The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.] MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1861. [NEW SERIES—VOL. 23—NO. 12.

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, three doors west of Weston's Saloon, Jackson Street. n41.

T. G. V. BOLING. J. G. BIGHAM

DRS. BOLING & BIGHAM.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS, 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 Chu-ch. 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

EMPIRE HOUSE.

H. M. LEE, Proprietor, Main Street, Millersburg, Ohio.—n8.

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. YORKES, *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 DALERS IN

SALT, FISH, PLASTER, WHITE & WATER LIME,

PURCHASERS OF

Flour, Wheat. Rye, Corn and oats

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

—ALSO—

UTTER, 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,

ALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c

AND PURCHASERS OF

Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,

SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c., &c.

June 1,1860. M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent, Millersburg, Ohio.

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 under signed 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 agent, a lot of BOOTS AND SHOES both home made and eastern, which, preparatory to laying fall stock he will sell on such terms,

AS YOU CAN'T HELP BUT BUY!

Just try him once and call soo E. H. HULL.

June 26, 1860 —n29tf.

Oil, Oil, Oil, Oil, Oil.

HAVING had considerable experience in the Oil business personally, we are prepared to make all the tools necessary for boring wells and

Pumping Oil.

And our Portable as well as Stationary Engines are decidedly ahead in regard to power or fuel used in obtaining power. We defy competition either in style of Engine or price. We make engines from 2 to 100 horse power for all purposes for which motive power is required.

CHAPMAN, BANETT & CO.,

n6w4 Wooster, Wayne Co., O.

The Bodugger.

THIS wonderful article, just patented, is something entirely new, and never beio e offered to agents who are wanted everywhere. Full particulars sent free Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

y1n4.

Poetry.

From the Zaneville Citizen's Press.

OUR FLAG ON THE MORROW.

Each patriot's heart, when the calm twilight comes,
Is o'ercharged with the weight of deep sorrow,
And he asks of the stars, as they wake one by one,
The fate of our flag on the morrow.
With its tri-colored folds and its heaven of star,
Proudly float on the breeze as they did at last dawning?
Or will it be severed and sundered afar,
And trailed o'er the dews in the blush of the morning?

Will its crimson and azure and heavenly white,
Proud emblems of glory the gods would fain borrow,
Be wrapped in the hue of oblivious night
And float with its gloom the blue heavens to-morrow?
Will its stars dimly fade, one by one thro' the night,
And be lost to the world, save when classical story,
Diving back thro' the past, for the long vanished light,
Exhume these lost stars from the grave of our glory.

Will that blood purchased ensign no more on the blast,
Lead the legions of Freedom to battle for Right,
And to strike down oppression while tyranny lasts,
Or die 'neath that banner's imperial light?
Or say, shall it fall, all unhonored and tattered,
And droop o'er the living who honor no more,
That proud shield of an empire that faction has shattered,
Whose sunlight and freedom and glory are o'er?

Then guard it, 'tis ours; let us guard it together,
Lest the night of distress bring a morning of sorrow,
If its folds are immersed in the blood of a brother,
Then our flag will be lost, without hope, on the morrow.
Let us guard it, and love it, and honor it ever,
And love every freemen beneath its broad folds,
If Fraternity ceases, those stars set forever,
And we open the floodgates of horrors untold.

Miscellaneous.

A UNION DISCOURSE

—BY—

REV. U. J. KNISLEY.

Delivered at the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Millersburg, April 28th, 1861.

"And who knoweth whether thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this?"—ESTHER 4: 13.

The history of Esther was divinely intended to show that no contingencies ever alter the regard of heaven for truth. A number of captive Jews are in the province of a foreign king. Jealousy arouses the heart of a wicked subject of royal favor, and he asks to have his own honor and fame written in the blood of those whose purer religion and better training forbid homage to a mere man. He succeeds before the royal court, and the authoritive edict goes forth that every Hebrew must die. The way to the king's heart is shut up against the eloquence of disinterested sympathy, and no one, without a summons, dares venture the presence of royalty and yet be sure that the golden scepter will indicate favor. Yet amid that people who shone by their obedience to royalty, there was one for "such a time as that," whose gentle power could venture to subdue the infamy "though not according to the law." Need we *say* that it was a *woman* whose fervent affection and gratitude could triumph over this artificial barrier to a generous heart, saying, "I will go, and if I perish, I perish." The result showed the appositeness of poor Mordecai's question: "Who knoweth whether thou hast come into the kingdom for such a time as this?"

We live in perilous times. While it is seldom wise to make an intelligent people apprehensive of more than reality threatens them, it is always a mistake to lull their fears that they may be surprised by the danger they are ill prepared to meet. At this late hour it would be a slur upon the common sense of man, to say we are not in extraordinary and fearful emergencies, and worse than idle to deny the solemn news of each day, or to check the enthusiasm begotten by the righteous fears of a loyal people, when no one within the circumference of the land feels himself competent so to define our regretted liabilities, as to tell where probability on the side of apprehensiveness ceases, and improbability on the side of hope begins. True, it will be said, these circumstances belong to this time. There is, of course, no period but has its peculiar difficulties differing from all others. But while this is so, it is strikingly illustrated in a world's experience, that some seasons by reason of the events that mark them, are worthy to be remembered, if others are ignored, as affording us lessons of much moment and deciding questions the world must have answered at some time. The Reformation was encumbered, perhaps, with nothing that belonged not to it, yet this lessened in no degree the solemn duties of that tempestuous time, and adds no qualification to the interest we feel in its details, except to make us rejoice that the burden of its momentous issues rests not upon the effeminacy of times like this. Heartily do we receive the saying that everything has its day, and this very consideration ought to teach us our duty. Time is but the vast stage which God has builded where individuals, principalities and powers, are compelled, under the gaze of higher intelligences, to exhibit the serious dramas and real comedies illustrating the responsibilities and follies of fallen creatures; the brief space in which man, who errs, must solve those grave enigmas whose answers make up the sum of all destiny; why then should we shrink from considering the problems submitted to us, if every time has but its own questions, and even national difficulties are mere matters of course? But it is not exactly, though nearly the truth. If the whole universe were like the inanimate world, then indeed, however sudden the convulsion, however fearful the calamity; be the revolutions of orbs and secession of volatile bodies never so swift, be the storms of the elements ever so mighty; there is, yet, a grand harmony among the forces that can not sin; the wind-god has really no fratricidal hatred to the mild sunshine which opens the leaves and smiles on the branches that bow to his march; no hostile jealousy when the comet with its adieu of flame, flies from its more constant comrades; but the very facts at which we wonder are the index of the sure unerring laws that govern. Here in this field of observation, no fact is postponed; no fact is premature, no fact is real y anomalous. Here, where there is no responsibility, acts and occurrences determine the design and the law. Not so in the moral world, where free agents act; there there is error, there is hostility, there are anomalies. Man's acts do not always determine the moral law by which he is governed, and do not always show God's holy design, otherwise, sin would be justified as righteousness; countless infamies of the past would enact, against the voice of conscience and the threats of justice, that the strong should oppress the weak, and the weak envy the strong; then the black list of perfidy in store for the revelations of judgment, would affirm, against the heart and hopes of man, that lie, that men are not created equal; while rebellion, usurping the place of gratitude and loyalty, against all the pleas of consecrated dead, would lift hands unwashed of blood to heaven, do sacrifice of equity on the altar of avarice, and legalize treason in the name of God. In the moral world, where sin is possible, there is postponement and remissness, prematurity and wrong. Though then it be true that everything has its day, and every generation has its own questions to decide, that it may add to the wisdom of earth, generations have not always done it. Failing to answer the stern queries of their times, they have sometimes dropped them to increase the fresh burden of the flying future, and, speeding to the things that were, have decided nothing but their own indifference or lack of ability.

But whether or not the times are our own, whether or not these burdens have fallen inappositely upon us, why should we shrink from considering them; why should we hide from our hearts the significant facts of the moment? If the times are for us, "who knoweth whether we are come into the kingdom for such times as these?" While this is the solemn possibility and weighty responsibility, who will recoil from the duty allotted to the hour? It is not the necessity of government we are to settle, for *that* is proclaimed wherever the footprints of man have marked the place of society, wherever civilization has chased barbarity, wherever social joys are known, or common sorrows felt; that has been proved in every act of man since creation's lord became a pilgrim, "for government is nothing but the badge of lost innocence." It is not the perverseness of human wickedness we are to decide, for that the deluge has written in the rocky page of a cursed earth; that is seen in the mute ruins of grandeur, is read in the desolate fields of former prosperity, heard in the prisoner's manacles, the widow's distraction and orphan's wail; that has made the countenance an index and has had a monument in human cowardice since the exile of Cain; that conscience proclaims, that the angels learned on Calvary. It is not the moral power of a willing fidelity to truth we are to measure, for *that* made the patriotism of Moses refuse the helrship of royalty for the raiment of righteous poverty: it was that took away the bitterness of hemlock from Socrates; it was that gave holy sacredness to the name of Luther; that, thank God, is spoken from every sodded grave, vocal with the lurking memories of martyred devotion, since the fertile hour of that alien midnight when first a Roman soldier quaked with fear. It is not the possibility of a popular government we are to decide. No; that "land of scholars and nurse of arms," where the lingering strains of Demosthenes still charm the white crested billows of the sacred sea, has in her ruins a proud testimony, to which sighing patriots look back in the night of the past, and gather fresh courage to hope, though the foot of dynasty has long trodden their necks. That other ill fated peninsula, immortal for her history, her glory and her tombs though priestridden while stretching out her neck as if to behold those strange and mystic shores weere religious freedom was born, still sends upon the laughing waves of Tiber the loyal echoes of Cicero to answer the Mediterranean's vocal surge.—Liberty asks no lesson of *us* to show that despotism is contradicted by human nature, it needs no fresh argument for the self destructive character of tyranny, while the past speaks of no Cæsar without a Brutus, no Charles without a Cromwell, no pope without a reformer. The merit of devotion to principle we may be a standard to estimate, but the world would not want if we did *not* teach it, for *that* has its cloud of witnesses rising from every consecrated field of Europe and America. That is not unknown to this world unless we have forgotten our origin, for no shrines are holier than the graves of our fathers, and no institutions dearer than their labors of sincerity have purchased, have ever gladdened the soul of fugitive freedom since heaven has looked with compassion on human frailty.

Government has been demonstrated to be a necessity by the fact of sin. Fidelity to truth has been honored. Devotion to posterity has been rewarded, and the value of liberty has been shown by the many sore purchases which history records. Yet in all that varied history upon which we look back to learn, though we see revolutions and changes, peace and prosperity, war and adversity; men of courage, ability and worth; conquests of valor and defences of loyalty; man's very advances prove his power and measure his responsibility, exposing a normal indolence in human nature which serious times alone can arouse. In all that varied history there is little to express with accuracy the issues of this hour.

Our government, we know, is the experiment of a few brave men catching inspiration from the peril of their day. It is in some respects, of the same kind and the same general aim indeed that others of antiquity had made, that few of the oppressed in every age had not conceived. But, though the difficulties of its commencement were second to none, the prospects of advancement were certainly auspicious, and the circumstances of its growth were surely encouraging. The first struggle justified the hopes that had been barely ventured; the inveterate character of their foe, proved the invincible character of bravery in a righteous cause. It had men, who derived from their fathers a sense of dignity and right, that adverse events only fostered and sharpened. The wisdom of its founders has never been questioned, their patriotism has been the theme of oratory and song, their piety has been written above. In addition to this, their far sightedness engaged a liberal education as one of the chief supports of government, and their industry was no acquirement, but was the gift of nature to index their characters. Jealousy for right, bravery in fight, the manhood of their leaders and singleness of noble purposes, compelled the respect of nations whose prejudices were hostile to the spirit of liberty. Nor were these things apart from natural advantages; for this broad land, purified with forests and floods, was rich in all those resources that prove the bounty of nature. In its extent it fully justifies the remark of Mrs. Willard that an overruling Providence designed to place here, one great, united people. With these it had a population not noted for all the mad enthusiasm of the Frenchman or the indolence of the German, but with the high minded loyalty of the one, combining the calm, cool, calculating reflection of the other. Our institutions as a consequence have been prosperous, our commerce ubiquitous, our intelligence almost precocious, our wealth immense.—What was lacking in former republics in natural aids and high toned morality and pure religion, was not so distant that we could not grasp it and hold it as the pillar of our peculiar strength, while all that former times did show in energy and master spirits, we had in addition to their own instructive examples. Nor have our fruits been inconsiderable in the world of literature and science. England may boast her Newton, but America will never forget her Franklin. The Emerald Isle brought forth Philips and Curran, but the world will hear to the end of time the electrifying passion of Clay and the strong but polished logic of Webster. Though Byron "touched his harp and nations heard entranced," yet with as chaste imagination though less sublimity betimes, our own poets have aspired to be subjects of criticism. If these are any indications of success, and these are fruits of the liberality and high influences of our government what hardihood must not be required at the hands of sin to rebuke the fair prospects we cherished. No; not all the questions time submits as to popular government, could be answered by our generous ancestry. Their work was to overlook the neglected work of the past, *with* their *own* responsibilities. They were indeed worthy of easier tasks, and though their griefs, were put to rest without the accomplishment of all that work better suited to the chastisement of their careless progeny, we must not now shrink from solemn duty while their voices still reach us from the shades in the accents of admonition. Who, then, that will not nerve himself, seeing we are come for such a time as this; when a stranger drama than Sheridan wrote, is being acted before our eyes, when a new issue encumbered with unanswered problems of other days, demands our, vigorous analysis, that philosophy teaching by example, may know if she is yet to refute this her last glorious deduction.

The world has long needed to know if the purest form of government can be sustained by moral sentiment, though it has had abundant proof in our history that man's moral nature is adequate to build or begin it; and this is true notwithstanding the difficulties that beset the right, for upon our shores, war has not hitherto been the guide and the glory, but the means and the cost reluctantly paid. Long ago ought men to have settled this query. No excuse can be received on account of human ignorance; for the reluctance of the wise, the abhorrence of the peaceful and benevolent, (which no age has not had,) and remorse of usurpers, forbid that misguided charity that would forgive revolution for gain and conquest for glory. It has been unanswered. But for these times has been added an issue that may well surprise us. It is not whether revolution is ever just; not whether national corruption is the end of national glory; not whether liberty can be sold by avarice, but whether the freedom of popular government was made for seleide. If in plain contradiction to the preamble to our Constitution, it is reasoned that state secession from an individual compact upon revolutionary grounds is justifiable; then what absurdity may not be legalized. If the liberty asserted and defined in the Declaration of Independence, without revolutionary causes is made the basis of opposition to government, it is equivalent to saying that a popular government is destructive of its own ends; which is now the ready sneer of British writers. This new refinement is to political science, what sophism was to philosophy; nothing is fixed, nothing is proved, nothing is settled; no government is perpetual. It is for us to say if this libel on human nature and reproach upon the religion of Jesus, shall be established for the ruin of a world's hopes, the enslavement of posterity and the infernal satisfaction of despotic courts. Who then will shrink from knowing the character of the times for which he has come? When good old Elijah fled from the kingly votary of Baal, and bowed his weary frame under the juniper shade, he cried: "O Lord now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers * * The children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, and broken down thine altars." We have not to lament the act of deluded idolaters whose severe sincerity proved their ignorance, but the overt acts of knowing, wilful cabals, who would with fratricidal jealousy, break down these sacred altars where our fathers did sacrifice and where has ever burned the pure incense of loyal hearts. Shall we fail to copy the patriotism of Elijah, and, forgetting our personal interests, facing the bold front of a crazy apostacy, say: "Lord here are our lives, for we are no better than our fathers!"

It is ours then to answer if there is moral power power enough in human nature to sustain such a government against such wrongs, and show that human rights secured by liberal laws can never stand in opposition, any more than truth can conflict with fact. I say it is a question of moral power. of the will and perseverance, because I do not doubt the physical omnipotence of the general government, if the hearts of loyal subjects give not way because difficulties threaten to prolong the contest. You have all had explained to you, by men who are able, that the issue is not one of sectional interest; but the plain opposition of faith to treachery, the resolution to stand by or forsake the plainest political axioms; and we give ourselves no concern that a people in a righteous cause are not invincible. What signifies the taking of a fort? There is very little that is human that cannot be successfully assailed. "Well, then," asks one, "why maintain the perpetuity of a government if this be so?" Ah well; so far as its principles are original with man, we admit it is unenduring. Monarchies and castes must change, we know; for despotism is of earth, equity is from above; oppression is human, liberty is divine. King-craft and Priest-craft are not copied from His government, who "left free the human will!" No; to undo the principles of popular government requires not only the conquest of martial posts and stone walled retreats; no, the pale genius of our institutions has not trusted to such enclosures her vestibule of worship, but to storm *her* strong castle is to lay the bloodless siege of that altar that heaven has builded in the heart. As a Christian I have no hesitancy in declaring myself, for no Christian duty is more definitely enjoined than that of strict conformity to the powers that be, limited only by the higher duties that we owe to God. Christianity seeks not to be wedded the state, but she does propose to make good citizens. I know that Soame Jenyns has said that patriotism is incompatible with christianity, but if I have read my Bible aright it is no such thing; for though true philanthrophy is general, Christ recognized patriotism and never condemned it, and through six thousand years God has addressed the mind of man as though it ought to be there.

Let no one then, give up to despair because of the wrecks of former republics, for the new question we are to try was not in their experience, when they fell there had been no such attempted array of liberty against liberty, but while despotism and invasion were just causes of fear, and avarice ruling in every purpose, loose morals did not secure the national virtue against the seductive charms of military glory. Are we then, as patriots, sensible of the responsibility of this time? True, adversity trains us and brings out our powers; if we boast no heroes, it will often find them. True; times bring out men, but it is also true, I think, that men bring out times. Every righteous act, every crime, leaves a wave on the tide of human events, so that both the good and evil that men do, live after them. It was Haman's jealousy and Mordecai's humility brought out the times for which Esther was born; the lenity of Charles and the corruption of popes brought out the times of reformers; the stoicism and avarice of George III., brought out the "times that tried men's souls." It is important that we should know what is to follow our acts; and what brought out these times for which we have come?

Ah there has long been about us a secret confederacy of misguided minds—it sprang up in some moment of night over thirty years ago; with precocious step, it forgets the virtue of stealth, and must like a troubled spirit in conscious guilt retire before the angry look of the Orleans hero. But here and there it seduces an unstable heart from the ways of loyalty, through a long line of years, threats of discord and hints of crime are the only pulsations of its still life. Under the cover of pretences to injured rights, it at length besets the steady steps of true citizenship; taking advantage of every dissension incident to free discussion, its growth finally embraces the force of revolution. Within one year of the past, it boldly proclaims its designs, and failing to frighten ten millions of freemen, it turns from their rebuke; but not to the darkness that sheltered it before; it sends no ambassador with offerings of penitence to Mt. Vernon's shades, nor stops to weep in contrition over its own revolutionary shrines; it sends its furtive glance across the blue waters of Atlantic; not to the sweet shores of Puritan memory; farther south, to the blushing hills France; not to that other revered shrine, to learn anew the forgotten lessons of fidelity to human rights, but upon a guilty errand to that monstrous royalty, whose unhallowed retreats are yet haunted by the crying ghost of assassinated liberty; vexed at the strange anomaly of a despotic refusal of crime, it recalls its glance and with a sickly enthusiasm, openly resolves to perform the perfidy of dividing our dear history, our common loves and common hopes. Ah! these times have come, because there has gone abroad on sable wing from the serpent's lair, a fell spirit to flatter the minds of men with a butterfly treasure that crumbles when grasped; a vain conceit against human conscience that to rob from patriotism the holy memories of departed worth will bless the reflections of guilt, but which, like Satan's theft of Eden's innocence, fixes only the sting of a deeper damnation. Not content with the infamy of a cowardly siege, it tramples upon every cherrished reminiscence, until—O, shame! come now, from every spot of the past execrate, and damned!—while malice and revenge seek shelter in the name of a forgiving Nazarene, hostile arms must guard from dreams the repose of a Washington's that, lost, in the mixed agony of wonder and hate, it should stir before that glad evening of the world, whither the messenger of its sanctified hopes has long since fled!

Fellow citizens, if we are not dead to moral sense, we *will not* blind ourselves to the issues of the day. And young men! "Who knows but you are come into the kingdom for such a time as this?" Feel then, your importance. Know that your worth is measured by the solemn responsibilities of the hour. Honor your country and you shall be honored. Dishonor her and it is your disgrace. The welfare of mankind is the noblest aim of ambition and patriotism stands high in the list of cherished virtues. Never lose sight of the fact that the soldier is none the less a man; think and act upon loyalty, and remember that here in this fair land, is to be fought the battle of a world's hopes. Neglect not to consider that you carry with you the love, sympathies and prayers of those who can not wage war, but who are interested in every result. Patrick Henry once said: "The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave." Be vigilant then, guarding your health, minds and morals, that you may not have to learn vigilance from traitors. Be active; for idleness is no credit even in peace. I need not ask you to be brave; no, not American youth, who have mothers and sisters and loves behind you, who would rather live the widows of soldiers than die the wives of cowards. Go then to the wars; but not in the mad energy of despair, "hanging your harps upon the willow," but in the sober purpose of devotion to a righteous cause. Go in your weakness relying on truth to support you with her strength. Go follow the flight of that bold bird who has never failed to look the day god in the face, or confront the gale with phalanx of open wing when the storm was abroad in his anger. Go under that glorious escutcheon, and if your eye quail before difficulty, look to its stripes and stars, and let your faint hearts catch war and vengeance from the holy memories that lurk in its folds, and may the God of battles give you those rich consolations that will nerve you in conflict, and soothe your very death with the hope of rising to the immortality of a sacred principle, well worthy of sacrifice.

My christian friends, you have certainly not forgotten how to pray! And let me say in conclusion if there is a man or woman of you that has not avowed your sentiments, do so without delay, in righteous fear lest by an accessory silence you justify crime.

A Coon Hunt in a Fency Country.

Really 'tis astonishin what a monstrous sight of mischief there is in pint of rum! If one of 'em was to be substituted to analyzation as the doctors call it, it would be found to contain all manner of devilment that ever entered into the head of man, from cussin' and stealin' up to murder and whippin' his own mother, and nonsense enough to turn all the men in the world out of thier senses. If a man's got a badness in him, it will bring it out, just as sassafras tea does the measles: and if he's a a good for nothin' sort of a feller, without no bad traits in pertickler, it'll bring out all his greatness. It effects different ways—some it makes see double, and some it makes so blind that they can't tell themselves from a side of bacon. One of the worst cases of rum foolery that I've heard of for a long time tuck place in Pinesville last fall.

Bill Sweeny and Tom Culpepper is the the two greatest old coveys in our settlement for coon huntin'. The tact is they don't do much of nothin' else, and when they can't catch nothin' you may depend on't coons is scarce. Well, one night they had everything ready for a regular burst, but owin' to some extra good fortin' Tom had got a pocket pistol, as he called it, of reg'lar old Jimmakey, to keep off the rumatics. After takin' a good startin' horn, they went out on their hunt, with their light wood torch blazin' and the dogs barkin' and yellin' like forty thousand. Every now and then stoppin' to wait for the dogs, they would drink one another's health, till they began to feel very comfortable, and chatted away 'bout one thing and another, without mindin' which way they was g'wine. Biemby they cum to a fence. Well, over they got, without much difficulty.

'Whose fence is this?' said Bill.

'Taint no matter,' sez Tom, 'let's take somthin' to drink.'

After takin' a drink they went on wondeirn what on earh had come of the dogs. Next thing they cum to was terrible muddy branch. After pullin through the briers and gitten on t'other side, they tuk another drink, and after g'wine a little ways thy cum to another fence and a monstrous high one this time.

'Where in airth is we got to, Culpepper?' sez Bill. 'I never seed sich a heap of branches and fences in these parts.'

'Why,' sez Tom, 'it's all old Sturlid's doins—you know he's always bildin fences and makin internal impovements, as he calls 'em. But never mind we's thru 'em now.'

'Reckon we isn't,' sez Bill, 'here's the allfirdest fence yet.'

Sure enough, thar they was, right agin another fence. By this time they begin to be considerable tired in the joints, and it was such a terrible high fence. Tom dropped the last piece of torch, and thar they was in the dark.

'Now you is done it,' sez Bill.

Tom knowed he had, but he thought it was no use to grieve after spilt milk, so says he: 'Never mind, old hoss, cum ahead, and I'll take you out, and that minit kersplash he went into the water.

Bill hung on the fence with both hands, he tha't it was slewin round to throw him off.

'Hello Tom!' sez he, 'whar is you got to?'

'Here I is,' sez Tom, spontin the water out of his mouth, and coughin like he'd swollowed somethin—'look out, there'a another branch here.'

'Name o' sense whar is we?' sez Bill. 'If this isn't a fency country, dad fetch my buttons.'

'Yes, and and a branchy one, too,' sez Tom, 'and the highest and deepest and thickest that I ever seed in my born days.'

Which way is you?' sez Bill.

'Here, right over the branch'

'Cum ahead,' sez Tom, 'let's go home.'

'Cum thunder, in sich a place as this, whar a man 'aint got his coat tail unhitched from a fence, 'fore he's over head and ears in water.'

After gitten about in the dark, they got together again. After takin another drink, they sot out for home, denouncin the fences and branches, and helpin one another now and then; but they hadn't got mor'n twenty yards fore they brung to halt by by another fence.

'Dad blame my picture,' sez Bill, 'If I dont think we is bewitched. Who upon airth would build fences all over creation this way?'

It was about an hours job to get over this one; but after they got on the top they found the ground on the other side without much trouble.

This time the bottle was broke, and they cum monstrous near havin a fight over the catastrophe. But it was a very good thing, it was: for after crossin two or three branches, and climen as many more fences, it got to be daylight, and they found that they had been climin the same fence all night, not mor'n a hundred yards from whar they first cum to it.

Bill Sweeny sez he cant account for it in no other way but that the licker sorter turned their heads, and he sez he dnz rally believe if it hadn't a gin out, they'd been climen the same fence and waden the same branch till now. Bill promised his wife to jine the Temperance Society, if she wouldn't say no more about that coon hunt.

Doesticks' Progress in the Zouave Practice.

A fellow with a red bag having sleeves to it for a coat, with two red bags without sleeves in them, for trowsers, with an embroidered and braided bag for a vest; with a cap like a red woolen saucepan; with yellow boots like the fourth robber in a stage play; with a moustache like two half-pound paint brushes, and with a sort of sword-gun or gun-sword for a weapon that looks like the result of a love affair between an enormous broad sword and a lonely musket indiscreet and tender—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can 'put up' a hundred-and-ten-pound dumb-bell; who can climb up an eighty foot rope hand over hand, with a barrel of flour hanging to his heels who can do the 'giant swing' on a horizontal bar, with a fifty-six tied to each ankle; who can walk up four flights of stairs, holding a heavy man in each hand at arm's length; and who can climb a greased pole feet first, carrying a barrel of pork in his teeth—that is a Zouave.

A fellow who can jump seventeen feet four inches high without a spring-board; who can tie his legs in a double bow-knot round his neck without previously softening his shin bones in a steam bath; who can walk Blondin's out door tight rope with his stomach outside of nine brandy cocktails, a suit of chain armor outside his stomach, and a stiff north-east gale outside of that; who can set a forty foot ladder on end, balance himself on top of it, and shoot wild pigeons on the wing one at a time, just behind the eye, with a single barreled Minnie rifle, three hundred yards distant and never miss a shot; who can take a five shooting revolver in each hand and knock the spots out of the ten of diamonds at eighty paces, turning somersaults all the time and firing every shot in the air—that is a Zouave.

I am a Zouave.

My musket education progresses—I am getting on finely—I can tell the muzzle from the stock at first sight, and shall soon be able to say which end of the ramrod to put down and which side up the cartridge goes.

But I am paying more attention to my gymnastics just at present than to my musket, for everybody knows that in a battle arms are not of near so much impertance as legs—it is a very good thing to know the use of your legs—in case of war.

I've got a practicing room, where I gymnastic every day. I've taken up the carpet—a performance which my landlady entirely approves — I've piled the chairs on top of the table in the corner, and have sold my bed at auction—Zouaves sleep on the floor.

Besides it is a good thing to know how to sleep without a bed—in case of war.

Spinkey and his brother came to see my room after I had got it arranged for practice—they did things—they Zouaved a little, by way of setting me an example.

I found out by the actions of the Spinkey brothers the exact dimensions of my room; it is three flip flaps long, and a handspring and two back-somersaults wide.

By means of a flip-flap you disconcert your enemy's aim and draw his fire, then you kill him. A flip-flap is a good thing to do—in case of war.

By means of a handspring, you reverse your position, and your bewildered enemy cuts off your foot instead of your head. Then you kill him; then you screw on a wooden leg and do so again. When you've done it twice, you've killed two enemies and only lost two legs, and, after that, you can only lose wooden legs which are comparatively cheap especially if the war is in a well timbered country.

A handspring is a splendid thing to do—in case of war.

By means of a somersault you leap over your enemy then, when he charges on you; then, by a back somersault, you fall on his head from a great height and stun him; then you kill him

A somersault in an indispensable manœuvre—in case of war.

Our company, Spinkey commanding, can go through the manual of arms complete, and only touch ground three times; they do all the leadings in a single somersault springing into the air at the word 'up!' with their muskets empty and loading exactly together at the word of command, given by Spinkey with a speaking trumpet, and firing by files as they come down.

When Spinkey left my room I began to practice; for I'm very anxious to progress. Our company has been all drafted into Kerrigan's Contingent, and we must all be ready.

Tried a somersault first, as I thought it looked very easy. All you have to do is to throw your heels up and your head down, and then bring your head up and your heels down; it's the easiest thing in the world—apparently. When I came to try it, I thought the floor looked unusually hard, so I put a pillow in the spot where I thought my feet would come down, as I didn't want to hurt my heels. Then I took off my coat, tied my suspenders tightly round my waist, took a short run from the corner of the room, shut my eyes, and—

When I recovered, which I should judge was in about three quarters of an hour, I had a bump on my forched as if I had been hit there by a base ball which had stuck. It took me fifteen minutes to get upon my feet, for I felt as if my legs and arms had been distributed over the neighboring country by a gunpowder explosion; and it was some time before my mind was disabused of that impression.

I judge that something interfered to prevent the artistic execution of my contemplated somersault, for my head evidently struck the ground as soon as my nose had received a severe contusion; and the results were, a map of some unknown country done in red on my shirt front, two vest pockets full of blood, and my hair so stuck together with the same fluid that I had to get my head cropped like a prize fighter. Whether I broke the window with my head when I went down or with my heels when I came up, is comparatively immaterial—certain it is that there was a hole in the sash big enough to throw a bushel basket through without touching the edges.

As to the pillow, it didn't seem to ease my feet after all; perhaps it was because neither of them came within a rod of it, for I discovered that I broke my only water pitcher with one heel, I had put my other through my picture of John C. Heenan, in his favorite character of Champion of the world.

I mustered up courage in three days to try a hand-spring, but the results were not satisfactory, being merely a new and extensive assortment of bumps and bruises.

Then I sent for Spinkey—Spinkey taught me the art—I can do it now—I do it all the time—I keep doing it; in fact, I don't do anything else. When I come to breakfast I generally walk on my hands around the table, and give each one of the boarders a patronizing shake of my slipper; then I turn a hand-spring over the table, and come down easily in my chair, and read a column of the Tribune, while the people are looking in the air for me to come down. I never sleep on a bed, now-a-days; sometimes I hang myself by the toes to the gas fixtures; sometimes I suspend myself by my little finger to a staple in the wall; sometimes I balance myself on my trusty sword, or take a short nap on the point of my bayonet. I've practiced thrusting with my bayonet and sword till there is'nt a whole picture in my collection. Dolly Davenport has only one eye, and a fraction of a nose; Edward Forrest is playing Hamlet without any top to his head, and John C. Heenan with one arm and a big hole in his ribs, is fighting Tom Sayers who has no legs and nary an eye in his head. I've put a target on the brick partition that separates me from the next house, and fired so many balls into it, that the bricks are not now more than an inch and a half, and I expect every day to kill a baby or two in there; when I do I suppose I shall have to apologize. I haven't killed anybody for a long time, and I really ought to get my hand in again.—If you shouldn't hear from me next week, you may conclude that I'm going through the farcial formality of an examination for manslaughter, and that I'll write as soon as I can get out on bail.

Confidently,

DOESTICKS, P. B.

A Noble Speech from Gen. Cass.

Gen. Cass, presided at a great Union meeting held in Detroit on Thursday last. We make the following extract from his speech

I cannot take this seat without contrasting the situation in which I now find myself and that in which I was placed on this very spot almost fifty years ago.

Then in the days of our weakness, we were subjected to dishonorable capitulation brought about by the imbecility of the leader; while now in the days of our stren'h neither treason nor weakness can permanently affect the holy cause to which all hands and hearts are pledged. [Applause.] Then our contest was a legitamate war waged with a foreign foe; our war to-day is a domestic one, commenced by and bringing in its train acts which no right-feeling man can contemplate without most painful regret. But a few short months since, and we were the first and happiest nation on the face of the globe. In the midst of this prosperity, without a single injury at home, caused by the operations of the Government, to affect us, this glorious Union, acquired by the blood and sacrifices of our fathers, has been disowned and rejected by a portion of the States composing it,—Union has given us more blessings than any previous government ever conferred on man.

Here, thank God! its ensign floats proudly and safely, [applause,] and no American can see its folds spread out to the breeze without feeling a thrill of pride at his heart, and without recalling the splendid deeds it has witnessed in many a bloody contest, from the day of Bunker's Hill to our time. [applause] And that flag your worthy Mayor has, by the direction of the municipal authority, hung out upon the dome above us. The loyal American people can defend it, and the deaf