that the American people will and cannot stand it in these times to have their dearest rights and liberties taken from them. Our motto is, the majority shall rule. We are for the Union, the Constitution, and the Organic Laws, but we are against the fraud practised in all of our elections; we would like to go and vote if we could, and help ourselves. I hope we will have our rights and freedom, some time, and if we do, we don't need to be thankful to the present Democratic party for it.

One month ago, I had to go to Lawrence City, 20 miles, to get a two-horse plow. These plows are made in Moline, Illinois. It cost in Lawrence $20, and I had $5 expenses to pay to bring it home. That is the way our money goes. But while at Lawrence, I heard Secretary Stanton, of this Territory, make his speech, and *that was very interesting and valuable to us!* HE SAID WE MUST OBEY THE BOGUS LAWS OR THERE WILL BE WAR!!—THE PEOPLE SAID, LET IT COME!!!

I am truly yours,
F. GRASMUCK.

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and a slight sickness often ends in death, by brooding apprehensions.

We find but few historians of all ages who have been dilligent enoughi n their search for truth: it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public, by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.

The man who pushes aside the paper with the first sip of coffee, and says there is nothing in it, and who turns up his nose at typographical errors, might find a profitable exercise in trying to get up a paper of his own some evening, and then get the candid opinion of his friends upon its merits.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the sitting Magistrate at Bow street, "must I send this starving woman to prison, for stealing ten pennyworth of bacon!" Why, certainly. What do you occupy the judgement-seat for? Sentence rendered accordingly. But, "Law is law!" When shall justice take its place? No wonder that people despise the law.

Dibdin had a horse which he called Graphy.

"A very odd name" remarked log-Oxbury. Mr.

"Not at all" replied the wit, "it is ical.

"How so."

"Why, when I bought him it was a Buy-a-graphy; when I mount him it is Top-o-graphy; and when I want him to go, it is Gee-ho-graphy."

Select Miscellany.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOG CHOLERA.

The following note, received by Dr. Vattier, Postmaster of this city, has been handed us, and we publish the same that we may bring the matter as prominently before the public as possible:

POST-OFFICE, NEW YORK, Wednesday, May 27.

Dear Sir: Attention has been called to a disease said to prevail to some extent among hogs at the West, called Hog Cholera.

I have been requested to obtain some information on the following points, to elucidate, if possible, the cause, and thereby effect a cure. May I trouble you to inform me, concerning the following perticulers, viz: Is there much pork fattened in your, country? If so. still-fed or not? Does the disease prevail to any extent? Is it confined to stil-fed pork? The nature and symptoms of the disease, duration of the same, and is it contagious?

Perhaps, in the absence of any personal knowledge of your own, the desired information may be obtained, on inquiry, among your neighbors. An early reply will much oblige

Yours, truly, ISAAC V. FOWLER,

There are many theoriers advanced in regard to this very fatal disease, and although much inquiry and discussion has been had in this part of the country, where the greatest interest in this Western product is felt, nothing satisfactory has as yet been discovered as to the cause of the disease or for its successful treatment. We have conversed freely with many raisers of pork in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana, and satisfactorily convinced that hogs, in whatever manner fed, either at the distilleries upon, whisky slops, or in pastures or grain, they have been afflicted and have died by scores from the disease called for want of a better name, the "hog cholera." The general impression, and well founded it seems, is that the disease is contagious. In absence of anything more interesting upon this matter we publish the following, a new theory, extracted from one of our exchanges:

We have already noticed the alleged developments made by a dissection of "departed" hogs at the Edinburg (Johnson County, Indiana,) distillery, which indicate that the "cholera" is really a "consumption." We see, still later, in the Paris (Kentucky) *Citizen*, a letter from Dr. Doughty to Dr. Peckhover, in which another theory is advanced, likewise based on dissection. If both these statements are correct, and we certainly are not in a condition to dispute either, "hog cholera" would appear to be a sort of a name given, in total bewilderment as to the real disease, to pretty much any complaint that will kill a hog, excepting, possibly, the hammer and knife of the slaughterhouse. Dr. Dougherty says:

Upon careful examination I found the brain, spinal marrow, lungs, liver, heart, stomach, the large and a part of the small bowel without disease. But that portion of the small bowel next the stomach was literally filled with worms to the extent of several feet, and in a high state of inflammation.

The worm was from two to five inches in length, resembling, in appearance, the Ascaris of the human subject, but harder, more active, and apparently more tenacious of life. So closely were they crowded in the bowel, that their form could be distinctly traced through its coasts.

The diseasd, then, of which the hog dies, is inflammation of a portion of the small bowel, caused by this hard, active worm, and producing the symtoms noticed in its course, viz: drooping, indisposition to eat, diarrhea, and finally, convulsions and death.

The treatment, it seems to me, must be altogether preventive. I do not believe the worm could be dislodged by any treatment after inflammation is set up; but before this, while the hog is apparently well, able to eat and drink, I have no doubt that they may be destroyed or removed in many instances by judicious management.

The Doctor thinks the disease "incommunicable," and the best remedy is some medicine to dislodge the worms in their course of development.

NEVER BE DISCOURAGED.

A late philosopher says that however desperate the game may be, "never be discouraged." There is wisdom in this. A few years since Botts purchased a lot of stocks, on speculation. The next day the bottom fell out of the money market—stocks took a tumble. Botts was seized with fear and trembling. To prevent being ruined, he increased the flavor of his coffee one morning, by adding sixpence worth of arsenic to it. Poor fellow, had he played out his cards, he would have made a thousand dollars by the operation. A few weeks after he was "fenced in with mahogany," stocks took a turn and went up like balloons. Wiggins, some six months since, endorsed for a friend, and to the extent of $50,000. His friend could not meet his engagements. The notes were protested, Wiggins took to drink—drink brought on deliriam tremens, a shaved head, and a visit to the lunatic asylum. Wiggins got discouraged too early. His friend met with a windfall—paid off his indebtedness, and is now one of the riches men in the city. Wiggins, we regret to say, is still at the asylum. He enjoys good health, but will have it that he is "a mud machine without diggers." Again we say, never be discouraged, but keep fighting the battle of life manfully.

No historian dare tell the truth. If he did, his book would't sell! Who, then, are we to believe? That's the question.

PROSPECT OF THE WORLD.

The following sketch is given of a recent sermon by the Rev. Dr. Durbin:—

He showed the following important facts: 1. That the Christian religion has the effect of stimulating industry, and promoting the happiness of man, physically considered. 2. That only Christian nations conduct the commerce of the world, and that this has had the effect of causing the decay of the prosperity of heathen countres.—3. That all Christian countries increase in population; while the others decrease in population; and, in proof of this truth, Dr. Durbin referred to the empire of Turkey. 4. That if all Christian nations, including the U. S., were to combine, they could do as they please with the rest of the world. 5. That within the last fifty or a hundred years, all the inventions which have been pattented are for the benefit of not a few, but for the many, the millions.

In heathen countries these things do not exist. In fact, the doctor drew a strong contrast between Christian and anti-Christian countries, and insisted that the church is not alone interested in these revolutions; but all persons livining in Christian lands should assist in the amelioration of the condition of the heathen world.

THINGS UNKNOWN.

Show us the young lady whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

Where is the identical nose of the bellows that never smelt a rat?

Where is the person who has ever felt for the heart of an oak?

Was any barber ever applied to to shave the beard of an oyster?

Where is the girl who was ever married to a pig's "chap?"

Where is the man to be found who was ever sensibly felt by a hand of pork?

What vocalism can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

Who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton? [We know many who have been greatly pushed for one.]

The individual who has ever been seen by the eye of a potato, has never been visible. Barnum may possibly discover him.

Was there ever an individual so unfortunate as to be abused by the mouth of a river?

Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers?

BLUNDERS.

The Franklin Register lately published an address by Rev. Mr. Abbot and its next issue contained the following correction;

"For 'dum swizzle,' please read 'prominence.'

This was bad enough, but the next week the same paper had the following:

"In an advertisement which appeared in our paper last week, for 'Bumbleton's worm destroying porringers,' read, 'Hamilton's worm destroying lozenges.'"

Faulkner, who edited the Dublin Journal, announced in glowing terms the arrival in that city of a distinguished member of the British nobility. On the next day his paper contained the following very Hibernian correction:

"For 'Her Grace, the Duke,' in yesterday's Journal, read 'His Grace, the Dutchess.'"

He improved the matter quite as much as the good clergyman in England did, who without book was praying, and said,

"Oh, Lord, bless all classes of society, from the beggar on the throne to the king on the dunghill—we mean from the king on the dunghill to the beggar on the throne.'

FEATS OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

The Household Words Almanac gives the following extraordinary feats of our forefathers:

On the 12th of January 1767, a gentleman skated a mile in just 57 seconds.

On the 15th of March a man ran 7 miles in 46 minutes, with 67 lbs. on his head.

On the 20th of March, 1763, John Harrison, son of a poor Yorkshire carpenter, obtained, by a time-keeper of his own making, the £20,000 reward offered in Queen Anne's time for the means of determining the longitude at sea within half a degree of a circle. When Harrison was a child six years old, being confined to his bed by illness, he had a watch placed upon a pillow, that he might amuse himself with observations of its movements.

On the 17th of May, 1781, a farmer rode a pony up two pair of stairs and down again, at the George Inn, Kerkton, Lindsey.

On the 17th of August, 1748, Jonathan Baxter crossed the Thames, at Blackford, in a butcher's tray, paddling with his hands.

On the 4th of November, 1791, a gentleman rode a boar pig 4½ miles in 50 minutes.

DROPPED EGGS.

Dropped eggs are probably the most healthful form in which they can be prepared for the table. Break the eggs very carefully into a pan of scalding water, and let the water come gradually to a boil, removing the eggs with a skimmer as soon as the white is set. Serve on a hot platter, with a little salt, pepper, and butter, or lay the eggs on hot buttered toast. For invalids use cream instead of butter.

Every virtue gives a man a degree of felicity of some kind. Honesty gives a man a good report, justice, estimation; prudence, respect; courtesy and liberality, affection; temperance gives health.

He has most friends who is most independent of them.

A troup of monkeys are performing theatricals in the city of Boston.

PRETTY EXCUSE FOR A WIFE BEATER.—The treasures which we value most we *hide*.

A horse that lives upon hay could not get up an oats trot to save its life.

A DANDY.—A specimen of the human family that passes for a man among women, and for a woman among men.

Dean Swift said, with much truth, "It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never been reasoned into."

POPULAR FALLACIES.—That cream candy is made of cream.

That city milk comes from cows.

That qualification is necessary to obtain office.

That money can be made at a large bank.

A lady on relating her matrimonial experience, said:

"At first, on retiring of a cold night, my husband used to say to me, 'Put your dear little footies with mine;'—but soon it was, 'keep your hoofs off of me.'"

"Oh, whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow."

"I never whistled in my life, and I can't whistle now."

"Oh, whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man."

"I never whistled in my life, but I'll whistle if I can."

Jeremy Taylor says: "Cheerfulness and a festive spirit, fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes the glorification of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the end of charity.

When the duke of Rutland was Viceroy of Ireland, Sir John Hamilton attended one of his levees.

"This is a timely rain," said the Viceroy, "it will bring every thing above ground."

"I hope not my Lord," replied Sir John, "for I have three wives there."

When old Zecharish Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was once asked by what means he contrived to realize so large a fortune, his reply was:

"Friend, by one article alone, which thou may'st deal in too, if thou pleases—CIVILITY."

Here is a sample of "primitive preaching" heard, not long since, from a pulpit in the country;

"Yet, my brethren, times have changed; our fathers were contentented with plain fare; but folks now-a-days must have raspberry sarce, or they think it's mean livin'!"

Coachman (to housemaid.)—I think I shall leave this family, Mary.'

Housemaid.—Why, John?

Coachman.—Aw, well, Mary, you see they don't suit my style! They haven't any marriageable daughters in the family.

"How can you, my dear, prefer punch to wines?"

"Because, my dear, 'tis so like matrimony, such a charming compound of opposite qualities."

"Ay, I am the weak part of it I suppose."

"No, my love you are the sweet, with a dash of the acid, and no small portion of the spirit."

WOMEN.—In Kentucky there are colleges for women, which confer on their fair pupils the titles of "M. P. L.," "M. A.," &c., meaning "Mistrees of Polite Literature,', "Mistress of Arts." Somebody suggests an improvement, and recommends institution which instead of these titles, shall give the students, "M. G. P." Make Good Puddings; "H. G. C." Has Good Children; "K. S. N." Knits Stockings Neatly; "M. H. H." Makes Husbands Happy.

ABOVE STEALING.—"Billy, how did you lose your finger?"

"Easily enough," answered Billy, sharply.

"Yes, I suppose so, but how?"

"I guess you'd a lost your'n if it had been where mine was."

"That don't answer my question," said the other.

"Well, if you must know," replied Billy, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

Jones thinks that Smith has been too free, and hails him thus:

"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately."

"Very well sir."

"But permit me to take you apart for a few moments."

Smith, (a bit of a wag) "Oh! certainly Mr. Jones, if you'll promise to put me together again."

Jones vamosed without waiting for any explanation.

A CONSTABLE PUT TO HIS WITS.—The Louisville *Courier* is responsible for the following rather keen sheep affair in that city:

A drover was with a good flock, which he was about selling South; but pending the trade a constable levied upon the sheep for an old debt, and drove them into an enclosure. The moment the constable was out of sight, the drover sold them to another man, who turned them in with another flock. At last accounts, the constable was trying to "identify" his sheep.