RANDOLPH COUNTY JOURNAL.

"The Present Time is Big with the Future."—Leibnitz.

NEW SERIES. WINCHESTER, RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1859. VOL. 2.—NO. 44

Randolph County Journal

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BY B. F. DIGGS,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

OUR TERMS.

For Twelve Months, in advance,.... $1,50

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square 10 lines one insertion,....$1,00
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Quarter column one year,.....25,00
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Business Directory.

TIME TABLE.

Trains pass Winchester going west as follows:

Express Mail at.....1.45 P. M.
Day Express.....1.28 P. M.
Night Express.....2.47 A. M.
Local Freight and Accommod'on.5.49 A. M.
Express Freight,.....1.50 A. M.

Trains going east—

Morning Express.....7.20 A. M.
Mail Train.....1.16 P. M.
Night Express.....12.13 A. M.
Local Freight and Accommo'on .8.28 P. M.
Stock Express.....11.22 P. M.

J. W. WILLIAMSON, Agent.

WM. A. PEELLE,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
Office in the new Jail Building.
Will practice in the Circuit Courts, the Supreme Court and the U. S. Court, for the District of Indiana.

CAREY S. GOODRICH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office 1st Floor in New Jail Building.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Strict attention given to the security and collection of claims.

J. B. GOODRICH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office Up Stairs in the New Jail,
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Especial attention given to the securing and collection of claims.

SILAS COLGROVE,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
West Public Square, Winchester, Ind.
Will promptly and diligently attend to all business entrusted to his care.

T. N. BROWNE.] [J. I. CHENEY.
BROWNE & CHENEY,
Attorneys at Law.
Office in the new Jail Building.
Give especial attention to the collection and security of claims.

JOHN ROSS,
DEALER IN
Groceries & Provisions,
N. E. corner Main & Franklin streets, Winchester, Ind.

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Merchant Tailor,
Shop west of the public square, Wincheste

Dr. D. FERGUSON,
Office at his old stand, cor Main & South St
Where he may at all times be found unless professionally engaged.

JOSEPH PUCKETT,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALER IN
STOVES, COPPER,
TIN & JAPANNED WARE.
Store West of the South-west corner of the Public Square, Winchester.

THOS. WARD,
HARDWARE MERCHANT,
Washington st., north of the Public Square

W. B. PIERCE,
DRUGGIST,
East Public Square, under Journal Office.

CARTER & HULL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES & BUGGIES,
On Franklin St., south side, west Meridian.

N. H. WARD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles and Harness,
Shop north Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

John B. Crowley, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Can be found at present at his residence on Franklin street, West of the Public Square.

DR. GEO. O. JOBES,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office East part of town,
HUNTSVILLE, IND.
☞ He will always be found at his office unless professionally engaged.

Dr. J. E. BEVERLY,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence in west front of Public Square, immediately west of court house,
Winchester, Ind.

M. A. REEDER,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
Shop on Washington St.,
Opposite the Aker House, Winchester, Ind.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
JOHN T. WATSON,.....PROPRIETOR,
SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF
Sixth and Walnut Streets,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

KILE, CLEVELAND & Co.
Roberts Block, opposite Union Depot, INDIANAPOLIS.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE
NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA
AND ABRIDGEMENT OF
THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS,
FOR INDIANA AND OHIO.

PALMER HOUSE,
J. D. CARMICHAEL,...Proprietor,
Cor. Washington and Illinois Sts.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
☞ Fare reduced to $1 50 per day.

PHILLIPS HOUSE,
DAYTON, OHIO.
J. R. HUBBELL,..... Proprietor.
Re-opened September 1, 1857.

I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 6½ o'clock, at their new Hall, on the Public Square

I. O. of G. T. of Winchester, meets every Monday evening of each week at their Hall, on the corner of Main and Washington Streets.

RANDOLPH DIVISION No. 26, Sons of Temperance of Winchester, meets every Tuesday evening of each week, at the Temperance Hall, on the corner of Main and Washington Streets.

True Freedom, and How to Gain It.

We want no flag, no flaunting rag,
For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are pointed words,
The mind our battle plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain the brightest cause:
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the peoples' heart
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry, "Fraternity!"
We keep the March of Time.
And yet we grasp no pike nor spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade
To show a front to wrong;
We have a citidal in truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith
Have never striven in vain;
They've won our battles many a time,
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny, but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widow's groans shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

[From the Wool Grower.]

Thirty Years in School.

Matrimony has been called a lottery, because there are supposed to be more blanks than prizes; a rat-trap because it is easier to get into than out of; and Paradise, because a man is likely to find, there, an Eve to tempt him to eat forbidden fruit, and get him turned adrift, to work for his living. Without disputing the force or the elegance of these figures of speech, I prefer, on this occasion to call *it* a school; not a school for children, though that also is true, but especially and emphatically a school for men and women, but most of all, for men who seem to be in absolute need of some such instructions, as I shall proceed to show.

To avoid the egotism of speaking of one's own experience, directly, I shall suppose I am addressing some young gentleman who has already entered, or is about to enter this famous school and so we will travel on together through some of the lessons to be learned, and the result to be gained, in a course of Matrimonial Education.

Thirty years may seem long to you, my young friend when looking forward; they do not seem long to me, when looking backward. It is possible that you may one day be of my opinion, that a man may still have something to learn, and much to do, even if he has been thirty years in school.

When the thirtieth anniversary of my entrance into this school occurred, not long since, I had a mind to celebrate by a metalic wedding, but I found I could not fix it to suit me. I lacked twenty years of being entitled to a *Golden Wedding*, and I was just five years too far advanced for a *Silver Wedding*. I have not heard of any brass weddings, not to say tin, which would be too coarse and common indeed. So I must stay in this school twenty years longer before I can take the second and third degrees together. I hope my wife will conclude to remain, also, otherwise I shall miss the grand jubilee after all.

Some body has said that "experience keeps a dear school, but fools will not learn in any other." And perhaps every body would say, "that is so," if they were not afraid that people would apply the proverb to them. Candor compels me to say that this school of matrimony is a *very dear* school in more senses than one. When you first enter it, you think you have got to heaven before your time. The first month has been called the honey-moon, though I don't exactly see why; for sometimes there is more honey than moon, sometimes more moon than honey, and sometimes, I am sorry to say it, not much of either.

The discipline of this school is not always so strict, or at least so much talked about, as in our common schools, where books are better understood than human nature. On the contrary, there is often a great deal of apparent freedom—and very likely you may take it into your head that, instead of being a scholar, you are actually the master, and every thing is going to be just as you say. You will get rid of that nonsense after awhile. You find in this school plenty of scholars and a great variety of teachers.—But you, my young friend, have assigned to you a single teacher—a woman. Young, pretty—at least you think her so—gentle, loving, apparently confiding and very deferential.—She don't lamm on you with the ferule or ratan, or box your ears, or pull your hair. If she did any of these things, your ideas would be waked up very quick, and you would begin to think you had made a mistake about getting into heaven so soon, and you might even look round to see if you was not in the neighborhood of the other place.

Oh, no. She dont begin your education in that way. She has undertaken to train you, and, very likely, the silly thing does not know that she, also, needs something of the same training.

One of the first lessons you will have to learn, and perhaps the hardest to learn effectually, and you will be a happy man if you ever do learn it thoroughly, was expressed long ago, in terms equally simple and profound, "No man liveth unto himself." *That* is *not* living which revolves around its own center and sheds abroad no kindly beams to brighten and bless surrounding objects.

It will not be difficult to recognize the fitness and beauty of the means employed to lead you to this great and happy discovery. When a man takes you by the throat, saying, "pay me what thou owest!" you kick his shins, you shake him off, you tell him to go to—the most unpleasant place you can think of. But when this patient, gentle teacher asks you to do this, or to go there, and with fond solicitude, studies your humors, anticipates your wants, smiles your welcome, and lives in the light of your countenance—why, this is a very different thing.

Under the gentle treatment of this patient teacher, the better traits of your nature come out; not all at once, in gushing floods and convulsions of goodness, frightening every body with the apprehension that you are going to die right off, since you have become too good for this world, and the angels will want you. No, not exactly so, but steadily, perhaps imperceptibly to yourself, yet really and permanently.

By and by, there comes along another teacher to set you some lessons—a wee, tiny thing, that makes you laugh as you take it in your arms, and it learns to nestle on your breast, and pull your whiskers, and rumple your shirt collar, or lie across your knees and kick up its heels and crow obstreperously. After awhile it toddles about with you, holding on to your finger, or your pants. And still farther on, it runs to meet you, and get the first kiss, and feel in your pockets to find what you have brought home. It is but fair too tell you, there will be some additional fees to pay, when you thus enter the second class in this high school. The new teacher your wife has brought to help educate you, and herself, also—though, as I said before, she may not be thinking much about that—this new teacher can not live on kisses and caresses, which are well enough in their place.

Is it a boy? He will soon be clamoring for his top, and hoops, and marbles and kite. He will want school books, slate, paper and pencils. He will dun you for boots, cap, coats, trousers, and a thousand things besides thus reminding you of your own forgotten youth, and bringing back in all their freshness the purest and best days of your life.

Is it a girl? She will, by comparison with the mother, show you what your wife once was, and what the daughter may one day become. In the meantime, you will be expected to supply all *her* wants. It you sometimes thought the senior teacher exacting, what will you do, now there are two of them, and the younger more winning and importunate than the other. I think it likely they will give you a good schooling.

If in the long years you remain in this school, there should be added half a dozen assistant teachers, like the junior I have mentioned, and each in turn, should take you in hand, as they probably will, to rub down the rough corners and polish you up, it is to be hoped they will carry forward your civilization to a very good degree. Among other things, you will have learned that your interests and duties are not all at home. You have given the State, perhaps the church pledges for your good behavior, and you will feel bound in honor and inclination to redeem them.

The old Romans were right when they refused the honors and emoluments of office to incorrigible bachelors, for what security, like wife and children, could they give the commonwealth for the faithful performance of their duties as citizens or rulers? It was most astonishing thoughtlessness, to say the least, in married men to vote for such a dry old stick as James Buchanan for President, when the charming Jessie stood ready to give her aid in the management of unruly cabinets. I put the politics aside, and found my objection on the natural and necessary disqualification of inveterate bachelorhood. The melancholy result is well expressed by a writer, who describes what he has seen. Speaking of our venerable Chief Magistrate, he says "We can not call him a 'splendid ruin,' for he is more suggestive in all respects, of an original chaos, in which the elements of strength and weakness, of good and evil, have never been adjusted under domestic discipline and that confidence, which is the most precious fruit of our family relations."—So much for party drill in opposition to the dictates of nature!

"But are there no failures, no blockheads, no miserable creatures, who pass through this 'course of sprouts,' and come out no better, perhaps worse than they went in?" Alas! my friend; it is too true; but what would you have? There *are* some fools that will not learn even in the school of experience. We must turn them over as incorrigible, or if that be too severe a sentence, we may await the possibility of some better training in better circumstances, in some other world. In our Father's house are *many* mansions.

The reader must see by this time, that when speaking of education, I do not here adopt the popular notion of that subject. A man's education does not consist solely, or even mainly, of school learning, by books, maps, scientific apparatus, and the explanations of the living teacher. If education means, as I am here supposing, the process by which the capacities and powers of man are most healthfully developed and directed to the most useful ends, then something besides books and schoolmasters are called for. The aid of books and oral instruction are not to be undervalued on any subject. None but an ignoramus will lightly esteem the genius of the living brought to illustrate and improve the wisdom of the dead. We can not forget or fail to realize with much thankfulness, that in books we converse with some of the best minds that ever lived, and find such converse a perpetual source of pleasure as well as of consolation, when deprived of most other resources. With a good library, a man need never want for good company. But the best writers and living teachers can only give you the benefit of their observation and experience, which may serve to stimulate and direct your own inquiries after truth and duty.

Education, in the largest sense, embraces every means and appliance, every condition and circumstance, every good or apparent evil fortune that can happen to us, for all seem to bring out into exercise the elements of our being, and lead us on in our growth to maturity. Without this bringing out, this development or education of our receptivities and powers of action and endurance, all reading and study would only make a man like a sponge, absorbing a good deal but incapable of imparting any thing, unless somebody should squeeze him.

Some people require pretty tight squeezing to get any thing out of them, and I know of no one who will be likely to squeeze a man so effectually as his wife, if she have a will of her own, and is bent on getting what she wants. If she is not always strong enough to turn the screws, the children are ready to help her. Indeed it often happens that the youngest and feeblest, some pretty little pet, will make him disgorge very freely, with apparently a very slight pressure. I am not speaking of money, now, although as that is a means to many ends, that must be had by hook or by crook, they soon learn to get that out of you, if you have it or can get it. But better things than money—time, affection, knowledge, patient endurance, vigorous activity, even hard work, and intellectual, moral, and spiritual sympathy.—In a word, you may learn in this school, to become all things, if not to all men, at least, to all your family first, and then by an easy and natural extension of your sympathies and fellowship, to all the families and individuals that you can affect for good.

A man who has been long in this school ceases to have any reserved rights—he belongs to the human family! As he grows old, he lives over again in his children, and in other peoples' children, too, and again for the third time in his grand children. If he could live to the age of the old Patriarchs, and have around him a tribe of descendants to the fortieth generation, he might live forty lives in the space of one natural existence. How strong must those affections become, which are so constantly healthfully and delightfully exercised, improved and purified in each succeeding generation! It is no wonder that grand parents love their grand children so much. It is not the *weakness* but the *strength* of human nature.

D.

A Cannon Ball in a Hat.

An annonymous contributor to the N. Y. Ledger, generally supposed to be Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a cannon ball from the Navy Yard at Charleston, Massachusetts, and with much trepidation, and more headache, he carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, his hat, winds up with the following reflections; reflections which, though philosophically trite, are conveyed with much force and freshness:

When I reached home I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after one or two solitary rolls I gave it away, on the same day, to a Prince-streeter.

But, after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last thing I ever stole, (excepting the little matter of a heart, now and then,) and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catechising, but ethics rubbed in with a six-pound shot are better than none at all.

But I see men doing the same thing—going into underground and dirty vaults, and gather up wealth, which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball, and be not a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall st. who will believe that.

I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who has been born above him, and when he got her he walked all the rest of his life with a cannon ball in his hat.

I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, and scrupling at no sacrifice of principle, for the sake, at least, of carrying a burden which no man can bear.

All the world is busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and bring much care; and I am accustomed, in all my walks among men, noticing their ways and their folly, to think there is a man stealing a cannon ball; or, there's a man with a cannon ball on his head; I know it by the way he walks.

The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket, at last gets into his hat like a cannon ball.

Pride, bad temper, selfishness, and evil passions will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls, his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying!

The Two Pictures.

NO I.

'Fannie?'

'What!'

'Pa is tired; can't you bring him a drink of water, dear?'

'I suppose I'll have to.'

Down goes the doll, slam goes the door, and out flirts the darling Fannie for the wished for beverage.—When the water is brought it is cold, but in it there is no refreshment. Pa looks sad. His heart aches for a loving daughter. But it's nothing to Fannie—she don't care.

Years have flown.

'Fannie?'

'What!'

'Is dinner ready? I am in a great hurry.'

'Yes, that's the first cry always.—And you know Biddy is so slow. Now sit down here and listen to this new piece of music.' Thum, thum. 'Isn't that delightful, Harry?'

'Yes, Fannie, dearest; but business can not be delayed.'

'It can't. Well, perhaps you expect me to go into the kitchen and cook? If you do I want it distinctly understood that I wasn't brought up to it, and I didn't marry for the sake of stooping to it.'

Thum, thum, thum, thrash with a vengeance. Two, ringle, tingle, lingle—dinner is ready at last, the old and heavy, burned and raw. Husband looks sad, but wife don't care. Away he goes—perhaps to a saloon, or to stand by the counter till his brain reels, and he looks more like a corpse than a live man. And for whom? A thing which sits in a parlor and plays on a piano, and gives him to understand that 'she wasn't brought up to be a woman,' and 'didn't marry him for the sake of stooping to be his wife.'

PICTURE NO. II.

'Fannie?'

'O, pa has come, sis!' And down patter little feet, and pa's neck is encircled with tiny white arms and his face covered with warm soft kisses.

'Now, will Fannie bring father a drink? He is tired.'

'Yes, sir.'

And away twinkle the dainty feet; a minute more and dimpled hands are handing it. And then the hat is carried away and the cane is set in the corner, and pa looks so happy that Fannie taxes her little brain to the utmost to think of something more to do for him.

Years have flown.

'Twelve—Harry, Nellie, set up the chairs while I bring a pitcher of water. Father will be here in a few minutes now.'

Click, slam, tramp, trip.

'Fannie?'

'Well, dear.'

'Is dinner ready? I am in a great hurry.

'Just this minute ready, Harry.'

'I knew it would be.' Clatter, clatter, clatter. Bread good, vegetables good, meat good, all good, but the wife the best of all.'

'Fannie, I am in trouble.'

'And what, pray tell?'

'O, my wife is the great torment of my life. The little minute runs so fast that it keeps me all the time in a sweat to keep up with her. The fact is she wits me with her unnumered little kindnesses. It isn't so very comfortable to feel lost, like a speck in a blaze of—of—O, dear, how red our Nellie's cheeks are to-day! Been using some of mother's cosmetic—helping to get dinner, eh!'

Wife laughs, and husband looks pleased in spite of his sorrows. Away he goes to his humble work. But he forgets fatigue, for he is blessed with a loving wise and a happy home.—[Life Illustrated.

Cultivating Too Much Land.

The farmers generally attempt to cultivate too much land. The disadvantages arising from this cause, are many and obvious. It is no exaggeration to say, that the lands cultivated in the country are capable, under a high state of cultivation, of producing twice as much as they now produce.

When will our farmers in the country fully appreciate this truly? There is no one thing that contributes so much to retard our agriculture, as the folly of cultivating too much land.

In the first place no farmer should think of managing 80 or 100 acres of land with one or two men. It is bad economy to do so: nothing can be expected from it but poverty.—poverty of both land and purse. How much better it would be to cultivate half the number of acres, or less, and do it well. It costs just as much to plow an acre that will yield ten bushels of corn, as one that will yield fifty or a hundred bushels. The difference in hoeing would be a trifle, and the planting would be the same. It will require the same amount of fencing in the one case as in the other, and the same tax will have to be paid on each. Why not, therefore, plow less and plow deeper? why not cultivate less land and manure more? Farmers, many of them, appear to forget that they have a productive farm just underneath the one they are cultivating, equally and perhaps much more productive than the one on the surface.

Turn up this farm, then, with a deep subsoil plow,—expose it to the action of the sun and frost, and thereby double your crop.

But the surface farm—if there are any scruples about distributing the one immediately underneath—may be greatly increased in productiveness by properly manuring it. Let a portion of spring work be devoted to carting out manure on the land that is to be cultivated. Be assured that no labor will pay better. If any one has doubts on the subject, let him try an acre of thin land without and another with manure. And if he desires to be still more utilitarian in his investigations, let him deduct the cost of the manure from the value of the increased crop, and it will be found that it is much better to manure one acre well than cultivate two without manure.

But let him try the experiment of both plowing deep, and manuring well, and he will forever abandon the idea of cultivating more land than he can cultivate well.

Farmers! think of these things: do more—practice them, and our word for it you will never have occasion to regret that you did not cultivate more land.

—A boy was asked one day what made him so dirty, and his reply was: "I am made, so they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon it's just working out."

A Warning to Young Men.

In nearly all the larger towns and cities young men form themselves into clubs of various kinds, to enable them to pass away the hours of the long winter evenings socially and pleasantly. They are, many of them, among strangers far away from the home circle, and the pleasant associations which gather closely around the hearth stone of their childhood, and they find it difficult to get into society. Their time, after the business hours of the day are past, drags heavily, and they are ready to take up with almost anything that offers itself in the shape of amusement or recreation. A club of jolly good fellows has many attractions under the circumstances. Whilst we would not do anything to curtail the real enjoyments of the young, especially under such circumstances as we have detailed above, we would warn them against those which are injurious to either soul or body.

An old merchant related in our hearing a few evenings since his own experience and observations in regard to this matter. When he left home to go into business in the city, he felt lonely in the evenings, and longed for companionship. He was diffident, and had no influential friends to take him by the hand and introduce him into society. A friend invited him to join a social club. They spent their time in song and jest, eating and drinking, and general jollity. He kept a list of all who belonged to the club during his connection with it, and has traced their histories since. Of forty-nine but three now remain enjoying a green old age. Most of the others went to early graves, the victims of intemperance. Very few of them were ever successful in business, though some of them were young men of business capacity. Our venerable friend thinks the seeds of their ruin were sown in the club-room. He said with great emphasis, 'Had I an iron voice, which I could ring through our whole country, I would say to every young man, beware of the club-room, and especially the room of a drinking club.' Many a young man is ruined there before he is aware of his danger.—[Presbyterian Herald.

—A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some money due him in that city was about returning, when he found that he overlooked a bill of a hundred dollars. His landlord who knew the debtor, said he thought it was a doubtful case, but added if at all, a tall raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would 'worry it out' of the same. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

'Wal, Squire,' said he, ''taint much use 'o trying I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze it out of a Bunker Hill monument as to c'lect a debt out of him.—But any how, Squire, what'll you give sposing I try?'

'Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes, I'll give you half if you will collect.'

''Greed,' replied the collector, 'there is no harm tryin', any way.'

Some weeks after, the creditor happened to be in Boston, and walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

'Look o'here,' said he, 'Squire, I had considerable luck with that bill 'o yourn. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root, but for the first week or so twan't no use, not a bit. If he was at home, I could get no satisfaction, if he wasn't to home, he was short. By the by, says I. So I sat down on the door step, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I began early next morning; but about ten o'clock he 'gin in.' He paid me my half and I gin him the note.'

Anecdote of Governor Seward.

Cozzens in his last Wine Press, tells an old story, which, he says, few persons have not heard. When Governor of N. Y., Seward, in the pre-railroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and, accordingly, mounted upon the box of the mail coach, in order that he might injoy the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow, and his passenger humored him.

'Land agent?' said the driver.

'No,' said Seward.

'Selling goods?'

'No.'

'Traveling preacher?'

'No.'

'Circus?'

'No.'

'What then?' asked the baffled driver; 'what is your business?'

'Governor,' replied Seward, with a tranquil puff.

'Governor o' what?'

'Governor of the State of N. Y., replied the smoking passenger, with great composure.

'Get out!'

'Well, I can convince you of that,' said Seward, 'for here is a man on the road with whom I am acquainted,' and, as the stage passed by, he saluted him.—'Good morning, Mr. Bunker, I want to ask you a question—am I not the Governor of the State of New York?'

'No, by thunder!' was Bunker's unexpected answer.

'Who is, then?' said the startled smoker.

'Thurlow Weed!'

The Six Pleas for a New Dress.

Tittlewinks wants another dress, and her lord protests. Now observe how she manages; she approaches with—

Plea No. 1—namely, The Persuasive Plea.—Oh, how hard he has to fight! She tells him how she loves him—smooths his hair, calls him a king—asks him if he has the heart to deny her. If he says he has, she proceeds to—

Plea No. 2—or The Destitute Plea.—She informs him of the fact that she has nothing to wear, and says a man is a brute who would not give his wife something to wear. That she is not fit to be seen. The people will cry shame on him. In vain he says that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." She asks if he can be so mean as to refuse her. If he says "yes" she proceeds to—

Plea No. 3—or The Pouting Plea.—This consists more of gesture than speech. She sits at the table with her little nose turned up, and her little eyes turned down. She eats little, (till he goes to business,) sighs often, and walks about the house like a bad tempered ghost. She speaks only to say 'she knew it would be so,' and 'it served her just right.' Should he dare to say 'it did,' she proceeded to—

Plea No. 4—or the Property Plea.—She politely asks for the little money she had when she was married.—Certainly she can do what she wishes with her own. In fact she had no property when they were married. All her worldly goods consisted of a few worsteds and knitting-pins; but their knitting-pins she always pokes in his eyes unless she conquers him before she gets to plea No. 4. Should this fail, she proceeds to—

Plea No. 5—or The Comparative Plea.—All her departed lovers are made to pass before the unhappy man, and he is compared with them, one by one. If she married Mr. Snooks—*i.e.* the coachman—she would have had a livery. If she had married Mr. Swizzle, she would have lived in style on Broad street. If she had married—in fact, any body but her husband—she would have been treated like a human being. He, perhaps, becomes a little angry, and suggests if she had married Adam she would have dressed like Eve! But as she had married him she must wear what he can give her. This roused her temper, and she comes immediately to—

Plea No. 6—or The Plea Conclusive.—Which consists of a threat to go to her mother, and many upbraidings that he brought her away from the joys of her home to abuse and make her miserable.

Now, no man was ever able to stand all these pleas. He generally falls at No. 1, and only in extreme cases reaches No. 6.

Fall Plowing.

In an article on this subject, by the editor of the Country Gentleman, we find the following hints upon the manner of performing the work:

1. Do it thoroughly and in a workman-like manner.

2. If the soil is at all liable to standing water in winter, it should be plowed in narrow lands, and the water-furrows carefully cleared and free outlets provided, so that all surface moisture may at once dry away. Unless this is attended to, it is of little use to plow low lands in the Fall. If covered with water until Spring, the frost has no mellowing effect, and very little decomposition takes place—the soil is only hardened by its exposure.

3. In fall plowing, the furrows should be deep and narrow, so as to expose as much surface as possible to the action of the frost, and it matters little how rough the work may be, provided the whole surface be inverted by the plow.

Teach the Women to Save.

There's the secret. A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank yet established—one that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it. The *idea* of saving is a pleasant one, and if "the women" would imbibe it once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus many when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation for a competence, security in a stormy time, and shelter for a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in, and the best way to make her comprehend it is for her to keep an account of her current expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually there is a chance to save something if the attempt is only made. Let the housewife take the idea—act upon it—and strive over it—and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon all—upon "the woman" as well at the men; but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most, and regard themselves as examples in most matters. "Teach the women to save," is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac.

—The great problem of the source of the Nile, which has occupied the attention of the world during so many ages, may now be considered as definitively solved. Capt. Speke, who has just returned to England from an extensive tour in Central Africa, in company with Capt. Burton, discovered a lake, called by the natives Nyanza, but by the Arabs Ukerewe, which appears to be the great reservoir of the Nile. It extends from 2 deg. 30 min. south to 3 deg. 30 min. north latitude, lying across the equator in east longitude 33 deg. Its waters are the drainage of numerous hills which surround it on almost every side. The new lake washes out the Mountains of the Moon as at present existing in our atlases.

—Our sorrows are like thunder clouds, which seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

—The greater a man is the less he necessarily thinks of himself, for his knowledge enlarges with his attainments.

Getting an Invitation.

It was observed that a certain rich man never invited any one to dine with him. 'I will lay a wager,' said a wag, 'I get an invitation from him.'

The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant that he must speak with his master immediately, for he could save him a thousand dollars.

'Sir,' said the servant to his master, 'here is a man in a great hurry, who says he can save you a thousand dollars.'

Out came the master.

'What is that, Sir? Can you save me a thousand dollars?'

'Yes, Sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again.'

'Oh! pray, Sir, come in and take dinner with me.'

The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family had retired, the conversation was resumed.

'Well, Sir,' said the man of the house, 'now to your businesss. Pray let me know how I am to save a thousand dollars.'

'Why, Sir,' said the other, 'I hear that you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage.'

'I have, Sir.'

'And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand dollars!'

'I do, Sir.'

'Why, then, Sir, let me have her, and I will take her at nine thousand!'

The master of the house rose in a passion and kicked him out of doors.

"She Won't Scratch I."

We had a little cousin visit us once, a three-year old boy, who had always pretty determinedly had his own way. We found him one day with his old gray cat, which he had fastened in a barrel, and which was looking rather savagely anxious to get out. 'How dare you play with that cross old cat, Charlie?' said we. 'Ain't you afraid she will scratch you?

'O,' answered the little fellow, in his piping treble, 'she will scratch every body but I, and she won't scratch I!' Not long afterwards we met poor Charlie crying bitterly, with several deep wounds in his face and hands from that naughty cat. We laughed at Charlie's answer at the time, but we have often thought seriously of it since. We never see a young man who is sure he can drink moderately and never go to excess, but we think of the 'cat that will scratch every body but I.'

We never see a man running into doubtful speculations in hopes of great gain, but we think of 'the cat that wont scratch I.'

We never see any one recklessly expose himself to physical and moral danger, but we think of 'the cat that will scratch everybody but I.'

Very few there are but sometimes get a scratch from this dangerous cat, whose wounds are slow to heal, and whose venom rankles long.

Whoever trifles with truth, selfishly wrongs another, or carelessly wrongs himself, is playing a dangerous game, and will in the end find himself deeply wounded by the cat he fondly fancies "will scratch every body but I."—[Cambridge Chronicle.

How to Keep Horses Fat and in Condition.

If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbors, I should attribute it to the four following circumstances:

1. That they are all shod with few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time they move.

2. That they all live in boxes instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please.

3. That they have two hours' daily walking exercise when they are not at work.

4. That I have not a head-stall or rack-chain in my stable. These four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horses' legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to a good old age.—[Miles.

—The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier gives this notice of "Peter Parley:"

"I saw the venerable Peter Parley Goodrich in Wall street to-day, leaning on the arm of his son, "Dick Tinto" Goodrich. The old man is fading and failing fast. He wore his spectacles, and had a handkerchief around his throat. His step was unsteady, and I was satisfied that the popular author who had delighted so many hearts and homes, and given to the schools so many pleasant and useful books, can not long remain among us. It is very rarely nowadays that the old man leaves his quiet home in Connecticut to make a visit to New York.

A Burning Well.

A singular instance of a burning well occurred last week in Milo township. Mr J. Nevitt was boring a well, to the depth of about 60 feet, when he had some suspicions that it contained infiamable gas. A lighted candle was taken within about 8 feet of the well, when the gas caught and the flames arose to the hight of 20 feet. It was so near the house that a part of it had to be removed, in order to prevent a conflagration. Various methods were resorted to, to extinguish the fire, but all unsuccessful It remained on fire from Wednesday afternoon until Sunday morning.—[Bureau Co. (Ill.) Repub.

—A flow-horse should above all things be a good walker. The walking gait is not cultivated enough in training horses. Only consider what a team that could walk ten miles an hour for ten hours per day could do toward hurrying through spring work.