

# Holmes County Republican.

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Office—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

Terms—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

VOL. 4.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1859.

NO. 11.

## Worthy.

JERRY THE GRANT MILLER.

BY MORTIMER COOK.

Who killed the little girl?  
"I," said Jerry Black,  
"My pamphlet broke his back,  
"I killed the little girl."  
Who saw him die?  
"I," said George Fugh,  
"With a hellabellon,  
"I saw him die."  
Who wore his shroud?  
"I," said Seward Bill,  
"In the 'irrepressible mill,  
"I wore his shroud."

Who dug his grave?  
"I," said long Abe,  
"With my shovel and spade,  
"I dug his grave."  
Who carried him to the tomb?  
"I," said the Convention,  
"His name I didn't mention,  
"I carried him to the tomb."

Who was chief mourner?  
"I," said John Forney,  
"On that doleful journey,  
"I was chief mourner."  
Who was the parson?  
"I," said Ward Beecher,  
"The Republican preacher,  
"I was the parson."

Who played the dirge?  
"I," said the Heron,  
"In my copyright sharper,  
"I played the dirge."  
Who tolled the bell?  
"I," said Charles Sumner,  
"Let him quietly slumber,  
"I tolled the bell."

And all the vile demagogues  
Stood weeping around,  
When with little dog's hopes,  
Their wail under the ground.

—[Cincinnati Commercial.]  
\*Abraham Lincoln, the tall Illinois Republican, competitor of Mr. Douglas.

## Miscellaneous.

From the New York Mercury.

### THE SCHOOL MARM.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON.

"I never turned a deaf ear to  
To glad me with its soft black eye,  
But when it came to know me well,  
And love me, it was sure to die.  
I never had a piece of bread,  
Particularly wide,  
But that it fell upon the floor  
Upon the buttered side."

—MOORE, ALTERED.  
"Disappointment is the lot of all mankind." Old Mr. Ferrule used to set me that for a copy long ago; but little did I think when I wrote it in straggling pot-hooks, each letter reeling as though intoxicated, that I—Dorothy Diddle—would sit here this rainy morning, with rouse on my cheeks and tears in my eyes, deploring the fate which has left me a broken-hearted, sharp-nosed old maid.

Through what life a solitary spinster splashing her affections on a miserable consumptive tabby cat, like a drooping dandelion alone and uncared for. What I have endured I will never reveal; but when I die, my last request will be to place on my tombstone, "Died from an over-dose of Cowbabbage."

Yes, adorable Nicodemus, the world shall know how basely you treated me. Didn't I encourage you in every way; did not I wear the bouquets of poppies and margolds you used to bring me, in my hair; didn't I put in my false teeth, and put on a clean apron every evening to receive you; did I ever from when you walked into the "best room" with your muddy cow-hide boots on; didn't I nearly ruin the family making doughs for you to eat; didn't I dye for you when my hair was turning gray, and yet you deserted me, you horrid red-headed, freckle-faced bean pole! you ugly sly-sided—but there, its no use getting into a passion.

As I told you somewhere before, I am, alas! an old maid. At least, flippant broad-and-butter children of twenty call me so, though the world very well knows I'm but thirty-five, which age I've been for the last seven years and intend to be for at least seven more! If any sensible man who reads this prefers a wife who has arrived at the years of discretion, and is above flirting and gadding with brainless, moustached young asses, just address a line to Miss Dorothy Diddle, spinster, Frogpond.

There was a time when I had hoped to have written my name, Mrs. Nicodemus Hateful Cowbabbage; but, ah, me! I cannot dwell on the harrowing recollection.—Drop a tear of sympathy and passion.

Nicodemus Hateful Cowbabbage, when I first knew him, was a tall, overgrown, gawky youth of forty or thereabouts, with a complexion somewhere between brimstone and brick red. His hair was rather showy, being of a brilliant orange; and as it always was quite innocent of comb or brush, stuck up all over his head, each particular hair bristling as if conscious of its own importance, until his knowledge-box looked like a garden full of bean poles.—Indeed when I first beheld Nicodemus Hateful Cowbabbage I mistook him for a broom with the brush uppermost. His mouth was particularly fascinating, there being a good deal of it, and it always lay wide open to catch any scraps of wisdom that might be going. But flies and birds, and other such "noxious insects," sometimes took an impertinent of this peculiarity by flying down his throat, and meeting the doom they deserved by never being heard of more. On one occasion this audacity nearly proved fatal; for a swallow mistaking the yawning chasm for its nest, flew triumphantly in, and came near choking Mr. Cowbabbage. His eyes were, no doubt, equally handsome, but being hid away deep in the recesses of his stupendous brain, mortal eye never beheld

them, and therefore what they were like has always been involved in profound mystery. His nose was inclined heavenward, which gave an air of piety to his whole countenance, highly edifying to see. In short, to me Liza Neil's expressive phrase, Mr. Cowbabbage was "strangely beautiful."

Being possessed of all these attractions, it is no wonder that at the tender and unsuspecting age of thirty-two, I resigned my virgin heart to the keeping of Nicodemus, at first sight! Or is it surprising that, being almost as good looking as himself, I could fail to think my feelings were reciprocated? But at length, in an evil hour, Liza Neil came to Frogpond, and stole the youthful affections of Nicodemus Hateful Cowbabbage.

In Frogpond, woman reigned supreme upon the pedagogical throne, and taught the young idea how to shoot. The coming of the school marm was always an advent of note, and except the election of a President, nothing ever produced so much excitement in our village. Therefore when it was announced that Miss Liza Neil would make her debut in Frogpond the next Monday morning great was the sensation it created.

"Wonder if she's good-looking?" said all the young men of the village, fishing up from the depths of memory Miss Blaestocking, a vinegar-faced, thin-lipped, straight-toothed, nose-looking maiden of unknown age, who had ruled it with terrifying majesty over the unhappy young crows of Frogpond, and who looked upon the masculine persuasion generally, as locusts are looked upon in the East plagues sent on the world for its sins; and really, of late, I have begun to think Miss Blaestocking was right.

The girls asked themselves the same question, and unable to decide, formed themselves into a committee to debate the subject. Several resolutions were passed, the most prominent of which was, to dislike her if she was.

Sunday came and the church was crowded. Not a youth in Frogpond but entered in the conscious dignity of an excommunicating dicky, overweighing neck-tie, hair shining with hogs lard, and white cotton handkerchief, redolent of the mingled odors of peppermint and musk. As for the girls, they flocked up the aisles, tossing their heads, with a decidedly ain't-we-wicelooking air.

In a few moments the cause of this unusual excitement was made manifest. Deacon Dime entered with the new school marm leaning on his arm. Under the battery of a couple of hundred eyes, Miss Neil entered her pew. Miss Neil was pretty, I groaned in spirit as I beheld her, and cast a glance toward Nicodemus. Oh! the perfidy of men! Totally oblivious of her whom he had promised to love and cherish while there was "a kick in him," he sat staring at her with mouth and eyes agape, like a choking lobster. Couldn't I have given it to him! My very fingers were itching to box his ears.

From that day forth may be dated the "decline and fall" of Dorothy Diddle. Every blessed evening Nicodemus washed his hands and face, which he had never done more than once a week before, donned his bright blue "swallow tail" coat with its shiny brass buttons, greased his hair till it lay as flat to his cheeks as if it had been pasted there, rubbed what remained of the hogs lard on his cowhide boots, and marched to see Miss Neil, whistling the "Conqueror Hero." In vain I looked daggers and pen-knives at him every time I encountered him; in vain I shed oceans of tears when I knew he was looking; I only succeeded in weakening my eyes till they resembled the newly-opened orbs of a young kitten, and reddening the point of my unfortunate nose, sharp enough the best of times, but now spinning away with affliction till it resembled the point of a darning needle. Nicodemus, the unfeeling monster, seemed to have forgotten my very existence—leaving me to grow away and die, like a poor neglected dandelion in a garden. But it has always remained the way his unfeeling sex have treated lovely women. More than one unfortunate old maid will drop a tear of sympathy as her eyes fall on this, and memory brings before her the form of some Nicodemus Hateful Cowbabbage of her own.

One day Nicodemus discovered, by some means, that young gentlemen sometimes serenaded their lady-loves. Full of this new discovery, as soon as night set in, Mr. Cowbabbage borrowed an old fiddle with two strings, and taking his brother with him to accompany him on the Jew's harp, they set off for the residence of Liza Neil. I saw them from the window, and guessed in a moment where they were going. Nobody need be surprised when I tell them the sight made me as mad as a March hare. I just got up and threw my cloak around me and stole after them, determined to pay them off if I could.

There was a lark mastiff on the premises to scare off intruder, so the serenaders dare not approach the house. However, determined not to have their journey for nothing, they seated themselves under the open window of an old out-house, and grandly broke forth the first strain of heavenly melody on the two strings of catgut. Unperceived, I stole up the ladder that led to the out-house, and stood looking down on them from the open window, in a state of mind that you alone courteous reader, can imagine. I could distinctly hear their conversation from where I stood.

"What'll we begin with?" asked Nicodemus, screwing up the fiddle.

"S'posen we begin with Old Dan Tucker!" said Pontius Pilate Cowbabbage, his brother, inserting the Jew's harp between his two solitary teeth, for the rest of his grinders had fallen out eating maple sugar.

"You git out," responded Nicodemus, contemptuously, "it ought ter be something solemn, like 'Old Hundred,' or 'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,' or suthin' like that."

"Bah! your granny," said Pontius Pilate, "better play a dead march at once. I go on for suthin' lively."

And as he spoke, the Jew's harp gayly struck up Yankee Doodle.

"Very well, you play what you like and I'll do the same," said Nicodemus, solemnly commencing "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound," and scraping away a groning accompaniment on the violin.

"Oh! wasn't that music, though! In spite of my anger it was as much as I could do to keep from burstin' right out laughing. So absurd was it, that even Pontius Pilate was struck by it, and taking the Jew's harp from his mouth, he said:

"Tell you what, Nicod, this 'ere won't do, you know, the tunes don't go well together. S'posen we try 'Oh, Susanna?' That's solemn enough, ain't it?"

The last "doleful sound" issued from the "tomb" ere Nicodemus would reply, then taking the same view of the matter as his brother, both pathetically burst into that touching and beautiful song, with a feeling and pathos I can give you no idea of. Each moment, in the excitement of their feelings, their voices rose higher and higher until reaching the refrain they fairly gelled with emotion:

"Oh Susanna—! don't you cry for me."

My fortitude could endure no more.—Exasperated beyond endurance, I seized a large tub of slops and dirty water, and hurled the whole deluge upon them.

With perfect howls of anger and dismay the serenaders leaped to their feet, and "Susanna" was abruptly cut in the middle. For a moment they stood still, aghast, petrified, stunned while unseeing I watched them. Ah, wasn't that my hour of triumph, as I saw them drenched from head to foot, shivering and dripping with the odoriferous shower-bath. For a moment they lingered, scarcely able to realize their catastrophe; then, as it burst upon them, with a wild yell like an Indian war whoop they leaped the wall and fled as if Satan was at their heels toward home. I too made good my escape, just as the whole family in their night-dresses rushed out to see who was being murdered, or what meant the unearthly sounds that for the past half hour had been making "night noises."

Now, one would have supposed that his ducking would have cooled the love of Nicodemus. But no; it didn't. Every body in the village laughed at him, and none more than Liza Neil; huffy, though, she pretended to Nicodemus she was dying about him. Little did he, in his trusting innocence, suppose she was making an unmitigated goose of him.

One night, I beheld them standing at the garden gate; and, unperceived, I drew near to listen. They were planning an elopement for the following night; and he was in the seventh heaven, while she could scarcely maintain her gravity. A bright idea struck me; she would not be at the place appointed I knew, but I would. In the dark, Nicodemus would never recognize me, and I might yet be Mrs. Cowbabbage, in spite of fate.

The hour appointed came; veiled and bonneted, I stood trembling with maiden modesty at the trying place. The carriage came, so did Nicodemus; I was handed in, the door closed, and in a few minutes we reached the church. The minister was waiting; we approached and stood before him; ten minutes more, and I would have been a respectable married female, but my unhappy destiny was against me. A sudden gust of wind blew aside, my veil, and Dorothy Eddle stood revealed!

One wild amazed gaze, and with an unearthly squeal of dismay, Nicodemus turned and fled. All hope was now over, and I fell back, kicking and plunging in violent hysterics. The minister restrained his laughter, had me conveyed home, and I immediately determined to be seized with brain-fever, when I was accordingly, raving away, which there was anybody present, in a manner perfectly appalling even to myself.

As for Nicodemus, he became, as he justly deserved, the laughing-stock of the village after that, and went off to California in despair. And here I've remained, a poor, "forsook," unfortunate old maid ever since and all through that miserable wretch, Nicodemus Hateful Cowbabbage.

As I said before, if any sensible man in want of a wife would like to hear from me, just let him address a note to Dorothy Diddle, Spinster, Frogpond, and perhaps, but no more at present.

### Some One Must Pray.

A valued friend relates to us the following interesting and authentic anecdote:

A man of great learning and talents, but an unbeliever, was traveling in Manila. He was escorted by a native of rank, and as they were about starting, the native, with a refined politeness which characterizes the orientals, requested the white stranger to pray to his God.

This was probably the only thing he could have been asked to do, without being able to comply—and on his declining, the native said, "Well, some God must be prayed to, so you will excuse me if I pray to mine."

"Full many a shaft at random sent,  
Finds mark the archer never meant."

And so it was in this case. The unbeliever was rebuked by the heathen, and the man of science who had gone there in quest of natural curiosities, returned, having found the pearl of great price. His next visit is to be with the missionaries to preach Christ.

From the Boston Atlas.  
Old John Brown.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

Old Brown—John Brown—the chief and originator of the Insurrection, was a man of sixty-five years of age. He was born I believe, in Connecticut; resided, for a considerable period of his life, in Springfield, Massachusetts; but for some time—perhaps for several years—had lived in the State of New York, somewhere in the vicinity of Utica. When the Kansas troubles broke out he had a wife, seven sons and a daughter living. What is left of his family still live on his farm at Utica. At Springfield, I believe he was engaged in the wool trade. Wherever he lived, he soon acquired the reputation of a man of the sternest integrity of character. In Kansas he was the great living test of principle in our politicians. The more corrupt the man, the more he denounced Old Brown. It was a true compliment to be praised or to be recognized by him as a friend; for, even in his social dealings, he would have no connection with any man of unprincipled or unworthy character.

In his camp he permitted no profanity; no man of loose morals was suffered to stay there unless, indeed, as prisoners of war. "I would rather have the small pox, yellow fever and cholera all together in my camp, than a man without principle."

This he said to the present writer, when speaking of some ruffianly recruits whom a well known leader had recently introduced. "It is a mistake, sir," he continued, "that our people make, when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the fit men to oppose these Southerners. Give me men of good principles—God fearing men—who respect themselves, and with a dozen of them I will oppose any hundred such men as these Buford ruffians." His whole character is portrayed in these words. He was a paragon in the Cromwellian sense of the word. He trusted in God and kept his powder dry. Prayers were offered up, in his camp, every morning and evening; no food was eaten unless grace was first asked on it.

For thirty years he secretly cherished the idea of being the leader of a servile insurrection; the American Moses, predicted by Omnipotence, to lead the servile nation in the Southern States to freedom; if necessary, through the Red Sea of a civil war, or a fiercer war of races. It was no "mad idea" concocted at a fair in Ohio; but a mighty purpose, born of religious convictions, which he nourished in his heart for half a life-time.

When the horizon of freedom looked gloomy in Kansas, he took leave of his wife and younger children, and, with several of his sons—four or five of them—went out to Kansas. He thought that the hour was approaching for his work to begin. The ballot box had already been made desecrated; the ruffians of Missouri had overwhelmed by violence the rights of the North. He went to put a stop to the insolence and the violence of the South, and to him, more than to any other living man we owe it that Kansas is a free State today. To a man of a very different character,—Gen. Lane, although a personal and malignant enemy of mine, I would accord the second place in this honorable rank.

Brown was not sent by any one, unless by God, (as he himself believed), to vindicate the rights of the North and of freedom in Kansas. He was no politician.—He despised the class with all the energy of his earnest and determined nature. His first appearance in the Territory was at Ossawatimie, at a public meeting at which accommodating politicians were carefully pruning a set of resolutions to suit every shade of free State men. The motion that called him out was to pass a resolution in favor of excluding all negroes from Kansas. Old Brown rose, and scattered concentration among the politicians by asserting the manhood of the negro race, and expressed his earnest anti-slavery convictions with a force and vehemence little likely to please the hybrids then known as Free State Democrats.

There were a number of Indiana Democrats present, whose speech so shocked that they subsequently became and remained, I believe, in the class of "law-order abidin" pro-slavery men. It was his first and last appearance in a public meeting. Like most men of action, he underrated discussion. He secretly despised even the ablest anti-slavery orators. He could "see no use in this talking," he said; "Talk is a national institution; but it does no good for the slave." He thought it an excuse very well adapted for weak men with tender consciences. Most men, who were afraid to fight, and too honest to be silent, deceived themselves that they discharged their duties to the slave by denouncing in fiery words the oppressor.—His ideas of duty were far different; the slaves, in his eyes, were prisoners of war; their tyrants, he held, had taken up the sword, and must perish by it.

The next time he appeared among men assembled in numbers was when Lawrence surrounded by Sheriff Jones' posse committed, (from Missouri) during the Governorship of Stanton, in December, 1855. His eldest son, John, had command of a large company of men, and he himself had charge of a dozen. He was satisfied with the conduct of Robinson and Lane, and predicted that their celebrated treaty, with its diplomatic phraseology, would only postpone the discussion at arms, which was inevitably and rapidly approaching.—Sent for him to a Council of War. "Tell the General," Brown said, "that when he wants me to fight, to say no; but that is the only order I will obey." In disobedience to the general orders, he even went out of camp with his dozen men to meet his invaders—to "draw a little blood, as he phrased it;—but by the special messenger of Lane he was induced to forego this intention and return. He always regretted doing so, and maintained that if the conflict had been brought on at that time a great deal of bloodshed would have been spared.

JOHN BROWN'S POLITICS.

First, as to John Brown's political opinions. It is asserted that he was a member of the Republican party. It is false. He despised the Republican party. Of course he was opposed to the extension of slavery; and in favor, also, of organized political action against it. But when the Republicans cried, Hail! John Brown said Forward, march! He was an Abolitionist of the Bunker Hill school. He had a little sympathy with Garrison as Seward.—He believed in human brotherhood and in the God of battles; he admired Nat Turner as well as George Washington. He could not see that it was heroic to fight against a petty tax on tea, and endure seven years of warfare for a political right, and a crime to fight in favor of restoring an outraged race to every birthright with which their Maker had endowed them, but of which the South had for two centuries robbed them. The inevitable coming triumph of the Republican party, I have the best authority for stating, was the most powerful reason for the precipitate movement. The old man distrusted the Republican leaders; he said that their success would be a backward movement to the anti-slavery enterprise. His reason was that the masses of the people had confidence in these leaders; and would believe that by their action they would ultimately and peacefully abolish slavery. That the people would become as conservative of slavery as the Democrats themselves, he sincerely may I add, and with reason—believed! Apathy to the welfare of the slave would follow; hence it was necessary to strike a blow at once. You know the result.

### The Stuffed Cat.

An old Chiffonier (of rag picker) died in Paris in a state of most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a green grocer. The girl always assisted her uncle as far as her means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was on the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Suzette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that the wedding must be deferred; she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Suzette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost her place and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice of only her wedding attire, but nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her master's room weeping bitterly, when the muleer of her fatherless lover, a good looking young man entered.

"So, my Suzette, I find you have lost your place," said he; "I am come to offer you one for life. Will you marry me?"

"I, sir! You are joking."

"No, faith, I want a wife, and I'm sure I can't find a better."

"But everybody will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me."

"Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along, my Suzette is prepared to receive you."

Suzette hesitated no longer, but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle—it was a cat he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he determined that even death should not separate them, for he had her stuffed, and placed her on the tester of his bed.

As Suzette took down pass, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand Louis concealed in the body of the cat, and this sum, which the old miser had starved himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover.

SAD.—In the School District of North Solon, in this county, we are pained to hear, the disease commonly known as puritid sore throat, is still committing its ravages. Within six weeks Mr. Chas. Morse has lost two children, Mr. Elbridge Morse one child, Mr. Samuel Patrick one child, and the death of Mr. Edwin York, aged 23 years, makes five deaths from this malignant disease. Mr. York was a hale, hearty, worthy young man; he was taken sick on Friday and died the Monday following.

We notice the prevalence of this malady in various parts of the country. At Rochester, we see by the Union of that city, as here, are confined mainly to children. The Rochester physicians regard the disease as "nothing but scarlet fever in the peculiar form it sometimes assumes." The Union relates the following:

A. L. Root resided in Pekin, Niagara county, when the epidemic made its appearance there two years ago, and was remarkably virulent and fatal. Every child seized with it, died, up to the time when his own two children were taken sick.—Having lost confidence in the doctor Mr. Root employed him only until he could summon his mother from the East, when she arrived, the children were put immediately under her care. Her only remedy was red pepper tea, made weak enough to avoid straggle the young patients. This was used freely, and the throats of the children were occasionally "swabbed," or washed, with the same tea, made quite strong. An outside application was also made of slices of salt pork, bound on with a cloth. The temperature of the room was kept equal, as near as possible.

The Columbus Journal of this morning (19th) says:

The Governor yesterday appointed and commissioned Hon. Wm. Y. Gholson, of Hamilton county, to be Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, for the unexpired term of Hon. Joseph R. Swan, resigned.

From the Chillicothe Gazette.  
Another Infernal Outrage—Kidnappers Again in our Midst—A Free Man Stolen.

There was perpetrated in our city last night (Wednesday) another outrage, more infamous in its features than the stealing of Lewis Early, which is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

About 9 o'clock a creature named Mike Harley, in company with a stranger, went to Thompson's livery stable and hired an express wagon, as they said, to go to Portsmouth.

It appears they, with some two or three confederates, then drove to the house of a colored man named Oliver Anderson, in the lower part of the city, knocked at the door and demanded admission. Anderson had gone to bed, and before getting up demanded what they wanted. They answered that he had a new set of chairs in the house which he had stolen. He replied that he had not stolen them, that he had bought them, and could prove where he got the money he had paid for them.

They then demanded with curses that he should open the door, and if he didn't they would have the chairs, and if he didn't give them up peacefully they would take them by force.

He told them to wait till he could dress, and he would open the door. He did so, when three or four men rushed in, seized him, and attempted to handcuff him. He resisted with all his power, but after being severely beaten, was overcome and hustled into the wagon. His wife, when they entered the house, screamed for help, but one of the ruffians struck her a blow, and said if she didn't keep quiet they would kill her.

After getting Anderson in the wagon, one of the men re-entered the house and demanded Anderson's child, a boy about two years old, but his wife seized it in her arms and escaped out the back door. She then commenced screaming for help, but being some distance from any other house and frightened almost out of her senses, it was some time before she could reach her nearest neighbor and give a coherent account of what had happened.—The kidnappers had then escaped with their victim.

It seems strange that even though a general alarm was not raised and pursued made. But nothing was done, and ere this there is but little doubt that Oliver Anderson is upon slave soil, doomed inevitable to a life of bondage. Anderson had been a resident of this city four or five years, and was a quiet, inoffensive and industrious man. That he was a free man there is but little doubt; but whether he was or not, his being kidnapped in this manner is a most damnable outrage. If any man claimed him as his slave, and could legally establish his claim, why did he not take him in daylight, go before a U. S. Commissioner, and prove his claim!

We believe that this is called a free country, and that annually we meet together and rejoice over the blessings of liberty and the great progress we are making in all the elements of a high civilization. And yet such affairs as this are happening almost every day, somewhere in our country, and cause only a day or two's talk and are forgotten.

And we have in our midst a political party that is laboring with all its power to perpetuate and extend an institution that demands for its support such acts as this we have just related.

The emissaries of that institution—the tools of that party—are spending all over our Union, watching and hunting for victims. They are prowling in our midst here in Chillicothe, and within the last six months our county has furnished them two victims. Shall these things continue?

The Commercial states that it has ascertained that Deputy U. S. Marshal Geo. W. Baker and a policeman named Michael Harley were the parties who abducted Anderson, and thence to Kentucky. They assert that Anderson was a fugitive slave, and that they were merely returning him to his master. The people of Chillicothe held a public meeting Saturday night to give expression to their sentiments. They believe Anderson to be legally a free man. Is not this a case deserving the Gidding's treatment!

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHERS.—We have seen from two to six great hearty boys sitting by the kitchen stove, toasting their feet, and cracking nuts or jokes, while their mother, a slender woman, has gone to the wood-pile for wood, to the well for water, or to the meat-house to cut a frozen steak for dinner, this is not as it should be. There is much work about a house too hard for women. Heavy lifting, hard extra steps which should be done by those more able. Boys don't let your mothers do it all, especially if she is a feeble woman. Dull, prosy housework is irksome enough, at best. It is a long work too, being impossible to tell when it is quite done, and then on the morrow the whole is to be gone over with again. There is more of it than one is apt to think.—Morning Star.

AN AERIAL SHIP.—According to the N. Y. Times, an aerial ship, called the City of New York, intended for a trans-Atlantic voyage, has been in the course of construction for some months past, in the vicinity of New York city and is now so nearly completed that she will be ready to undertake the trip in October. The aerial ship has charge of the enterprise is Mr. Lowe, of New Hampshire, who has made several successful ascensions. The dimensions of the air-ship are greater than those of any balloon previously built. The capacity of the gas-receiver is 725,000 cubic feet; the aggregate height of the balloon, from the valve to the bottom of the boat, upwards of 300 feet; the diameter, 130 feet. Mr. Lowe proposes to go directly from New York to London, in 47 to 64 hours.

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh much if he does," said the antagonist coolly.

A Wonderful Cure.

Dr. Hill, a notorious wit, physician, and man of letters, having quarreled with the members of the Royal Society of London, who had refused to admit him as an associate, resolved to avenge himself upon them in a novel manner. He addressed to their secretary, a letter purporting to be written by a country surgeon, and reciting the particulars of a cure which he had effected. "A sailor," he wrote, "broke his leg, and applied to me for help. I bound together the broken portions, and washed them with the celebrated tar-water. Almost immediately the sailor felt the beneficial effects of this remedy, and it was not long before his leg was completely healed!" This cure was published abroad at the very time that Bishop Barley had issued his work on the marvellous virtues of tar-water, and excited consequently, great attention. The letter was read and discussed at the Royal Society, and caused considerable differences of opinion. Papers were written for and against the tar-water and the restored leg, when a second letter arrived from the (pretended) country practitioner: "In my last, I omitted to mention that the broken limb of the sailor was a wooden leg!"

Preserving Butter.

A patent has been secured by W. Clark, of London, England, says the Scientific American, for the following method of preserving butter.

"The butter is first well beaten in the usual manner after churning, then placed between linen cloths, and submitted to severe pressure for removing water and water. It is now completely enveloped or covered with clean white paper, which is coated on both sides with a preparation of the white of eggs, in which fifteen grains of salt is used for each egg. This prepared paper is first dried, then heated before a fire, or with a hot iron, just prior to wrapping it around the butter. It is stated that butter may be kept perfectly sweet without any salt for two months, when this treated, and placed in a cool dry cellar. The submitting of butter to pressure, as described, is a good plan, and one which we recommend to all our farmers. They can easily practice with a small cheese-press."

On THE FREE LIST.—Sunday, in a Western village, when the plate was being passed in church, a gentleman said to the collector—"Go on; I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass!"—N. Y. Clipper.

This reminds us of similar affair that came off in this city. Three "sporting men" entered a meeting house and remained until the plate was handed around, when one of the party placed a dollar in it.

"I'll see that, and go a dollar better," said the second, at the same time handing his contribution, a two dollar bill.

"I pass" exclaimed the third.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Benjamin Whitlock, a merchant on Beekman street, New York, owns an estate of one thousand acres in Westchester, on which he is erecting a palace, not yet completed, after the style of the Tuilleries, with a stable of sixty horses to match. It has cost him already a half million of dollars, and the plans are only half-carried out. When completed, it will be the grandest country seat on the Western Continent.

CHANGING UNDER THE COLLAR.—A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the amended method of preventing hems from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to fit snugly between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This feeds off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulder of the horse.—Chafing is caused by friction; hence, you see, the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheep skins under the collar; these they say, do as much hurt as good; they argue the best. A single piece of leather, with out any lining or stuffing, he assures us, is better than anything else.—Boston Journal.

A young lady and a gentleman disputing upon a subject, the lady tensesly remarked:

"Sir; we can never agree in anything."

"You are wrong, madam," said he. "If you should go into a room in which there were but two beds, a woman in one and a man in the other, with whom would you sleep?"

"With the woman, of course," replied she.

"So would I!" the gentleman replied.

A schoolboy of about six years of age approached the master with a bold look and self-confident air, and the following dialogue ensued:

"May I be dismissed, Sir?"

"What reason have you for making the request, Thomas?"

"I want to take my woman out a sleighing, sir."

That was a horrible affair—the murder of Dean, and the scaling up of his remains in a tin box! "What Dean?" asked a half-dozen voices at once. Why, Say-dean, of course, was the pungent reply. "No levity."