

# M'ARTHUR DEMOCRAT.

"NO NORTH, NO SOUTH, NO EAST, NO WEST, UNDER THE CONSTITUTION;" BUT A SACRED MAINTENANCE OF THAT INSTRUMENT AND TRUE DEVOTION TO OUR COMMON COUNTRY.  
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## The M'Arthur Democrat.

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Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office three doors West of the Post Office.

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Will practice in partnership in Vinton County. Office, four doors east of Sisson & Hulbert's Hotel.

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## BABCOCK & CO. WHOLESALE GROCERS & Commission Merchants.

No. 65 & 67 Water Street, NEW YORK. February 17, '54.—17.

## E. A. BRATTON, Attorney at Law,

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Will practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office, one door east of the "Blue Corner."

## Initiation of a Know Nothing.

We have seen nothing to cope with the announced among the literary productions of this remarkably productive age. A foreigner, whom a few old foggy book worms knew as William Shakespeare, attempted to describe a similar scene, which once occurred in presence of an excellent individual, named Macbeth; but the spectators in this case being more old women, who ought to have been burned as witches, Shakespeare's bungling attempt to describe their ceremonies must fall before the labors of a genius which is excited by the sublime spectacle of an initiation conducted in impressive and manly style by men and patriots. We borrow the poem from the *Nashua (N. H.) Gazette*:

SCENE—Interior of a Lodge of Know Nothings—Time, Midnight—Grand Master in the Chair—Candidate supported by two Ushers—The Shaving Pot Boiling over a Spirit-Lamp, on a Table, beside a Morrow Bone and Cleaver.

### MASTER OF CEREMONIES RISING.

Brother 'tis the mystic hour For the exercise of power. Lo! the sacred fire is hot— Boils the sacred shaving pot, As within its brim I fling Every native offering; Bunch of wool from Africa skull— Feather from a full-fledged gull— Down, new pluck'd from callow goose— Emblem fit for us to use— Double, double, toil and trouble, In the tin pot squeak and bubble.

OSKES, solemnly.

### BUBBLES.

If I read the omens clear, Happy auspices are here, Let the candidate appear.

(The Candidate is brought forward.)

Stranger—see you swear obedience We must know your antecedents.

### CANDIDATE.

If its politics you mean, Everything by turns I've been— I have been a locofoco, But I found that was no go— Woolly head and silver grey, Puffy head in a small way, With cat, Pizzarrinum, too, And free soiber.

### MASTER.

That will do.

Brother, renegade, I greet you— Joyed am I as such to meet you, Now mark my words and their intent, And bow your head if you assent. Can you a questioner put by? And can you on occasion lie?

(Candidate bows.)

Can you orders blindly follow? And have you a capacious swallow? Don't you believe that some day hence That Pope will appoint our Presidents? Don't you believe the Jesus thrive Because in secret they continue? You hate confessionals?—I see You do—but you'll confess to me. Don't you believe the Romish priests Are sworn to slaughter as like beasts? That all the Irish aims are hiding In all the shanties they abide in? That all the Irish girls combine To purchase arsenic and strychnine? That in Know Nothings lies our hope To fight the Devil and the Pope? (The candidate bows repeatedly.)

Now lift the Bone and Cleaver high in air, And full obedience to our order swear.

(Candidate obeys.)

The ontrial's past—and you I here proclaim A Know Nothing in intellect and name. Around you see a band of brothers true— None of these honest men know more than you. From different parties they have fallen away, And now go in for plunder and for prey; Like you they're bound to lead to blindly follow—

Like you they have a most capacious swallow; They bet whatever profits we name— A gnat or saw mill, it is all the same, Honors we'll make as even as we can, Where each expects to be a congressman, If not a governor. Our signs are few And easy to be learned—even by you. The grip is this—you'll get it in a minute; Then you must shake your head—there's nothing in it! Next a wise look—for wisdom's our profession—

A good stuff'd owl will aid you in expression— Minerva's bird is ours—no soaring hawk; But one that goes a mousing in the dark. But lo! the night is verging into day— Freeborn Americans! let's sneak away (run down the back stairs, and then we'll cut all And vanish through dark alleys, one by one— Fancy you've robbed a hen roost, and tread light. Then will your skulking gait befyt your flight. (Exeunt omnes.)

—We have heard of a child "taking after his father," but not exactly in the way recorded by a contemporary journal:

"We once knew an eccentric old man in the 'Nutmeg State,' in its northern part, who went by the familiar title of 'Uncle Aaron.' The old man had raised a large family of boys, the youngest of whom—a wild, roystering blade—was named after himself. In speaking of his family, the old man said, with a very long face:

"Among all my boys, I never had but one who took after his father, and that was my Aaron; he took after me— with a club!"

—A negro preacher recently, in Virginia, referring in a desulatory and characteristic discourse, to the day of judgment, said, with great earnestness and fervor:

"Bredren and sistern!—in dat day de Lord shall divide de sheep from de goats, and bress de Lord, he knows which wears de wool!"

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Sammy, run to the store, and get some sugar."

"Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco along."

A man in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings, that he won't sit while at his meals.

The editor of a newspaper down east has been led, to improve the circulation of his papers.

## Bounty Land Law.

### Soldiers' Look Here.

AN ACT in addition to certain acts granting bounty land to certain officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, whether regulars, volunteers, rangers, or militia, who were regularly mustered into the service of the United States, and every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, seaman, ordinary seaman, marine, clerk, and landsman in the navy, in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged since seventeen hundred and ninety, and each of the survivors of the militia, or volunteers, or State troops of any State or Territory, called into military service, and regularly mustered therein, and whose services have been paid by the United States subsequent to the eighteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and twelve, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant from the Department of the Interior for one hundred and sixty acres of land; and where any of those who have so been mustered into service and paid shall have received a certificate or warrant, he shall be entitled to a certificate or warrant for such quantity of land as will make, in the whole, with what he may have heretofore received, one hundred and sixty acres to each such person having served as aforesaid: *Provided*, That the person so having been in service shall not receive said land warrant if it shall appear by the muster rolls of his regiment or corps that he deserted, or was dishonorably discharged from service.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted*, That in case of the death of any person who, if living, would be entitled to a certificate or warrant as aforesaid under this act, leaving a widow, or, if no widow, a minor child or children, such widow, or if no widow, such minor child or children, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land that such deceased person would be entitled to receive under the provisions of this act if now living: *Provided*, That a subsequent marriage shall not impair the right of any such widow to such warrant if she be a widow at the time of making her application: *And provided, further*, That those shall be considered minors, who are so at the time this act shall take effect.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted*, That in no case shall any certificate or warrant be issued for any service less than 14 days, except where the person shall actually have been engaged in battle and unless the party claiming such certificate or warrant shall establish his or her right thereto by record evidence of said service.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That said certificates or warrants may be assigned, transferred, and located by the warrantees, or their heirs-at-law, according to the provisions of existing laws regulating the assignment, transfer, and location of bounty land warrants.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That no warrant issued under the provisions of this act shall be located on any public lands, except such as shall at the time be subject to sale at either the minimum or lower graduated prices.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That the registers and receivers of the several land offices shall be severally authorized to charge and receive for their services in locating all warrants under the provisions of this act, the same compensation or per centage to which they are entitled by law for sales of the public lands, for cash, at the rate of one dollar and twenty five cents per acre. The said compensation to be paid by the assignees or holders of such warrants.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That the provisions of this act, and all the bounty land laws heretofore passed by Congress, shall be extended to Indians in the same manner and to the same extent as if the said Indians had been white men.

SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the widows of officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war be entitled to the benefits of this act.

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That the benefits of this act shall be applied to and embrace those who served as volunteers at the invasion of Plattsburg, in September, eighteen hundred and fourteen.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That the provisions of this act shall apply to the chaplains who served with the army in the several wars of the country.

SEC. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That the provisions of this act shall be applied to those who served as volunteers at the attack on Lewistown, in Delaware, by the British fleet, in the war of eighteen hundred and twelve, fifteen.

Mr. MAY moved to include among those who were to receive the benefit of the substitute the "flotilla men" which motion was agreed to.

When does a man look like a cannon ball?—When he looks round.

## New Postage Law.

The following is an official copy of the law in relation to letter postage, passed by the late session of Congress, and signed by the President:

AN ACT further to amend an act entitled "An Act to reduce and modify the rates of postage in the United States, and for other purposes," passed March 3, 1851.

Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That, in lieu of the rates of postage now established by law, there will be charged the following rates, to wit:

For every single letter in manuscript, or paper of any kind in which information shall be asked for or communicated in writing, or by marks or signs, conveyed in the mail for any distance, between places in the United States, not exceeding three thousand miles, three cents, and for any distance exceeding three thousand miles, ten cents.

And for a double letter there shall be charged double the rate above specified; and for a treble letter, treble those rates; and for every letter or parcel not exceeding half an ounce in weight shall be deemed a single letter; and every additional weight of less than half an ounce, shall be charged with an additional weight of less than half an ounce, shall be charged with an additional single postage; and upon all letters passing thro' or in the mail of the United States, excepting such as are to or from a foreign country, the postage as above specified shall be prepaid, except upon letters and packages addressed to officers of the Government on official business, which shall be so marked on the envelope. And from and after the 1st day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, the Postmaster General may require the postmasters to place postage stamps upon all pre-paid letters upon which stamps may not have been placed by the writers.

And all drop-letters, or letters placed in any post-office not for transmission through the mail, but for delivery only, shall be charged with postage at the rate of one cent each; and all letters which shall hereafter be advertised as remaining over, or uncalled for, in any post-office, shall be charged with one cent each, in addition to the regular postage, both to be accounted for as other postages now are.

SECTION 2. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall not be lawful for any postmaster or other person to sell any postage stamp or stamped envelope for any larger sum than that indicated upon the face of such postage stamp or for a larger sum than that charged therefor by the Post-Office Department; and any person who shall violate this provision shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction thereof, shall be fined in any sum not less than ten, nor more than five hundred dollars. This act to take effect and to be in force from and after the commencement of the next fiscal quarter after its passage: *Provided*, That nothing herein contained shall be construed as to alter the laws in relation to the franking privilege.

SECTION 3. *And be it further enacted*, That for the greater security of valuable letters posted for transmission in the mails of the United States, the Postmaster General be and hereby is authorized to establish a uniform plan for the registration of such letters on application of parties posting the same, and to require the pre-payment of the postage, as well as a registration fee of five cents on every such letter or packet to be accounted for by postmasters receiving the same in such manner as the Postmaster General shall direct, *Provided, however*, That such registration shall not be compulsory; and it shall not render the Post-Office Department or its revenue liable for the loss of such letters or packets or the contents thereof.

### Horrible Story.

The Chicago Press of Saturday is furnished with the following details of a rumor current in Lafayette, Ind., on Thursday last:

On the Saturday preceding the memorable storm of the 21st January, two families, numbering ten persons, moving from Southern Indiana to Northern Illinois, arrived at Oxford, the county seat of Benton county, Ind., about forty miles northwest of Lafayette, with two ox teams, and well provided with necessaries for the road. They remained there through the storm, and on Monday morning resumed their journey. Last Tuesday morning, a man passing over a prairie, only about five miles from Oxford, came upon a sight which filled him with horror.

The carcasses of two oxen, from which the viscera had been removed, lay upon the ground. Inside of one were the frozen bodies of four children, and in the other the frozen corpse of the mother with a nursing infant at her breast. Under the snow was a heap of ashes in which the iron of the wagons showed that the party had broken them up, and burned every thing they had in them, in the effort to save their lives. Not far from this spot was found the body of the other woman of the party, partly concealed in a snow drift, and near her one of the men. The two other men had not been found.

## LAY SERMONS—No. 6.

BY SOLOMON SIMPLE.

"And now, O ye Priests, this commandment is for you." MALACHI, 2:1.

MY HEARERS: It has grieved me, beyond measure, to be so long deprived of addressing the dear people of my charge—first, because I have much to say to them; and secondly, because they are pre-eminently liable to "perish for lack of vision," and stumble over my neglect into the pit in which there is no water, or run, hat footed, against the thick bosses of omnipotent wrath! The world—or rather the people of the world—have had so many warnings, threatenings, denunciations, entreaties, persuasions, and the Lord knows what, addressed to them by the priests, deacons, and "notable women not a few," who have had the charge of their souls, that they are pretty well qualified to take care of themselves. And, besides the devil is so sure of having the most of them at least, (believing what the saints have said concerning them,) that he considers the labor of tempting them a work of supererogation—wisely concluding, as a devil naturally would, that they will follow their noses to sin and perdition without any pushings or even suggestions from the father of lies.

But the saints are exposed to all sorts of temptations, either, first, because they are better than other men; or, secondly, because they imagine themselves to be so. In either case, they have a hard time of it—because, unfortunately, the grace of God generally reveals "the exceeding sinfulness of sin," without removing the disposition to commit it—leaving religious people to fight the adversary of souls, with all their passionate predilections and propensities on his side of the question.

The great error committed by the teachers of Christianity, consists in a habitual neglect of those who build costly churches for them, and pay the principal part of their salaries, and in volunteering their valuable services to deal out "apostolic blows and knocks" upon the hard heads, and harder hearts of those on the other side of Jordan.—This is the very reason why I feel called upon to look after the interests of my beloved brethren, who are so snugly stowed away in the best state rooms of the ark of safety—believing, as I do, that should the boiler burst they would be just as likely to go to the bottom as anybody else. But I cannot preach to them forever—"for nothing, and find my self." I am called into another field of labor, and what my hands find to do, I must do, with all my might.

"And now, O ye priests, this commandment is for you!" And this important portion of the book which you have pounded and expounded, until not one in ten can understand it, or find head or tail to its lucid teachings—this portion of the book, I say, leads me into so wide a field of investigation, that I fear I shall weary what little patience you have, before I can possibly get over or through it. But, beloved, remember that the fault is yours, and not in the subject before us—for your defects are so numerous, and so great, that it will take more time to point them out than can be conveniently bestowed upon them. Be patient, and in due time you shall "reap, if ye faint not."

In the first place—you are but men after all. Once people thought otherwise. In days past and gone, "the rising generation" were as much afraid of your reverences as they were of the devil himself. But since you have laid aside your tight breeches, black silk stockings, white cravats, powdered wigs, and these cornered hats, the children aforesaid have found out that they were more scared than hurt. And, besides, our competition has increased in your line of business, you have found it expedient to come down to the capacities as well as the pocket of the people, and resort to the blandishments of persuasion, instead of the craft by which your illustrious predecessors obtained and kept the ascendancy, and secured the blessings of good living. Hence, if familiarity has not bred contempt, it has made the people acquainted with your frailties, and placed every mother's son of you in the category of halting, limping, and blundering humanity. And some have been so presumptuous as to imagine that you would have made the people amazingly wise, had you expatiated as freely upon your own sins, follies, and manifold imperfections, as you have upon the errors of other people. But I only insist upon the fact that you are just like other men.

And, secondly, and some of you are poor sticks, at that. Were the wicked as uncharitable as you are, you would find it a difficult matter to get through the world without rendering an equivalent for the bread and butter you eat by bearing your portion of the common burdens of life. But as it is, you are allowed to bind heavy burdens upon other's shoulders, which you will not touch with one of your fingers.

Who are you, and what are you? Many of you, though in the habit of denouncing human nature as a thing accursed, are as ignorant of it as you are of the man in the moon; and what is worse, you are ignorant of almost everything else. But there is one thing in you favor—we always know where to find you.—When humanity takes it into its head to become progressive, you are always in its way—forever opposed to all innovations, especially those which have a tendency to disenchant the mass of mind, and dissipate the fog-banks of theology. The establishment of a new science is a worse evil, in your estimation, than all the plagues of Egypt.—you are forever bawling out to the sun

and moon to stand still, while you are gliding your tails for a race back to the dark ages.

Thirdly—you find it much easier to preach than to practice. Your words, so far as exhortation goes, you are well enough. You expatiate upon the virtues and grace of christianity with a divine eloquence, but becomes exceedingly prosy in giving practical illustrations of them. In requiring others to become liberal you indulge in all uncharitableness—you are courageous where there is no danger, valiant when secured from harm behind the breast-work of the pulpit, benevolent at other people's expense, forgiving in the absence of offence, and condescending to those above you. You illustrate the virtues of humanity by the practice of ostentation, that of self-denial by indolence, and put the devil to shame by out-heroding Herod. Fortunately, the world had escaped a thousand evils—not by copying your examples, but by taking them as warnings.

"And now, O ye priests, this commandment is for you." Reform your course altogether. You have lost your influence over the minds of men by your own egotism, ignorance, and folly.—Henceforth, your usefulness will be graduated on the scale of merit. Dogmatism will no longer serve as a substitute for knowledge. Sit long and patiently at the feet of your Master, till his spirit comes upon you—then arise and go forth in His name, clad in the robes of innocence and humility, "conquering and to conquer." Amen.

### A Fearful Adventure—A Boy Falling One Hundred Feet.

Last Saturday, a thrilling incident occurred at Patterson's Falls, in Sparta, about five miles north of this village. A little boy only four years old, son of Mr. R. I. Patterson, left the house of his parents about two o'clock, and wandered to the head of the falls, half a mile distant. He not returning at five o'clock, a search was made in the direction of the falls, when at once the worst fears of his parents were realized.

He had gone over the brink of the frightful precipice, as his track in the snow gave evidence, which covered the more abrupt juts of the falls. In the distance below a dark speck was all that could be seen, and nothing could be heard except the scupular roar of the water. After considerable difficulty the summit of the falls was effected. The dark speck proved to be the hole produced by the fall, from which he was thrown into the snow about three yards to the left. He had fallen one hundred feet, and finding he could not retrace his steps, he ventured further, passing over three other falls less dangerous, where he was found nearly frozen.

According to the boy's account, he then felt sick. He was immediately taken to the house, and soon revived.—What is particularly providential is the fact, that he received no other injury than a slight bruise upon his head, and the severe cold he suffered while in his dismal abode. He honored us with a visit yesterday, and we found him a pattern of a boy worth looking at.—*Danville Democrat, March 7.*

### A Fable for the Times.

There was once a gray old rat who gathered his young ones about him, and thus addressed them:

"Ah, my dear children, the infirmities of age are pressing so heavily upon me, that I am determined to dedicate the short remainder of my days to mortification and penance. In a narrow and lonely cell which I have lately discovered; but let me not interfere with your enjoyments; youth is the season for pleasures; be happy, therefore, and only obey my last injunction:—never come near me in my retreat! Bless ye all, my children—bless ye all!"

With these affecting words, the old rat wiped his eyes with his tail, and by a great effort controlling his emotion tore himself away.

Several days past without his being seen, and at length his youngest daughter, moved more by filial affection than by the curiosity, which has so unjustly been charged as the falling of her sex, stole to her father's retreat—his cell of penance and mortification. It was a "sell," indeed; for it turned out to be a hole, made by his own venerable teeth, in an enormous Cheshire cheese.

MORAL.—Old gray headed politicians, who give out that they are not candidates for the Presidency, and have retired from the turmoil of public life, may often be found working away as hard as ever in secret recesses, and by quiet methods, for the nomination. We know several grizzly old rats of this sort.—*American Times.*

OUR GEOGRAPHY.—"Geography, give us a description of the earth."  
"Yes, sir. The earth is a vast globe, filled with mud, filth, Sewastopolis and Shanghai."

"What are its products."  
"Whisky, gin, Nebraska bills, and bursted bank bills."  
"How many races of men are there?"  
"Three—races of Union course, races for election, and races for money."  
"Where is America?"  
"All over creation—it is the paradise that Adam, the first filibuster, was turned out on."

"Smart boy—go up to the head."

A young lady explained to a printer, the other day the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."