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Poetry.

From the Evening Post.

THE BROWN APPLE.
The bough-appeal the bough-appeal
With what a mellow sound,
Dropping from out its leafy nest,
It plumps upon the ground!
The thick, green turf is spread in vain,
I haste to pick the treasure up,
To bind with ribbon blue,
And scribble thus a hasty line,
Dispatch my prize to you.
Its blush, dear coz, is warm as mine;
Its cheek is fresh and fair;
Its broken heart a type of mine;
Oh, hid we not despair!

Rebuke then that the summer breeze,
The sunshine and the shower,
Bring messages to other hearts
Than mine;—fruit and flowers,
That breeze is whistled now to thee—
Oh! list to its music low—
"Thy own true love is at thy feet!
There will we bid him go!"
—Sorrow.

Miscellaneous.

THE GOOD ANGELS.

"Come, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little girls, about nine o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle work.

"Papa hasn't come yet," answered Ady. "No dear. But it's getting late, and 'tis time you were in bed. He may not be at home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantelpiece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, looking around as she spoke; when she saw that the children had both put on their bonnets and were trying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes and her voice trembled as she said:

"It is very cold out to night, children." "But we won't feel it, mother," replied Ady; "we will run along very quick." "And the two little ones went out before their mother, whose feeling were choking her, so could say another word. As they closed the door after them, she raised her eyes upward, and murmured:

"God bless and reward the dear children." It was a bleak winter night; and as the little adventurers stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back against the door. But they caught each other by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure of the cold, rushing air, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their feet could move.

The streets were dark and deserted; but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts and left no room for fear. They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house, over the door of which hung a handsome ornamental gas lamp, bearing the words, "Oysters and Refreshments."

It was a strange place for two little girls to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing a moment, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly upon its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted barroom.

"Bless us!" exclaimed a man who sat reading. "Hats are those babies again." Ady and Jane stood and looked all round the room. But they did not see the object of their search, and going up to the bar, they said timidly to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses:

"Has papa been here to-night?" "The man leaned over the bar until his face was to the children in angry way. "I don't know anything about your father. And see here! don't you come here any more. If you, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they started back from him, and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first marked their entrance, called out loud enough for them to hear him:

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and interest. "That is a temperance lecture that I can't stand. God bless the little ones," he added with emotion, "and give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them before," said one of the bar-keepers, lightly. "No, and I never will to again; at least in this place. Who is their father?" "Freeman, the lawyer."

"Not the one who a few years ago conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?" "The same."

"Is it possible?" "A group now formed about the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman's fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling; all agreed that it was a most touching case."

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears!" "They are his good angels," remarked another. "But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the paths which he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please about it gentlemen," said the landlord, "but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject; I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets, alone at this time of night."

One of those who had expressed interest in the children, felt angry at this remark, and retorted with some bitterness: "And I would give less for the man who would make their father drunk."

"Ditto to that," responded one of the company. "And here is my hand for that," said another.

The landlord, finding that the majority of the company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock on the next morning, about Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down, said:

"I must crave your party beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise not to be offended?" "If you offer me an insult, I shall resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I came with the desire to do you a great service." "Very well, say on." "I was at Lawson's Refectory last night."

"Well." "And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at all, it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir! I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. Oh! sir, the thought of their coming out in a cold winter night, in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but he could not utter a word.

THE TRAITOR'S CHILD.

BY ARDOLA.

The energies of the American troops stationed at Fort Washington after their evacuation of New York, were fully taxed to repel the many sorties made by the enemy against them. It required a constant and careful watch upon the part of the Commander-in-chief to prevent a surprise, and the more surely to effect this, a system of observation was maintained along the road, so that information passed from point to point, was sure to reach the camp ere the British could carry out their designs. The majority of persons living on the line from the city to Kingsbridge, gladly sided in this plan of police, and thus rendered essential service to the cause.

One of this number, however, a Mr. Jennings, at last took umbrage from some order of Washington or his subordinate, and with a reprehensible cunning, he determined to abandon the Americans, and serve the interest of the foe. So secretly were these plans concocted and carried out, that no one outside of his own family suspected his disaffection.

The British general accepted the offered services, and pledged himself to pay largely for them. It was proposed that a number of his troops should march as far as his neighbors, who would of course, communicate their movements to Jennings, who in his turn, instead of passing the warnings, was to conceal the forces until reinforcements could arrive, and a formidable demonstration could be made against the fort.

"And for this service, in any event you shall have a thousand pounds," said the British general to the traitor. "Should it eventuate in the entire overthrow of the rebels, the sum shall be trebled, while other rewards shall be freely bestowed. You are certain you have confided the matter to no one?"

"Not a soul save those of my own family by know of it," Jennings replied. "Of whom does your family consist?" "My wife, who is an invalid, and an only daughter."

"How are they affected by your change?" "I know not, nor do I care. But of course they will follow my wishes, which have ever been law to them. My daughter is the only one who would think of a difference of opinion, and even she would never dare to give it expression."

"I have heard that the majority of your American females have imbibed a sort of romantic attachment to George Washington, which might lead them to sympathy with him, but of course you are sure of your child, and can answer for her."

"With my life!" "Suppose you allow me to invite here, it would be a safe thing, and at the same time remove her from the suspicion of the collision, should you be discovered."

"I cannot part with her, sir! She sided me heretofore and can do so again. She is very obedient, so we need not fear her."

"Enough manage the matter yourself. I am content! Now for our plans. To-morrow at dusk a company of Captain Trevor's command will be put in motion, and arrive about midnight at your house. You will conceal them and await the others. When they are all gathered you will guide them to the attack. The rebels have on intimate terms with a charming woman, who loved him devotedly, and who was exceedingly indignant that he did not reciprocate her own violent passion."

One day when talking to him of her disinterested and genuine love, he listened and laughing, she all at once rose from her seat, and in a towering rage, demanded that she should do to prove the truth of her assertions.

"My dear Leonie," replied the young man, "I never will believe in a young woman's love, until she shall have killed herself for me."

The room in which this scene occurred was on the third story. The window was open. Leonie suddenly threw herself out, and into the street like a madman. He expected to find the mangled body of the infuriated creature lying upon the pavement, but to his great astonishment, she not only disappeared, but no trace of the dreadful act was left. By a providential chance, Leonie had fallen, without serious injury, into the carriage of a rich Englishman, passing by at the moment. Struck with her beauty, he asked the bewildered fair one her commands, and before the terrified lover reached the street, she had consented to accompany her lover to England.

moved not, did not even tremble, but did not even tremble, but Trevor, shocked beyond measure at the horror of the meditated deed, sprung towards the wretch, and raised his arm. She ball grazed her head and was buried deep in the waistcoat.

"Shame on you, man," cried the officer with indignation. "Would you have her blood on your hands? of what are you composed? Is she not your child?" "No!" cried Hester, with startling emphasis. "I am not, or at least shall not be for the future. I will not own a parent who to the crime of treason can add that of murder. I did expose your villainy, and would do it again. Nay, you may frown, I fear you not! This last base act has frozen the moral current of my heart."

Then in a calmer and more feeling tone she continued: "Father—in the last time I shall call you so—I bid you farewell forever. Your malice may be haried against me, but never will you again look upon my face. Ere another day has passed, Washington shall know of your treachery—Your only safety is in flight. In England you may enjoy the fruit of your base, but here you cannot remain. Farewell, forever!"

She passed from the room as the tears which she could no longer control coursed rapidly down her cheeks. She repaired at once to the bedside of her mother, in whose soul the last flickerings of life were fast failing. She knelt beside her, and even as she prayed, her worn spirit was released from bondage!

"Alone! an orphan! God help me!" she exclaimed, as she pressed her trembling lips to those that had so often met hers in love.

Jennings lingered not long; soon after he on his way to England, where lived as traitors should, in splendid disgrace. Hester became the wife of a young Revolutionary officer, and lived long enough to give to her descendants the valuable example of the Christian and the patriot mother.

Dr. Ausson, a well known Paris physician and a celebrity, has just committed suicide, to put an end to acute sufferings brought on by a recent attack of apoplexy. He was an exceedingly original and eccentric character, a savant, and admirer of literature, to which he has not inconsiderably contributed, having left several creditable productions, among them a collection of scientific articles originally published in the *Sicde*, and a volume full of humor and gay good sense, entitled "Minimus Lavater." The doctor made one unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide by asphyxiating himself with chloroform. The odor of the drug betrayed him to his wife who immediately sent for medical aid. Upon returning to consciousness, Ausson was furious at having been again recalled to existence, and, fully determined to carry his purpose into effect, he fired a pistol at his own heart. His death was instantaneous.

Aussou was a man of great gentility, and not very fond of telling entertaining stories. The following anecdote was related by him not long since to a circle of amused listeners:

A young gentleman of excellent family was on intimate terms with a charming woman, who loved him devotedly, and who was exceedingly indignant that he did not reciprocate her own violent passion."

One day when talking to him of her disinterested and genuine love, he listened and laughing, she all at once rose from her seat, and in a towering rage, demanded that she should do to prove the truth of her assertions.

"My dear Leonie," replied the young man, "I never will believe in a young woman's love, until she shall have killed herself for me."

The room in which this scene occurred was on the third story. The window was open. Leonie suddenly threw herself out, and into the street like a madman. He expected to find the mangled body of the infuriated creature lying upon the pavement, but to his great astonishment, she not only disappeared, but no trace of the dreadful act was left. By a providential chance, Leonie had fallen, without serious injury, into the carriage of a rich Englishman, passing by at the moment. Struck with her beauty, he asked the bewildered fair one her commands, and before the terrified lover reached the street, she had consented to accompany her lover to England.

AN ASTONISHING PROGRAMME.—The Buffalo Republic says that one Monsieur Blondin proposes to make an ascension on a tight rope from the Canada shore to a point on the American side directly over the Niagara Falls, by stretching a rope from the Canada side to a mast on this side. The ascension is to be made at night amid fireworks. The same paper says that he proposes to make, during this summer, several ascensions; in one of which it is his intention to go over in a sack, with nothing but his arms and feet exposed.—He also proposes to wheel some gentleman in a wheelbarrow, provided he can find some distinguished individual with nerve enough, who would like the enjoyment of trip across the frightful chasm on a tight rope in a one wheel carriage; and to make it still more interesting and frightfully terrific, he will carry a man on his back and wheel another at the same time, provided two generous persons can be found who like to indulge in that kind of sport.

AN ABOLITIONIST TARRIED AND FEATHERED.—The Savannah Republican says: "Philip McNully, a traveling agent for a patent baddest, hailing from Ohio, was detected last week in an attempt to decoy certain slaves of Covington to a free State. The citizens of that place hid themselves of the camp by shaving his locks, applying a thick coat of primer's ink to his person, and then riding him on a rail to the depot, where he was allowed to depart. Saved him exactly right, only a good cowhiding might justly have been added."

From the Cleveland Wool Grower.

We have two objects in view in clipping the following from the *Cleveland Herald*. First, to show the price of Wool which we regard correct in the article signed "Facts." Second, "Union" affords us an opportunity to allude to a subject floating through his article which we are satisfied is not clearly understood, though we are quite willing to leave the matter where we find it, to be regulated by merchants and farmers as at present. We are very sanguine though, that our country merchants would find it more directly to their interest to open up the very best market for farm products, and especially that of Wool, and in every reasonable way aid their customers—the wool-growers—in procuring remunerative prices for their surplus products. For such favors on the part of Merchants, would not the Farmer feel grateful? And would not the legitimate profit of merchants be largely increased by such a course? For we believe there are few farmers who would not appreciate such efforts on the part of merchants to open up to the producer legitimate prices for wool. Wherever this course is pursued, we believe the merchants profits are largely increased. Let there be established in every prominent wool growing county in the State, a Wool Depot, for receiving, grading and selling wools; confining it strictly to this department, and the profits of the farmer would be much larger than at present. And merchants who encourage such outlets for products, will increase their custom, while manufacturers will obtain their wools quite as cheap and more satisfactory; for with this system of economy, the expense of handling will become comparatively trifling.

We have thrown out these suggestions for merchants and wool-growers, believing that if they are properly matured and acted upon, they will lead to beneficial results; for we are prepared to believe that merchants would be largely benefited instead of "being ruined" by extending such facilities to farmers.

Wool. Weaving in your columns of Thursday evening an article with the above heading, purporting to be addressed to farmers, and signed "One whose interests are identified with yours." The writer of that article has spent much ink to give his views of the price of the incoming clip, which he finally concludes will be from three to five cents a pound higher than the wool-growers have been a year. Like many other farmers (whose interests the writer is evidently desirous to consult) he seems not fully posted up in the present prices of Wool. Presuming that he, or you, would not be desirous of throwing out false views at this season of the year, I will state that last season wools were bought in this State at an average price of 35 cents, ranging from 28 to 45. January and February sales ranged from 45 to 65 cents. I know of no change in the price of wool since that time. It is well known that the lots are very large of domestic fleece wool, throughout the East. Manufacturers, too, have unusually small stocks for this season of the year. Every farmer is aware that there is none through the wool-growing districts of the West. No manufacturer would pretend to deny these facts, or that the past eight months have not been characterized with unusual prosperity and active demand for manufactured goods. Why then should your correspondent conclude take 3 to 5 cents more for his Wool than he got last year, which would be from 32 to 50 cents? On the contrary, why should not Wools be quoted at what they would be worth if in the warehouses, instead of being scattered through the country on the sheep's back, as at present? The prices of to-day may be set down as follows:

Saxony fleeces.....	65
Full blood.....	60
do.....	55
do.....	50
do.....	45
Common.....	40

These are the lowest figures that have ruled since January, and I see no reason why your correspondent should be justified in selling his Wools for less, with expenses off for marketing, which might reduce them 2 cents per pound. I have volunteered these remarks in reply to what seems to me candid, but erroneous views, and for the benefit of such of our readers as are interested, knowing that you will not wish to mislead any on this subject, which is attracting so much attention at the present time.

FACTS.

MORE ABOUT WOOL. EDITOR HERALD.—SIR.—Noticing two paragraphs in your columns on the subject of the Wool of the coming clip, I have thought proper to say a word on the matter in reply as the season is near approaching for the opinion of growers as a reasonable basis, for their mutual interest and that of the manufacturers, which ought to be reciprocal, as neither should be erroneously led into a ruinous exchange of one of the most important articles of agriculture of the State of Ohio. Therefore it becomes both parties to be equally reasonable in their statistics, as to price. If the manufacturers can sustain themselves at ten to twenty cents over last year's prices, it would seem to be a very healthy state of things for both parties; but it is so, Mr. Fact! There is a strong feeling among country merchants to handle the wools in their vicinity, and consequently a strong competition is the result, and if they take Mr. Fact's schedule as a basis of purchase, I cannot see where they are to realize a safe margin for expenses as he makes his figures, for late sales in market for last year's clip held up on interest, insurance and commissions, &c., of which those sales had their natural cause. If manufactured goods was the cause, all right. If operations have increased and created a demand, the growers ought to be satisfied to have them sustained, as a competition of uniform prices, but to take Mr. Fact's rate of prices and only two cents from the grower to the manufacturer, we think would be ruinous to merchants and

most certainly to purchasers as country brokers, as we have had some little experience in handling and shipping the article, but as to prices, wool will be taken at the coming clip, we have nothing to say, as that is a matter that will regulate itself, but think Mr. Fact's estimate needs a little explanation. He says:

Saxony sold 65	Full blood 60. does not say what blood
do 55	do 55
do 50	do 50
do 45	do 45
Common 40	do 40

Those figures—to go out to farmers as they are—giving them an impression that any judicious, discriminating purchaser would find it very difficult to buy safely, as if wool sells high the price is nearly the same claimed for all grades.

Mr. Fact puts Saxony at 65c., full blood 60c.—we say if French and Spanish merino which will weigh from 6 to 10 lbs., and shrink in cleansing 45 per cent, while Saxony will not shrink but one-eighth; therefore the waste is more in the merino than the entire weight of the Saxony fleeces, and manufacturers this year will need be very careful how they judge of different grades of wools, but must judge for themselves.

UTTOR.

New York Horror. The mystery of the box with seven bodies is explained to have been bodies exhumed from Potter's field, by the authorities and which were being taken for interment to another spot and fell from the boat.

Another horror has been explained. The body of a young married woman, Mrs. Halsey, was found drowned. She was an actress and better known as Miss Deane.—She was elegantly dressed, having all her rings and ornaments on when found. She was only eighteen years of age. Her husband is an Englishman and detected her in writing a note to a Mr. Wells respecting an assignment. She confessed all, handed over all her letters, by which it appeared that Thompson's in Broadway was the usual rendezvous.

Mr. Halsey is the son of a wealthy British officer, but is dissipated and has treated his family with great neglect. On discovery of her faithlessness he played the Siskies farce by forcing his wife to write a full confession. She then went, ostensibly, to buy shots and was seen no more alive.

It appears she was a very expensive mistress to Mr. Wells but did not explain what she did with the money, but a point in the case as found in the *Tribune* may explain this feature.

It is represented that Mr. Halsey possessed great influence over the general conduct of his wife, and is believed that as he was very much in want of funds with which to supply the gambling table, he induced her to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Wells, with a view to securing money. It appears that, independent of any such acquaintance, Mr. Wells has always been a friend of the family of Mr. Deane, and has known Fanny from early childhood. A gentleman living in the house says Halsey had deprived her of every decent garment she had, also her gold watch, and pawned them to supply the needful to perpetuate his work of dissipation and gambling.

Mrs. Deane, the mother of Mrs. Halsey, represents Halsey as an inveterate gambler, even pawning his wife's clothing, jewelry &c., to obtain funds with which to gratify his passions for gaming. Mrs. D. declares that if her daughter went astray, neglect and abuse at home led to it. It seems he first saw Miss Deane at Wallack's theater, was captivated, sought her acquaintance and after 6 weeks courtship they were married in the wise. His one day, when walking, asked her to go to the church of the Ascension to witness a marriage, and on reaching the church surrounded her then to marry him, and Rev. Dr. Bedell performed the ceremony. Halsey then gave a fictitious name. When the mother found this out she insisted upon another bridal ceremony being performed in his true name, which was done.

Steam on the Ohio Canal. Capt. Wm. Deuel of Franklin Mills, Portage county, is testing the experiment of employing steam propellers upon our canals. He has built a steam canal boat at Peninsula this season called the Enterprise, and has made some trial trips. His craft is at Akron, and the Beacon thus speaks of it:

The Enterprise is propelled by a steam Engine in the stern of the boat, very much after the fashion of Lake Propellers, except that there are two propeller wheels at the stern. Capt. Deuel's sin has been to use a Steam Engine of moderate weight, and the running of a loaded boat by which shall be economical as compared with towing by horses; retaining the capacity and burden of the boat for freights. He has not expected to get any greater speed per hour than that of a boat under tow by a good team, say two or three miles per hour.

In these particulars he believes he has succeeded. The engine has power enough with the boiler and fixtures weighs about 3,700 pounds, and occupies but a small space clear for the stowage of freight, for which her stowage capacity is about 750 barrels. The boat thus far has not been freighted, but runs at a fair rate of speed, is easily steered and managed in locking, and her machinery works well, fully meeting all reasonable expectations.

The Battle of Montebello.

The Turin correspondent of the Debate, writing on the 21st May, at 4 in the afternoon says:

"Yesterday, while the band was playing in the public square at Alessandria and the sun shining brightly, a division of 15,000 Austrians some leagues off, before Voghera, made an attack on Casteggio and Montebello."

"This position was held by the Sardinian cavalry regiment of Montferat, belonging to the division of Lieutenant-General Soanaz. Marshal Baryguy d'Hillera being apprised of the fact, gave orders for Forey's division to move up the front. The movement of these soldiers recalled to mind the way they advanced at Inkerman and Trakir. Being resolutely confronted, the Austrians sustained the charge bravely, but the bayonet overcame their resistance. Repulsed with enormous loss after 4 hours' fighting, they were obliged to beat a retreat along their whole line, abandoning Montebello and 200 prisoners, one of whom is colonel."

"This first serious affair gives in some sort a type of what the war will be. The victory will remain with us, as it has done, but many hours will pay for it with their lives. The list of our losses will tell you how hot the affair was, and how the ground was disputed; five hundred men were left dead upon the spot, or wounded, lying near twelve or fifteen hundred Austrians. The Sardinian cavalry, to succor whom we had hurried up, lost their old colonel, Morelli, who was mortally wounded. A French general Bourat, signaled by his death this first of a series of victories; and Commandant Duchet fell by his side never to rise again. Among the wounded we have five officers, Colonel Guyot de Lespar, de Bellafonds, Conseil Dumastel, the Commandant Loretelle and de Ferruzac."

"General Forey led on his regiments to the charge with the extreme vivacity, and our battalions entered the fire with a dash and courage that rendered vain the obstinacy of the Austrians. The Sardinian cavalry did wonders."

"The war has now begun in earnest.—The presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph at Pavia, for it is the common report here that he has arrived there, may explain this movement on the part of the enemy."

P. S.—6 o'clock. "I open my letter to send you the latest details I have been able to gather from the best sources. The Montferat Cavalry Regiment, that held the positions attacked by the Austrians, was not more than 600 strong. These brave soldiers gave time for Forey's division to come up, when 6,000 Frenchmen fell upon 15,000 Austrians. The combat was terrible, the hand-to-hand fighting furious; at last the Austrians were slain to give way, abandoning Montebello. But the Higha of Casteggio are still in their hands; the flames seen yesterday in that direction lead us to suppose that the town is on fire."

Ginseng Excitement. We are thankful there is one locality that has a home-made excitement to relieve the Pike Peak fever. At St. Peter's in Minnesota, there is a ginseng excitement. The *Free Press*, of that place, says:

This new branch of business bids fair to become a very important item in this region of the State. It is becoming a regular branch of business, and pays largely—better by far than the gold diggings.—"Big woods, are filled with it, and nearly everybody has taken to digging it. We are informed that three men at Ottawa went out last week, and in three hours dug twenty pounds. This at ten cents per pound—a very good return, surely. In the neighborhood of Lake Washington, we learn that men have made as high \$4.50 a day; that even children made a dollar a day. At present, men, women and children are digging away, as for dear life. Ginseng is about the only thing talked or thought of. It is the burden of their songs by day, and of their dreams by night! We are credibly informed that there is a capital of at least one hundred thousand dollars in this vicinity for the purchase of ginseng."

It may not be generally known that ginseng is an article very important in a commercial point of view. It is a trade that in Ohio enjoys considerable eastern capital. It is the root of the plant that is used, and this is sent in large quantities to China, where it enters into almost every species of medicine, particularly the higher classes. The Chinese are very superstitious relative to this plant, which, in fact, possesses very limited virtues, but the "Children of the Sun" call it "pure spirit of the earth" and "plant that gives immortality." Webster says the name ginseng is probably Chinese, and signifies a man's thigh, and in the Korean language signifies legs or thighs separated. It is said to be a native of Tartary, and is collected with great care by Tartars in the spring and autumn, and is so rare as to bring three times its weight in silver. Tradition says that the Emperor of China once employed 10,000 Tartars in procuring this root. It is within forty years that the ginseng trade between America and China has grown up. In 1842 there were sent from the United States to China 138,485 pounds of ginseng valued at \$102,074.

So that the ginseng excitement in Minnesota is not to be despised.

The N. Y. Post on Mr. Dennison. This influential paper speaking of the probable nomination of Mr. Dennison for Governor, by our Republican Convention, holds the following language:

"Mr. Dennison is a native of Ohio, has been a member of the Senate, and is thoroughly conversant with all the affairs of the State. He is a gentleman in the 'good-day of vigorous manhood'; of practical common sense; an accomplished business man, and generally respected and esteemed. He is also an earnest Republican, and will make an excellent Governor, the distinguished statesman, Geo. Chase, who will retire from the gubernatorial chair only to be returned to the scene of his former triumphs—the Senate Chamber of the United States."