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Poetry.

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE

Always look on the sunny side,
And though life checker'd be,
A lightsome heart bids care depart,
And time fly pleasantly;
Why sit and mourn o'er fancied ills
When danger is not near?
Care is a self-consuming thing,
The hardest nerve can wear.

Always look on the sunny side,
And though you do not find
All things according to your wish,
Be not disturbed in mind;
The greatest evils that can come
Are lighter far to bear,
When met by fortitude and strength,
Instead of doubt and fear.

Always look on the sunny side—
There's health in harmless jest,
And much to soothe our worldly cares
In hoping for the best—
The gloomy path is far too dark
For happy feet to tread,
And tells of pain and solitude,
Of friends estranged and dead.

Always look on the sunny side,
And never yield to doubt;
The ways of Providence are wise,
And faith will bear you out,
If you but make this maxim yours,
And in the strength abide,
Believing all is for the best—
Look on the sunny side.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

Sweet, gentle, kind and loving words,
Although but spoken in jest,
God knows, are deeply stored within
The glad receiver's breast;
Like childhood's sweet and simple rymes,
Deep in the heart they lie—
Yes, words of kindness and of love,
Are things that never die.

Sweet, gentle fancies never die
They always leave behind
Some well-loved legacy,
Stored deep within the mind;
Some happy thought or pleasant dream,
Which, though they may pass by,
Yet leave an impression on the heart,
That they can never die.

Select Story.

A LOVE STORY.

"Men are never so awakened, never so ungrateful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury, a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings denominated 'lovers' are terrible bores. It does very well for women to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable; but to see a man with his face red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry, and his tongue twisted into convulsion, in the vain attempt to say something sweet—O gracious!"

So said Sophia Lynn aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backwards and forwards before the window, half buried in the cushions of a luxuriant armchair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan which lay upon her lap.

"It also seems strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running, musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense with anybody till one is puzzled to know which one of the two is most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come down plump on the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such inspired acquaintance. For my part I never had a lover (here Sophia fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one), and I wasn't sick of after he proposed. There was Capt. Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in the whole circle of my acquaintance, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterwards. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long edgewise and how the poor fellow blushed, puffed and perspired! He called me an 'adorable creature.' Horrors! I have hated him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophia started. She heard the door-bell ring. With a nervous spring stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair with a taste truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interested," she said, as she took a finishing survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when the servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back in her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listening as though that name had not sent a quicker thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face.

"Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

place where Capt. Morris and Dr. Wilkins had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically, from behind her fan, as she sat blushing and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straight forward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance to the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether too calm to suit me." And Sophia shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen. Did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could snore the way old Uncle Jones used to in church?" she soliloquized. "Wouldn't it be fun—and wouldn't it plague Harry, if he thought I wouldn't be asleep while he has been talking?"

Sophie's blue eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—and theatrically done—and poor Harry sprang bolt upright surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a blush of triumphant laughter.

"You little witch—you mischief—your spirit of evil!" exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream, "you deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added, gravely:

"Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so; and if you do not, am I not at least worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, for the whole depths of her being were stirred and drawn towards him as they had never before had towards any man.

But she could not quite give up her rallery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world besides. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and, fingering off his grasp, with a mocking gesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a grand, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stood watching her, and chinking back the inaudible words that came crowding to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said at length, as he passed from sheer exaltation, "is it generous—is it just, to trifling with me so—to turn into ridicule the emotion of a heart that offers to you the most reverent affections? I have loved you, because beneath this volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and sympathy, purity of soul, and warm current of tender, womanly feelings, that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was so fortunate as to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if that is the reason why you treat me so scornfully, you are less the noble woman than I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Henry ceased speaking. Ah! why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands, as though it were but dross, staking it all upon an idle caprice!

When she turned her countenance towards him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquetish smile breathed from her lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie, "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attention to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashed in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast as if to keep his heart from bursting with uprising indignation—his compressed lips, and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! You added one drop to crush to your cruel sarcasm—trespassing upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared had you known his proud and sensitive nature.

faint smile, or abstracted "thank you," was the only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any manner connected with her altered demeanor, Sophie would toss her ringletted head with an air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie. Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the solution of the true mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more and more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something of importance to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments," replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside into her favorite arbor, and, flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waste, a warm hand was laid caressingly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I—"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarrelled two or three weeks ago. I was willful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive, for he hasn't been here since."

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her. "I would not have owned it to anybody if it had not been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hands into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head and tigher was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hid in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued, "asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and I answered him as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor and I was rich; and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him than in the greatest palace in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and you never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept anew.

"Look up, dear, and I'll tell you," Sophie did look up, with a start, and the next moment, with a little scream, leaped into the arms—not of sister Kate, but of Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Ainslee nearly two years.

"The Sons of poor Mothers." His mother was a poor woman, and now he walks the street like a lord."

Miscellaneous.

Another Real Life Romance.

The citizens of Columbus, and visitors of the Capital, will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the Legislative Hall and State offices, a handsomely wrought basket containing the sweetest and plumpest oranges. Oh, yes, everybody remembers Ettie, the beautiful orook girl, and have wondered in what month she has hidden for the last two months; for no more her sweet face and girlish form are seen in the capital, and interesting clerks, with great admiration for the routine, are obliged to forego glimpses of the neatest gartered foot tripping up the marble stairs.

Every body about the State House admired Ettie, but it was with a respectful admiration, and if a gruff legislator was tempted to get with the girl, or make light remarks, he was restrained by the modest demeanor and pure soul-look appealing from her heaven blue eyes.

Ettie always brought a full basket and went tripping home with an empty one, and her scarlet silk purse filled with silver coin. She was the sole dependence of a widowed mother, and her noble efforts to keep away were known, and made the fruit from the basket ten times more sweet.

When the great Union Meeting of the Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio Legislatures were held in Ohio's Capital, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about, disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage of admiring glances from all.

At the end of the halls, viewing the noble row of princely residences on Third street, stood alone a youthful member of the Tennessee legislature, when he was startled by a silvery voice asking:

"Buy an orange, sir?" "How do you sell them?" said the stranger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden, holding a large one towards him.

"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, in which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and singular beauty, that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted.

He did so, and after successive visits, won the confidence and love of the maiden, and her mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his Southern home it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the manly Southern and the beautiful orange girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair; to his Southern home, to dwell with him and her aged mother, in opulence, the idol of her husband and the blessing of the whole neighborhood.

What an inducement for a contents supply of beautiful, virtuous orange girls.—Cincinnati Gazette.

Young Ladies, Read!

The following is from the Hartford Daily Courant.

"What a number of idle, useless young women—they call themselves young ladies—parade our streets! They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. They never look forward to the time when the real cares and responsibilities of life will cluster around them. Have they made, or are they making any preparation for the onerous duties which will assuredly fall to their lot—duties to society, the world, and God? They lounge or sleep away their time in the morning. They never take hold of the drudgery, the repulsive toil, which each son and daughter of Adam should perform in this world. They know nothing of domestic duties.—They have no habits of industry, no taste for the useful, no skill in any really useful art. They are in the streets, not in the performance of their duty, or for the acquisition of health, but to see and to be seen. They expect thus to pick up a husband who will be as indulgent as their parents have been, and support them in idleness. They who sew the wind in this way are sure to reap the whirlwind. No life can be exempt from cares. How mistaken an education do these girls receive who are allowed to imagine that life is always to be a garden of roses! Labor is the great law of our being. How worthless will she prove who is unable to perform it."

It has been observed that "by far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life, is found in the domestic relations, and most of those depend on the home habits of the wife and mother." What a mistake is then made by our young girls and their parents, when domestic education is unattended to! Our daughters should be taught practically to bake, to cook, to arrange the table, to wash and iron, to sweep, and to do everything that pertains to the order and comfort of the household. Domesticity may be necessary, but they are always a necessary evil, and the best help a woman can have is herself. If her husband is ever so rich, the time may come when skill in domestic employments will secure to her a comfort which she is never called to labor herself. She should, at least, know how things ought to be done, so that she can never be cheated by her servants.

How we Abuse our Stomachs.

No other civilized people, probably, are accustomed to abuse their stomachs as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, and all ways eaten in utter disregard to dietetic rules. We eat far too much flesh meat, (especially pork, in its most objectionable forms,) and too little bread, vegetables, and fruits. Our hot, soda-raised buns, hot griddle cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfast, are, in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table. Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of ill-health to answer for. The mince-pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda, and cream of tartar. In either case it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cake which our good housekeepers deem so indispensable, are still worse, and so on. Now, add to our badly chosen dishes and our objectionable cookery, the rapid eating and imperfect mastication, and the continual interrupted digestion which our intense and feverish life necessitates, and we have a complication of abuses, which would, one must believe, have long since utterly destroyed the vital stamina of any people not originally endowed with marvelous physical powers.

Dark Hours.

There are bright hours that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in many of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. There have been cold and stormy days every year. And yet the mist and shadows of the darkest hour disappeared and fled heliostically.—The most cruel ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm. And what a variable is this in human life—of the inside world where the heart works at its shadowing of the dark hour, and many a cold blast chills the heart to the core. But what matters it? man is born a hero, and it is only in the darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and its best development and the storm bears it on more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then. Neither give up while one good power is yours use it. Disappointment will not be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but it will only be honest and struggle on, and it will work well.

Woman's Marriage.

To marry one man, while loving and loved by another, is about the most grievous fault that a woman can commit. It is a sin against delicacy, against kindness and truth. It involves giving that to legal right, which is guilty and shameful when given to anything but reciprocal affection. It involves double treachery and a cruelty. It involves wounding the spirit, withering the heart, perhaps blighting and soiling the soul, of the one who is abandoned and betrayed. It involves the speedy disengagement of the one who is mocked by the shadow where he was promised the substance, and who grasps only the phantom, soulless beauty, and the husk, the shell, the skeleton of a dead affection. It entails ceaseless deception, at home and abroad, by day and by night, at our down-sitting and our uprising; deception in every relation—deception in the tenderest and most endearing moments of our existence. It makes the whole of life a weary, degrading, unrewarded life. A right-minded woman could scarcely lay a certain sin upon her soul, or one more deeper to bring down a fearful expiation.

A Medical Opinion.

We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more outdoor exercise, more sunlight, more manly athletic and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic, and noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infants need better nourishment than colorless mothers can ever furnish, and our children need more romping and less study. Our old men need more quiet and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. All men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good conduct. Our cities need cleansing, paving and draining. The Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, the plague, and many other fearful epidemics are called the opprobria of our art, and follow citizens upbraids us with the feebleness and inefficiency of our resources in staying their fatal progress. When will they learn that although we do not fail to cure these maladies, the more precious secret of prevention is in our possession and has been for these many years?—Dr. Hamilton.

An Extra Passenger.

An amusing scene took place on the steamer Baltimore, just as she was leaving for Cleveland. A rough-looking genius came aboard with a powerful bulldog at his heels. Walking directly into the office, the individual said to the clerk:

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this here office till the boat starts; I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk, "take him out."

"Well, stranger, that's cruel; but he's my dog, and he's got to go with me. You're both disposed alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out," roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, don't think you're honest, and you're ant watching. Here, Bull, sit down here and watch that fellow sharp," and the individual turned on his heels, saying—"Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome."

The dog lay there when the boat started, the clerk giving him the better part of his office.

Religion that will Wear.

There is not much solidity in a religion that will not stand the test of every day experience. "There are a good many pious people," says Douglas Jerrold, "who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of China, only using it on holiday occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear." That species of religion may do for a show, but there's little substance in it. It is not the kind to last. It is too fine for use. It is too much of the gilt ginger-bread sort for the more general service of mankind. It can do little good in the eyes of One who judges us not by the exterior, but by the interior evidences of excellence. Religion, to be serviceable, must not only be substantial, but active. It must not be drowsy. It must be wide awake, vigilant, and sturdy.

Preserve the Birds.

The owners of land can have, birds, or they can have destructive insects—it depends upon them to choose which. If they like vermin on their trees and crops, on the tops, the branches, roots, everywhere, then they will get rid of the birds of course. But if the pretty, singing, hopping flying, bright eyed birds are preferred to cankerworms, curculios, grubs, and all manner of unsightly worms and bugs, why then they must get rid of or punish the boys and men that hurt the one cause the other to increase and multiply, and devour. They will even take particular pains to put up boxes and houses for wrens and sparrows, and the like, to live in, and to feed those who stay among us in winter.

Two Views of the Case.

U. S. Senator from Vermont, related to us a good anecdote, the other day, illustrative of Abolitionism. The morning he was leaving home to enter upon his duties in Washington, a straight-laced deacon, who looked upon the whole South as a great pandemonium, called on him, and said:

"Now, Judge, I want you to do all in your power to abolish slavery."

"Well," said the Judge, "how shall I proceed?"

"Oh, I don't know; but you must abolish it. It's a great curse, and must be abolished. You know more about law than I do. The church is my stronghold but you understand national matters, and can devise some plan, and I know it."

"The only way I see to abolish it," said the Judge, "is to buy all the slaves and set them free."

"Well, go in for that; have a law passed that the North shall buy them, and then this trouble will end. Yes, you go in strong for that Judge."

"Just as you say, deacon. I will agree to it in a moment, and will stand my share of the expense. Here is Woodstock with three hundred inhabitants, and this town would be called on for about six hundred thousand dollars, and I will urge it before the Senate."

The good deacon opened his mouth, then his eyes, allowed his tongue to escape from one corner of his face, scratched his head, and tapped impatiently on the floor with his foot. As the Judge was leaving the room, the deacon's power of speech came to him, and he called out:

"Oh, say, Judge, I guess you'd better let slavery alone. The poor black fellows are better off in the South than up here in this cold climate!"

There are several just such deacons in the country.

"POMY," said a darkey, coming up to a similar specimen of animated nature, the other day, "I wants to propose to you a question, which hab of late dislocated my understanding."

"Well, Snowball, what am the knowledge you would have this learned nigger impart to your brightened mental imagination; for I speculate on the beauties of de 'okin' substance inside of de cranium, which takes off de mind, and leave de head frenzious—"

Select Variety.

"Warm day, warm day," said Smith as they met lately. "Yes, it is," said Jones, "it is some warm if not summer."

There is a great difference between honor and honesty; the former, it is said, "exists among thieves," the latter certainly does not.

A FRENCHMAN, intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said, "She is one mutton as is small."

We laugh heartily to see a whole flock of sheep jump because one does so. Perhaps superior beings laugh heartily at us for exactly the same reason.

"WHERE are you going?" asked a little boy of another who had slipped and fallen down on the icy pavement. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

OUT of the whole grand army of the Revolution which fought under Washington and his generals, there are now living throughout the whole United States only 165.

"I do not think madam that any man of the least sense would approve your conduct," said an indignant husband. "Six," retorted his better half, how can you judge what any man of the least sense would do?"

There is a grocer in Philadelphia who is so mean that he was seen to catch a flea off his counter, hold him up by his hind leg, and look into the crack of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing sugar.

A village dame was thus heard calling from her cottage door to a child playing in the distance, and hearing but not heeding her mother. "Lizzie, luv! Lizzie-a-buth! E-Liz-e-Buth! Bess, you young hussy!"

A MAN was arrested in Virginia, a few days since, and, being informed he was suspected of having been engaged in the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, replied he didn't know Mr. Harper, nor where he kept his cursed old ferry. He was discharged.

An experienced raiser and trainer of colts, in Maine, says: "An important point in rearing is the practice of speaking to them in a gentle voice, and frequently handling them while they are in the stall, and after going to grass, taking care not to throw anything at them, but allow them to feed from the hand.—Treat them kindly and they will become gentle."

A BURGESS SURPRISED IN JAPAN.—A lecturer on JAPAN says: "Going ashore, we were met by many, especially small children, who said, 'Ohio, Ohio,' meaning 'Good morning,' and, prove this, a joke is told of one of the officers of the expedition. On visiting the shore for the first time, he was saluted with 'Ohio, Ohio,' said he, 'how did these good people know I came from Ohio?'"

A young lady, being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection she had to a union with him, was the probability of his dying before her and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and delicately complimenting reply, "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

On a strict Western steambot the usual amount of gambling and other expedients for getting rid of time was resorted to, and one evening some of the passengers asked the captain if he had any objections to their holding a prayer-meeting in the cabin. "Not at all, gentlemen," was his bland reply, "amuse yourselves in any way you like; only remember that it is the rule of the boat that all games must cease at ten o'clock."

A popular divine tells a good story as a bit to those kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bed-post. Then, on cold nights, he merely pointed to the document, and with the words, "Oh Lord? those are my sentiments!" blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and its oceans, with all its mines and mountains, its woods, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of men, and all its science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age? It will be so. Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon your possessions.

EXERCISE.—Throughout all nature, want of motion indicates weakness, corruption, inanition and death. An illustrious physician has said, "I know not of which is most necessary to the support of the human frame, food or motion."—Abundantly satisfied are we that were the exercise of the body attended to in a corresponding degree with that of the mind men of great learning would be more healthy and vigorous, or more generous talents, of ample practical knowledge, more happy in their domestic lives, more enterprising and more attached to their duties as men.

A DUMB TOWN.—Paducah, Ky., is the very place for all that class of romantic quiet-seekers who continually long "For a lodge in some vast wilderness."

The editor of the Commercial of that town describes it:

The town is so "retroactively" religious that a fight or skirmish is impossible. Even the dumb beasts partake of the general quiet. Saturday we tied an oyster-can to a dog's tail, but he wouldn't run. A mule refused to kick a nigger's hat off, after an hour's "just cause and provocation." The chickens remain on the roost all day, and a real genuine porter in the street is a rarity we are destined not to behold again.