

# Plymouth Advertiser.

A Weekly Family Newspaper--Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUTH, O., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 19, 1855.

VOLUME II. NO. 13

**MASONIC LODGE**  
THE REGULAR communication of Richard Lodge, are every Monday Evening before the full moon.  
D. BAUGHMAN, Sec.

**I. O. O. F.**  
Plymouth Lodge, No. 98, meets every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.  
W. W. DEENNAN, N. G.  
WELLS ROGERS, Secretary. dec22

**J. W. BECKMAN,**  
Attorney at Law & Solicitor in Chancery  
Will attend to all business entrusted to him in the counties of Richland, Huron, Erie, Ashland, Seneca and Crawford.  
OFFICE--Over the Book Store of A. C. Du Bois & Son. oct25

**H. & W. ROGERS**  
DEALERS IN  
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, FISH,  
CANDLES, &c. &c.  
AND FELLOWS BLOCK BLYMOUTH.  
Sole Agents for Medicinal Purposes

**H. M. WOOSTER**  
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, White Lead, Linseed Oil, Zinc Paint, Window Glass, etc., Plymouth, Ohio. Oct21

**DR. H. H. HARRIS,**  
DEALER IN  
DRUGS, MEDICINES, &c.  
Will pay cash for Wheat, Wool, Feeds, Seeds and Corn. oct25

**RAILROAD HOUSE,**  
FAIRFIELD, HURON CO., O.  
A. C. ALLEN, Proprietor.  
THE above house is new and very pleasantly situated. The proprietor will spare no pains to make it all the while as comfortable as a home. Friends--strangers--all give us a call. June 17, 1854-1855

A. G. ROBINSON. J. M. BUSHFIELD.

**A. G. ROBINSON & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
WRAPPING AND PAPER, BONNET BOARDS, &c., &c.  
WHOLESALE GROCERIES  
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.  
sep30 WHEELING, VA.

**GILL, KELLY & CO.,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Nails & Spikes,  
sep30 WHEELING, VA.

**NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
MANFIELD, OHIO.  
S. W. Corner of Public Square, opposite the Bank. P. P. MYERS and GEO. W. WARRING, Proprietors. n4

**WARREN & FULLER,**  
Dry Goods at Wholesale.  
N. O. 45, SUPERIOR STREET, WEDDELL HOUSE, CLEVELAND, O.  
We have received our Fall Stock and are now prepared to sell goods at the lowest New York prices. Dealers are invited to call and examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. sep30

**FALL TRADE.**  
Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers, at Wholesale.  
MASURY, DOLE & CO.,  
N. O. 68, SUPERIOR STREET, OPPOSITE THE WEDDELL HOUSE, CLEVELAND, O.  
We are now receiving 10,000 cases for the Fall Trade. Dealers are requested to call and examine our stock and terms. sep30

**P. J. DENKER & SON,**  
Importers, Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in  
Furnishing Goods, and  
CLOTHING,  
No. 76 Superior-st., CLEVELAND, O.  
P. J. D. & Son pledge themselves to offer as good inducements to country merchants as can be done in New York or any of the Eastern cities. sep30

**PLYMOUTH MARBLE WORKS.**  
Prepared to furnish at all times, his manufactory, MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, MANTLES, &c., of the best style and finish, of either Italian or American Marble, at prices unequalled in this western country. He has now on hand, and is constantly in receipt of, the most splendid specimens of Marble, of all sizes and kinds suitable for Table-tops, Mantle-Pieces, &c. Plymouth, Oct. 15, 1853.

**GROCERY & GLASS WARE,**  
AT WHOLESALE.  
WE would respectfully call the attention of the merchants of Richland, Huron and Crawford Counties, to our large stock of COCKEY and GLASS WARE, which we offer exclusively at wholesale. Any orders may be favored with will receive prompt attention. Merchants and Dealers will please give us a call when they come to Cleveland--we will make it to their advantage. J. FOGG & CO., Importers of Queensware, apr17

**ETNA IRON AND STEEL WAREHOUSE.**  
SPANG & CO.,  
MANUFACTURERS of all sizes and descriptions of Iron, Nails, Wrought and Cut Spike, Blister, Plough and Spring Steel, Boiler Iron, Ribs, Fire-rod, Sheet and Bar Iron, of any size and thickness, made to order and cut to pattern if required. Also WINDOW GLASS and PITT BURG MANUFACTURES generally. sep30

**MORGAN'S WORM KILLER.**  
WARREN, O., October 20, 1853.  
Mr. Jas. McOFFEE: Dear Sir--I am entirely out of Morgan's Worm Killer. It sells rapidly, and is fast driving the thousand-and-one Nostrums completely out of the market. Having tested it most thoroughly I am free to say that there is none now in use, that is preferable to it. You will please send me immediately, six dozen of it. My calls for it are daily. Many cases are being reported to me of cures being performed by this medicine, that are really wonderful. The lives of three children have been saved by it, in this town, within a month. Respectfully, J. HARRINGTON.  
For sale in Plymouth, by H. M. WOOSTER

**BUSHFIELD'S**  
Nerve and Bone Liniment,  
MR. BUSHFIELD--I feel it a duty I owe to mankind as well as to the proprietor of this valuable Liniment, to state what benefits I have derived from the use of one bottle of it. About six months ago I was taken with rheumatism in my right arm, which rendered me unable to use it until a few weeks since. I had been under the treatment of physicians and tried a number of medicines, but with no good result, and I began to despair of ever having the use of my arm again. But I am happy to say that that feeling of despondency has been removed through the efficacy of "Bushfield's Nerve and Bone Liniment," I can honestly recommend it to those afflicted with rheumatism, and also for strains, bruises, &c. If you think best you can use my name in making this statement public. E. L. LONG.  
New Salem, O., April 8, 1854.  
For sale at the Drug Store of H. M. WOOSTER, Plymouth, at the per bottle.

**The Greek Slave!**  
BACCHANTE, VENUS, FLORA, HEBE, AND THE DANCING GIRL.  
THE above celebrated Statues, together with FIFTEEN BRONZE, and several hundred magnificent OIL PAINTINGS, form the collection of rises to be distributed among the members of the Cosmopolitan Art Association at the first annual distribution, in January next. THE COSMOPOLITAN ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION, organized for the encouragement and general diffusion of LITERATURE and the FINE ARTS, on a new and Original Plan. This popular Art Association is designed to encourage and popularize the Fine Arts, and disseminate wholesome Literature throughout the country. A gallery of art is permanently founded, containing a valuable collection of Paintings and Statuary, for the annual distribution of each year. The best Literature of the day, will be issued to subscribers, consisting of the popular Monthly Magazines, Reviews, &c. The Committee of Management have the pleasure of announcing that the First Annual Distribution will take place in January next, on which occasion there will be distributed or allotted to members, several hundred Works of Art, among which is the original and world-renowned Statue of the GREEK SLAVE, by Hippo-crates, and several other fine Statues, together with the beautiful Statues of VENUS, BACCHANTE, HEBE, FLORA, and the DANCING GIRL; and fifteen Statues in Bronze, imported from Paris; also a large collection of OIL PAINTINGS, comprising some of the best productions of celebrated American and Foreign Artists.

The Literature issued to subscribers consists of the following Monthly Magazines: Harper's Weekly, Blackwood, Knickerbocker, Godey's Lady Book, Graham's Magazine, and the Magazine of Art, together with the following Quarterly Reviews, reprinted in New York, viz: Westminster, London Quarterly, North British and Edinburgh Review.

**PLAN FOR THE CURRENT YEAR--1855.**  
The payment of \$3 constitutes any one a member of this Association, and entitles him to either one of the above Magazines for one year, and also to ticket in the distribution of the Statuary and Paintings, which are to be allotted to members in January.

Persons taking five memberships are entitled to any five of the Magazines one year, and six tickets in the distribution of the Statuary.

Persons, on becoming members, can have their Magazine commence with any month they choose, and rely on its being mailed to them promptly on the first of every month, direct from the New York and Philadelphia Publishers.

**LITTEL'S LIVING AGE, Weekly,** is furnished one year and two memberships for \$8. The net proceeds derived from the sale of memberships, are devoted to the purchase of Works of Art for the ensuing year.

Books open to receive names at the Eastern office, New York, or Western office, Sandusky. The Gallery of Art is located at Sandusky, (the Western office of the Association,) where superb Granite Buildings have been erected for it, and in whose spacious saloons the splendid collection of Statuary and Paintings are exhibited.

**THE ADVANTAGES SECURED** by becoming a member of this Association are--  
1st. All persons receive the full value of their subscription, in the shape of sterling Magazine Literature.

2d. Each member is contributing toward purchasing choice Works of Art, which are to be distributed among themselves, and are at the same time encouraging the Artists of the country, disbursing thousands of dollars through its agency.

Persons remitting funds for membership, will please their post office address full, and state the month with which they wish their Magazine to commence, and write the word "Registered," on the envelope to prevent loss on the receipt of which, a certificate of membership, together with the Magazine desired, will be forwarded to any part of the country.

Those who purchase Magazines at Bookstores will observe that, by joining this Association, they receive the Magazine and Free Tickets in the annual distribution, all at the same price they now pay for the Magazine alone.

Persons subscribing any time before the 30th January, are entitled to the Magazines for '55. "CLIPPING OF THE BOOKS!"

Subscriptions may be had up to the 30th of January, at which time the distribution will take place.

**ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUES** of the whole collection to be distributed, will be sent free of charge on application to the Offices of the Association, at the Knickerbocker Magazine office, 348 Broadway, New York, and 166 Water-st., Sandusky, Ohio. Address (at either office.)

C. L. DEBBY, Actuary C. A. & L. A.  
E. WRIGHT, Hon Sec. for Plymouth, where Catalogues may be had gratis. January 1, 1855.

**Closing of the Book!--Are You a Member?**

ALL persons wishing to become members of the Cosmopolitan Art Association, in order to receive their Magazines for 1855, and a ticket in the great Distribution will lose no time in forwarding \$3, on the suspension, at once, as the Books will close and the Distribution take place the 30th of January.

For full particulars see illustrated Catalogues which are sent free, on application, to all parts of the country, Address--

C. L. DEBBY, Actuary C. A. & L. A.  
Knickerbocker Magazine office, 348 Broadway, New York, or 166 Water-st., Sandusky, O.

**ARE YOU A MEMBER.**  
ON THE 30TH OF JANUARY the Cosmopolitan Art Association, will distribute among its members the large and magnificent collection of Paintings and Statuary contained in their Galleries.

Memberships \$3, entitle any one to a \$3 Magazine for 1855, and a ticket in the above Distribution.

Illustrated Catalogues, giving full particulars, sent to all parts of the country, free.

Office of the Association at the Knickerbocker Magazine Office, 348 Broadway, New York, and at No. 166 Water-st., Sandusky, O. Address (at either office.) C. L. DEBBY, Actuary C. A. & L. A. January 1, 1855.

**Blacksmithing.**  
THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Plymouth and the vicinity, that they have taken possession of the shop recently occupied by Mr. Kellogg, where they will carry on the Blacksmithing Business in all its various branches. All work entrusted to our care will be well and promptly executed. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. The shop may be found at North end of Sandusky-street, N. W. & T. W. WHITE, Plymouth, Huron Co., O., Jan. 1, 1855.

**IMPORTANT TO SINGERS.**  
THE SHAWM--The most extraordinary and popular singing-book of the Day.  
The Pastry. The Delicium.  
Christian Minstrel. Ohio Harmonist, Carnation Song, etc., for sale by the dozen or single copy at the lowest prices, by  
Rev. J. A. C. DUBOIS & SON.

**MOSB, Sandusky,** has 20 dozen copies of various patterns, for sale cheap. apr17

## Select Poetry.

### A POEM FOR THE TIMES.

SUBJECT--"BARRIBOOLA GHA."

A preacher preached last Sunday,  
And crowds of people came,  
To hear a two-hour sermon  
With a barbarous-sounding name;  
Twas all about some heathens,  
Thousands of miles afar,  
Who live in a land of darkness,  
Called "Barioboola Gha."

So well their wants he pictured,  
That when the plates were passed,  
Each list'ard felt his pockets  
And good yams were cast;  
For all must lend a shoulder  
To push the rolling car  
That carries light and comfort  
To "Barioboola Gha."

That night their wants and sorrows  
Lay heavy on my soul,  
And led in meditation  
I took my morning stroll;  
Till something caught my mantle  
With eager grasp and wild,  
And looking down with wonder,  
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,  
In rags and dirt forlorn;  
What could she want, I questioned,  
Impatient to be gone.  
With trembling voice she answered,  
"We live just down the street,  
And mammy's a dyin'--  
And we've nothing left to eat."

Down in a wretched basement,  
With mould upon the walls,  
Through whose half-barred windows  
God's sunshine never falls;  
Where cold, and want, and hunger,  
Crouched near her as she lay,  
I found a fellow creature,  
Gasping her life away.

A chair, a broken table,  
A bed of dirty straw,  
A heart as dark and cheerless--  
But that I secretly saw;  
For the mournful sigh before me,  
The sad and sick'ning show--  
Oh, never had I pictured  
A scene so full of woe--

The famished and the naked,  
The babes that pine for bread,  
The squalid group that huddled  
Around the dying bed;  
All this distress and sorrow  
Through a lens were given;  
Was I suddenly transported  
To "Barioboola Gha."

Ah, I! the poor and wretched  
Were close behind the door,  
And I had passed them heedless  
A thousand times before.  
Alas for the cold and hungry  
That met me every day,  
While all my tears were given  
To the suffering far away!

There's work enough for Christians  
In distant lands we know;  
Our Lord commands his servants  
Through all the world to go,  
Not only for the heathen;  
This was his charge to them--  
"Go preach the word, beginning  
First at Jerusalem."

O, Christian, God has promised,  
Who'er to thee has given  
A cup of pure cold water,  
"I will reward in Heaven."  
Would you secure the blessing,  
You need not seek it far;  
Go, find in yonder hotel,  
A "Barioboola Gha."

## Selected Miscellany

### THE GOLDEN GLASP.

A modest and exceedingly pretty young girl, plainly attired, entered one of the goldsmith's stores on -- street, and seeing that a gentleman was engaged with the proprietor, she timidly snuck aside, near the door, until he should be at leisure.

The assistants were also occupied with customers whose dress and appearance showed them to belong to the class of the rich, and so she was suffered to remain for some time standing there before she could be attended to.

The gentleman who was a fine, noble looking person, with a remarkably polished address, seeing her waiting, courteously stood aside, and said to the goldsmith:

"Do not occupy yourself with me now, Mr. Broochard, I can examine these watches by myself, while you see what this young person wants who has been waiting so long and patiently to get an opportunity of addressing you."

"What do you wish, Miss?" asked the goldsmith, with a look which conveyed respect to her for interrupting him while engaged with a customer of more value to him.

The girl hesitatingly approached the counter, and taking from her bosom a small gold clasp, bent over to him, and said in a low, trembling voice:

"I wish sir you would be so kind as to keep this a few days, and let me have seven dollars on it."

Low as she spoke, her soft trembling tones reached the ears of Col. McHenry, the gentleman who was present, and he turned to observe her face, and hear the reply of the goldsmith to this timid and painfully uttered request. The goldsmith took the clasp scornfully between his fingers, and throwing it down said sharply to her:

"This is no pawnbroker's shop, girl; and if it was, that thing is not worth two dollars."

"It is of inestimable value to me, sir--indeed it is the only thing valuable I have," answered she earnestly, and her cheek slightly flushed at the rude manner of his reply.

"I don't know what you may value it at," he answered with a cold laugh glancing at Col. McHenry, whom he saw severely observing him; "I would not like to give you six shillings for it."

"But, sir," plead the girl, unconscious of being overheard, "I must have seven dol-

lars to-day, and I have no other way of getting it, and I was in hopes, sir, that you might let me have that sum on it; for I will certainly come back and take it up again."

"I tell you," answered Mr. Broochard angrily, "I keep no pawnbroker's shop. Go to the Jews."

"They won't give me but two dollars, sir, and I want seven."

"So you think to get it out of me?"

The young girl was about to speak again but as if not knowing what further arguments to urge, he started, and was turning slowly away, when she checked herself and again spoke to him:

"Sir," said she in a low thrilling voice of earnest entreaty; "my mother is lying very ill, and our rent is due at twelve o'clock to-day, and the persons we saw for having disappointed us in our pay, I have no other resource but this! Oh, sir, will you take this clasp only for a few days, and I will then repay you?"

Mr. Broochard felt that Col. McHenry's eyes were upon him, waiting an answer, and he wished him to think him a man of business, (which meant in his notion a man without a heart,) he answered promptly and sternly:

"No. Do you think we are simpletons here to throw away money in this way? If you have nothing more to say, please stand aside for customers."

"Well, Colonel, what do you think of those? Latest importation; full jeweled, and warranted in all points. I will give you the one just laid down for one hundred and ninety-five dollars."

The gentleman, however, was not heeding him, but watching the young girl whom he saw leaving the counter with a heavy drooping step approach the door.

Her face had struck him for its sweet intelligent loveliness, and her modesty had for him an irresistible charm; but her plea of poverty and her eloquent appeal to the tradesman, deeply interested his feelings, and enlisted his sympathies in her behalf. He had silently observed the progress of her interview with him, with emotions of contempt for one, and pity for the other.

Her hand was on the knob of the door, when advancing towards her--

"You asked, I believe, for seven dollars?" he said with a gentle interest in his tone, that at once awakened hope in her heart; and brought the light to her eyes, and the hue to her cheek, as she diffidently answered:

"Yes, sir; I should not have been so bold and untruthful, but--"

"None too much so. There is a ten dollar note; I have no smaller bills."

"Sir, you are too kind--"

"Not a word. I am happy to do you a service."

"Take this clasp, sir, though I am ashamed to offer it to you, since the gentleman says it is so valueless. But to me it is valuable as life, and I foolishly thought it must be so to others."

"I do not want it, child," answered Col. McHenry, feelingly putting the hand aside, while she urged it upon him.

"Indeed sir, you must take it, for I shall feel in some degree, under less obligations to a stranger. Besides, I wish to call on an old friend. Will you give me your address, sir? And as she spoke, he still declining the jewel, she laid it on the show box.

"Oh, no matter; but if you insist--the U. S. Hotel."

"Thank you, sir, you can never know the blessings to others that will follow your kindness to me to-day."

Thus speaking and looking up with an expression of gratitude in her tearful eyes, she left the shop, forgetting the golden clasp which she left on the show-case.

"Will you look at one of these watches now, Col. McHenry?" superciliously asked the goldsmith, without lifting his condescending eyes.

"No, sir," answered the gentleman sternly. And taking up his gloves and cane, he walked from the shop of the avaricious goldsmith, who, too close to risk a trifle to relieve the wants of a poor family, probably lost a large amount by the purchases his wealthy customer would have made, as well as his own self-respect, such as it was, for avarice always sinks into its shell before the broad sun of benevolence.

"Now, there goes a man who throws away money upon vagrants; because I keep mine to support my family," said the goldsmith, looking after him, "he thinks me a miser, and I think him a fool. Oh, here is that clasp after all! She left it for him on the show-case, and he was too proud to take it away, if he saw it. Seven dollars! It is not worth more than five!"

He opened it as he spoke, and taking up a sharp instrument, tried the firmness of the gold.

"It is good old Mexican gold. It might have cost two twenty dollars. Ah! what a star of diamonds within it!" he exclaimed as in working about with a point of steel he discovered a cavity. "I've large diamonds of the purest water! This is indeed valuable!--Let me see--they are worth at least five hundred dollars!"

What value to ask so much! No, she could not either, for she would not let it go for so small a sum, or else asked for nearer its value. I suspect she was ignorant of the cavity, which I detected only by accident; she has stolen it, and will never return for it. Ah, ah, Abraham Broochard, thou hast made a good day's work of it!"

Then looking round among his shop-boys to see if he was observed, he carefully, yet with a cheerful air, locked the clasp in a private drawer, and taking out the key, placed it in his pocket. He had hardly done so, when Col. McHenry entered, and without speaking or looking at him, cast his eye upon the show-case

for the clasp, which he recollected after going out the young girl had laid down, but did not take it up again, and so he turned back for it. Abraham Broochard was very busily engaged in replacing the watched silences and ignorance. At length Col. McHenry spoke:

"That young person laid her clasp on this case, sir, which I neglected to take up. It was a pity I should be lost she valued it so highly."

"The clasp? Oh, I've not seen it, sir. She took it up again."

"Did you see her?"

"Yes! I had my eyes on her, and said at the time you'd never see your ten dollars or the clasp again."

The gentleman eyed him steadily an instant, and then glancing round the show-case again, as if in search of it, he quit the shop.

Several days had elapsed, and Colonel McHenry had quite forgotten the circumstances just narrated, when as he was passing down Arch-st., he felt his sleeve suddenly pulled by some one he heard running behind him, and looking round behind, with a cheek glowing from the pursuit, the girl he had seen at the goldsmith's.

"Oh, sir, I am so happy to have found you," she said, at once addressing him, as he stopped and with pleasure listened to her. "I was at length enabled to get my pay, and by other work have earned enough to repay the ten dollars you so kindly gave me. You don't know the good you did sir--the suffering you relieved--the evil you timely averted. Here is the money sir."

"Nay, my good girl, I do not want it, I made you a present of it at the time, and did not expect you to return it. I am however glad to find you have the disposition to do so, and that I was not deceived in my estimation of you."

"You must take it, sir," she said with ingenuous earnestness. "I should be distressed to be longer under pecuniary obligations to an entire stranger. Besides, sir, I would like my clasp, if you please."

"Did you not take it from the case where you laid it down?" he asked with surprise and justly directed suspicion.

"No, sir--indeed sir, I hope it is not lost. It is of countless value to me. It was given to me by--"

"By a sweetheart?" he added smiling.

"He is now--dead, sir," she answered with overflowing eyes.

"You do well to value it, I did not take it up. Are you sure you left it there?"

"Yes, sir; hoping you would take it and keep it till I paid you."

"Well, my child, I have not got it, but I believe the goldsmith has. Let us go to him."

On their arrival, Mr. Broochard denied ever having seen it since she went out, and that he saw her take it with her and place it in her bosom as she left the shop. The young lady turned pale, and was inconceivably distressed.

"Come with me, I will find the clasp with her," said Col. McHenry offering her his arm and leaving the goldsmith's with her.

"I do hope I shall find it, sir," she said, as they walked. "It was Robert's last gift. It was given him in Cuba by a rich lady whose life he had saved by rescuing her from the water. He was sailor, sir, and had little to leave me but his memory and that poor clasp. Oh, sir, if I lost I shall never forgive myself for offering to pledge it. But, sir, our extremity was very great."

Col. McHenry stopped with her at a justice's office, and briefly and clearly made his complaint, and in a very few minutes Mr. Broochard was brought into the presence of the magistrate. He appeared to be in great trepidation, and was pale as ashes; for he had been suddenly taken with warning from behind his counter, leaving his shop in charge of his astonished assistants.

Col. McHenry and the young lady being sworn, deposed that they both had been in the shop on the show-case, where each went out and left, the former further deposing that he had not gone three steps from the door before he returned and found it missing, and no one in the vicinity but the defendant.

The goldsmith was then called up to swear as to the knowledge of the facts. He approached the stand, where the magistrate held the Bible, and laid his hands upon it with a perceptible tremor of his whole body; but love of money was stronger than the fear of the law and he took the oath. It appeared as if he would sink through the floor when he took it; but the moment it was done he recovered his audacity. At this moment an officer who had been privately dispatched by the justice with a search warrant to the shop of the goldsmith now entered and placed something in the magistrate's hands after briefly whispering to him.

"Did you ever see this gold ornament before?" asked the magistrate, holding up the clasp before the young girl.

"Oh, it is my clasp--it is my clasp!" she cried springing forward.

"Yes--it is the same," answered Col. McHenry.

"And did you ever see it before?" demanded the justice sternly holding it in the direction of the goldsmith, who had seen it at the first, and was appalled with fear and consternation. Instead of replying he uttered a wild hysterical laugh, and fell his length in convulsions on the floor.

He was a few weeks afterwards taken from prison, and tried for perjury, but his reason forsook him, and instead of a gal-lows he is now raving in a mad-house. Thus was avarice and parsimony, and indifference to the sufferings of the poor, punished in this life; the acts of this selfish man showing to all how that acquisitiveness wrongly directed is poisonous.

Col. McHenry proved to be a batch-

er and though a little turned of thirty, his heart was keenly alive to all the finer sensibilities of our nature. He could feel for the down-trodden poor and sympathize with the unfortunate. To this truth none could more positively attest than the young friend of the "Golden Clasp." For two moons had waned, she had taken the title of Mrs. McHenry, surrounded with all the appliances of wealth that a grateful heart could enjoy, or even wish. Her poor afflicted mother was well provided for, when she soon recovered her health and happiness, and prosperity smiled upon all.

**A COLD COUNTRY.**--If any doubt that the allied army has a hard place to live during the winter, the following paragraph will dispel it:

"A correspondent of the London Times, who says he has traveled in an open sleigh in winter, in the North of Russia states, that he has broken his brandy with a hammer for breakfast, and found by experience, that nothing but fire can resist such cold. He suggests that sheep skins should be sent out for the troops, and the accoutrements worn over them, as no amount of woolen is sufficient, especially in winds. He adds that the most difficult thing to manage for the troops is the shoes. It is not uncommon for Russian officers in pulling off their boots, to pull off their feet or toes with them; for in severe cold the extremities are entirely void of sensation. If the feet are once wet during severe frost, it is almost impossible to save the toes."

**CONFESSIONS OF A CUBAN PRISONER.**--SCORP LACOSTE, one of the men arrested on board an American schooner at Baracoa, and committed to prison at Havana, has made a confession, implicating himself in an attempt to create a revolution in Cuba. His real name is said to be Francis Estrampes. He is a tall, fine looking young man, of 28 or 30 years of age. The Havana correspondent of the Charleston Standard contains a statement made by the prisoner, from which we copy the following:

"I was seized at Baracoa, placed on my back in the filthy hold of a vessel, to this place. During the six days from St. Jago to this city, I was kept in the hold so cruelly tied as to be unable even to smoke a cigar. A biscuit in the morning, and another at dinner time, was my daily and sole allowance of food."

He further states that he was betrayed by a countryman of his named Francisco Hernandez, and that he has boldly avowed to the authorities that his object in visiting Baracoa was to create a revolution. Having failed, he says, he is now willing to suffer the penalty of death.

**COURT-MARTIAL ON A RUSSIAN ASSASSIN.**--The Courier de Lyon says that General Canrobert lately sent to Prince Menchikoff the notes of the English court martial which sentenced the Russian Major who killed and mutilated the wounded English at Inkerman to be hanged, asking him at the same time, for the sake of humanity and the rules of civilized war, to sign the death warrant himself. Prince Menchikoff declined to affix his signature, stating that he had already strictly prohibited such acts of cruelty, but that he could not acknowledge any other jurisdiction in such a matter than that of a Russian court martial. It appears from the correspondence of this journal that the Major was actually hanged, a fact not hitherto established beyond doubt.

**A SHORT SERMON.**--Let your home be provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, potatoes, potatoes, pots and kettles, brooms, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, fish, flour, affliction, cider, sincerely, onions, integrity, vinegar, wine and wisdom. Have all these constantly on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink anything intoxicating; eat moderately; go about your business after breakfast; lounge a little after dinner; chat a little after tea; kiss after quarreling; and all the joy, the peace, and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world.

The Governor of California, in response to a circular from the New York Herald, says in one instance at least in that State, a wheat field yielded eighty-two and a half bushels of wheat to the acre. This is much ahead of any other State of the Union. Premium crops in the Atlantic States seldom reach sixty-five bushels to the acre.

**A POSTHUMOUS EPISTLE.**--An Irishman one arriving in America, took a fancy to the Yankee girls, and wrote to his wife--"Dear Nora,--These melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and I hope that you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jimmy O'Rourke, and to take good care of the children. From your affectionate husband till death."

A few mornings since, we were relating to our family the fact of a friend having found upon his door-step a fine little male infant, whom he had adopted, when one of the "olive branches" remarked--"Pa, dear, it'll be his steps son, won't it? We thought it would, decidedly."

Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the nervous fluid. In his opinion, there is nothing like "flying around" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some people want a physician, when they only want a scrubbing-brush.

**CAUSE AND CURE.**--A Texas exchange says that the earth is so kind in that State that it will give a man a wife, and she will laugh with a barrow.

## The Continental Buttons.

When the American Army camped at Valley Forge, a British officer, who was quartered upon the family of a gentleman in Philadelphia, had occasion to visit the camp, with a message under a flag of truce.

The lady of the house determined to accompany him for the purpose of taking a suit of regimentals to her husband, who had been for some time with the Continental army; and, as it was necessary to conceal her design from the officer, the matter was accomplished by artifice.

Having taken the stuffing-out of the cushions of the gig, the regimentals were inserted in its place, and things went on smoothly, until the roughness of the road suggested to the gentleman that his seat was none of the softest.

In vain were two unoffending coat-tails condemned to eternal punishment, and rudely jerked from beneath their owner, who believed that they were the culprits, and in vain were his pockets searched, in hopes that the removal of a stray key or pen-knife would alleviate his misery.

Perceiving the trouble, and knowing the danger of discovery, the lady taxed her powers of conversation to the utmost in hopes of diverting his attention from so pressing a subject; but the gig would jump on it, and the Continental buttons obstinately insisted on avenging their country's wrongs upon the person of the enemy, doubtless "whispering in their sleeve,"

"See his posture is not right,  
And he is not settled quite--  
Lock now at his odd grimaces--  
Saw you e'er such comic faces?"

while he, poor fellow, inwardly cursed the primitiveness of Yankee equities, and sighed for the luxurious quarters that he had left behind him.

Many miles were traveled, the captain still suffering the penalty of his loyalty, when suddenly the truth flashed across his mind, and memory recalled certain mysterious conversations he had overheard in the house, about broad-cloth and embroidery. The secret was then discovered, but his troubles were not yet over, for he now found himself in the horns of a dilemma as uncomfortable as the Continental buttons, and he rode on, perplexed between his duty to the king and his obligations to the lady.

"Too much of a gentleman to betray her, and yet too royal an officer, willingly to carry 'aid and comfort' to the rebels, he hesitated long as to the course he should pursue, but his gallantry at length got the better of him, and bravely submitting to the stern intimation, he concluded to verify his suspicions by ocular demonstrations.