The Holmes County Farmer,

Devoted to the advocacy of the principles of the Democratic party, and to general and local news.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY ESTILL & NEWTON.

OFFICE—SECOND STORY OF FIKE'S BUILDING

Terms of Subscription:

One year, (in advance,)	$2.00
Six months	1,00

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks	$1 50
Each additional insertion	38
One square, three months	3 00
One square, six months	6 00
One square, twelve months	10 00
One fourth column, one year	30 00
One half column, one year	50 00
One column, one year	90 00

JOB PRINTING

Of every description executed in the best style and on reasonable terms.

The FARMER has a larger circulation than any other paper in this section of the State. It is now, and has been for thirty-eight consecutive years the official paper of the county.

Holmes County Farmer.

VOL. 27. MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1865. NO. 47.

Business Directory.

OFFICIALS.

JAMES A. ESTILL	*Probate Judge.*
JOHN T. MAXWELL	*Prosecuting Attorney.*
HENRY D. MCDOWELL	*County Clerk.*
JOHN S. NELSON	*Sheriff.*
GEORGE REED	*Auditor.*
CHARLES S. VORWERK	*Treasurer.*
GEORGE L. COOK	*Recorder.*
JOSEPH KIMERER, JESSE A. HARRIS, JACOB FISHER,	*Commissioners.*
SAMUEL KERR	*Coroner.*
JAMES L. RICHESON	*Surveyor.*

PHYSICIANS.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, Ohio, respectfully announces his readiness to give prompt attention to professional calls. OFFICE—On Jackson street, 5 doors west of Mulvane's. no29y1*

Dr. J. B. Woods,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office—On Clay Street, south of the Court House. 28-4

Dr. A. A. Crump.
GERMAN AND ENGLISH BOTANIC PHYSICIAN, Millersburg, Ohio. Office on the East end of Main street, four doors above the Public Square. 21-28.

J. Pomerene, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office—On Main street, 4 doors east of the Bank. Residence—formerly occupied by Dr. Ebright. 26-10.

Dr. Wm. Richeson,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Millersburg, O. Office—On Main street, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Boling. 27-7

ATTORNEYS.

J. T. MAXWELL.] [D. D. HELLER
Maxwell & Heller,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office, in the Court House, up stairs. no49.

L. R. CRITCHFIELD.] [DANIEL S. UHL.
Critchfield & Uhl.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.—Office in Critchfield's building, up stairs. 10

C. F. VORHES.] [WM. REED
Vorhes & Reed.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.—Office—four doors East of the Bank. 26-4

Thomas A. Taylor.
NOTARY PUBLIC, Holmesville, Ohio, will be always ready to attend to procuring back pay, bounty and pensions for disabled and discharged soldiers, and collection of claims for the friends of those deceased. 21-27

Andrew J. Bell.
Notary Public, Land Conveyancer, and Claim Agent,
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.
Office in County Recorder's Office. 25-5

Henry F. Pounds,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Address Mt. Hope Holmes county, Ohio. 27-4

HOTELS.

Empire House,
J. E. FLEMING, Proprietor, Main Street, Millersburg, Ohio. General Stage Office.—26-13

Ohio House,
E. W. FORBS Proprietor—west end of Main street, Millersburg, Ohio. 26-9

JEWELRY, &c.

A. B. FRY,
WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER, Main st., three doors west of Weirich's Hardware store, Millersburg, Ohio. 21-20

N. P. McCormick,
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, one door east of Weirich's Hardware Store, Main St., Millersburg, Ohio. 23-35

HARDWARE.

S. R. WEIRICH,
DEALER IN
HARDWARE,
Iron, Nails, Cutlery,
Agricultural Implements, &c., &c.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

Commission Merchants.

WHOLF & CARY,
Forwarding & Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Salt, Fish, Plaster, White & Water Lime,
PURCHASERS OF
Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW,
And all kinds of Dried Fruits.
(25-31) MILLERSBURG, O.

HENRY HERZER.] [ADAM PETRY
HERZER & PETRY,
(Successors to E. Steinbacher & Co.)
Produce and Commission Merchants,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR, GRAIN, MILL STUFFS,
SALT, FISH WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.
AND PURCHASER OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,
SEEDS, DRIED FRUIT,
BUTTER, EGGS, &c.
(24-24) MILLERSBURG O.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGE WEIMER, GEORGE C. WEIMER, CHARLES. W GOOD.
GEO. WEIMER & CO.
WHOLESALE
DRUGGISTS & GROCERS.
DEALERS IN
Foreign & Domestic Wines, Liquors, &c.
MARKET STREET, AKRON, O.
☞ Connected with Summit Co. Oil Works of J. T. Good & Co., Refiners of Petroleum. 13

JOHN CASKEY,
DEALER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Yankee Notions, &c., &c.,
MILLERSBURG OHIO.

W. R. POMEROY,
MECHANICAL AND OPERATIVE
DENTIST,
Millersburg, Ohio,
OFFICE—Up stairs above Dr. Boling's office.

Jesse A. Harris,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Address Nashville, Holmes county, Ohio. 32-78.

Select Poetry.

"The Conquered Banner."

BY A CONFEDERATE.

Furl that banner! for 'tis weary,
'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
O'er whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it!
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that banner! furl it sadly;
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it would forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like their's entwined dissever
'Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying now;
And that banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe;
For though conquered they adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those that fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages—
Shall go sounding down through ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner! softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfold it never,
For it droops there *furled* forever,
For its people's *hopes* are dead.

Select Story.

DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen, through intoxication, to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married in his better days the sister of Moses Felton. At length all hopes were given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for convivialty, for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him. All done in office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of the jug.

In early Spring, Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister. He offered to take her with him, but she would not go.

"But why stay here?" urged the brother. "You are fading away and disease is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses, speak not," answered the wife, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me—he cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on and his jug in his hand. "Ah, Moses, how are ye?" he gasped, for he sould not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said in a strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, though matched with a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before; you are generous, noble, and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—she might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it while you are alive: when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope that the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place after I have reached my new home, may be that you are dead."

"Stop Moses, I can reform yet."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to have reformed half the sinners of creation, and you are lower now than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus, shall not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed and he drew himself proudly up. "Go," he said in a tone of the old sarcasm. "Go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post. I will yet make you take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never."

"You shall! I swear it!"

With these words Daniel Bryan hurled the jug into the fire place, and while yet a thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary sank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and having called in a neighbor, hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel hovered over the Brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of stimulants from a system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take any more."

"Aye," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath? Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy and rum ever killed me! If the want of it can kill me, then let me die. But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his words."

He did live. An iron will conquered the the messenger death sent—Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not walk without help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor, pleading for a young man who had been indicted for perjury. Felton started with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court room and met Moses Felton. They shook hands, but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them Bryan stopped.

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses."

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the family.

A RICH STORY.

In one of the small interior towns of New England, where the superstitions of our ancestors still possess a hold on the people, the facts occurred a few years since of which the following is a true narration:

An honest farmer and his family preparing to celebrate Thanksgiving at his wife's father's, in an adjacent town, were hurried and confused extremely on the day preceding that festival, by the multiplicity of things which must be done before they could leave home with safety. The house was to be "banked up" and the gleanings of the harvest cabbage, turnips and so forth, put into the cellar, that the external extrance thereto might be closed for the season.—Having carried in the vegetables, the boys were dispatched to the barn for straw to fill the passage with, while the good man himself was busied on the opposite side of the house.

An old ram, the honored patriarch of a large flock of sheep kept on the farm, having got a taste of the scattered cabbage leaves unobserved entered the cellar and silently continued his feast. The avenue through which he had entered was immediately closed up, and all the necessary work and arrangements being completed, the larger boys and girls set out on foot in high glee, the dog running and barking before them.

Soon after, the parents and their little ones, having put out the fire and fastened the doors and windows to keep out thieves, started on the same destination

On the afternoon of the day following the festival, the family returned home, accompanied by some young cousins. Some of their youthful neighbors of both sexes, were invited in, and a merry Thanksgiving carousal was in full tide of successful operatin, when one of the boys, who had been sent into the cellar with a little two-wick candle, which gave just enough light to make darkness visible, to draw cider, ran back into the room, with eyes glaring wildly, uttering the half suffocating exclamation:

"The devil is in the cellar!"

"Pooh," said the father, "you have only been frightened by your own shadow; give me the light."

Saying this, he seized the candle—leaving the candlestick fast in the hand of the boy—and boldly rushed to the cellar stairs, but before he had descended half the steps, the large saucer eyes and enormous horns of the ram caused him to retreat as much terrified as his son, exclaiming:

"Sure enough, the devil is in the cellar!"

The good man seized the great bible, and attempted to read, but the candle sputtered, burned blue, and threw such a feeble light on the sacred pages, and the book trembled so much in the hands of the reader, that he could not distinguish one word from another. The little children cried and clung to their mother; the girls nestled close to their favorite swains, and the whole house was shaken with the agitation of its half demented inhabitants. One bright thought, however, occurred—and a messenger was sent for the minister to come and "lay the devil."

The parson, a man more celebrated for good nature, piety, and credulity, than for talent and heroism, slipped a small bible into his pocket, put on his band and surplice, that he might appear as formidable to his great antagonist as possible, and hastened to the relief of his distressed parishoners.

On coming to the house, the reverend man was hailed as a deliverer, and implored by at least a dozen voices at the same moment, to drive the devil away. But few moments were lost in asking questions which no one could answer, before the parson pushed forward as a leader, with the same penurious light, into the cellar, the most courageous of the company keeping close behind him. He reached the foot of the stairs, the eyes of fire, the shadowy outline of the enormous horns, magnified ten-fold at least, by the terror of those that beheld them, removed all doubt if any had existed in his mind as to the infernal nature of the being with whom he had to contend.

The divine instantly fell on his knees, and, with uplifted hands, began to pray in his most fervent manner. The ram not understanding the pious man's motives, but supposing by the motion of his hands that he was daring him to a butting contest, made a pass with all his might, at his supposed adversary, but deceived by his swelling dimensions of his drapery, missed the slender body of the priest, and, drawing hastily back to renew the assault, hooked one of his horns into the belt of the surplice and pulled the priest with him into the cellar.

While thus in the power of his victorious foe, he lost hope as it regarded himself, and the natural benevolence of his disposition burst forth in the exclamation:

"Brethren, take care of yourselves; the devil has got me."

This exhortation was better obeyed than any he had delivered from the pulpit—his friends all fled and left him to his fate.

Among the company was a shrewd young farmer, who had, from the first, supposed the fiend to be some domestic animal, but being a lover of fun—and, willing to see a comedy, kept his thoughts to himself and pretended to sympathize with others in their fears. He thought it time to interfere, and, snatching a pitch pine knot from the blazing fire, expressed his determination to rescue the preacher or perish in the attempt.

"Don't, don't!" shouted several.

"What does the devil care for fire?"

"Take along the bible if you will go!" suggested another.

But, unheeding the suggestion and the manifestations of concern for his safety, he pushed into the cellar, seized the animal by one of his horns and dragged the struggling ram up stairs, calling to the astonished parson, "Follow me!" The honored devil was led in triumph, followed by the Ecclesiastic, in the midst of the company. A momentary silence and hanging down of heads ensued, but the past scene was too ludicrous to admit of sober reflection, and loud peals of laughter burst forth from every side, during which the ram was turned out at the door, the parson absented himself without ceremony, and the sports of the evening were resumed with better spirits than before.

Night the Poor Man's Friend.

Night levels all artificial distinctions.—The begger on his pallet of straw snores as soundly as a king on his bed of down.—Night—kind, gentle, soothing, refreshing night—the earthly paradise of the slave, the sweet oblivion of the worn soul, the nurse of romance, of devotion; how the great panting heart of society yearns for the return of night and rest. Sleep is God's special gift to the poor; for the great there is no time fixed for repose; quiet they have none; and instead of quietly awaiting the approach of events, they fret and repine, and starve, sleep, and chide the hours, as if to-morrow were big with the fate of some great hereafter. The torrent of events goes roaring past, keeping eager expectation tip-toe, and drives timid slumber away.

Some say that the quickest way to destroy "weeds," is to marry a widow. It is a most delightful species of husbandry.

A SERMON:

Preached on Thanksgiving Day, in the Presbyterian Church of Washington, Ohio, by the Pastor, Rev. W. M. Ferguson.

"The People which were left of the Sword found grace in the wilderness."—JEREMIAH xxxi: 2.

All the Prophets of old were ministers of the Gospel; though we modern ministers of the Gospel are not Prophets. Yet, strange to say, some of us of late have imagined ourselves seers, having most weighty "burdens" to deliver to our rulers in both Church and State, on the recently made known will of God and duty of man—said *burdens* being an illigate mixture of sacred and political components, in which the latter has very generally a great preponderance. Notwithstanding the glory of these latter-day gifts, the Prophets possessed the superior excellence over all of us of being inspired of God and not of passion or Satan, which enabled them to unveil the future with its coming events for the admiration and interests of all who heard and believed what they proclaimed.

Thus they soothed the minds of the sorrowful with the balm of Hope, that noted medicine of the miserable to which we all look for relief in times of distress.

The broad seal that heaven enstamped upon their commissions avouching their authority to speak in "the Lord's name," was the immediate fulfillment in ways of mercy or judgment, of some of these predictions before the very eyes of those who heard them. This was an *earnest* of the truthfulness of the whole and should have begotten a corresponding faith in it as a divine revelation.

Superior and peculiar, however, as was this great gift to these Jewish ministers, they never exercised it to gratify their unhallowed passions in giving pain or alarm to real or supposed enemies, but always with humility and for the glory of God. Nor did they use it exclusively to the neglect of the opposite and more common functions of reflections, which related to what *had been*, as prophecy did to what *was to be*—the former having as truly an object to awaken thanksgiving and praise, and the latter to enkindle expectancy and hope.

How constantly do they refer to their own history as a Theocracy, to elicit the gratitude of the nation's heart to the great Giver of all good!

With what stirring emphasis does David rehearse, again and again, the wonderful history of his people in the sweet lyrics of his inspired lyre! Hear him: "O, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." "Give thanks unto the Lord for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever." "Let Israel"—that is, the church—"now say that His mercy endureth forever." "Let the house of Aaron"—that is, all true ministers of the Gospel—"now say that His mercy endureth forever."—"Let them that fear the Lord"—that is, all christians—"now say that His mercy endureth forever."

Thus sang the royal son of Jesse. He was as pious as he was poetic. Hear him again: "Thy loving kindness, O Lord, is before mine eyes, as I look upon thy dealings with myself and with the wonderful kingdom over which I have been called to rule.—Therefore, Bless the Lord, O, my soul and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies." Such a crown, unlike those composed of costly gems by human hands, can never cause pain to the head or heart of the wearer; but it will give contentment that,

—"Walks the sunny glade
And feels a bliss spring o'er the soul
Beyond the wealth of Kings to purchase."

For, true content is a crown that loyalty seldom wears. David knew this, and, hence, he adds—"Let them exalt the Lord in the congregation of the people, and praise Him in the assembly of the Elders. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man, or in Princes."

There is certainly something truly grand in such grateful reflections. Indeed, it seems to me the picture reaches the sublime, as in fancy we view these mighty men of God standing before the assembled thousands of Israel—their breast swelling with the love, and their faces shining with the light of heaven—reaching with one hand into the future, and with the other into the past, and bringing together from each the sensible evidences of God's loving favor to his people in rich mercies enjoyed and in still richer promises to be fulfilled. Such a sight, I say, was enough to raise the soul of every considerate beholder into the sublime of devotion and fill his heart with thankfulness and his lips with praise.

As for ourselves, here convened, we are not prophets. We lay no claim to inspiration. We cannot divine the future—we are not able even to tell what a day may bring forth. Yet, as Christians, we can reflect on and feel the goodness of the Lord to us all in the past, as we unite and lift up our voices in the old song that thus begins:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise"—

So that if the ancient prophets had the advantage of us in that power of prediction, we have the advantage of them in scope of reflection, for we have thousands of years more of the past with its concomitant history, as a field for reflection, than they possessed—that is, we have all they ever had and twenty-five or thirty centuries besides: and need I say, that many of the most important events that have occurred since time began, have taken place *since* all those prophets have fallen asleep in death—events that once glimmered to them in the dim and distant visions of expectancy, now glow upon us from the pages of history in all the beauty and rich glory of actual facts.

From the vast catalogue we name—the advent of the Savior—His eventful life—wonderful works, words, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension and glorification.—The outpouring of the Holy Spirit—Calling of the Gentiles—Spread of the Church: Its trials, triumphs and glory over all opposition—The Reformation—The discovery of the new world: Its colonization—The blocking of it out into individual States—The building of these into a consolidated Government—The rapid growth of this to greatness—Its march Westward led by the Star of Empire, till now it reaches from ocean to ocean, covering a continent; or, to change the figure, like a mighty giant clad in armor, its military tramp now shakes the world, causing tyrants abroad and traitors at home alike to tremble.

Truly, as a "people left of the sword" of Great Britain, we "have found grace in the wilderness" of the West—in a wilderness once wild in solemn wastes, or terrible in savage grandeur, we have found the *grace* of Freedom of thought and action—the grace of Independence of the dicta of tyrants—the grace of Liberty of conscience to worship God where and how we wish—the grace of Union, "one and inseparable"—the grace of wealth truly wonderful—the grace of a Power irresistible—the grace of a Peace once heavenly—and the grace of a Glory resplendent. As the sun, shining as it does round the world to wake up the slumbering subjects of Oriental despotisms to the fact that they themselves are men, and their rulers oppressors; and to call them to arise, to shake off their civil bonds and to be free. Such "graces" are worth the finding, when sought for, even in a wilderness.

If Columbia is "the gem of the ocean," it is also the Canaan of lands. With all her faults, as seen in foolish and wicked men, who can help but love her still—for her honey and milk are freer, fresher, sweeter and richer than ever flowed in the world-famed land of Israel. What did David or Solomon, or Isaiah, or Jeremiah, or any or all the sons of the prophets know of the blessedness of good government; or what did they ever personally see of true national greatness, in comparison with us, the free-born citizens of this western world?

But, let us look a little closer (and with brevity) to the text and parallel our condition and blessings with those of the Jews, and learn that we have greater reasons to render thanks to "the God of gods" than they.

By "people left of the sword" we are to understand the prophet as meaning such Jews as escaped the perils of death anterior to their exodus from Egypt. There they had been endangered by excessive toil, being punished for not doing impossibilities. A most cruel edict had gone forth from the throne against the lives of their unborn sons—and when they departed the land under the lead of Moses, Pharaoh followed with his six hundred chariots of iron, either to destroy them, or to bring them back, bound, into his dominions. But, God's hand shielded them, and brought them into "a wilderness," it is true, but one in which they "found grace."

This "grace" was not indiginous to the wilds of Arabia, but it was an exotic, bro't down from heaven and strewed around the path of God's people; so that they are said to have *found* it. Or, in other words, it was the Divine Presence that was with them agreeably to the petition of Moses—"If thy PRESENCE go not with me, carry us not up hence."

1. This presence was to Israel a *providence*. It anticipated their wishes and supplied their wants. So it has been to us as individuals, as a Church, and as a nation.—Personally the cups of most of you have been running over—you have enjoyed all that heart could wish. Think of the many thousands of dollars you have given in late years to sustain the gospel at home and abroad—of the thousands you have expended in the recent erection of this noble church edifice—of the thousands upon thousands you helped to raise for the defense of your country—and yet all this time you have been building grand houses for yourselves, adding farm to farm, increasing and improving your flocks, educating your children at great expense in first class institutions—in a word, *growing rich*—so that this day you have far more wealth than you had when these expenses began. Who has given you all this? Like the unwasting barrel of meal, or cruise of oil of old, so did you find your resources. You have always had enough and to spare. In God's providence with you, you have "found grace in the wilderness."

2. This presence was a *preservation*. God not only provides for, but *preserves* his people. Israel found it so. He that miraculously fed and clad them, kept them carefully as his jewels, or tenderly as the apple of his eye. Their enemies—our enemies, superior to us in numbers, and in power, and in wisdom, he has kept from harming us, although led on by the old lion that goes around seeking whom he may devour. The God of Jacob has been on our side; He helped, he delivered, he preserved us.—Blessed be his name for the grace of his protecting power.

3. It was also a *guidance*. God was to Israel a "breaker up of their way." All their varied journeyings in the lone wilderness, were determined by, by the pillar of cloud by day to shade them, and of fire by night to illume them. Onward they went after this till they reached the rest for which they set out. Need this be applied? Has he not been to us a most blessed Guide even from our youth up? O, that we had followed more implicitly the teachings of his word as the only rule to direct us how we are to glorify and enjoy him, and thus secure the great end for which he gave us being. "It is not in man to direct his own steps." How ignorant, self-willed, short-sighted and prone to err are we! How often do we seek to escape events that prove blessings, and to obtain supposed blessings that prove banes! O, the embarrassments into which we fall by leaning to our own understandings:

This is the great sin of the day, in both church and State. Thus Bible and Constitutions are laid aside, ignored, rejected, thought to be "played out," and men judge of what is right or wrong from *feeling* rather than from conscience, being governed from passion, rather than from principle, and thus dash themselves and others to ruin under the impulses of an animal, or fiendish phrenzy! Woe to virtue and order when madness rules the hour! Then truly:

"The times are out of joint—
Liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The babe beats the nurse and quiet athwart
Goes all decorum."

How well our late condition as a nation verifies this. From such a state of diabolical fanaticism "good Lord deliver us"—by the return of reason to some of our civil rulers and of grace to the hearts of many of the ministry. O, that in this wilderness Israel's God may fulfill to us the promise, "I am He that teacheth thee to thy profit, and I will lead thee in thee in the way thou *shouldst choose.*"

4. His presence gave them *pardon*.

How often did they need this? How often did they grieve him, provoke him, murmur against him, distrust all his promises! So have we. He had compassion on them: So will he have on us if we repent and return to him again. How unthankful—how unmindful, how distrustful; how faithless, hopeless, uncharitable, unforgiving, incorrigibly bad have we been, to say nothing of the sins that have mixed with our most holy services—closet, cold! family altar, formal! sanctuary, frosty! Sabbath, no delight! sermons, O, our sermons! Alas, we have heard them as antique tales told to our tiring! Our motives too, what imperfections cleave to them even when the acts of which they are the "soul" are right in form!

Yet God has not cut us down. Has pitied and spared us "another year"—we have found grace in the wilderness. We are monuments of his mercy. O, give thanks to the Lord for his pardon-speaking love, for his mercy endureth forever! Finally:

His presence was *assistance*. So the Jews found it—so have we. His grace has been sufficeint for us—as was our day, so was our strength—we are pilgrims—we have found grace for both trial and travail. We have had help from Zion. Conscience is yet faithful—God's word yet shines—His Gospel is still proclaimed—His ordinances still refresh—His house is still a refuge (at least in some places) from the storms of passion. His comings are still sweet—His Spirit consoling—His truth still lives—Blessed be His holy name; He is still *Immanuel*, God-with-us to provide, to preserve, to guide, to forgive, to assist and to save all that trust in Him.

"His loving kindness, O, how free,"

I close with a request that you remember *three* things:

First—All that we find to be *good* in this wilderness state, is "grace."

Second—We would have seen and felt more of this grace had we been more spiritually observant in our condition and journey. It is only the watchful christian that can say, "I see and feel his gracious hand in all things." Psl 107: 43. Carnal men are not so discerning.

Third—Remember that much of this grace as the true child of God finds on earth, he will find a thousand fold more in heaven.

Then, brethren, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation, and godliness? Are we revengeful, unforgiving, unmerciful, implacable to all who oppose our ways and wills? Or are we the reverse, kind, charitable, social, docile followers of Jesus?

"Respecting in each other's case,
The gifts of nature and of grace?"

And knowing from our own conscience as well as from Cowper, that

"Those Christians best deserve the name
Who make PEACE studiously their aim;
PEACE! both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies."

Thus let us live—grateful for the past—contented with the present—hopeful for the future, and thankful for all.

They All Will Do So.

A young man, the son of a well to do farmer, had the misfortune to become deeply enamored of a young lady, and after a brief courtship, proposed and was accepted. But what was his surprise one evening, when entering the parlor with the unceremonious freedom of a young lover, at discovering his young inamorata upon the sofa, her arms around the neck of a neighboring youth, and her lips in such blissful proximity to his as to convince our hero that matters were fearfully in earnest. In rage and mortification he rushed homeward, arriving just in time to surprise his only sister, the pious wife of the village minister 'squeezing to kill' a young disciple of Blackstone. Nearly frantic at such unlooked for disclosures among people he had believed but little lower than the angels, he made a bold dash for the barn, running directly upon his mother, kissing the old family physician, who had 'stolen a march' upon her as she was looking after the poultry. This was too much, and with a groan the young man turned undiscovered, away, resolved to pass the night with his grief, beneath the stars, fearful of further revelations should he venture beneath the shelter of another roof. The morning encouraged him, however, and dew drenched and sorrowful he sought his home, when his mother, with true maternal solicitude, questioned him as to the cause of his sad looks; whereupon he related the inconstancy of his fair betrothed, receiving in reply the gratifying intelligence that she was a good-for-nothing, miserable huzzy, and he must not speak to or notice her again, one so wholly unworthy.

"But mother," he continued, falteringly, "that is not all."

"Not all? What can there be more?" was the next question.

"Why, when I hastened home, what should I find but my sister—my godly sister, in the arms of a rascally young lawyer."

"Your sister!" shricked the outraged mother, "my child? The ungrateful, wicked creature! Is it for this I have given her a home and cared for her husband and children? I will do it no longer; such conduct is infamous—and to be so disgraced! She shall leave to-day and never enter my presence again."

"But this is not the worst, mother.

"Not the worst? I can imagine nothing worse; what can it be?"

"When sick and discouraged by such repeated exhibitions of sin, I left the house, determined to pass the night in the barn, I there found my mother kissing old Dr. F."

"You did!"

"I did!"

"Well, never mind, my son; they all will do so."

Facts and Philanthropy.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

FACT—The freedmen won't work, even to supply the most pressing necessity.

PHILANTHROPY—Then give each of them a forty-acre farm.

FACT—They hang about the towns to beg and steal.

PHIL—Then amend the laws so as to allow them to sit on juries and testify in the courts.

FACT—They are naked and homeless, and unless relieved, will starve to death.

PHIL—Then establish schools for their education, and churches for their conversion.

FACT—They have neither foresight nor economy, and are at once helpless and dangerous.

PHIL—Then obliterate in your society all distinctions on account of color.

FACT—They destroy their children, and are themselves infected with loathsome diseases.

PHIL.—No higher proof could be given of the unity of the human race, or of the higher moral endowments of the African. Give them an abundance of bibles, tracts and testaments.

FACT—The women prostitute themselves and the men aid them in the traffic and divide with them the proceeds.

PHIL.—This proves their eminent fitness for the holy state of matrimony, which, with the aid of Divine Providence, we have introduced among them.

FACT—They are universally unfaithful in the married relation.

PHIL.—This only shows how like they are to ourselves.

Earth not Our Abiding Place.

Bulwer eloquently says:—"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It can't be that our life is cast up by the oceans of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink to nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapprochable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousands streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever."

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh there's power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home;
Though few there be that find it;
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what Nature gave us;
For life hath here no charms so dear,
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them,
For things so far still greater are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us
But soon we're taught that earth hath naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us till that come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were night, if but the light
From friendship's alter crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home and friends around us.

Jim Smiley and his Jumping Frog.

[From the New York Saturday Post.]

Thish yer Smiley had rat terriers and chicken cocks, and tom cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day and took him home, and said he ca'lated to educate him; and so he did nothing for three months but learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him. He give him a little hunch behind and the next minute you'd see the frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset and maybe a couple if he got a good start and come down flat footed and alright, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see it. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything and I believe him.

Why, I have seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and out, "Flies! Dan'l, flies," and quicker than you could wink, he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd done any more than any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he'd get over more ground in one straddle than any animal you ever see of his breed.—Jumping on a dead level was his strongest suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him so long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers who had traveled and ben everywhere all said he laid over any frog that ever they see. Well Smiley kept the beast in a little lattise box, and he used to bring him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a fellow, a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him and his box an says:

"What might it be you have got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like: "It might be a parot, or it might be a canary mayby, but it ain't—its only just a frog."

And the feller took it and looked at it careful, and turned it around this way and that, and says, "H'm—so'tis. Well what's he good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for one thing I should judge—he can out jump any frog in Calveras county."

The feller took the box again and took another long particular look, and gave it back to Smiley and said very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got my opinion that he can out jump ary frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad, like, "Well—I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog—but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you hold my box a minute I'll go and get you a frog;" and so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to himself, and then he got the frog out and pried his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of shot—filled him pretty near up to the chin and set him on the floor. Smiley he went out to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog and fetched him in and gave him to this feller and says:

"Now if you are ready, set him alongside of Dan'l with his fore paws just even with Dan'l's and I'll give the word." Then he says, "one, two, three, jump!" and him the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively; but Dan'l gave a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it was no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was of course.

The feller took the money and started away, and when he was going out at the door he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l and says again very deliberate, "Well—I don't see no points about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood stratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy somehow," and he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds"—and turning him upside down, he belched out about a double-handful of shot. And then he see how it was and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took after the feller, but he never ketched him.

The Test Oath.

The Nashville *Gazette* moralizes on the Congressional test oath:

"Congressional legislation has made a seat in that body obtained by swearing a lie, and the same test will admit one to practice law in the Federal courts. It is now proposed that our Legislature shall offer the exclusive privilege of practicing in the State Courts upon the same terms. The result of such a policy carried out will, of course, be to fill the halls of Congress with members who ought to be in the State prison, and the bar with lawyers whose appropriate place is the prisoner's dock. In all time and in all countries test oaths emanate from a moral corruption, which it is in their nature to increase and perpetuate. They never have kept, and never will keep, any but honest and conscientious men from enjoying the advantages that are made to depend on them."

Dorsey Indicted.

The grand Jury of this county found five bills of indictment against G. Volney Dorsey, late Treasurer of the State of Ohio, based upon the charges of embezzlement of the funds made in the report of the Commission appointed to examine the Treasury last summer. Each indictment relates to a distinct transaction in violation of the law. It appears to be generally understood that his trial will be adjourned to a future session of the Court.—*Crisis*