The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.] MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1861. [NEW SERIES—VOL. 23—NO. 5.

Business Directory.

WM. REED. L. R. 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. P. ALBAN,

DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio, Artificial Teeth inserted, from one to an entire set, on gold, silver or vulcanite base. All operations skilfully performed. Satisfaction warranted.
☞Rooms in the Ellison House. n41.

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. n41.

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. T. G. V. BOLING.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office on Main street,—formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine. n20tf

T. M'. EBRIGHT, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon,

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. H. 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

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

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.
J. W. VORHES, *Secretary*

J. B. RUSSELL.

NOTARY PUBLIC, Saltcreek Township, Holmes County, Ohio, will acknowledge deeds, take depositions, and do all other business pertaining to his office. n47m6.

BAKER & WHOLF,
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS 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.

WEIKER & STEINBACHER, Akron O. | DUEL & TAYLOR, Akron O.

E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
ALT, 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.

PAINTING & GLAZING

THE undersigned is ready to do any thing in the line of
House, Sign, Ornamental, Buggy and Waggon Painting.
I will be found, when not elsewhere employed, at my shop over Wireman's Carriage Shop.
Millersburg, May 24, 1860. A. J. STIEFLER.

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.

J. EBERHARDTS,
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 too that will astonish the natives.
J. EBERHARDT.
Shop on Jackson street.
April 26, 1860.

NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP!

ONE door west from J. Mulvane's store, in the room formerly occupied as Post Offic, 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 Allegheniee
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 agent, a lot of BOOTS AND SHOES both home made and eastern, which, preparatory to laying in fall stock he will sell on such terms,
AS YOU CAN'T HELP BUT BUY!
at try himence and call soon
June 26, 1860.—n20tf. E. H. HULL.

Poetry.

From the Waverly Magazine.

IS THERE A HEART THAT NEVER LOVED.

Is there a heart that never loved
A blushing cheek or beaming eye?
A soul that never has been moved
By ringing mirth or tell-tale sigh?

Is there a heart that never felt
Love's aching pangs or joys divine?
Is there a form that has not knelt
To worship at some cherished shrine?

Is there an ear that never caught
A tone that could some joy impart,
Or with a chilling coldness fraught,
Fall heavy on a trusting heart?

And! there is, in some secret cell
Of every proud and heaving breast,
A tale that memory loves to tell
In spite of every stern behest.

All, all have loved—'tis Nature's due;
All, all must feel its joy or pain;
And they are blessed who never knew
What 'tis to love, alas! in vain.

Miscellaneous.

A Beautiful Young Lady in a Peculiarly Perplexing Predicament--Disadvantage of a Fashionable Apparel at Church.

A few Sundays ago (says the Richmond *Whig*) a modest young man of our acquaintance attended the morning service in one of our fashionable churches. He was kindly shown into a luxuriantly cushioned pew, and had hardly settled himself and taken an observation of his neighbors, before a beautiful young lady entered, and with a graceful wave of the hand preventing our friend from rising and giving her his place, quietly sunk into a seat near the end. When a hymn was given out, she skillfully found the page, and with a sweet smile that set his heart thumping, handed her neighbor the book. The minister raised his hands in prayer, and the fair girl knelt, and in this posture perplexed our friend to know which most to admire, her beauty or her devoutness. Presently the prayer was concluded, and the congregation resumed their seats. Our friend respectfully raised his eyes from the fair form he had been so earnestly scanning, lest when she should look up, she would detect him staring at her. After a couple of seconds he darted a fugitive glance at his charmer, and was astonished to see her still on her knees; he looked closely and saw that she was deeply affected, trembling in violent agitation, no doubt, from the eloquent power of the preacher. Deeply sympathizing, he watched her closely.

Her emotion became more violent.—Reaching her hand behind her, she would convulsively grasp her clothing, and strain, as it were, to rend the brilliant fabric of her dress. The sight was exceedingly painful to behold, but he still gazed, like one entranced, with wonder and astonishment. After a minute, the lady raised her face, heretofore concealed in the cushion, and, with her hand, made an unmistakable beckon to her friend.—He quickly moved along the pew toward her, and inclined his ear, as she evidently wished to say something.

"Please help me, sir," she whispered, "my dress is caught, and I can't get up."

A brief examination revealed the cause of the difficulty. The fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling on both knees, these heels of course stuck out at right angles, and in this position the highest hoop of her new-fangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled the tighter she was bound; so she was constrained to call for help.—This was immediately, if not scientifically, rendered; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined herself upon the back of the front pew, thinking, no doubt, that she was not in *praying costume.*

Postmaster's Fees.

From remarks which we frequently hear as to the pecuniary value to the incumbents of our largest Post Offices, it is evident that the subject is about as little understood as any other connected with post office matters. For instance, quite an intelligent merchant recently insisted, in our hearing, that the New York post office was worth "all the way from $6,000 to $15,000 per annum to the postmaster." The facts are simply these: This matter of compensation of postmasters is entirely regulated and controlled by law. All offices where the commissions amount to $2,000 and upward, are designated as salary offices, $2,000 being the maximum pay allowed from that source, and an additional $2,000 to be taken out of the receipts for box rents—making $4,000 the highest compensation to any postmaster. A larger sum than this cannot be realized without rasorting to acts made criminal and fellonious by laws of Congress, and punishable by the severest penalties. Even were a postmaster inclined to take the risk of such penalties, as well as the ruin of private and official character, such are the checks and restraints now enforced, that the "pickings and stealings" which many outsiders so flippantly talk about, are entirely out of the question. And if it were not so, the indulgence in such practices would involve perjury, as a postmaster is required to make oath that he has kept nothing from the Government in the way of fees or emoluments of any kind, to which he is only legally entitled. It will thus be seen that the New York Post Office, with its 288 clerks, 117 penny-posts, $1,000,000 annual revenue collected, and its $150,000 bonds, under an honest administration of its duties cannot be made to net much, if any, more than some other offices, with perhaps a dozen clerks, a few thousand collections, and required sureties of one-fifth the amount. We intend soon to prepare a statement of the emoluments received annually at the large Post Offices, in the several States.—(*Holbrook's Mail.*

LET the bent of thy thoughts be to mend thyself rather than the world.

The Lost Inheritance.

The train from Paris to Lyons stopped at the station of Joigny, a town upon the route; and after leaving a few passengers, again went on. The station, for a moment crowded with railway porters and lookers on, was soon deserted by all but two individuals. One of them was an old man, dressed in the garb of a well to-do farmer; the other a youth of five-and-twenty, who seemed to be waiting for some one to come and meet him. To this person the old man presently addressed himself:

"May I presume, sir," said he, "to inquire if you are Clement B?"

"Yes, my good man," replied the youth with a haughtiness of manner, "and I have no doubt yon are Mr. Martin."

"At your service, sir," replied the other.

"Well, Mr. Martin," continued Clement, in the same tone, "I began to imagine you intended to keep me waiting. That would not have been the best manner to have insinuated yourself in my good graces."

The old man, instead of replying, let his head fall upon his breast as if in deep affliction; and conducted the new comer toward a large, old-fashioned carriage, to which a very rough-looking horse was harnessed.

"Here is your carriage, sir," said Mr. Martin, "if you will be good enough to get in, I will have the honor of conducting you to the Hermitage."

"That my carriage, sir?" cried Clement. "Why I shall be taken for a traveling pedlar."

But a few days before, Mr. Clement B., who now put on so many fine airs, was a simple clerk in a crockery ware-house in Paris, and possessed the reputation of being a quiet, unpretending little fellow.—What then had brought about this sudden and radical transformation? He had become, since the previous day, a rich man, and it may be well understood that the possessor of an income of twenty thousand francs a year finds it difficult to retain the modest demeanor of a poor clerk. On the previous day, while dusting the large piles of crockery under his charge, a letter arrived for him by the post, conveying to him the startling intelligence that one of his uncles, of whom he had often heard as an eccentric and very wealthy old man, but whom he had never seen, had just died at his residence in Burgundy, leaving his nephew, Clement, sole heir to his estates, to the exclusion of many other heirs.

The letter was from a notary in the province, who desired him to leave Paris immediately for Joigny, the town near which his uncle had resided, where he would be met by Mr. Martin, an old confidential servant of the deceased, and conducted from the railroad to the "Hermitage," the name which the deceased had given to the estate.

Almost driven out of his senses by such an unexpected stroke of fortune, Clement hastened to obey the notary's directions, and, on his arrival at Joigny, joined Martin, as we have seen.

On jolted the queer vehicle, in which our hero had so contemptuously taken a place, until, after a ride of several miles, the occupants arrived at their destination. Martin offered the honors of the Hermitage to the new proprietor, called all the servants, and introduced them to their future master, and then conducted the latter to his own apartment.

"This was the sleeping chamber of your uncle," said Martin as they entered a large apartment, furnished in old fashioned style. "It was in this room that he died ten days ago."

But the nephew, instead of evincing any emotion upon being shown the chamber of his benefactor, threw upon him a look of scorn, and cried: "Upon my word, I can't say I think much of the old boy's taste! I never saw any thing so very ugly in all my life."

"Notwithstanding sir," replied Martin, "it is the best we have here; and, if yon cannot content yourself, I really don't know where you will find other lodgings."

"I live here!" exclaimed the young man. "You do not imagine I am such a donkey, I hope! For us young fellows do you see, Paris is the only place; so I shall sell this old crazy rookery at once, and then be off."

"Sell the Hermitage!" exclaimed Martin, "your uncle's favorite place of residence! Impossible! And we servants, who hoped to end our days under this roof, what is to become of us?"

"Mr. Martin," retorted the young man, "let me have none of your complaints, I beg. Get me some dinner, and afterwards you will drive me to the notary's."

After having eaten a hearty meal, notwithstanding he found the meats insiped and the wine sour, the legatee, still accompanied by Martin, re-entered the carriage, and the two started off.

"If I am not mistaken," observed Mr. Clement, after an hour's ride, "we passed this spot this morning; and that," pointing to a building, "is the railroad station. Do we take the train there?"

"You alone, will do so," responded his companion, speaking very gravely, and in a manner which caused the young man to tremble in spite of himself. "I, sir, am your uncle and happily am not dead! Having heard good accounts of your conduct, I had resolved to make you heir of all I possess; but, before doing so, I wished to ascertain if you were really deserving of my generosity, and I had recourse to stratagem which thoroughly exposed your character to me. Good bye, Mr. Clement, return to your business, and remember that your arrogance and ingratitude have lost you that which will never again be placed within your reach."

PARSON A. belonged to a temperance society, all the members of which were total abstinence men. One of his friends had strange misgivings of the minister's cold water propensities. "Pray, Mr. A.," said he; "what is meant by total abstinence?" "Why," answered the shrewd clergyman, with a sly leer, "it means not to drink so fast as to choke yourself."

SPEAK low, ladies; and yet always endeavor to be high-toned women.

The Oil-Wells of Virginia---Extraordinary Yields.

The recent discoveries of oil in Western Virginia have already exceeded in extent those made in Pennsylvania. From an article in a late number of the Parkersburgh *News*, noticing the various discoveries made in Kenhawa Valley, we make the following extracts:

Some time during last summer, Messrs J. C. and J. V. Rathbone each commenced boring on their contiguous farms.—We have heretofore noted the yield of one of these wells, but for the information of our many new subscribers, again insert the facts in reference to it. The well belonging to Mr. J. C. Rathbone gave promise to a great yield while in process of boring. Upon putting in the pump, and getting fairly to work, it was found to yield *from two hundred and fifty to three hundred barrels of oil in twenty-four hours.*

This immense product, far surpassing that of any other well in existence, was soon noised abroad by a notice in these columns, which was copied in other papers, and attracted to the spot numbers from a distance. Leases were shortly in demand, which steadily and rapidly increased, notwithstanding the corresponding increase in terms until now a perfect oil mania rages, and oil privileges cannot be "signed, sealed and delivered" fast enough to satisty those desiring them.

Of these latter enterprises but few have progressed to completion, though hundreds, perhaps, are now boring or preparing to do so. Up to the date of writing this article, we have information of but three wells which are yet tubed or pumping, though the oil is pouring or spouting from them in immense quantities.

One of these wells, owned by Messrs. G. D. & J. N. Camden, J. J. Jr. & J. M. Jackson, and B. W. Byrne, "struck oil" two or three weeks since, at which time there issued from it an immense body of pure oil, which was thrown in a compact mass forty or fifty feet high for a time beyond all control. There have been gathered from this 'oil spoutt" during the past two weeks, about seventeen hundred barrels of oil, besides a large amount which was wasted, and notwithstanding it had been stopped up a great portion of the time. The depth of this well is one hundred and thirty-nine feet.

The well af Messrs. Weir & Darnell, which is one hundred and fifteen feet deep and from which the oil is thrown in a similar manner to the one spoken of above also yields, when allowed to flow, about a barrel per minute. On the first day of its opening about four or five hundred barrels of oil were secured, since which time in consequente of the scarcity of barrels, it has been kept closed most of the time.

Messrs. Lewellyn & Wilson also have a well from which the yield is perfectly tremendous. A hole eight or ten feet deep was dug in the ground around the mouth of the well, and into it the oil was allowed to flow from the conductor, which it did without spouting, and in a quiet, orderly way. Boards were placed over this pit and as many barrels as could conveniently be made room for set on them. Fifteen hands were then employed, some in taking out and replacing bungs, others in replacing and removing barrels, while five men were busily engaged in dipping up the pure fluid in buckets and pouring it through large box funnels into the barrels. In this way *four hundred barrels were filled in ten hours.* During this period the well was stopped up half the time, in consequence of the inability of the hands to secure the oil as fast as it flowed, and even when running a large iron plunger two inches in diameter was kept in the well. Had this been taken out, the yield of oil from this single well must have been full a hundred barrels an hour.

Incredible as these statements must appear, they are nothing but facts. Other wells will probably be finished and pumping in a few days.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR DIPTHERIA.—The following remedy for this distressing disease is said to have been tried in Maine with great success:

"Make two small bags that will reach from ear to ear, and fill them with ashes and salt; dip them in hot water, and wring them out so they will not drip, and apply them to the throat; cover up the whole with a flannel cloth, and change them as often as they become cool, until the throat becomes irritated, near blistering. For children it is necessary to put flannel cloths between the ashes and the throat, to prevent blistering. When the ashes have been in sufficient time, take a wet flannel cloth, and rub it with Castile soap until it is covered with a thick lather; dip it in hot water and apply it to the throat, and change as they cool; at the same time use a gargle made of one teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, one of salt, one of molasses, in a teacupful of hot water, and, when cool, add one-fourth as much cider-vinegar, and gargle everp fifteen minutes, until the patient requires sleep. A gargle made of Castile soap is good to be used a part of the time."

How to Propose.

A few nights back a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself, he would do it in a colected and business like manner.

"For instance," he continued, addressing himself to a lady present, "I would say—Miss S., I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in receipt of a thousand pounds a year from my business, which is daily on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most. Indeed, I love you, and would gladly make you my wife."

"You flatter me by your preference," good humoredly replied Miss S., to the surprise of all present. "I refer you to my father."

The lady and gentleman, good reader, were married soon after. Wasn't that a modest way of "coming to the point?"

Where Yankee Doodle Came From.

B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, writes as follows in regard to Yankee Doodle:

We have heard a traveler tell, when he was floating down some lazy river in the "drowsy East," how Yankee Doodle, inaccurately whistled by a boatman who had been all over the world, took him back home in a moment, as neither "Hail Columbia" or the "Star Spangled Banner" could; took him back home, and set him down on the orchard fence, under the lee of the old cider-mill, with a knife in one hand and a pine stick in the other, morning light on his brow and hope in his heart. And we believe the story; for, without sentiment or sweetness, or in anything we most esteem in music, there is something in the merry warble of Yankee Doodle that will charm out of its hiding the least lurking atom of Yankee spirit.

And yet, after all, this idle little tune, that is whistled around New England homes, as common as the winds, is a veritable Don, and came from Spain, where they dance such a solemn thing as a minuet, made, as we are credibly informed, of a coupee, a high step, and a balance; Spain, where everything is so lofty and sonorous. We are sure Yankee Doodle must have moved a little merrier since it came to America.

Open the Atlas to the map of Spain, and glance along the northern border, until you come to St. Sebastian, one of the keys of the kingdom, on the Bay of Biscay. Back of the indented coast bristle, like lines of bayonets, the serried ranks of the Pyrenese. Now in all those valleys and among those mountains, from Folosa the capitol of Guipuzcoa, many a league, to Oviedo, the capital of Austrias, the people sing our Yankee Doodle!—They have nothing to say, to be sure, of the "dandy," nor the difficulty there was in seeing the town, "there were so many houses," for the words they sing are Basque, but the music is as Yankee as 'I—guess."

Go into the Plaza of St. Sebastian, on market days, as the American Vice-Consul at that port declares, when it is thronged with girls and women from all the regions round about, and you shall hear sung and hummed, and whistled, our own veritable Yankee Doodle. Accost one after another, no matter whence they hail, from Irun or Tolosa, or Oduna, or Vetgara, and they all smile at your question, and all know Yankee Doodle. It is evidently a mountain air of the Pyrenese, and a household tune.

We have no knowledge that the royal bands of the Castilian Court ever play it, or that it is the fashion in Cadiz or Toledo, but it is certainly quite at home along the Bay of Biscay. Some British tar, maybe, caught the air as he went ashore on a market day, carried it aboard, trolled it over in the dog-watch, it proved contagious, and so he and his shipmates carried it to England; from the forecastle it went landward to the garrison; thence on its upward way, from the Spanish peasants of the Pyrenese, to the scarlet and gold-laced gentry of the officers' quarters.

The rest of the journey is easily traced; it crossed the Atlantic in a soldier's head and he launched it at the absurd fellows that worked at hedging and ditching, not a great way from Boston, on a hot night in June, a number of years ago. It was a ridiculous tune to put a ridiculous people to; it was a good joke, and he perpetrated it, and the Yankees knew how to take it. It proved to be worth as much to them as a shipment of trusty blades from Toledo.

The New-Born and the Dead.

Lavater, in his "Physiognomy," makes the following curious remarks: "I have had accasion to observe some infants immediately on their birth, and have found an astonishing resemblance between their profile and that of their father. A few days after, the resemblance almost entirely disappeared; the natural influence of the air and food, and probably the change of pasture, had so altered the design of the face, that you could have believed it a different individual. I afterwards saw two of these children die, the one at six weeks, and the other at four years of age—and about twelve hours after the death, they completely recovered the profile which had struck me so much at their birth; only the profile of the dead child was, as might be expected, more strongly marked and more terse than that of the living. The third day the resemblance began to disappear. I knew a man of fifty years, and another of seventy, both of whom, when alive, appeared to have no manner of resemblance to their children, and whose physiognomies belonged, if I may so express myself, to a totally different class. Two days after their death the profile of one became perfectly conformed to that of his eldest son, and the image of the other might be traced in the third of his sons. The likeness was quite as distinctly marked as that of the children, who, immediately after their death, brought to my recollection the physiognomies which they had at their birth.

Slander.

Yes, you pass it along, whether you believe it or not. You don't believe one-sided whispers against the character of another, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report, and pass it on the current. Strange creatures are mankind. How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder.—How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint; how many chaste blossoms have been rung with grief at a single nod. How many graves have been dug by false report.—Yet you will keep it above the water by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Lisp not a word that may injure the character of another. Be determined to listen to no slander, that as far as you are concerned, it may die. But tell it once and it may go on as the wing of the wind, increasing with each breath till it is circulated through the State, and has brought to the grave one who might have been a blessing to the world.

Extraordinary Miracles----Appearance of a Saint in Mexico.

The Corpus Christi (Texas) *Ranchero* of January 12 has the following singular statement:

Great excitement exists at the present time among the Mexicans in Western Texas, and, indeed, among many Americans, occasioned by a report that a Saint has mysteriously appeared in Mexico, at some point near Camargo, who possesses the power to feed thousands of people with two or three *tortillas*, (little cakes,) each getting all he can eat; cures all diseases flesh is heir to; restores sight to the blind; in fact, performs all kinds of miracles. No one can tell his name or where he came from. He says that he will be killed in Mexico, and requests that his murderer may not be punished. He claims he is sent on an especial mission to the Mexican people, and that he shall perform many wonderful things and make many disclosures before he closes his career. Apparently but sixteen or seventeen years of age, he has a great beard of patriarchal length; and as an evidence that he is no imposter, it is reported that Gan. Vidaurri had him cleanly shaved, and then told him if he was really a man of God, as he professed, to cause his beard to reappear upon his face. The Saint requested his interrogator to turn his back for a few moments, which he did, and after making a prayer and going through some mysterious ceremony, presto! his face was covered with beard the same as before.

Thus the story goes, and if not true, certain it is that the Mexicans of this and adjoining counties are swarming thither in large numbers, and some Americans are preparing to go.

Thirty Hours with a Skunk.

The Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle of the 19th of January relates the following story:

While G. Atzel was on a prospecting tour last week, in the neighborhood of Garland's ranch, on "Old [illegible] Gulch," he observed a [illegible] approaching it, he heard a noise as of [illegible]ers working within, and proceeded to pay them a visit. When he had [illegible] through the dense darkness [illegible] and fifty feet, all at once his feet gave way, and he was precipitated to the bottom of a shaft thirty-five feet deep, breaking two of his ribs and otherwise injuring him. On recovering his senses he found he had a companion; a large California skunk had met with a like misfortune, apparently some ten days before.—His skunkship had become desperate, through hunger, thirst and confinement, and attacked him with all the ferocity of a tiger, bit him severely on the face and hands, he being too feeble to protect himself. In this condition he remained some thirty hours, when luckily, two miners passed that way, heard his faint cries, and rescued him from his perilous situation, made doubly so from the fact that this tunnel is situated in a very lonely, obscure place, no one scarcely ever passing, except Mr. Garland, in the spring time, viewing his fence. Mr. Atzel said he thought his case a hopeless one, at first, but after praying two hours he took courage and commenced hallooing and fighting the skunk, which he kept up to the moment of his rescue.

Jackson on the Union.

By the Eternal the Union must be preserved.—Jackson.

How it must be preserved he tells us in his farewell address, which every man should read and re-read until he commits it to memory.

We publish the following brief extract from it:

☞ "But the Constitution cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved, in opposition to public feeling, by the mere exercise of the *Coercive* powers confided to the Government.

The foundation must be laid in the affections of the people, in the security it gives to life, liberty, character and property; in every part of the country, and in the fraternal attachments which the citizens of the several States bear to one another, as members of one political family, mutually contributing to promote the happiness of each other."

Revolting News from Africa.

In spite of the efforts of the English Government to prevent it, the grand 'custom' of Badahnng, King of Dahomey in memory of the death of his father, has at last taken place. The number of persons slain is variously estimated at from 2,000 to 7,000; and a writer who was present by compulsion says the "blood swept past him like a flood into a vast reservoir. Another speaking of the butchery says, "It made me quite sick, and at the same time I felt stunned. The poor wretches met death with perfect indifferece." The British Government has sent a Consul with power to 'treat' for the abolition of this barbarity, but persons acquainted with the natives say that the only available remedy is to 'squelch' the King, and by dealing fairly with the natives let the 'custom die out—or, in other words, it is proposed that the English should at once subjugate the kingdom.'

TATTLERS.—Don't you feel a little ashamed, you mean, sneaking creature, whoever you are, going around and telling what you hear people say,—meddling with every body's business, and making mischief generally. Do you want to know our opinion of you. We think you don't deserve a place upon the earth, for there is no spot bad enough for you. We don't despise a right down mean person half so much as we do these contemptible, mean decent folks; for the reason that we always know just what to expect of the former, while of the latter we are only looking for decent actions and then, in the end, get so terribly took in. Yes, we should think you respectable tattlers would want to crawl in a not hole, every one of you, and then pull the hole in after you.

IF a man cheats you once, blame him; it a second time, blame yourself.

The Last Drink.

Dan James has got a wife—an accomplished and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly, but she finds too many bricks in his hat. One night he came home tight, and was not very much astonished, but rather frightened to find his worthy lady sitting up for him. She always does She smiled when he came in. That she always does.

"You staid out so late," she said, "that I feared you had taken sick."

"Hic—ain't sick wife, ah-but don't you think I'm a little tight?"

"A very little, perhaps, my dear, but that is nothing—you have so many friends you say, you must join them in a glass, once in a while.

"Wife you are too good—the truth is I am drunk!"

"Oh, no indeed my dear—I'm sure even another glass wouldn't hurt you.—Now, suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with me, just as a night-cap, my dear."

"You are too kind by half, my dear; I know I'm drunk."

"Oh, no, only a julep too much, love, that is all. We'll take a glass of ale at any rate, it can't hurt you, dear. I want one myself before I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle and as she placed two tumblers before her on the side board she put into one a powerful emetic. Filling the glass with the foaming ale, she handed it with a most bewitching smile to her husband. Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind. She had never been so kind to him before when he was drunk. He looked at the glass, raised it to his lips—then hesitated.

"Dear, won't you just taste mine to make it sweeter?"

"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking a mouthful which she was careful not to swallow.

[illegible] vanished and so did the ale, [illegible] down the throat of the [illegible]. After spitting out the [illegible] finished her glass but [illegible]rry to retire. She fixed [illegible]ater before the easy chair [illegible]usband was curious to [illegible] A few minutes after [illegible] plunge from the throat of [illegible] gave the answer.

[illegible] was gone when he rose from [illegible] easy chair, and he never after carried one home to his wife.

The Number Seven.

On the 7th month a holy observation was ordained to the children of Israel, who feasted 7 days and remained 7 days in tents; the 7th year was directed to be a Sabbath of rest for all things, and at the end of 7 times 7 years commenced the grand jubilee; every 7th year the land lay fallow; every 7th year there was a grand release from all debts, and bondsmen were set free. From this law might have originated the custom of binding young men to seven year's apprenticeship, and of punishing incorrigible offenders by transportation for 7, twice 7, or three times 7 years. Anciently a child was not named before 7 days, not being accounted fully to have life before that periodical day. The teeth spring out in the 7th month, and are shed in the 7th year, when infancy is changed into childhood. At thrice 7 years the faculties are developed, manhood commences, and men become legally competent to all civil acts; at four times 7 a man is in full possession of his strength; at five times 7 he is fit for the business of the world; at six times 7 he becomes graver and wiser, or never; at seven times 7 he is in his agogee and from that time decays; at eight times 7 he is in his first climacteric; at nine times 7, or 63, he is in his grand climacteric, or [illegible] danger; and ten times 7, or three [illegible] and ten, was by the Royal [illegible] pronounced the period of life.

Not Deep Enough for Praying.

We heard, a night or two since, a tolerable good story of a couple of raftsmen. The event occurred during the big blow on the Mississippi, at which time so many rafts were swamped, and so many steamboats lost their sky-riggings. A raft was just emerging from Lake Pepin as the squall came. In an instant the raft was pitching and writhing as if suddenly dropped into Charybdis, while the waves broke over with tremendous uproar, and expecting instant destruction, the raftsman dropped on his knees and commenced praying with a vim equal to the emergency. Happening to open his eyes an instant, he observed his companion, not engaged in prayer, but pushing a pole into the water at the side of the raft.

"What's that yer doin,' Mike?" said he; "get down on yer knees, now, for there isn't a minit between us and Purgatory!"

"Be aisy, Pat," said the other, as he coolly continued to punch the water with his pole; "be aisy, now! *what's the use of praying when you can touch bottom with a pole?*"

Mike is a pretty good specimen of a large class of Christians, who prefer to omit prayer as long as they can "tech bottom."

MONEY.—Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything resolves itself into cash, from stock-jobbing to building churches. Childhood craves pennies; youth aspires to dimes; manhood is swayed by the mighty dollar. The blacksmith swings the sledge, the lawyer pleads for his client, and the judge decides the question of life or death for his salary. Money makes the man, therefore man must make money, for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles. It buys Brussels carpets, lace curtains, gilden cornices, rich furniture, and builds marble mansions. It gilds the rugged scenes and turmoils are encased in a guilt frame. It bids care vanish, soothes the anguish of the bed of sickness; stops short of nothing save the grim destroyer, whose relentless hand spares none, but levels all mortal distinctions, and teaches poor, weak humanity that it is but dust. Thus wealth pauses on the brink of eternity: the beggar and the millionaire rest side by side beneath the sod.