

PLYMOUTH WEEKLY BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

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THE BANNER

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BY WM. J. BURNS.

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NOTES OF THE PAST.

BY DEVL.

Our early home—the little town nestled down among the native forests of the great West! We remember it still, and the remembrance recalls our childhood's days, their joys and sorrows, and awakens anew the music of early affection in the heart. We listen to the sweet tones and feel that we are again a child, with a loved one still before us mingling the music of her gentle voice with our own, as she did long years ago.

The little town, village it could not be called, contained a church, small but tastefully built, surmounted by a dome and spire of appropriate dimensions. It was surrounded, on two sides, by a row of sheds, where early every sabbath morning the farmers' heavy wagons and trusty teams were sheltered from sun and storm. The church door looked out upon an extended green, as it was called, across which narrow, well-worn foot-paths led from some white cottage home, with green blinds, nestled cozily down among vines and shade trees, to the place where all the people went to worship—just in the neighborhood these might have been, in all, perhaps, a half dozen dwellings, including a tidy parsonage, built, together with the church, at the instigation of a new pastor. The old town house stood fronting the east—a ruin useless in its decay; but, having once served the double purpose of school and meeting house, it was left standing, a relic of other days, for the good it had done. Its loose clapboards and sinking roof told tales of many a bitter blast, while its antique style spoke plainly of the rude handiwork of the pioneer.

But all else is lost in the scene which fancy most faithfully paints this bright morning. It is the old red school house—you can see it now just down the road—as it plays bo-peep from the maple shade, with roughy urchins, who are going to be late at school. And there is the little stream where, during the long summer noons, we have spent so many joyous hours watching the silver fish, or picking the wild flowers just in the edge of the wood on the opposite shore.—Within we see the same old bench, with its desk in front, where we used to sit. By our side is the frolicsome Nell—a companion, and true and loving friend through all the spring of childhood. We see now the laughing dimples of her rosy cheeks, and her keen black eyes, as she vainly endeavors to suppress a bursting laugh for the teacher is looking. But all efforts to conceal the fun are unavailing, and finally the demure mistress takes hold of Nelly's arm, and, in no gentle way, helps her to move down to the lower end of the bench. But well she bears so common a punishment, and, with the exception of an occasional note, Nelly has busied herself in writing, for the express purpose of provoking our laughter anew, and which she slyly tosses over to us.—She behaves herself very orderly and, in consequence, is permitted the next morning to resume her place by our side.

We remember, too, the deacon's son, Harry B., who conceived a boyish partiality for the pretty little Nell, and who, despite the taunts of school fellows, would often declare that his father's big farm—for Harry was an only son, and his father was well to do in the world—should all be Nelly's when he came to be a man. How all this should be brought about no one knew but himself and Nelly. One morning, we remember to the proud expression of his face as he did it, having entered the school at a late hour, he walked straight across the room to Nelly, and discovered the reason of his tardiness by giving to her a huge bunch of wintergreens he had gathered in the woods on his way to school. They were received with a blush and a timid "thank-you," while Harry proudly retired to his own seat to await the good humored jokes of his school fellows at recess time. The school ma'am never questioned the propriety of all this, and Harry endured the jokes so well, while we helped Nelly to bear the teazings of her resly envious companions, that it was soon forgotten. Thus passed the happy hours of childhood. But time, as to all else of earth, brought changes to the old red school house and parted our joyous band. We left little Nell and our home in the woods for one untired among strangers. Then there came sad news. Nelly was an orphan, and must go forth alone and single handed to the conflict of life. Years flew by and again we met—again we wandered through the haunts we had so much loved, when there were no shadows to ebb the flow of hap-

piness in our young hearts. Absence had but strengthened the chords of affection, and the love of each other had but waxed warmer, as time flew by while we were wanderers.

In place of the old school house stands a stately edifice, which is pointed out to the passing stranger as the Teacher's Academy. To us it looked not half so dear as the red school house under the maple.

It was a cruel lesson that the old Deacon taught Nelly when her poor mother lay sinking under the ravages consumption was making in her feeble frame.—We wandered hand in hand, at early twilight hour to the grave yard, where three mounds side by side marked a sacred spot to the solitary mourner. We sat down upon the long dark grass and there in the still night hour she related the one scene of her eventful life, which still in its influence was like a spell to bind her heart. Nelly's father had once been a wealthy, but, in an adverse hour—it matters not how—his family were reduced to want. The father had gone some distance from home, where better opportunities were afforded for securing a comfortable support for his little family, and was not able to return, as expected at the week's close. Their scanty store of provisions failed them, and the invalid mother calling Nelly to her bedside, bade her go to Deacon B. and request the loan of a little meal—her weak frame needed a little sustenance, and porridge was all she could take. So Nelly tied on her faded bonnet, pinned the little shawl around her delicate frame, and then with her little brother for company started to the house of the good Deacon. Nelly's mother was a devotedly pious member in the same church—loving, charitable and kind—a true christian, whose actions belied not her profession. It was full half a mile to the farmer's house, but finally Nelly reached it, and then, faintly, half hopeful, half afraid, presented her petition for a little meal—"father would be home certainly in another week and would pay him for it." The old man frowned, and rising from his seat before a bright blazing fire, hastily exclaimed, "pay! let your father support his own family," but after a moment's pause continued, "I suppose you will have to have some," and taking the little sack from Nelly he half filled it, and said as he returned it to her—"Tell your mother there are six pounds, if you are careful it will last you until your father returns." The pious Deacon forgot that no blame could attach to Nelly's father for the loss he had sustained; that he was working, that, too, at the sacrifice of leaving his dying wife and young children the better to provide for their necessities. He thought not of the long prayers he had made for the sick and destitute—that he would say "be ye warmed and filled" without lending a helping hand to the needy poor.

Nelly's little heart was full, and gently thanking the sordid man, she left the house quickly to prevent the tears that already glistened in her eyes from being observed. For Nelly was proud and would fain have refused what was so grudgingly given had not thoughts of her poor mother been stronger than all. It was nearly dark when the little travelers reached their home, with their bare feet very cold and almost blistered from walking upon the rough bare ground. But the Angel of mercy had been strewing comforts around the little log house during the children's absence, and they wondered, as they entered and saw the room so well lighted and made so pleasant by the great fire, that crackled so cheerfully upon the hearth, they wondered who had prepared them such a welcome. "Not long, for soon a man entered with a large armful of wood which he threw down by the fire to dry—enough, Nelly thought, to last them a whole day. It was the good Captain Lindsey whom everybody loved because he made every body happy around him, was so full of fun and hearty laugh, and above all so loving and truly charitable—doing good when there was need, and in such a quiet, unassuming manner, as never to offend, even the most delicate heart.—He had the children sit down before the fire, and he stayed to talk with them and "get their spirits up" while they were warming themselves. Then he rose, to leave, telling Nelly first, that she must get herself and little brother some warm supper right away. It was so strange how the good old man could crowd so many comforts and luxuries in so small a space; but that was just like Captain Lindsey and like nobody else, Nelly thought. In a little while supper was all ready and as they were about sitting down to the best meal that had been done for many a long day, the door

quietly opened, and there entered one whose presence alone could make them completely happy. Smiles and tears of joy welcomed the father, and together the little family assembled around the peaceful board. Nelly told the story of her reception at the house of the old Deacon, and talked long and earnestly of his uncharitable religion—wondering whether he was really a good man as people said simply because he was a member of the church. And in her little heart she said she preferred the good Captain's practical religion after all, though people said he was not a christian. She was sure that he was good. That same evening the Deacon's bounty was returned in full measure to his granary, and Nelly had learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

A few short months and another Angel of mercy came unbidden. It was the Angel of Death, and the pale sufferer was released from her burden. Deacon B. came with his wagon to carry the three mourners to the church and grave. It was late on the afternoon of a chilly day in autumn when they returned; and the pious man wondered as he drove before his own door, if Nelly and her father and little brother could not walk the rest of the way home, it was but half a mile farther. That night in the little log house two desolate hearts—the motherless, threw themselves down upon the blanket before the great fire place and sobbed themselves to sleep. In one short year the grass had grown upon the mother's and Willie's grave; but by their side was a freshly made mound. Nelly was indeed an orphan! Captain Lindsey took Nelly home with him and made her his own daughter. But there was in her little heart, made strong by trial, an insatiable thirst for something better than she had known. She went forth to the combat of life strong in purpose and hopeful for the future.

Harry has followed in the footsteps of his father, lives on his farm, accepts of his Puritanic religion, and has received the final blessing of the good old man, for giving his big farm and his hand to the daughter of a wealthy and pious brother in the church.

They call Nelly an unbeliever, because she still insists on a practical religion, such as keeps the conscience clear and the heart warm; and, struggling alone through the midst of poverty, she has developed a bright genius, and now the un fading laurels of true merit are thrown at her feet.

Henry Clay on the Subject of Slavery
It is well, now and then, to look to the opinions of the departed great. The people of Indiana remember when Clay passed through the State, in October, 1852, and had a festival reception here. In deed, his progress through the whole State was a triumphal march. At Richmond he made his famous Mendonhall speech, one of the very best he ever made. In those days it was not necessary to be a Democrat in order to speak and write rationally on the subject of African Slavery. But now, any man in the free States who abjures fanaticism on that topic, is a Democrat in principle, whether he calls himself so or not; for the great question of the age is, Reason or folly on the subject of Slavery—and the Democrats have the side of reason.—The sentiments of the sage of Ashland, which were received with so much applause, could not be uttered now except in a Democratic meeting. Any man, out of the ranks of Democracy, who advocated them, would be politically damned. We republish a part of the Mendonhall speech, and recommend it to all who thirteen years ago, thought it so good, and ask them if the intrinsic merits are not the same now as then.

In his answer to Mr. Mendonhall, at Richmond, Indiana, October 1, 1842, Mr. Clay said:
"I know the predominant sentiment in the free States is adverse to Slavery; but, happy in their own exemption from whatever evils may attend it, the great mass of our fellow-citizens there do not seek to violate the Constitution, or to disturb the harmony of these States. I desire no concealment of my opinion in regard to the institution of Slavery. I look upon it as a great evil, and deeply lament that we have derived it from the parental government, and from our ancestors. I wish every slave in the United States was in the country of his ancestors. But here they are, and the question is, how can they be best dealt with? If a state of nature existed, and we were about to lay the foundations of society, no man would be more strongly opposed than I should be, to incorporate the institution of Slavery among its elements.—But there is an uncalculable difference between the original formation of society and a long-existing organized society, with its ancient laws, institutions, and establishments. Now, great as I acknowledge, in my opinion, the evils of Slavery are, they are nothing, absolutely nothing, in comparison with the far greater evils which would inevitably flow from a sudden, general, and indiscriminate emancipation. In some of the States the number of slaves approximates toward an equality with the whites; in

one or two they surpass them. What would be the condition of the two races in those States, upon the supposition of an immediate emancipation? Does any man suppose that they would become blended into one homogeneous mass?—Does any man recommend amalgamation—that revolting admixture, alike offensive to God and man? For these whom He, by their physical properties, has made unlike and put asunder, we may, without presumptions, suppose never intended to be joined together in one of the holiest rites. And let me tell you sir, if you do not already know it, that such are the feelings—rejoice, if you please (and what man claiming to be a states man, will overlook or disregard the deep seated and unconquerable prejudices of the people)—in the Slave States, that no human law could enforce a union between the two races.

"What then would certainly happen? A struggle for political ascendancy; the blacks seeking to acquire, and the whites to maintain, possession of the government. Upon the supposition of a general immediate emancipation in those States where the blacks outnumber the whites, they would have nothing to do but to insist upon another part of the same declaration of independence, as Dorr and his deluded Democratic followers recently did in Rhode Island; according to which an undivided majority have the right, at their pleasure to subvert an existing government, and institute a new one in its place; and then the whites would be brought in complete subjection to the blacks. A contest would inevitably ensue between the two races—civil war, carnage, pillage, conflagration, devastation, and the ultimate extermination or expulsion of the blacks. Nothing is more certain. And are not these evils far greater than the mild and continually improving state of Slavery which exists in this country? I say continually improving; for if this gratifying progress in the amelioration of the condition of the slaves has been checked in some of the States, the responsibility must attach to the unfortunate agitation of the subject of abolition. In consequence of it, increased rigor of the police, and further restraints have been imposed; and I do believe that gradual emancipation (the only method of liberation that has ever been thought safe or wise by anybody in any of the Slave States) has been postponed half a century.

"Without any knowledge of the relation in which I stand to my slaves, or their individual condition, you, Mr. Mendonhall, and your associates, who have been active in getting up this petition, call upon me forthwith to liberate the whole of them. Now let me tell you, that some half dozen of them, from age, decrepitude, or infirmity, are wholly unable to gain a livelihood for themselves, and are a heavy charge upon me. Do you think that I should conform to the dictates of humanity by ridding myself of that charge, and sending them forth into the world, with the boon of liberty, to end a wretched existence by starvation? Another class is composed of helpless infants, with or without improvident mothers. Do you believe, as a Christian, that I should perform my duty toward them by abandoning them to their fate? Then there is another class who would not accept their freedom, if I would give it to them. I have for many years owned a slave that I wished would leave me, but he will not. What shall I do with that class?

"What my treatment of my slaves is you may learn from Charles, who accompanies me on this journey, and who has traveled with me over a greater part of the United States, and in both the Canadas, and has had a thousand opportunities, if he had chosen to embrace them, to leave me. Excuse me, Mr. Mendonhall, for saying, that my slaves are as well fed and clad, look as sleek and hearty, and are quite as civil and respectful in their demeanor, and as little disposed to wound the feelings of any one, as you are.

"I shall, Mr. Mendonhall, take your petition into respectful and deliberate consideration; but, before I come to a final decision, I should like to know what you and your associates are willing to do for the slaves in my possession, if I should think proper to liberate them.—I own about fifty, who are probably worth about fifteen thousand dollars. To turn them loose upon society, without any means of support, would be an act of cruelty. Are you willing to raise and secure the payment of fifteen thousand dollars for their benefit, if I should be induced to free them? The security of the payment of that sum would materially lessen the obstacle in the way of emancipation."

In another speech, speaking of those who were then called by him "ultra-Abolitionists," he says:—"A single idea has taken possession of their minds, and onward they pursue—overlooking all barriers, reckless and regardless of all consequences. With this class, the immediate abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and in the Territory of Florida, the prohibition of the removal of Slaves from State to State, and the refusal to admit any new State, comprising within its limits the institution of domestic Slavery, are but so many means conducing to the accomplishment of the ultimate but perilous end at which they avowedly and boldly aim—namely, to subvert the government, and to establish a bloody road to the distant goal at which they would finally arrive.

It is because these ultra Abolitionists have ceased to employ the instruments of reason and persuasion, have made their cause political, and have appealed to

the ballot box, that I am induced upon this occasion to address you."

He would not call them "ultra" now, for the mass of the party aim, openly or secretly, at the distant goal indicated by Mr. Clay.

We assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Journal of this city and all those whose sentiments it expresses are liable to the heavy condemnation of the sentence we have italicized. Let them accomplish all that they now ostensibly aim at, and they will possess in their work of interfering with slavery, no intention of interfering with slavery in the States where it now exists, are either very poor or dishonest politicians. The worst and meanest feature in their case is that at the coming Convention of the 13th they are about to adopt a platform which will enable them to prosecute their hellish purposes, and yet while doing it deny it.—Sentinel.

The Winter of the Heart.
Let it never come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart. Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cloud burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers, no rude blasts of discontent moon and shriek through its desolated chambers.

Your life path may lead you through trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze. Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious room may be changed for a straw pallet—the soft couch for a straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may forsake you, and the un pitying world pass you, with scarcely a look or word of compassion.

You may be forced to toil wearily steadily on to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base average that will extort the last farthing, fill you with high turns in disgust from your fellow beings. Death may sever the dearest that bind you to earth and leave you in tearful darkness. The noble manly soul, may be taken from you while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subvert.

But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that sobriety was ever so deeply affected as you are, and abandon every anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future. Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phanton which glides away from your grasp.

Do you think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully when He calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your limbs are weary, your eyes dim, and your locks weary; when your steps falter on the verge of death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

Beautiful Extract.
I saw the temple reared by the hand of man, standing with its high pinnacles in the distant plain; the steam beat upon it—the God of nature hurled its thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in the hall—the gay, the young, the happy and beautiful were there.

I turned, and the temple was no more—its high walls scattered in ruins, the moss and ivy grass grew wildly there, and at midnight hour the owl's cry added to the desolation of the scene—the young and the gay who had revelled there, had passed away.

I saw the child rejoicing in his youth—the idol of his father. I returned, and the child has become old. Trembling with weight of years he stood, the last of his generation—a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw an oak stand in all its pride upon the mountains, the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned—the oak was leafless and spless—the winds were playing their pastime through its branches.

"Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful on earth—plucked the sun from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood—yes, when he shall roll the heavens and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot upon the sea, lift up his head toward heaven and heaven's Eternal, and say, 'Time is, Time was, Time shall be no longer!'"

Admirably Said.—During the Rev. Dr. Tyng's intemperance speech upon temperance, the other evening, on the boards of the New York Metropolitan theatre, he called out the Rev. Drs. Spring and Vermilyea, and "the noble Bethune," and wanted to know why they did not come up there, and bear their testimony in favor of the liquor law? Being similarly called out afterwards at a meeting of the Colonization Society, held in his own church, he had undertaken to answer both

of these appeals at once. His reply was a model one, and deserves to be stamped in letters of gold, on the back of every pulpit bible in Christendom. He said:—
I have thought to do with law and law-making, for the sufficient reason that I am a clergyman. My mission is not to fight—I am not sent to fight; for Christ has said, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight."—My office is not with law, politics or the polls. I am not to enter into contention morally with my tongue, or physically with my fists, which last is much less culpable. My duty as minister forbids this. My duty never works with the law—it rises on that charity which springs from God and goes toward man. Let then the pathways of the wicked conduct—let us preach the kingdom which is not of the earth.

A Hard Case.
More than a year and a half ago, one Henry A. Berrington was convicted in Huron county, of having passed a counterfeit \$5 bill, and was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. On Wednesday last Gov. Medill granted him a pardon expressly on the ground that Berrington had done nothing criminal or deserving of punishment. He says:—
"From all the circumstances of the case, I most cheerfully say that I do not believe that Berrington ever passed or knew about the passing of the three dollar bill, for the passing of which he was convicted."

From the details of the case, as given by the Governor, there can be no possible doubt but that Berrington was mistaken, by the only witness against him, for another man. Although the Governor does not say so directly, it is obvious enough from what he does say, that there was a culpable negligence in the court which convicted on very insufficient evidence. Indeed, seven of the jurors whose verdict sent an innocent man for eighteen long months, to the ignominy and weariness of the Penitentiary, petitioned for his pardon, on the ground of their present conviction, of his innocence. But what reparation is this to the injured and disgraced convict.

His undeserved imprisonment is an accomplished fact. Twice have the snows of winter and the verdure of summer come and gone unknown to a man as innocent of the crime of which he was convicted, as any of our readers; and to all the redress he can expect, is to be known for the rest of his life as a man who was sent to the Penitentiary, and pardoned out a year and a half afterwards, by Executive clemency! Cases of this kind are probably of rare occurrence, but they do sometimes happen. In a State which professes to be jealous of human rights, however humble the victim of wrong, some provision should be made for these cases like this of Berrington's. Had an individual perpetrated such an injury, how exemplary would have been the penalty. Why, in all such cases, should not the State, by whose functionaries the innocent have been injured, proffer some recompense adequate to the wrong inflicted.—*Cin. Columbian.*

CUSTOM HOUSE ACCIDENT.—Madame Augustine R., a pretty blonde of from twenty-five years, embarked lately from Calais for Dover. Her invalid appearance excited the interest of all the passengers, who felt great anxiety lest sea sickness should bring on a crisis which evidently could not long be deferred.—She crossed the straits however safely, and upon landing was placed in an arm chair, & salts were held to her nose, while an occasional groan went to the hearts of all her traveling companions. On the wharf, a custom house officer was observing the disembarkation, and seemed to feel a warm interest in the pretty French woman. He approached her, and offered his assistance, informing her that he had some knowledge of medicine, and though the lady assured him she felt better and begged to be carried immediately to a hotel, he protested that it could not be done without danger, and by his philanthropic authority she was taken to an apartment in the custom house, and a mid-wife sent for. As the officer had foreseen, after begging to be released for quarter of an hour, she was safely delivered of two children, fifteen years, seventeen pieces of lace, six articles, ten pairs of silk stockings, thirty-eight of cotton, and forty eight Lyons handkerchiefs. The mother and children are doing well.

REGULARITY IN FEEDING ANIMALS.—It is very desirable, both for the thrift of the animal and the orderly progress of the labors of the farm that all domestic animals, as far as possible, be fed watered, &c., at the same hour and minute every day. It has been found by experience and intelligent herdsmen that they learn to expect their fodder at the stated time, and remain quiet and uncomplaining until that period comes around. This is true of all domestic animals, and should be heeded by the farmer. Let him sow range his labors at the barn that every operation may be performed at a stated time, and he will find matters to go on more comfortably and pleasantly than when all is left at haphazard, without system or regularity. Few things are more unpleasant to the thrifty farmer than the complaints of hungry stock.

Moore's Rural New Yorker.
A PIOUS WISDOM.—A chief of the Utah Indians on his death bed, recently requested his brother to kill at his burial, one Pide woman, to strangle two Pide girls, bury alive and one Pide boy, kill sixteen horses and sheep as a sacrifice, that he might pass in peace to the happy hunting grounds of the Indian.