

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 98.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
J. W. BARNES & Wm. N. ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.
TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, . . . \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, . . . 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed
by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as
follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00 | 1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00 | 1 column 1 " 20.00
1 " 6 " 3.00 | 1 " 1 month, 5.00

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
out, and charged for. When a postponement is
added to an advertisement, the whole will be charged
the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive an
insertion, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1853.

WILLIAM HATHAWAY Jr., Judge of Probate
for Ottawa Co. P. O. address, Crockerly,
Ottawa Co., Mich.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

GEORGE PARKS, Treasurer of Ottawa Co. and
Justice of the Peace. Office third door be-
low the Washington House, up stairs.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, Prosecuting
Attorney, and Circuit Court Commissioner for
Ottawa County. Office third door below the
Washington House, up stairs.

MORRIS BUCK, County Surveyor. Residence,
Polkton, Ottawa Co., Mich.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office first door
west of H. Griffin's store.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels'
Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

M. E. RAWSON, Physician and Surgeon. Of-
fice in Park's new building, Washington street,
Grand Haven, Mich.

MORRIS BUCK, Physician and Surgeon.—
Polkton, Ottawa Co., Mich.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Wash-
ington Street, Grand Haven.

L. K. DEVELLY, Tailor and Cutter. The sub-
scriber has opened his shop, and would respect-
fully invite the attention of the citizens of Muskegon
and vicinity who are in want of a first
rate garment, good and stylish. I feel confident
in giving entire satisfaction to those who may
favor me with their patronage. Muskegon,
October, 1852.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Martin
Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's
Store.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c. &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,
Grand Haven, Mich.

SILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and Dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.—
Wm. M. FERRY, Jr. } Wm. M. FERRY.
Thos. W. FERRY. }

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c. &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

D. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c. &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HERMAN JOACHIM.
Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders prompt-
ly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Signs, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Oh, Touch those Thrilling Chords Again.

AS SUNG BY DEMPFSTER.

Oh! touch those thrilling chords again,
And sing that song once more,
'Tis one I loved in other days,
And used to sing of yore.
When this heart was sunlit all and bloom,
And free as wild bird's wing;
'Twas then I loved to hear the song
That now I bid thee sing.

Thou say'st it is a simple thing,
And has no charms for thee;
Oh! thou can never, never know
How dear it is to me.
Thou cannot know the memories
That wake in every strain;
Then smile not at my earnestness,
But sing it o'er again.

It was the first—the first sweet song
Of one who cared for me;
I learned it from the lips of love,
When stars were on the sea.
But the minstrel's hand is cold in death,
And silent is that late,
And the hallowed lips whence flowed that song,
Are now forever mute.

Oh! many fond remembrance,
Are blended in that lay,
And each soft tone wafts my full heart
To scenes of life's young day.
Then touch the silver corded lute,
And sing that song once more;
'Twas sung to me by my beloved,
In happy days of yore.

THE WORLD ON FIRE.

The general theory embraced by some lead-
ing men of science in reference to the cause of
volcanoes, is that they are the smoke pipes of
the great fire in the interior of this earth. They
believe that we are living on the top of a huge
white hot cauldron, and that the volcanoes in dif-
ferent parts of the world are merely vents of this
internal fire.

The following are the views of Prof. Silli-
man, of Yale College, on the subject, embraced
in a lecture recently delivered in New York:

The internal heat of the earth is proved by di-
rect experiments. A gentleman is still living
in Paris, who first called the attention of geolo-
gists and philosophers to this subject. He was
one of those scientific men who accompanied
Napoleon to Egypt, when he went on that great
expedition—for Napoleon took with him not only
the weapons of war, but he took a much more
important cohort—that is, men of science,
and art, and literature, able to explore and ex-
amine all the antiquities of that most important
and venerable country. A great literary work
resulted from this expedition, which proved to
the world that the interior of the earth was in a
heated state, bringing together facts already
known, in regard to mines and springs. This
general principle announced, has been followed
up repeatedly by very deep borings, called artesian
wells. The deep well in Paris has been
worked upon for seven years, without reaching
water, when Arago came forward and gave the
government assurance that if they would continue
their work, and go through the beds of chalk,
they would, in all probability, find water. They
continued their work till they got down through
the chalk when the water rose up in a great vol-
ume of twelve feet. This water still flows there
and doubtless will continue to flow to the end
of time. This water was found to be very hot.
Many other artesian wells have been made all
over Europe, for various purposes, and the uni-
form result is, that we find the water increasing
in heat the lower we go down. Add to this the
testimony of those who work in very deep
mines, and we ascertain the fact that the rate of
heat increases about one degree for every foot
of descent; so that, if we were to go down two
miles, we should find boiling water, and at ten
miles we might reasonably expect to arrive at
ignited rocks. Is there all beneath us on fire?
I am not prepared to say, with some, that this
is the case, although there is strong evidence to
justify such a theory. Witness the geysers of
Iceland—where hot waters are gushing up from
the earth age after age, and century after cen-
tury. The result of all observations on springs,
goes to show that they are thermal—that is, of
a higher temperature. The Azores present a
very important fact in example. The hot
springs of Luca, in the Appennine Mountains,
are large spouting springs, of a high tempera-
ture, so copious that they may be relied upon
for hot baths all the year round. Another case
is the hot springs of Bath in England. These
are the more remarkable as there are no volca-
noes in the British Islands. We know that from
the time of the Romans these waters have never
ceased to gush up in vast abundance.

The hot springs of the Rocky Mountains are
also very important, and the great salt lake in
Virginia is very hot. Taking the artesian wells
and the thermal, we have, from these sources,
the best evidence of the heated temperature of
the internal portion of the earth, and this is placed
beyond all question by the great volcanoes
in the world. And here we have decisive evi-
dence that the heat which will melt the solid
rock is not connected with any external cause;
for, among the cold, icy mountains, there are
volcanoes bursting up to the height of 12,000
feet.

In Spain and South America we find great
volcanoes bursting out. The fact is, the world
is on fire. It always has been on fire. It was
kindled at the time of its creation, and has been
burning ever since.

Children should always be heard, and fairly
and kindly answered, when they ask after any
thing they would know and desire to be in-
formed about. Curiosity should be as carefully
cherished in children, as other affections sup-
pressed.

The following is the New York *Dutchman's*
quotations for the Cheese market:
"As the warm weather advances, this article
resumes its wonted activity. We notice the
best Cheshire lively, with a slight upward ten-
dency till it reaches the edge of the table."

BUSINESS MEN AND THE SABBATH.

"Why should business be interrupted one
day in seven, and so much of our time and pro-
fits be lost; what harm will a strong mind and
body suffer by making every day alike?" Thus
questions with himself some man of business.
If the Sabbath were an arbitrary institution, not
"made for man," it might be present policy to
disregard it. But what are the facts? Neither
mind nor body can endure continual toil. It ex-
hausts the nervous energy, depresses the spirits,
and wears out the stamina of life. The rest of
the night, says experience and medical authori-
ty, is insufficient. Variety of occupation is need-
ful to the buoyancy and highest effectiveness of
man's powers. Change recreates the mind.—
And men of care and thought whose faculties
are habitually occupied with one class of sub-
jects especially need the rest and exhilaration of
variety.

But society knows no repose. The world
never goes fast enough. Business always pres-
ses. Competition will not be out done. Ambition
and enterprise are never satisfied; and busi-
ness rolls on like the waves of an inundating
sea. And the poor man, who must ordinarily
take the post of hardship and toil, is the first to
be swallowed up. The busy men, whose place
and profession is amidst these waves, are all the
while falling victims, while their dying groans
are lost amid the roar. One turbulent ocean
would our life be, were there no barriers to this
tide of business. But such our Sabbaths are,
green islands in this stormy sea, where the air
is cool and calm, and cloudless skies bend over,
and words of love are whispered, and voices of
heaven are heard in the still places.

The Sabbath's rest is a positive advantage to
the public industry. Through its influence,
more business on the whole is done, and it is
done better. Frequent experiments have proved
its expediency. To the laboring classes it is a
bulwark of freedom. It gives the poor man a
seventh day of liberty and rest, and self-culture,
and if he desecrate it, he is casting away his
birthright, and trampling on the safe-guard of
his own independence and the means of his own
elevation. The Sabbath is the busy man's life-
preserver. It recreates the tired muscles, and
nerves the brain. Its proper observance adds
years to the lives of the laborious and careful,
while it gives more of life to life. It affords se-
curities against insanity and nervous prostration.
Pitts and Wilberforces and Matthew Hales have
recognized its necessity in professional and po-
litical life, and eminent Medical authorities on
both sides of the Atlantic have pronounced it a
flaw of nature, equally as of revelation.

As we have seen the mysterious influence of
some Sabbath morning lifting the cloud from
the brow of care, and smoothing out the furrows
that six days of mental toil had made, we have
hailed this divine institution as neither a burden
nor a waste, but a gift of wisdom and benevo-
lence to man. [Chicago Tribune.]

WOODEN LEGS AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—We
like to see things well touched up, no matter if
they do not square with our ideas of the right
position. Some country editor threw off the
following at a dash. The merit of the article is,
that it is spiky, and does not claim to be right.

"The gravity of the legislature has been so-
licitly to unbend itself to the contemplation of
fictional legs and forlorn females. Our readers
doubtless begin to think this is a joke, but we
assure them we are only speaking of a plain
fact. Two Samuels—not Daniels—have come
to judgment, and decided to their own satisfac-
tion—the one that people want to go upon sticks,
the other, that women are wanted at the polls.
Mr. Samuel Emmons petitions the General
Court of Massachusetts that wooden legs be
supplied, at the expense of the Commonwealth,
to all who require them. Mr. Samuel E. Sew-
all petitions the State Convention to strike out
the "male," from the Constitution, and bring
the whole feminine gender out of the band-box
into the ballot box.

Shall we put it on record that we the 'collec-
tive wisdom' has made short work with the
champion of the cripples? It is even so; or
about to be so. The committee of the House
looked at his petition and then cut off his legs
at a single blow. They made no words about
Mr. Samuel Emmons, but even gave him 'leave
to withdraw,' cut stick, hop off, toddle away
and stump it home. He may light his pipe with
his wooden leg petition if he chooses—not a single
stick of joist shall he or his get for nothing from
this Commonwealth—spite of all the woods of
Maine. So say the flinty-hearted committee—
and the House, we suspect, will say amen.

Let every man, then, keep himself upright on
his own pins; for the Commonwealth is no
more bound to supply shin timber for those who
have kicked their own legs off, than to manu-
facture wooden heads for those whose nodules are
good for nothing. A word to the wise is suffi-
cient.

What the State Convention will do with the
petition of the other Samuel, we do not under-
take to predict. Strike out the word 'male' for-
sooth! It is easily done, but who shall tread
the babies?

If Mr. Emmons will get up a 'wooden leg
party,' our honest opinion is that he will carry
his point sooner by some thousands of years
than Mr. Sewall will succeed in his attempt to
make the world forget the difference between a
man and a woman. [Chicago Com. Adv.]

PICKING THE EAR.—A horrible death recent-
ly occurred in Paris from a common practice
with many persons. A gentleman feeling a
slight itching in the ear, took up a friction match
in order to dispel it. In the ardor of a conver-
sation he was sustaining, he introduced the sul-
phurous end; the contact soon produced igni-
tion, and the downy lining of the ear caught fire;
a portion of the sulphur adhered to the flesh,
and burnt there persistently. The unfortunate
man never spoke again. His sufferings were so
agonizing that his tongue became powerless;
and, after two day's torment and unavailing ef-
forts of the surgeon, he died.

He who encourages young men in the pursuit
of agriculture is doing a good work for the mor-
als of society a hundred years hence.

Rumor tells us that two New York ladies,
Mad. R., late Miss L., and Mrs. R., formerly
Miss C., have been appointed *dames d'honneur*
of the Empress Eugenie.

Certainly! It takes American gems to sparkle
in foreign diadems! Now, my dears, stand up
for your own country and all its institutions,
till your last gasp. Send over here for all your
boots and bonnets—tell them France is a vil-
lainsous place, and you are never sure you are
not eating a defunct frog in your friezees—that
here in America we all have our blessed little
homes, full of love and sunlight, and don't go
wandering round spending half our lives in a
cafe, and the other half in the theatre—tell
them that all the proceeds from the sale of Uncle
Tom's Cabin, the authoress will devote to lib-
erating and educating up all the *dark meat* in
slaverydom (!) and that the American women
don't go stampeding around the country in
diekeys and broadcloth, vociferating for *Wom-
en's Rights* (!).

Yes, and see you keep a stiff upper lip, when
that milk and water Napoleon speaks to you,
and give those dapper little Frenchmen fits all
round; tell them they make passable cavaliers
—but it would take a whole nation of them to
feed on frog's legs, and sugar and water, to
make one of our satisfactory, magnificent Ameri-
can husbands; say that our men are the hand-
somest, and the most gallant, and the bravest,
and the best informed of any nation on the face
of the globe; that our babies are all born re-
peating the "Declaration of Independence," and
that our backs will be up quicker than the click
of a musket, if things are not managed over
there to suit our Bunker Hill notions.

And now good-bye; toss up your bonnets in
the air every time you see the "stars and
stripes," hiss at the "Marseilles Hymn," and
clap your hands until they are blistered when-
ever our blessed "Yankee Doodle" strikes up
on your ears. [Fanny Fern.]

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S CHARITY.
—There was recently a family of thirty slaves
in Virginia which the owner offered to sell into
freedom at a very small price, and some benevo-
lent parties in Philadelphia undertook to raise
the amount by subscription. The facts were
presented by letter to Mrs. Sigourney, who im-
mediately enclosed twenty-five dollars for the
object. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was also
written to, and of course she responded by send-
ing a very large sum of money for the "glorious
purpose." She had just realized an immense
fortune by her abolitionism; she was on the eve
of starting for England, to be feted by the Duch-
ess of Sutherland, and caressed by the hand of
the nobility, and of course she gave a "very"
large sum to purchase these thirty slaves. No,
good reader, she gave *not one cent*. She sent
back a letter full of sweet sympathy, abounding
with the charity of advice and approval, but as
empty of money as her own face is of shame at
the contemptible part she is now playing in Eng-
land of forging a State's evidence against her
country. No, she had no money for "the poor
slave." As her eminent friend and co-laborer,
Mr. Amindab Sleek, would say, "it is not our
way." Her "mission" is to make money out of
negro philanthropy, and not for it. [National Democrat.]

A REGULAR WILD CAT BILL.—An Indiana
paper describes a bill of the Wild Cat currency
in that State, and which it would be difficult to
counterfeit:

"The vignette is a nigger shearing a hog, sup-
posed to be squealing. The President of the
Bank stands near, assisting to hold the hog.—
The *dear people* may be discovered a good way
behind. Thunder and lightning in the fore-
ground. The picture of a seedy individual se-
cured by stock, through which his feet run,
adorns one corner. A man with a very black
countenance, supposed to be the Auditor of the
State, and being rode upon a rail by a couple of
Wall street sharpers is seen in another corner.
The phiz of Governor Wright, thunder gather-
ing on his brow, and lightning flashing from his
eyes, adorns the centre of the bill. On one side
of the Governor is a hawk, on the other side a
buzzard. He holds in one hand the scales of
justice, one side of which is evidently very light,
the other is holding a document, his last mes-
sage, which he appears to be reading to a crowd
of disconsolate individuals below, who refuse to
be comforted."

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.—The Detroit papers
caution the public against counterfeit \$20 bills
on the State Bank of Ohio, which have recently
made their appearance in that city. The *Det-
roit Tribune* says it has reason to believe that
there is an organized gang now engaged in pass-
ing counterfeit bills on the Ohio banks, and bogus
gold dollars. Business men in that city
should be on the look out.

A bill has been introduced into the California
Legislature having for its object the enslavement
of the Indians of that State, by having them
bound out for any given number of years to
serve such white men as will give the required
security for their maintenance and support.—
We trust that a bill so contrary to the spirit of
the age is in no danger of becoming a law.
[Jour. of Com.]

FUNNY TO THE LAST.—Some of the whig of-
fice-holders decrease in a very jolly manner. A
decapitated "rout agent" on the mail line be-
tween Boston and Burlington, via Vermont
Central railroad, who temporarily fills the place
of his democratic successor, now adds "ed" to
the word "route" whenever he signs his name
to a way-bill. It is not a bad head that jokes so
cleverly after it's off. [Daily Times.]

PROMPT ACTION.—On the 7th inst. (the day
after the massacre on the New Haven Railroad)
the legislature of Connecticut appointed a spe-
cial committee to investigate the cause of that
disaster; and a bill was introduced imposing a
fine of \$10,000 for every person killed upon a
railroad, and heavy penalties for injuries on ac-
count of accidents through carelessness.

There is an old maid out West so tough and
wrinkled, that they use her forehead to grate
nutmegs on. [So "the papers" say.]

TAX TITLES.—The Supreme Court of this
State have recently made a decision which goes
to settle certain questions connected with the
subject of tax-titles. The decision is a long
one, and it discusses, with a good deal of mi-
nuteness, the various questions raised by the
case submitted. We can only find room for the
substance of the ruling of the court, and must
refer those who are especially interested in the
matter, to the full report.

The case was reserved from Calhoun County;
the Plaintiff claimed under the title for 1841
taxes; he gave the record of the Auditor Gen-
eral's deed in evidence, and rested. The Defend-
ant offered sundry objections to the deed, and
produced the Assessment Roll, made out in the
usual form with the usual certificate of the as-
sessors attached, but the certificate was not signed
by the assessors. The Court held that the deed
in the usual form from the Auditor Gen-
eral is in substantial compliance with the law,
and is good; that the law making it *prima facie*
evidence of title is a valid law, and the burden
of proof of irregularity is on the party seeking
to avoid the tax-title. The Court held further
that the form of the certificate is immaterial, but
that the signature of the assessor is material;
and on the last point the case went off. The
Assessment Roll was adjudged void for want
of the signature of the assessors, and all the
subsequent proceedings were consequently in-
valid.

On the whole, the decision is all that claim-
ants under tax-titles can ask. It would seem
that where ever the law has been substantially
complied with, the courts will sustain the pro-
ceedings, notwithstanding the many minor er-
rors and irregularities. And this is substantial
justice. Land-holders know that they have tax-
es to pay every year. If by irregular assess-
ments one man is made to pay more than his
proportion of tax—let him pay under protest,
and save his money and his land too; at least
let the burden be upon him to show the irregu-
larity and let that irregularity be manifest and
material and not slight and technical.
[Allegan Record.]

The *Christian Banker*, at Chicago, again
makes its appearance, with Seth Paine, editor.
It appears, says the *Times*, to be more of a
Spiritual than a Christian Banker, as the fol-
lowing extracts will show:—

"The *Christian Banker* will contain our expe-
rience and the revelations made through our-
selves and others, mediums in this great work.
We believe in Spirituality. What we know,
that we teach. We know there are spirits, for
we have had audible converse with them—we see
and talk with the spirits of the departed every
day—we know something, and are determined to
know more of this glorious revelation."

That the public may judge of its *Christian*
character, we give the following:—

"We find more real hidden infidelity in the
church than any other place. We find more
bigotry, intolerance, persecution and falsehood
covered up with the sacerdotal mantle, than a-
mong the so called heathen around. We find
less heart, less practical effort for good, less
devotion to humanity, in the church, than in the
so called world."

Two loafers met upon the wharf the other
day, and passed the "compliments of the sea-
son." "Jim," said one, "have you seen Hall?
he's looking for you." "Hall! what Hall?"
was Jim's answer. "Why, Alcehall, you fool."
"Pshaw," responded Jim, "that's a poor 'sell,'
and you wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't
been hurt last night when John tripped me up."
"What John?" said Jim. "Demi-john, you num-
skull."

TOO SAUCY.—A young man of tender years,
who had left his parents' home and set out in
life for himself, appeared in a grocery in San-
dusky the other day. He was asked why he
had left his father. The young sprig rolled a
large quid of tobacco to one side of his mouth,
and replied: "Why the fact was, the old chap
got so saucy I couldn't stand it with him any
longer." [Sandusky Mirror.]

A HAPPY EDITOR.—The editor of the Fox-
town Fuzilier must be a very happy man a-
bout this time. In his last number he says:
"Postscript! We stop the press with pleasure to
announce the decease of our cotemporary, Mr.
Snuggs, editor of the Foxtown Flash. He has
now gone to another and better world. Suc-
cess to him. Persons who have taken the Flash
will find the Fuzilier a good paper."

A wicked wag of a lawyer in a country court,
recently scandalized the bench by putting the
following query to his professional brethren:—
"Why is Judge—like necessity?" The
members of the bar present quickly answered,
"Because he knows no law."

The Poughkeepsie *Daily Press* says:—Miss
Schoolmaster, the girl thrown by Goslin over
the precipice at the Paltz Point, Ulster Co., is
recovering rapidly, being able to walk about
already. Goslin has not yet been taken.

How can it enter into the thoughts of man,
inquired Addison, that the soul which is capable
of such immense perfection, and of receiving
new improvements to all eternity, shall fall
away into nothingness almost as soon as cre-
ated?

Mrs. Partington has been on a brief visit to
New York. She appears to have been delight-
ed with her hotel, on the Avenue, where she
says it was so pleasant to see the cars passing
pro and con, previous to her windows.

There is a pork and lard shop up town that
has a sign stuck up inside, "No whistling allow-
ed while sausages are lying on the counter."
Sensible man that, and his sausages are dog
cheap. [Exchange.]

The following excellent toast was given at
the Springfield celebration, on the 4th:
"Old Bachelors—Lentless trunks in a garden
of roses. Each dwelling is to them a sugges-
tion; each bird's nest a standing admonition."