

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 14, 1861.

NO. 26.

Business Cards.

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

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

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,
&c.
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, 1856—41

JOHN W. VORHES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 29, 1858—22a35y1.

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—22a35y1.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
MILLERSBURG, Ohio.
IS 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 office, up stairs.
June 9, 1859—42

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the pub-
lic. Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—22a35y1.

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.
Artificial teeth in-
serted on Gold,
Silver, Vulcanite or
Porcelain base.
Teeth Extracted,
Cleansed or filled—
Satisfaction war-
ranted.
Room at the "Ellison House."
Nov. 28, 1860—y1.

BENJAMIN COHN,
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 Worley and
Johnson's improved Sewing Machine, is still on
hand to sell on the public in his line in the way of a
general.
I can 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 Jan. Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860—22a35y1.

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 render
greater 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
man to live at.
Millersburg, 15-60—22a35y1.

Poetry.

"I CAN'T LOVE YOU—KEEP YOUR
GOLD."
Tis in vain that you address me
With your vows of love and truth;
Such professions but oppress me,
Since they come from age to youth.
Surely, sir, you must remember
I am young, and we are told
May should never wed December.
I can't love you! Keep your gold!

Though you speak of rank and splendor,
Which you say I may possess,
Wealth alone can never render
To the heart true happiness.
I regret your poor selection,
Since to love my heart is cold;
What is wealth without affection?
I can't love you! Keep your gold!

Love should be a mutual feeling,
Based on true affectionate part,
Joy and bliss in truth revealing,
To each faithful loving heart.
Such is love, devoted ever,
Neither to be bought or sold,
Still the same till death shall sever—
I can't love you! Keep your gold!

SUSAN RIDER.
Kneeling by the stream I saw
Sighs, the farmer's daughter,
Drinking—in her rosy palm
Dipping up the water.
She had thrown her hat aside,
Bare her arm and shoulder;
Each unconscious charm displayed
Made my love the bolder.

So I slowly, tenderly,
Went and knelt beside her—
Drank with her from out the stream—
Blushing Sucky Rider.

And I said, "the Poets think
Life is like a river;
Shall we not its waters drink
Always, love, together?"
Many years have passed us by,
Like the flowing water,
But I drink life's stream to-day,
With the farmer's daughter.

Miscellaneous.
Wendell Phillips on William H. Seward.

In his speech at Music Hall, Boston, Sunday last, Wendell Phillips poured out the hottest phial of wrath upon William H. Seward. He declared the chain (meaning the Constitution) which held the slave system since 1787, broken at last. South Carolina, bankrupt and alone, with a hundred thousand more slaves than free men had thrown down the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of a nation of twenty-five millions of people, for an idea. He would that there were one New England State as brave. The North was divided into three sections.

1st. The defeated minority, glad of anything that troubles their conquerors. 2d. The class of Republicans led by Seward, offering to surrender anything to save the Union. (Applause.) Their gospel is the Constitution, (applause), and the slave clause their sermon on the mount—(Laughter and applause.) They think that at the judgment day, the blacker the sins they have committed to save the Union, the clearer will be their title to heaven— 3d. The rest of the Republicans, led by the Tribune—all honor to the Tribune, faithful and true! who consider their honor pledged to fulfill in office the promise made in the canvass. Their motto is: "The Chicago platform, every inch of it—not a hair's breadth of the territories shall be surrendered to slavery." (Applause.) But they, too, claim the cannon's mouth to protect forts, defend the flag, and save the Union. At the head of this section, we have every reason to believe, stands Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

[Mr. Phillips forgot that a few weeks ago he was in the habit of styling Mr. Lincoln "a slave hound." In assuming to praise Mr. Lincoln now, he is only whetting his knife for his throat presently.]

Orators floated into fame on one inspired phrase—"irrepressible conflict." Jefferson died foreseeing that this was the rock on which we should split. Even Mr. Webster speaking with bated breath, in the cold chills of 1850, still dared to be a statesman, and offered to meet the South on this question, suggested a broad plan for the cure of our dread disease. But now, with the Union dropping assunder, with every brain and tongue active, we have yet to hear the first statesman word, the first proposal to consider the fountain and origin of all our ills. We look in vain through Mr. Seward's speech for one hint or suggestion as to any method of dealing with our terrible hurt. Indeed, one of his terms of disunion is that it will give room for an European, an uncompromising hostility to slavery." Such an hostility, the irrepressible conflict of right and wrong, William H. Seward, in 1861, pronounces "fearful!" To describe the great conflict of the age, the first of American statesmen, in the year of Garibaldi and Italy, can find no epithet but "fearful!"

The servile silence of the 7th of March, 1850, is outdone, and Massachusetts yields to New York the post of infamy which her great Senator has hitherto filled.

rarely errs) what the majority intend. I reconcile thus the utter difference and opposition of his campaign speeches, and his last one. I think he went West, sore at the loss of the nomination, but with too much good sense, perhaps magnanimity, to act over again Webster's sullen part when Taylor stole his rights.

Still Mr. Seward, thought philosophic, though keen to analyze and unfold the theory of our politics, is not cunning in plans. He is only the hand and tongue; his brain lives in private life on the Hudson river side. Acting under the guidance, he thought Mr. Lincoln not likely to go beyond, even if he were able to keep, the whole Chicago platform. Accordingly he said, I will give free rein to my natural feelings and real convictions, till these Abolitionists of the Republican ranks shall cry—"Oh, what a mistake. We ought to have nominated Seward; another time we will not be balked." Hence the bold eloquence and fearless tone of those prairie speeches. He returns to Washington, finds Mr. Lincoln studiously insisting that his bond is pledged to keep in office every promise made in the platform. Then Mr. Seward shifts his course, saying, "Since my abolitionism cannot take the wind from my rival's sails, I'll get credit as a conservative. Accepting the premiership, I will forestall public opinion and do all possible to bind the coming administration to a policy which I originate." He offers to postpone the whole Chicago platform in order to save the Union—though last October, at Chicago, he told us postponement never settles anything—whether it is a lawsuit or national question, better be beat and try again, than postpone.

This speech of Mr. Seward I regard as a declaration of war against the avowed policy of the incoming President. If Lincoln were Andrew Jackson, as his friends aver, he would dismiss Mr. Seward from his Cabinet. The incoming administration if honest and firm, has two enemies to fight, Mr. Seward and the South.

His power is large. Already he has swept our Adams into the vortex—making him offer to sacrifice the whole Republican platform—though his events have turned, he has sacrificed only his personal honor. Fifteen years ago John Quincy Adams prophesied that the Union would not last twenty years. He little thought that disunion when it came, would swallow his son's honor in its gulf.

When this Union goes to pieces, it is a shock to the hopes of the struggling millions of Europe. All lies here bitter fruit. To-day is the inevitable fruit of our father's faithless compromise in 1787. For the sake of the future, in freedom man, let thinking Europe understand clearly why we may sever. They saw Mr. Seward paint, at Chicago, our utter demoralization church and state, government and people, all classes, educated and uneducated—all brought by the slave power, he said, to think slavery a blessing, and to do anything to save it. So utter did he consider this demoralization, that he despaired of Native Americans, and trusted to the hunted patriots and the refuse of Europe, which the emigrant trains bore by his house, for the salvation of the valley of the Mississippi. To-day they see that very man kneeling to that slave power, and begging her to take all, but only consent to grant him such a Union—Union with such a Power! How, then, shall Kossuth answer, when Austria laughs him to scorn? Shall Europe see the slaveholder kick the reluctant and kneeling North of such a Union? How then shall Garibaldi look in the place of Napoleon!

Why do I set so little value on the Union? Because I consider it a failure; certainly, so far as slavery is concerned, it is a failure.

Under its public morals have been so lowered that while, at its outset, nine men out of ten were proud to be called abolitionists now it is not only an insult, but a pecuniary injury to be charged with being so. Ever since it existed its friends have confessed that to save it was unnecessary and proper to crush free speech. Witness John Adams's seditious laws. Witness mobs of well-dressed merchants in every Northern city now. Witness one-half of the Republican party lamenting free speech, this hour throughout the North.

A Union whose despotism is so cruel and searching that one-half of our lawyers and one-half of our merchants stifle conscience for bread—in the name of Martin Luther and John Milton, of Algernon Sydney and Henry Vane, of John Jay and Samuel Adams, I declare such a Union a failure.

It is for the chance of saving such a Union that Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams break in Washington all the promises of the canvass, and countenance measures which stifle the conscience and confuse the moral sense of the North.

Mr. Seward's picture of the desolation and military weakness of the divided States if intended for the North, is the emptiest lie in his speech. I said lie—I meant it. I will tell you why. Because one William H. Seward said, last fall at Lansing—"We are maintaining a standing army at the heavy cost of one thousand dollars per man, and a standing army—for what? To protect Michigan or Massachusetts, New York or Ohio? No; there is not a nation on the face of the earth which would dare attack these free States, or any of them, if they are even disunited. We are doing it in order that slaves may not escape from slave States into the free, and to secure those States from domestic insurrection; and because, if we provoke a foreign foe, slavery cries out in its danger." Surely, the speaker of those words has no right to deny that our expenses and danger will be less, and our power to meet both greater, when the slave States are gone.

The New York pulpit is to-day one end of a magnetic telegraph, of which the New Orleans cotton market is the other. The New York stock market is one end of the magnetic telegraph, and the Charleston Mercury is the other. New York statesmanship! Why, even in the lips of Seward, it is sealed or half sealed, by considerations that take their rise in the can-

breaks and cotton-fields of fifteen States. Break up this Union, and the ideas of South Carolina will have no more influence on Seward than those of Palmerston. The wishes of New Orleans would have no more influence on Chief Justice Biglow than the wishes of London. The threats of Davis, Toombs and Keitt will have no more influence on the Tribune than the thunders of the London Times on the hopes of the Chartists. Our Bancrofts will no longer write history with one eye fixed on Democratic success, nor our Websters invent "laws of God" to please Mr. Senator Douglas. We shall have as close connection, as much commerce; we shall still have a common language, a common race, the same common social life; we shall intermarry just the same; we shall have steamers running just as often and just as rapidly as now. But what cares Dr. Dewey for the opinion of Liverpool? Nothing! What cares he for the opinion of Washington? Everything! Break the link, and New York springs up like the fountain relieved from the mountain load, and assumes her place among the decent cities.

Artemus Ward on the Crisis.
On returning to my homestead in Baldinsville, Indiana, recently, my fellow sitters extended an invite to me to narrate to 'em on the Crisis. I accepted & on last Tuesday night I peared bet a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke nearly as follows:

Baldinsvillers: Heretofore, as I have numerously observed, I have abstained from havin any sentiments or principle, my peculiarities, like my religion, being of an excellent accommodated character. But the fact can be no longer disguised that a Krysiss is onto us, & I feel it my duty to exposit your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammatory individuals who assisted in projecting this Krysiss know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scarcely. But the Krysiss is hear. She been hear for several weeks, & goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knock trade into a fropked up hat and chanced many of my livin wild Beests. Allow me bear to dygress & stait that my Beests at present is as harmless as a new born Babe. Ladys and gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resoom—Altho I can't exactly see what good the Krysiss can do, I can very quick say what the original cawz of her is. The original cawz is Our African Brother. I was into Barnum's Moonzeum down to New York the other day & saw the excentric Ethiopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mr. What is it, you folks are raisin thunder with this grate country—You're gettin to be ruther more nooder than intersting. It is a pity you cawdent go of sumwheres by yourselves, & be a nushun of What Is It, tho' if you excoose me, I shooodn't care about marryin among you. No dowt you're excedin charmin to hum, but you stifle of liviness isn't adopted to this cold climet. He larfed in my face, which rather riled me, as I had bin perfectly virtuous and respectable in my observanss. So sez I, turning a leetle red in the face I spect, "Do you hav the unblushin impudent to say you folks havnt raisin a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It? He larfed agin, wuser nor be4, whereupon I up and sez: "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & talk all the other What Is It along with you. Don't think we can't spair your intersting picters. You What Is It are on the pint of smashin up the greatest Gov'ment ever erected by man, & you noteadly have the owldassity to larf about it. Go home, you low caw!"

I was workt up to high pitch & proceeded to a Restorator & cooled off with sum little fishes tiled in ile—I b'lieve they call 'em sardeles.

Feller Sitterszans, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Some fly respectable gentlemen, and some talented females tell us so, & for argment sake I might be inposed to grant it, though I don't b'lieve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't sever of our brothers & all our first wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather, and our grate grandfather and our Aunt in the country. Scarcely, & yet numeris persons wood have us think so. It's too he runs Congress & several other public groseries, but then he isn't everybody and everybody else likewise.

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we going to do about it? He's an erful noocance. Praps he isn't to blame for it. Praps he was created for sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New England Rum, but its mighty hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I staid Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cawdn't go sumwheres quietly by hisself, where he cawd wear red weekits and speckled neckties, to gratify his ambishun in varis intersting ways, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think of it, I am. He woodn't be such a infernal noocance if white people would let him alone. He might indeed be intersting. And now I think of it, why can't the white people let him alone. What's the good of contining to stirrin him up with a tenfoot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Perfoomery when in a natral stait.

Feller Sitterszans, the Union is in danger. The black devil disunion is trooly here, staring us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2d Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birtherite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of another brother? Shall we mix our whiskey with each others' blood? Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this Skoolhouse, upon my native shore so to speak, I anser—Nary.

Who you fellers who are raisin this row, & who in the first place started it, I'm 'shamed of you. The showman blushes for you, from his boots to the topmost hair upon his venerable head.

I say to the South don't seessh! I say to the galyant people of that sunny land, ates lock up a few hundred of them tearin & rorrie fellers of yours in sum strong boxes, and send 'em over to Mexico. And we peple up North here will consue a skal number of our addle braned rip snorters to the same lokality, and there let 'em fite it out among themselves. No consents, not the slightest, which licks. Why shooodn't peple who got up this fite do the fite? Git these ornery critters out of the way, & the sensible people of the North and South, can fix the matter up very easy. And when I fix let both seculsuns resolve to mind their own business.

Feller Sitterszans, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf. I shall peg out 1 of these days. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the Supervisors of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsoever will I seessh. Let every Stait in the Union seessh & let Palmerter fligs flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to

the devil, but I won't! And next summer when I start out on my campan with my Show, wherever I pitch my little tent, you shall see flotin proudly from the center pole thereof the American Flag, with nary star wipped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers floutid thro' & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children half price. Feller Sitterszans, I am dun. Accordingly I squatted.—Vanity Fair.

Mr. Lincoln's Residence.
Visitors to the President elect are not so numerous as for some weeks past. Anticipating his early arrival at Washington, many prefer seeing there. The winter journey hither from the East is alike tedious and uncomfortable. Nevertheless, every train brings some anxious for an interview with the future Executive. All meet a hearty welcome, and depart impressed with the good humor, if not good looks, of the "tall man eloquent." He has an exceedingly happy faculty in receiving all manner of men, on every conceivable business, from that prompted by the "low vice curiosity" to that involving the vital interests of the Republic. The Springfield White House is placed on the north-east corner of Eighth and Jackson streets, and is a plain wooden structure of two stories, painted brown, with green blinds. Its appearance is more modest than that of many houses in its vicinity. Beside the Governor's mansion and the gaudy palace of the celebrated ex-Governor Matteson, it is as a keeper's cottage or a porter's lodge. No one would suspect it of illustrious associations. Yet it is unquestionably at this writing the most notable building and important centre in Springfield, for since Governor Yates took possession of the Executive chamber at the Capitol, Mr. Lincoln is only to be seen at "his warm but simple home." A polite manservant, "William," answers the bell and ushers all callers into the front parlor, at the left of the hall, a comfortable though severely plain room, with a pine mantle, an ingrain carpet, low ceiling and a wood stove. The head of the house, if not already present, soon enters from his office on the second floor, and is instantly in close and familiar conversation with the visitor whoever he may be. The flat-boatman and the statesman, the beggar and the millionaire, are treated with equal courtesy, and all heard with marvellous patience. Honors have not changed the manners of "Honest Old Abe."

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF MR. LINCOLN.
"A good name is better than a good face." So the proverb tells us, and it has been gladly accepted by the friends of Mr. Lincoln, who have not dared to deny his forbidding visage. They may not how ever, do so without hesitation, for a vigorous growth of comely whiskers has entirely changed his facial appearance. The improvement is remarkable. The gaunt, hollow cheeks and long, lank jawbones are so enveloped as to give fullness and roundness to the entire face, and if he escapes the barbers, Mr. Lincoln will go to Washington an exceedingly presentable man. His stature is truly towering. General Scott will alone of all the official dignitaries, be able to compare inches with him. He by the by, thinks very highly of that veteran commander, and his implicit confidence in it is arranged for the inauguration.—It is safe to say that under the incoming administration, though not a partisan there of the foremost soldier of the nation will be treated with the respect due to his years and experience.—Correspondence of the N. Y. Eve. Post.

Half an Acre of Ground on Fire.
The editor of the *Atties (Ind.) Ledger* was informed a few days since of a curious case of combustion, about two miles south of Perryville, in that State. About half an acre of ground is on fire, and has been burning vigorously for some time. The earth is composed mostly of a kind of marl, in which the heat has made crevices, and the smoke may be seen issuing from the subterranean furnace a distance of two miles. But the most singular feature of this natural lake-oven is its beautiful covering of green grass—an oasis in the cheerless field of snow surrounding it. Cattle attempted to eat the grass but finding the earth rather warm, scrambled out and left it growing greenly in its hot-bed. Our informant pierced the surface with a rail, and fern sparks came up thickly. A sound issues from the spot like the distant rumbling of railway cars. The place was formerly a low, swampy piece of land.

TERRIBLE INUNDATIONS IN HOLLAND.—A communication appears in the *London News*, that several provinces of Holland are threatened with inundations, arising from the giving way of the dykes under long continued beating of the waves. The lives and property of thousands are said to be in imminent peril.

IN GUADALUPE THE DANGER AND DAMAGE have assumed a fearful aspect. The people had battled with all their might against the destroying waves, and had become utterly exhausted. In many places they had abandoned their abodes, and in others were huddled together by hundreds in temporary sheds, where disease was ravaging them to a fearful extent.

"The government and private benevolence had rendered assistance, but these were utterly inadequate to meet the distress already existing; and a strong appeal was made to the people of England to assist in relieving their Dutch neighbors in their calamity."

News.
Two firemen quarrelled at the recent fire in Detroit. One of them afterwards went to sleep on the floor of the engine house when the other kicked him to death.

A young man, who two years ago inherited \$70,000, is now posting bills at Chicago. Highly talented and a first class accountant, run ruined him.—A laborer, who is a witness in the Roxbury, Mass., robbery case, prefers remaining in jail for three months rather than give bail. Reason—it is winter, and he can't make \$1 a day and his board at work.

Tom Corwin on Property in Man.
Mr. Corwin said, in his speech in the House on Monday, advocating the policy of the report from the Committee of Thirty-three.

"He looked upon that as property which, owing a man labor, could be converted into value in goods or money. That called be property. He did not mean to say that man had property in man, but there was a relationship existing between a slave and his owner which was recognized by the Constitution of the United States, in this, to wit: that every State recognizes the right of a master to establish his claim to his runaway slave. That relationship which existed between a man who owes labor, and him to whom it is due, was called slavery. He believed that the word "slave" had been strangely perverted from its original meaning. The word "slave" was formerly applied to white men—the blue eyed, fair-skinned man—the slaves who raised the great Russian Empire to its present stupendous and brilliant height. In the present day the Emperor of Russia had found it desirable to emancipate the millions of slaves of his vast empire.—Now, in this country, the word "slavery" had come to be well established. He did not care by what particular name it went, he would call it anything—theology, divinity, Black Republicanism, (Laughter.) Slavery, or anti-slavery—any name they pleased. The thing which they wished to understand was, what was known as to the relationship existing between certain persons in a state of slavery, and the persons to whom they owed service or labor. That is property. In the acceptance of law, that relationship was property."

Correspondence of the Zanesville (O.) Courier.
The Oil Wells of Virginia.
PARKERSBURG, Va., Jan. 20, 1861.
The excitement appertaining to the discovery of coal oil in this city is generally on the increase. On a tract of land one and a half miles long there are three oil wells in operation, one of which (the "Rathbone") yields 300 barrels per diem. It takes one hundred and thirty coopers to keep it in barrels. One other yields 49 bbls. daily, and another 20; two others are ready for their engines, and are assured of a generous yield of oil.

The last well finished is owned by Mr. Lewellen. At the depth of 100 feet, 2 inches, he struck a vein of oil, which forced his boring tools out of the well. Then followed a stream of oil the full size of the orifice (3 1/2 inches), and it was forced into the air full 15 feet. Two workmen seized a plank and endeavored to cover it, but the oil forced it out of their hands. They finally took the sinker, and wrapping it with rags, forced it in the orifice and weighed it down. This well, without pumping, will yield a barrel of oil a minute. This is sober truth, extravagant as it may seem.

Items.
One Bob Marshall, a bar-keeper, killed a man in Paducah, Kentucky, last spring, and fled to New Orleans, whither a relative of the murdered man followed him, and a few days since shot him dead on the street. He gave himself up to the authorities, by whom he was acquitted.

SAVANNAH AND CHARLESTON.—We are informed that a significant caricature is exhibited in the shop windows of Savannah, Georgia. It represents the Constitution as a cow, with South Carolina pulling at the tail, the animal threatening to kick that State into the Atlantic ocean if it does not stop; while Georgia, meantime, is coolly clinging to the udders. The Georgians have too much worldly wisdom to place their commerce beyond the protection of the Federal power, and no doubt smile complacently as they see the South Carolinians turning all the trade over to them.—Evening Post.

THE SMILE.
Columbia looked down and wept.
She thought of battles lost and won,
But yet she smiled upon her child,
Her gallant Major And Her Son.
TO SENATOR WIGFALL.
Since Cotton is King, will it seem very mister to nominate Hemp as a useful prime minister?
—Vanity Fair.

CHARLESTON.—To incummodate the enemy, the people of Charleston have destroyed their harbor. This reminds us of the old Frenchman who asked a bank to redeem in specie a hundred dollar bill. The bank refused. This so exasperated the Frenchman that he exclaimed, "By gar, I have my bill and three," saying which, he tore up the bill and threw it into the cashier's face.—Albany Knickerbocker.

The Louisville papers speak of the fraternization of Indiana and Kentucky, with a view of putting down any insurrection of slaves, that should occur.

Harpers' Weekly publishes portraits of all the seceding South Carolina members of Congress. They are not as well executed as they ought to be.—Louisville Journal.

The Worcester Spy says there is a thrifty cotton tree growing in the Clafin Mill, in New England Village. It sprung from a cotton seed thrown outside with the refuse, and by the nurture of John Patnam and Mr. Chadwick, of the mill, it now yields a steady though limited supply of the finest cotton wool—considerable finer than that which comes from Carolina.

A gentleman, just married, told Foote that he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds for his dear wife. "She is truly your dear wife," replied the wit.

When his cousin Charlotte Dunne was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before, Dunne while it was doing, and it was not Dunne when it was done."

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a dorky, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

There is a beggar detective in Philadelphia, appointed by law, and paid a certain sum to intercept the would-be needy and those who ask alms.

A notice in an Eastern town, upon a store door, on Thanksgiving day, read: "Closed, on account of the death of turkey in the family."