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Poetry.

THE SLEEP OF DEATH.
BY A. H. COOK.
"Till the heaven be no more, they shall not awake,
Nor be raised out of their sleep."—Job.
They slumber on; over their dew-drenched bed,
Through countless years, the sun has risen and set;
Ages have passed since Love's last tear was shed
Upon their mossy tombs—they slumber yet:
Till the expiring breath shall pass away;
Till the bright sun his azure path forsake—
Till God shall wrap the sleeping day
In pall of darkness, they shall not awake.
Unnumber'd millions have been laid to sleep
With lov'd ones, o'er whose graves they often wept;
Their children, born a little while to weep,
Now slumber where the parents long have slept:
While o'er a dark and desolate world
The troubled waves of sin and sorrow break:
While Death, with his terrific flag unfurled,
Marches in triumph, they shall not awake.
But, in the far, dim future, Faith declares
A glimmering dawn advancing on the night;
Eye long the "Sun of Righteousness" shall rise;
And all his glories burst upon the sight:
And when the "arch-angel's" voice—the trumpet of God,
With awful peal, the universe shall shake,
That powerful voice shall pierce the dark abode
Of slumbering millions; and they shall awake.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.
BY ELIZA COOK.
The well to you, 'tis well to you,
For so the world has done
Since myrtle grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care, ye young and fair—
Be sure you plow with trust;
Be certain that your levee will wear
Beyond the days of youth.
For if ye give not heart for heart,
You'll find you've played the "unwise" part,
And "built upon the sand."
"Tis well to save, 'tis well to give,
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff—
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust
Unmixed with pure things.
And he who piles up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin chest and urn
"Tis built upon the sand."
"Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe wherever we can,
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But then stay not the gentle words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The Mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand,
For those who talk yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

Choice Miscellany.

THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

A few years since, at the base of an Indian mound, a chief resided, whose young daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty, and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle, who had won her heart, but also those whose suits she had rejected. Among the rejected suitors one alone so laid it to heart, as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity, though he manifested no desire for open violence. Both these young men were brave, both skillful in the use of weapons, which far away on the buffalo plains had sometimes been used in battle, but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and strayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into an habitual scowl.—The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be equal both in strength and skill.
The Indian customs did not permit the young couple to be much alone with each other, but they sometimes contrived to meet at twilight on the top of this mound, and spend there a happy hour. Young Eagle was a favorite with his tribe, except among the women of the Wolf; and among the whites, too, he had made many friends, one of whom, who had hunted much with the Eagle, had given him a Colt's revolver, the only one owned in the tribe. Delighted with his formidable weapon, he had become skill-

ful in its use, and on one summer evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their appointed day was near. One side of this mound is naked rock, which for thirty feet or more is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a footpath, and by it a large flat sandstone rock, forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few low bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound. On this rock Young Eagle sat him down to await the maiden's coming. In a few moments the bushes rustled near him, and rising, as he thought, to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man and forced to the brink of the precipice.—The eyes of two met in the moonlight, and each knew then that the struggle was for life. Pinned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate wrestle, a death-wrestle followed, in which each was thoroughly maddened. The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each instantly grasping his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right, the one his knife, the other his revolver. In the struggle the handle of the knife of the Wolf had been turned in the girl, and missing it at the first grasp, ere he could recover himself the revolver was at his breast and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eye, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed, and as the body sank the Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet in the corpse as it rolled heavily down; and this not satisfying his revenge, he ran round and down to the side of the mound, and there tore off the scalp of his foe.

The young girl, who was ascending the mound to meet her lover, heard these successive shots, and knowing well from what source such rapid discharges alone could come, hastened on, and came just in season to see the Eagle scalping his victim. She soon brought her family to the spot, and every circumstance of the transaction showed at once the dangerous position in which the Eagle was placed. There was no witness of the combat, no means whatever of showing that he had smitten the Wolf in self-defence. The number of ball-holes in the body, and tearing off of the scalp, all seemed to bear evidence against him, and he knew that the friends of the Wolf would take advantage of every circumstance in order to procure his death as a murderer. He felt that death was certain if he submitted himself for trial, and he therefore determined to defend himself as best he might, and wait the result of his only chance for life.

These Indians observed the law that was established among oriental nations long before the time of Moses, by which the shedding of blood may be rightfully avenged by the nearest kinsman of the slain, while the murderer, in this respect, is an outlaw, well of course defend himself as best he may.
And at the same time the friends of the deceased are at liberty to accept a ransom for the life of their friend, and often—if for a time the murderer escapes the blow of the avenger of blood—a compromise is effected, and the affair is settled. In the meantime the avenger of blood assumes the office at the risk of his own life, for if he fails retribution is not demanded only for the blood of the first one slain.

The young Eagle at once took his resolution, sustained by the advice of his friends. Completely armed he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped that while he was himself concealed, no one could approach him by day without being exposed to his fire—and he had two devoted and skillful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf. These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound, which had long been his hunting companion, and had guarded him many a night when camping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded, with lofty enthusiasm, to be made his wife, and then, acquainted with every stratagem of savage war, and with every faculty sharpened by affection, and her husband's danger, she watched, and warned, and shielded every art that the roused spirit could employ.

ward the knife when he met that look. He passed; his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lips quivered, and then a tear was in his eye.
"Father," said the brother, "he spared my life."
The old man turned away.
"I accept the ransom," he said, "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."
The feud was completely healed. All were at last convinced that the Eagle was not a murderer; the ransom itself was presented to his wife as a gift, and he and the "avenger of blood" lived afterward as friends and brothers.

The brother of the Wolf knew well that the Eagle's wife must supply him with food, and determined, if possible, to entrap her. He therefore studied and imitated her gait, he obtained opportunities of observing her dress, and when he felt that he was perfect in his part, he arrayed himself one evening in a dress the exact counterpart of hers, with a knife and tomahawk concealed beneath, and bearing some food openly before him, took, just at twilight, the common path up the mound, where he knew the mere sound of footsteps would be less likely to alarm the dog or his master, and he hoped to approach so near without suspicion, that he might by a sudden rush secure his victim. His plan was skillfully executed. He imitated well the light step of Eagle's wife; the approaching form was one familiar to the dog, and he had not caught the scent.—He wagged his tail as he lay with his eye fixed as if he would soon bound up and forward with a welcome. The Eagle addressed his supposed wife in gentle tones and bade her hasten. The blood avenger was within ten feet of his intended victim, and thought that all was gained, when the dog with one yell and one bound threw himself upon him and bore him to the earth, with his jaws grappled to his throat. Entangled by the female dress and throttled by the hound, he could not draw his knife, and the Eagle, who comprehended the scene at a glance, deprived him of his weapons, while held by his dog, then pinned his arms.

"Now, go to your friends," said he; "I crave not your blood. Your brother sought my life, on this very spot, and I slew him, but only to save my own.—But stay; you shall go home as a warrior should. You have shown some skill in this."
He cut the pinions from his arms, and gave him back his weapons. They were taken in silence, and the humbled yet grateful foe withdrew.

Three months thus passed away, and negotiations were opened for a ransom. The friends in such a case agree to treat, but do not engage to accept what may be offered for life. This is to be decided only on a spot appointed for the ceremony, and with the shedder of blood unarmed, and completely in their power, and bound by the law to make no resistance. When the parties are present, and the proposed ransom is offered, it is considered by the friends of the slain man, and if accepted, all is settled; but if not, they have the right to seize the murderer on the spot, without resistance from him or from his friends.

In this case the friends of the Wolf agreed to consider a ransom, and Young Eagle consented to abide the issue, he and his friends hoping that the sparing of the brother's life might have some influence in the decision, and besides it was now generally believed in the tribe that the Wolf had been the aggressor.
At the day appointed the parties met in an open space with hundreds to witness the scene around. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, then by his side was laid down a large knife, with which he was to be slain, if the ransom was not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of the old men were dim with tears. Over against them, and so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life or death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad, rather than revengeful. A red blanket was now produced and spread upon the ground. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining.—Next a blanket of blue was spread over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in heaven and remembered no more; and last, a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of blood should remain, and that every where and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of the Eagle brought goods of various kind, and piled them high before the father of the slain man, who considered them a mo-

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THE DRUNKARD.

Poverty, in itself, is not a crime. No disgrace belongs to the man who, by reverses in business, is led down from affluence to destitution: The poorest man who walks this earth of sorrow, or who toils in vain to clothe and feed his children, can stand in the presence of the man of millions, with no consciousness of inferiority. But when poverty is the result of crime, it becomes at once sinful and disgraceful; when it is the result of gambling, or drinking, or lying, it covers its victims with a robe of shame. Under any circumstances it is exceedingly unpleasant and inconvenient to the very poor, and by the most men, poverty is dreaded as one of the worst evils. Now poverty is as sure to follow a course of intemperance, as light and heat to follow the rising of the sun. God has so ordained. In his word he has declared that the drunkard shall come to poverty, and whenever we behold drunkenness, we also gaze upon squalid misery. Go into any community and you will see affluence to be the result of sobriety, and destitution the sure attendant of dissipation. You will expect to find in the neat, vine-covered cottage, a frugal temperate man; and in the hovel unpainted and desolate, the windows shattered, the doors unlined; an intemperate

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ANECDOTE OF JOHN ADAMS.

John Adams, when he was President of the United States, was most grossly insulted by one Mathew Lyon, a Representative in Congress from Vermont.—Lyon was, as we know, a most consummate blackguard, and the first of the race that had then found their way to Congress, though the breed has most signally increased within the last half century.
Lyon affirmed with an oath that he hated President Adams, and was often heard to say that if he could only give him one good tweak of the nose, he would "die and go to—satisfied."
Mr. Adams was very fond of walking, and it was well known that he almost every morning walked for exercise from the Presidential mansion to Georgetown bridge—a distance of two and a half miles. One morning, in the month of June, 1799, as Mr. Adams was taking his usual stroll, he was met by Lyon, who thus accosted him:
"You are the President of the United States, I understand!"
"My name, sir," replied the President, "is John Adams. I am a native of Braintree, Massachusetts, and the people of the United States have elected me to the office of Chief Executive of the Union. I am, sir, very much at your service."
Lyon, who was a stalwart man, of unusual irascible temperament, was rather taken aback by the cool and determined manner of the President, and at first hesitated to proceed, but at length, summoning all his native recklessness to his aid, he drew himself into a hostile attitude, and rudely vociferated—
"Well, sir, I am Mathew Lyon, a representative from the State of Vermont; and it becomes me to tell you, sir, that you are no gentleman!"
"The question of my gentility, sir," returned Mr. Adams, "is one that others tell you, sir, that I allow no man to insult me with impunity, whether I be John Adams, of Braintree, or John Adams, President of the United States."
"Sir, you are a puppy!" screamed Lyon, "and it is I that tell you so."
At the instant, Mr. Adams, who, in following the fashion of the times, carried or wore a long and a very heavy head-cane, raised it above his head, and letting it fall with the weight of Sampson, laid Lyon low at his feet.

This incident, which was related to us a few days ago by an aged gentleman who witnessed it, is recorded most faithfully and elaborately in Holmes' *Personal Journal of the Last Century and a half*.—*New York Atlas*.

From a little brown farm house, pent in by forests, way up in the Granite State, that young man had gone forth, with brave heart and stalwart arm; strong, like his native hills, he had already made a name for himself; polished circle opened for him, and gentle lips bade him welcome. Yet none the less carefully did his many arm support his homely, tottering old mother; none the less softly and tenderly did he call her, queer though she looked, "my mother," amongst the proud beauties who had striven for his favor. Her dress was antiquated, for the good gifts of her son had been sadly mutilated by rustic hands; yet only one heartless girl tittered, despite the broad filled cap and well kept shawl. Her voice was rough, and often her expressions coarse and inelegant. Used to the social pang at home, she asked for her neighbor's goblet at table, and was guilty of many like vulgarities. She was not an interesting woman, save in her vigorous age, and her beautiful love for her son.

Yet for a week, the son watched over that mother, and gained for her kindness and defence, in the very face of fashion, walked with her, drove with her, "an infant, up a difficult mountain side, haggard her cap-

A SHORT STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY ELLEN C. HOBBS.
"Honor thy father and thy mother," is the first commandment with promise—promise as beautiful in its exemplification as glorious in its conception. A mother's lips first breathed into our ears those words of Holy Writ, and explained their general import; and from the time when the story of gray-haired Elijah and his youthful mockers first excited my young imagination, up to mature womanhood, the respect then inspired for the white hairs of age has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. We sigh as we think of the days when the young were wont to bow before the hoary head, and, by gentle, uncalculated assidues, strew roses in the old man's tottering path.

But those kindly customs of our Puritan ancestors have passed away. The world grows selfish, as it grows old; and age dimmed eyes must turn homeward for stays to their trembling hand and tottering limbs. Here should they find the fulfillment of the first commandment with promise.

No true, womanly soul ever withdrew her gentle hand from her poor old father or mother; no manly heart ever forgot the home loves of his wayward childhood, or ceased to hear the echoes of a fond mother's prayers. Often the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, may choke up the inborn affections of narrow souls; but few and far between is the fondly loved child, who can be so untrue to himself or his Maker, as wholly to forget the mother who bore him.

Yet even with the holiest dictates of our reasons and souls, as with the wider application of the commandment, has Fashion insinuated her poisonous influence; and the son, perchance, who left his fond parent's humble home reluctantly, and tearfully, to make his way in the world, forgets, when fortune favors, to welcome his rustic mother to his own luxury, with the same cordial embrace which he left her in his childhood. Her dim old eyes, perchance, do not catch readily the meaningless courtesies of life; nevertheless, they look none the less lovingly upon her child than when they watched over his helpless infancy. He, withered hands may be large and bony, and never have known a jewel; but none the less gently did they smooth the weary pillow, or bath the heated brow, in the dependent days of boyhood. Ah! she's the same fond mother still; her age and work bent form, laid in rustic garb, conceals a heart full of never dying love, and ready for new sacrifice.

And, thanks to the Great Being who gave us the commandment with promise, now and then stands up a noble man, true to his inborn nature, who, throwing off the trammels of Fashion, however wide the gulf which separates him in the world's eye, from the humble poverty of his boyhood—who is not ashamed to love, before his fellows, the humble mother who gave him birth.

"My mother—permit me to present her to you," said an elegantly-dressed, noble-looking young man, to a friend, for whom he had crossed a crowded drawing room, with his aged parent leaning on his arm. "There was a dead silence for full five minutes. The moral beauty of the picture pervaded every soul, and melted away the frostwork from world-worn hearts. 'Twas the old foreground of a fashionable summer resort, whether hosts had come, with all their selfish passions, to seek in vain for health and pleasure, or but here was a variation—a bit of truth to nature—in the motley mingling of colors.

From a little brown farm house, pent in by forests, way up in the Granite State, that young man had gone forth, with brave heart and stalwart arm; strong, like his native hills, he had already made a name for himself; polished circle opened for him, and gentle lips bade him welcome. Yet none the less carefully did his many arm support his homely, tottering old mother; none the less softly and tenderly did he call her, queer though she looked, "my mother," amongst the proud beauties who had striven for his favor. Her dress was antiquated, for the good gifts of her son had been sadly mutilated by rustic hands; yet only one heartless girl tittered, despite the broad filled cap and well kept shawl. Her voice was rough, and often her expressions coarse and inelegant. Used to the social pang at home, she asked for her neighbor's goblet at table, and was guilty of many like vulgarities. She was not an interesting woman, save in her vigorous age, and her beautiful love for her son.

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GEN. WASHINGTON'S LAST VOICE.

A correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* relates the following interesting circumstance:
"I was present when Gen. Washington gave his last vote. It was in the spring of 1799, in the town of Alexandria. He died the 11th of December following. The Court-House of Fairfax county was then over the Market House and immediately fronting Gasby's tavern. The entrance into it was by a slight flight of crazy steps on the outside. The election was progressing—several thousands of persons in the Court House yard and immediate neighboring streets, and I was standing on Gadsby's steps when the Father of his country drove up and immediately approached the Court-House steps, and when within a yard or two of them I saw eight or ten good-looking men from different directions, certainly without the least concert, spring simultaneously and place themselves in positions to uphold and support the steps should they fall in the General's ascent of them. I was immediately at his back, and in that position entered the Court-house with him—followed in his wake through a dense crowd to the polls—heard him vote—returned with him to the outward crowd—heard him cheered by more than two thousand persons as he entered his carriage, and saw his departure. There were five or six candidates on the bench sitting, and as the General approached them, they rose in a body and bowed smilingly, and the salutation having been returned very gracefully, the General immediately cast his eyes towards the registry of the polls, when Col. Denesle, I think it was, said: 'Well, General, how do you vote?' The General looked at the candidates and said: 'Gentlemen, I vote for measures, not for men; and turning to the recording table audibly pronounced his vote, saw it entered, made a graceful bow, and retired.'

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—A STORY WITH A MORAL.

The *Albany Express* tells the following instructive story:
"On the up trip Monday night of the Isaac Newton from New York, a young woman, a passenger, became acquainted and was smitten with one Rogers, a fireman on the boat, and matters progressed so happily and rapidly that in the morning the train appeared before Justice Cole, with a request that he should join them for better or worse. Justice Cole endeavored to persuade them that the step was to precipitate, and had better be postponed until the bride's friends were seen or consulted. But no—they came to be married, and nothing else, and so married they were, the bride paying the fee. They left the office together to make the visit out West to the bride's relatives, which was her original intention. But alas! when at the railroad depot something occurred to mar the but just consummated happiness, and an officer had to be called upon to interfere. He ascertained that the groom refused to accompany her, and had in his possession the rings and the breast pin of the bride, and refused to return them unless she would go back with him to the justice and sign a document never to trouble him again, or call on him for support. She refused to do so, and also refused to have him arrested; saying that if her friends knew what she had done they would kill her. All efforts at compromise, or for the recovery of the jewelry, being useless, the unfortunate bride was compelled, all in tears, and disconsolate, to leave her lord and master to pursue his way. The affair attracted quite a crowd from which the lady sought refuge in the cars. Shame on the unmanly husband! Both were from the Emerald Isle."

A BETTER MAN THAN HIS BROTHER.

In Philadelphia a wedding party arrived from the country. They put up at one of the public houses, and in the evening, the preliminaries having been settled, and the clergyman in attendance, the ceremony was about to begin, when the bridegroom manifested some dissatisfaction. The bride seeing this, and being high spirited, showed as much independence as the lover. In the confusion which ensued, the bridegroom's brother stepped up to the bride and said:
"Since—won't marry you, I'll marry you myself, if you have no objection."
"None in the least," said the bride; "I always took you for a better man than your brother, and I am now fully convinced of it."

The knot was at once tied, and much gratification was expressed at the finale of the affair.
"None in the least," said the bride; "I always took you for a better man than your brother, and I am now fully convinced of it."

Is commencing business, young men should make up their minds to the following facts, that their profits will always be a little less than they anticipated, while their expenses will invariably be a decided sight more.
The more a man is envied, the less he is spared.

INDIAN FAITH.

A writer in the *Missouri Republican* says of the Sioux, Pawnee, Crow, and Blackfoot Indians, that only a few of them have any doubt of the prowess of the whites, and that the tales they hear of villages covering miles of space, and containing hundreds of thousands of inhabitants; and of wigwags built of stone, one on the other, to a great height and vast extent, and divided into hundreds of lodges, and of long trains of wagons that run without horses at the rate of two or three hundred miles between the rising and setting of the sun; and of guns that throw balls as large as a man's head, three or four miles with accuracy, they believe just as we do the wonder related in Gulliver's Travels. They think that they would have no difficulty in whipping all the white braves that might be sent against them. The writer from whom we quote these facts says that if war with these tribes must come, it must extend over a vast territory—among mountains, in deserts, and on plains. Hardships and sufferings, innumerable and inconceivable, will come in long marches over rocks and sands; in thirst and heat beneath the suns of summer, and in aching, stiffening cold, amid the snows of winter.

A Dog Story.—We were touched by a simple statement of the loss of a boy and the fidelity of a dog in last week's *Caledonian*. The boy fell into the river in Barton, unseen by any one but a girl. A large dog owned near by, heard the splash, ran to the spot and leaped into the stream. It was just dark, and boy and dog disappeared before any help arrived; next day the bodies were taken from the water together, the dog grasping the boy's vest and coat collar in his mouth, and the arms of the boy clasped around the dog's body. So firmly were they united in the struggle of death, that they were separated with no little difficulty. The grasp of the boy around the body of the dog was such as to prevent him from using his legs, otherwise he would doubtless have rescued the boy.—*Burlington Free Press*.

The *Rockville Republican* is responsible for the following capital illustration of Solomon's injunction to "answer a fool according to his folly."
The editor of the N. Y. "Churchman" is getting entirely too good for this world. He ought to be translated. Hear him, ladies, and then take two fans to church, the next time; one for yourself and the other to lend. The *Churchman* says:
"Avoid the use of a fan in church, at all times. During the heat of the summer it is no doubt a great luxury. But we are not in God's holy temple to think of luxuries; rather of endurance and sacrifice. The practice is a most irreverent one. When we go to perform our solemn devotions to God, we are not to give way to self-indulgence. It is a profane familiarity in the presence of Him who is greatly to be feared in the assembly of his saints."
Suppose young man, you were in church on a very hot day, and a fine, large, sleek, active flea—one that was awful hungry for a "bite"—was to crawl up your breeches leg, settle himself on your calf, and begin to taste that delicious morsel, what would you do? Would you scratch?

A celebrated comedian arranged with the green grocer, one Berry, to pay him quarterly; but the green grocer sent in his account long before the quarter was due. The comedian, in great wrath, came upon the grocer, and laboring under the impression that his credit was doubted, said—"I say here's a pretty mul, Berry, you sent in your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry; your father the elder Berry, wouldn't have been such a goose, Berry. But you need not look so black, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and shan't pay you till Christmas, Berry."

Didn't like to go among strangers.—A Jerseyman was sick, and not expected to recover. His friends gathered around his bed, and one of them said to him:
"John do you feel willing to die?"
John made an effort to give his views on the subject, and answered with his feeble voice:
"I—think—I'd rather stay—where I am—better acquainted."

There are two classes of idiots, public and private. The former consists of second-rate actors, who persist in playing Richard—the latter, into solitude and rivers, because a girl just out of her bibs and tuckers, refuse to increase their annual expenses.

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