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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office at Alward's Book Store, Denison Block, Front Street. Residence first door below the Methodist Church, Commercial St., Dowagiac, Mich.

W. B. CLARKE, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon. Office at his residence, on Division Street, directly north of the Methodist Church, Dowagiac, Mich.

W. H. CAMPBELL,
Notary Public. Will attend to all kinds of Conveyancing—Republican Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

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 Smith, at the North-west, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

CLARKE & SPENCER,
Attorneys and Counselors 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. JAMES B. CLARKE. JAMES M. SPENCER.

D. H. WAGNER,
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JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

COOLIDGE & PLIMPTON,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Niles, Mich. Office over K. T. Twombly's store, at the North-west, second floor, Jones' Brick Block. J. M. PLIMPTON.

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich.

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DR. E. R. ALLEN,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. Office at his residence on Commercial Street, directly opposite the Post Office, Dowagiac, Mich.

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H. W. RUGG,
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Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glass and Ornamental Glass, Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

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

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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, Lawns, Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, Evergreens, and every variety of Shrubby.

Office with Dr. Clarke, on Commerce-st., second building from the Post Office. T. P. SEELEY, M. D. WM. F. COLE.

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

Dowagiac Union School.

THIS SCHOOL is now well established, graded and classified on the plan of the best Schools of this State, and under the supervision of T. S. WELLS, will give perfect satisfaction to its patrons.

The School year will be divided into three terms. The FALL TERM of 16 weeks, will commence on MONDAY, September 12, 1859.

Terms of Tuition—Foreign Scholars. Primary, . . . \$2.00. Senior, . . . \$3.00. Junior, . . . 2.50. Academic, . . . 3.50. Languages, \$5.00.

J. H. SMITH, Director. Dowagiac, Dec. 15th, 1858. dec25-59

WANTED!

YOUNG MEN, of good education and regular habits, & young Ladies of pleasing address and a couple of middle aged Gentlemen, to make selections and purchases from a well assorted stock of Books, Stationery and Paper Hangings, which can always be found at

ALWARD'S BOOKS TOBE. Dowagiac, June 16th, 1859. j16-59

The Old Play Ground.

I sat an hour to-day, John, Beside the old brook stream, Where we were school boys in old time, When manhood was a dream;

The brook is choked with fallen leaves, The pond is dried away— I scarce believe that you would know The dear old place to-day.

The school house is no more, John, Beneath our locust trees; The wild rose by the window side No more waves in the breeze;

The scattered stones look desolate, The sod they rested on Has been plowed up by stranger hands Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John, And what is sadder now— The broken grape vine of our swing Hangs on the withered bough;

I read our names upon the bark And found the pebbles rare Laid up beneath the hollow side As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass grown bank, John, I looked for our old spring, That bubbled down the silted path, Three paces from the spring

The rushes grow upon the brink, The pool is black and bare, And not a foot this many a day, It seems has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John, That wandered up the hill; 'Tis darker than it used to be, And seems so lone and still!

The birds sing yet among the boughs Where once the sweet grapes hung, But not a voice of human kind Where all our voices rung.

I sit me on the fence, John, That lies as in old time, The same half pannel in the path We used so oft to climb—

And thought how 'ere the bars of life Our playmates had passed on, And left me counting on this spot The faces that are gone.

The Fatal Token.—A Romance of American History.

CHAPTER I.

And there were sudden partings—such as press The life from out young hearts—

At the door of a vine covered cottage, in the year 1775, a steed, caparisoned as if for a long journey, stood pawing the ground with impatience.

The reins were held by a man in a gray surout, confined at the waist by a leather girdle. He was evidently awaiting the appearance of some one, whose delay caused him to pour forth many a curse upon the horse and its owner, and he employed himself in venting his spleen upon the poor animal—sometimes striking him with his whip, and then having recourse to the reins, with which he lashed unmercifully—spite of his kicks and plunges.

At length the door of the cottage slowly unclosed, and a young man in the blue uniform of America, enlivened by his shining brass buttons, appeared, and never did the gold laced equipments of the gayest cavalier in the service of Charles of England, grace a nobler form than was there presented in this humble uniform. His high white ruff, shaded by masses of raven curls; his cheek, glowing with manhood's richest bloom; his firm compressed lips whose smiles and seriousness contended for the mastery; his air of dignity, blended with grace—all denoted a person of gentle birth and refined manners.

But his eye fell of animation, was his most remarkable feature—large, deep, black as night—its glance seemed to burn into the very soul. By his side appeared a young female, fragile and lovely as the delicate blossoms breathing their fragrance over the lattice, and on this fair creature were the dark eyes of the soldier fixed—gazing into the depths of hers, as a star sheds its beams upon the petals of the violet. And she but a child in years—a bright spring flower, hardly arrived at perfection—passionately clinging to his arm, winding around it the waxen softness of her own, as the ivy seeks protection from the oak. Her half parted lips quivering with the farewell she could not utter, and her dove like eyes raised to his with timid fondness. It was a beautiful picture thus called into life in an American forest.

"My own Laura—my sweet bride," said the soldier, "you know not how bitter this parting is to me. Reproach me not; for be assured, naught but the clarion voice of my bleeding country, would ever tear me from your side. Since the time when I bore you from your father's house, and swore to cherish and protect you as my life's blood—since that happy hour life has been to me as a fairy dream. We have been too happy, Laura, and that makes the anguish of our parting greater. Yet I go not to mingle in the gay world which I have foresworn for your sake. I go not to enjoy the dissipated pleasures of a royal camp. I go to fight for you and freedom. To bare my breast to the storm, and nerve my soul to danger. I go to assist in wrenching the oppressor's chain, and prove myself worthy of the commission with which

Modern Pictures.

People, as appears from communications of correspondents, and otherwise, are just now thinking a good deal of the training of the young. We have been thinking of the same thing, and will now relate as applicable to the subject, what we chanced to hear one day, and shall entitle it

THE WOULD BE YOUNG LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

"Where's your father, Margaret?" "I suppose he's in the shop, sir."

"Always hammering away, summer and winter, from morning till night."

"Yes, sir, father is very industrious; I really believe he works because he loves it."

"And where's your mother, Margaret?" "She is in the kitchen, sir; mother does so like to cook, and wash, and sweep."

"That you and your sister Harriet rarely have a chance at the griddle or broom, it is likely."

"Oh, never, sir; we take care of the parlor, which for us would have no tenant."

"You and your sister are, then, my dear, your parents' lilies of the parlor, who neither sew nor spin; but continue to be arrayed as beautifully as Solomon, by the sewing and spinning of others."

"Sir?"

"And your brother Henry, does he blow the bellows, or play second hammer to your father?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir, he never works; he rides or promenades, goes to the theatre, and visits the ladies. And we go to the play, receive the gentlemen, and take a drive, or walk."

"And what do you do the rest of the time, for I suppose there is a little left?"

"We are getting ready, sir."

"This really seems a very nice and pleasant arrangement—to three of you at least. Doubtless it is all agreeable to your parents! They like their end of the yoke, do they not?"

"What, sir?"

"Your father and mother like the arrangement, which you speak of—they are content to take their dividends of life in work. They prefer to labor themselves, and don't seem to mind if other people are always idle or not?"

"O, dear, no. You can't imagine how proud they are of being busy. They would not be doing nothing if they could, I really believe. Father was unwell a week some time ago, and idleness seemed to weigh upon him as much as his disease. He was glad enough to be active again once more, I assure you."

"Perhaps his unremitting labor is necessary to enable him to maintain his family?"

"Why, perhaps it may be. I'm sure I don't know."

"In that case, it is possible that when his income is stopped by illness, he may not be entirely easy in his mind; his prospects may not be clear and pleasant?"

"I don't know how that matter may be, sir."

"But, of course, if anything should happen to prevent your father from providing, there is your brother, and he might—"

"Ha, ha! What, brother Henry? He can't split a stick to kindle the fire with, and does not know how to keep it going after it is made, unless it is to let it go out. Brother would rather have both hands chopped off than to see them spoiled with work. He would die, before he would let Christopher Cherrywit or Tom Tweezer know that he ever touched hammer or spade. And as for his sister and me, you don't imagine, I hope—"

"Not at all; there is not the least need of your doing anything, I see."

"That is it, sir. The old folks would not be easy without labor; they have neither known what it is to rest, and be amused; and we are ignorant of anything else. So we are both suited. Work seems to be their only delight, and it is lucky for us that it is so. Don't you think so yourself, sir?"

We did not hear the reply.

Don't go South.

High Hastings, of the Albany Knickerbocker, who has the blood of the O'Flagherty's in his veins, gets off the following: The South is no place for Irishmen. Patrick has no taste for "niggers," and Southerners have no love for men who hate human servitude. Two Irishmen have just returned from the land of chivalry and niggers, each carrying the marks of thirty-nine lashes on their backs, covered with a coat of tar and feathers, for having expressed opinions against slavery. The following advice from Bridget O'Flagherty, we trust, will be heeded by every son of Erin:

Arrah, Paddy me jewel, don't go to the South, For and Irishman there dare not open his mouth; If a word about niggers he'd happen to say, They would lynch him at once, without any delay.

If he lacked for a coat, they'd not let him go tar; Without giving him one, made of feathers and tar; And they'd give him still more, without thinking it wrong.

Such as thirty-nine lashes to help him along. You may talk of this country the land of the free, But such freedom as that, don't exactly suit me; And sooner much longer this way to remain, I would rather go back to old Ireland again.

"A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, 'Be sars, my dear you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one who has money and nothing else.'"

Specimen of the contents of the new work by the editor of the Louisville Journal, entitled PRESTICE, ANA, just published, and which will be sent, post paid on receipt of one Dollar, by Derby & Jackson, publishers, New York:

A Buffalo newspaper announces that Dr. Brandreth has introduced a bill into the Legislature. Is the editor sure that he minded his *p's* in his announcement?

A lady correspondent who professes to be horrified at the delicacy of our paper, threatens for the future to set her foot on every copy she sees. She had better not. Our paper has it in it.

A writer in the Virginia paper devotes three columns to describing the great Blue Ridge Tunnel. We hardly know which is the greatest bore, the tunnel or the description of it.

W. H. Hooe, a postmaster in Vermont, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and he asks 'who has got the money?' Possibly echo may answer—Hooe.

The editor of an Indiana paper says 'more villainy is on foot. We suppose the editor has lost his horse.'

A party of our friends, last week, actually 'fox thirty-six hours. They chased a ran the thing into the ground.'

The New York Evening Post says a man 'cannot be active and quiescent at the same time. There may be some doubt of that. Some fellows bustle about terribly, and get *lie still*.'

Messrs. Bell & Top, of the N. C. Gazette, say that 'Prentices are made to serve masters.' Well, Bells were made to be hung, and tops to be whipped.

Mrs. Charity Perkins, of New Orleans, came near dying of poison a few days ago. A sister of Charity was suspected of having administered the dose.

A. K. says that he expects to be able in a short time to pay everything that he owes in the world. Ay, but there's a heavy debt in the other world that he has got yet to settle—*There'll be the devil to pay*.

A Rocky Mountain correspondent of the New York Post, who writes himself 'Henry E. Land,' describes Oregon as the most delightful country in the world. Our citizens, if they choose can go out there and see 'how the Land lies.'

We were considerably amused by an account that we lately saw of a remarkable deal. There were *six men* upon the ground and *six misses*.

The Ohio River is getting lower and lower every day. It has almost ceased to run. All who look upon it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little speed, but a *great deal of bottom*.

A young widow has established a pistol gallery in New Orleans. Her qualifications as a teacher of the art of duelling are of course undoubted; she has *kill'd her man*.

A woman in Florida, named Cross, lately gave birth to an infant son that weighed only one pound. That Cross wasn't hard to bear.

Mr. Wm. Hood was robbed near Cornith Ala., on the 13th inst. The Cornith paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt that he was Robin Hood.

A Mr. Beatty has been indicted in Alabama for striking a stranger with an axe. He says he didn't know but that the stranger was a robber. He didn't know, and so he axed him.

Mr. J. S. Fall, a Mississippi editor, asks when we shall get wise. Undoubtedly *before Fall* if ever.

Mr. Henry A. Rhule says, in a Mississippi paper, that he has worked zealously for the administration. Now let him turn and work faithfully against it. 'Tis a poor Rule that won't work both ways.

The Beaver Argus records the marriage of John Coburn, only three feet high. No wonder he wanted to get *epiced*.

A man named J. S. Bill has set up a shaving shop in one of our western cities. We know him of old. Whenever he takes off his beard he shaves a bad bill.

A handsome young fellow in New York, in great distress for want of money, married last week a rich old woman of seventy. He was no doubt miserable for want of money, and she for the want of a husband; and misery makes strange bedfellows.

TO RAISE THE PILE ON VELVET.—We are sometimes asked "what is the best thing to do with a velvet mantle after it has been in the rain?" Velvet that is rough and knotty, from rain spots and splashes, can be rendered smooth again by thoroughly damping the back of it, and then passing the back of the velvet over a hot iron—the velvet, remember, must be passed over the iron, and not the iron over the velvet. The heat converts the water into steam which rises through the pile, and so separates every filament. Some contrivance must be made to hold the iron upside down while the velvet is passed over it. If rested between two bricks covered with flannel, it will do very well; but if the same pair of hands that carried the umbrella over the mantle when it was out in the rain can be secured for that office, they will be found suitable.—*German Town Telegraph*.

Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw.

John Hickman.

The Washington correspondent of the Detroit Tribune, gives the following description of John Hickman:

John Hickman, of Pennsylvania, author of the plurality resolution, is one of the most decided characters in the House, and a man of extraordinary ability. He is a little over the middle height, thin, fair complexioned, with an exceedingly broad and striking forehead, large and mild gray eyes, cheeks a little hollowed, rusty brown hair, and tawny whiskers, only shaved a little on the upper lip. He has a calm, clear, musical voice, very deliberate and resolute in all its tones, and very impressive in the modulations, which are skillfully turned to suit each proposition. He is unquestionably, by far the ablest of the three Anti-Leocomptonians who are now acting with the Republicans, and in him the Democratic side of the House lost an able and dauntless champion. He is possessed of a wonderfully cool and self-possessed temperament, which he successfully infuses with an intrepidity and daring. His style of oratory is logical rather than captivating. Yet he combines enough of these qualities to rivet the attention of his hearers and always prompts an earnest appeal—"go on." He makes few gestures in speaking; he walks into the aisle and commences as though he were going to have a social talk with you, but as he develops his subject the fire of his soul mounts to his eye, and we are borne away by the irresistible torrent of his logic.

In private he is frank, free and open hearted—his sociality is mingled with a tinge of reserve; a moderate though always a sensible talker. Not so much admired for his social qualities, he commands the sincere esteem of a host of friends for the dignity of person, the purity of purpose, and the zeal with which he pursues an honest conviction. He is a man of more than ordinary muscular powers; his gait is not rapid, but his step is firm and confident, and taken all in all, Mr. Hickman is a fine specimen of the "genius homo."

A Spiritual Marriage.

The Boston Traveller tells the story of the marriage of a dentist of that city with a lady medium, his wonderful matrimonial experiences, and the ultimate dissolution of the affinity, after eighteen months. The dentist was introduced, some two years ago, to a lady whose husband had deserted her and gone to Kansas, since which she had taken up the profession of spiritual mediumship. She was fair and attractive, and admiration of her spiritual gifts, combined with her personal charms, to captivate the bachelor's heart. Besides the spirit told them they were made for each other, and they were willingly obedient to the heavenly vision. They were married, the honeymoon had hardly begun when the wife became subject to strange trances, during which she would pull her husband's hair, scratch, and otherwise violently belabor him, most comically when he was in bed and exposed and defenceless. When she was aroused from the trance she was full of regrets at what had happened. At the bidding of the spirits he took her with him to Texas, where she narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the mob. When they got back, the spiritual persecution continuing, and the poor husband finding that his sufferings of mind and body and estate were greater than he could bear, suggested a separation, and obtained it by paying handsomely. After the separation the woman confessed that she had imposed upon him throughout, that her trances were feigned, that she beat and scratched him because she wanted to, and that all the spiritual messages he had ever received were of her own manufacture. The dentist has had an experience hard enough to make him wise, but he still believes in Spiritualism, only he thinks the devil must be in it.

A Syphax—Little Col. Thompson was a candidate for Congress in Indiana. He was short of stature, though bred enough to make up for the loss of length. He asked a neighbor who had always been on the other side of politics to vote for him.

"Not a bit of it," said Jenks, in a towering passion. "Do you suppose I am going to vote for a Syphax?"

"A Syphax!" gasped the Colonel; "I pray, Mr. Jenks, what is a Syphax?"

"Syphax, you ignorant fool," roared old Jenks, "it is a thing too big for a monkey, and not big enough for a man!"

TO MAKE PURE WINE OF APPLES.—Take pure cider, made from sound ripe apples, as it runs from the press; put sixty pounds common brown sugar in fifteen gallons of cider, and let it dissolve; then put the mixture into a clean barrel, and fill the barrel up to within two gallons of being full with clean cider; put the cask in a cool place, leaving the bung out three or four weeks.

A very fine liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness, &c., may be made as follows: Two ounces oil of spike, two ounces organum, two ounces hemlock, two ounces wormwood, four ounces sweet oil, two ounces spirits of ammonia, two ounces gum camphor, and two ounces spirits of turpentine to one quart of proof spirits, 95 per cent. Mix well together, and bottle tight.

It is not sufficient for legislators to close the avenues to crime; they should open those which lead to virtue.

Execution of Matthew Hale.

BY FRANK FINCH.

To drum beat and heart beat A soldier marches by; There is a color in his cheek, There is courage in his eye. Yet to drum beat and heart beat, In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight He seeks the Briton's camp; He hears the rustling flag And the armed sentry's tramp— And the starlight and moonlight His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread He scans the tented line, And he counts the battery guns, By the gaunt and shadowy pine— And his slow tread and still tread Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave It seeks his eager glance; And it sparkles 'neath the stars Like the glimmering of a lance, A dark wave, a plumed wave On an overcast eve.

A sharp clang, a steel clang, And terror in the sound, For the sentry, falcon-eyed, In the camp a spy hath found— And with sharp clang and steel clang The patriot is bound.

With calm brow and steady brow He listens to his doom, In his look there is no fear, Nor a shadow-flick of gloom— But with calm brow and steady brow He robes him for the tomb.

In the calm night, the still night He kneels upon the sod, And the brutal guards withhold 'E'en the solemn word of God— In the long night, the still night He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue moon, the sunny moon He dies upon the tree, And he mourns that he can lose But one life for Liberty— And in the blue moon, the sunny moon His spirit wings are free.

But his last words—his message words They burn—lest friendly eye Should read how proud and calm A patriot might die.

With his last words, his dying words, A soldier's battle cry, From fame left and angel leaf, From monument and monument, The sad of earth, the glad of Heaven, His tragic fate shall learn; And on fame left and angel leaf, The name of Hale shall burn.

From the Louisville Journal. Prentice Relates his Washington Experience.

When we were in Washington two or three weeks ago, we heard from all quarters the great mass of the members of both sections were heavily frightened with all sorts of portable facilities for letting blood. We believe we were rather a part of both sections, and we hope we betray no sacred confidence in saying, that whenever Northern or Southern members got a little maudlin and threw their arms affectionately around us, (of course to steady them), we almost invariably felt the butts of pistols and the habits of bow-knives press against our shrinking frame.

One morning we put our overcoat on the rack at Brown's Hotel and went to breakfast. When we returned, our coat was gone, but another somewhat resembling it lay near. We took up the latter, but put it back with horror on finding a big, frightful looking revolver in one of the pockets. With some misgivings, such as a man might be supposed to feel in opening what he suspected to be an infernal machine, we took up the next, and lo! there was a big pistol in one pocket, and something in the other that we didn't stop to examine. Finding the rack to be a well furnished arsenal, we withdrew, and the day being cold, we remained an hour and half in the hotel, carefully scrutinizing the integuments of every gentleman that seemed to have a particularly genteel overcoat. At length we returned to the arsenal, and the coat first examined by us still remained. Concluding that even a fire-eater couldn't have been breakfasting so long unless upon burning coals and aquafortis tea, we were about calling for a servant to take the fire-arms out of the pocket, (we have a mortal antipathy to touching such things ourselves,) intending to wear the coat, for it was a very handsome one. At that moment a very mild mannered Western member of Congress stepped up with an embarrassed look, and seeing at once that we looked like a gentleman who had lost something, remarked that he really believed he had got somebody else's overcoat. The matter was made right at once, but we couldn't help thinking how awkward and insecure the member must have felt, when, in the very act, perhaps, of walking about among other Congressional belligerents he had thrust his hands into what he supposed to be his pocket, and found nothing there more dangerous to life than a dozen pretty pretences.

COEN CAKE FOR BREAKFAST.