# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME II. DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1859. NUMBER 8.



## The Republican,

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At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

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In G. C. Jones & Co.'s New Brick Block.

**Terms of Subscription.**

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☞ Job Work of every description neatly executed with promptness, on the most favorable terms. Orders solicited.


## Business Directory.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**H. B. DENMAN,**
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

**DOWAGIAC NURSERY.**
SEELEY & COLE, having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawton Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, Evergreens, and every variety of Shrubbery.
☞ Office with Dr. Clarke, on Commerce-st., second building from the Post Office.
T. P. SEELEY, M. D.
WM. P. COLE.

**JOHN PIPER,**
Ambrotype Artist. Likenesses taken on short notice, and warranted not to fade. Children's pictures taken in one second. Operating in Rooms over F. J. Baum & Co.'s Clothing Store, Dowagiac, Mich. Also, fine Boots made to order.

**P. D. BECKWITH,**
Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

### PROFESSIONAL.

**C. P. PRINDLE, M. D.,**
Office, at his Residence, Dowagiac, Michigan.

**JUSTUS GAGE,**
Notary Public and general Agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

**GEO. W. ANDREWS,**
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office at the American House, on the corner of Front and Division streets.

**COOLIDGE & PLIMPTON,**
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Niles, Mich. Office over R. T. Trowbridge's Store.
H. H. Coolidge. E. M. Plimpton.

**D. H. WAGNER,**
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

**JAMES SULLIVAN,**
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

**CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,**
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassapolis, Cass county, Mich.

**CHARLES W. CLISBEE,**
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass Co., Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

**DR. E. R. ALLEN,**

Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office over Brownell's Hardware Store, Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**CLARK & SPENCER,**
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in G. C. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Michigan. Especial attention given to collections throughout the North-west.
Joseph B. Clarke. James M. Spencer.

### MERCHANTS.

**GEORGE RAPLEE,**
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Gold Pins, Cutlery and Musical Instruments, Front street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**A. N. ALWARD,**
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dennison Block, Dowagiac, Mich.

**H. W. RUGG,**
Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks and Plated Ware, Front St., Dowagiac, Mich. Strict personal attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work warranted.

**G. C. JONES & CO.,**
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**P. G. LARZELERE,**
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.
Mammoth Store.

**H. E. ELLIS,**
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Boots and Shoes, and Yankee Notions. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**IRA BROWNELL,**
Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

### Michigan Central Railroad.

PASSENGER TRAINS on the Michigan Central Railroad, on and after Monday, June 13th, will leave Dowagiac as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mail Express | 9:10 A. M. |
| Lightning Express, | 11:50 A. M. |
| Night Express, | 12:15 A. M. |

TRAINS WESTWARD.

| | |
|---|---|
| New York Express, | 2:35 P. M. |
| Lightning Express, | 7:45 P. M. |
| Night Express, | 9:00 A. M. |

There will be a Passenger Car attached to the Way Freight between Marshall and Niles—every other day—going east Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; west Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
R. N. RICE, Gen'l. Supt.

### MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain Mortgage, executed by Horace Cooper to Gillman Witherell, dated May tenth, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and recorded in the Register's office, in the County of Cass, in Liber F., of the book of Mortgages, on pages 410 and 411, on the fifteenth day of May, 1856, at half past ten o'clock, A. M., and assigned by the said Gillman Witherell to John A. Reynolds on the twenty-second day of September, A. D., 1858, and recorded in the Register's office, in the County of Cass, in Liber H., of Mortgages, on page ninety, by which default the power of sale contained in said Mortgage became operative and no suit or proceedings having been instituted at law to recover the debt secured by said Mortgage or any part thereof, and the sum now claimed to be due thereon, is three hundred and eleven dollars and twenty-eight cents. Notice is therefore hereby given that the said Mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises to wit: The south half of the south east quarter of section six in township seven of range number fifteen west, in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, said premises to be sold to the highest bidder at public vendue, at the Court House, in Cassapolis, on the third day of September next, at three o'clock, P. M.
JOHN A. REYNOLDS, Assignee.
By Oscar Jokns.
Dated at Pokagon, June 6, 1859. [june9-7w13

### MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a certain sum of money secured to be paid in and by a certain Mortgage Indenture, executed by Samuel M. Bear, of St. Joseph County, Michigan, to Marcus Sherrill, of Cass County, in said State, dated the first day of June, A. D., 1855, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, of Cass county aforesaid, on the second day of June, A. D., 1855, at 6¼ o'clock, P. M., in Book F, of Mortgages, on pages 49 and 50, on which Mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of two hundred and twenty-seven dollars and forty-seven cents, and the time for the payment of said sum having expired, and no suit or proceeding at law or in chancery having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, Notice is therefore hereby given, that, by virtue of a power of sale in said Mortgage contained, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the premises described in said Mortgage, to-wit: The equal undivided one-half of the east half of the north-east quarter of section thirteen, (13), in township six (6), south of range fourteen (14) west, containing eighty acres of land more or less, situated in Cass County, in the State of Michigan, will be sold at public vendue at the outer door of the Court House, in the Village of Cassapolis, in said county, on Saturday, the 30th day of July, A. D., 1859, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, in foreclosure of said Mortgage.
MARCUS SHERRILL, Mortgagee.
E. McIlvain, Att'y for Mortgagee.
Dated April 22, 1857. ap28-1w13

### PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass Probate Court.—Whereas, application has been made to said court by Henry W. Bly, Administrator of the estate of Matthew Gibson, deceased, for final settlement of his administration accounts in said estate:

And, whereas, no commissioners have been appointed to examine and adjust the claims against said estate:

Notice is therefore hereby given that the first Saturday in July next, has been appointed by said court for examination and adjusting the claims against said estate, and for final settlement of the same, at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, of said county, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place all persons having claims against said estate will present them to said court for final settlement.

And it is hereby ordered that the above notice be published in the Cass County Republican, once in each week for four weeks in succession immediately preceding said settlement.
C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate.
May 27, 1859. june2-6w4

### PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MICHIGAN—County of Cass Probate Court.—Whereas application has been made to the said court by George W. Jones administrator of the estate of Henry Jones, deceased, for the final settlement of his administration accounts in said estate: And, whereas, no commissioners have been appointed to examine and adjust the claims against said estate: Notice is therefore hereby given, that the third Monday in June next, has been appointed by said court for examining and adjusting the claims against said estate, and for final settlement of the same, at the Probate Office, in Cassapolis, of said county, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place all persons having claims against said estate will present them to said court for final settlement.

And it is hereby ordered that the above notice be published in the Cass County Republican, once in each week for four weeks in succession immediately preceding said settlement.
C. SHANAHAN, Judge of Probate.
May 16th, 1859. my19-4w4

### GUARDIAN SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a license granted by Clifford Shanahan, Judge of the Probate Court, for the County of Cass, in the State of Michigan, I shall offer for sale at public auction, the undivided two-fifths of the south-west quarter of the north-east quarter of section thirty-four in township five, south of range fifteen west, in Cass County, Michigan, on Saturday, the eleventh day of June next, between the hour of nine o'clock in the forenoon, and the setting of the sun of the same day, on the premises above described, as the property of Mary A. Mott and Ann Mott, minor children of Zopher Mott, deceased.
ROXY HORTON, Guardian.
April 28, 1859. ap28-1w6


## GEO. RAPLEE,
## WATCH MAKER & REPAIRER,

Has constantly on hand a full assortment of WATCHES & JEWELRY, of the latest and most approved styles of Ladies and Gents PINS, RINGS, EAR DROPS, GUARDS, Neck and Fob Chains, Gold and Silver Pencils, Keys, Thimbles, Spectacles, Fobs, Lockets and Plated ware of the best quality.

MUSIC! MUSIC!
Violins, Accordians, Flutes, Fifes and all kinds, down to the Jewsharp.

CLOCKS!
Just received a large and full assortment of Clocks, eight day and thirty hour Clocks, got up in good and improved styles, that go ahead of any thing ever offered in this Market and warranted good time keepers, and all other articles usually kept in a Jewelry Store. I have located myself permanently in N. B. Hollister's Drug Store.
*Repairing done on the best and most reasonable terms.*

WORK WARRANTED.
LIVE AND LET LIVE.
I have but one price.
GEORGE RAPLEE.
Dowagiac, Mich. Dec. 16, 1858. july9-v1-1y

## CABINET & CHAIR FURNITURE.
## H. BIGELOW,

AT THE Old Stand opposite the Freight House, Manufactures, and keeps constantly on hand, all kinds of Cabinet and Chair Furniture, amongst which may be found

Sofas, Centre and Card Tables,
Bureaus, Tables, Stands, Bedsteads and Chairs of all kinds, &c. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine his stock, and learn prices before purchasing elsewhere. All kinds of Matrasses kept constantly on hand or furnished to order. Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.
Having a first class, 6 horse power, Steam Engine in operation, I am prepared to do all kinds of Turning on short notice. n23y1
Dowagiac, Sept. 30, 1858.

## MRS. HAIGHT

WOULD respectfully announce to the Ladies of Dowagiac and vicinity, that she has received her

SPRING FASHIONS,
together with a good assortment of
MILLINERY GOODS.

☞ Bleeching and repairing done to order.
Dowagiac, March 28, 1859. mar31-4pm8

## INK!

THE very best of Black, Blue, and Red Ink, at ALWARD'S BOOK STORE.


### Written in the Sand.

BY E. S. B. CANNING.

In merry boyhood there was one
Who shared my youthful heart,
We swore no fortune and no fame
Our destinies should part.
But as we twain to manhood grew,
Time broke that golden band,
And proved that mutual oath of ours
Was written in the sand.

Youth came and brought a gayer dream,
A fond and loving one
Smiled on me till loves ties seemed bound,
Too fast to be undone.
Faithful till death we pledge ourselves
With willing heart and hand—
We lived to know that plighted vow
Was written in the sand.

Ambition whispered me to try
His promised path to fame,
And with devotion I assayed
To play the desperate game.
What gained I but the blasting fire
My own wild hopes had fanned!
Alas, the promise I pursued
Was written in the sand.

Wealth tempted me with golden hoards,
Her proffers were to me
Like green and sunny iles to those
Long tossed upon the sea.
I grasped at gain, and day by day
New schemes for profit planned—
The luring phantom proved at last
A writing in the sand.

A crafty friend in joyous guise
Upon my sorrows stole
And with mad'ning 'suasion urged
The pleasures of the bowl.
I listened, woe betide the hour!
Till friendless, doomed and banned,
I saw the mocking demon's words
Were written in the sand.

From the New York Mercury.

### Self Reliance.

BY W. L. MYERS.

"Have you any work that I can do?" said a little boy of ten summers to a stern-faced merchant, who was busily examining a well filled ledger, in a large retail establishment in the village of T——.

He was a small boy for his age, and looked more like rambling over field and wood in boyish pursuits than in filling the capacity of a clerk. He was habited in clothes that bespoke him acquainted with poverty's privations—but they were scrupulously clean, and bore the impress of a kind mothers care in the neatly mended rents and threadbareness. The straight forward manner in which he interrogated the merchant, showed him to be possessed of perseverance and courage.

The merchant finished the entry he was making, and turned with a refusal on his lips; but seeing the pleading look upon the little applicant's face, his curiosity was aroused to know the cause of this unexpected request for employment in one so childlike in appearance.

"Was it you that inquired for work?" he commenced.

"Yes, sir, if you please!" was the prompt reply—and the little fellow looked wistfully in the merchant's face for a confimation of the hope that swelled in his bosom.

His honest manners prepossessed the man of business in his favor, who continued his questions.

"Why do you seek labor so young, my lad?"

"Because, sir, it would relieve my mother, and"—dropping his eyes to the floor—"I would feel better if I could earn money myself."

It was a simple answer, and went directly to the merchant's heart; for it recalled to his mind a period when he, as helpless and dependant as the applicant before him, solicited work and was supplied by a benevolent merchant, who when his industry and honesty sanctioned it, gave him an interest in his business.

"Is your father living?" inquired the merchant.

A tear sprang from its fountain, and coursed slowly down the little fellow's cheek, as he answered in a low voice:

"No, sir; he died two months ago!"

Another echoe was made to vibrate in the merchant's heart, for his father died when he was young, and instantly his last dying counsel flashed before him, as if he beheld it off a printed page.

He mused a moment.

"What was your father's name, my boy?"

"Thomas Mellville, sir—and mine is Willie!"

"What labor do you think you can engage in? I like your appearance, and if you can be of any service, I will willingly employ you."

"I can go on errands, sir, and carry packages for customers."

"Well, that will do. Come early on Monday morning, and I will find work for you."

A glad "thank you sir," escaped the joyful little fellow, as he sprang away to convey to his toiling mother his budget of good news.

The heartily uttered words sent an additional thrill of pleasure to his benefactor's heart; for those words sounded very like the same he had given utterance to years gone by.

Bright and early Monday morning, Willie Mellville repaired to his post and was immediately set to work by the head clerk of the establishment; and, before many weeks had passed away, he was the general favorite of all the employees connected with the firm.

Years sped onward and many of them witnessed the mercantile success of William Mellville. His benefactor, after raising him to the position of junior partner, remained with him a few years; and then satisfied with the wealth his business had procured him, retired from life's great bustles, after selling to young Mellville his interest in the concern, on advantageous terms, who continued to amass wealth with unvarying success. So much for "self reliance."

Many a young man can learn a lesson if he will, from this little sketch. It is gratifying to see a young man, possessor of fortitude, industry and courage, carving out for himself a way through the world; and if this spirit of enterprise, and self reliance was defused into every heart just swelling with the healthful blood of youth and manhood how many rogues and despicable villians would have been snatched from disgrace and ruin.

America is teaming with boys and young men, who have lived from the days of childhood an lazy, good for nothing life—lounging around their homes, relying on their fathers for the food that sustains their worthless lives and clothes that cover their indolent bodies; careless where these comforts were obtained, so their allotments were forthcoming.

And when reverse of fortune visits their families, and they are thrust forth upon the world, portionless and without a means of livelihood, they become frequenters—and, finally *attaches* of saloons and groggeries; and their indolent habits becoming second nature, they persist in their chosen course, and ultimately find a felon's punishment for their reward.

### Mothers.

If anything in life deserves to be considered as at once the exquisit bliss and pre-eminent duty of a mother, it is this—to watch the dawning disposition and capacity of a favorite child; to discover the earliest buds of thought; to feed with useful truths the inquisitiveness of a young and curious mind; to direct the eyes, unsullied with the waters of contrition, to a bounteous Benefactor; to lift the little hands, yet unstained with vice, in prayer to their Father which art in Heaven. But so it is; the child, as soon as it is released from the bondage of the nurse, and needs no longer a careful eye to look after its steps, and guard it from external injury, is too often surrendered to instructors, some of whom are employed to polish the surface of the character, and regulate the motions of the limbs; others to furnish the memory, and accomplish the imagination; while religion gets admission as she can—sometimes by aid of authority, and sometimes in a Saturday's task, or a Sunday's peculiarity, but how rarely as a sentiment! Their little hearts are made to flutter with vanity, encouraged to pant with emulation, persuaded to contract parsimony allowed to glow with revenge, or reduced to absolute numbness, by worldliness and cares, before they have ever felt a sentiment of devotion, or beat with a pulsation of sorrow for an offence, or gratitude for a benefit in the presence of God. Believe me, mothers, you have no right to expect that the sense of religion will be infused by the labors of others. When parents have ceased to be teachers, religion has ceased to be taught.—*Selected.*

From the Advocate and Guardian.

### "Blue Sky Somewhere."

Children are eloquent teachers. Many a lesson which has done our hearts good, we have learned from their lisping lips. It was but the other day another took root in memory. We were going to a pic-nic, and, of course, the little ones had been in ecstacies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no song of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain—even hope hid her face and wept.

"Shan't we go mother?" exlaimed a child of five, with passionate emphasis.

"If it clears off."

"But when will it clear off."

"Oh, look out for a blue sky."

And so he did, poor little fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I don't care, mother," said he, when the tedious day had at length numbered all its hours, "if I haven't seen it, I know there is a blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was blue sky, a whole heaven full of it, clear, glorious, blue sky, such as only greets us after a weary storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so?" cried a joyous voice, "there is blue sky!" Then the little head dropped for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother," exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, cos you see, there ain't no place where it could have gone to—God only covered it up with clouds, didn't He?"

☞ The Years—they do not go from us, but we from them, stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving us some baggage, no longer serviceable on the march.

Look back along the way we have trodden, there they stand, every one in his place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer; the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no farther, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown to be reviewed by memory and called up for evidence some day.

### Paraguay Manner and Customs.

From the pen of a traveler who communicates to the New York *Commercial* we extract some very interesting notes of the way they do things in Paraguay:

NUDE TABLE WAITERS.

"Shortly after my arrival at Ascuncion, I was invited by Senor J. to dinner, and, having accepted the invitation, I went on the following day at the late and fashionable hour of two o'clock. Several friends were assembled for the occasion; but at table I was placed between two of the Misses J., young, blooming, (for most of the females of of Ascuncion are very fair,) and without doubt very pretty women. Guess, then, my confusien, to find that we were waited on at dinner by a half dozen boys and girls, little slaves, all perfectly nude. Their liveries had cost nothing, their shoes and stockings had cost nothing, not one of them had dressed for dinner; they were one and all in *statu naterœ*. At first, I fidgeted in my chair, and threw furtive glances around; but seeing every one on either side of me, including my fair companions, as composed as if the most rigid decorum had been studied, I gradually recovered my serenity, and learned thenceforward to know that whatever has become the custom of the country, is never supposed by the people to have anything *outre* in it. How are we in truth, the creatures of habit? I got so accustomed to these unclothed attendants, during my sojourn in Paraguay and Corientes, that on my return to Buenos Ayres, I thought there was great affectation, in dressing out the same class of servants there from top to toe."

CONVERSATION.

As the body is left loose and unrestrained by dress in Paraguay, so the conversation of all classes is the most unsophisticated in its construction that can be imagined. There is no circumspection, no subtlety, no mode of speech by which one thing is made to stand for another. At dinner, or any other occasion, right before their daughters the parents sometimes give disertations on domestic medicines, &c., which make a stranger's blood run cold, but which they discourse about with all the volubillity of clever mothers, in their maturer years who have raised a large family by dint of their constant applications to the doctor, and to which their daughters listen as gravely through the details, as if they were hearing counsels on the improvements of the mind.

NIGHT HABITS.

In the principal streets of the city long and continuous corridors are built which run along on one side of it. The principal shop-keepers and merchants who inhabit this part of the town, on very warm night of summer, convert these corridors into common bed rooms. The portable beds of these citizens are drawn out and ranged along the covered way; and it was curious to see them, as you passed along toward ten o'clock at night, preparing for bed, and some were already enjoying their night's repose. Some were to be seen sitting on the side of their stretchers, yawning, or smoking their cigars; others undressing with the greatest *sang froid*—here one snorning, there another conversing with his next neighbor—and every one unconcious of the oddity of the scene in the eyes of a stranger. The same custom prevailed more or less through the city, beds and stretchers obstructing the way in every direction. Very little police is exercised in Ascuncion, but such a thing as robbery or theft committed during the night, is unheard of: and in fact such security was felt and enjoyed that people rest without any nocturnal fears.

### "My Mother."

The influence upon her child of a Christian mother's pure, unselfish love, is never lost. Worldly pursuits may cover it from sight, love warm and passionate, seems to burn it from her heart, but with subtle gentleness it still exerts its hallowed power. Many a dying bed has borne such testimony as the following:

"If I could only see my mother!"

Again and again was that yearning cry repeated—

"If I could only see my mother."

The vessel rocked, and the water chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily discomfort—his eyes looked far away—and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry:

"'My son, when you come to die you will remember all this.'"

"O! If I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning cry upon his lips, as many a man has died who slighted the mother who bore him. The waves roll over him, and his bones whiten at the bottom of the sea, and that dread cry has gone before God, there to be registered forever."

☞ "Boy, what is your name?"

"Robert, sir."

"Yes, that is your Christian name, but what is your other name?"

"Bob, sir."

☞ Mrs. Partington says the best *anecdote* for pizen is not to take the *plaguy stuff*.

### To the Boys.

BY ALICE CARY.

Don't you be afraid boys,
To whistle loud and long,
Although your quiet sisters,
Should call it rude, or wrong.

Keep yourselves good natured,
And if smiling fails
Ask them if they ever saw
Muzzles on the quails!

Or the lovely red-rose
Try to hide her flag,
Or the June to smother all
Her robins in a bag.

If they say the teaching
Of nature isn't true,
Get astride the fence boys
And answer with a whew?

I'll tell you what it is boys,
No water-wheel will spin
Unless you set a whistle
At the head of every pin.

And never kite flew skyward
In triumph like a wing
Without the glad vibration
Of a whistle in the string.

And when the days are vanished,
For idleness and play
'Twill make your labors lighter
To whistle care away.

So don't you be afraid boys
In spite of bar and ban,
To whistle—it will help you each
To make an honest man.

### Beautifying Your Homes.

Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money which he can spare ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, that is important not only because he can ordinarily build cheaper than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by a frequent change of residence. A man, who, in early, life, built a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home that we can call our own. It is a form of property that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations that springs up around it, as the birth place of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary where the spirit cherish its purest thoughts, are sure as all value, and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness of to-day, is increased by the place we were happy yesterday, and that, insensibility, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future!

On this account we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say easily, for there are persons who think that a home can not be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower garden, and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties which delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin, and over the stump of the withered tree twines the grateful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the scenes and please the mind. Follow her example, and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you, beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existance, and hence the whole universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist, so far as the apprehension and enjoyment of beauty is concerned; and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being, if he fails to fulfill his beneficial purpose of his creation.—*Newberg Gazette.*

Grammar.—"Jim did you ever study grammar?"

"I did."

"What case is 'Squire X——?"

"He's an objective case."

"How so."

"Because he objected to paying his subscription, which he has been owing for five years or more."

"What is a noun?"

"I don't know; but I know what re-noun is."

"Well, what is it?"

"Running off without paying the printer, and getting on the black list as a delinquent."

"Good! what is a conjunction?"

"A method of collecting outstanding subscription, in a conjunction with a constable; never employed by printers until the last extremity."

☞ "My dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?"

"No, don't want to read of it; it is enough to have the plague in my own house,"

☞ Every wooden leg that takes the place of a leg lost in battle, is a *stump* speech against war.

### Crossing the Alps.

The road over Mont Cenis is macadamized throughout its whole extent, and is wide and in perfect order, consisting of easy grades. On the top of the mountain there was much snow, but most of it was removed from the road—a work of great labor, as the cuts in some places were ten feet deep, and the snow so compact that its sides were perpendicular. The diligence was several hours in passing through this region of snow, and it was snowing at the time, and extremely cold. On Monday and Tuesday of this week it rained hard on the west side of the mountain, and it was feared that the passage of troops was impeded by fresh snows. The journey over the pass was no pleasant affair, even to one who occupied the protected seats of a comfortable diligence—such was my fortunate position—what must it be to soldiers on foot, wet with severe rains, and encumbered with knapsack and arms.

The pass is 6,825 feet high—nearly 300 feet higher than the famous Simplen pass. That of the great St. Bernard, over which Napolen conducted his army before any road had been formed is 8,200 feet. The easy grades of the Mont Cenis road, and the protection furnished by granite posts on its exterior, within seven or eight feet of each other—firmly planted in the earth, and about four feet high—indicate that a principle object in thus forming it was the easy and safe hauling of cannon and baggage over the line.

I walked for miles over the road, in the ascent from the Sardinian side, and carefully observed its construction. The engineering difficulties were immense, but they have been overcome with such skill that the ascent is uniform and easy in every part. Occasionally a level place is left to afford relief to horses from the wearisomeness of a steady pull. I noticed that the marks of the drill used in blasting were nearly obliterated, the effect of long continued exposure to severe storms, and the character of the rocks, which is a soft limestone. It may be, if the history of the road shall ever be lost, that future antiquarians may contend from the obliteration of all signs of blasting, that at least no great difficulties were encountered in its construction, even if they do not insist that it was formed on a natural bed. One is struck with wonder that such a great work over high mountains, should have been formed and finished on a line exceeding fifty miles, so completely that it exceeds in excellence any road I know of in the United States, whether public or private, and long or short. It is kept in high order, and is descended on a brisk trot, with entire safety.

It seemed most appropriate, as this great road was the work of the elder Napoleon, that the representative of his name should distinguish himself by using it for the march of a great army aimed at the same power which Napoleon successfully encountered soon after crossing the Swiss Alps.—*Turin Letter.*

☞ A witness, a jolly, plump old lady, in the Supreme Court at Worcester on Thursday, was asked what time a certain train of cars passed her house. She replied that she commenced knitting at 3 o'clock and had knit twice around the leg of a stocking, before they came along. The next question, of course, was how long it would take to knit twice around. The judge here, in his usual quiet humor, suggested that that would depend upon the size of the stocking. To this the witnesses remarked that the stocking was for herself, and that they could exercise their own judgment as to the size, and guess how long it would take.—*Boston Transcript.*

☞ A plain-spoken woman lately visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do you contrive to amuse yourself?"

"Amuse!" said the other staring; "do you know I have my house work to do?"

"Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it *to do;* but as it is never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

Planting Squash and Pumpkin Seeds.—An eastern writer says that squash and pumpkin seeds, lying flat in the hill when planted, do better than those planted edge wise, throwing off the skin of the seed more readily, and without injuring the leaves.

Cows Holding up Their Milk.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says, that when milking cows that hold up their milk, imitate the calf, by using the fist. Pound the bag as calves do by bunting, and they will readily yield their milk.

☞ Beets for winter use are much more tender and good if the seed is not sown till the last week of June. They will grow large enough for the table.

☞ Squash Vines may be protected from the squash bug, by sprinkling Scotch snuff over them, or tobacco dust.

Warts on Animal.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* says that fine tar applied to warts on the face of the animal will cure them.

Peas.—For a succession of peas, sow every two weeks, till the middle of July, and you may have green peas in October.