

Next Sabbath is Christmas day. The day on which it is supposed our blessed Saviour was born. If this be true, then, eighteen hundred and fifty three years ago, the Angel of the Lord appeared to the Shepherd upon the plains of Bethlehem, and proclaimed the advent of the Saviour of the World, saying: "Behold we bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

We celebrate the fourth of July, our nation's birth-day. We remember the 22d of February, the birth-day of the Father of our Country. These days are worthy of remembrance. But the birth of him who emancipated the world by the sacrifice of himself, from the power of sin and death, is of infinitely more importance than any other in the annals of the world's history.

What would our world have been? What would it have been morally, civilly, and politically, if Christ had not come and spoke, suffered and died as never man had done.

On last Sabbath about 2 o'clock P. M. the cabinet shop of Mr. Miller, was discovered to be on fire, which was entirely consumed; notwithstanding every effort was made by the Fire Company, and citizens to save it. Loss about three or four hundred dollars.

Great Fight. It is bad enough for dogs to fight, but when human beings—men who claim to be intelligent, coolly and deliberately strike, bite, scratch and tear each others shirts off, and do other nasty things, it seems to us a little worse than a dog fight. Now we do not wish any one to ask us where this "great fight" occurred. That is rather a delicate question. But we will tell you where it did not take place. It did not originate nor take place in any of our numerous dry good stores; nor in any of our recreation shops. Nor dwelling houses, nor streets, nor allies, nor Hotels. And yet it occurred in Fremont.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite, For God has made them so; Let bears and lions growl and fight, For 'tis their nature too. But gentlemen, you should never let Such stout passions rise; Your stout hands were never made To tear each other's eyes.

I have had the pleasure of visiting the Union School. It appears to be doing well under the skillful Superintendance of Mr. H. E. Clark. The Teachers all appear to be at home in their profession, and the children have no doubt "got the hang of the new School House."

Most excellent—the Ordinance for establishing a Night Watch. Now for the right kind of watchmen—sober, vigilant and brave fellows who dare do their duty, and how different will be the state of affairs! Look out "Coffee Houses!"—Sensduky Register.

What a pity Fremont is not a city, but as it is not, we cannot hope for the "most excellent" which our neighbor rejoices to possess. A "Night Watch," which, by the by, instead of being a matter of rejoicing, should be a reproach. "A Night Watch"! To watch what? Lions, Tigers, Bears, wild Savages Has Sandusky City any such animals prowling about her streets? No. But mark the language. "Look out Coffee Houses." This sufficiently indicates the kind of animals, for whose benefit a "Night Watch" has been established. Who pays this "Night Watch" "Coffee Houses," which creates the necessity for its existence? No.

Query. How many more of this class of houses would it require in Fremont to make it a City and consequently to create a necessity for a night watch. Who will tell us?

One of our produce dealers, in closing his books, finds he has purchased over 800,000 bushels of Wheat—disbursing \$1,000,000.—What a show for one dealer!—San. Key

Mr. James Wright has in his possession a Bald Eagle, which measures, from tip to tip of wings, 6 feet. The bird was killed at the Head of the Sandusky Bay.

The great Western Railroad through Canada, is expected to be opened from Niagara Falls to Detroit by the first of January. Great preparations are making at Detroit, and along the line, to celebrate the occasion.

Our Bay fully closed over yesterday night—or as the Poets would say, Drew a night cap over its face And finally went to sleep.

But how long it will sleep is doubtful, as "many a slid, &c," may stir up a storm and let the Steamers loose again for a season.—Sandusky Register.

A musical Convention will be held at Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 27th inst. We are pleased to notice an increasing interest among the masses, on the subject of Vocal Music.—This week a musical convention is being held at Toledo. Some of our citizens have gone out to enjoy the rare treat.

We learn that the lovers of good singing in Fremont, have secured the services of Mr. Thompson of Oberlin. Who is said to be an excellent singer and a good Teacher of Music.

POETRY.

POETRY, considered as an art, is one of the noblest that it has ever been the fortune of man to invent. Although it has been ranked among the arts, art has very little to do with genuine Poetry.

The studied metre, the jingling rhymes, and unmeaning phrases that are so often brought into miserable existence, and sent broadcast over a clearly criticizing world, and the coldness with which they are treated sufficiently prove that the aid it receives from art is slight.

For many a would-be poet, in his eagerness to see his feeble hopes realized, of one day becoming one of the most noted poets of the land; and of inscribing his name so deeply on the bright temple of fame, that the wasting storm of ages will not efface it; has learned the useless rules of verification, until he can repeat them as easily as the alphabet of his native tongue; and yet, when his productions are submitted to the scrutinizing gaze of an intelligent public, these unnatural poets receive as little charity, and as much coldness and indifference, as though they were ignorant of all Poetic rules. These vain aspirants after what they never can obtain, have done more to tarnish the fair fame of Poetry, than any other class of persons. Poetry, to live; must be the outgushing of a feeling heart; of a mind that is awake to every object of nature, and that is sensibly impressed with ever new images of the sublime, and beautiful, in which are mingled in rich profusion, the varied colorings and beautiful picturings of a vivid imagination; instead of being forced from hearts, as hard and cold and cheerless as the marble tombstone, at the lone hour of midnight, when all nature is wrapped in calm and sweet repose, and the solemn stillness of the hour exerts such an influence over the ideas of the writer, that, ere they are aware of his murderous intentions, now and then one is captured, which has carelessly strayed, too far from its hiding place, and conveyed in triumph, to the glittering sheet cruelly prepared for its prison house.

Poetry, written by one who is truly a poet, although written in the form of prose, and the lines composed of an unequal number of Poetic feet, will never fail to interest the reader; but if it is written by one who cannot, with some justice claim to be a poet, it proves highly detrimental to the art which it professes to imitate; in as much as many in reading becomes disgusted not only with it, but with all Poetry, and the whole band of Poets.

But there is one portion of community, in whose estimation, the noble and exalted standard of true poetry, can never be lowered; although the united forces of the whole band of unamateur poets, and unpoetical phrases may be brought to bear upon it, with an Herculean force, aided and assisted by the entire band of Anti poets!

But this portion are those only, who have sufficient poetic fire, glowing within their bosom to know what is requisite to constitute a poet; although they may not be so happily blended in them as to constitute one.

They never would become tired of listening to the well-known sayings of Romzax Bussor in beholding the unequalled plays of the undying Shakespeare, the majesty and sublimity of the Poets of Lord Byron, or in listening to the bold and energetic language of the far-famed Milton; the wild, Eolian strains of Ossian, the smooth numbers of Virgil, or the sweet lyre of the ancient Horace, who so soft his lyre strings tuned to sing of love and the sparkling wine, and last of all to the lofty strains of old Homer, the King of Poets, and the father of Poetry, as he sits alone on the highest pinnacle of Fame, apart from all the others, and sings of the councils of the Gods, the marching of armies and the storming of Cities.

BILLY BLUFFUM. CLYDE, Dec. 19th 1853.

For The Journal. Prospectus.

A new work for the year 1853, entitled "Life and Death;" based upon the following text of Scripture: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have Eternal Life; and these are they which testify of Me."

Demonstrating by divine revelation the following deeply interesting problems: PART FIRST.

1. Is God an eternal self-existing being, filling all time and space? Yes. 2d. If so, can there be two such Eternals? No. 3d. Has God a located heaven, possessing parts and form? Yes. 4th. Is Christ Eternal with the Father in all respects? No. 5th. Can either having parts be omnipresent without the aid of the holy spirit? No. 6th. Will Christ always inhabit the human body? Yes.

SECOND PART.

1st. Is Christ and the Father the same identical being? No. 2d. Are they equal in power and glory? Yes. 3d. Is the Eternal Father a Spirit? Yes. 4th. Is Christ the Son, a Spirit? No. 5th. Will ever man see the Father in His heavenly state? No. 6th. Will Christ always be with his Saints after He returns to Earth? Yes.

THIRD PART.

1st. Has man a soul? Yes. 2d. Is that soul immortal? No. 3d. Shall the righteous ever have immortality? Yes. 4th. Shall the wicked? No. 5th. Shall the wicked meet eternal punishment? Yes. 6th. Shall the punishment of the wicked be endless? No.

FOURTH PART.

1st. Does the righteous go to heaven at death? No. 2d. Will they sleep until Christ comes? Yes. 3d. Is there a place now prepared for the Devil and his Servants? No. 4th. Will there ever be? Yes. 5th. Will man after the Resurrection ever leave this planet? No. 6th. Will he always inhabit the new heaven and earth? Yes.

FIFTH PART.

1st. Did God institute the Sabbath Day? Yes. 2d. Has professors generally kept that same day holy for the last 1,500 years? No. 3d. Was it the seventh day of the first week? Yes. 4th. Did he ever alter it to the first day of the week? No. Did man do it? Yes. 5th. Had he authority so to do? No.

SIXTH PART.

1st. Will there ever be a Millennium so often alluded to? Yes. 2d. Will it be this side the Resurrection? No. 3d. Will you tell when it will take place? No. 4th. Will it be before 500 years? Yes. 5th. Will the righteous then be mixed with the wicked? No. 6th. Will the righteous then know and be known by their friends? Yes.

SEVENTH PART.

1st. Is Baptism a divine ordinance? Yes. 2d. Was it instituted before the Christian Era? Yes. 3d. Was it not designed alone for actual believers? Yes. 4th. Is there any divine authority for Infant Baptism in the old or New Testament? No. 5th. Is not immersion the proper mode of Baptism? Yes. 6th. Can sprinkling be substituted for Baptism? No.

These are the propositions contemplated to be investigated and supported by divine revelation. All of which are truly deeply interesting to man, both here and hereafter, which we flatter ourselves shall be clearly demonstrated to the candid, impartial, and unbiased reader. These truths are so linked together in the impending Volume, as to form an unbroken chain, but are not thus found in any of the Christian churches of the present day; but promiscuously subdivided among them all. Many erroneous and discordant views have been entertained, and promulgated to the world with regard to what the Bible teaches on the great subject of man's present, moral, and future state. My object in attempting to write the above projected book, is if possible to harmonize those different views, and to promote the well being of my fellow man. The volume will contain 300 or more pages and delivered to subscribers for one dollar per Volume, in the early part of the ensuing year, provided six or seven hundred Subscribers can be obtained during the present Winter.

By the Author of "Poetical Miscellany, and World's Wonders."

News From Boston.

The Steamer Niagara sailed at noon for Liverpool. She takes out 84 passengers and \$509,000 in gold.

A party of young gentlemen and ladies were amusing themselves on the ice, near Cambridge, when the ice broke and they were plunged into the water. All were rescued except Miss Peck, daughter of Abel Peck, a merchant of this city, who was drowned.

The Whigs in this city appear in trouble to find a Candidate for Mayor. Seaver having declined to run. The nominating committee held a long and anxious session last night, in which it is said two distinguished citizens were nominated, but refused. The Committee meets again this evening.

The official account of the State elections, shows a choice of 21 State Senators composed of 11 Whigs and 10 Conservatives—leaving 10 vacancies. When the Legislature meets the Senate will stand 30 Whigs and 10 Coalition.

Latest News from the War. ENGLAND, Dec. 21.—9 A. M. The Railroad Company completed the bridge at Harbor Creek yesterday, but it was soon afterwards burned down by the inhabitants. The Marshal is here and will proceed at once and serve papers on those engaged in destroying property of the Railroad Company.

There is to be a meeting of Railroad men here to day.

If the Railroad Company repair the bridge on the Erie and Northeast Railroad, the citizens threaten to tear up the track of the Western Railroad.

BY THE UNDERGROUND LINE.

The rioters are again out in full force. A mob of nearly three hundred rowdies, comprising some of the lowest dregs of the grogeries, are now on the road to tear up the track and burn down bridges on the Western road.

The rowdies are going to stop travel on the road from here to the Ohio State Line. The bells have been ringing and cacons firing for two or three hours.

ERIE, AGAIN.—It is now said that the Council of Erie have rescinded their action by which the Mayor and Lowrey were appointed to meet the Agent of the Railroad Companies in New York, to arrange and settle their disputes. They declare that all negotiation must take place in that city. So, it appears the affair is not so near a close as every body hoped.

Destructive Conflagrations.

New York, Dec. 20.—Eight splendid dwellings on Brooklyn Heights, called Colonade Row, were burned down to day. The loss is estimated at one hundred thousand dollars. Three wooden dwellings on Washington street, near Myrtle Avenue, were also destroyed.

Cincinnati Market.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 20.—Flour \$5 10 25 and steady. Hog firm; sales of 5,500 at \$4 25 30. Sales of 100,000 lbs clear Sides from the block at 5c, and 100 bbls clear Pork at \$12 75.

The receipts of Hogs up to day, as made up by the Price Current, show a deficiency of 62,000, as compared with last year.

New York Market.

New York, Dec. 20.—P. M.—Sales of 16,500, bbls Flour at \$7 for State, \$7 12 for Ohio, and \$7 12 25 for Southern. Genesee Wheat, \$1 81. Corn easier, with sales of 35,000 bushels at 81c for yellow, and 78c for mixed. Sales of 250 bbls Pork \$11 @ 12 37; market heavy. Mesa Beef firm at \$13.50 bbl Lard, 10 1/2c.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—A bill is before the Georgia Legislature to change the name of Mary Dolly Doxy Anna Lewis to that of Mary Dolly Doxy Anna Sapp. Both are bad enough, but we think Miss Mary Dolly &c., had better stick to "Lewis."

Flour is selling at eight dollars per barrel at St. Paul, Minnesota, and other articles of farming produce in proportion; mainly in consequence of the rush of emigration thither during the present season.

The cholera is decreasing at New Orleans. But 36 deaths, last week.

California Items.

From the Boston Journal.

A new map of California, compiled by the State Surveyor, has been recently issued. It is about three feet and a half square, and is said to be the most correct map of the State yet published.

FALL OF THE COAST.—About a mile below the forks of the Coquille there is one of the most magnificent water-falls in the State. The river there flows through a deep cavern, until it reaches a large oblong hole, through the solid rock. It leaps through this hole, and then at an angle of 20 degrees forms a water-fall of over three hundred feet in perpendicular height. On each side rise high perpendicular walls of rock, the whole forming one of the most magnificent views of the kind in the world. The spot is called by the Indians "Yonnet," or sounding rock, because sound given is echoed and re-echoed ten different times, diminishing the power as it ascends to the summit of these upright rocks.

CARRIAGE FARE IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The rates demanded by hackmen in San Francisco are enormously high. There is no legal rate of charge, and the drivers generally do not scruple to demand for their services a much greater remuneration than those services are worth. Instances occur where gentlemen—strangers usually—are obliged to pay ten dollars for a ride of three or four squares.

DWELLINGS AMONG THE TOMBS.—As the population of the larger cities of California increases, the inhabitants resort to every possible method of enlarging and extending their available lands. In San Francisco, too, the beautiful cemetery of Yerba Buena, which but a comparatively short time since was set apart by the city as a resting place for the dead, is being invaded, desecrated, by individuals, who call themselves men. It has been cut up into building lots and settled upon. This Yerba Buena cemetery is not the first one which was established in San Francisco. The original burial ground was long since encroached upon and covered by a stable building, so that now no trace of the spot remains, save when occasionally the skull of some one of the thousands who thronged to the promised land for gold and found, instead, a grave, is turned up by the spade of the laborer. "Room for the living! Room!" is the cry, as the car of business rolls heavily over the dwellings of the dead.

SMOKING.—The Commercial Advertiser says that no city for its population consumes the amount of cigars that are daily smoked in San Francisco. Everybody smokes on the sidewalks, at the doors of the theatres and hotels, in private families, club rooms, and indeed everywhere, the companion of the solitary and the solace of the man in trouble is sending aloft his wreaths of fragrant smoke.

MEDICAL.—The San Francisco papers are filled with accounts of a new musical genius who has made his debut in that city. His instrument consists only of green leaves of shrubbery. He places a leaf between his lips, and by a peculiar mode of blowing, produces sounds somewhat similar to the tones of the bagpipe; and in this way he executes the music of portions of the most difficult operas.

MIDNIGHT ENJOYMENT.—The inhabitants of Bush street, in San Francisco, were recently awakened from their peaceful slumber, at a late hour in the evening, by a serenade which is usually termed in New England a "calatumpian band," to a happy couple who had recently entered the nuptial state. The instrument used were tin pans, kettles, watchmen's rattles and fishermen's horns. The account says: "As length the window was carefully raised, the shutters opened, and a form, enveloped in a night cap and gown, appeared, speering like to the view of the astonished throng. The music ceased. Spectre—"Vat you make out? Vat for you make so much noise, eh? (A general yell and continuance of the concert.) Spectre—"And monfiedl qui voulez vous? Vat you call him in English?"—"The ze drink, eh? Ze brandy cack-tall?"—"Ah! he! Allez vous ze grogery; zeir you all drink at my expense. Bon soir, gentlemen, and the window and shutters closed in a twinkling. Such generosity, so briefly and correctly expressed, was irresistible. The crowd repaired to the corner, and the proprietor, who well knew the authority of the "treat," soon satisfied the wants of the revelers. This done, all wended their way homeward."

NEW USE FOR A WHALE BOAT.—A whale boat was recently hauled ashore on the ocean coast near San Francisco, and carried into the city on wheels. She was loaded with vegetables, and looked curiously enough, but just emerged from the roaring surf, turned into the peaceful conveyer of the products of the farm.

RENTS.—The property in New York on Broadway and the south corner of Corlandt street, fifty feet by one hundred, has been leased at \$8,000 per annum for 15 years, a lease to put up a building costing \$50,000, to advert to the owner of the ground on the corner of the Exchange Bank at the corner of William and Beaver streets, will rent for \$16,000 per annum. The building will cost about \$45,000. The ground was purchased last winter for \$62,000. The Board of Brokers have taken the fourth floor of this building, and will remove into it in the spring.

Annexation of the Sandwich Islands.

The resolution offered to the United States Senate, on the 10th, by Mr. Gwin, and adopted, instructing the committee "to enquire and report on the general condition of the Commerce of the United States carried on upon the Pacific Ocean, and whether any legislative action is necessary for the security and promotion of this important national interest, may bring up in that body a discussion of the advantages to our Commerce which would result from the annexation of the Sandwich Islands. Perhaps Mr. Gwin had this object in view in offering his resolution. In any investigation relating to the "security and promotion" of our Commerce upon the Pacific Ocean, the desirableness of these Islands must arrest attention and receive consideration. The Washington Globe recently summed up the advantages of annexing the islands, as follows:

1. We should be acquiring more territory, more population, more producers, more consumers, and more tax-payers.

2. We should then possess a foothold in the Pacific, and to be able to compete commercially—with still greater success than we do—with the French and English.

3. The islands, if belonging to us, would be a great convenience—much greater than at present—for all the United States vessels in the Pacific—whalers, &c. When there, they would then be mured in their own waters, and to all intents at home.

4. Though not just half way between Canton and California, nevertheless the islands will answer every purpose of a half way station, which is needed, and will answer it vastly better as territory of the United States, than if foreign.

But the Globe also sums up the disadvantages and as they are being generally copied by the press, we shall examine how forcible they are. The Globe says:

1. It would be a good policy for the United States to acquire insular possessions so remote? Honolulu is between 2,500 and 3,000 miles from our Western coast.

2. If we acquire the islands, they must be defended and maintained in all future time, at every hazard. In case of war with France or England, could they be successfully defended?

Most successfully. The islands one year after annexation, would contain an American population capable of defending them from any ordinary force which a European power could send against them. But the possession of the Islands would strengthen our naval power in the Pacific, and render the protection of our commerce in that quarter more easy. It would be easier to defend the islands, than to drive the English or French from possession. Would it not be better for us to have possession of the Islands at the commencement of the war, than leave them to be seized, without difficulty, by the enemy, and used as a basis of operations against our commerce and possessions in the Pacific.

River and Harbor Appropriations. A resolution was laid on the table a few days ago, by a great majority of the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives, which contemplated the completion of the Public Works commenced on Rivers and Harbors. The President decreed in his Message, destruction to the policy of River and Harbor improvements. The House subsequently followed in the track.

This position of affairs provokes some singular reminiscences. Pending the Presidential canvass, the repeated votes and acts of Fremont were adduced to prove his hostility to all works of the kind. But it was answered with an air of triumph, "General Fremont, as a Representative from New Hampshire, in his voting—As President of the whole country, he will abide by the public will. His votes as Representative, are no proof that as a President, he would veto a bill!" General Cass, Secretary McClellan, Gov. Felch, and Mr. Noble, the Representative from the adjoining District in Michigan, held Mass Meetings in several counties in Michigan, and used this argument with great earnestness and apparent sincerity. The substance was repeated by every seven-by-nine politician. We knew it was imposture. We knew it was a fraud, unbecoming a man like Cass, because he knew better. Time has proved the argument of Fremont's opponents to be entirely true.— Toledo Blade.

Heart Holidays. The Holidays are approaching with all their wealth of memory and beauty of humanity. They are Holidays of the heart, when we should all try to get as near Heaven as possible, alias—as for honest sentiments as it is, it has one)—for honest heart-forgotten childhood as we can.

When the heart's glow brightly in the twilight of the year—when the strife and struggle of the business season are over—when one feels his heart audibly beating, as it used to do, then of all times, is the time to grow plann again; to "knit up care's ravell'd sleeve," for one's self, and while "this hand in it," do the like service to somebody else. The place where the heart is, gets walked up, and that beautiful temple becomes a seat for "the money changers." The Holidays are a glorious time to turn them out and set up therein the divinity that once halloved it.

Circles that gathered last year within the magic ring of fire-light, and looked into each other's faces, and clasped each other's hands, and seemed beautiful to each other, are broken or are narrowed. We remember those that are gone, when the old family-table is set forth for the marriage—the marriage of yesterday and to-day—and the chairs stand vacant against the walls, or are occupied by the "strangers" within our gates." We remember those that are gone, when we miss a familiar footstep in our halls, a familiar hand pressed within our own, somebody that began to live and love, and to labor, whom we did where we did, and we did. We remember those that are gone, when we miss them who could help us remember the days gone on before; somebody who had the other page of memory's tablet, and clutered us with "confirming testimony," that we are really the same beings pacing life's middle-watch, or with hair and heart frosty with time, that we were, when hearts were the fashion, and we all wore them.

Harvey, they say, discovered the circulation of the blood, aforetime. It would puzzle a second Harvey to rediscover it now.

"The fewer we become, the more let us love on "another," and while the shadows of December lie dark in summer's pleasant place let us kindly as well as we can a little June in the midst of the winter of our discontent.— N. Y. Tribune.

How to make Money fast and Honestly.

Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In your own right, or by the aid of friends and long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do, at least, a cash business. Never venture on a credit business on commencement. Buy all your goods or material for cash; you can take every advantage of the market, and pick and choose where you will. Be careful not to overstock yourself. Rise and fall with the market, on short stocks. Always stick to those whom you know, and who are strictly in their transactions, and whom all others even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, nor equivocate, or misrepresent. Have but one price, and a small profit, and you will find all the most profitable customers—the cash ones—or they will find you.

If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save yourself by putting the deception upon others; but submit to the loss, and be more cautious in future. According to the character or extent of your business, set aside a liberal per centage for printing and advertising, and do not hesitate.

Never let an article, parcel, or package, go out from you without a handsomely printed wrapper, card, or receipt, and dispense them continually. Choose the wrapper for its purpose, and keep yourself well supplied before the public; and it matters not what business of utility you make choice of, for if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.—Hunt's Merchants Magazine.

O HELL, LITTLE, come here, quick, there is a horse down, and he don't kick, and I guess he's dead, and there's a lot of fellows looking at the fun."

"What fun?" "Why, you see, there was a woman and children on the cart, and a whole parcel of stuff, and all tumbled in the mud, and a basket of dishes all went to smash."

This was written for the latitude of New York, but will do for this locality. It is boy "all over"—just such as every body has had a realization. We once remember coming up Market Street one dark night and finding a horse stretched out to die on Columbus Avenue corner. He had been driven into the "Old Well," and broke his ribs and hip. After seeing the sight, we passed on sympathizing heartily with the owner of the beast for his loss. But, turning down the Avenue, we overheard the following colloquy, in a doorway.

"How sick he went! didn't he Joe?" "Yes sir! and what fun it would have been if he had went clear down head foremost, and we could have pulled him up by his tail!"

"Je-r-u-s-a-lem! I wish he had! I mean to drive our old cow down here to-morrow night and try and get her in the Well. I've throw'd three or four dogs in there, but what fun we will have to get a cow in! By hukey, but won't we have a treat!"

And with that the little "Arab" separated for the night, to fully mature their fun. Next night we had the curiosity to be "on hand," and sure enough here came "old boss," driven by about a dozen boys, right for the Well. But it was no go. Boss "smelt the rat." She dodged the hole with a knowing shake of her horns and "put" for down street. The disappointment of the boys was extreme, and vented itself in all kind of queer odds.

If they could only get the old bones in, what fun they would have had!"

WHEAT PRICES CURRENT. CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat per bushel, Flour per barrel, Corn per bushel, etc.

MYERS' EXTRACT OF ROCK ROSE. Scrofula. The following is a letter from L. P. Brockett M. D., to Mr. Myers, on the efficacy of the Rock Rose plant:

Dear Sir: I have used myself, and seen others use the Rock Rose, with extraordinary results, especially in Scrofula, and in suppurative diseases of a scrofulous origin, and in the treatment of pulmonary consumption. I will mention a single case. Rev. Alford, one of the missionaries of the American Home Missionary Society, while pursuing his Theological Studies, was attacked with Scrofula. This disease was hereditary, and showed no disposition to heal. Night Sweats came on, and he seemed a very rapid decliner under the care of his physicians. He had used the Syrup of Rock Rose, in a course of ten days, the large Scrofulous ulcers began to heal, and in about six weeks he was completely recovered, and has, so far as I have been informed, enjoyed excellent health to the present time. A single relate several other cases of similar character, but presume this will suffice to show the character of the remedy. I remain, yours, &c., L. P. BROCKETT, M. D., Hartford, Conn., Oct. 5, 1844.

Agents, S. BUCKLAND & CO., Fremont; Wheelock & Rhodes, Sandusky City; D. E. Harkness, Clyde; and Druggists generally throughout the State. The dose is a single teaspoonful, three or four times a day, after meals. KOHL & CO., north-east corner of Fourth and Vine streets, Cincinnati, O., Western Agents.

OXYGENATED BITTERS. More Testimony from New York. Utica, April 25, 1851. Messrs. William Bristol & Co.—Gentlemen: At your suggestion, I most cheerfully acknowledge the great efficacy of the Oxygenated Bitters in curing me of Dyspepsia. I had suffered for some two years. My food distressed me very much, and I was constantly troubled with flatulency, and much reduced in strength. It was due to me to give you attention to my business. Physicians called it Dyspepsia and General Debility, but some of their prescriptions seemed to do me no good; besides, I had tried various remedies with no benefit.

The Oxygenated Bitters immediately relieved me of the distress after eating, and wind on the stomach at the same time, giving me strength, which continued to pain, until my health became so much improved, that I could go about my business as formerly. You are at liberty to publish this if it will induce others, who suffer from similar complaints, to try this most excellent medicine. Yours, truly, W. M. CHERRY.

REED, BATES & AUSTIN, Wholesale Druggists, No. 26 Merchants' Row, Boston, General Agents. Price, \$1 per bottle; six bottles for \$5. BUCKLAND & CO., 45-1/2 No. 3, Buckland's New Block.

Advertisements.

January Appointments.

Read Testimonial before—New one given monthly. DOCTOR H. TUBBS, Analytic Physician, will be at his room as follows: Fremont, Croghan House, Tuesday, January 24th.

Tellico, Collins House, Wednesday and Thursday, 25th and 26th of January. Tiffin, Shawhan House, Saturday afternoon and Monday, 27th and 28th of January. Sandusky City, St. Lawrence House, Monday and Tuesday, the 30th and 31st of January.

Persons afflicted with disease of the liver, lungs, kidneys or spleen, inflammation, Rheumatism, Arthritis, stiffness of breast or difficulty of breathing, dyspepsia, dropsy, weakness or nervous debility, restlessness, loss of appetite, constipation, enlargement of the stomach, bilious affections, gravel, swelling, cancer, scrofula, steers, impurities of the blood, or of any chronic or long standing disease are invited to call. No charge for consultation. WOODRIF, OHO, June, 1853.

Dr. H. TUNN—Dear Sir: In Justice to you I cannot refrain expressing my gratitude, and at the same time will permit something of my experience suffering (if published) it may prove beneficial to suffering humanity. For the last seven years, I have labored under a combination of Diseases, and suffered to an extent that rendered life a burthen. The best physicians of the city were consulted, but all in vain; they neither gave encouragement or relief. In the fall of 1849 my nervous system was completely prostrated by a course of typhoid fever. From that time my lungs were weak, causing much difficulty of breathing, cough and expectoration. I also suffered extremely with a stinging pain in my left side near the heart, and back of the chest, but still more from a violent stinging of the head, and an insupportable sick up, dizziness, which it seemed impossible to survive. These convulsions or throes of the great motor power of the blood to the head, producing a fearful sensation of vertigo, and a delirium, and leave me exhausted. A pain in the back and stomach, with frequent vomiting, added to my afflictions. Strength and flesh were much reduced. I was obliged to give up my bed a greater part of the time, and friends and neighbors gave up the hope of recovery, thinking no saving with consumption. In the summer