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THE STANDARD.
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Office in Public Building, up stairs,
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R. C. HOFFMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSON, C. H., O.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Athens, Pike, Vinton and Gallia counties.
OFFICE—One door south-west of Danie Hoffman's Store,
August 9th, '49-1y.

O. F. MOORE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Pike, Scioto and Lawrence counties, and will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care.
Oct. 4, 1849—no27y.

H. S. BUNDY,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton and Athens counties.
Nov. 28, 1850—1y.

ANSELM T. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Vinton 4, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, '52.

JOSEPH BRADBURY,
Attorney at Law.
WILL PRACTICE in the counties of Jackson and Vinton.
Keyserville, Gallia Co. Sept. 30, 1852.

W. C. ROBERTS,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery;
LOGAN, HOCKING COUNTY, O.
WILL attend the Courts in Jackson, Vinton, Athens, Perry, Muskingum, Ross and Fairfield counties, and will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care.
Will also act as general Agent for the sale of land and the payment of taxes, &c., in any of the above counties.
April 17, 1851.

D. A. HOFFMAN,
Physician & Surgeon.
JACKSON, C. H., O.
Office—At D. Hoffman's Store, where may at all times be found when not absent on professional business.
May 15, 1851—1f.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
JACKSON, OHIO.
THE subscriber, has rented the above House, formerly occupied by J. Anders, and fitted it up in good style. The traveling public may rest assured that no pains will be spared to render this house the very best in Jackson. The personal and individual attention of the subscriber will be given to secure to all who visit this house, every thing necessary for comfort and convenience.
It is stable and is undergoing a thorough repair, which will render it desirable for the horse of the weary traveler. Give us a call.
Prices to suit the times.
F. SHOWER.
Dec. 5, '50—1f.

JACKSON HOTEL.
THE SUBSCRIBER has opened a new HOTEL in Jackson, on Pearl Street, near the Baptist Church; and is provided with accommodations for the traveling public. Particular attention will be given to secure all who visit this House, every comfort and convenience. Good stabling is attached to the House.
WILLIAM FLOWERS.
Jackson Feb. 10, 1853—7f.

M. OWENS,
DEALER IN DRUGS,
MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS AND
DYESTUFFS,
GROCERIES,
AND
READY-MADE CLOTHING;
INFORMS the public that he has just received from the Eastern Cities, extensive additions to his stock of goods, which he will sell at the LOWEST PRICES. All persons who have MONEY with which to buy goods, will find that this is the place to buy.
100-112 ft.

Wholesale Grocers,
AND
PRODUCE DEALERS,
No 55, Front Street,
PORTSMOUTH OHIO.

POETRY.
THE DIM OLD WOODS.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.
O, the dim old woods, the pathless woods,
Where the sunlight seldom gleams,
And the blue sky never is shadowed in
The hidden, dusky streams;
Where the solemn tone of the wintry wind
Rings a grand cathedral chime
Through the depths of the leafless trees,
Gemmed by the sparkling rime;
Or, moaning like the restless sea,
With its ceaseless ebb and flow,
It ever holds a thought for me
Of the days of long ago.

I mind me of the one who left
The friends and home,
When the spring-tide sun was shining bright,
In the forest depths to roam.
But when the breath of leaves and flowers,
The light of summer's smile,
Had passed away, his rustling step
Fell never there the while;
But the starry frost-work, bright and cold,
Gleamed on the sleeper's bed,—
For the dim old woods, the pathless woods,
Held then our cherished dead.

MISCELLANEOUS.
From the Home Journal.
LETTER FROM THE DESERT.
Vallecito, San Diego, Cal. March 26th, '53.

I date from the first grass and water,
This side of the great desert. We rest a
day, for the sake of our animals. I lost
no time in making arrangements for my
long anticipated journey. A party of
Sonoranians changed to be passing, and
I availed myself of the opportunity to
obtain an animal and an escort.

Shaking hands with as fine a set of fel-
lows as breathe, and having had, in ad-
dition to the many hearty wishes of the
officers, a bottle of claret kindly slipped
into my pocket by one of them. I threw my
cloak over my shoulder, and bade fare
well to Fort Yuma. Fond as I am of the
curious and wonderful, I shall not com-
plain if I never visit that place again.

It was near sunset when I reached the
old camp—look leave of the good friends
who accompanied me to the spot—and
proceeded alone along the dusty, di-mal
road. The damp mantle of night had
smothered the chirping of the cricket and
given the old trees heavy colds, before I
reached the ferry. Here I found our
Mexicans (about thirty in number) rolled
up in their sarapas, like mummies, and
scattered about in groups of threes or
fives around their camp fires. The pro-
prietor, Captain Aukrim, was still awake
and his hospitality prompted a style of
address to his man of all work, which
started his huge frame into a most un-
natural state of animation. A bed was
immediately spread for me, and I retired
to pass the night,—not under the "bright
canopy of heaven," but under the many
chickens, which all roosted on the can-
vas protection from the heat of the sun,
and the chill of the night dew. Next
morning, the best horse in the party was
led to the gate for me, by Don Juan, the
captain of the party, in person. His ribs
were as well defined as the bones of an
umbrella; and so I submitted. A touch
of the spur produced a gallop. Ameri-
cans do not know how little will hold a
horse together.

At "Cook's Wells," we found the water
covered with a green scum, and excee-
dingly disagreeable. We passed the night
about six miles beyond, under some mes-
quite trees. To prevent the animals from
straying away, the men tied their fore-
feet together. The system of unnatural
fetters, necessary to move from spot to
spot, is quite annoying to those to whom
such proceedings are new.

At three o'clock on the following morn-
ing, Don Juan aroused the party with a
shout. In an instant every one was on
feet, and each proceeded to perform
particular duty. The mules being as-
sembled, a strap was dropped over the
eyes and, in very refractory cases, a foot
was tied up. Two pads of straw—the
usual pack saddle—are then thrown over
the back and a strap pressed around the
mule's body. Two men then unite their
strength, and squeeze the poor thing into
the most tortuous figure of an hour-glass.
The road which leads to the table-land is
so soft with fine sand, that although it is
quite steep, mules have to pull waggons
down hill.

It is necessary to travel from Cook's
Wells to the "Alimo Muchos" at night, as
the deep sand and heavy road would
otherwise completely break down the ani-
mals. The ride is very monotonous and
wearisome. I had ample time to study
the peculiarities of my companions.—
There were several women in the party.
Their costume was somewhat singular,
and the care of their complexion was
amusing. But one was visible; although,
when the rabo-s was removed, it certainly
did not seem to me that the skin was worth
so much care. (Mexican women hang
their drapery on the right-side of their
horns.)

The stillness of the night was agree-
ably broken by the chorus of the mule-
teers. It is a very novel composition,
and evidently gives both singers (or
rather shouters) and listeners great en-
joyment. It is like martial music to the
drumming soldier. Many times have I
seen the weary Mexicans straighten their
backs and step out with renewed vigour,
when their ears caught the well-known
strain. The words are extemporaneous,

but the chorus is a combination of shouts,
succeeding each other in many unex-
pected and peculiar interpolations, appar-
ently tumbling over each other, and con-
tending for predominance, until the last bar
is reached, when they all come out
straight together. Many a hearty laugh
have I had at this native music. (I took
down the music and the chorus, which I
will send you.)

Men, women and children smoke ci-
garitas incessantly. They inhale the
smoke into their lungs, and retain it there
as long as possible. The table-land, on
the long sand hill, is about eighteen miles
in extent. I could not but admire the
fortitude and cheerfulness of all. Fatigued
with them was a necessity—not an evil.
They trudged along, always ready to
laugh, and sufficiently happy that they
lived. The costume of one of the men
delighted the artistic fibre in my eye.—
Sandals protected his feet from the sand
and pebbles. His fine legs were naked to
the thigh. The pantaloons, which the
Mexicans always wear slashed down the
side, were of light blue, and the legs
round, and tucked under the
waistband. His shirt was thrown open,
and the sleeves were loose and short.—
Around his waist was tied a red hand-
kerchief containing 'is valuables. His
hat was a slouch, and most becomingly
worn, and on his shoulder he carried a
spear. The costume was characteris-
tically appropriate, picturesque and cheap.
The life led by these people is an improvement
on that of the gipsy. It is very romantic;
but, individually, I prefer society and soft
carpets. The "powerful king of day"
overtook us before we reached the well,
and favoured us with an incipient scorch-
ing. It was strange to feel the heat, and
see at the same time the mountain tops
around covered with snow!

As I sincerely hope you may ever see
the "Alimo Well," I will devote a line
to its description. Take a rolled-out pic-
ture, and press the thumb on the edge;
down there is the hole containing the wa-
ter. A few sickly bushes made attempts
at shadows, and there we resided till next
morning. Parties of two and three
mixed up their people with sticks and
passing their grounds from one to the
other, they took alternate turns to cram
the mouth, and, ultimately, the stomach.
To wash the face or hands is a novelty
with them and a toothbrush is an article
unknown. Yet I never saw more mark-
ed respect and attention to superiors when
they hand a cup of water to the captain
or a guest, they remain uncovered till the
vessel is returned. They never interrupt
in conversation, and are never either em-
barrassed nor in a hurry. In short, I
have not met, in my travels, a dirtier nor
a more polite people!

It was necessary to "pack water" here
as the "Mud-hole"—the next stopping
place—was dry! The Sonoranians use
leather bags for this purpose, so prepared
that they impart no unpleasant flavor to
the water, and allow it to percolate to the
surface sufficiently to keep it moist. Apply
the principle of "latent heat" for the reason.

Our advance left at daylight; but the
main portion remained till the afternoon.
There were several cut-throat looking
fellows among the packers, and to the
constituent of "Tom," the only Ameri-
can besides myself present, they proceed-
ed to examine every article of dress I
wore, and expressed a desire to witness
the accuracy of my revolver. "Muchos
good," said they. One of them put up
his hat for me to fire at. It was amusing
to see his eyes, as he stuck his finger
through the bullet-hole.—"That's nothing
of a shot," said I, at the same time stick-
ing my glove against a tree. The glove
shook, and they rushed towards it in the
greatest astonishment. Perhaps the shot
was fortunate for us. Tom was delight-
ed. "They won't trouble us now, I
guess," said he.

We overtook a couple of horse-thieves
here; one of whom I saw. His hands
were tied behind him, and his compan-
ion—a young woman—was sitting at his
feet. The deep anxiety depicted on her
countenance, and the thousand delicate
attentions she showed him, interested us
deeply in her favour. Her lover was evi-
dently undeserving such devotion. His
eyes were dark, restless and treacherous.

Dawn found us on the road. Most of
the men walked, and drove their horses
before them; taking advantage of the
cool morning to vary the exercise, and
save their animals. Tom joined me, and
we walked together for several miles.—
He gave me his history:—
"I'm a blar-maker," said he, "and tak-
ing a shine to see the world, I shipped
aboard a sailing craft, and went to Spain.
I tell you, sir, them Spanish women is
some. Then I went all over Portugal,
France, Italy and Constantinople. Well,
then, I come home. But after a while I
got tired a losbin', so I came out to Cali-
fornia. I have been to the mines, but got
the rumatis so I had to quit. I wouldn't
advise no man to go there—that's honest.
Only a few is fortunate; and it's the hard-
est kind of work. Well I came down
to San Diego, and have been a knockin'
around ever since."

The sun now beginning to warm our
backs, we resumed our saddle. I was
struck with the manner the Mexicans
mount. They place the right hand on
the pommel, and not on the canle, as at
Disbrow's, and spring on the saddle.—
California is essentially the country of
horsemen, the climate being so mild that
no injury to health can arise by sleep-
ing out doors ten months in the year. Set-
tlers being widely distributed, and roads
almost unknown, journeymen can be per-
formed only on horseback.

Experience is the best master, and the

present horse equipments have been the
result of years of experience and im-
provements, and they are so infinitely
superior to those used on Bloomingdale
Road, that I am surprised the small jock-
ey saddle should have existed so long.—
The tree is made of light wood, rising
well before and behind, and covered with
raw hide, while green. When it become
dry, it is perfectly hard and immovable.
The stirrups are made of heavy wood, and
suspended from the middle of the saddle
some five inches behind the position oc-
cupied by those of the jockey. The girth
is about six inches wide, and made of
horsehair. It is fastened on without
buckles, and can neither break nor slip.
A heavy machete—a covering of thick
leather—is thrown over the tree, and an
easy seat, but is used as a bed at night.
The bit is powerful, and the bridle light.
A touch will govern the horse, and the
best riders are known at once by the deli-
cacy with which they hold the rein.—
Their spurs are enormous, and carry
small bells, which serve to amuse the
horse, and keep him constantly in mind
of their presence.

At midnight we halted. Don Juan col-
lected his party by discharging a very
small load from a very small esquippeta.
"Carriga Creek" was still many miles
distant, and our animals were scarcely
able to proceed. The night was chilly,
and the weary limbs unwillingly obeyed
the power of determined perseverance.—
All was silent except the slow tread of
man and horse. Thick clouds dimmed
the lustre of our guiding stars, and all
around was dark and desolate. Tom and
I walked on in advance of our party.—
Poor fellow, he was scarcely able to drag
one foot after the other. Yet still, he did
not complain. The road now skirted a
range of barren hills, and occasionally
wound through gorges which led from one
plain to another. Reaching at last the
pass, we ascended the "Hill of Terror."
Well is it named! Small black stones
are scattered over the dark earth, and not
a vestige of vegetation is to be seen.—
Here we found a solitary man, lying on
the ground, and his exhausted horse
standing over him.

"Can't you go no farther?" said Tom.
"No, senor."
"Don't give it up," said Tom; "only
nine miles to water."
"Nine miles!" said he. "It is too far;
and again he stretched himself upon the
ground."

We continued on, well knowing our
party would aid him all in their power.—
At last we reached the top.
"It was reached," said Tom. "I have
mistaken these hills. It is much farther
than I thought."
"Halt an hour please!" in silence.
"I can go no farther," said Tom. "I
will lie down here. I will try to overtake
you to-morrow."
"But suppose you should not be able?"
"I won't make no difference; there is
no one to care for me now."
Five miles farther on, and we, too,
were compelled to halt. Making holes in
the sand, we rested here till daylight.—
Rising with the sun, the animals were
collected, and mats, sacks, and other
available articles, were cut up for them.
While they were devouring these pieces
we retraced our steps to find Tom, it pos-
sible.

"What is this?" said I, as I touched
a roll of clothing by the wayside, done up
like a turban.
"Senor!" exclaimed the object, devel-
oping itself. It was one of our boys.
We found Tom much better than I ex-
pected. It was a great relief to my mind,
for I feared he might never rise again.—
Returning to our packs, we drank some
cold coffee, and again pushed on. We
struck the bed of the stream, some three
miles before we came to the place where
the water rises to the surface. Here we
found the Sonoranian we had overtaken
the night before, digging with his hand.
He had already scraped up the sand as
far as the arm could reach, but had not yet
found water; although the sand was damp.
His horse stood near him, watching
with languid eye each handful as he
drew it to the surface. It was a touching
picture, and made a deep impression on
my mind.

Some of our men met us a little farther
on, bringing us water; while waiting for
his turn to drink, my horse fell down.—
He could not rise for more than an hour.
The water in the creek disappeared at
sunset, and did not re-appear till sun-
rise, when it again rose freely; a pecu-
liarity which many streams in California
possess. The next eighteen miles are
perhaps the most severe on the desert.—
Towards midday, we reached the "Pal-
metto Springs." They rise at the foot of
a range of clay hills, and several palms
of stately repose under their shade. Some
vagabond had cut two or three noble
trees down, and left them lying there.—
What his object could have been, none
can comprehend.

I took advantage of the halt to climb
a clay hill, in order to obtain a view of the
country around. As far as the eye could
reach, nothing was to be seen but barren
hills and sandy plains. The effect upon
the eye was distressing, and upon the im-
agination anything but agreeable. I
would not have believed such a place
could have existed on the face of nature,
had not my own optics furnished me with
this irrefutable proof.

The geology of the country is quite a
puzzle; where so much clay and scoria
could have come from, bothers me. As-
cending a small hill, the green grass and
running water met our anxious eyes.—
The animals pricked up their ears, and

quickered their pace, and the counte-
nances of the men extended into the most
unnatural smiles.
A corporal and several men met us at
the door, and with feelings of gratitude,
we dismounted for the night. W. H. M.

AN OLD STORY.
BY MRS. L. H. SPOONER.
Says Tom to Jen, as forth they went
To walk one evening fine,
"I wish the sky a great green field,
And all that pasture mine."
"And I," says Jen, "with yonder stars,
That there soildy shine,
Were every one a good fat ox,
And all those oxen mine."
"Where would your herd of cattle graze?"
"Why, in your pasture fair."
"They should not, that's a fact," said Tom;
"They shall not, I declare."
With that they frowned, and struck, and fought
And fiercely stood at bay,
And for a foolish fancy cast
Their old regard away.
And many a war on border scale,
Hath stained the earth with gore,
For castles in the air that fell
Before the strife was o'er.

From the Home Journal.
Times in New York.
On the 16th of June, 1833, Messrs. Ed-
itors, I completed my fifty-ninth year in
New York. I was in my twenty-second
year when I landed. When I look on
my country now, compared with what it
was then, the thought is overwhelming.—
Perhaps some fastidious Doctor of Laws
will smile at the words, "Our country!"
"Why," says he, "Laure is a true-born
Scotchman, and the guide toca o' Edin-
burgh." Well, now, my college-bred
friend, I hope you won't infer from this,
that if a man is born in a stable, he there-
fore must, of necessity, be a venerable
horse. Besides, when Washington was
President, I was naturalized, and also
married two bonnie Yankee lassies, which
I think, in itself, is being naturalized
enough, in all good conscience. If you
go to Scotland, and catch one of those
bonnie lassies who play among the heath-
er on the hills tops, immediately you are
entitled to all the privileges of a British
subject!

Then, no man looked on an American
coin. Spanish dollars, halves, quarters,
eighths, and sixteenths, with city cor-
poration bills, of one to twelve pennies, con-
stituted our whole circulating medium.
Now, we have gold dust thrown in our
eyes at every corner. Our copper, sil-
ver, and golden eagles are soaring above
the clouds. The gold of Ophir is pour-
ing into the lap of the Goddess of Lib-
erty, and American funds are the safest
investment in the world. We have too
for ourselves, and enough left to feed a
starving world, and gather up seven bas-
kets of fragments besides. Therefore,
let us love one another, be thankful and
courteous, and, in the strength of the God
of Washington, we'll defy the world.

At that time there lived on the south
corner of Pine and Nassau streets, an
old man; his head was whitened by the
frosts of one hundred winters. In plea-
sant weather, he sat on the stoop from
morning till night. It was an old Dutch
house, built with the same kind of stone
as the walls of the present post office, and
was the farm house of his father, whose
acres extended from Nassau street to the
East River, and from Maiden Lane to
Pine street. I loved to hold converse
with this man, about the men and man-
ners of a by-gone century. He remem-
bered the Negro Plot. He saw the ferry
boats from Paulus hook Jersey City, land
their passengers on the corner of
Broad and Garden (now Exchange)
streets. He helped the fishermen to haul
in their shad-nets on the beach—now the
corner of Thames and Greenwich streets.
He had seen a mill for grinding corn,
whose wheel was driven by the waters
of a big spring near the head of Coen-
ties Slip. Mill street took its name
from this circumstance, and near this
spring the Jews erected their first syna-
gogue in New York—the water being
much used on the Days of Purification
in 1793, he saw roach and sun-fish
caught in the Collect Pond—now a part
of Elm and Centre streets.

He remembered the ancient City Hall
(Stuyvesant) at the head of Coen-
ties Slip; he said the hall was used as a
for in Leisler's civil wars against the
Dutch fort on the Battery. A ball shot
from the Battery, lodged in the wall of
the house belonging to Tunis Quick, on
the south-west corner of Pearl street and
Coen-tes Slip. Said ball was lodged in
that wall, in 1689. I saw it in 1827, rest-
ing in its original bed, having slept one
hundred and thirty eight years without
hurting any one. The house was re-
moved, and the ball given to the vena-
ble Dr. Mitchell, to keep as a relic.

In 1798, when trenching in Broadway
to lay the pipes for the Manhattan water,
the laborers struck on a large piece of
timber, three feet below the surface, at
the corner of Wall street. The yellow
"ever was sweeping the streets at the
time, and the passers by were few and
far between." About a dozen of us were
collected, wondering what this block
could mean: an old man, who had seen
eighty five winters, remarked he heard
his father say, that the gate which led
out to the field, stood on the corner of
Wall street; and no doubt this was the
remains of one of the gate-ports.

GRANT THORNBURN.

The Place to Die.
BY REV. CHARLES WAINSWORTH.
Death's time—"The time to die"—is
when Now! And we should never be
found in places unsuited to his coming.
And, alas! all me how Death would look
in all his skeleton and ghastly terrors sit-
ting in the dress circle of a theatre, im-
mingling with the gay dressed dancers of
a ball room!

Two professing Christians stood by the
door of a fashionable theatre, when one
of them proposed to go in and witness the
appearance of a celebrated actor. The
other refused. The friend urged, but his
resolute refusal was in these reasonable
words: "Suppose I should go in there,
be called away to eternity, and coming
up to the gate of Heaven; it should be
asked, 'whence came you, my brother,
oh, I should be ashamed to answer.'"
Go nowhere where you would not dare
die! That is the rule. It is well enough
to die in life's common business. In the
dark day of Connecticut, in 1702, the
people all thought the day of judgment had
come. The House of Representatives in
Hartford adjourned. The Council pro-
posed to adjourn also, but Col. Davenport
objected. Said he: "Mr. Speaker, the
day of judgment is either coming or it is
not. If be not, then there is no need of
our being alarmed. If it be coming, I
for one choose to be found doing my duty."

He was a wise old puritan. I had as
lieved in a work shop or counting room,
or a social circle, as in a prayer room or
pulpit. But then it must be a godly
workshop—an honest counting room—a
social circle not gathered in a dancing
parlor.

The brother of the great statesman we
mourn fell dead in a crowded court room,
in the midst of an important trial which
he stood up to advocate. And yet, writ-
ten in the midst of a scene so exciting,
they found on the desk he had just quit-
ted, a prayer, written in a spirit of hu-
mility, and fervent piety, and devotion to
his God, perhaps never excelled. And
such a death was as glorious as Moses' on
the heights of Pisgah, in the great pres-
ence of God, Oh, go nowhere unprepared
to die.

Connecticut Editorial Convention.
The Editors and Proprietors of the
Connecticut Press have recently held a
meeting, organized a regular society, ap-
pointed officers and adopted the following
resolutions:

Resolved, That we hereby organize an
Association under the name of the *Con-
necticut Newspaper Association*, of which
the Editors and Publishers of the State
may become members, for the purpose
of establishing harmonious social and busi-
ness relations between the members of the
craft, and to preserve and enhance the
dignity of the profession.

The officers shall consist of one Presi-
dent, two Vice Presidents, one Corres-
ponding and one Recording Secretary
and Treasurer, who shall be elected an-
nually and shall discharge the duties us-
ual to such offices, an Executive Com-
mittee of three shall be appointed to pre-
pare business for the meetings of the Associa-
tion. An annual meeting shall be held
at such time and place as shall be desig-
nated by the Association.

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting
that publishers of newspapers in this State
owe it to themselves, to charge for Out-
sary Notices, Resolutions, &c., exceed-
ing five lines in length, whether in pro-
se or verse, at not less than their regular
advertising rates.

Resolved, As the sense of this meeting
that it is inexpedient for publishers of
newspapers in this State, to select any of
the various newspaper advertising agen-
cies as their exclusive agencies.

Resolved, That whenever an advertiser
fails to fulfil his contract, it shall be the
duty of the publisher or editor so impos-
ed upon, to give immediate notice of such
failure to each editor or publisher in the
State, in such manner as he may deem
proper.

Resolved, As the sense of this Con-
vention, that editorial notices to promote
private interests, resolutions of societies,
&c., should invariably be paid for.

For the Question.
A young lady said to her beau, after
fifteen years' courtship, "Charles, I am
going out to town to-morrow."
"Where?"
"I don't know."
"When are you coming back?"
"Never."
"What are you going for?"
"I am going to look for something which
you have not; never had, and yet can
give me, without any loss to yourself."
"You are welcome to it, I am sure, but
what is it?"
"A husband!"
"Why you might have had that fifteen
years ago; if you had only said the word;
but I was afraid to begin."

How to Do Up Shirt Bosoms.
We have often heard ladies expressing
a desire to know by what process the fine
loss observable on new laces, shirt bos-
oms, &c., is produced, and in order to
gratify them, we subjoin the following re-
cipe for making Gum Arabic Starch:

Take two ounces of fine white gum
arabic powder—put it into a pitcher and
pour on it a pint or more of boiling wa-
ter, according to the degree of strength
you desire; and then having covered it
let it set all right. In the morning pour
it carefully from the pitcher into a clean
bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A
table spoonful of gum water, stirred into
a pint of starch made in the usual man-
ner, will give to laces, (either white or print-
ed,) a look of newness, when nothing
else can restore them after washing. It
is also good, (much diluted) for thin
white muslin and bobinet.

SAGACIOUS.
The mould of man's fortune is in his
own hands.
Thought is ever unfolding. A good
thinker keeps thinking.
Truth requires plain words: she rejects
all ambiguities and reserves.

People in high places, who are not ben-
eficent, are out of place on an eleva-
tion.
The tallest trees are weakest in their
tops, and envy always aims at the high-
est.

What wants a sovereign? says a flat-
tering courtier—truth, says a serious
king.
It is stark madness for a man to think
he shall be safe and quiet when he is
great.

Ignorance cannot insult by petty ty-
ranny the intellectual, no more than a cur
can pale the moon by barking at it.
When a man readily gives ear to cal-
umny, he betrays fellow-feeling with the
malignity whence it sprang.
It is easier to give counsel than to take
it. Wise men think they do not need it,
and fools will not take it.

You must be of a sagacious spirit; for
sagacity is an oracle in doubts, and a gold-
den thread in a labyrinth.

SARDS OF GOLD.
When an extravagant friend wishes to
borrow your money, consider which of
the two you had rather lose.
Cultivate your heart aright as well as
your farm; and remember "whatsoever a
man soweth that shall he reap."

The miller imagines that the corn grows
only to make his mill turn.—Oath.
If thou hast fear of those who com-
mand thee, spare those who obey thee.—
Arabian Nazim.

Peace shows itself more in patience
than in judgment; so it is better to be un-
justly accused than to accuse others, even
with justice.—Saint Martin.

Be always frank and true; spurn every
sort of affectation and disguise. Have
the courage to confess your ignorance and
awkwardness. Confide your faults and
foibles to but few.
Prudent and active men, who know
their strength and use it with limit and
circumspection, alone go far in the affairs
of the world.—Goeth.

We correct ourselves many times better
by the sight of evil than by good exam-
ple; and it is well to accustom ourselves
to profit by evil which is so common, in
the place of good which is so rare.—
Pascal.

Reputation is a great inheritance; it
begetteth opinion (which rule the world)
opinion, riches; riches, honor; it is a per-
fume that a man carrieth about him, and
leaveth wherever he goes; and it is the
best heir of a man's virtue.

O, sin, how you paint your face! how
you flatter us, poor mortals, on to death!
You never appear to the sinner in your
true character; you make fair promises,<