

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1861.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 46.]

Business Directory.

REED & CRITCHFIELD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court-house. n201f

D. S. EHL.
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—In Mayer's building, over the Book Store. n201f

WM. S. TANNEYHILL.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors east of the Bank, up stairs. n201f

J. P. ALBAN.
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio. Artificial Teeth inserted, from one to an entire set, on gold, silver or vulcanite base. All operations skillfully performed. Satisfaction warranted. n201f

J. E. ATKINSON.
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio, tenders his professional services to all who may need anything in the way of Teeth operations, consist in Filling, Extracting and inserting from one to an entire set. n201f

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Frederickburg, 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, 1859—n201f

DR. S. D. RICHARDS.
HAS located in Berlin, Holmes County Ohio. He will attend to all calls respect to his profession. Especial attention to diseases of the Eye. n201f

DR. T. C. V. BOLING.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office on Main street, formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine. n201f

DR. EBRIGHT.
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st. nearly opposite the Empire House. Residence—on Clay street, opposite the Freshwater Church. n201f

DR. A. A. CRUMP.
GERMAN & ENGLISH BONA FIDE Physician, Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public square. n201f

A. B. FRY.
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, Main Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg, Ohio. n201f

JAS. HERRON & SON.
DEALERS IN English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass, Sash, Pine Doors Saddlery, and Coach Trimmings. n201f

ELLISON HOUSE.
ELLISON & DE SILVA Proprietors, Jackson Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n201f

OHIO HOUSE.
I. HOXWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main Street, Millersburg, O. n201f

A. J. BELL.
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Millersburg, Ohio. He is at all times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowledgment of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances, mortgages, and powers of Attorneys, and Record the same, take Deposits 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. n201f

SPARTAN LODGE NO. 126.
OF Free and Accepted Masons, meet the Friday on or preceding the full moon in every month, at the Masonic Hall. H. Cons, Secretary

BAKER & WHOLF.
Forwarding and Commission Merchants, AND DEALERS IN
SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME, FURNACE COALS,
Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn and oats
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW
And all kinds of DRIED FRUITS
WAREHOUSE—MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

E. STEINHACHER & CO.
Produce and Commission Merchants,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c. &c.
M. M. SPEIGLER, Agent,
June 1, 1860. Millersburg, Ohio.

PAINTING & GLAZING
The undersigned is ready to do any thing in the line of
House, Sign, Ornamental, Buggy and Wagon Painting.
I will be found, when not elsewhere employed, at my shop over Wilson's Clothing Shop, Millersburg, May 24, 1860. A. J. STEFFLER.

GROCERY STORE.
GODFREY TISLER has removed his
Grocery and Provision Store
To the Room formerly occupied by
The Farmers' Store, on the corner of
Main and Third streets, where he has
All who want to buy the best quality of
GROCERIES
should call.
April 26, 1860. G. TISLER.

J. EBERHARDT'S,
Manufacturer and Dealer
IN ALL KINDS OF
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN
MARBLE WORKS.
Monuments, Tombs and Head Stones on hand and made to order on the shortest possible notice, and at such low prices as to suit the nation. J. EBERHARDT.
When on Jackson street.
April 26, 1860.

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP!
O NE door west from J. Miller's store, in the room formerly occupied as Post Office, where the undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, especially
FINE CITY SEWED WORK,
In such a manner as not to be excelled west of the Alleghenies
WORK WARRANTED!
And done on reasonable terms. Repairing done neat and on short notice. Very thankful for the patronage that has been extended to him in former years.
He is determined to merit a Return of the Same! He has on hand, as well as a lot of BROWN AND BROWN, high quality and quality, which, preparatory to being put in full stock he will sell on such terms, AS YOU CAN'T HELP BUT BUY!
Just by him once and call on. E. H. HULL.
July 14, 1860—n201f

Poetry.

THE SLEET.
For the Farmer.
BY ELIZA A. E.

Awake, awake, the sun is up,
Awake and rally forth.
We've had a rain of jewelry
From out the frozen North;
The earth is robed in dazzling white,
Each tree is hung with gems,
And diamonds in ten thousand shapes
Are hanging from their stems.
Each bush, and every humble shrub,
With precious stones is strung,
And all the rarest, brightest things
Are hanging from their stems.
The Em'rald and the Amethyst,
The topaz and the sapphire;
And here and there a ruby red,
Is sparkling in the cold.
The chrysolite and jasper's eye,
And that bright Sardine stone
The holy Patmos prophet saw
Upon the Heavenly Throne;
Here all the gold of Ophir shines,
With all Golems's store,
And who could ever number up
The countless myriads more?
The holly, in its darkest green,
With crimson fruit looks gay,
Enchased in solid silver, too,
How rich is its display!
In green and gold the holly leaves,
Seem almost in a blaze,
With all the sun's reflected light,
Yet softness to the gaze.
The cedar, in its darkest green,
In Scripture it is told
They laid it in the house of God,
And covered the ark with gold;
But great as was King Solomon,
He, nor the house made,
Were dressed in such magnificence
As thou has here displayed!
The beech tree stands in rich array
Of long and shining threads,
Its brittle boughs all bending low,
To earth their drooping heads,
And now and then some holly leaf
Comes creeping from on high,
And showering down a world of gems
That sparkle as they fly!
The lofty oak—the hundred leaf'd
Embraces of the trees,
Spread out his prodigious arms,
Loud cracking in the breeze;
And as the roused up "shakes"
The snow drops from his mane,
So does the woodward's nut shake
His chrysolite o'er the plain;
But time would fail to tell of all
That bright and sunny host,
The North which with the world,
From out the realms of frost;
The meadow, tinged with the most beautiful
The daisy and the dandelion,
The brambles and the hollyhock,
Are pure and spotless now,
"Ye counselors of earth!" come forth,
"Ye princes, who have gold!"
Your diadems, your crowns, your
The jeweled crosses ye hold;
Come, women, in your ornaments,
In all their costly sheen,
And let them be the loveliest seen,
That ever graced a queen!
This grass that the morning sun,
Faintly fold your flames;
Then cast your babies vile away,
And heed no more their
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That ever graced a queen!
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At length Judge S., editor and publisher of the G—Journal, then a candidate for Congress, offered fifty dollars to any person who would climb the staff and draw the chord through the wheel. The utmost silence reigned for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the daring trial.

"Will no one volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited as a pool of laughter vent up from the ranks of the opposition.

The chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George, with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look exclaimed—

"Yes, sir, I'll climb it!"

"You, my lad, are you strong enough?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I am used to climbing."

"Then go ahead, my little Spartan," said the Judge at the same time, giving him an encouraging pat upon the shoulder.

Steadily hand over hand, his feet clutching the pole in a manner that proved him an expert climber, George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slim that it swayed to and fro with the weight. Nothing daunted, he wound his legs right and left around the pole, and with his right hand untwisted coil. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hoist away, he clung on till the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific—everybody, opposition and all, joining in with one universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge S. looked upon the boy with admiration, and took out his pocket book to pay the promised reward.

George noticed the action and exclaimed:

"Keep your money, sir, I want no pay for helping to raise the American flag."

"Nobly said, my little man; what's your name?" inquired the Judge.

"George Wentworth, sir; I am an orphan and have just arrived here in search of employment," replied our hero, his bright eyes glistening with a tear.

"Well you shall live with me," exclaimed the Judge; "I will take care of you for the future."

Five years have passed away since George Wentworth had been a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S. has been defeated by his political opponent and George has been initiated into the mysteries of the "Art of Arts." He had become a great favorite with the citizens and was looked upon as the adopted son of the Judge. It was whispered in private circles that he was to be the bridegroom of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only daughter. But this George had not dared to dream of; it is true he never felt so happy as when in her presence, and it did make him twinge to see the foppish students from the college swarm around the unacknowledged idol of his heart. Poor youth had known the real state of Ida's feelings, the thought would have almost turned his brain; and could he have interpreted the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or sally of wit, would have filled his soul with ecstasy and delight.

One fine day in the latter part of June, Ida, her father and George, were enjoying a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht, the "Swan," which had won the "cup" at the last regatta, under the management of our hero, who was standing with his hand on the mast gazing at the beautiful scenery on the opposite shore; the Judge held the tiller and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat trailing her pretty hand through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of wind carried the yacht so that she lost her balance and fell into the water.

George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, he had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged in to her rescue. Being a skillful and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes allowed her to sink, and entwined her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right, kept her above water till the Judge turned the boat and came to their relief. In a few moments they were safe in the boat again, and Ida soon recovered from the effects of her unexpected bath. The old Judge embraced George and exclaimed with tears streaming from his eyes:

"God bless you, my dear boy, you have saved my daughter's life; how can I ever repay you?"

"By saying nothing about it," replied George.

"I owe you now a thousand times more than I can ever repay, and I am too happy in being able to render this slight service."

The lovely Ida could say nothing but her heart was overflowing; but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes. Her father even observed her earnest, loving glance and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it and in silence he turned the boat toward the shore. They reached home with feelings far different from those they had started with.

The following morning George received a notice to meet the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what can it mean?

The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library he commenced—

"Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner; performing every duty cheerfully and neglecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank at your disposal; you can use this sum as you think proper; or let it remain on interest or take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you think of my proposal?"

George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he repaired to his room and

threw himself on the bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what himself had hardly dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would smother his feelings, and earn an honorable living.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal mongers of G—, as the cause of young Wentworth's leaving his patron's mansion but their innuendoes were unheeded. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheeks grew paler. The Judge acted toward him in a straight forward, frank manner, yet never addressed him in the kind, fatherly tones, as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, a friendly glance and nod were all that passed, still she felt that his looks betrayed him or the warm blood gushed from his loving heart and tinted his cheek with the tell-tale blush; and he cherished the pleasing thought that her looks were beaming with love and hope.

A little more than a year had passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election. Excitement ran high, and Judge S. was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of ally written articles had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes—farmers, mechanics, and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear, convincing arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles invariably carried conviction to the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party that Congressional district copied them, and curiosity was on tiptoe to discover the author, they were simply signed two little * * *. The election passed off, and Judge S. was elected by a large majority.

Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the printing office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight, it appeared strange that it should be lit up at that hour, so the Judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and quietly entered the office. A slight gleam of their gaze caused the heart of one of them to leap violently. The man, sat George just asleep with his head resting on his arm.

As Ida's father stepped forward to awaken the sleeper, he observed political essays lying open on the desk, and a freshly written article with the mysterious * * * attached. The truth flashed upon the Judge in a moment, he was indebted to George for his success. He beckoned to Ida who came trembling to his side—just then they saw by the flickering lamp a smile pass over the slumberer's face, and he muttered the words "dear Ida," in a tender tone.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the loving girl, affectionately, throwing her arms around her parent's neck; "do let George come home again. It is surely no sin for him to love me!"

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Patriotic Speech of John A. McClelland.

In response to a complimentary serenade tendered him upon his arrival at Washington, Hon. JOHN A. McCLELLAND, of Illinois, spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN: Only having arrived in this city to-day, and claiming nothing of public consideration, either for what I am or for what I have done, I am equally surprised and complimented by this demonstration of numbers and music on so inclement a night. For seventeen years it has been my fortune to visit this city at constitutional intervals, as a representative of a portion of the people of Illinois, and throughout the protracted period I have always been kindly and hospitably treated by you, for which, as well as for the honor of this call, I beg to return to you my grateful acknowledgments, my heartfelt thanks.

As often as I have visited this great capital, never before did I visit it under circumstances so portentous of evil to the Republic. What do we see? Society disturbed, political parties disrupted, and sectional menaces pushed almost to the extremity of civil war. This is a deplorable state of things, having no parallel in the history of the country. The strife between the partisans of Jefferson and the elder Adams soon subsided within the limits of moderation; so the strife between the partisans of Jackson and the younger Adams; and so the contest in regard to the tariff in 1832; but such are not the indications of the times in regard to our present unhappy differences. Our dissensions are growing more and more violent, and disunion itself is threatened—nay, is impending.

If I am asked what is the provocation to all this, I answer the election of Abraham Lincoln, a Black Republican, to the Presidency. This is the particular reason assigned in the South for these hostile demonstrations. Now, gentlemen, I regret the election of Mr. Lincoln as much as any man in America—nay, more, I deplore his election as a great national calamity, and did all I could to avert it from the country—to pass this bitter cup from our lips. I labored zealously, diligently, and with all the energy I possessed to prevent it. I opposed Mr. L., all the same time, and he and his friends and relatives opposed my re-election to Congress perhaps with no more zeal than I opposed him, but certainly with much less scruple. Nevertheless, I cannot agree that his election is sufficient cause for breaking up the government. On the contrary, I deny that it is. Having been elected by the verdict of the people, according to the forms of the Constitution and laws, it is our duty to acquiesce in his election; if not respect to him, in respect for the people and Constitution itself. Check-mated as he is now by the Senate, and as he will be by the next House of Representatives, he can do no serious harm, even if so disposed. And the fear of impeachment or the consequences of an aggression by him, on the rights of any section, would restrain, even if he possessed the power and disposition to do wrong.

To-day, thousands and tens of thousands of Republicans are undecided in regard to the nature and tendency of their political doctrines. In view of current manifestations, they have discovered that their leaders cannot be enforced consistently with the peace of the country. They are ready to admit that the government cannot be, and out not to be administered on a sectional platform. With this change of Northern sentiment, let the South make a distinct issue of a repeal of those laws in the North nullifying the fugitive slave law; let her make this issue, and I will give my head for a football if the conservative men in the North do not either force the Republican party to repeal those obnoxious unconstitutional laws, or otherwise wrest from that party the power which will enable the conservative men to do it. And in effecting this repeal, a revolution of public sentiment in the North in regard to the rights and relations of the States will have been necessarily effected, which will be another great end.

As for myself, I am a Union man, and the Democracy of the Northwest are all Union men. We are for the Union, because we regard it as a sure means of continuing the career of prosperity which has hitherto distinguished us as a nation above any other people. We are for the Union, too, in the fulfillment of the mission assigned to the Northwest by the far-seeing Jefferson, who said that the interest and the disposition of the people of the Northwest would be to preserve the Union and to restrain the excesses of the older sections as means of doing so; that in respect their function would be that of a balance wheel in the machinery of the federal system.

The Northwest cannot afford to submit to disunion. What, in that event, would become of the jurisdiction of the main Mississippi, of the Gulf of Mexico, of the Eastern Atlantic sea-ports? What would become of all these? Will the young giant, the Great Northwest, submit to be cut off from the Gulf of Mexico, by remaining with the North?—or will she submit to be cut off from the Gulf of Mexico, by remaining with the North?—or will she submit to be cut off from the eastern Atlantic sea-ports by adhering to the South? Never! [Great applause.]

And what, too, will become of this proud and opulent city in the event of disunion? Is it to become a howling waste, like Balbec or Palmyra? Are the people here to become beggared by the consequence of disunion? Are the laboring men of this city to be driven from it to find employment as the consequence of such a cause [Cries of "No! no!"] I trust not.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me say, to mankind and the cause of human progress, more than all the people now in it. In other words, it would be better for the human race that we should all be found dead in the morning, than that this great, free government should cease to exist.—This is my estimate of the value of this Union.

A Beautiful Idea.

Away among the Alleghenies there is a spring so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches out a thousand miles, leaving on its banks a hundred villages and cities, and many a cultivated farm, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hands to Heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a river—rivulet—an ocean—boundless and fathomless as eternity.—Southern Illinois.

Some days since we chanced to be in company with several eminent divines, who were relating numerous amusing anecdotes of the pulpit. Among others, the following struck our fancy as deserving of record:

"I was," said the reverend gentleman, attending divine service in Norfolk, several years ago, during a season of some excitement. While the officiating clergyman was in the midst of a most interesting discussion, an old lady in the congregation arose clapped her hands, and exclaimed—

"Merciful Father, if I had one more feather in my wing of faith, I would fly off to glory!"

The worthy man thus interrupted, replied:

"Good Lord, stick it in, and let her go, she's but a trouble here."

That quieted her.

As a weary traveler was wending his way through the mud in a far west region of the country, he discovered a young maiden seated in the door of a small log house. He rode up in front of the house, and asked the girl for a drink of water; he drank it, and she being the first woman he had seen for several days, offered her a dime for a kiss. The young maiden accepted the offer and received both the kiss and the dime.

The traveler was about to resume his journey but the maid never having seen a dime before, asked—

"You may use it in any way you wish," he replied, "It is yours."

"If that's the case I'll give you back the dime and take another kiss." Will some one show us that road?

An unprincipled young Yankee peddler made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The wants of means to set up a retail store." They parted and the widow sent the peddler a check for ample means. When they met again the peddler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have another wife," cried the notion dealer.

A GENTLEMAN discharged his coachman for overturning him in his carriage, on the road from a dinner party. The man, the next morning craved pardon, by acknowledging his fault. "I had certainly drunk too much, sir," said he, "but I was not very drunk; and gentlemen, you know sometimes get drunk."

"Why," replied the master, "I don't say you were very drunk for a gentleman, but you were infernally drunk for a coachman; so get about your business."

A FELLOW on a race course was staggering about with more liquor than he could well carry.

"Hallo! what is the matter now?" said a chap whom the inebriated individual had just run against.

"Why—hic—why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been betting liquor on the race to-day, and they have got me to hold the stakes."

It is not by books alone, chiefly, that one becomes in all points a man. Study to do faithfully every duty that comes in your way. Stand to your post; silently devour the chagrins of life; love justice; control yourself; swear not from truth or right; be a man of rectitude, decision, conscientiousness: one that fears and obeys God, and exercises benevolence to all; and in all this you shall possess true manliness.

The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer: "This is the last will and testament of me John Thomas—I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N. B.—If anybody kicks up a row or makes a fuss about it he isn't to have anything. Signed by me, John Thomas."

BRODER was called and informed that the census taker wished to see her. The census taker is it? Be gorry it is meself that came a thousand leagues across the wather to Ameriky to have me senses taken from me? Howly Vargin! protect a poor woman who has never a sense to spare!

An old Dutchman who, some years ago, was elected a member of the Legislature, said, in his broken English style, "Ven I went to the Legislature I tought I would find dem all Solomon dem; but I soon found dem vas some as pick fools dere as I vas."

The celebrated wit, Douglas Jerrold, once said: "The women are all alike. When they are made they are mild as milk, once they are married, and they lean their backs against the marriage certificate and defy you."

Is olden times women were prevented from marrying until they had spun a set of bed furniture, and hence they were called spinsters until they were married.—Now-a-days they spin street yarn.

ITEMS.

BOLD and shameless men are masters of half the world.

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it.

The love that has nothing but beauty to sustain it soon withers and dies.

A MAN may be called poverty stricken when he is knocked down by a beggar.

Men are often deserted in adversity.—When the sun sets our shadows refuse to follow us.

The greatest coward may avoid shaking in his boots by wearing shoes or going barefooted.

"These women are very troublesome," as the hog remarked when the lady ran against him.

A man excused himself for marrying by saying that his friends said he drank too much for a single man.

"Sir, you have broken your promise."

"Oh never mind, I can make another just as good."

"Will you marry me, Miss?" "No, indeed, you are too funny for my taste; I can take a jest, but not a jester."

More than one thousand years ago the Chinese built suspension bridges of more than four hundred feet span.

The South Carolina Railroad has turned off of two hundred men for want of the means to keep them employed.

We are often more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts than by those who break into our houses.

The events of to-day have more interest for us than those of yesterday. So men are fast giving up books for newspapers.

SENeca says that love is a disease. It seems sometimes, to be a combination of influenza—an affection of the heart and inflammation of the brain.

The darkest scene we ever saw was a darkey in a dark cellar, with an extinguished candle, looking after a black cat that wasn't there.

PAT O'FLAHERTY said that his wife was very ungrateful, for when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she is covered with 'em."

A MAN went to a judge to be qualified for an office. The judge said, "Hold up your hand, I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

"My lad," said a lady to a boy carrying the mail, give you the mail boy?" "You doesn't think I'm a female boy, does ye ma'am?"

Those who would enjoy good eating should keep good natured; an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrella.

He who writes against the abuses of the age in which he lives, must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread and the malice of many for his fame.

Miss ALICE YELL cowhided Mr. Lay, of Camden, for promising to marry her and not performing it. "As he wouldn't make her Lay she made him Yell."

A DRUNKEN man lately tried to get a policeman to arrest his own shadow. His complaint was, that an ill-looking scoundrel kept following him.

A YOUNG lady down East advertises for the young man that "embraced an opportunity," and says if he will come over to their town he can do better.

A MAN'S reputation often depends on the place where he falls asleep. If in a drinking saloon, he is thought a drunkard; if in church, he is regarded as a model of piety.

It is said of the French ladies that their fondness for effect runs to such excess, that widows who have lost their husbands practise attitudes of despair before the mirror.

A Republican, editor tried for libel, got off by proving he was so notorious a liar that nobody believed anything he said, and therefore no injury was done to the plaintiff.

AN exchange paper gives the following advice for the times: "Give up, imperpetually to church—love all the pretty girls—marry one of them—live like a man and die like a Christian."

"PATRICK," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge, are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, that is difficult for your honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

AN Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand, and his eyes and placed it before his face. Another asked him why he did so? "Upon my soul," said Tengu, "it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

A FRIEND of our was congratulating himself upon having taken a very pleasant trip. Upon inquiry, we learned that he had tripped and fallen into a young lady's lap.

"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss! I'll flog you for an hour, I will."—"Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing!"

"It seems," observed one dandy to another, at a party, "that they give no supper to-night." To which the other replied, "Then I stop my expenses," and coolly took off his new pair of gloves.

Good men are human suns! they brighten and warm wherever they pass. They are not often sung by poets when they die; but the hearts they heal and their own conscience are their reward.

A DROVE of hogs were recently carried in the air some twenty feet, by the blowing up of a steamboat on the Mississippi, which produced quite a rise in pork.

BEAUTIFUL is the love, and sweet the kiss of a sister; but when you haven't a sister handy, try a cousin—or any other lady, so she is young and pretty—'tisn't much difference.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN is said to walk several miles per day, after the English fashion, she is frequently seen performing those health-giving pedestrian feats. We hope she may find many imitators among her sex.

A Capital Story.

ADVENTURE OF AN ORPHAN BOY.
A Tale of Love and Politics.

Toward the latter part of the summer of 1840, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G— situated on the foot of Seneca Lake, New York, near the centre of the State. He had travelled from the Western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly made countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land, in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1836.

Being an only son, and left among strangers after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio and remove to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer. He had passed through several towns and villages on his route, without meeting with anything to attract his attention, until reaching G—. This fine town, with its lovely lake and fine scenery, struck his fancy; so he determined to obtain employment if possible and make it his future home.

While walking along the principal street of the shady avenue overlooking the lake, on which were located several fine churches and other public buildings, he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot, he found it was a political meeting, held for the purpose of raising the pole and making party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes," with names of their candidates to the top of the flag staff. The flag had barely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cool twilight and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were turned to the half masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, who were grouped a little in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their opponents.

A Capital Story.

Love your Enemies.

Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff; weary with age and travail, coming toward him who was a hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down— but observing that the old man ate and prayed not nor asked for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only and acknowledged no other god.— At this answer Abraham grew so zealous angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and in an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee a good supper, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down— but observing that the old man ate and prayed not nor asked for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only and acknowledged no other god.— At this answer Abraham grew so zealous angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and in an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee." 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