

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

"EXCELSIOR."

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CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, FEB 23, 1859.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV.—NO. 6.

The Republican.

Terms of Subscription.
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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid or charged according to these terms.
J. H. LARRIMER.

BUENOS AIRES

DENIAL CARD.
A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and dispatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row.
Sept. 14th, 1858. Iya.

DR. R. V. WILSON.
HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer all communications heretofore.

LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c. &c. in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties.
July 30.—y

JOHN TROUTMAN
STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Litz's Foundry.
June 13, 1859.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.
Iron Founders, Carversville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order.
Dec. 29, 1857.

L. JACKSON GRANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second street, Clearfield, Pa.
June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,
Physician, may be found either at his office at Scotland's hotel, Carversville, when he is professionally absent.
Dec. 29, 1853

FREDERICK ARNOLD,
Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg Clearfield county, Pa.
April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,
At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield. MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber,
July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Carversville.
Dec. 29, 1853.

D. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Carversville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity.
Residence on Second street, opposite J. Crank, Esq.
my 7 '56.

P. W. BARRETT,
MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.
March 3, 1853.

J. L. CUTLER,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield.
March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,
RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawville, August 15, 1855.

D. O. CROUCH,
PHYSICIAN—Office in Carversville.
May

WM. P. CHAMBERS,
CARRIAGE on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Carversville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to.
Jan. 3, 1858.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office.
dec. 1, 1848.—tf.

JOSEPH PETERS,
Justice of the Peace, Carversville, Penna.
ONE door east of Montellus & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all instruments of writing done on short notice.
March 21, 1858. y.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield would inform the public that he is prepared to do work in the above line, from plain to ornamental of any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms.
EDWIN COOPER.
Clearfield, April 17, 1857. 7-

YOUR TEETH.
TAKE CARE OF THEM!
D. A. M. HILLS, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now devoting all of his time to operations in Dentistry. Those desiring his services will find him at his office, adjoining his residence at nearly all times, and always on Fridays and Saturdays, unless the contrary be given in the town papers the week previous.
N. B. All work warranted to be satisfactory.
Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22nd, 1858.

Original Poetry.

My Life is like the scattered Wreck.
"My life is like the summer rose,"—WILSON.
My life is like the scattered wreck,
Cast by the waves upon the shore;
The broken masts, the rifled deck,
Tell of the shipwreck that is o'er.
Yet from the relics of the storm
The mariner his bark will form,
Again to tempt the faithless sea;
But hope rebuilds no bark for me.
My life is like the blighted oak,
That lifts its bare and withered form,
Scathed by the lightning's sudden stroke,
Sternly to meet the coming storm.
Yet round that sapless trunk entwine
The clinging tendrils of the vine,
And life and freshness there impart—
But never to the blighted heart.
My life is like the desert rock,
In ocean waste so lone and drear;
Worn by the wild wave's ceaseless shock,
That round its base their surges rear.
Yet there the sea-moss still will cling—
Some flower will find a cleft to spring—
And breathe, e'en there, a sweet perfume—
For me, life's flower no more will bloom.

Jonathan Snow.
I
Poor Jonathan Snow
Away did go
All on the ragen mane,
With other males
All for to catch wales
& nere cum back agen.
II
The winds blow hi,
The billers tost,
All hands were lost,
And he was one,
A sprightly lad
Night 21.

Miscellaneous.

Extracts from the Biography of Douglas Jerrold, by his son.

DOUGLAS JERROLD AS MIDSHIPMAN.
"He had gone ashore with Capt. Hutchison, and was left in command of the gig. While the commander was absent, two of the men in the mid-shipman's charge requested permission to make some trifling purchase. The good natured officer assented, adding,—By the way, you may as well buy me some apples and a few pears. 'All right, sir,' said the men; and they departed. The captain presently returned, and still the seamen were away on their errand. They were searched for, but they could not be found. They had deserted. Any naval reader whose eyes may wander over this page will readily imagine the disgrace into which Midshipman Douglas Jerrold fell with his captain. Upon the young delinquent the event made a lasting impression, he talked about it with that curious excitement which lit up his face when he spoke of anything he had felt.—He remembered even the features of the two deserters; as he had, most unexpectedly, an opportunity of proving. The mid-shipman had long put his dirk aside, and washed the salt from his brave face. He had become a fighter with a keener weapon than his dirk ever proved, when one day strolling eastward, possibly from the office of his own newspaper to the printing premises of Messrs. Braubury and Evans, in Whitefriars, he was suddenly struck with the face and form of a baker, who, with his load of bread at his back, was examining some object in the window of the surgical instrument maker, who puzzled so many inquisitive passers-by, near the entrance to King's College.—There was no mistake. Even the four dredge could not hide the fact. The ex-midshipman walked manly to the baker's side, and rapping him sharply upon the back, said—'I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit? The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not calmed the unquiet suggestions of his conscience. He remembered the fruit and the little middy, for he said—'Lo! is that you sir?' The midshipman went on his way laughing."

DICKENS' OPINION OF JERROLD.
"Few of his friends," Mr. Dickens writes, "I think, can have more favorable opportunities of knowing him in his gentlest and most affectionate aspect than I have had. He was one of the gentlest and most affectionate men, I remember very well that when I first saw him, in about the year 1835, when I went into his sick room in Thistle Grove, Brompton, and found him propped up in a great chair, bright-eyed, and quick and eager in spirit, but very lame in body, he gave me an impression of tenderness. It never became dissociated from him. There was nothing cynical or sour in his heart as I knew it. In the company of his children and young people he was particularly happy, and showed to extraordinary advantage. He never was so gay, sweet-tempered, so pleasing and so pleased as then. Among my own children I have observed this many and many a time. When they and I came home from Italy, in 1845, your father went to Brussels to meet us, in company with our friends, Mr. Forster and Mr. Maclean. We all traveled together about Belgium for a little while, and all came home together. He was the delight of the children all the time, and they were his delight. He was in his most brilliant spirits,

and I doubt if he were ever more humorous in his life. But the most enduring impression that he left upon us, who are grown up—and we have often spoken of it since—was, that Jerrold, in his amiable capacity of being easily pleased, in his freshness, in his good nature, in his cordiality, and in the unrestrained openness of his heart, had quite captivated us. Of his generosity, I had a proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined each in his own separate party in the Stranger's Room of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember) and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in a most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face that I can see as I write to you: 'For God's sake, let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this.'"

DOUGLAS JERROLD—FRAGMENTS OF HIS TALK.

"A dinner is discussed. Douglas Jerrold listens quietly, possibly tired of dinners and declining pressing invitations to be present. In a few minutes he will decline in. 'If an earthquake were to engulf England to-morrow, the English would manage to meet and dine somewhere among the rubbish, just to celebrate the event.' A friend drops in, and walks across the smoking room to Douglas Jerrold's chair. The friend wants to enlist Mr. Jerrold's sympathies in behalf of a mutual acquaintance who is in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. —'s hat is becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indecency of the proceeding. On the occasion to which I now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by my father with evident dissatisfaction. 'Well,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'how much do you want this time?' 'Why, just a four and two naughts will, I think, put him straight,' the bearer of the hat replied.—'Jerrold,' 'Well, put me down for one of the naughts.' 'An old gentleman, whom I will call Prosy Very, was in the habit of meeting my father, and pouring long, pointless stories into his impatient ears. On one occasion Prosy related a long, limp account of a stupid practical joke, concluding with the information that the effect of the joke was so potent, he really thought he should have died with laughter.—'Jerrold,' 'I wish to heaven you had.' The 'Chain of Events,' playing at the Lyceum Theatre, is mentioned. 'Humph,' says Douglas Jerrold, 'I'm afraid the manager will find it a door-chain strong enough to keep everybody out of his house.'—Then some somewhat laudic-adisical young members drop in. They opine that the club is not sufficiently vest; they hit at something near Pall Mall, and a little more style. Douglas Jerrold rebukes them. 'No, no, gentlemen; not near Pall Mall; we might catch coronets.' Another of these young gentlemen, who has recently emerged from the humblest fortune and position, and exulting in the social consideration of his new elevation, puts aside his antecedents. Having met Douglas Jerrold in the morning while on horseback, he ostentatiously says to him, 'Well, you see I'm all right at last!' 'Yes,' is the reply, 'I see you now ride upon your cat's meat. The conversation turns upon the fastidiousness of the times. 'Why,' says a member, 'they'll soon say marriage is improper.' 'No, no,' replied Douglas Jerrold, 'they'll always consider marriage good breeding.' A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he begins: 'Gentlemen, all I want is common sense.—' 'Exactly,' Douglas Jerrold interrupts; 'that is precisely what you do want.' The discussion is lost in a burst of laughter. The talk lightly passes to the writings of a certain Scot. A member holds that the Scot's name should be handed down to a grateful posterity. D. J.: 'I quite agree with you that he should have an *ich* in the Temple of Fame.' Brown drops in. Brown is said by all his friends to be the body of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room is the proof that Brown is in the passage. When Jones has the influenza, Brown dutifully catches a cold in the hand. D. J. to Brown: 'Have you heard the rumor that's flying about town?' 'No,' 'Well, they say Jones pays the doct'g for you,' Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and had expressed his disappointment. 'Friend,' 'I hear you said—was the worst book I ever wrote.' Jerrold. 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.' A supper of sheep's heads is proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of this dish, and, as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, 'Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!' Jerrold.—'There's egotism!'"

Doings in British India.
The despatches and letters from British India which, not long since, were so eagerly read, here and abroad, seem to have lost entirely their former charm. The constant repetition of the incidents of a straggling campaign with its everlasting defeats, marches, routs and victories, proved too much for the patience of the reading public, and so they dismissed the subject from their minds. Not so the British letter-writers, who still furnish their six long, broad columns apiece, at every arrival of the mail to their respective journals. The *Times* correspondence contains a description of the massacre which occurred on the 24th of December, in the Oude. The rebels, we are told, finding their retreat likely to be cut off by the utmost disorder, and 450 of them were slain, while the remainder betook themselves to the jungles. Seventeen guns with ammunition, all the carts, and most of the muskets fell into the hands of the English, who expect that the survivors will disperse and go home. Though Omroa Lingie had contrived to hold some of them together, it is supposed that this success completes the subjugation of Southern Oude, which probably means only, that no more resistance *en masse* will be offered there. In northern Oude matters stand as follows: The army there, which is said to be strong in artillery, is commanded by the Begum, the Queen of Oude. They hold many forts, of which the strongest is Bareitch. Sir H. Grant had been ordered to assault the latter, and had crossed the Gogra for that purpose. It is confidently expected that after the fall of Bareitch the Begum's corps will no longer venture upon resistance in open battle, that they will disperse, and that so the rebellion will have wholly disappeared from Oude. Yet, it may be, and is very probable even, that the dispersed army, scouring the country in small bands, will necessitate the constant, active aid of the army to carry on what government there is possible in Oude.

The disorganization of the rebel corps is thus nearly complete, but it was less the work of the British arms than bribery.—Every service rendered by distinguished natives to the British army, every act of treason against their country, was brilliantly rewarded. A citizen of Arrah who, at the rising in August, 1857, rendered some assistance to the British troops has just been rewarded with a pension of \$5,000 a year, settled on him for life, and \$2,500 a year upon his heirs for ever.—"The gift," says a correspondent, "carved out of the confiscated estates of Koor Singh, is worth \$100,000 in open market, and is certainly a magnificent acknowledgment." Cheap munificence, that! The former practice of pensioning conquered Indian sovereigns—that is, allowing them a portion of their own private estates—has been supplanted by still more economical practice. Many of them have been killed during the present struggle, in cold blood, when they fell into the hands of the British as prisoners of war, among them the princes of Delhi, who were slain by the hand of a heroic British officer, a Captain Rodson, the moment they were delivered up to him as captives. Their aged, venerable father was doomed to share the fate of the King of Oude. "The King of Delhi," writes the *Times* correspondent, and his family have now finally disappeared from the scene. On the 21st ult. they were carried on board the Megera, which immediately steamed down the river on her way to the Cape. The King is accompanied by two of his wives, his son, and his grandson, the only members of the race alive, except one or two still arms." So ends the house of Timour! Two hundred years ago the agents of the East India Company stood before this man's ancestor, then the absolute ruler of 100,000,000 of people, with folded hands, begging permission to exist at a single town upon the coast.

How sad, how tragical are this poor King's declining days; how indescribably inhuman, brutal, this transportation to a desolate rock of the old man of 85 years who, robbed of all that was dear to him on earth, stands already with one foot in his grave. It is true that conquest is as old as the world, but where find we in the history of the conquest of India, a single manifestation of those great redeeming and mitigating features that generally enter into a conqueror's character, magnanimity and justice.—*Pennsylvania.*
Some libellous fellow says that a woman's heart is the sweetest thing in the world—in fact a perfect honeycomb full of *sella*.

and the gallant company were ousted.—Then succeeded the Hooks and Eyes—then *Our Club*, a social weekly gathering, which Douglas Jerrold attended only three weeks before his death. Hence some of his sayings went forth to the world. Here, when some member, hearing an air mentioned, "exclaimed, 'That always carries me away when I hear it.' 'Can nobody whistle it?' asked Douglas Jerrold. 'My father ordered a bottle of old port, not *elder* port, he said. Asking about the talent of a young painter, his companion declared that the youth was mediocre.—'Oh!' was the reply; 'the very worst ochre an artist can set to work with.' * * Walking to the club with a friend from the theatre, some intoxicated young gentlemen reeled up to the dramatist and said, 'Can you tell us the way to the Judge and Jury?' 'Keep on as you are, young gentlemen,' was the reply; 'you're sure to overtake them.' * * He took the chair at one of the anniversary dinners of the Eclectic Club—a debating society consisting of young barristers, authors, and artists. The *piece de resistance* had been a saddle of mutton. After dinner the chairman rose and said: 'Well, gentlemen, I trust that the noble saddle we have eaten has grown a woolsock for one among you.'"

SETTING WITH THE GIRLS.
The next great trial of the boy is to be obliged by a cruel master to sit with the girls at school. This usually comes before the development of those undeniable affluities which, in after life, would tend to make the punishment more endurable.—To be pointed out as 'gal boy,' to be smiled at grimly by the master, who is so far delighted with his own ineffable pleasure as to give the little boys licence to laugh aloud, and to be placed by the side of a girl that has no hankerchief, and no knowledge of the use of that article, we submit, is a trial of no mean magnitude.—Yet we have been obliged to "sit up close" with big Rachel, laughing and blushing till we came to late her name. We wonder where the overgrown frowzy creature is now, and what the condition of her head is?

THE FIRST LONG-TAILED COAT.
We do not believe that any boy ever put on his long-tailed coat without a sense of shame. He first twists his back half of looking at it in the glass, and then when he steps out of doors it seems to him as if all creation was in a broad grin. The sun laughs in the sky; the cows turn to look at him; there are faces at every window; his shadow mocks him. When he walks by the cottage where Jane lives, he dares not look up for his life. The very boards creak with consciousness of the strange spectacle, and the old pair of pantaloons that stop a light in the garret window, nod with derision. If he is obliged to pass a group of men and boys, the trial assumes a most terrific stage. His legs get all mixed up with embarrassment, and the flap of the dangling appendage is felt upon them, moved by the wind of his own agitation; he could not feel worse were it a badge of disgrace. It is a happy time for him when he gets to church and sits down with his coat-tails under him; but he is still apprehensive with thinking of the Sunday school, and wonders if any of the children will ask him to 'show his long-tailed blue.'"

GOING HOME WITH THE GIRLS.
The entrance into society may be said to take place after boyhood has passed away, yet a multitude take the initiative before their beards are presentable. It is a great trial either to a tender or a tough age. For an overgrown boy to go to a door, knowing that there are a dozen girls inside, and to knock or ring with absolute certainty that in two minutes all their eyes will be upon him, is a severe test of courage. To go before these girls and make a satisfactory tour of the room without stepping on their toes, and then sit down and dispose of one's hands without putting them into one's pockets, is an achievement which few boys can boast.—If a boy can get so far as to measure out ten yards of tape with one of these girls, and cut it short at each end, he may stand a chance to pass a pleasant evening, but let him not flatter himself that all the trials of the evening are over. There comes at last the breaking up. The dear girls don their hoods, and put on their shawls and look saucy and mischievous, and impassable, as if they did not wish any one to go home then. Then comes the pinch, and the boy who has the most pluck makes up to the prettiest girl, his heart in his throat, and his tongue clinging to the roof of his mouth, and croaking his elbow, stammers out of the words, "Shall I see you home?" She touches her fingers to her arm and they walk home about a foot apart, feeling as couple of young goslings. As soon as she is safely inside her door he struts home, and thinks he has really been and gone and done it. Sleep comes to him at last, with dreams of crinoline and calico, and he awakes in the morning and finds the doors of life open to him—and the pigs squealing for breakfast.

A LITTLE GIRL, only ten years old, was stopping at the McClure House yesterday, (says the *Wheeling*, Va. Times,) who is quite a hero in her way. Her name is Lizzy Kelly, and her parents live at Green Bay, Wisconsin. The whole long, cold, and tiresome road from Green Bay here, this little lady has traveled by herself, stopping when she chooses, paying her own bills, and doing all in the most business-like manner, with an easy grace, and self-possession that won the admiration of all who met her. She was bound for Professor Pendleton's, at Bethany, which place she was anxious to reach.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out; it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.
A PROFITABLE BOARDER.—The *St. Paul* *Minnesotian* says there is a lady now residing in Minnetonka, who, for the past two years, has lived entirely without eating.—Her age is twenty eight; she is the mother of three children, and enjoys moderate health. She has the use of all her faculties, is not emaciated, but apparently robust, and yet she does not take into her stomach a particle of food of any description, save a cup of coffee, which she drinks three times a day; this, her only subsistence, she sips slowly, usually occupying the accustomed d time at the table.
Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, says that "if he is denied the privilege of going to Heaven after death, his second choice is Baltimore."
The man who couldn't "trust his feeling," is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

A BOY'S TRIALS.

The Springfield *Republican* has a capital article on this subject. Here are some extracts:
HIS RELATIONS WITH THE "OLD MAN."
We suppose that the first severe trial a boy has to undergo, is to submit his will to the "old man," whom he is taught to consider his father. To be restrained indoors at night, to be forbidden to go in swimming five times a day, or to be hindered from pinching the rest of the children just for fun, is an interference with natural inalienable rights, every way injurious to the feelings. And then, when upon some overwhelming temptation, the boy asserts his independence of parental control, and receives a "tanning" with a switch from a quince bush, either upon his back or his bare feet it becomes really a very serious thing. We never could see that the smart of an operation like this was at all assuaged by the affectionate assurance that it was bestowed out of pure love.

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Model Speech in the Missouri Legislature.

We find the following in the reports of the proceedings of the Missouri Legislature on Friday last. It will at once occur to the reader of Mr. Pitt's speech, that he is, as his name would imply, a veritable descendant of Lord Chatham. His chief resemblance to that distinguished orator is said to consist in the possession of two legs, and a head with a nose on it.—Read Mr. Pitt's speech:
Mr. Pitt offered the following:
Resolved, That the Speaker be authorized to cause to be printed and posted, one hundred bills, announcing the 8th of January, 1859.
Mr. Abney—I move to lay that resolution on the table.
Mr. Pitt—Mr. Speaker, this house passed resolutions, sir, to celebrate, in an appropriate manner the 8th of January.—This is a resolution simply asking that notice be given to the public of that day.—We have declared an intention, and now, when we come to publish it, some gentleman is suddenly seized with the "retrenchment gripes," and squirms around like a long red worm on a pin hook. [Laughter.] Gentlemen keep continually talking about economy. I myself do not believe in tying the public purse with cob-web strings, but when retrenchment comes in contact with patriotism it assumes the form of "smallness." Such economy is like that of old Skinfint, who had a pair of boots made for his little boy, without soles, that they might last the longer. [Laughter.] I reverence "the day we celebrate." It is fraught with reminiscences the most stirring; it brings to mind one of the grandest events ever recorded in letters of living fire upon the walls of the temple of fame by the strong right arm of the god of war! On such occasions we should rise above party lines and political distinctions. I never fought under the banner of Old Hickory, but "by the eternal" I wish I had. [Laughter and app.] If the old war horse was here now, he would not know his own children from the side of Joseph's coat of many colors.—Whigs, Know-Nothings, Democrats, hard-soft-boiled, scrambled and fried, Lincolnites, Douglasites, and blatherskites! I belong to no party; I am free, unbridled, unsaddled, in the political pasture. Like a hot-tailed bull in fly time, charge round in the high grass and fight my own fires. [Great laughter.] Gentlemen let us show our liberality on patriotic occasions. Why, some men have no more patriotism than that you could stuff in the eye of a knitting needle. Let us not squeeze five cents till the eagle on it squeals like a locomotive or an old maid. Let us print the bills and inform the co untury that we as full of patriotism as are Illinois swamps of indolence. [Laughter.] I don't believe in doing things by halves. Permit me, Mr. Speaker, to make a poetical quotation from one of our noble authors:
"I love to see the grass among the red May roses,
I love to see an old gray horse, for when he goes he goes!"

[Convulsive laughter.]
HOW AN OHIO FARMER WAS CAPTIVATED.—The Lowell (Mass.) *News* relates the following circumstance, connected with the marriage of Miss Anna T. Wilber, an accomplished New England authoress, with a substantial farmer:—"Miss Anna T. Wilber, of Newburyport, by her contributions to periodicals, attracted the attention of an educated farmer in Ohio, who opened a correspondence with her. At length they agreed to meet at a half-way point, and if their impressions on seeing each other for the first time, were not agreeable, they would separate again; if otherwise, why—we'll let her tell the story herself.
I need not tell how an Ohio farmer first had his attention attracted to an occasional contributor to the Eastern periodicals, or what motives first prompted him to address a note of interrogation to said writer to be followed by mutual questions and replies, till the parties became desirous of meeting, met, and—were married. The annals of romance narrate few briefer courtships, and I may say few more sensible ones.
No meetings by moonlight alone; no frowns of opposing relatives; no jealousies of rivals or lover's quarrels. Past the day dreams of youth—by the world around termed old bachelor and old maid—we had not yet relinquished our faith in human goodness, or lost the fervor of feeling, which intercourse with the world too often chills. So having fully made up our minds that we were congenial, and ought to love each other, we met and *did* love each other. The experience of three year of married life has satisfied us that the majority of mankind are in the wrong and we in the right. I mean to say that we should learn to love mentally and morally first and personally afterwards."

A LITTLE GIRL, only ten years old, was stopping at the McClure House yesterday, (says the *Wheeling*, Va. Times,) who is quite a hero in her way. Her name is Lizzy Kelly, and her parents live at Green Bay, Wisconsin. The whole long, cold, and tiresome road from Green Bay here, this little lady has traveled by herself, stopping when she chooses, paying her own bills, and doing all in the most business-like manner, with an easy grace, and self-possession that won the admiration of all who met her. She was bound for Professor Pendleton's, at Bethany, which place she was anxious to reach.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the pinners cannot take hold to draw it out; it can only be done by the destruction of the wood.
A PROFITABLE BOARDER.—The *St. Paul* *Minnesotian* says there is a lady now residing in Minnetonka, who, for the past two years, has lived entirely without eating.—Her age is twenty eight; she is the mother of three children, and enjoys moderate health. She has the use of all her faculties, is not emaciated, but apparently robust, and yet she does not take into her stomach a particle of food of any description, save a cup of coffee, which she drinks three times a day; this, her only subsistence, she sips slowly, usually occupying the accustomed d time at the table.
Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, says that "if he is denied the privilege of going to Heaven after death, his second choice is Baltimore."
The man who couldn't "trust his feeling," is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

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