# EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY W. C. GOULD. "Fearless and Free." $1,50 per Annum in Advance.

New Series. EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, O. SEPT. 7. 1854. Vol. 11, No. 12.



**Rates of Advertising.**

| | |
|---|---|
| One square, (or less) 3 insertions, | $1 00 |
| " " Each addditional insertion, | 25 |
| " " Three months, | 3 00 |
| " " Six months, | 5 00 |
| " " Twelve months, | 8 00 |
| One fourth of a column per year, | 15 00 |
| " half " " " | 18 00 |
| " column " " | 30 00 |

All over a square charged at two squares.

☞ Advertisements inserted till forbid at the expense of the advertiser.

**JOB WORK**

executed at this Office with neatness and dispatch, at the lowest possible rates.



**The Democrat**

Is published every Thursday morning, in the room immediately over the Post Office, Main Street, Eaton, Ohio, at the following rates:

$1 50 per annum, in advance.
$2 00, if not paid within the year, and
$2 50 after the year has expired.

☞ These rates will be rigidly enforced. ☜

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

☞ All communications addressed to the Editor must be sent free of postage to insure attention.

☞ No communication inserted, unless accompanied by a responsible name.


## Poetical.

### THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

The gloomy night is breaking,
E'en now the sunbeams rest—
With a faint, yet cheering radiance
On the hill-tops of the West,

The mists are slowly rising
From the valley and the plain,
And the spirit is awaking,
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear, that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
The surges like the ocean,
With its solemn bass along—

Ho! can ye stay the rivers,
Or bind the wings of light,
Or bring back to the morning
The old departed night?

Nor shall ye check my impulse,
Nor stay it for an hour,
Until earth's groaning millions
Have felt the healing power!

The spirit is Progression,
In the vigor of its youth;
The foeman of Oppression,
And its armor is the TRUTH.

Old Error with its legions
Must fall beneath its wrath;
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish,
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,
The spirit still will soar,
Till PEACE and LOVE shall triumph,
And FALSEHOOD reign no more.

## Miscellaneous

[*From the Portland Eclectic.*

### THE SMALL FAMILY.

BY JUNIPER.

"Hush, baby hush!" whispered a young, girlish looking mother, as, for perhaps the tenth time, she left the bread she was making, and hastily crossed the room to touch with her foot the rocker of a wicker cradle, whose tiny occupant was nestling and twisting wearily, fighting the air with both chubby fists, as though bidding defiance to further sleep or quiet.

A few minutes hurried rocking, and the nestling ceased, as the little hands fell unconciously on the snowy blanket—and the diligent little housekeeper hurried back to her bread again.

"Mercy on me!—a quarter to twelve already!" she said, raising her eyes to the clock, "and how impatient Louis will be when he finds he must wait for dinner! oh, dear!" and, the pretty woman, flushed and flurried by the anticipation of her husband's fretfulness, hurried about with all possible expedition.

The bread was at last in the oven, the various culinary enterprises put in operation, the dining room neatly arranged, and Mrs. Floyd was just spreading the cloth on the dinner table, when the baby cried again, and the little foot hurried to the rocker again as usual. Before the child was quieted, Mr. Floyd came in.

"Why, Annie," he said hastily, "where's dinner? Oh, dear you haven't any regularity now-a days. You're always rocking that cradle, and never get anything done in time. I wonder what you'd do if you had ten in the family, as your step-mother has?"

Mrs. Floyd felt the tears trying to come, but she choked them down, and said quietly—

"Don't be impatient, Louis, I tried to have dinner in time, but the baby had been troublesome and wakeful all the morning; I've had to carry him in my arms, while I was at work, half the forenoon. Besides, I'm not very strong, and I've had a distracting headache all day."

"If you'r not able to do your work, you should have kept Matty longer: she was willing to stay."

"Yes, I know; but you said yourself that she waste! more than her wages, and that everything about the house was going to wreck and ruin, under her administration. Besides, she knew very little about doing house-work as it should be done."

"Oh, Annie, you're too particular and old-maidish by a great deal."

"Am I? Who came to me with such a woful complaint because Matty *wasn't old maidish enough* about her crockery? who wouldn't drink a glass of water because he saw the print of her fingers on the glass? who looked so dismal because the sugar-bowl wasn't in its old place on the wrong side of his plate?"

'Well,' laughed Louis, 'she certainly didn't display much taste in arranging the table, but there aie other things she could do to help you."

"Nothing more than a child ten years old could do. She couldn't even make the tea-biscuits without coming to me with everything to know how much to take. She never did a baking, or ironed your linen once, while she was here; to the latter, a clothes basket half full of starched things can testify, even now; for I have not found time to iron them yet since she went away."

"She was a poor affair, I grant you; but she could at least have taken care of little Lou—baby tending don't require much talent I believe."

"Indeed, but it does, though; and such talent as comparatively few possess. Matty said she didn't like babies, and she was never willing to take Lou in her arms; and if I insisted on it, she would be quite as likely to lift him by one arm as any way; I never felt safe to leave him with her a minute."

"Well, I don't know; but it seems to me she would have been better than nothing.—Any way, I don't like being obliged to wait a quarter of an hour every day for dinner."

The young wife sighed at the implied reproof and hurried around to complete her arrangment, while the thoughtless husband seated himself by the window, and drawing some newspapers from his pocket, read comfortably until she invited him to the table.

The dinner hour passed pleasantly for Mr. Floyd; though sometimes impatient and unreasonable, he was at heart very fond of his pretty wife, and vastly proud of his beautiful boy. His wife had hitherto been, as he said, 'the most punctual able creature in the world,' but since little Lou' had claimed so much of her time and attention—and every mother knows that of all the tyrants a baby is the most exacting and unreasonable—she had found it impossible to adhere to her former rules.

"She had "a small family," true; and many seemed to consider this another term for ease and leisure; but many a young wife, with only a husband and one child to care for, has found to the contrary. The same routine of housework must be gone through for a family of three, as for double that number, and if a part of it is neglected, the omission is quite as sensibly felt. Oh, a woman with "only a husband and baby" is to be pitied! If the door-bell rings, she must answer it, no matter whether she is washing dishes, kneading bread or engaged in any other domestic duty—she must go almost always with the baby in her arms. She has no one to take a step for her from morning till night—every little touch must be with her own hand.

Mr. Floyd rose from the table, kissed the boy sleeping so comfortably in the cradle, he said he was a funny little plaything and didn't appear to make much trouble after all, took his hat, and was leaving the room, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he drew a roll of papers from his pocket, saying—

"Annie, here are some important papers which I wish you would copy this afternoon; they must be accurately done, and I don't like to trust them to that new clerk—he is a blundering fellow at best; and I have as much as I can do this afternoon. It is positively necessary that these be done as soon as possible; can't you attend to them at once, and send them to the office by a boy? There are half a dozen playing out here before the gate.'

"I'm afraid I can't well afford time, Louis?"

'Nonsense—you write so rapidly, you know. And here—I forgot to mention that I caught my coat on the gate latch and tore the lining shockingly; hand me another from the wardrobe, please; and I wish you'd mend this so I can have it again at tea-time. Here it is—good bye."

And tossing the disabled garment on a chair, he closed the door behind him, but opened it the next minute to say—

"Oh, Annie, get up something nice for tea, won't you?" Remember you've given me toast twice within a week already. Seems to me you don't have much variety these days, eh, Annie?" And he laughed as he closed the gate.

Poor Annie! she felt half sick, and quite discouraged, and longed to lie down and rest; but there was "no release in that war." So she hastily cleared the table and commenced her copying. The task was long and difficult. It was after one when her husband left the house; and by the most rapid exertion she could make, the papers were not finished until half past two. She sent them to the office as directed, and then, as the baby was not crying, she thought it would be the best opportunity to mend the unfortunate coat. So she commenced it, and had hardly taken half a dozen stitches, when little Lou, out of all patience, began to scream most musically.—

She took him up, held him a few minutes, and leaning him once more against the pillows in such a position that he could see her face, she again resumed her mending, and sewed diligently for nearly an hour—the baby crying half the time, in spite of her nods and smiles.

It was finished at last, and she turned her attention to the neglected baby. It was now half past three, and she was revolving in her mind as to the best method of washing the dishes with him in her arms, when the door bell rung.

The new comers were some lady acquaintances, who had called "to see that darling baby," and after handling and shaking it till it was sufficiently cross and fretful, and wasting a full hour of the poor woman's time, they took their leave.

"Half after four!" she exclaimed, on reentering the kitchen; "oh dear, where has the afternoon gone? And now, supper ought to be on the table by five, and here's the fire all out, and this child in my arms!"

She consigned him once more to the cradle, where he lay kicking and crying after the most approved fashion, until she had kindled a fire and washed the dinner dishes. This consumed about fifteen minutes, and then she set about preparing some little delicacy, to tempt her husband's fastidious appetite.

The table was not drawn into the floor when he arrived—and all wives know that men never think there is anything done towards getting a meal, until the table is set.

"Oh, Annie," he exclaimed, as he threw himself into a chair, "you are getting perfectly incorrigible—five o'clock, and not a sign of supper. One would think the work for so small a family might be done in better season, and with some regard for punctuality. Wonder what you'd do if you had seven children, as your step-mother has? *Her* meals are always ready in time."

This "step-mother" allusion was a favorite hobby with Mr. Floyd, and Annie had heard it until she was tired of it. Her cheek reddened as she replied—

"What would I do? I'll tell you, Louis; I'd do as she does—have two or three girls among the "seven," who could do half the work and all the running. *She* don't answer the door bell, nor wash dishes, nor make a bed, from one weeks end to another; and her mother takes the entire charge of the mending so she is free from *that* tax on her time. And those same "seven children," which you and she are always harping on as such a load on her shoulders, making so much work, and taking so much time, are just what save her steps, and by doing a thousand little trifling offices, small in themselves, but still taking time, enable her to have her meals "always ready in time." Even the little ones can close a door, bring her spool or thimble, or gather a basket of chips—and that's more than I have done for me, from morning till night."

"But then, Annie, just think of the cooking she has to do; you say it is the worst task you have to do, particularly in the summer; and you know she always does the cooking herself."

"Yes, I understand all about *that*. I've lived in the family pears enough to know; and you'll look surprised when I tell you, that for the real labor, I'd as soon do the cooking for *her* family as my own. She has to prepare a great quantity of food, to be sure; but she has none of this little vexing, fussing, to "get up something nice" as you tell me, for every meal. Her husband wouldn't say a word if he had toast for tea every night in a week.—She never troubles herself to prepare the hundred little delicacies which demand my time and patience. She prepares a quantity of plain, wholesome food, and it *lasts till it is gone*—that is, if it isn't disposed of at the first meal, it is placed on the table at the succeeding one. But you know you never want to see anything on the table but once, even if it is something which is just as nice as though newly prepared. You think yourself undone if you don't have have warm bread at every meal, her husband don't see any for days together. All these things may be trifles, Louis, but taken together they make all the difference in the world."

The young husband looked serious; as he raised the baby from the pillows and began playing with him, while Annie was clearing away the tea-things. Just as she had nearly finished, the "stepmother whom Mr. Floyd had so often quoted, came in by the garden door. She was a little, sharp-featured, observing woman, who prided herself on what she called "taking advantage of her work," having it always done in time, albeit she had "the largest family in the neighborhood."

"Good evening, Annie," she said, as her lynx eyes took in the fact that Louis was tending the baby while his wife washed the dishes. "seems to me Louis is getting domestic; wonder what *my* husband would say if I should ask him to stay in the house and take care of the baby?"

"He would probably tell you to call on one of the girls," said Annie, with a quiet smile.

Not having gained any advantage in this, the lady changed the conversation.

"It has been a charming day; why didn't you come in with little Lou?"

"I have been very busy all day," answered Annie. "Lou has been troublesome, and I had to neglect him sadly. He has cried half the time."

"I don't see how you keep busy all day with what little housework you have to do," said the pattern lady, who always delighted in such convict reproofs of Annie's household management. "I should think you could go out just when you please."

"Nevertheless, I cannot," answered Annie, "and I am not slow, either. It is Friday evening—and I have been busy at work ever since Monday morning. I have risen in good season in the morning, worked until late at night haven't made a single call, and haven't opened a book or newspaper; and my week's ironing isn't done yet."

"Mine was done in the middle of the week," said the pattern.

"Did you do it?" asked Annie.

"O, no; Mary always does the ironing; I have enough else to do."

"And your mother has done the mending, and Nell the house-cleaning, and Kate the chamber-work, and Fanny has washed the dishes, as usual?" continued Annie.

"Yes," replied the lady, "the girls are as capable of doing such things as any one, though, of course, the care all falls on me."

"Well, mother," said Annie, a little mischievously, as she took the baby and commenced preparing him for bed. I don't see that you have worked much harder than I have."

"Mercy on us!—what, where you have only *three* to care for, and I *ten!* How unreasonable, Annie!"

"Well," said Annie, "you and I always had different ideas about this matter,, and I suppose we never shall entirely agree upon it.—But you never have known what it is to get along with a fretful baby, and no one to lift a finger to help you, for when you commenced house keeping, you had a step-daughter twelve years old, besides having your mother with you, as she has been all the time since. But we'll say no more about it. Just lift this baby, and see how much he has grown within a week."

After chatting sociably for a little while, the lazy took her leave. As she passed through the little back kitchen, Annie's basket of yet unsmoothed clothes caught her eye, and she passed through the garden, saying comfortably to herself—

"If I had only my husband and one child to take care of, and couldn't get my ironing done before Saturday, I'd drown myself?"

The husband sat silent a minute after she had gone, and said kindly:

"Annie, I have been unreasonable with you—forgive me; for I begin to see that people with large families don't always work the hardest, and that there really is something to do even in a "small family."

### A Good Excuse.

There is a society in existence, which, like most other associations of the kind, has a standing rule that all members who come late, or absent themselves, shall be fined a certain sum, unless they are able to give a sufficient excuse for tardiness or absence. On one occasion a member came in after hours, and the chairman asked his excuse for being so late.

"Really, sir, I was not able to get here before—domestic troubles—perplexities of mind—I cannot say which will die first, my wife or daughter!"

"Ah!" said the chairman, expressing much commiseration for the father and husband, "I was not aware of that. Remit the fine, Mr. Secretary—the excuse is a good one."

The member consequently took his seat.—The next morning another member met him and with feeling asked him how his wife and daughter were?

"In excellent health," replied he.

"How? I thought you said you did not know which one would die first!"

"I did; and am still in a quandary, time, however, will decide the question."

### A Boston Boy's Independence.

An old gentleman of Boston, who was at the head of a large manufacturing establishment, had an apprentice addicted to rather an uncleanly practice, termed by anxious mammas, 'picking the nose.' Often had his employer remonstrated with him on the impropriety of such a habit. He was rather a close-fisted old customer, and one Fourth of July he informed the youth in question that he must work that day. The boy, of course, did not relish it much, but went away grumbling; and on his boss calling at his place of business to see how matters progressed, he found the boy busily engaged, as usual, with his nasal protuberance.

'There, John, this is the twentieth time this week I have detected you in that filthy act!' he exclaimed.

'I don't care,' blubbered the apprentice, 'it's my own nose, and it's Independence Day, and I'll pick thunder out of it!'

☞ One of our exchange tells a good story of an agreeable young man who was in the company of ladies one evening, and proposed a conundrum, which he said he had read in the papers, It was this: "When is a lady not a lady?' There was a pause. 'Give it up,' said all round, when, to the infinite horror of the party, the querist exclaimed, 'When she's a little *buggy!*'

Nobody laughed, some were demure, some indignant, and some no doubt inclined to scratch——the querists face. He was disappointed. Fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out a paper which, consulting for a moment, he ejaculated.

'Oh, I beg your pardon, ladies—I made a mistake. The answer is, 'When she is a little *sulky!*' I knew it was some sort of a carriage.'

—The young lady who let down the window curtain to keep the man in the moon from seeing her in her night clothes, has been seen at Church with a hole in her stocking!

—"Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Skeesics is a young man of parts?"

"Decidedly so, Miss Brown; he is part numskull, and part knave, and part fool."

### INITIATING AN OUTSIDER.

BY JACK HUMPHRIES.

All creation and the balance of mankind were, early one morning aroused from the dulness usually pervading the pious, prim, and peaceable town of East Nutmeg, by the cry of—

"What is it all about?" "When did they come?" "How many are they?" What do they look like?" "Did you see 'em?" "Are they human critters?" "What are they going to do?"

"Who?" "What?"

"The Know-Nothings!"

"Know-Nothings?" says a native.

"Know-Nothing."

"Well, I'd give a fo'pence to know," continued the native, "what in sin is't all about?"

"O, you have'nt seen em?" says a jolly, round visaged, bright eyed individual who with other strangers, and natives of East Nutmeg, were gathered in a knot about the depot, discussing the topic which had in a single night came, saw, and took the town, "Have'nt seen them?"

"Seen who?" says native.

"The Know-Nothings."

"Know-Nothings! Wal, I kinder cal'late I have a few."

"O, you are one of 'em, eh?"

"Look a here, squire, if yeou don't want to be squattin cross-legged in yon heap o' sand, I cal'late you'd better not say my edecation has been neglected in any sich a way."

"Not at all, my dear sir, I only predicted that you were a—that is, hang it—I mean do you know what's out?"

"Ye s; I'll tell you what's out, squire."

"Good, what is it?"

"A writ agin Josh Pruden for breakin' the Sabbath at tew flinders, playin' keards in Deacon Dunke's barn."

"Pshaw!" said the jolly man, "I don't mean that sort of work, I suppose you are like the rest of these Know-Nothing, to sly, eh—to be cought?"

"Squire, do you chaw?"

"Yes," said the jolly looking man.

"Hand us yeour tobaco then."

"Yes, I don't chawin'

"Git eout! gettin' kinder sharp set too, I cal'late. Now look a' here, squire, I gin tew expect yeour from New York?"

"I expect you're correct in your remarks."

"Wall, I knew yeou was; can tell yeour fellers a mile off; e'yes; can by kingdom. Now I cal'late there's somethin' goin' on, that's a fact—all fledust raow areound this yer toawn, this morn', beout somethin' a feller ever hearn."

"Ah, that's what I was coming at. Now they say you have got a new invention—a new-fangled society, or a new order, party, or sect or something that's bound to get Christendom in an uproar; how is it?"

"Eh, yes; when they goin' to begin it, squire?"

"O, you git out, sly dog, ain't you one of 'em?"

"What, them fellows that's a going to raise sin, and break things?"

"I don't know; I only ask you," continued the Squire, "I only ask for information you see."

"Wall, naow, look a'here, a feller never made much be dod rotted ignorance in this land of universal liberty and gineral edication; and a feller hates to come right daown and a confess he don't know nothin, that's a fact; but, square, I've got to acknowledge the corn, and it's no use talking, but durn my buttons to apple saps, ef I wunt, as p or a fellow as I be, gin just ten shillings and upwards to know what's kinder busted raound hers.

"Would you?"

"Wouldn't I? By golly, squire, I guess yeour the critter can just tell all about it?'.

"I'm just the man that can."

"I knew yeou be! Grea-a-t kingdom, let's hear all about it?"

"His-s-h," said the humorous man, 'hi-s-h, I've been sounding you."

"Yeou don't say so?" echoes the citizens of Nutmeg.

'Yes, sir; we have to be cautious."

"Eh, yes," abstractedly responds the Nutmeger.

"Can't speak out to everybody."

"So."

"Yes, sir; now I know you're a good egg."

"Aiggs?"

"Good egg—sound to the core!"

"Soound? wou'dnt wonder, never ailin but once in my hull life; than I had the darndest scratchin' time yeou ever did see, I reckon.—Ever had the ich, squire?"

"Never, thank you."

"O, not at all, squirh, you are quite welcome as Uncle Nat said, when he shot the Ingin."

"Well, sir, now I'll give you in a whisper, an' idea what's up; and if you love your country—"

"Me?"

"The land of the free, and the home of the brave!"

"Grea-a-t Fouith of July! pitch in big licks squire."

"Our own dear native land!"

"That's the ginger! go it, squire," says Nutmeg.

"Well, sir, now you just foller me over to the hotell, so; now take a chair. Here we are now I'll give you a secret. You see this is a grand secret society."

"Eh, yes."

"And the greatest secrecy is to be adhered to. Now rise, hold up both hands, high above your head, so; now sware—"

"Sware? can't dew it squire,—agin my religion."

'Are you an American?"

"Am I? I an't nothin' else, by Bunker Hill."

"Will you stand by your country?"

"Will I? Yes, sir; till Gabral toots his horn!"

"Then sware, that you will stand by the American Eagle, the stars and the strips, and never reveal the secrets!"

"Fourth of July and Bunker Hill!" chimes in the excited Yankee.

"That's it, good egg!" said the humorous man. "Now, sir, you are one of us, you are a Know Nothing."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, sir; now we have some mysterious signs and countersigns, by which you can tell a brother of the society. When you see a man looking at you with his right eye shut; his hands in his pockets, with a cigar—if he be smoking— in the left side of his mouth—you may know he's a Know-Nothing."

"Eh, yes."

Well, then, you go towards him and shut your left eye, so; you bite your thumb of the left hand, if he bites—"

"Bites?"

"Yes, if he bites; if he is really one of 'em, he will say something in a grumbling tone—something like 'what do you mean?' or 'do you mean that for me?' Then he bites, you see, then you advance close, and say slowly, '*nix a weed in cully!*'"

"Dutch, ain't it?" says the Yankee.

"Well, no; not exactly, it's our language. Then he'll say, "what do you mean?" mind, he'll be very apt to say that, once or twice, sure. You reply 'nibs,' don't forget 'nibs—stag his nibs cully!"

"Nips, eh, yes."

"Nibs, cully, how's nibs?" "You then approach close up, shut the right eye grasp his hand, and put your left forefinger alongside of your nose, so. He'll then up and tell you all about it."

"He will? How many fellows in this town have joined this society?"

"On hundreds, nearly, everybody you meet are members; its raising the greatest excitement imaginable!"

"Beats Millerites? I was one of 'em."

"Beats everything out, Sir. Now here's the oath! you swate by this emblem"—elevating a boot-jack.

"What a boot-jack?"

"Yes it looks like a jacky but it ain't, it's a blind, mystery, we sware by this. You put your forefinger on your nose, shut one eye, and sware never to reveal these, our secrets, so help your Independence day! Now, to-night, there will be a crowd near the depot about dark; when the crowd moves, you follow; they will take you to the secret chamber, where you will learn more particulars. Now scott."

"Eh, yes," and Nutmeg left.

He had just gone into the street, when a veritable sign met his eyes. A long legged, doudle fisted fellow with but one eye in his head, stood gaping around with his hands in his breeches; up goes Nutmeg, shuts his eye, and pokes his thumb between his molers.—The man with closed eye, looked daggers with the other, and by the twitching of his lips seemed to be speaking, tor doing something like it, inwardly.

"Nix a weed in cully!" says Nutmeg advancing.

"What in yaller thunder d'ye mean? say!" says the one eyed man.

"Nibs—stag his nibs, cully, how's nibs? continued Nutmeg, advancing, and placing his finger upon his long sharp nose, and grabbing at the stranger, who mistrusting that the move meant no good, draws off, and puts in such a 'soult paw,' that Nutmeg doubled up and went down all in a heap—'cobing.'"

"Goll darn you, aint't you one of 'em?—Why did't you say so!" bawled Nutmeg, travelling into the hotel to find the Professor of Know Nothingness, and settle his hash! But Professor Pete Morris had suddenly left for parts unknown! Nutmeg has been looking for Pete for some time.—*Boston Yankee Privateer.*

### The Teacher Stumped.

I happened in a school room one day, while a class of very small boys and girls were reciting a lesson in arithmetic. It was about their first lesson.

'Five from five leaves how many?' asked the teacher of a little girl of some six years of age.

After a moment's reflection, she answered—'five.'

'How do you make that out?' said the teacher.

Holding her little hands out towards him, she said, 'here are five fingers on my right hand, and five fingers on the other. Now, if I take the five fingers on my left hand away from the fingers on my right hand, won't five remain?'

The teacher was stumped and obliged to knock under.

### Severe Trial.

A half score of young urchins gathered round a companion, whose pallid face indicated that he was sick, the result of some juvenile indiscretion. The little fellows were busy in offering their sympathies in various homely phrases. The truth is, he had taken a chew of tobacco for the first time in his life, and having swallowed a portion of the weed, grew deadly sick. One little fellow who seemed to understand more fully his companion's situation than any of the others, gently placed on the sick boy's shoulder his hand, and said in a voice of deep condolence:

'Never mind, Jimmy, *we all had to go through this very severe trial!*'

### Narrow Escape.

Old Mr. Fuddle fell down in a puddle, just as a runaway horse and shay, came slashing, and splashing, and tearing that way. In helpless plight, he roared with fright—the horse came quick—all gallop and kick—when the old man raised the great oak stick. The horse then shied a little aside, for sticks were no friends to his well fed hide. Within a foot of Fuddle's toes, within an inch of his ruby nose, the wheel came whizzing, and on it goes. Up rises Fuddle from out the puddle, and stands on the road with a staggering pride; then wheeling away from the scene of the fray, flourished his stick with a hero's pride.

—"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said an overpowering orator, "I can only say—I beg leave to add—I desire to assure you, that I wish I had a window in my 'bussum," that you might see the emotions of my heart."

(Vulgar boy from the gallery)—"Wouldn't a *pane* in your stomach do this time?"

—A youth asked his father's sanction to his project of marriage. The old gentleman requesting his son to pray with him, prayed that if the match was against the will of the Lord, he would throw obstacles in their way and make it impossible. The son, interrupting, cried, "O, Lord, don't you do it, for I must have her any-how."

—A little fellow about five years old run across a street, and in his course ran between the fore legs of a horse which was rapidly passing along. A man who saw the occurrence, ran and snatched the boy up, supposing he was much injured. But the boy, unhurt, pertly ejaculated:

"Let him keep his horse out of my way; what do I care."

—Courting in the country is altogether a different institution from the city article. In the former place you get rosy lips, sweet cider, johnny cake, and girls made by nature; and in the latter a collection of starch phrases, formal manners, fine silk, great jewelry, and girls got up *secundem artem*. Always take the rural district, when you want to get a good style of calico.

—The following question was decided a week ago last October—"which is the oldest berry?" We attach the answer: "The Elderberry."

—The Russians never laugh; when they feel funny they dubble up, squeeze their victuals, and give their moustaches a deuced twist.—Queer dogs are those bears.

### Hypothetical Case.

Some years ago an awkward chap in Western New York, who obtained his living by forgery, in a blacksmith shop, hired a horse one day, to carry a load of wrought nails to the next town a few miles distant. Through his own awkwardness, and that of the horse, and by the united exertions of the two, a very pretty catastrophe was brought about. While descending a steep hill, the smith gave his animal a few extra cuts, thinking to accelerate his speed in a place where gravitation seconded the motions of the whip, but the steed stumbled, floundered, in to the ditch, and kicked the bucket. The blacksmith, upon turning the body over, discovered that the anatomical harmony of the beast's neck was distroyed, that the spine was dislocated beyond the bonesetter's art, and that in fact the hoss was dead. With a rueful countenance he repaired to the owner of the nag, and asked what must be done? The reply was, "you must pay for the horse.,' The blacksmith demurred, and went to consult a lawyer.

The lawyer happened to be away from home, but his wife, who was prone to mischievious fun thought she saw in the client food for a little sport, and inviting him to enter the house remarked that she sometimes gave legal advice in her husband's absence, and requested him to state his case.

"Very well," said the blacksmith, seating himself, leisurely. "I'll spose a case."

"If you please—that will do as well as to state your own," said the handsome attorney.

"*Well*, yer see it's just like this. S'posin you were an old hoss-an' I should drive yer to the mill. And s'posin I should cut up the leastest mite on the flank, and yer should *rair* up and *kick* up, and break the breechen, and finally yer should fall into the ditch, and break yer cursed neck—who'd pay for yer?—Would I?" asked the excited Vulcan, in a voice of thund r.

"No! I'd be hammered into horse shoe nails' and be driven into the devil's cloven foot afore I'd pay the fust red cent!"

By this time the volunteer counselor had retreated to the door of the apartment, and after informing her client with a courtesy that he was a plain case, and he need not fear an action for damages, she disappeared, resolving never again to give advice to her husband's customers.

☞ 'Is he alive?' inquired a little boy, as he gazed on a large turtle crawling in front of a restaurant.

'Alive!' exclaimed a fat gentleman, who was looking at the monster with intense interest, "sartainly, sartainly, boy. He acts like a live turtle, don't he!"

'Why, yes, he *acts* like one,' answered the little querist, 'but I thought perhaps he was *makin' believe.*'

—A facetious boy asked one of his playmates 'Why a hardware dealer was like a bootmaker?'

The latter, somewhat puzzled gave it up.

'Why,' answered the other, 'b cause the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles.'

☞ The Knickerbocker tells of a man who stole a five dollar bill out in Indiana. His counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being at a discount.—The prosecutor said he knew that the thief was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think that he was so all fired mean as not to be willing *to steal Indiana money at par.*

☞ On the 23d, Lot Smith, Esq., of Athens, was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress in the district composed of the counties of Athens, Meigs, Fairfield, Hocking and Perry. Mr. Ritchie, the present member from that district, had declined a renomination on account of ill health. Lot is a good Democrat and a glorious good fellow.

☞ A young lady, returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk,, but was still unable to step a cross the gutter. 'I can lift you over it,' said coachy. 'Oh, no, I am too heavy,' said she. 'Lord marm I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar,' replied John.

—A fellow was once asked what inference he could draw from the text in Job, "And the asses snuffed up the wind."

"Well," he replied, "the only inference I can draw is this, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

—"Massa says, kin you pay dis bill?"

"Your master is in a great hurry—I am not going to run away."

"No, but I golly, ole massa's gwine to run away heself."

—There is only one paper in Egypt, a small monthly sheet, at four dollars a year. It is devoted mainly to the powers that be, and every one in the employment of the Pacha is obliged to subscribe.

☞ The Whigs of California, at their recent State Convention, passed resolutions in favor of the principles of the Nebraska Bill, which is, that the people of every territory shall form their own institutions without Congressional dictation.

—"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his elder brother.

"Can't think, 'cept it's because she has a large *comb* in her head."

—"Out West," and in California, newspaper publishers have added a new feature to their records; for, besides 'Marriages and Deaths,' "Divorces" are made regular mention of.

'Oh!' exclaimed a poor sufferer to a dentist, 'that is the second wiong tooth you have pulled out!' 'Very sorry, sir,' said the blundering operator, 'but as there were only three when I began, I'm sure to be right the next time.'

—A pious old gentleman told his sons not to go, under any circumstances, a fishing on the Sabbath; but if they did, *by all means bring home the fish.*

—'I go through my work,' as the needle said to the idle boy.

'But not till you're hard pushed,' as the idle boy said to the needle.

—Why is a widower so much like a house in dilapidation? Because it wants to be repaired.

—A drunkard's nose is said to be a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath.

—To prevent dogs from killing sheep, cut their heads off before they can run about.

—The worst feature in a man's face is nose—when stuck into other people's business.