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Poetry.

AN ADIEU.

A blooming lass of sweet sixteen
First roused my admiration,
With looks so mild, I thought that she
Loved me—like the rest of the world.
My heart's heart as last found words
To tell her tale of love to tell her,
And I told her that she loved me,
She loved—some other fellow!

Mr second was more lovely far
Than all the girls around her,
With smiles and sighs, stock and lands,
And money too—enough her;
I loved her with a cunning tongue,
And thought she asked refused her,
But when she begged me to "recede,"
I like a fool, "receded" her.

The next had charming, golden curls,
Around her shoulders floating,
With lip and eye and voice so sweet,
I scarce could help from courting;
So mild, so gentle too, was she,
So little touched with evil;
But when I made my motive known,
She proved a perfect coquette!

I tried again, with like results,
The lower and the higher—
Each beauty seemed to do me wrong,
Till I came to try her;
So here's I toast to one and all
The female population;
I'll keep my pictures, looks, and rings,
And quit the occupation.

Miscellaneous.

THE HEROINE OF FORT HENRY.

The garrison of Fort Henry being greatly reduced in numbers, and their ammunition wholly exhausted the commander called for volunteers to go for powder.

Four young men instantly sprang forward and, almost in the same breath, each exclaimed:

"I will go."

"But we can spare but one of you, my noble lads!" says the Colonel, while his features flush, and his dark eyes sparkle with pride, at the self-sacrificing bravery of his young comrades. "Which shall it be?"

"Me!" cries one. "I spoke first."

"No, no, John—I was ahead of you."

"No you wasn't, Al—no such thing."

"I will leave it to the Colonel, if he didn't hear my voice first of any!" cries a third.

"I was before you, Joe; I call all here to witness!" exclaims the fourth.

"Ho! listen to Robert—I was first, I tell you!" cries Joe.

"No I was first," cries John. "You know I was Colonel!"

"But I tell you I am going—for I can run the fastest, and therefore will stand the best chance of getting back alive!" cries Al.

"I can run as fast as the best, and I'm much stronger than either Al, Joe, or Robert," says John, laying his hand on the Colonel's arm. "Let me go—do!"

"And besides, I've got no mother or sister here to mourn for me, if I fall."

"There!" cries one of the others—he talks as if he might fall! and I'm sure I could get back safely."

"Look at their flushed faces, and eager, sparkling eyes, and thus they wrangle for the privilege of being permitted to go forth to almost certain death for the chances are five hundred to one, that he who leaves the fort for the village will never return alive. And listen to the murmurs of approbation which come from the surrounding circle of females! A mother looks fondly on her son—a sister looks proudly on her brother—and a maiden's heart swells with emotions unexpressed, as she hears him who is the light and life of her world, boldly contend for the right of being allowed to go forth into a peril from which most men would shrink abashed.

"Come! come!" chides the Colonel, at length, speaking almost sternly to the now angry disputants—"you will ruin all, unless some of you yield—for the Indians may renew hostilities at any moment and then we are lost indeed. You are all brave, noble fellows, and if I could spare four, you should all go; but as it is, three of you must give way to the fourth; and I pray you do so speedily; for time is precious."

"I will never yield!" cries one.

"Nor I!" exclaims a second.

"I will go, if I have to scale the walls to get out," says a third.

"Colonel, I am the strongest and fleetest, and was the first to accept your offer; and I demand, therefore, that you settle the dispute by sending me!"

"Look! In the circle of men, women and children that are now promiscuously gathered around these hot, eager, passionate youths, do you observe one human face that wears a very singular expression? that seems to be animated by some strange and powerful emotions? It is the face of a young and beautiful female, about whom there is a certain air of refinement—seen in the grace of attitude, dress, and general demeanor—which contrasts rather forcibly with many of her coarse-featured, rustic companions. But I wish you to observe that face particularly—not alone for its beauty—but to mark the expression of noble, lofty, heroic resolve which is settling upon it! Do you see the head gradually straightening back, as if with pride—no you see those dark, bright eyes kindle with the almost fanciful enthusiasm of daring self-sacrifice—do you see the warm blood spring upward to the temples, the broad, white forehead, and finally settle in a bright red spot upon either cheek, downy cheeks, as if the passion fires of a mighty soul were already burning within—do you see the thin, determined lips gradually close over those white, even teeth?

"There! she moves; and mark, I pray you, the proud step, as she advances into the center of the circle, and catches all eyes—and sweeps the whole group of envious and anxious spectators with a lightning glance! And now her thin lips, as she speaks in clear, silver tones. There is no quivering, no tremulousness, in her voice—and every other voice is hushed. Listen!

"Hold!" she exclaims; "cease this wrangling! cease this contention for the privilege of being allowed to throw away a life that cannot be spared! You are all brave—almost too brave—since you so eagerly court death for the honor it will confer on the name of him, who may die in the noble attempt to save the world; but not another heroic defender of this fortress must be lost! Already thirty of the forty-two we numbered this morning are gone; and shall we take another from the gallant twelve that remain? No, no—this must not be! The powder must be procured from my brother's dwelling—but let the first attempt to obtain it be made by one who cannot use a rifle. I will go!"

There is an almost simultaneous burst of "No! no! no!" from the astonished listeners to this heroic offer.

"I am resolved!" replies the noble heroine; "seek not to alter my determination!"

"But you will be killed!" cries one.

"Then I shall die with the consolation of knowing that, so far, this brave little garrison is not weakened."

"No, no—leave this adventure to us!" cries one of the last disputants; "we can run faster than you, and are therefore more likely to be successful. We cannot yield this peril to a lady, the fairest of her sex, and see her throw her life away—we should not be acting like men, and shame would ever rest upon us."

"The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," proudly replies the noble girl. "What is my life compared to yours, who can skillfully use the rifle against our savage foe, and are required here for the protection of the helpless beings who stand around you?—Look at those little, innocent children, each of whose lives is as valuable as mine; and remember, their whole dependence is upon you!"

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" now interposes one of her two brothers who were present—"this must not be! You must not go! We cannot suffer it and retain the name of men. You cannot comprehend what you ask—you do not consider the peril!—Remember, you are just from Philadelphia, where you have lived in safety, in ease, in comparative refinement and luxury; and you cannot surely be aware of the risk, the danger of trusting yourself alone with a savage, merciless foe, who spares neither sex nor age! Consider! there are numbers of Indians strolling about yonder village, to whom your scalp would be a prize of victory; consider everything, and give over this mad folly!"

"Brother," replied the fair girl, "you have seen little of me of late, and you know little of my invincible will, or you would not attempt to thwart me in what I have resolved to perform. Come! come! we lose time. Open your gate, before it is too late, and let me go, for I must; something whispers me that the good God will sustain me."

In vain they try, with reason, with remonstrance, with representations of the danger put in every conceivable form, with affectionate appeals, with downright pleading, to induce the brave girl to abandon her purpose; and at last, with the utmost reluctance they yield assent to her heroic proposition. Instantly that consent is gained, she strips herself of every unnecessary article of clothing, and demands that the gate be opened to her.

All enervated to the gate, speaking words of affectionate encouragement and hope—Now it slowly opens, and attracts the attention of the savages in the village, who wonder if a sally or surrender is to follow.

The fair girl now fixes her eyes steadily upon her brother's home; the distance is sixty yards; she measures it in her mind; she calculates the time that will be required to reach it; she draws a long breath, and now, like a ball from a cannon, she bounds from the fortress; and, sincere, earnest prayers, from the hearts of every being she goes forth to save, ascend to Heaven for her protection and safe return.

See how she flies over the intervening space, with the basilisk-eyes of many savage savages fixed upon her, who stand amazed at the daring of a woman, and are lost in wonder at what can be the meaning of such a desperate act! and how the hearts of her white friends beat with hope and fear as they behold yield after yard of distance put between them and her! Will she succeed? Will those brutal savages stand idle and not molest her, who is thus, with a noble heroism almost unparalleled in the annals of history, thrusting herself into their very hands—putting herself into the power of beings that are unprepared to show mercy? God help her! God sustain her! How long the distance seems for a space that is so short!

There! she nears the house; she reaches it; she enters it; and now they move toward the building; they do intend to capture her after all; God help her, poor girl! See! they draw nearer—nearer; they are almost at the door. Why stays she so long? Why does she not come back while there is an opportunity? One minute more and it will be too late!

There! there!—she comes! she comes! She holds some dark object tightly in her grasp; she has the powder; the fort will be saved! But no! no!—she is lost; she is lost! The Indians see her; they now comprehend her purpose; they bound after her with terrific screams and yells; they raise their muskets; they fire; they throw their tomahawks. Still she comes on—on—nearer—nearer; the balls pass, they lodge in the walls; she is still unharmed. One moment more! They gain upon her—God help her! One moment more! Nearer—nearer! And now—see! she bounds through the gate, and is caught in her brother's arms, almost fainting. But she has the keg of powder clasp to her breast; she is safe; the powder slugs being her. And now the walk in rags—sheer on—sheer on—sheer on—sheer on—the fort and all it contains will be saved!

No longer any fear in that lonely fortress—all is now hope, and animation, and joy.

Soon again the Indians renew hostilities; but the brave little garrison is prepared for them; and as fast as they ven-

The Highland Mother.

A Highland widow left her home early one morning, in order to reach before evening the residence of a kinsman who had promised to assist her in paying her rent. She carried on her back her only child, a boy two years old. The journey was a long one. (I was following the same wild and lonely path, when I first heard the story I am going to tell you.) The mountain track, after leaving the small village by the seashore, where the widow lived, passes through a green valley, watered by a peaceful stream which flows from a neighboring lake; it then winds along the margin of the solitary lake, until, near its further end, it suddenly turns into an extensive copse-wood of oak and birch. From this it emerges half way up a rugged mountain side, and entering a dark glen, through which a torrent rushes amid masses of granite, it at last conducts the traveler, by a zigzag ascent, to a narrow gorge, which is hemmed in upon every side by giant precipices. Overhead is a strip of blue sky, and all below is dark and gloomy.

From this mountain pass, the widow's dwelling was ten miles off, and no human habitations were nearer than her own. She had undertaken a long journey, indeed. But the rent was due some weeks before, and the sub-factor had threatened to dispossess her, as the village in which she lived, and which her family had lived for two generations, was about to be swept away, in order to enlarge a sheep farm. Indeed, along the margin of the quiet stream which watered the lake, might even thus be traced the ruins of many a hamlet, where happy and contented people once lived, but where no sound is heard except the beat of a solitary sheep, or the scream of an eagle as he wheels his flight among the dizzy precipices.

The morning gave promise of a lovely day. But, before noon, a sudden change took place in the weather. Northward, the sky became black and lowering. Masses of clouds tested upon the hills. Sudden gusts of wind began to whistle among the rocks, and to rattle with black squalls the surface of the loch. The wind was succeeded by rain, and the rain by sleet, and the sleet by a heavy fall of snow. It was the month of May, (that storm is still remembered as the "great May storm"); the wildest day of winter never beheld flakes of snow falling heavier and faster, or whirling with more fury through the mountain pass, filling every hollow and whitening every rock. Wearily, and wet, and cold, the widow reached that pass with her child. She knew, that, a mile beyond it, there was a mountain shieling which would give shelter; but the moment she attempted to face the storm of snow which was rushing through the gorge, all hope failed of proceeding in that direction. To return home was equally impossible. She must find shelter. The wild cat's or fox's den would be welcome.

After wandering for some time among the huge fragments of rock which skirted the base of the overhanging precipices, she at last found a more sheltered nook. Crouching beneath a projecting rock, she pressed her child to her trembling bosom. The storm continued to rage. The snow was accumulating overhead. Hour after hour passed. It became bitterly cold. Evening approached. The widow's heart was sick with fear and anxiety. Her child, her only child, was all she thought of. But the poor thing had been scantily clad, and the snow was thin and wet. The widow was poor, and her clothing could hardly defend herself from the piercing cold of such a night as this. But, whatever was to become of herself, her child must be preserved. The snow, in whirling eddies, entered the recess, which afforded at the best but a miserable shelter. The night came on. The wretched mother stripped off almost all her own clothing, and wrapped it round her child, whom, at last, in despair she put into a deep crevice of the rock, among some dried heather and fern. And now she resolves at all hazards to brave the storm, and return home in order to get assistance for her babe, or perish in the attempt. Clasping her infant to her heart, and covering its face with tears and kisses, she lay him softly down to sleep, and rushed into the snowy drift.

The night of storm was succeeded by a peaceful morning. The sun shone from the clear blue sky, and wreaths of mist hung along the mountain top, while a thousand water falls poured down their sides. Dark figures, made visible at a distance on the white ground, might be seen with long poles examining every hollow near the mountain path. They are people from the village, who are searching for the widow and her son. They have reached the pass. A cry is heard by one of the shepherds, as he sees a bit of tartan cloak among the snow.—They have found the widow—dead; her arms stretched forth as if imploring for assistance! Before noon, they discovered the child by his cries. He was safe in the crevice of the rock. The story of the woman's affection for her child was soon related in language which all understood.—Her almost naked body revealed her love. Many a tear was shed, many an exclamation expressive of admiration and affection was uttered, from enthusiastic, sorrowing Highland hearts, when on that evening the aged pastor gathered the villagers in the deserted house of mourning, and by prayer and fatherly exhortation sought to improve, for their souls' good, an event so sorrowful.

More than half a century passed away. The aged and faithful pastor was long dead, though his memory still lingered in many a retired glen. His son, whose locks were white with age, was preaching to a congregation of Highlanders in one of our great cities. It was a communion Sabbath. The subject of discourse was the love of Christ. In illustrating the self-sacrificing nature of "that love which seeketh not her own," he narrated the above story of the Highland widow whom he had himself known in his boyhood.—

An Eloquent Allusion to Washington.

Hon. Mr. Cox, of Ohio, in a late speech upon the subject of the Washington Monument, made the following eloquent allusion:

As my friend Mr. Cochrane was speaking, I recalled to my memory the fact, that nine years ago I sailed down another stream (the Bosphorus) to see the great capital of the Orient, where I visited the tomb of the great Sultan Mahomet, who there reposes amid the minarets and domes of that magnificent city of the Turk. I well remember that before I was permitted to go within the hallowed precincts of that tomb, dressed as it was in the rich cashmere shawls of the East, and built of the pearls of the Orient, I was compelled by the vigilant janitary to unsand my feet before you. I have been a wanderer in many lands, I have visited every quarter of the globe, and fought and bled for my King and country. I came to this town a few weeks ago in bad health. Last Sabbath, I entered your church, the church of my countrymen, where I could once more hear, in the language of my youth and of my heart, the Gospel preached. I heard you tell the story of the widow and her son.

Here the voice of the old soldier faltered, his emotion almost choked his utterance; but recovering himself for a moment, he cried: "I am that son!" and burst into a flood of tears. "Yes," he continued, "I am that son! Never, never did I forget that mother's love. Well might you ask what a heart should mine have been if she had been forgotten by me. Though I never saw her, dear to me as her memory, and my only desire now is, to lay my bones beside hers in the old church yard among the hills.—But, sir, what breaks my heart, and covers me with shame, is this; until now I never saw, with the eyes of the soul, the love of my Savior in giving himself for me, a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner.—I confess it! I confess it!" he cried, looking up to heaven, his eyes streaming with tears; and, pressing the minister's hand close to his breast he added: "It was God who made you tell that story.—Praise be to His holy name that my dear mother has not been in vain, and that the prayers which I was told she used to offer for me have been at last answered; for the love of my mother has been blessed by the Holy Spirit in making me see and never saw before, the love of the Savior. I see it, I believe it; I have found deliverance in old age, where I found it in my childhood, in the cleft of the rock, but it is the Rock of Ages!"

And, clasping his hands, he repeated with intense fervor: "Can a mother forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yes, they may forget; yet will I not forget Thee!"—*Rev. Norman McLeod, M. D.*

Another Monster Swindle.—J. W. Allen's "Claim" is a very innocent measure—but its real aim is to give to a land speculator thousands of acres of the best lands in North-Western Ohio much of which has been cultivated for years by the persons now occupying it, and who acquired their title through the money they paid into the State Treasury.—Through the technicalities of the law, and under the *ex parte* showing which will probably be made, Allen may establish his claim, when the present owners of the lands will either be driven from the pleasant homes which their money paid for, and which years of toil in wilderness life has made what they are, or Mr. Allen's claim, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, must be paid from the State Treasury.

Every Democratic Legislature before which Allen has appeared, has indignantly kicked out his bogus claim; a claim based upon an unauthorized contract made between Mr. Allen and Gov. Ford; but in this year of jubilee for Treasury thieves, Mr. Allen's "claim" is allowed without resistance from our Republican law makers.

When we have more leisure, we shall recur to the history of this swindle, and show it up in its full length and breadth. It will be found to out Galphin Galphin.—*Ashland Union.*

Warts on Horses.—A fine young horse had several of those troublesome excrescences on different parts of his body, one of them on the inside of the thigh, near the stifle joint, was so luxuriant in growth, and so vascular in its character, that he could scarcely be moved without rubbing it, and causing bleeding. This wart was nearly as large as a hen's egg, and an inch and a half through at the base.

A cured needle, threaded with two pieces of strong twine, was passed through the centre of the wart, and one string tied on one side and the other string secured round the remaining half. A single string could not have been put round so as to completely stop the circulation. The other warts being smaller at the base, were cured by a single string. Where tying cannot conveniently be resorted to, the removal may be effected either with what is known as butter of antimony, or almost any other caustic substance. An old and popular remedy is a paste made of sulphur and oil of vitriol; one or two applications of the paste soon causes the wart to slough out.—*Ohio Farmer.*

How to Stop the Flow of Blood.—Housekeepers, mechanics and others, in handling knives, tools, or other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts, and from which blood flows profusely, and often times endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take fine dust of tea, and bind it close to the wound; at all times accessible and easy to be obtained. After the blood ceases to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound.—One regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind and running for the surgeon, who would probably, make no better prescription if he were present.

The Legislature of California is considering the subject of a Pacific Railroad with some earnestness. The plan proposed to the Legislature by the late Railroad Convention, is that the State lends its aid to the extent of not more than fifty millions, and that California and Oregon devotes the swamp lands and other lands that may be devoted to them to that object. The Legislature of Washington Territory has appointed delegates to a joint Convention of Washington and Oregon, to be held at Virginia, in May, to consider the plan of a Northern Pacific Railroad.

How to Preserve Fence Posts.—At a recent meeting of the Farmer's Club, in Hudson, N. Y., one of the members exhibited a post which, previous to being placed in the ground, had been soaked in a solution of blue vitriol—one pound of vitriol being used to twenty quarts of water. The post was pine, and when taken up was found as when first put down eight years since. This solution is good for all kind of timber exposed to the weather—spoints, shingles, stakes, bean poles, &c.

Stand Alone.—Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying for a good name on their honorable parentage, or inheriting wealth or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without effort. No mistake is more fatal. It usually issues in producing an inefficient and useless character. On this account it is, that character and wealth rarely continue in the same family more than two or three generations.

To Preserve Gilding and Clean It.—It is not possible to prevent flies from staining the gilding without covering it; before which blow off the light dust, and pass a feather or clean brush over it, but never touch it with water; then with strips of paper, or rather gauze, cover the frame of your glasses, and do not remove till flies are gone. Limes takes off the gilding and destroys its brightness, therefore, therefore, never be used for wiping it.

Dry Fruit.—How to Preserve It.—Now is the time to preserve dried apples from becoming wormy next summer. The eggs of these worms, it is believed, are deposited in the fruit drying, and their vitality can be destroyed without injuring the fruit, if placed in an oven just long enough to heat as hot as it will bear without scorching or cooking. Take hot from the oven, and pack in linen bags, and hang it up in a dry place.

Biscuit Pudding.—Slice four common biscuits thin, boil them in three gills of new milk, with a piece of lemon-peel chopped as fine as possible. Break it to a mash; to which put three ounces of warmed butter, two ounces of sugar and four eggs well beaten; and a large spoonful of brandy. Bake or boil.

Mr. Green and a lady for breach of promise and her friends offered him two hundred dollars to settle it. "What?" cried Green, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a scattered mind, a blasted life and a bleeding heart—never! but make it three hundred and it is a bargain."

An old teacher chanced to drink a glass of water, one day, for want of something to drink. "Smacking his lips, and turning to one of his companions," he remarked, "Why, it don't taste badly. I have no doubt 'tis wholesome for females and tender children!"

Toast.—"Hoops and the Equator—Crimoline and the Equinoctial line, God bless 'em! The one encircles the earth and the other the heavens."

The Press—Pulpit—and Petitioner—the three ruling powers of the world. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably.

To Destroy Warts.—Dissolve as much common washing soda as the water will take up; wash the warts with this for a minute or two, and let them dry without wiping. Keep the water in a bottle and repeat the washing often and it will take away the largest warts.

Unbusted ladies, pure and undefiled Christians, disinterested friends, common honesty, sound potatoes, first-rate butter; and rich printers are scarce.

It is said that the Tartars invite a man to drink by gently lifting his ear. A good many of our people will "take a pull" without waiting to have their ears pulled.

Some one who has been praised by one he did not like, said: "I wish I could return the compliment." You might, and he as I did, was the reply.