

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, FEBRUARY 7, 1861.

NO. 25.

Business Cards.

W. P. ELLISON. H. B. DE SILVA.
ELLISON & DE SILVA,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
ELLISON HOUSE.
Jackson Street
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

DESIRED STEAKS, 1860
E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,
Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuffs, Fish, White and Water
Lard, &c., &c.

PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 31, 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,
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
prompt 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.
Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 20, 1860—41

JOHN W. VORHEES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858—2n35y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.
Respectfully informs the public that he has located
himself in the above village, for the practice of his
profession.
OFFICE four doors west of Reed's cor-
ner. Aug. 4, 1859—3n50f.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
Millersburg, Ohio.
IS NOW PREPARED to furnish in 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 office, up stairs.
June 6, 1860—42

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—2n34f.

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

J. P. 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—y1.

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 the right and
sole privilege of selling the best of the
Largest and most complete stock of
Machinery in the West, for all purposes.
CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Joe. Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 30, 1860—2n34f. A. WAITS.

Fashionable Tailoring
A. S. LOWTHER is carrying on the
tailoring business in all its various
branches in Rooms over
MULVANEY'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render
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
him to live at.
Millersburg, 1-60—411f.

Poetry.

BY GEORGE MORRIS.
I
God Eternal—Source of all
In this wondrous world we see.
Oh Thy name I humbly call,
Look in mercy down on me.
II
Guide my wand'ring steps aright,
Teach me to obey Thy will,
Guard me in the silent night,
Through the day defend me still.
III
When the storm of life is past,
And the calm of death is come,
Oh, be with me to the last,
Take my trusting spirit home.
IV
Lead me to thy courts above,
Through by a celestial host,
Glorious Train of love,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Clinton (Ill.) Transcript.]
SINGULAR ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.
Adventure of an English Lord—
Truth Stranger than Fiction.

Many of our readers will doubtless re-
collect a young man named John N. Fen-
wick, who resided in this place during the
year 1858, and who, at different times,
was employed by the editor of this paper,
Mr. Sackett, druggist, and lastly by Mr.
James Stansbury, Clerk of our County
Court, who had him engaged writing in
his office. He was a smart, active, intelli-
gent lad, and gave unmistakable token
of one that had been well reared. He told
several persons that he was the son of a
lord—that he had been kidnapped from
England and sent to this country, and that
if he had his just rights, he would be en-
joying life and affluence in his ancestral
halls in Northumberland, England. His
statement, however, was generally disbe-
lieved—although everybody with whom he
was acquainted gave it as their opinion
that there was something similarly con-
nected with the lad in his past history.

The facts in the case, which we have
since learned from undisputed authority,
are about as follows:
Some time in the year 1837, Sir John
N. Fenwick, (the father of the lad alluded
to,) while engaged in a shooting expedi-
tion on the Cumberland Hills, was thrown
by his horse, and conveyed to the humble
cottage of a poor clergyman near by, with
a shattered ankle. The clergyman was a
widower, with an only child—a beautiful
daughter just budding into womanhood,
who attended to the household duties of
her humble home, and cheered the declin-
ing years of her venerable parent. She
was unwearied in her kind attentions to
her father, and seldom left his bedside un-
til he had entirely recovered. To make
the matter short, Sir John fell in love with
the young lady, and proposed to her. In
reply, Clara (for that was her name) told
her noble suitor that she loved him in re-
turn, but that she would not leave her father,
but would remain with her kind parent
and lend a solace to his declining years—
They parted, after exchanging the lovers'
usual tokens.

With many a vow and locked embrace,
Their parting was full tender,
And pledging oft to meet again,
They there themselves bender.
In the autumn of the same year—the
mild and mellow English autumn—fit time,
indeed, for the exit of so pure a soul from
its earthly casket, the spirit of the vena-
ble pastor winged his flight to the eternal
realms of bliss beyond the skies.

The marriage was simple and unostenta-
tious—the ceremony being performed in
private by a curate, in order to escape the
ridicule of the bridegroom's haughty rela-
tives—and Clara Seymour became the
bride of Sir John North Fenwick of Fen-
wick Hall. They made the tour of the
Continent, and due time returned to En-
gland, when she presented her husband with
a boy, (the subject of our present sketch.)
Sir John's relatives, instead of contumely
and reproach, pretended to greatly admire
Lady Fenwick, and congratulated him on his
excellent choice. Two of his sisters took
up their residence in Fenwick Hall, and
while pretending unbounded affection for
their victim, were daily and hourly enga-
ged by malicious and artful tales in poison-
ing Lord Fenwick's mind against his wife.
Poor Clara, all this time, being unaware
of the cruel, unrelenting and treacherous
course pursued toward her—Lord F. be-
coming more and more morose and odd to
her every day, and she, unaware of the true
cause, attributed to the seeming fact
that she regretted having united with one
so humble as she. In the meanwhile, the
boy reached the age of seventeen.

Suddenly, one day, those female fiends
threw off the mask, and in the presence of
Sir John accused her of the most horrible
crimes, and alleged that his wife confessed
that her son was the fruit of an illicit
amour between herself and a certain
French Count to whom she was sojour-
ning in Venice during the honeymoon.

The lightning did not rift the tallest oak
quicker than did this rascal shock prostrate
Lady Clara. She swooned! And Sir John
stood madly from the Hall, and his
heart and brain for fire. He gave direc-
tions to his heartless sisters to have her and
the "accused boy" expelled immediately
from the Hall. He then threw himself on
his horse and galloped madly to the near-
est seaport, and immediately embarked for
the Continent.

Of course the unfeeling sisters were not
long in executing his brother's command.
Lady Clara and her son were immediately
driven forth, although suffering from de-
lirium, and conveyed by the servants to
the nearest inn. These villainous women
had at length accomplished their vile pur-
pose, which was to keep the magnificent
property within their grasp; for they could
not brook the idea that one whom they re-
garded as the offspring of an humbly-born
young female, for whom their brother had

conceived an affection, should ever succeed
to the proud title and broad lands of their
father. Thus it will be seen that villainy
and treachery triumphed for the time being.
Poor Clara lay at the village inn raving
from the effects of brain fever, where she
was daily visited by Captain Edward O'-
Neil—a gallant warm-hearted Irish gentle-
man—of the Ennisiskill dragoons, who was
at that time quartered in that vicinity. He
became acquainted with Lady Clara at
Fenwick Hall.

When she became sufficiently recovered,
he opportuned her with burning eloquence
to go with him to his estates in Galway,
Ireland. After many importunities she at
length yielded, for her husband's cold and
harsh treatment had utterly obliterated
all the love she ever felt for him. She
would not, however, consent that her boy
should accompany them. Luckily, she
had in her possession, besides her jewels,
two thousand pounds. Accompanied by
Captain O'Neil, she proceeded to Liver-
pool, where she placed her son on board the
steamer Adriatic, which was about to sail
for New York—giving him directions to
seek a cousin of hers, named Somerville,
a wealthy planter in the interior of Texas—
She gave him one thousand pounds, and
bidding him an affectionate and tearful
farewell, they parted—forever!

She accompanied the Captain to his es-
tate on the coast of Galway, where they
were privately married. Her health fail-
ing, her husband took her to the South of
France in order to recuperate her shattered
nerves. Captain O'Neil dearly loved the
yet beautiful Clara.

After a short and pleasant voyage, our
young hero arrived in the Empire City,
where he immediately took passage in a
steamer bound for Galveston, Texas. On
arriving there he purchased a beautiful In-
dian pony, and by adhering to the direc-
tions given him by a merchant of that
place, who was acquainted with his rela-
tive, he reached his cousin's rancho on the
ninth day of his journey. On discovering
who he was, and learning his strange and
eventful history, his cousin received him
with unbounded kindness and affection—
His relative was the owner of two thousand
acres of excellent land, fifty negroes, and
numerous herds of cattle; he was married
to an amiable and intelligent American
lady, and his household was gladdened by
the presence of his beautiful daughter
Estella.

He spent his time most happily and
agreeably on the rancho for about six
months—devoting his time to hunting,
fishing, and rambling over the flower-
bespangled prairies with his charming rela-
tive, Estella, with whom, it is almost
unnecessary to say, our young hero fell
deeply in love.

He was suddenly awakened from his
dreams of happiness and pleasure, one night,
by a startling and unwelcome intelligence
that the Camanches and a large party of
Mexican guerrillas were bearing down to
attack the rancho. All hands were imme-
diately mustered to repel the blood-thirsty
marauders; the defenders numbered seven
white men (including our hero and his
cousin) and twenty negroes—that attack-
ing party, guerrillas and Indians, num-
bered over six hundred. The attack com-
menced almost immediately—the assail-
ants discharged showers of arrows and es-
copete-balls at the defenders, who were
stationed in the building, which, however,
did little or no execution—the defenders
replying with their death-dealing rifles,
causing many tawny savage and Mexican
ruffian to bite the dust. But why prolong
this fearful scene? Suffice it to say that
the rancho was carried by storm after a
desperate resistance, and every person
(male and female) butchered, except our
hero, who was taken prisoner, and con-
veyed to Mexico by the Indians, after plun-
dering and burning the rancho. Our hero
shed many bitter tears over the unhappy
fate of his darling Estella, and kind and
generous relatives.

He remained a prisoner about three
months, and strange to say, although
closely watched, was not subjected to any
cruel treatment. One day the tribe, whose
captive he was, started out on a maraud-
ing expedition, leaving him in the charge
of a powerful Indian. He was the very
savage who had scalped and tomahawked
his beautiful Estella! The Indian indulg-
ing freely in tologue, soon fell asleep. It
was but the work of a moment for our
hero to unheath the scalping knife from the
belt of the sleeping savage and plant it in
his heart. Estella was avenged! Seizing
the Indians' rifle and ammunition, he started
off in a northerly direction, and in three
days reached the Rio Grande, where he
found a canoe and crossed, and soon reached
Brownsville, Texas.

Here he met three Texan drovers, who
were about to start with an immense drove
of cattle to Carlinville, Macoupin County,
in this State. Being short of hands, they
offered to hire him to go with them and
help them drive. Rendered destitute by
being deprived of everything by the mar-
auders, he gladly accepted their offer and
went.

Arriving at Carlinville, he determined to
return to England, and boldly proclaimed
his rights. Accordingly he took the cars
for the East. While traveling on the New
York and Erie Railroad, he fell in with a
sable-headed farmer, named Preston F.
Sappington, of Point Isabel, this county,
who induced him to return with him to
Clinton, for the purpose of studying law
with Mr. L. Weldon. Our hero, however,
disliked the profession, and as he had
stated above, was employed in this office,
by Mr. Sackett, and lately by Mr. Stans-
bury. While here during the October
term of the Circuit Court, he stated his case
to Hon. Abraham Lincoln, who immedi-
ately wrote to the British Consul at Chicago.

Two days afterwards, the British Con-
sul, Hon. Mr. Wilkins, arrived in this place.
After listening to Fenwick's story, and
having a long consultation with Messrs.
Lincoln and Stansbury, he took him to
Chicago, and employed him in his office.
In the meantime, the Consul wrote to
England, making inquiries in regard to Sir
John Fenwick, but could only hear that

he was traveling on the Continent, but
could not ascertain the precise spot.
The Prince of Wales while traveling in
this country, it will be recollected, stop-
ped in Chicago. There the Consul intro-
duced our hero to the Prince, who became
convinced of the truth of his statement.
He accompanied the Prince in his tour
through the United States, and went with
him to England.

On arriving in England, our young hero
proceeded immediately to his ancestral
Hall, where he was informed by the ser-
vants that one of his aunts, who had caus-
ed him and his mother so much trouble
and unhappiness, was now on her death-
bed, attended by her brother Sir John
Fenwick. He entered the chamber of
death! The ghastly visage of the dy-
ing woman became still ghastlier, when
she beheld the boy whom she and her sis-
ter had so deeply wronged. She imme-
diately confessed that the tale they had
invented to blast the reputation of Lady
Clara and ruin his and her innocent son
was without foundation—that Clara was a
good and true wife until they drove her
away and spurned her. Lord Fenwick
folded his long lost son to his heart, and
shed tears of joy over him. The woman
died in a few moments after making the
confession. Her sister is at present the in-
mate of a convent, and strives to atone
for her black-headed treachery by fasting,
penitence and prayer.

In quite sequestered vale, near a sweet
little village, in Provence, in the south of
France, is two graves, over which is placed
a single plain, white tombstone, on which
is engraved the following simple inscription:

SACRED
TO THE
MEMORY OF
CAPTAIN EDWARD O'NEIL
AND HIS
DEAR WIFE, CLARA.

Sweet and simple memento! may they
sleep tranquilly. The soft southern wind
sighing with a mournful cadence through
the willows and tall grass is a fit requiem.
Clara died of consumption a short time
after her arrival in France, despite the ten-
der care of her husband, and the exertions
of skillful physicians. A short time after
her death, Capt. O. unintentionally insulted
a French officer, which led to a challenge
—they met and fought with small swords.
The combat was desperate and prolonged,
for they were both splendid swordsmen—
O'Neil at length stretched his antagonist
lifeless at his feet, and he was borne to his
residence mortally wounded. Previous to
his death, he gave directions to be buried
with his wife, in the manner stated above.
Having no heirs of his own, he willed his
immense and valuable estate to his wife's
son, John N. Fenwick.

Our young friend is now in Fenwick
Hall, (as the following letter sent to us
will testify) living in ease and affluence,
receiving all the care and kindness lavished
upon him by a now affectionate father
—So you may imagine
my feelings at present.

To those persons in Clinton, who
doubted my statement, and ridiculed me,
I have no unkind feelings. I entertain
toward the people of Clinton a lively feel-
ing of gratitude for their many kind
words and favors. To Robert Lewis, Esq.,
I desire you to return my most sincere
thanks. Tell him I still have those boots
he presented me, which together with the
gold pen from Charles Bennett, I shall
keep in remembrance of them, and my
once humble condition in life.

"My best regards to my ever good friend,
Mr. Stansbury, to whom I send in your
package a breastpin. My love to Mrs.
C— and the children. I have many
times, since I left your roof, thought of
them, and longed to see them."

The package I send
you, I hope will entirely clear you of debt,
and make you independent in life.
"Tell Al. Blackford I will send him a
splendid Maston fowling-piece, by the next
steamer. He has my likeness which I
would be glad to have left with Miss Julia
C—"

"Yours, as ever,
"JOHN NORTH FENWICK, Bart."
Reader, we have done. Is not "truth
stranger than fiction!"

BE EAST.—A French gentleman, totally
unacquainted with our language, being
introduced to a circle of young ladies and
gentlemen in Boston, after the usual com-
pliments had passed, seated himself beside
a beautiful young lady; and being deprived
of the satisfaction of conversing with her,
(his countenance, however expressed the
emotion of his heart, he seized her by the
hand—she requested him to be easy—
which he mistook for the French word
baizez, (kiss me), and began kissing her,
to the mirth of the whole company. The
consequence was, that the ladies came to
an unanimous determination never to say
"be easy" to a Frenchman.

The Duke of Brabant has sent to the
Sultan a magnificent gold and silver vase
of Flemish workmanship, worth \$50,000,
and far exceeding the value of the jeweled
pipe-sticks presented to the Duke, on his
late visit to Constantinople, by the Sultan,
and about which so many ill-natured re-
marks were made. This splendid gift was
accompanied by autograph letters from
King Leopold and the Duke to his Imper-
ial Majesty.

The Charleston correspondent of the
New York Post, in a letter of 16th inst.
says:
"Some of our young fellows are said to
be getting a little tired of soldiering. I
heard a story to-day of the captain of a
company, regiment reconstituted with a
company of his men who manifested a nat-
ural but still inadmissible desire to return
to their homes, families or sweet hearts,
by leveling a revolver at the head of the
most affectionately inclined. And to-day
there was talk of a German regiment at
one of the forts almost in mutiny for simi-
lar reasons."

[From the Winchester, Ky., National Union,
Friday, January 25th.]
**The Union Sentiment in Ken-
tucky—Strong Talk.**

We publish Magoffin's Message this
morning. The most important ideas in the
Message are: 1st. The calling of a con-
vention to declare Kentucky out of the Union.
2d. Arming the State. The 1st is
the paramount idea, and for which the ex-
tra session was called, is clearly unconsti-
tutional and revolutionary. Do the people
desire this? Do they desire to cast an-
chor from the Union, and be turned adrift
upon the troubled sea of revolution with-
out a pilot? We know the people of Ken-
tucky emphatically do not; they have not lost all
hope that the questions now disturbing us
cannot be settled in the Union honorably
to all sections of the country; true they
have but little hope from the politicians;
they want the questions to go before the
people, and let them speak upon it before
the resort to the last dire remedy of rev-
olution, and give themselves up soul and
body to South Carolina to be dragged lith-
er and thither, as she may think fit. We
are told that if the Union must be dissolv-
ed, the destinies of one and all the South-
ern States must be the same. God forbid
that we should be tied up in the same des-
tiny with South Carolina; that we should
be compelled to obey whatever her wild-
ed Knights might dictate. Are we ready
to tear ourselves loose from all the friends
that we have in the border free States and
turn them into our enemies? Are we
ready to become a border State with seven
hundred miles of border to protect against
hostile enemies? No, we answer, never.
The cotton States have seceded without
knowing our wishes, and in disregard of
our interests, and they expect to force us
to follow, and the reason they refused to
consult with us, was because they think
our destiny is the same; because they think
interest and similarity of our institutions
would compel us to go with them, and there
are some in Kentucky who would have us
forget our Constitutional obligations, for-
get all the glorious memories of the past,
and the hopes of the future, cut loose from
the Union and be piloted to hell (and
where else the secessionists would take us).
We are sorry to find that the Chief Ex-
ecutive of the State is one of that number;
but thank God that the Union men have
a majority in the Assembly, and will commit
no rash and unconstitutional act, even
though Magoffin bid them. As to arming
the State, what need is there? Are the
people ready to meet the taxes of this use-
less and unnecessary expenditure? We
are peace makers, and do not become peace
makers to be arming and preparing for
war? No. Peace makers should remain
in peaceful attitude, and why do we want
more arms than we have already—20,000
stand of arms in the State. If the militia
wishes to arm and organize, let them use
the arms we have. Are the people of
Kentucky ready to pay as heavy a tax for
the "pomp and circumstance" of war as
South Carolina now has to. The Govern-
ment, without any of this un-
necessary "arming and equipping." If the
people are ready to pay more taxes for this
do so; none of the tax will fall upon us—
and if we had the arms, who are we to use
them against? Will the disunionists in-
vade us for not following them? Will
the remaining States attack us for being
loyal and true to the Constitution? No;
we desire no more than we have; NO MORE
TAXES at this particular time.

IS TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION!
A Yankee pedlar, who had stopped in a
coffee-house to refresh himself, one hot
day, (says the *Yankee Blade*), heard a ve-
ry sage-looking old gentleman remark, in
answer to a friend who had been relating
some marvellous story said to be true,
"truly, truth is stranger than fiction." So,
Jonathan, stepping up, and slapping the
astonished gentleman on the back, said:
"You're mistaken right there, old hoss;
'tain't so—and to prove it, I'll wager you
juleps for the crowd that I can tell you one
fiction that'll just go a leetle ahead of any
truth as ever you heard tell on."

"Good!" said the old gentleman; "I'd
like to hear any fiction that can go ahead
of Christopher Columbus."
"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't
a circumstance," said Jonathan; "but here
goes."
"Ost I was standin' by a big river out in
Zahary desert, which was dried up. The
sun was so all-fired hot, that I was obliged to
use my handkerchief over my eyes, to keep
from being blinded; and as I was standin'
thar, I happened to look down the river,
and seed a big boat without any bottom,
come floatin' up the stream, with a hull lot
of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eyes,
'tother no arms—another no legs, and the
last chap in the stern of the boat, he had
no mouth. Gosh! I never seed sich a
sight afore; I was scared like blazes—and
jest stood and looked at 'em. Presently,
the chap as had no eyes, looked down, and
seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the
river, and the feller wot had no arms leant
over and picked it up, then handed it to the
chap wot had no legs—and he jumped out of
the boat, waded to the shore, went over to
the grog-shop wot wasn't thar, bo't a
pint of whisky, and handed it to the feller
as had no mouth, and he drank it up; and
all the rest got drunk—and the last I
seed of 'em, the feller wot had no mouth
was singin' Hail Columby; while the fel-
ler wot had no legs was dancing; the no-
eyed chap was reading a text out of a
psalm-book, and the feller wot had no arms
was clapping his hands and wavin' his
hat like blazes—and I jest stood about that
time. Whar's Christopher Columbus now,
old hoss!"

"Juleps for the crowd, and charge me!"
roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out
of the back door.

A husband telegraphed to his wife:
"What have you for breakfast, and how is
the baby?"—The answer came:—Buck-
wheat cakes and the messles.
An Irish post-boy having driven a gen-
tleman a long stage during torments of rain,
the gentleman civilly said to him, "Are
you not very wet?"

"Arrah! I don't care about being very
wet; but, please your honor, I'm very dry."
A little girl who was playing horse with
the rocking chair, the other day, wanted
a loop made at the end of the string, that
she might hitch it to the imaginary steed—
Bringing the string to her mama, she asked
her to tie a hole into it.

A footman, proud of his grammar,
ushered into the drawing-room a Mr. Foote
and his two daughters, with this introduc-
tion: "Mr. Foote and the two Misses Feet."

A Traitor's Letter and a Patri- ot's Reply.

Lieut. Hamilton, late of the Navy, re-
signed and joined the South Carolina tra-
itors at Fort Moultrie. He addressed a
letter to his South Carolina brother officer
of the Navy, asking them to desert the
service of Uncle Sam, and counsels such
of them as command vessels to commit the
height of perjury and treason by bringing
such vessels into some port of a seceding
State, to deliver them up to the rebels—
To this letter an officer of Southern birth,
heir to slaves, and owner of real estate in
Charleston, replies through the Philadel-
phia *North American*, signing himself
"Seabrook"—a signature, the writer says,
will at once be recognized by Lieut. H.

"Seabrook spurns the proposition to
"bring any ship we may command in
Southern waters" as follows:
Should I command a ship—Southern
man that I am—I tell you now, and be-
fore hard, that I will return her with the
blessing of God, to the authorities of that
government which honored and entrusted
me with her command, at every risk and
peril, if I am compelled to decide it, sword
in hand, on my own quarter deck. And
I will tell you more than that, I will stand
by the old "Stars and Stripes" while there
is a single star in the square Union of it,
which I think is a pretty common senti-
ment among all of us. We have too long
reveled in the delicious pride of unfurling
that glorious banner in foreign waters, at
8 o'clock, to the tune of the "Star Spangled
Banner," with a full band of music, to
turn upon it now, in its day of peril, and
strike it down. No, sir, I won't do it. I
pray God I may be buried in its folds. I
love every color, every star, every stripe of
it.

You say the "government of the United
States has become a military despotism." Your
letter is the first intimation we have had
of it. Most of us think it is rather a
military despotism that rules South Carolina
at this moment, and we grieve to see
your honorable name in its unholy, unfa-
vorable ranks. My dear Jack, you have, by
your unwise action at this time, put a mark
upon that honorable name. Take my ad-
vice, wake up from this dream before it is
too late; a few short months will dispel
the illusion under which you are living.

My dear Jack, let us not try to sever
what 'God hath joined together.' It is
kicking against the pricks. The Union
will endure in spite of rascally abolition-
ists and ranting fire-eaters. It is our duty
to remain in the Union and fight both, and
then our victory will be certain.

I have only one more word to add—
that, whatever comes, I shall strive to
remain in that part of the Union—if dis-
membered—which, by a clause in its con-
stitution, provides against secession. It is
a cowardly term. Why not at once say
revolution, which is the true remedy when
all else have failed.

IS TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION!
A Yankee pedlar, who had stopped in a
coffee-house to refresh himself, one hot
day, (says the *Yankee Blade*), heard a ve-
ry sage-looking old gentleman remark, in
answer to a friend who had been relating
some marvellous story said to be true,
"truly, truth is stranger than fiction." So,
Jonathan, stepping up, and slapping the
astonished gentleman on the back, said:
"You're mistaken right there, old hoss;
'tain't so—and to prove it, I'll wager you
juleps for the crowd that I can tell you one
fiction that'll just go a leetle ahead of any
truth as ever you heard tell on."

"Good!" said the old gentleman; "I'd
like to hear any fiction that can go ahead
of Christopher Columbus."
"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't
a circumstance," said Jonathan; "but here
goes."
"Ost I was standin' by a big river out in
Zahary desert, which was dried up. The
sun was so all-fired hot, that I was obliged to
use my handkerchief over my eyes, to keep
from being blinded; and as I was standin'
thar, I happened to look down the river,
and seed a big boat without any bottom,
come floatin' up the stream, with a hull lot
of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eyes,
'tother no arms—another no legs, and the
last chap in the stern of the boat, he had
no mouth. Gosh! I never seed sich a
sight afore; I was scared like blazes—and
jest stood and looked at 'em. Presently,
the chap as had no eyes, looked down, and
seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the
river, and the feller wot had no arms leant
over and picked it up, then handed it to the
chap wot had no legs—and he jumped out of
the boat, waded to the shore, went over to
the grog-shop wot wasn't thar, bo't a
pint of whisky, and handed it to the feller
as had no mouth, and he drank it up; and
all the rest got drunk—and the last I
seed of 'em, the feller wot had no mouth
was singin' Hail Columby; while the fel-
ler wot had no legs was dancing; the no-
eyed chap was reading a text out of a
psalm-book, and the feller wot had no arms
was clapping his hands and wavin' his
hat like blazes—and I jest stood about that
time. Whar's Christopher Columbus now,
old hoss!"

"Juleps for the crowd, and charge me!"
roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out
of the back door.

A husband telegraphed to his wife:
"What have you for breakfast, and how is
the baby?"—The answer came:—Buck-
wheat cakes and the messles.
An Irish post-boy having driven a gen-
tleman a long stage during torments of rain,
the gentleman civilly said to him, "Are
you not very wet?"

"Arrah! I don't care about being very
wet; but, please your honor, I'm very dry."
A little girl who was playing horse with
the rocking chair, the other day, wanted
a loop made at the end of the string, that
she might hitch it to the imaginary steed—
Bringing the string to her mama, she asked
her to tie a hole into it.

A footman, proud of his grammar,<