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Poetry.

NOTES.

Oh, mother, get my bonnet, do,
I want to go and play;
And hurry mother, tie my shoe,
Or sis will run away.

Oh mother, do untie this string,
It's in a hateful knot;
And tell me where I put my aling,
I really have forgot.

Mother, see here, my dress is loose;
I wish you'd hook it up,
Oh, dear, I want a drink so bad,
Ma; take me down the cup.

Mother, I want a long, strong, string,
To make my kite fly high—
Give me more paper for my tail,
I'll make it reach the sky.

I've out my finger, mother, oh,
Do tie a rag upon it;
And mother, here, do sew this string
Again upon my bonnet.

And mother, sew this button on
My pants, see how they look;
And mother, won't you stitch those leaves
Into my spelling book?

Oh! mother, comb my hair,
And wash my face right clean;
The girls are all a-going to walk
To-night upon the green.

To-night, just after school, you know,
The mistress said we might;
And mother, I must have some cake
And cheese, to fix things right.

Oh, mother, pick these stitches up,
I've dropped a half a score;
And send these 'one all ravelled down
A dozen rounds or more.

Mother, where's my jumping rope?
Mother, where's my hat?
Mother, come help me build my house,
Mother, John plagues my cat.

Thus hour by hour, and day by day,
These little things intrude—
Till my mother's anxious heart
Is weary and subdued—

And to her ever troubled ear,
The sacred name of mother,
By being ever dwelt upon,
Sounds sorer than any other.

But let each mother pause and think
How much she has at stake;
How many thousand, tiny drops
It takes to fill a lake.

Remembering that her noisy boy
A statesman bold may be,
And strong in truth and right, may teach
A nation to be free.

With glowing words of eloquence
Maintain Jehovah's praise,
Till vice shall hide its head for shame,
And nations bless the man.

Or, when her head is growing grey,
That daughter kind and true,
With feeling heart and ready hand,
The "little things" will do.

Let these reflections nerve and cheer
Every young, faint one,
With patient hope to do her work,
Till all her work is done.

For not on earth can there be found
Through all life's varied pain,
A nobler, greater work, than her's,
Who rears an honest man.

Spiritual Revelations.

From the Grand Rapids Enquirer.
FICTION STRANGER THAN TRUTH!
John Faust and the Devil come to Life Again!

A Tale of Horror and Facts—A new Phase of Spiritualism.

We have received the following letter from Dr. John Moreton, a gentleman of veracity and professional standing. We think its perusal will convince every one of our readers of the entire truth of all that is said about Modern Spiritualism:

GRAND TRAVERSE, Mich.,
Dec. 28, 1856.

Editor Enquirer:—I send the following account of the most extraordinary event, or transaction—of whatever you will—because, in my opinion, it ought not to be suppressed; but, on the contrary, thoroughly investigated. In the midst of the excitement here, such a thing as a calm and unbiased examination is altogether out of the question, nor would it be safe to attempt it, in as much as the denunciation of the people is very strong to 'hush it up.' As I myself am one of the chief characters concerned in the affair, I dare not attempt, if I possessed the ability, to determine the character of what I am about to relate.

I left your city to establish myself here, as you will remember, some time in July last—a young and inexperienced physician. Almost the first patient I was called to visit was a Mrs. Hayden—a woman of thirty-five years of age, a strong constitution and a well balanced mind, (apparently,) and (apparently) with little or no imagination. She was, however, a "spiritualist," with the reputation of being a superior "medium." Her usual physician, Dr. J. N. Williams, was absent—hence her application to me. I found her laboring under a severe attack of typhus fever, which threatened to prove fatal. Having prescribed for her I left, promising to send Dr. W., as soon as he returned. This was on Saturday morning. At night Dr. W. took the patient off my hands, and I did not see her again until Friday evening of the ensuing week. I then found her dying and remained with her until her decease, which took place precisely at midnight. She was, or appeared to be, rational during the whole of my visit, though I was informed that she had been delirious the greater part of the week.—There was nothing remarkable about her symptoms. I should say the disease had taken its natural course.

At the time of her decease there were

in the room, besides myself, her husband, Mrs. Green, (her sister,) and Mrs. Miles, (a neighbor.) Her husband, whom I particularly noticed, was very thin and weak, then suffering from a quick consumption, already beyond recovery. He bore the character of a clear minded, very firm, illiterate, but courteous man, and a most strenuous believer in Spiritualism.

There had been some subdued conversation—such as is natural in such scenes—the patient taking no part in it, except to signify, in a faint and gradually diminishing voice, her wants, until about an hour before her death, when a sudden and indescribable change came over her features, voice and whole appearance—a change, which her husband noticed by saying "with a tho't," with wholly unaccountable bitterness.

"There go those cursed spirits again."

The patient hereupon unclosed her eyes, and fixed a look of unutterable emotion on her husband—a look so direct, searching and unwavering, that I was not a little startled by it. Mr. Hayden met it with something like an unhappy defiance, and finally asked of his wife what she wanted. She immediately replied, in a voice of perfect health, "You know."

I was literally astonished at these words, and the voice in which they were uttered. I had often read and heard of a return of volume and power of voice just preceding dissolution; but the voice of the patient had none of that unnatural intonation of such—it was as I have said, perfectly healthy. In a few moments she continued in the same voice, and her eyes still fixed upon her husband:

"William, in your secret soul you do believe."

"Wife," was the imploring reply, "that is the devil which has stood between us and Heaven, for so many months. We are both at the verge of the grave; and in God's name, let him be buried first."

Apparently without hearing or heeding him she repeated her words.

"You dare not disbelieve."

"I do," he replied, excited by her manner, "while you are dying—say, if you were dead, and should speak to me, I dare not believe."

"Then," she said, "I will speak to you when I am dead! I will come to you, at your latest moment; and, with a voice from the grave, I will warn you of your time to follow me."

"But I shall not believe a spirit."

"I will come in the body, and speak to you. REMEMBER!"

She then closed her eyes, and straightway sank into her former state.

In a few moments—as soon as we had somewhat recovered from the shock of this most extraordinary scene—here two children were brought into the room to receive her dying blessing. She partially roused herself, and placing a hand on the head of each, she put up a faint prayer to the throne of grace—faint in voice, indeed, but a prayer in which all the strength of her great unpolished soul, heart and mind was exerted to its utmost, dying limit—such a prayer as a seraph might attempt, but none but a dying wife and mother could accomplish. From that moment her breathing grew rapidly weaker and more difficult; and at twelve o'clock she expired apparently without a struggle.

I closed her eyes, straightened and composed her limbs, and was about to leave the house, when Mrs. Green requested me to send over two young ladies from my boarding house to watch with the dead. All this occupied some ten minutes.

Suddenly Mrs. Miles screamed, and Mr. Hayden started from the bedside, where he had been sitting. The supposed corpse was sitting erect in the bed, and struggling to speak. Her eyes were still closed; and she had her open mouth and quivering tongue, there were all the looks of death in her face. With a great heave of the chest, at last the single word came forth:

"REMEMBER!"

Her jaw fell back in its place, and she again lay down as before. I now examined her minutely. That she was dead, there could be no further shadow of doubt; and so I left the house.

On the following day Dr. Williams made a post mortem examination of the body. I was prevented, by business, from attending; but was, and am informed by the Doctor, that he found her brain but very slightly affected (an unusual fact in that persons dying of typhus fever), but that her lungs were torn and rent extensively, as if by a sudden, single and powerful effort, and suffused, partially, with coagulated blood. These were all the noticeable features of the case. She buried on the afternoon of the same day.

About two weeks after the death of his wife, I was called to visit Mr. Hayden.—On my way I met Dr. Williams, and told him my errand, expressing some surprise at the preference of the family to myself, as I knew him to be a safe and experienced practitioner. He replied that nothing could hire him to enter that house again. He had seen things that—well, I would find out when I got there. I was considerably amused at the Doctor's manner and warmth; and beguiled my way by fancying what had alarmed him—a physician—from his duty.

On my arrival I found no person present with the patient except Mrs. Green, who informed me that the spirits had been playing such pranks that not a soul, Dr. W. included, could not be induced to remain. The children had been gone some time. They were at her house.

Found the patient very low, and with no prospect of surviving the attack. He was, however, quite free from pain, though very weak. While I was at the house, I noticed many manifestations of the presence of that power called spiritualism. Tables and chairs were moved; billets of wood thrown upon the fire, and doors opened and shut without any apparent agency. I heard struggles and unaccountable noises, too; and felt an unusual sensation, caused no doubt by the mysteries which surrounded them and me. Noticing my manner, the patient observed,

"It is nothing. You must get used to it, Doctor."

"I should not be content unless I could explain them, as well as become indifferent to them," I replied.

This opened the way to a long conversation, during which I probed the patient's mind to the bottom, but without detecting a shadow of belief. Speaking of his wife, he said

"You heard Ellen promise to warn me of my time to die?"

"I did—but do you believe her?"

"No. If it is possible, she will keep her word in spite of heaven and hell. But it is simply impossible. She promised to come in the body and speak to me. I shall accept no other warning from her save the literal meaning of her words."

"And what then?"

"How much of her body is there left, even now, Doctor? and she is not yet come. She promised to come from the grave. Can she do it? No, no—it's all a humbug—a delusion. Poor Ellen!—Thank God, Doctor, the devil which so haunted her life, and stood between her soul and mine, cannot reach her now."

"But if she should come; you may be deceived."

"I cannot. Others may see her, too, and hear her. I shall believe no spectre, if there are such things. Her body as it is, or will be—let that speak if it can!"

From that day up to the hour of his death, I was with him almost constantly; and was daily introduced to some new and startling phenomenon. The neighbors had learned to shun the house and even the vicinity, as they would the plague, and strange stories traveled from gossip to gossip, acquiring more of the marvellous at every repetition. Nevertheless my practice increased.

On the morning of the November 30th I called earlier than usual. During this visit, the manifestations of supernatural presence were more frequent, wild and violent, than ever before. I was informed that they had been exceedingly violent during the preceding night. Their character, too, had greatly changed. Besides the moving of all movable articles, the tinkling of glasses, and the rattling of tin-ware, there were frequent and startling sounds, as of whispered conversation, singing and subdued laughter—all perfect imitations of the human voice, but too low to enable me to detect the words used, if words they were. Still, however, none of these unusual sounds had entered the sick room.—They followed the foot-steps of Mrs. Green, like a demon echo; but paused upon the threshold of that room as if debarred, by a superior power, from entering there.

I found Mr. Hayden much worse, and sinking very fast. He had passed a bad night. Doubtful whether he would survive to see another morning. I left him, promising to call at evening, and spend the night with him, resolved in my secret thoughts, to be "in at the death." I meant to hear it, and, if possible, solve the strange enigma.

The day had been exceedingly cold and stormy, and the night had already set in, dark and dismal, with a fierce gale and a driving storm of rain and hail, when I again stood beside my patient. The moment I looked at him, I perceived unmistakable indications of the near approach of death upon his features. He was free from pain; his mind perfectly clear; but his life was ebbing away, with every breath, like the slow burning out of an exhausted lamp.

Meanwhile the storm rose to a tempest and the gloom grew black as death in the night without. The wind swept in tremendous gusts through the adjoining forests, rattling the icy branches of the trees, and came wailing and shrieking through every crack and cranny of the building.

Within, there was yet wilder commotion. All that had been said or sung, written of ghostly visitations was then and there enacted. There was the ringing of bells, mowing, crying, laughter, hissing, growling, heavy and light footsteps, and wild music, as if in very mockery of the infernal regions. All these sounds grew wilder with the rising gale, until to-ward midnight, they were almost insufferable.

As for us three—the patient, Mrs. Green and myself—we were as silent as death itself. Not a word passed our lips after 9 o'clock. As for the state of our minds, God only knows. Mine, in the wild whirl of thought and event, which followed, forgot all the past save what I have recalled and penned, bit by bit, above. I remember only looking for the final catastrophe, which grew rapidly nearer, with a constant endeavor to concentrate all my faculties of mind and sense upon the phenomenon which I, at least, had begun to believe would herald the loss of my patient.

As grew it closer upon 12 o'clock (for upon the striking of that hour had my thoughts fixed themselves for the expected demonstration,) my agitation became so great that it was with extreme difficulty I could control myself.

Nearer and nearer grew the fatal moment—for fatal I perceived it would be, to the patient at least; and, at last, the seconds trembled on the brink of midnight; the clock began to strike. One—two—three! I counted the strokes of the hammer, which seemed as though they never would have done—then—eleven—twelve! I drew my breath again. The last lingering echo of the last stroke had died fairly away; and, as yet, there was no token of any presence save our own.

All was silent. The wind had lulled for a moment, and not a sound stirred the air within the house. The ghost had surely fled!

I arose, and approached the bed-side.—The patient was alive—drawing his breath very slowly—dying. The intervals between his gasps grew longer; then he ceased to breathe altogether—he was dead.

Mrs. Green was sitting in her place, her elbows resting on her knees, her face buried in the palms of her hands. I closed the open mouth, and pressed down the eyelids of the dead—then I touched her on the shoulder—

"It is over," I whispered.

"Thank God!" was her fervent reply.

Then we both started. There was a rustling of the bed clothes. Mr. Hayden was sitting erect, his eyes wide open, his chest heaving with a mighty effort for one more inspiration of the blessed air. Before I could reach him, he spoke.

"My God! she is coming!"

At the same instant the wind came back with a sudden and appalling gust, and a wild shriek, as if swept through the crevices of the building. Then there was a sudden crash at the outer door! then a staggering and uncertain step in the outer room! the latch lifted! the door swung open! and then, my God, what a spectacle!

I wonder, even now, that I dare describe it—I think of it—remember it. I wonder I believed it then, or do now; that I did not go mad, or drop down dead.

Through the open door there stepped a figure, not of Mrs. Hayden, nor of her corpse, nor of death—but, a thousand times more horrible, a thing of corruption and decay, of worms and rotteness.

The features were nearly all gone, and the skull, in places, gleamed through, white and terrible. Her breast, abdomen, and neck, had been eaten away, her limbs were putrid, and expressly loathsome the cavities of her shoulders, chest, abdomen; neck and thighs, were a living mass of great ugly grave worms, which as she stepped, dropped away to the floor, together with gouts and clots of putrid flesh.—Her trail, over the threshold and into the outer darkness, was marked by these loathsome and crawling, luminous line of corruption and tokening worms, the effluvia of which was horrible.

And yet to those purulent jaws there was born a voice—smothered, indeed, and strange, but distinct:

"Come! William! they wait for you—I wait."

I dared not turn my eyes from the intruder—I could not, if I dared—though I heard a groan behind me and a fall.

Then it—the thing before me—sank down upon the floor in a heap, dark and loathsome heap of putrescence and dismembered fragments.

I remember that I did not find, that I did cry out. How long I stood transfixed, I know not; but, at last, with an effort and a prayer, I turned to the bed, Mr. Hayden had fallen upon the floor, face downward, stone dead. I raised him and replaced him; I composed his limbs; I closed his eyes; I bound up his chin; I crossed his hands upon his breast, and tied them there. Then I bore out the body of his sister, insensible but not dead, into the pure air—out of that horror and stench into the storm and darkness—out of death into life again!

County of Grand Traverse, Michigan, ss; Mrs. Joseph H. Green, being duly sworn deposes and says that the letter of Dr. John Moreton, hereto appended, which she has read, is strictly true, so far as it goes, though much of the history of what occurred at her brother's, (the late Mr. Hayden's) house is omitted and that she deposes of her own knowledge.

JOSEPH H. GREEN.
Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public, in and for the county of Grand Traverse, and State of Michigan, on the 20th of December, A. D. 1856.
JAMES TAYLOR, Notary Public.

County of Grand Traverse, Michigan, ss: James Hueson, being duly sworn, deposes and says that, he, in company with George Green, Albert J. Bailey and Henry K. Smead, on the 1st day of December, in the afternoon of said day, did go to the house of William H. Hayden, then deceased, for the purpose of burying the body of said Hayden, deceased, and that they found upon the floor of the room in which the body of the deceased lay, and near the door of the said room, the putrid remains of a human corpse, a female, as the deponent verily believes and avers; and that they carried away and buried the body of said Hayden deceased; and found that the grave of the wife of said Hayden, deceased, in the month of August last, open at the head of said grave, and that said grave was empty of the body of said wife of Hayden, being gone from said grave; and that they then returned to said house, wherein said Hayden died; and after removing the furniture from said house, the deponent did, at the request of Mrs. Green, sister of said Hayden deceased, set fire to said house, and that said house was entirely consumed, with all that remained in said house, and burned to ashes. This I aver of my own knowledge.

JAMES HUESON.
We aver and solemnly swear that the above is strictly and entirely true, of our own knowledge.

GEORGE GREEN,
ALBERT J. BAILEY,
HENRY K. SMEAD.
Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public, in and for the county of Grand Traverse, and State of Michigan, on this 20th day of December, A. D. 1856.
JAMES TAYLOR, Notary Public.

HENS AND EGGS.—For several years past, I have spent a few weeks of the latter part of August on the Kennebec river, in Maine. The lady with whom I have stopped is a highly accomplished and intelligent housewife. She supports a "henery," and from her I derived my information in this matter. She told me that for many years she had been in the habit of administering to her hens, with their common food, at the rate of a tea-spoonful of cayenne pepper each alternate day, to a dozen of her fowls. Last season, when I was with her, each morning she brought in from twelve to fourteen eggs, having but sixteen hens in all. She again and again experimented in the matter, by omitting to feed with the cayenne for two or three days. The consequence invariably was, that her product of eggs fell off to five or six per day.—The same effect of using the cayenne is produced in Winter as well as in Summer.

—Boston Transcript.

Miscellaneous.

Clippings.

Treat a man like a dog, and you make him one.

Pride requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

Whatever you dislike in another, take care to correct in yourself.

Let pleasures be ever so innocent, the excess is always criminal.

Applause is the spur of able minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

Where love is, there is no labor, and if there is, labor is loved.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.

A seasonable gathering, and a reasonable spending, make good house keeping.

If you spend the day profitable, you will have cause to rejoice in the evening.

As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

Aristippus said he liked no pleasure but that which concerned man's true happiness.

Keep your soul always in a state to desire that their be a God; and you will never doubt it.

Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; the true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

We complain of the ungrateful. Let us and imitate nature, who gives everything to man expects nothing from him;

Neither men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

Death is the end of all combats; it is the moment in which the good man may say: "At length my virtues led me; it is death which saves me from the greatest of all dangers—that of becoming wicked."

Grain is treated like infants. When the head becomes heavy, it is cradled.

"Doctor, do you think tight-lacing is bad for consumption?" "Not at all—it is what it lives on."

"Patrick Maloney, what do you say to the indictment against you guilty or not guilty?" "Arrah! mussa, yer worship, how can I tell till I hear the verdict?"

Leigh Hunt was asked by a lady, at dessert, if he would not venture on an orange:—"Madama, I should be very happy to do so, but I am afraid I should tumble off."

Six young men were fined \$25 each, in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Chester county, Pa., for disturbing a newly married couple by a "calithumpian" serenade.

A German blacksmith in Cincinnati laid a wager that he would drink two gallons of lager beer at once—and he did it. But violent spasms immediately ensued, and had not a stomach pump come to his rescue, he would have paid dearly for his folly.

In Manchester, N. H., two women, named Hennessy and Coughlin, got into a quarrel about a piece of cheese, during which the former threw the latter upon the floor, and beat her so badly that she died shortly afterwards.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate of New York, to exempt libraries of editors, authors, and clergymen from execution which strikes us favorably. A working man should not be deprived of his tools.

At Edinburgh, Scotland, Mr. Dionisius Wieloboke, a homoeopathic physician of considerable eminence, whose income from his profession was from \$5,000 to \$6,000 per annum, has been convicted of forging a will, and sentenced to fourteen years' transportation.

The frozen body of a little girl, evidently about eight years of age, was found in the woods in Ballard county, Ky., by a negro man while hunting. The little creature had, it seems, lost herself in the woods, and to avoid freezing had nestled closely beside a large log, first having cleared away the snow and gathered a few dry leaves and sticks to lie down upon.

Two weeks ago, as five men—four black and one white—were being let down into a coal pit in Chesterfield county, Va., the cage which contained the men became detached from the rope by which it was suspended, and was precipitated a distance of three hundred feet, killing all five of the men.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR RAISINS.—Currants, preserved and dried in sugar, are far preferable to raisins and Zante currants, for cake and pie. They are slightly sour, enough so, to make a delicious variety in cake. Try it, and forever abjure raisins, and plant current bushes. Not forever plant current bushes, for a current bush, once planted, is like beauty, a thing of joy forever; it will grow, till it almost turns the land in side out. Besides making an excellent condiment, currants are exceedingly healthful; they contain citric acid, in whatever fruit it is obtained, is an excellent remedy, and, sometimes, is an excellent for some kinds of dyspepsia, and for rheumatism. Citric acid is the same which is contained in the lemon.

HOW TO HELP A COUGH.—It is said that a small piece of resin dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with cough.

The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin. It is preferable to combustion, because evaporation is more desirable. The same resin may be used for weeks.

CURE FOR FELONS OF THE FINGERS.—The Scientific American says:—"The past year we have known the spinal marrow of an ox or cow supplied by three different persons, with the most satisfactory results, in relieving pain and securing cures of their felons. The spinal marrow should be applied four hours for two days."

Moral Suasion.

There is nothing like "moral suasion." It has grown to be a great and controlling institution. The best example of the same occurred in San Francisco recently. You well know—if not, I can inform you thereon—that the chief city of California is frequently, if not often, visited by Chinamen. An acquaintance of ours was junior partner and occasional salesman in a firm whose business it was to sell fish books, and lines, ropes-ends, and other odds and ends. One day, a John Chinaman, followed by a train of about ten of his countrymen, ranged tandem fashion, entered the establishment, and after peering round for a few seconds, exclaimed:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"How much take?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um, give fifty cents."

"Get out!" said the junior partner, with menacing gesture, and John Chinaman departed, followed by his tail and his countrymen.

The train passed and re-passed the door several times, and at length re-entered.—John looking around as though he had never been there before, again inquired:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes."

"How much take?"

"One dollar a pound."

"Um! give seventeen-five cents."

"Get out!" cried the excited partner, and the Chinese population departed as before.

The wild geese procession paraded past a few times and then re-entered. The spokesman, after gazing around some time, lifted up his voice a third time, and thus he spoke:

"Cotton seine twine—got him?"

"Yes."

"How much take?"

The salesman whispered to Patrick, the porter, to hand him a cleaver, with his right, exclaimed:

"One dollar a pound!"

John gave one look at the cleaver, another at the face of the salesman, and yelled out:

"I take one hundred pound!"

The bargain was thereon closed. So much for moral suasion.—Letter to Porters' Spirit of the Times.

The proposition made in Congress to raise a committee to investigate into the truth of the charges of corruption, made by the New York Times, has called out frantic bursts of indignation, from Low Campbell, and other members, upon newspapers editors in general—and the editors are retorting upon the members, in a sharp and spicy manner. This little war is principally confined to the Republican papers, in Ohio; and they give Campbell, who was once an Editor himself, some very rough hits. The Ohio State Journal considers these lengthy members of Congress as very small potatoes, the ablest not possessing sufficient talent to edit a respectable daily newspaper. The Journal then describes the labors of both city and country editors. We here copy what it says of the country Editor, as the picture is often too true:—

—Coshocton Democrat.

"But, take our weekly country papers, examine them and consider the amount of labor in setting them up, and the strength and cultivation of intellect demanded, to write the leading article, and to make selections of news paragraphs, re-writing and condensation of paragraphs, &c.—The story on the outside to be read by the family fireside. The poetry for the young women, and the Congressional and legislative news for men, the extracts from agricultural papers for the farmers, the prices of cattle and grain, the jokes and anecdotes for the youth, and all spiced with scraps of local news, to make the paper a welcome and looked for visitor to the subscribers. This has to be done every week, and in many cases the man who does these things, stands at the case during the day, setting the matter in type—his own editor, his own folder and director, and for all this he gets a bare living. He is expected to attend the conventions of his party—to write the resolutions to be offered, or the toasts to be drunk. He is expected to make a good speech for his candidate, if he fails to make one for himself. He receives the subscription to his paper in wood, coal, or truck, and makes a discount for ready money. The men for whom he has labored patronize him to the amount of a yearly subscription, sometimes paid in advance, sometimes not, and often not at all. Thus he goes on, year after year, working for men, working for party, and more often treated with coldness and neglect, than with kindness and generosity."

FREEMONTERS IN BOOTS.—During the recent election, a raw-boned Yankee, traveling on the New Haven Railroad, got into an exciting dispute with a Southerner on politics. Jonathan declared that every man in the car but the Southerner was a Fremonter, and offered to risk any amount on it. The Southerner laughed at him. "I'll prove it," says Jonathan. "Gentlemen," screamed the Yankee, "all you in favor of Buchanan will take off your boots." Not a man showed his stockings. "Now says he, 'all you that's in favor of Fremonter will keep your boots on.' Every boot remained on. "There!" screamed the Yankee, "every man in us is Fremonter, and so they are in the other cars too."

A VERY FAIR HIT.—An exchange says: The United States are overrun at this time with professors, not Professors of Colleges, but self-appointed and self-constituted professors, who just help themselves to the title, and parade it with great dignity before the public. There is scarcely a little academy in the country, whose teachers do not call themselves professors—music teachers, dancing masters. Even accountants are professors. The title, once signifying something, is now synonymous with assurance, pretension and brass. It has become almost as common as colonel or major.

How to read an account the other day, of a "Devil" being "cast out" of one of the Egyptian printing offices out west. How strange.

Raise your own Coffee.

EDITOR OHIO FARMER.—I have noticed in the Farmer, many articles on the Chinese sugar cane, about which, I have nothing to say, except that "I hope it may succeed, beyond the anticipations of all."

My theme, is coffee, without which, I would have very little use for sugar.

There is a foreign plant, that was introduced into this part of Kentucky, four or five years ago. It has, since that time, been cultivated in most all gardens, and is used as a table vegetable. The berry of the plant, (I accidentally discovered), will make good coffee—as good as any Java I ever drank. It grows luxuriantly, in a rich soil, and will produce six or seven hundred pounds per acre, with about the same labor, and mode of cultivation, that cabbage requires.

I will send you a few grains of this plant which have been parched, that you may know that it will make coffee. I am sorry that I cannot send you enough for a cup of coffee.

If my discovery is worth anything, I wish the public to receive the benefit of it; yet, at the same time, I wish to profit by it, if there is any profit.

If any one wishes to try the experiment of raising his own coffee, I will be most happy to accommodate him with the desired information, on the following terms:—He must write to me, promising to give the information to no one else, and send me one dollar; on the receipt of which, I will let him know how the plant is cultivated, and how it is prepared for coffee. If he cannot procure the seed, I will send him enough, for one dollar, to plant one hundred hills.

Any one writing to me for information, or seed, will be promptly attended to, by complying with my terms, and directing their letters to

JOHN B. OVERMAN,
Lexington, Kentucky.

THE BIBLE.—Place yourself, in imagination, by the side of an Australian gold-digger, and observe the earth that is drawn up from its bottom. It is likely that your unpracticed eye will see nothing in that heap but rubbish, and dirt, and stones. And yet that very heap of earth, may prove on washing, to be full of particles of the purest gold. It is just the same with the Bible. We can see but little of it now; we shall find hereafter that every verse of it contained gold. Place yourself in imagination, on the top of some Highland mountain. Look at the minute mass of lichen which clings to the side of that mass of rock. Tell me, if you can, what use and purpose that lichen serves. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the very insects leave it alone—grasses, and plums, and red deer draw no sustenance from it. The rock does not require its covering; and yet that minute lichen is as truly a part of God's creation as the cedars of Lebanon or the Victoria regia of the South American rivers. Place it under a microscope, and you see that it is like all other works of God: it is "very good," and full of beautiful design. Settle it down in your mind, as it is with the book of nature, so it is with the book of revelation, the written Word of God. There is not a chapter or verse, from first to last, which is not in some way profitable. If you and I do not see it, it is because we have not eyes to see it yet. But all we may rest assured, is precious. All is "very good." Well, said Bishop Jewell, "There is no sentence, no clause, no word, no syllable, no letter, but is written by thy instruction. There is not one jot, but is signed sealed with the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. J. C. Byla.

YOUNG AMERICA.—A Judge while attending Court in a shire town, was passing along the road when a boy was just letting down the bars to drive some cattle in. His father stood in the door of his home, on the opposite side of the road, and seeing what his hopeful boy was doing shouted out:

"John don't you drive them cattle in there; I told you to put them in the pasture behind the house."

The boy took no notice whatever of the remonstrance, and his father repeated the order in a louder tone, without the least effect—and a third time gave positive orders not to drive the cattle in there. The son didn't even deign to look up, and disobeyed the parental injunction with a coolness which positively shocked the Judge, who, looking at the culprit, said, in a tone of official dignity:

"Boy, don't you hear your father speaking to you?"

"Oh, y-a-s," replied the youth, casting a glance at the Judge and then at his parent "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither and 'twere she and I, we've about got the dog so he don't bite."—Arthur Gilman.

DON AND LOGIC.—A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a man in the neighborhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur. The following was the defense offered on the trial:—"I, by testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a calf. 2d. He is blind, and cannot see to bite. 3d. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness. 4th Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth. 5th. My dog died six weeks before. 6th. I never had any dog."—American paper.

HOW TO COOK PUMPKIN.—Boil the pumpkin in a large quantity of water, without mashing or crushing the pieces, while cooking. When done, take out, and press out the water, then mash, in a colander, as usual. Those who try this, will find that even pumpkin pie can be improved.

WE read an account the other day, of a "Devil" being "cast out" of one of the Egyptian printing offices out west. How strange.