

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1861.

NO. 21.

Business Cards.

W. P. ELLISON. M. R. De SILVA.
ELLISON & De SILVA,
Proprietors of the
ELLISON HOUSE.
Jackson Street,
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

DEBBY STEINBACHER, 1860
A. TAYLOR,
ALTON, O.
DEBBY & CO.,
Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,

Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Staff, Salt Fish, White and Water
Lard, &c., &c., &c.
PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 21, 1860—41

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.

PURCHASERS OF
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
ALSO,
Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow and all kinds
of Dried Fruits.

WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856—41.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Respectfully announces his readiness to give
personal attention to all professional calls.
He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of
the University of Michigan, and to the Medical Faculty
of the University of the City of New York.
Frederickburg, O., Sept. 20, 1859—41

JOHN W. VORHES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858—v2u35y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.
Respectfully informs the public that he has located
his office in the above village, for the practice of his
profession.
OFFICE four doors west of Reed's cor-
ner.
Aug 4, 1859—v2u35y1.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
Millersburg, Ohio.
NOW PREPARED to furnish to order all
the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to an
entire set. Office on Main Street, two doors east of
Dr. Boling's corner, up stairs.
June 9, 1859—41

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the public.
Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—v2u344f.

DR. EBRIGT,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Empire House.
Residence on Clay Street, opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

J. B. ALBAN, Dentist,
MILLERSBURG, O.
A artificial teeth in-
serted on Gold,
Silver, Vulcanite &
Porcelain base.
Teeth Extracted,
Cleaned or filled—
Satisfaction war-
ranted.

Room at the "Ellison House."
Nov. 26, 1860—71.

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING
Of all Descriptions,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

**PLAIN & FANCY
JOB PRINTING**
Of all kinds, neatly executed
AT THIS OFFICE.
CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
Books & Stationery,
MILLERSBURG, O.

To the Public.
A. WAITS, having purchased Wesley and
Wesley's Improved Sewing Machine, is still
on hand to sell the public in his line in the way of a
cash.
He is also agent for said Machine, and can recom-
mend it as the best now in use, for all purposes.
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Mrs. Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 26, 1859—v2u35y1. A. WAITS.

Fashionable Tailoring
A. S. LOWTHER is carrying on
the tailoring business in all its various
branches in Rooms over
MULVANE'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to re-
nder general satisfaction to those for whom he
does work, and he hopes by industry and close
application to business to receive a liberal share
of patronage.
ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for
me to live at.
Millersburg, 1860—414f.

Poetry.

From the Atlantic Monthly.
A NEW POEM BY LONGFELLOW.
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.
Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembered that famous day and year.

He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Toss a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea—
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through the Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and arm."

Then he said good night, and with muffled car
Slipped away on the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay:
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset British-man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with no mast, and no spar
Against the moon like a gaff-rigged ship:
And a huge black bulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath the eaves, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "all is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the sacred dread
Of the lonely bell and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shalowy something far away
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he gazed on the landscape far and near,
Till impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He sprang to the saddle, the bridge he turns,
But fingers and gaze, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
Struck out by a street that flies fearless and fast,
That was all and yet, through the gloom and the fog,
The light.

The fact was upon a riding that night, [light,
The fact struck out by that steed, in his
Kindled the land into flame with his heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the clank of the river-gate,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode to the Concord town,
He saw the glided watcher
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gazed at him with a spectral glare,
As if they were open eyes that see,
And bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he rode on the bridge in Concord town,
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning-breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown,
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by the British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry that awakened the nation's soul,
And every heart with a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Miscellaneous.

THE PIRATE.

Twenty-seven years ago the ship I com-
manded was on a mission of mercy. Laden
by the generous contributions of a
New England city, she was bound to the
Cape de Verde with bread for the famished
stricken and dying.

It was the fourteenth day out, in the
gray of the morning, that the mate roused
me with the startling intelligence that a
suspicious vessel was in sight. With the
first ray of light the vigilant officer had de-
scribed her, and she was so near as to be
made out with a glass. I was on the deck
in an instant.

"A glance at the stranger almost
dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm
had occasioned.
"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I
spoke, "there's nothing suspicious in that
lubberly-looking craft. She is a Portuguese
brigantine; she can't sail."
"She looks like that build," the mate
answered, but look now at the men on her
deck."

One glance of the telescope was enough
to satisfy me that the mate was right.
"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said,
"but she may not be surprised to fall in
with a slaver hereabouts."
"She's no slaver, captain."
"Why do you think so?"
"Because there are guns on her deck, in-
stead of water-casks."

As if to put an end to our speculations
the suspicious vessel began to spread more
canvas, and as she gathered away under the
freshening breeze, they ran up to her fore-
mast a flag which, when it reached the
truck, unhooked its folds in the wind. On
the white field we saw the terrible insignia
of the freebooter, the death's head and
cross bones, painted in diabolical black.

We made all the sail we could, but es-
cape was impossible. A gun from the pi-
rate, and a ball whistled over us speedily
brought us to. The pirate came quickly
along, like a panther, whose sure of his prey
was in no great hurry to seize it. The
moment he came within speaking distance,
he hailed, and ordered me to launch a boat
and come on board. We got out the quar-
ter boat, and I was about to jump into her
to pay my respects in person to the villain,
when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let
them send for him. I'll see if the mate
won't answer as well."
He descended to the boat, which began
to pull back. Almost at the same instant
a launch was hung over the rail, into which
twenty savage looking rascals, armed to
the teeth, sprang, and pulled towards us.
Ten minutes afterward they were on board
of my vessel and began clearing away the
main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose
square, compact frame, and whose eyes
black and hazy, and half concealed by
the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, ap-
proached the cabin hatch, where he stood
and addressed me in very fair English.
"Are you captain of this vessel?"
"Yes, I replied.
"What's your cargo?"
"Flour."

"Where from?"
"Boston."
"Where to?"
"Cape de Verde."
"Why, they're all starving there," he
said, opening his eyes and looking full at
me.

"Yes, and the flour in my vessel was
freely given by good Christians to feed
these starving people."
The rascal continued his deliberate gaze
a moment, then turned toward his men,
who had by this time broken into the main
hatch, and in a rough commanding tone,
spoke a few words in Spanish, which I
could not make out. The men looked up
in astonishment, and then withdrew to the
stowage, where they stood gazing cautiously
toward their captain, for such was my in-
terrogator. He thrust his hand behind
him; and walked to and fro quickly for five
minutes; then he said, sharply turning to
me:

"You Americans are all heretics! Why
should you send flour to feed Roman Cath-
olics!"
"Because they are our fellow men, and
their Savior is our Savior," I answered, as-
tonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you lie me," he cried with a fierce-
ness that startled me, if you lie to me, I'll
kill you to your deck! Is this cargo the
gift of your countrymen to the starving?"
"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I
answered.

"I don't want to see your papers.—
Swear by the Savior, whose name you
have just pronounced!" As he spoke he
crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear by the Holy Trinity!" I replied
solemnly.
The pirate lifted his cap and bent his
head devoutly when I mentioned the Tri-
nity. He stood still, while one moderately
counted fifty. When he raised himself up,
it seemed to me there was less ferocity in
his countenance. His eyes were no longer
half closed, but open and clear in their
depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he courteously, can you
supply me with two or three casks of wa-
ter?"
I gave the order, and the water was
lowered into the boat. A word from him
sent his cut throats over the side; but he
lingered behind, and after a moment's hesi-
tation, approached me with his hand ex-
tended.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed, as he
felt my grasp, "and send you where the
starving are praying for bread!"
The next moment he was gone.

LORAIN CO.—A spelling match is to be
held in Elyria, Lorain county, on the third
Saturday of February, commencing at 10
o'clock A. M., each representative to be a
bona fide member of the school he or she
represents, at the time of the trial. If
schools number more than forty scholars,
they are to have two representatives. Two
copies of Webster's Unabridged Diction-
aries are to be given as prizes: one to that
pupil who shall "spell down" all the rest;
the other to the one who shall make the
highest percent of correctly written words
from McGuffey's Spellers and Webster's
Dictionary. Such contests will do very
much to elevate the standard of the pupils
of the county and it would be a good thing
if every county in the State would in-
augurate similar matches.

They seem to be afraid in South
Carolina that the negroes will become too
respectable. It is well known that there are
in Charleston a number of negroes of prop-
erty, including "peculiar property," and
are considered good citizens. An effort
is now being made by the fanatics in the
Legislature to further degrade the free
negroes. We find the following para-
graphs in the Charleston Courier's report
of the proceedings of the Legislature:
Mr. Eason reported favorably on the
Bill to prevent free negroes from entering
into mechanical pursuits.

Mr. Morrison made the favorable report
of the Committee on a Bill to prevent
free negroes riding in carriages or other
vehicles unless accompanied by a white
person.

EXTREME BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Three
pints of buckwheat, one teaspoonful car-
bonate of soda dissolved in water enough
to make a batter, and when mixed, add a
teaspoonful of tartaric acid, dissolved in a
few teaspoonfuls of hot water. Mix it in,
and bake immediately. Use salt pork to
grease the griddle.

Letter from a Fire Eater.

[The following letter was handed us for
publication by a Kentucky gentleman. It
is a genuine document and valuable as
showing the state of things in Mississippi.]
CANTON, Miss., Dec. 22, 1860.

Dear— I sincerely hope that this my
letter, will be the first to bear you intelli-
gence of the glorious state of affairs in
this region. South Carolina, you know,
has gone out of the Union and is now an
Independent Sovereignty; long may she
prosper. Now, while I am writing, church
bells are ringing, cannons firing, the mili-
tary are on parade, the citizens sending up
loud huzzas in honor of the step of the
great old "South State" has taken. Every-
body shout comes, too, from the heart and
tells of hatred as inveterate as ever slumbered
in the bosom of an outraged people. It
speaks too, of firm determination to en-
dure no longer, but to take the helm in
their own hands in future, and if ruin is
the consequence to abide by it cheerfully,
rather than submit to the domineering party
of the Northern fanatics, whose policy
leads to inevitable ruin and degradation.
Nothing prevents my joining the hallelu-
jals but a sprained ankle, which makes it
too painful to stir about much. So this
will account for my writing while such a ju-
bilee is on hand.

But to continue with the news, which I
again say, I hope I will be the first to im-
part; viz: Mississippi has voted herself out
of the Union and determined to follow
South Carolina's example by between 35,
000 and 40,000 majority. The convention
meets on the 7th of Jan., and on the 8th
goes out. The Alabama and Georgia con-
ventions meet on the same day and there
is no doubt they will "follow suit." Ar-
kansas, Florida, Louisiana and Texas won't
be far behind; so you see we'll have a
most glorious secession, the richest and
greatest resource of any country on the
globe. I know that you folks up in the
border States think that all this fuss down
South is a hoax. But wait a little while
and you will discover it to be of the
sterner quality and a fixed fact in the
minds of the people. They already
cry no more concessions, no more com-
promise in the Union. The conserva-
tive people of the North and border States
could not fix up guarantees sufficiently
strong to satisfy the South. The aversion
and hatred has worked too long, the dis-
ease has become chronic and all the polit-
ical doctors on earth cannot cure the pa-
tient, it is too feverish, and speedy dis-
solution is inevitable. As for coercion, why
they laugh at it, and express an earnest
desire that such a step may be taken toward
Carolina. Sit down for a moment, and re-
flect if the thing is possible. You see the
lamb shall lie down together forever!

But suppose the time has come, when
the justice of God shall be no longer with-
held, and the madness of Slavery shall seek
out its own destruction by a dissolution of
the Union—peaceable or forcible—what
then? Shall we give up all as lost? Not at
all. God rules still. If the Cotton States
go—they go to ruin sooner or later! The
grain-growing States may stand by us—
give up their slaves—double at once their
whole property by the advance of real es-
tate; by immigration and capital from the
free States and foreign nations; or, if
they prefer, keep their slaves with the same
greater security in the future than in the
past—subjecting their system to our econ-
omical laws, and advancing civilization,
till such times as we shall become a homo-
geneous nation; and all will still be well.
But if double madness and folly shall send
them off with the Cotton States—still
would the Federal Union stand, with twenty
millions of free hearts and free hands to
defend it at home and abroad against a
world in arms.

In such case we would seek by friendly
negotiation with England, the Union of
the Canadas, which would more than com-
pensate us for the loss of the South, and
in turn we would stand the ally of Eng-
land in her contest with foreign Despotism;
and the two carry on the progress and civ-
ilization of the nations in that Union of
Sympathy, and race, and freedom, which
only now slavery forbids.

I have thus hurriedly, my friends, given
you my thoughts as they arise, without fear
or concealment. Some have said that I
ought to be silent.

Having just recovered partly from a long
period of pecuniary embarrassment, brought
on by my devotion to politics—with a fam-
ily which with prospects of place perhaps,
which for a quarter of a century my prin-
ciples have made impossible—I am involun-
tarily in the language of prudence to be
silent. Standing in the vanguard of a great
and dangerous movement—I am told that
leaders of revolutions rarely survive them.
I may fall by the hands of violence—may
be driven into exile—and suffer poverty,
and die in obscurity. What shall I say!
What shall I do! I listen—I hear the
voice of conscience—the voice of God—of
the great dead:—"The man dies but his
memory lives."—"Give me liberty or give
me death!"

Well, then, I think old Ben. Wade's
speech in the Senate, is the true ground.
Let us stand with and by him to the end.
"The Constitution—the Union and Laws
they must be preserved!" With old John
Adams, "living or dying I stand by the
declaration."

Your friend,
C. M. CLAY.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES WET WITH WATER.
—Take a quart of buckwheat flour, and
nearly an even tablespoonful of salt. Stir
in warm water till it is the consistency of
thin batter. Beat it thoroughly. Add two
tablespoonfuls of yeast if distillery, or
twice as much if home-brewed. Set the
batter where it will be a little warm through
the night. Some persons never stir after
they have risen, but take them out careful-
ly with a large spoon. Add a teaspoonful of
pearl ash to the surface, and stir it well.—
Some persons like to add one or two table-
spoonfuls of molasses, to give them a
brown color and more sweetness of taste.

Uncommon sense—the sense of
honesty.

Your friend,
J. W. B.

Cassius M. Clay on the Secession Question.

A letter from Cassius M. Clay, dated at
White Hall, Ky., Dec. 19th, 1860, was
read at a Republican Union meeting in In-
dianapolis the other day. Mr. Clay says:

The threatened dissolution of the Gov-
ernment of the United States of America,
takes no reflecting man by surprise.
He says the cause of this threat is nei-
ther the personal liberty bills of the North,
nor the refusal of the Republican party to
permit slavery to go into the territories,
nor the election of Abraham Lincoln to
the Presidency. He says:

The South knows that Mr. Lincoln is a
Kentuckyian by birth, and has a Kentucky
born wife, and numerous slaveholding rela-
tives—that he is an old Henry Clay Whig
—a conservative by temperament, antecede-
nts and axioms, and that all the Consti-
tutional rights of the South will be by him
thoroughly protected. In fact, the leading
minds in the secession movement now
abandon this ground of offense.

What, then, is the cause of the disunion
movement? It is simply a desire to rule or
ruin—the old passion in the hearts of our
humanity, which we are told is as old as
the race, and antecedents to it in the devil
of old.

Now, what shall Republicans do?
They can have peace by acquiescing in
all the demands of the slave power; but it
is peace at the expense of their equality in
the government, and the loss of their Lib-
erty! There may be some who, like Aesop's
fat dog, will accept the terms; but I, who
like his wolf, have not only seen the marks
of, but felt the collar, will part company
here! We can have peace by allowing the
government to go into dissolution. Mr.
Lincoln can say in his inaugural, whether
issued from Washington or New York:
"All those States which stand by the Union
come up and take the oath of allegiance to
the Constitution of the United States of
America, and the laws made in pursuance
thereof; and those States which choose
may peacefully fall off to whatever new af-
firmities may attract them." But look at
our plains, our mountains, our rivers, our
seas, and say how long would such a peace
last! And lastly, we can have peace by
standing on the Constitution, (and the
laws of our fathers) as it is, and shall be,
and making others do the same—a
peace which will secure us safety at home,
and respect abroad—a peace which will
continue the grandest development of civ-
ilization which the world has ever seen;
and which, I trust, the Providence of God
designs shall be lengthened out into the
centuries, when the sword shall be turned
into the pruning hook, and the lion and the
lamb shall lie down together forever!

But suppose the time has come, when
the justice of God shall be no longer with-
held, and the madness of Slavery shall seek
out its own destruction by a dissolution of
the Union—peaceable or forcible—what
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tablespoonfuls of yeast if distillery, or
twice as much if home-brewed. Set the
batter where it will be a little warm through
the night. Some persons never stir after
they have risen, but take them out careful-
ly with a large spoon. Add a teaspoonful of
pearl ash to the surface, and stir it well.—
Some persons like to add one or two table-
spoonfuls of molasses, to give them a
brown color and more sweetness of taste.

Uncommon sense—the sense of
honesty.

Your friend,
J. W. B.

From Parson's "Life of Jackson."
Anecdotes of Jackson, &c.
An ex-clerk relates the following anec-
dotes, vouching for the truthfulness of Mr.
Parson.

JACKSON'S OLD PIPE.
The General was a striking illustration
of the doctrine of compensation. His
will, if directly resisted, was not to be
shaken by mortal power; but, if artfully
managed, he was more easily swayed and
imposed upon than any man of his day.—
There was a certain member of Congress
who had set his heart upon a certain for-
eign mission, and had long tried to com-
pass his aim, without effect. He obtained
a clue, in some way, to one of the General's
weaknesses, and changed his tactics in con-
sequence. He cultivated my acquaintance
assiduously, and accompanied me some-
times to the White House, where he gradu-
ally established himself upon a footing of
office familiarity. I saw him one after-
noon perform the following scene in the
General's private office, myself being the
only spectator thereof. The General was
smoking his pipe.

"General Jackson," began the member,
"I am about to ask you a favor—a favor,
sir, that will cost you nothing, and the
government nothing, but will gratify me
exceedingly."
"It's granted, sir," said the President.
"What is it?"

"Well, General, I have an old father at
home, who has as great an esteem for your
character as one man can have for another.
Before I left home he charged me to get
for him, if possible, one of General Jack-
son's pipes, and that is the favor I now ask
of you."

"Oh certainly," said the General, laugh-
ing and ringing the bell.
When the servant came, he told him to
bring two or three clean pipes.
"Excuse me, General," said the member,
"but my I ask you for that very pipe you
have just been smoking?"

"This one?" asked the General. "By
all means, if you prefer it."
The President was proceeding to empty
it of the ashes, when the member once
more interrupted him.

"No, General, don't empty out the tobac-
co. I want that pipe just as it is, just as
it left your lips."
The member took the pipe to the table,
folded it carefully and reverently in a piece
of paper, thanked the General for the pre-
cious gift with the utmost warmth, and
left the room with the air of a man whose
highest flight of ambition had just been
more than gratified.

In a less than three weeks after, that
man departed on a mission to one of the
South American States, and it was that
pipe that did the business for him. At
least I thought so, and if there is any
meaning in a wink, he thought so, too.—
It was also a fact, as he in confidence as-
sured me, that his old father did never
General Jackson, and would be much grati-
fied to possess one of his pipes. I once
heard a pill-vender say to one, who had
laughed at his extravagant advertisements:
"Well, these pills of mine, to my cer-
tain knowledge, have cured some people,"

Speaking of office seeking, I will relate
to you a singular process by which a clerk
in the War Department was transformed
into a Senator of the United States. If
I had not been an eye-witness of this
man's extraordinary proceeding, I could not
believe the story. He was a loud, bluster-
ing, fluent, idle politician, from the North,
a protege or friend of one of the Burrites.
He was standing on the piazza of a hotel
one afternoon, (an employment he was
much addicted to) when a young man
from the South began to declaim against