THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

VOL. 2. LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1861. NO. 2.

The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE

Tallmadge Block—Third Story—to the Left at the Head of the Stairs.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The Gazette will be published every Thursday, on the following terms:

One year in advance	$1 50
After the expiration of 6 months	2 00
For less time than one year, at the rate of	1 50
per annum, but invariable in advance.	

☞ No discontinuance until arrearages are paid.

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A square of 10 lines, or less, one insertion	$0 50
Three insertions	1 00
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One square	$3 00	$5 50	$8 00
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One-fourth column	10 00	15 00	20 00
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One column	18 00	25 00	40 00

☞ Business cards of about 6 lines, by the year, $5 00

☞ Advertisements, not marked on the manuscript, will be continued at our terms until forbid.

☞ Legal advertisements, Administrator's notices, &c., must be paid for in advance, for reasons which, we will explain at the time.

☞ The above terms strictly observed in all cases.

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

We are prepared to execute all descriptions of JOB WORK: such as CARDS, CIRCULARS, POSTERS, BALL TICKETS, and every other variety of PLAIN AND FANCY JOBBING, with new and superior type, and on short notice.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of Fairfield Common Pleas Court—HENRY C. WHITMAN, residence Lancaster, Ohio.
Probate Judge—JESSE LEONNER, Office in Public Building.
Prosecuting Attorney—WM. T. WISE.
Sheriff—JAMES MILLER, Office at Jail.
Clerk of Court—JOHN C. RAINEY, Office Public Building.
Auditor—WILLIAM ROBINSON, Office Public Building.
Treasurer—P. C. BENADUM, Office Public Building
Recorder—J. SYPERT, Office Public Building.
Surveyor—B. S. HANNUM, Office, Public Building.
Coroner—L. SHAEFFER, residence, Madison tp.
Commissioners—JOSEPH SHARP, of Bern Township; JONAS A. BAKER, of Walnut Township, and JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM, of Hocking Township.
School Examiners—WM. WHITNEY, JOHN WILLIAMS and ELIAH C. RUTTER.

Business Cards.

TALL SLUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
Prompt attention given to Collections.
☞ OFFICE with Stinchcomb & Clarke.
March 22, 1860—47tf

DR. A. C. BARLOW
STILL CONTINUES THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE ON THE
HOMEOPATHIC SYSTEM,
and will attend to the duties of his profession both in the city and country. Office on Main Street, in the New Gilsy Building.

DR. J. G. HAMILL,
Dentist.
OFFICE and residence the same recently occupied by Dr. H. Scott, on Broadway, one square South of Market House.
Lancaster, April 5, 1860—1tf

S. L. CRIDER. G. J. INGMAN.
CRIDER & INGMAN,
RESIDENT DENTISTS,
LANASTER, OHIO.
TENDER their professional services to the public. Filling, Plugging, and Plate work done in the neatest and most durable manner.
☞ OFFICE—In the Gilsy Building.
Lancaster, april 12, 1860—2tf

STINCHCOMB & CLARKE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—Tallmadge Block—Second Story—First door to the right at the Head of the Stairs.

VIRGIL E. SHAW
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—On Main Street, over Slocum's Drug Store. May 6, 1858—1

H. H. HUNTER. J. A. HUNTER
H. H. HUNTER & SON,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
OFFICE—Shaffer House, up stairs. Entrance West Market House.
Lancaster, April 19, 1860—3tf

S. WELDY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
OFFICE—Tallmadge Building, Main Street.
Lancaster, april 12, 1860—2tf

H. H. GILSY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
☞ Prompt attention given to Collections. ☜
Offied in the Gilsy Buildings, West of Hocking Valley Bank.
October 27, 1859—26tf

H. SPRINGER
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Tallmadge Block, Main Street,
LANCASTER, OHIO.
ALWAYS on hand a heavy stock of GOODS, of the best qualities, which he manufacturers to order by experienced workmen. Also, a large supply of Ready Made Clothing. april 12, 1860—2tf

BRENNAMAN'S
IMPROVED CHAIN PUMP!
I HAVE REMOVED MY SHOP from my former stand on Broadway in Lancaster, to my residence one and a half mile East of town, on the pike, where I am manufacturing my improved chain pump, and will fill orders on short notice, and warrant satisfaction.
May 3, 1860—4tf ISAAC BRENNAMAN.

NURSERY STOCK
FOR SALE!
THE NURSERY AND GREEN HOUSE STOCK, formerly owned by D. J. Clark, is in my hands for sale. It consists of
Apple, Peach, Cherry, Pear & Plum
TREES, in quantity—all of choice varieties and fine growth for orchard planting. GRAPES by the thousands for Vineyards, and a few dozen of Delaware, Concord, and other choice varieties for gardens. Currant, Raspberry and Strawberries. Also, a large variety of Flowering Shrubs, Evergreens, Roses Honeysuckles, Clematis, Bedding out Plants, &c., &c.
This stock will be sold at the lowest cash rates, and on terms of credit for approved notes, in order to close up the concern and clear the grounds.
Apply at the Nursery, on the Turnpike, just east of town, to P. J. Clark or to P. B. EWING, Lancaster, Ohio.
Lancaster, Feb. 28, 1861—3m48

Rock Me to Sleep.

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happily will throng the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother! dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I last listened to your lullaby song—
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

The Duel for the Daughter.

Many years ago, Mose Miller commonly called "Old Mose," resided in the country of Neuces, in Western Texas, some half dozen miles from the village of Corpus Christi, then the glorious cloud castle and darling dream of its imaginative builder, Colonel Kinney. And truly to the eye of the traveller, the smiling face of the country wears the most varied charms, like a vision of enchantment.

Around, from the beautiful waters of the bay, in every direction sweeps an immeasurable sea of prarie sparkling with golden flowers, such as no garden ever planted by human hands might equal, as full of island groves as the summer sky is of stars. The geniality of the climate rivals but cannot surpass, the loveliness of the landscape, for in the fiery months of July and August the air is fanned by the cooling winds of balmy breezes from the gulf, and in winter the winds are soft and mild as the vernal zephyrs of northern latitudes.

But alas the character of the first inhabitants presented a gloomy contrast to the peaceful and picturesque scenery of their rural home, where all save man appeared poetical and divine. The region being cut off, and in a manner isolated from even the wild civilization of Texas by an almost impassible desert embracing hundreds of miles, was a sort of *ultima thule*, beyond the reach of law or any other rule of civil jurisdiction, and hence it became the asylum of refugees and rovers from all parts of the world. Nevertheless it would be unjust to represent the whole, or a majority of the population as a miscellaneous mass of thieves and murderers. Many of them were honest traders, hunters and herdsmen, while a large class had sought the solitude of this remote wilderness from the pure love of adventure and the passion for fetterless freedom, and some had been actuated altogether by that genuine American instinct for wandering, like migratory birds—restless, burning, insatiable desire to penetrate space and know all the strange things in nature.

Among the rich variety of striking characters contained within the circle of the settlement, not one could be mentioned so deeply defined and strongly colored as that of old Miller.

At the period when the events happened which I am about to relate he had already seen sixty summers of laborious life, and yet he seemed healthy, vigorous and active as if only in the power and passionate activity of youth. His form was tall, firm, and straight as an arrow, with lean but massive limbs and muscles, that looked tough as iron, while his rapid feet, thumping the earth scornfully, as if conscious of their strength, rebounded bravely, with the springy ease and elasticity of boyhood. You could perceive no signs of decay, no single token of senility, in his motions or figures.

It is true his visage had been furrowed by numerous lines in crooked curves and sharp angles, but such marks appeared so natural, and his complexion had such a ruddy glow, like the early flush of juvenile blood, and his countenance seemed so bold, reckless, and free from thought or tinge of care that the observer forgot his hoary locks and beheld nothing but the indications of vivid manly force and fiery feelings.

A philosopher scanning this *unique* specimen of humanity in the backwoods would probably have drawn the hasty inference that the sexegenarian had passed his many years in idle repose and utter tranquility; than such a red merry visage had seldom been distorted by rage, or that those yellowish gray eyes, twinkling with fun and brimming with laughter, had ever flashed the lurid lightnings of horrible hatred and fearful anger.

But the facts of his biography belied the fables of hypothesis. Moses Miller had followed the ever receding frontier step by step from the day of his majority as his father had done before him. His scheme of action was extremely simple, and proved very successful. He would settle down in some lonely forest or unpeopled prairie, with hiss ubsistence from the spoils of the chase, and at the same time open up a large farm, and stock it with herds of cattle and horses. After a while the tide of emigration would come pouring, when the first pioneer would reap a golden harvest. Every article of food, must, of course, command the highest price, and the cunning speculator always ended by selling out and wandering further into the Western district, there to repeat the profitable yet painful experiment, and so on *ad infinitum*.

By continuing this singular process of ceaseless toil and patient self-denial, old Mose finally became the master of a respectable fortune. As may well be imagined, such a life exposed him to perpetual dangers, and developed to the highest degree his native courage. His heart grew hard as a fragment of primitive granite, in warfare with the aboriginal savages, and in more horrible combats with the desperadoes and robbers of the frontier: for where legal restraints were either impotent or wholly unknown, the individual sovereign had to rely exclusively on his own powers and sense of justice for the protection of all rights, and accordingly, our hero had been long celebrated for the number and ferocity of his dreadful duels and sudden rencounters.

However, it must not be supposed that he contracted the brutal thirst for blood, or the more malignant passion for notoriety, which so often characterizes the famous fighters of the Southwest. On the contrary, he never wielded the knife or pistol, save to redress some real or fancied wrong, or to rid society of what he deemed a walking nuisance or absolute outlaw. It is thus easy to comprehend how such a course of habitual conduct, and all the examples and familiar scenes within the sphere of his observation, should lead him to regard bravery as the climax of all virtue, and cowardice as the acme of shame and degradation, if not a rather a positive and inexpiable sin.

His family had at first consisted of his wife, an industrious commonplace kind of woman, who insensibly imbibed all his notions and prejudices, and several daughters, all save one, then provided with husbands and homes; and yet none of them had wedded with the approbation of their parents. The object in each case of a general character, that the respective suitors did not come up to the old duellist's standard of bravery, the sole qualification which could find favor in his sight. Indeed six of the daughters appeared poorly endowed by nature or education to inspire any very ardent flame in heroic hearts, as their forms were coarse and masculine, and features rude and repulsive.

Nevertheless, the youngest girl differed entirely from the rest, and seemed as if by a miracle, to have monopolized all the charming graces intended for the separate members of the household; and truly, you might have wandered over the world and no found another lovelier being than Menia Miller. Strange phenomenon that a family circle of such common clay, should be able to exhibit so rare a jewel! But so it sometimes happens; in a line age of proverbial and hereditary coarseness, there will come one like a stranger from distant planets, bearing on its visage the living lustre of a celestial, which atones for all the accumulated ugliness of its race, as if the mother's dream of an angel had been embodied in her own bosom! And so this fair flower of a Texan woods presented to every beholder the ideal of his mind and imagination, the faultless form which had floated before his visionary sight in the hours of early youth.

Her shape, though slight and childlike, appeared full to overflowing with animation and vital energy, and every gesture and motion seemed like the rapid and graceful waftures of wings in pure ether. Her small features of a perfect oval, white as the lilly, and radiant red as the Summer rose, lived in the starry light of an everlasting smile the sunbeam born of a sinless soul, while those luminous curls of golden hair surrounded her face, as a natural halo, and made her resemble some divine picture, the matchless creation of a musing artist, rather than a mortal thing of flesh and blood. But her eyes alone, would have rendered her countenance irresistible; they were so large, liquid, and beautifully blue.

It was no marvel then that her parents worshipped this fascinating creature as an idol and resolved to give her the means of intellectual cultivation such as they had never thought necessary in the case of their other children. As they could not endure even for a single week, her absence from home, a private teacher was procured in the person of a young and handsome lawyer, recently arrived from the North, who had not as yet been honored with a single brief, for the unanswerable reason that where no Court existed, litigation might be considered logically impossible.

Albert Hilton succeeded but too well in his agreeable work of tuition, for at the end of six short months he had taught his beautiful pupil the sweet mysteries of first love, and mastered the same profound and pleasant lesson of which he had been previously altogether ignorant, so that they were both prepared to take the highest degree at the bridal altar.

Without anticipating the least opposition to a step so innocent and desirable, the young attorney so soon as he had settled the matter to their mutual satisfaction with the daughter, proposed the subject in faltering terms, to the father.

"I am amazed at the extent of your impudence and presumption," responded Old Mose, with a look of astonishment, and casting an ominous glance at the silver handle of his bowie knife.

"I can furnish you with ample proofs as to the respectability and wealth of my family," urged Hamilton by way of argument.

"I care not if you were worth millions" returned Miller with a sneering, disdainful frown.

"Of what nature then can be your objection!" inquired the youth, in tones of surprise.

"Your want of courage," was the stern reply.

"I cannot imagine from what fictitious data you have deducted your conclusion," said Hilton, with a heightened color.

"Cowardice is so common," retorted the father, "that I hold every man to be craven until he shows evidence to the contrary!"

"What testimony would you have on so nice a point?" asked the suitor, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Fight a duel!" exclaimed the other imperatively.

"But no person has insulted me, or offered me the slightest provocation for a quarrel," affirmed Hilton scarcely able to credit his senses at such a strange suggestion.

"You lie!" thundered Old Mose: "for I insult you, and unless you have the nerve to accept my challenge, be sure that my daughter never shall be yours!"

"Such a combat would disgrace us both" retorted the lover, in accents of horror.

"Did I not say that you were a coward?" shouted the duellist in a towering rage. "Be off instantly from my premises and let me never see your pale face again within a league of my dwelling!"—And he drew his murdererous blade of battle to enforce obedience, when the disappointed schoolmaster made a hurried exit without so much as the formality of an adieu.

But the inconsolable grief and despair of the fair Menia for the loss of her lover affected her father to such a degree that he adopted a sudden resolution, and set out for Corpus Christi. There he found Albert Hilton in the streets, and without uttering a word, began to chastise him by the shameful punishment of the horsewhip. The latter resisted with all his might, but his efforts proved idle for he seemed helpless as a child in the iron grasp of the old giant.

As soon as he had laid on the lash sufficiently to disgrace the victim forever, the duelist exclaimed—

"Young man, you will fight me now, I suppose?"

"Yes! yes! let us arrange the affair at once!" cried the other eagerly, trembling with an ungovernable rage.

The parties immediately selected seconds, settled the terms of the hostile interview, and proceeded to the field of honor, accompanied by an excited throng of spectators anxious to witness the terrible sport. The ground being measured off, the principals took their positions at the usual distance of fifteen paces.

At the word both adversaries fired but without effect; and Old Mose called out in courteous tones—

"Is the gentleman satisfied, or does he wish another round?"

"Nothing can wash away my shame but your blood or my own," replied Hilton, in accents of inconceivable sadness.

Their friends then reloaded the pistols the foes discharged them with similar result, when Miller declared:

"I am willing to apologise."

"It is to late!" answered the youth, in a mournful voice, or rather wail of unspeakable sorrow.

Once more they prepared their weapons, and this time pulled their triggers with a steady, unwavering aim. Again Old Mose missed and at the same instantly tottered, and fell upon the earth; but he quickly recovered his feet the ball having merely cut across his breast touching the bone, without inflicting a dangerous wound.

The veteran duelist, with a smile of pleasure iterated his proffered apology, adding the singular explanation.

"I could have shot out your eye at the first fire, had I been so disposed; but I only sought to test your bravery, I have found it of the highest order and now you may have Menia in welcome!"

It is needless to remark that the issue turned out happy to all parties concerned.

OIL NEWS.—We learn from private sources, says the Marietta Intelligencer, that on Monday morning of last week a well owned, it is said, by Harper, Ballard & Co., of Athens, Ohio on Burning Spring Run, on the Kanawha, struck oil. The oil spouted out fifteen feet. They had much difficulty in stopping the flow, and it burst out again several times after it was weighted down and then tied with ropes. They filled forty-seven barrels, all the oyould get, in less than two hours' time, while the sinker of a plug was only loosened about an inch. They are confident that the well will yield from 500 to 1,000 barrels a day. The oil is thicker than any heretofore found on Kanawha and it is thought that the well is better than the Leweyllyn.

The Zanesville Courier says:

Several gentlemen from this city have been prospecting for oil during the past week, near the lower end of Putnam, and we are happy to learn, have met with very encouraging success. The rock is saturated with it, and it is presumed oil will be discovered in paying quantities in a few days. A company will commence boring in the course of a week or so.

BOILED APPLE PUDDING.—Mix a crust the same as for biscuit; butter the sides of a common stove kettle, and lap a handful of clean straw in the bottom to prevent the contents from burning; line the sides of the kettle with the crust, then add about half a panful of sliced apples one quart of water one pint of molasses one cupful of sugar and a little butter, season with allspice; cook slowly about one hour; cover with crust: Pudding made according to this receipe has an equal nowhere in the family of puddings. Try it for yourselves.—JENNIE.

☞ The real motto of the Seceders—"Let U. S. alone.

IMPORTANT FROM ST. DOMINGO.

The Spanish Usurpation—Protest of the People.

[From the N.Y. Post.]

By the arrival of the brig Echo at this port we are placed in possession of our Hayti files to March 9th.

The attempt of Spain to seize St. Domingo excited the liveliest interest in Hayti. The following singular proclamation, issued by the Dominicans, we translate from the Hayti papers:

APPEAL TO THE NATION.

Dominicans! The country is in danger and there is but one way to save it—by revolution.

Santana, since his last elevation to power, has sold the Republic.

The price of the Yankees did not suit him.

To day he has alledged it to Spain: and is preparing to crush the Dominican people under the colonial yoke for the vile price of a few puerile dignities, and of the gold which will be distributed to him and five or six principal accomplices.

To-morrow the Tartars will enjoy in quiet the riches gained by this criminal bargain, and will welcome us with an ironical smile on hearing the clank of our chains.

To-mrorow shame will settle on our hearth-stones, and the stigma of ignominy will soil our brows.

To morrow our wives will fly from our arms, our mothers will refuse their caresses, and our children their smiles—a degenerate people merit them not.

To-morrow we shall be able to leave to our families neither country, glory, honor, prosperity, nor even the repose of the domestic hearth.

To-morrow—to express it once for all—we shall have changed the noble aegis of the Cross for the livery of Slavery. What, then, shall be the way of restoration? Revolution.

A revolution, holy, noble, just, grand, because it has for its object the preservation of a nationality created at the price of the blood and fortunes of its citizens; a revelation, holy, noble, just, grand, because it is undertaken to save our country and liberties.

"Fatherland! Liberty!" this was the heroic cry which preceded the revolution of 1844; and the same cry precedes the revolution of 1861; the cry of a nation, which now surpasses forever the cry of mere factions.

Dominicans! to arms! let each citizen be a soldier of liberty, and to the cry of *Vive la Nation!* the tyrant will be forever annihilated. Let the fire of patriotism burn in our hearts as the tropical sun vivifies our existence.

Dominicans! to arms! Shame to those who daily in the rear!

In this great day of our country there are but two classes—those who are good citizens, and those who are traitors!

Dominicans! to arms! We must conquer or die; for death is preferable to degradation, and if we remain impassable we can no longer pretend to the dignity of free men.

Dominicans! to arms! Let us arise on the same day and at the same moment, as a single man. No mercy to the traitors. We must conquer at any price!

Let not reverses discourage us. If we triumph not in the cities and palaces, we will triumph in the villages, in the suburbs, in the plains, in the forests.

We should make a fight of giants which will astonish the world, and make the earth tremble under our feet.

Dominicans! Victory or death, before the fall of the Republic. Let us pray to Providence that before this beloved land of Columbus be dishonored, it may be engulphed in the ocean.

Dominicans, to arms! to combat! to victory! let us wear the crown of heroes before we clasp the martyr's palm.

The General of the armies of the Republicans, Jose Marie Cabral, also issued an appeal to the people.

These appeals are dated some two months ago, and have been in secret circulation.

PAINFUL INSTANCE OF A WASTED LIFE. The Boston *Journal* mentions the following sad instance of mental and social ruin resulting from unrestrained dissipation:

Among the tenants of the lock up on Monday night was a man—a wreck of what he was before he became a prey to his dreverted appetite—who, until within a few years, stood in the foremost rank of the medical profession, enjoying a lucrative practice in one of our surburban towns, surrounded by all the comforts which wealth and social position could give; yet having yielded to a passion for drink has, in the space of eight years squandered a fortune of about 150,000, and descended to the lowest degree of degradation.

SICK OF SECESSION.—The Augusta (Ga.) Chronical says:

Some of the People of South Carolina appear to be getting sick of separate State secession and forced loans, and are moving from the State with all possible haste. Messrs. Farr, Cotter and Burns, with their families, thirty-five negroes twenty horses, wagons, carriages, &c., were found on the Admiral last evening, on their way to a new home near the mouth of the Arkansas river. There are said to be many others in the Palmetto State, who will follow their example, and leave as soon as possible.

WATCH.—Watch, for the time is short. The days make haste. The hours fly swifter than any meteoric body that ever astonished the world by its fleetness. Watch for it will be but a few days before you will put your foot upon the shore of the eternal world, when with wide circumspection, you will see the hight, and depth, and length, and breadth of that treasure which awaits you there.

Rich Scene in the White House—The Californians and the President—A Jacksonians Demonstration.

[Correspondence of the Phil. Press.]

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1861.

An interesting affair occurred at the White House, in Washington, on Saturday last, the particulars of which are as follows; The day previous, the President had extended an invitation to the California delegates in Washington to visit him on the following morning, at 9 o'clock.

* * * Mr. J. W. Simonton was introduced, and proceeded to read a written speech which is said to have been, by those who heard it, one of the most bitter, and at the same time absurd, productions ever heard in the White House. He has become the bitter opponent of Senator Baker resorted to this way of injuring him with the President.

Having concluded his tirade of abuse, the President said; "Are those documents to be left with me?" "Yes! Mr. President," responded Simonton, "if you desire them;" and handed him the protest. "And the other also?" says Uncle Abe, pointing to the speech; "Am I to have that also?" "Yes," tremulously responded Simonton, "if you desire it, Mr President, but I would like to make some emendations." "Never mind the emendations," says Lincoln; "if it is mine, I want it as it is."

By this time time the paper had found its way into the extended hand of the President, who stretching himself up to his fullest height, said in a withering tone of indignation, 'This, alluding to the protest, "being *somewhat* respectful in its tone, I *think* I will keep but this one" shaking aloft Simonton's speech, "I will show you what I will do with it." Stepping forward two or three paces toward the fire, he said, "I will burn it," and suiting the action to the word, he thurst it into the glowing embers, and soon it was reduced to smoke and ashes. Stepping back to his place by the desk, he added:

"I have known Colonel Baker longer and better than any of you here, and these attacks upon him I know to be outrageous. I will hear no more of them. If you wish to do so, present your recommendations for office, and I will give them a respectful hearing, but no more of this kind of proceeding."

The dignified presence of the President of the United States, or the character of the place in which they were assembled, did not prevent the Californians present—save and except the dumb-stricken protesters—from bursting out into uproarious cheering and clapping of hands which resounded through the passage-ways of the White House with a resonance, waking echoes strange, at least for a Presidential mansion. X. Y. Z.

Turning Stock to Grass Early.

A recent issue of the American Farmer has an article on this subject, from R. W. Dowman, of Nauquier county, Virginia, given in response to a solicitation on the part of the Editor. We extract as follows:

Talking with graziers, I find the opinion to be general in this county, (which annually fattens for market upward of twenty thousand beeves,) that the earlier cattle are turned to grass the better. When I commenced grazing, four years ago, I found this to be the general practice, and I followed it without making any experiment myself, but I am informed by one of my neighbors—Mr. Charles J. Stovin—who has grazed for thirty years past, on an average, two hundred head of cattle annually—that he has seen the experiment tried. Two lots of cattle, equal in all respects, and which had been wintered alike, were selected in the spring and one lot turned to grass ten days earlier than the other. The first lot took a start of the other and maintained it through the season, being ready for market one month sooner than the second lot.

There can be no doubt whatever as to the fact that, in our county at least, the sooner we can get them to grass in the spring the better. The grass at that season is tender, and has the quality of purging the cattle, loosening their hides, and causing them to shed off. It thus prepares their systems to take on fat rapidly as soon as the pasturage becomes stronger and more mature. Later in the season it seems to lose this quality in a measure. I have known men to turn their cattle on their meadows for eight or ten days, early in the spring, so as to give them a start against the regular pasture becomes fit to turn on.

This is one of the finest grazing sections in the country. The land seems to be naturally adapted to grass, running into sod very quickly after a fallow. One of my neighbors—Mr. J. J. Hunton, of Woodstock—has a field of one hundred acres of green-sward, upon which he fattens from eighty to ninety head of cattle every year, and in a good grass season I have seen portions of the field from which a good swath of grass might have been cut when the cattle were taken off in July. On the rest of his estate he fattens about two hundred head. On the adjoining estate of Airley, Mr. Charles J. Stovin fattens about two hundred and seventy-five head. He has a field of about one hundred and fifty acres, on which this spring he turned one hundred cattle and ninety sheep, and kept them there until the first of June, when a portion of them were moved off,

There are sods in this county nearly fifty years old, and so firm and strong that to quote the language of our representative, the Hon. Wm. Smith, "a bullock of a thousand weight may walk over them after a week's rain without soiling his hoofs more than a lady would soil her delicate satin slipper by crossing a Turkey carpet." This may sound like hyperbole, but unto all that doubt, I say, "come and see."

Eight Reasons for Planting an Orchard.

1. Dr. Dwight used to remark to his pupils at Yale, that the raising of fruit was the cheapest and pleasantest way of entertaining one's friends. We are creatures of society, and it is a very important object to make the social board attractive to all who honor us with their friendships. A dish of well grown apples is always wholesome and acceptable.

2. An orchard is always an ornament to the farm, beautiful blossoms, its summer drapery of green, and its autumn burden of yellow and ruddy fruit. No farm is complete without its acres of orchard.

3. The cultivation of fruit is a very pleasant occupation, and has an important influence upon the mind and heart of the cultivator. It requires higher intelligence than the growing of the annual crops. It fosters forecast, and hopefulness, and tends to a cheerful temper.

4. It makes home attractive—children are universally fond of fruit, and the home where this luxury is always enjoyed will be more loved on that account. It will be in pleasant contrast within many homes around them.

5. It will tend to guard children against vice and crime. So strong is the desire for fruit, that they may steal it if it be not provided for them at home. And the boy that grows up plundering his neighbor's fruit yard and orchard, is very likely to steal more valuable things when he becomes a man.

6. It is very sure investment. An apple tree, if well planted, is about as hardy as an oak, and sure to bear fruit according to the labor bestowed upon it. When houses burn up, and banks fail and railroad stocks depreciate, the orchard will yield dividends.

7. It is not a sure investment for yourself, but for your children. No real estate in their inheritance is likely to be so permanently valuable. An orchard in good soil will bear fruit for a hundred years.

8. It is a perpetual incitement to thanksgiving to the bountiful Creator. It yields its burden of precious fruit yearly, giving large returns for the labors of the husbandman, and calling him to behold the wisdom and goodness of Providence. Do not fail to plant that long deferred orchard, and while you are about it, select good markable fruit. The best is the cheapest.

LENDING TO THE LORD.—A poor man, some of whose family were sick, lived near Deacon Murray, referred to in the tract, "Worth of a Dollar," and occasionally called at his house for a supply of milk. One morning he came while the family were at breakfast. Mrs. Murray rose to wait upon him, but the deacon said to her, "Wait till after breakfast." She did so, and meanwhile the deacon made some inquirers of the man about his family and circumstance. After family worship, the deacon invited him to go out to the barn with him. When they got into the yard, the deacon, pointing to one of the cows exclaimed. "There take that cow, and drive her home." The man thanked him heartly for the cow, and started for home; but the deacon was observed to stand in the attitude of deep thought until the man had gone some rods. He then looked up, and called out, "Hey, bring that cow back." The man looked around and the deacon added, "Let that cow come back, and you come back too.' He did so; and when he came into the yard again, the deacon said. "There, now take your pick out of the cows. I an't going to lend to the Lord the poorest cow I've got.—Ga. Messenger.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.—Have you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming—one little thought, or feeling at a time, adds its influence. If such thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

POSTOFFICES.—There are 28,598 postoffices in the United States. Of this number only 333 yield a revenue of over 1,000 per annum. The President appoints all postmasters to office when the proceeds are over 1,000: in other cases, the Postmaster-General has the appointing power.

MILLENNIAL.

The Illinois Legislature has passed a bill abolishing the tax revenue of that State for two years to come. The reason of this is honest officials and a full treasury. Such legislators can well afford to vote themselves fifteen dollar gold pens, and their constituents, the people, say "nary a word."

I say, Sambo, can you answer this conundrum. Spose I give you a bottle of whisky corked shut wid a cork, how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle!" "I gives that up." "Why, push de cork in.—Ya! ya!"

☞ A lady in Charleston a few nights ago, had three children at a birth. Charleston continues to be a port of delivery.—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ Two emotions, says Rarely, fear and anger, a true horseman should never feel.

☞ Mrs. Bloomer, inventor of women's short dresses, has become one of the editors of the *City Item* at Weupan, Wis.

☞ He who knows the world will not be too bashful, and he who knows himself will never be too impudent.

☞ "Night threw her mantle o'er the world, and pinned it with a star." Tasty, wasn't she?