The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.] MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15, 1860. [NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 39.

Business Directory.

WM. REED. L. S. CRITCHFIELD.
REED & CRITCHFIELD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court-house. n20tf

D. S. UHL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—In Mayer's building, over the Book Store. n20tf.

WM. S. TANNEYHILL,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors east of the Bank, up stairs. n20tf

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Fredericksburg, Ohio. 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 Faculty of Medicine of the University of New York city. Sept. 27, 1860.—n32m6

DR. S. D. RICHARDS,
HAS Located in Berlin, Holmes County Ohio, He will attend to all calls proper to his profession. Especial attention to diseases of the Eye. n8y1.

DR. G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Would respectfully inform the citizens of Holmesville and vicinity that he has located himself in said place for the practice of his profession. Office four doors west of Reed's Corner.

DR. T. G. V. BOLING.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office on Main street,—formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine. n20tf

DR. EBRIGHT,
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st. nearly opposite the Empire House. Residence—on Clay street., opposite the Presbyterian Church. n20tf.

DR. A. A. CRUMP,
GERMAN & ENGLISH Botanic Physician, Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public square. n20tf

A. B. FRY,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg, Ohio. n20tf

JAS. HEBRON & SON,
DEALERS IN English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass, Sash, Pine Doors Saddlery, and Coach Trimmings. n20tf

ELLISON HOUSE.
ELLISON & De SILVA Proprietors, Jackson Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n25tf.

OHIO HOUSE.
I. HOXWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main street, Millersburg, O. ☞Stage Office—Daily Line of Coaches to Coshocton. n20tf

SIMS HOUSE,
JOHN SIMS, Proprietor, Sandusky Avenue, Bucyrus, Ohio. n22

JOHNSON HOUSE.
L. D. JOHNSON, Proprietor, Public Square, Bucyrus Ohio. n22

A. J. BELL,
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Millersburg Ohio. He is at all times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowledgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances, mortgages, and powers of Attorneys, and Record the same, take Depositions to be used in any of the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills of exchange, &c. ☞His office is in the County Recorder's office. n2tf.

LAKE & JONES.
DENTISTS,
WOOSTER, OHIO.

BAKER & WHOLF,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
AND DALERS IN
SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME,
PURCHASERS OF
Flour, Wheat. Rye, Corn and oats
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
—ALSO—
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW
And all kinds of *DRIED FRUITS.*
n20 WAREHOUSE—MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

WEIMER & STEINBACHER, Akron O. | BUEL & TAYLOR, Akron O.
E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.
AND PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c., &c.
M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
June 1,1860. Millersburg, Ohio.

HANCOCK CAMP & CO.,
Produce & General Commission Merchants
NO. 47, NORTH WATER STREET, BELOW ARCH
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
☞Consignment of Western Produce respectfully solicited. Quick sales and immediate returns guaranteed. n23m6.

S. WEIRICH & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
IRON, STEEL, NAILS,
LEVELS, BITS, CHISELS, SLICKS, AUGERS, PLANES, SQUARES, ADZES, &c. BRACES, SAWS, AXES,
WINDOW SASH, DOORS,
MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.
OILS. WHITE LEAD. SADDLERY.
Agricultural Implements.
n22tf MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

Probate Court.

The Criminal terms of the Probate Court of Holmes County, Ohio, will be holden as follows for the year 1860.

First Tuesday of January
" " March,
" " May,
" " July,
" " September,
" " November.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING.
A. S. LOUTHER
IS carrying on the tailoring business in all its various branches in Rooms over
MULVANE'S STORE.
His experiance 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 lowas it is possible for a man to live at. Millersburg, 1860.—n8tf.

GROCERY STORE.
GODFREY ITNER has removed his
Grocery and Provision Store
To the Rooms formerly occupied by FRY'S Jewelry store.
His goods are of the very best quality, carefully selected and will be sold on Short Profits.
All who want to buy the best quality of
GROCERIES
should call.
April, 26, 1860. G. ITNER.

Poetry.

'Tis a Long Lane that has no Turning.

BY T. L.

Hope on, brave heart, oppress'd by sorrow,
Though gloomy be thy path to-day;
The clouds may disappear to-morrow,
And thou more clear may see thy way.
A goal to brighter hours discerning—
'Tis a long lane that has no turning?

Hope on, fond parent, youth is erring,
And thy beloved one gone astray,
Awhile the paths of vice preferring,
May yet return some happy day,
Repentant, for thy blessing yearning—
'Tis a long lane that has no turning?

Hope on, poor wife, alone and weary,
Listening for that well-known tread
Throughout the night, so long and dreary,
Every moment fraught with dread,
While sinks thy taper dimly burning—
'Tis a long lane that has no turning?

Hope on, ye workers, sisters, brothers,
Laboring for your daily bread;
Whate're your calling, serving others
With honey hands, or aching head,
Keep ye the lamp of hope a-burning—
'Tis a long lane that has no turning?

Select Tale.

UNCLE DAVY'S STAFF.

"Well, Jane, have you made up your mind? I leave the matter entirely in your own hands."

My husband looked across the table at me, and held a glass of wine between him and the light, screwing up his eyes as he examined the color.

We were sitting at dessert in the old dining-room at Turton, the dark polished mahogany table reflecting the bright faces of our six children. Two by me—the eldest who was so like his father, and the youngest who would not eat tidily, and wanted mamma to cut up his orange and wipe his mouth; opposite, by Ronald, were the two little ones with curly heads and mischievous fingers, who were sailing orange-boats in the purple finger-glass, and coaxing papa to make more. The girls were one on each side; the elder one peering at me with her great blue eyes, and evidently wandering whatever it was that mamma was to make up her mind about. I was just going to answer when I caught her curious gaze, and then I stopped.

"I'll tell you all about it when the children go off to bed," I said.

Lucy dropped her head with a blank expression of disappointment, which Ronald observed with infinite amusement. There was a little nod across the table to me, and a whisper about little pitchers having long ears, which made Lucy blush.—Presently we went to the drawing-room, and the children began to romp, at the conclusion of which I carried off the youngest to the nursery; and before I came down again I went for a moment into my little morning-room and sat down over the fire—I wanted to think.

People said I was a fortunate and happy woman, and so I was. Our home was one of those fair English halls standing amid its own far-spreading grounds and rich farms. I could match my husband and children against the best and noblest in the land; and yet I had plenty to make me oft-times thoughtful, and sometimes sad. There is a cross in every lot, and mine lay in the future—not my own, but my children's.

My father-in-law had been an extravagant man, who had drained the entailed estate as near as he could. My husband, with a moderately large income, had many claims on his purse, and moreover, with scrupulous honor applied every available sum to the payment of his father's debts. We had a large family; the eldest one was provided for by the entail. But if this went on, what could we do for the other little ones? Over and over again I had tried to bring the matter seriously before Ronald; but a careless security in the future was a part of his natural disposition, and I could not pursuade him to make any real effort for their benefit. Invariably he said, "Just wait till I pay Saunders and Balton, and then we will begin to lay up." And I had to think sadly of my own poor portion of £5,000 vested in shares in the County Bank, and hope and trust.

I was thinking more sadly to-night because my husband, who had just returned from a business-visit to London, had met me with an unexpected proposal. He had fallen in with an old uncle, who had spent the greater part of his life in India, toiling for the golden fortune that never came. Now a decrepit old man, and a confirmed invalid, he had expended the little he possessed, and was actually in want. Ronald described his miserable lodging, told how much he suffered, and ended with a proposal that we should ask him to come and live at Turton. The kind thought was just like him; but I looked terribly blank when the idea was suggested, and opposed it violently. My woman's brain at once embraced the obstacles, and, it may be, exaggerated them.

"Think what a tie it would be,' I said, "a third person to spoil our quiet evenings and readings aloud—a somebody to interfere with our walks and drives and dinners. The poor children would be hushed for fear of disturbing the invalid; I should have to give up my time to his amusement and comfort. Besides, think of the expense. We agreed to give up the carriage-horses; but that would be out of the question if he were, and could not walk or use the pony-phæton. And we must have an extra man-servant to wait on him; and if we used another set of rooms, we should require a second housemaid."

I drew such a melancholy picture of the consequences that my husband said at last:

"Well, my dear, please yourself; it shall be as you like. I only wish we could have made the old man comfortable; he was very kind to me when I was a school-boy."

So I sat in my room and planned how we could manage, gradually beginning to think I had been selfish in my hasty opposition. I thought it might be arranged. I could give up this very morning-room for him to sit in, and let him sleep in the south room next door. Walters might wait upon him if the stable boy helped in the pantry; and if we gave up the pretty pony-phæton we might keep the brougham. As to the disarrangement of our family enjoyments, we must put up with it. The kindness would bring its own recompense, somehow. I went down stairs with a lighter heart, for I was conscious of a praiseworthy resolution; and sending the children to bed, knelt down by my husband's side, and said:

"Shall we write the invitation, Ronald?"

He answered me with a kiss, and brightening of the eye, which were almost enough recompense for the sacrifice.

The invitation was written, accepted, and before the end of a fortnight, old Mr. David Turton—"Uncle Davy," as we called him, made his appearance.

I went out to meet him, and tried to give him a hearty welcome; but he was seemingly a very unamiable old man.—His manner was short and snappish; his little grey eyes looked at me suspiciously, and when he attempted to smile he sneered sarcastically. I led him into the drawing-room, and offered to relieve him of his great coat and stick. But no; he growled at me as if I had taken an unpardonable liberty, and setting his stick across his knees, leaned forward on it, and stared me full in the face. I tried to look unconcerned; but my cheek had flushed and my tone was sharp when I desired Lucy to run up stairs to the school-room.

The old man's eyes twinkled, and the sneering smile came to his lips.

"You are offended with me, madam," he said. "I beg your pardon; but my staff is an old friend—the best friend I have. I never allow it to leave my side."

He never did. By day it rested on his knees; by night it lay on the bed beside him. His brain had evidently been effected by his illness, and showed its disorder by a strange attachment to that wooden staff with its round knob for a handle. It was a perfect monomania.

I remember once one of my little boys seized it when he was dozing, and converting it into a horse, raced up and down the room with it. Uncle Davy woke, and his anger knew no bounds. I ran out of the room with the child, imagining him in positive danger, and when I returned, I found the old man sobbing and crying like an infant, with his head bent down on the much-loved staff.—Truly Uncle Davy s stay at Turton was a sad trial to me. Over and over again I regretted that we had ever invited him; and so I am sure did Ronald, too. He said at last that we must seek him a lodging elsewhere; but the plan was hardly formed when the old man fell sick and died.

He had a lingering illness, and I watched beside him day and night. Then, for the first time, I found that he had formed a sort of attachment to me and the children, and given us a little corner of the heart that I had supposed to be wholly devoted to his staff.

But he was a trying invalid, and at last I was fairly worn out with incessant watching. He protested against nurse or servant, and kept me constantly at his bedside. From no one else would he receive food or medicine, and if I left him for a moment he was miserable. But his childlike dependence and clinging affection touched my heart in spite of myself. I began to love and tend him gently like a baby, ruling and chiding him as I should have done one of my own little ones when it was naughty. Under this treatment we got on better, and should have managed without any outburst had it not happened that one unlucky morning, in a pressure of occupation, I neglected to rub and polish the staff as he had desired me to do. Before his illness, this had been the one important duty of his day; about which he set in the most scientific manner, with clean towels and wash-leather. Since himself incapacitated he had requested me as an especial favor to undertake the process, and, anxious to indulge him in all small matters, I had complied; holding the knobbed handle as he directed in a cambric handkerchief, and rubbing from right to left. This morning he had been in a singularly perverse humor; nothing pleased him; and the supposed neglect of his favorite caused the lowering storm to burst forth. He raged and stormed for an hour, threatening me with every sort of vengeance. At length, fairly exhausted, he sank back in bed and bade me leave him—he would try to sleep.

I hovered about the next room for some time, then, finding all quiet, stole away for an hour's rest. When I returned all was silent as before, nevertheless, I noiselessly turned the lock and looked in. What was my horror to find my bed empty and my patient escaped?

I called the servants, and sent everywhere to seek him. But he was not soon found; no one had seen him leave the house, and we could not imagine what was his object in doing so. At last I discovered him myself, in a retired corner of the shrubbery, trying, with feeble efforts, to dig a hole and bury his staff.

"No one is worthy of it," he said; but he would not leave it when we had discovered his secret hiding-place; and, after many arguments, I prevailed upon him to return and let me polish and clean it.

That night he was very ill—the exertion and exposure brought on a relapse. He bade me put the staff quite close to him, and his feeble fingers clasped it fondly and stroked it down. Just when he was dying he put it into my hand:

"Keep it—never part with it—promise me, Jane."

I promised, for I saw his heart was bent on my doing so.

"Jane—the staff is—will—children—" but his voice failed, and his head fell back. He never spoke again, and before day-break he was dead.

We laid him in the family vault in the Turton Church; in spite of his wanderings and wayward life, he was of the old stock; and putting aside his favorite staff in my oak cabinet, we went back to our old ways, and almost forgot him.

Years passed during which more little faces clustered round our board, and the elder ones were sent off to school. The clouds that had so long skirted the distance came nearer and nearer, and at last burst over our heads.

The bank in which my money was vested suddenly failed; the steward who had managed my husband's affairs proved unfaithful, and absconded with all he could convert into money; creditors pressed round, and were clamorous; we were ruined.

Nothing remained but for us to leave Turton; if possible to let it, and to go and live on the Continent. There was to be a sale after we left, and the handbills were already out. I had spent long days in packing and arranging, and, unable longer to meet the children's doleful faces and sad regrets at parting with their old pets, I hurried to my little morning-room—the room that had witnessed many a dreary hour of watching Uncle Davy.

I was crying in spite of my efforts at self-command. In the hall I had seen little Edmond, with his arms round the old rocking-horse, sobs bursting from the rosy lips that he pressed against his favorite. Lucy was taking the toys from the doll's house as I passed the school-room. Oh! my heart bled sadly; for every grief of theirs was doubly mine.

The maid had been packing, and the oak cabinet was unlocked, the door swinging too and fro on its hinge. The drawer below held my chief treasures, which I had reserved to put up at the last; fancying this a favorable opportunity I now opened it at and began sort the things.

A packet of copy-books—large, round blotted, text-hand; on the outside of each cover one of the children's names and date. I tied them together and put them up. A little carved ivory box, which had long ago ben a present from a sailor-brother, with nine neatly-folded little white parcels inside, and a curl of soft hair in each—the last causing a few bitter tears to fall down on my black dress, as kneeling down I unfolded it and touched the smooth tress. Poor little baby, that had pined when sorrow came to me, that had died in my arm, and now lay with its little coffin resting beside Uncle Davy's! I moved the packet of baby's clothes that I had put away the day after the funeral the little gowns and caps and things—and gulped down a very sad sob. Poor little baby, God has provided for *it!*

There was yet a few more things, and then the drawer was empty, save for Uncle Davy's staff. I left it lying there while I packed up the other things, and it was still there when I went down to tea.

As I came up again I heard loud tones.

"Master Edmond, I shall tell your mama of you. Have done immediately.—What a naughty boy you are! Don't you see you have knocked all the paint off the bannisters?"

Nurse was standing on the first landing looking down into the hall, with a very red face: while the child in her arms had a very inquiring look in his brown eyes, and was mouthing and tugging at an India rubber ring held by two fat slippery hands.

The delinquent was Master Edmund, aged six, who was consoling himself for the parting with the old rocking-horse, by racing up and down the first flight of steps Uncle Davy's staff in hand, rattling the round handle all the way against the bannisters.

"There!" screamed nurse. What have you done now?" as the child missed his footing and lay screaming on the floor. She hurried down, till the lusty roars reassured her, when she commenced a nursery mode of consolation: "There! have done will you? "It's all your own fault, you naughty boy. Just see how you've dirtied your clean pinafore; and now you are making baby cry. Get up.'

Edmond scrambled up, by the aid of her great red hand; but only to reveal a slit in his frock, and Uncle Davy's staff to the floor, broken in two. Nurse shook him.

"Do you know what you have done?—Where did you get that stick from? It's only master Edmund, always in a mischief, ma'am," she added, in explanation as I joined them.

I wiped the child's eyes, and pitied him for a bad bump on his forehead, supposing him to have been sufficiently punished. He picked up the two pieces of the staff, and I took them from him and carried them up stairs to my room.

Something dropped with a slight rattle on the floor, and I stooped to look what it was, my hand stealing to my throat to assure itself of the safety of the brooch in my collar. Something that looked like a pearl bead was on the carpet, and I picked it up. A similar rattle, and as I again found the same thing, I looked to see where they came from.

The staff was in my hand, and I turned it over. The broken end showed a perforated hole, from which, as I shook it, came another pearl. I gave a little exclamation, and ran down to my husband in the library; a light was dawning on me. We examined the staff, and found it was even as we expected. The old man had been more successful in his Indian enterprises than he had given us to understand; but finding poverty a good veil for penuriousness, had pretended to extreme misfortune, diligently converting all he was able so accumulate into pearls, which he concealed in this favorite staff, never allowing it to leave his side, and guarding it with jealous and miserly care. He had evidently intended to acquaint me with the secret when on his deathbed, as I remembered by his reference to the children, but had died in the attempt.

But, even now the discovery was not too late. Ronald at once took the pearls to London, and was perfectly astonished by the large offers that were made for them. The sale realized a very large sum—sufficient to release us from our present embarrassments and lay by a handsome portion for each of the children.

"Truly," as my husband said, with a glowing face, when we again assembled in the Turton dining-room, "No good action goes unrewarded. We made an unselfish sacrifice for a poor old man, without a thought of recompense, and the blessing has returned sevenfold to our bosoms.—Depend upon it it is ever so. Where we give we shall ever be repaid—if not here, at a Higher Account."

TWO HOURS SIEGE:

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

It was past midnight of the thirteenth of August, commenced my grandmother, but, though the river was in front of us, and the forest stretched for miles behind us, and away to the right and left, I could not catch even the sight of a leaf, or the ripple of the water, so sultry and heavy brooded the darkness around us.

I had not been in the best of spirits that day, for it was the time when we dreaded every hour to hear of the bombardment of New York; and though in the house of Thomas Oakly, first cousin to my father, I had nothing to fear, there had hung over me such a terror and dread that day, that I could not help fearing lest some evil had happened to my parents, who were still in the city.

As usual with the sleepless, all sorts of fancies teased my brain. My room, like all the others, was large, and furnished in the style that now seems so quaint to your young eyes.

The chimney piece was tiled with porcelain, curiously wrought into illustrations of Scripture. The bed and furniture, that had all been brought from England, was tall, dark, stiff and carved; while the walls were hung with sombre family portraits. And as I lay and wished for day, the tiled figures seemed to move and glower at me in the uncertain light that came through the loophole of a window; while I thought the eyes of the portraits were, one and all, fixed on me with a solemn and warning stare, and so it happened, that I had heard the old clock strike one, two and three, when there came a light step along the hall, and cousin Grace called in a strange, scared voice, outside the door, 'Helen! Helen!'

I was up in a moment, and out to where she stood, looking like a spirit, with her ashy face, and fair hair all about her, and remember the thrill of astonishment with which, spite of my fright, I saw that she was already dressed and held in her hand a powder flask.

'Put on your clothes as quick as you can, Nellie,' said she in a voice that trembled a little, though she was doing her best to be calm. Brant's men are coming and father wants us all down stairs.'

Brant's men! It is difficult to make you understand the horror with which that name was pronounced and heard; or to express the terror with which, as I hurried on my clothes, I thought of Grace and myself in the power of those merciless savages. No wonder that I trembled in every limb, or that Thomas Oakley and his five stalwart sons—men not easily daunted—looked pale, as they moved about in the dim morning light.

I don't know as I have spoken to you before of Thomas Oakley, a man over six feet in height, and of a noble presence, with a grand face, that looked as if it might have been chiseled out of marble, and hair as white as snow, though he was scarcely past his prime. We have no such men now-a-days. I have his portrait in my little cabinet yonder; and you may see there that he looks as he was—a kindly and noble gentleman.

As for his sons, they were like him—tall, strong-limbed, fearless, and devoutly attached to a stately mother, who was preparing breakfast, while they fastened the iron shutters of the lower windows, and barred the heavy doors.

'It is a shame to rout you out so early, Nelly,' said Mr. Oakly, as he noticed my pale, frightened face; 'but if we don't eat our breakfast now those rascals may not give us a chance to get it at all; and to my mind, after a good cause, there is nothing like a good breakfast before going into a fight.'

'I wish Mark was here,' said Grace, timidly.

'No doubt, pussy; but I've sent for him. Your Host, the half-witted lad that brought the news, has gone after him and the volunteers, who were to start for the camp to-day, and if we but keep the rascals at bay till they come, we may give them as good a peppering as they deserve.'

Ay, if! but oh, that dreadful uncertainty. The house was of stone, and so strongly built that it was doubtful if they could raze or fire it. But who knew what else might happen? How many of that fair family would gather around the board to-morrow morning? Ah! children, it was dreadful! but I think the hour before the attack was the worst of all.

It was not to be expected that we could eat much breakfast; but hurried as the meal was, it was hardly over when one of the boys, whom Mr. Oakley had posted at the look-out, called out that they were coming, and stealing along the woods at the right, as if they hoped to surprise us.

At once the men hurried with their rifles to the windows of the second story, while Mrs. Oakly, pale, but still outwardly calm, motioned to us to follow and hand out the powder. Then came a dead silence.

'Look out, Simeon,' said the father, in a low voice, and tell us what the knaves are about.'

'Posting themselves around the house, but under cover. They think to catch us napping. There's a man coming this way now—he—why, father, it's Walter Van Cuyler.'

We all started. The meaning of this sudden attack was clear enough now.

Van Cuyler had been a professed patriot and a warm admirer of Grace; and, on his rejection by her, had gone away vowing vengeance on the whole family.

'The traitor,' muttered Mr. Oakley.—'It is he, then, that has brought down this swarm of hornets. What is he doing now, Simeon?"

'He has been trying the windows to see if they are fastened. Now he is at the door.'

The words were drowned in a series of thundering knocks.

Mr. Oakley went to Simeon's window.

'Who knocks below there?'

'Walter Van Cuyler.'

'Food, rest and shelter. Brant's men are close on my track. Let me in quickly.'

The sharp crack of a rifle, and the words hypocrite and liar were his answer. A fierce yell arose from behind the haystacks and out-buildings, as twenty dark forms rushed forward, brandishing their weapons and firing at random, while as many more hovered on the outskirts of the wood.

Within the house was perfect silence, broken only by the low 'now boys' of Mr. Oakley, and the roar of the six best rifles in the county.

'Six down! A man for each bullet! Good!' said the exulting voice of Mr. Oakley. 'The powder, girls, and we'll give 'em another.

A shower of bullets that rattled like hail stones about the windows, cut short the words. Mr. Oakley picked up some that fell harmless on the floor, and laughed.

'The serpents are kinder than I tho't They are going to keep us in balls as well as exercise. So much the better, for we have none too many. Now, boys.'

'Fire steady, boys, and take good aim. Don't waste powder.'

A dead silence ensued

'They are cowed, father—they are sneaking off to cover,' exclaimed Simeon.

'Not they—they are contriving some new devilry. John and Matthew round with you to the back of the house—Grace—my God! where did that shot come from,' exclaimed Mr. Oakley as, with a sharp cry, Reuben, the eldest, leaped three feet up in the air, and fell forward on his face—stone dead.

Mrs. Oakley sprang forward and threw herself on his body. The fair-haired eldest boy was her darling. Another shot came crashing through the window, and bedded itself deep in the opposite wall.

'Aim at yonder tree," shouted Mr. Oakley. 'I saw the gleam of a rifle stock among the leaves.'

A third shot, whizzing so close past us as to make us start back, and then our rifles answered, and a dark body went down, and struck with a heavy 'thud' against the ground.

'He's silenced,' exclaimed Mr. Oakley, with a gleam of stern satisfaction shooting across his face. 'But I see none of the rest; where are they hiding.'

'Father! father!' called Grace in an agonized tone.

Mr. Oakley ran hastily into the back room where she was. A stalwart man in a hunting frock, and so bronzed as to make it almost doubtful whether he was white or red, had swung himself from an adjoining tree to the balcony, and was trying to force himself through the little window.

As Mr. Oakley rushed forward he drew the hunting knife that he wore in his belt; but seizing the sharp edge in his hands the infurated father wrested it from his grasp by main strength, and plunged it up to the hilt in his breast.

A fierce yell and a harmless volley from those in ambush received this new defeat, and then came another of those ominous pauses.

'What can they be about,' muttered Simeon, who was again at the look-out. "They surely can't dream of firing the house.'

'The door! the door!' gaspel Grace.

'Right!' exclaimed her father. "The girl has more wit than us all. We must barricade the hall.'

'Never mind the shutters,' said Mrs Oakley, who had regained her marble-like composure. 'We will bar them,' and she began to draw the bolts.

Mr. Oakley hesitated, for the task was one of danger, but there was no time to lose, and chairs, sofas and tables were piled up at a short distance from the door, in what was really a formidable barricade, guarded, as it was, by those unerring rifles. The smell of the burning wood, and the smoke that filled the hall, now grew almost intolerable. Mr. Oakley placed us on the staircase, and exhorted his sons to stand close, and take good aim. A portion of the door fell in. Mr. Oakley raised his rifle, and Walter Van Cuyler, who was the first to spring in, staggered back with a groan. The others swarmed in like bees, but a second and third of those deadly volleys brought them to a stand. No man cared to expose himself to such certain death.

Mr. Oakley turned impetuously to his sons:

"Give 'em another, boys; we'll beat 'em off yet;' but a mute shake of the head was their only answer. The powder was exhausted. For a moment a deadly pallor overspread his face, the next his voice rang out, clear and firm as ever.

'Close up! Draw your knives! We will sell our lives as dearly as possible.'

'Come on, their powder is out,' shouted a man, who, with a half dozen others, had succeeded in scrambling over the barricade, and was making his way towards the little group.

'You'd better be careful—our women have their knitting needles yet,' retorted Mr. Oakley.

'We'll take care of you and the women both,' returned the ruffian, aiming a blow at Simeon that brough him to the ground

A spasm contorted Mr. Oakley's stern features for a moment; and then, with a strangled sob, he threw himself headlong on his assailants.

'Kill him—cut him down—he's the devil himself,' shouted a dozen voices, but at this moment arose another and far different cry.

'The rebels—they are on us!' as thundering on, tramping the cowardly wretches down under the horses' hoofs, came Mark Warner with his light-horse troop. In an instant all was confusion. No one thought of any thing but flight, and the enraged Americans mowed the flying tories down like grain.

Ours was a joyful, yet a sad house that night—for, though we had been delivered, as it were, from the very jaws of death, yet the bodies of our dead were with us. Ah, children! children! those times were sad times—trying times!

There was a wedding afterwards, between Mark and Grace, and I danced as merrily as any of them. But poor Mrs. Oakley wore mourning to the end of her days, and the last words on her lips were the names of her murdered sons. Greatly affected, my grandmother took off her specks and wiped her eyes.

Melange of Good Things.

He must be a strong general who can storm and *carry* a fortress.

A LADY being asked the place of her nativity, replied: "I am so unfortunate as to have no native place; I am the daughter of a Methodist clergyman.

The Louisville (Ky.) *Journal* says: "For a long time Kansas was 'bleeding.' Now she is starving. She finds this decidedly the worst of the two.

"I keep an excellent table," said a lady disputing with one of her boarders.

"That may be true ma'am," says he, "but you put very little upon it."

PUTRID SORE THROAT.—An exchange has ascertained, by experiment, that good fresh yeast, taken internally, is a sovereign remedy for the putrid sore throat.—It gives almost instant relief.

A petrified fish, over sixteen feet in length, and very perfectly preserved, its scales and fins being distinctly marked, has been taken from the coal mine at Blue Mound, Kansas.

AN Arkansas traveller says that he knew a young fellow down South, who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

The man that beat Abe Lincoln for the office of constable, many years ago, is now a citizen of Tehama county, California. His name is E. O. Gasland, and he believes, if nominated, he would beat Lincoln for President.

The Democrats of Coshocton and Roscoe celebrated the election of Col. NUGEN, on Thursday night, with a splendid Torch-light procession, amid the roar of cannon. Mr. Thomas of Roscoe, carried a burning tar barrel on his head, in front of the procession.

TORCHLIGHT processions were designed more than two thousand years ago. See 1 Maccabees iv. 22, wherein an account is given of the highpriest Jason, who escorted King Antiochus into Jerusalem, with "torchlight and great shoutings." Jason lived in the fourth century B. C.

WOOD and stone pavements, the materials laid in alternate rows, have been laid in England, with much success.—They give a good foot-hold to the horses, and are much less noisy than stone, and less slippery than is the wood or stone separately.

A Washington correspondent says that the proprietors of the principal gambling hells in Washington City are making extensive preparations for the coming winter. The reasons assigned is—there will be more Republicans in Washington City this winter than usual.

The Mayor of Kingston, Jamaica, was recently made a companion of the order of Bath, England, an order of which the Prince of Wales is a member. Samuel Cockburn, another negro, of the Island of Granada, has been appointed administrator of the government of Montserrat.

ONE day lase week a gentleman and lady went shopping in Lockport; on leaving, the salesman wanted the lady to purchase one or more of his tasteful hats 'for boys'. He was struck dumb by the lady replying: 'Sir, I have been married about twenty minutes. I have no boys yet!'

A LITTLE son of of John L. Hersey, recently fell through the scuttle of a stable in Lincoln, Me., and was so seriously injured that but little hope was intertained of his recovery. His mother when informed of the accident, said it was no news to her, for she *saw her boy when he fell*, although she was seventy miles distant!

AMASSA TANNER, a negro having married a white woman of loose character in Troy, New York, took offense at the censures expressed by a widow, who lived next door, with a reference to the amalgamation. Amasa called upon her to obtain satisfaction for opprobrious language, and failing in that, pitched into the poor widow with his fist, and was committed for the assault.

Amassa shouldn't tan-er.

WILD COTTON in Florida is found growing in various places along the bay coast—usually on shell or limestone land. It has this peculiarity: the cotton adheres to the seed, and the bolls seldom or ever have more than three pods to the boll.—Perhaps if some of the scientific planters of the State would give this wild cotton a trial, it might be made yield, in a few years, a cotton plant peculiar to the Carolina coast.

Throughout Missouri a total failure of the bees to swarm during the summer just past, is said to have been observed and excites much speculation. In some localities, farmers who have had a hundred stands; and who watch closely the movemets of the bees, report that, although the little insects have worked all through the summer, with their accustomed industry, and have multiplied largely, not a single swarm has been observed.

THE Smithsonian Institute is preparing, by order of Congress, a most interesting report on Agricultural Meteorology, which will be a welcome boon to our farmers, besides meteorological statistics collected during the last ten years, at nearly four hundred stations. It will contain the arrivals and departures of birds fishes and migratory animals, and also the time of planting and harvesting of crops, &c., at different points of the United States.

The "breakbone fever," which has been so prevalent on the lower Mississippi, has made its appearance in St. Louis. The News says the fever is preceded by a peculiar kind of chill, and while this lasts the bones of the body feel as if they were pressed, twisted and almost broken. The fever which succeeds appears to be more severe and protracted than that which follows an ordinary "shake." After both have passed away, the body is as sore and tender as if the patient had acute inflammatory rheumatism.