Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor. "EXCELSIOR." TERMS—$1.25 per Annum.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

BUSINESS CARDS.

P. W. HAYS,

DAGUERREAN, Melainocotypist, Ambrotypist, and JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,—Kersey, Elk County, Pa.

DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the **Ladies and Gentlemen** of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and despatch. Being familiar with all the late improvments, he is prepared to make **Artificial Teeth** in the best manner. Office in Shaw's new row.

Sept. 14th, 1858. 1yr.

DR. R. V. WILSON,

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer profs sional calls as heretofore.

JAS. H. LARRIMER. I. TEST

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, 1855.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK N CO.

Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS,

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 Scofield's hotel, Curwensville, when not professionally absent. Dec. 29, 1851

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 Curwensville. Dec. 29, 1853.

DR. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite the res. of J. Crans, Esq. my 5 '56.

P. W. BARRETT,

MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTTLE,

Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March3, 1858.

A. B SHAW,

RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandize, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

D. O. CROUCH,

PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville. May

WM. P. CHAMBERS.

CARRIES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield co. All orders promptly attended to. Jan. 5, 1858.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa., Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office. dec. 1, 1858.—tf.

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. 1y.

YOUR TEETH.

TAKE CARE OF THEM!!

DR. 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** notice to the contrary be given in the town papers the week previous.

N. B. All work warranted to be satisfactory. Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22nd, 1858.

All wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Drummonton Lands.

To all wanting Farms, see advertisement of Drummonton Lands.

Select Poetry.

☞ The melancholy story which gave rise to the following lines, was published some time ago, in a letter from *Monterey*, and must be well known to most of our readers. An extract from it relating to they occurrence the commemorate, appeared in THE BANNER OF THE CROSS, of December 5th, 1846. They refer to the Mexican lady who was killed during the battle of Monterey, whilst supplying water and food to wounded soldiers:

From the Banner of the Cross, of Dec. 12, 1846.

The Heroine Martyr of Monterey.

BY REV. JAMES GILLMAN LYONS, L. L. D.

The strife was stern at Monterey,
When those high towers were lost and won,
And peeling through that mortal fray
Flashed the strong battery's vengeful gun,
Yet, heedless of its deadly rain,
She stood in toil and danger first;
To bind the bleeding soldier's vein,
And slake the dying soldier's thirst.

She found the pale and stricken foe,
Sinking in nature's last eclipse,
And on the red earth kneeling low,
She wet his parched and fevered lips,
When thick as winter's driving sleet,
The booming shot and flaming shell,
Swept with wild rage that gory street,
And she—the good and gentle—fell.

They laid her in her in her narrow bed,
The foeman of her land and race;
And sighs were breathed and tears were shed,
Above her lonely resting place.
Ay! glory's crimson worshippers,
Wept over her untimely fall,
For deeds of mercy such as her's,
Subdue the hearts and eyes of all.

To sound her worth were guilt and shame
In us, who love but gold and ease;
They heed alike our praise or blame,
Who live and die in works like these,
Far greater than the wise or brave;
Far happier than the fair and gay,
Was she who found a Martyr's grave
On that red field at Monterey.

Miscellaneous.

[From the N. O. Courier.]

Dream of an Editor.

Last night in the shortening hours that closed the holy tide venerated by all Christendom, wearied with the labor of the day and week, we declined gradually from thinking into reverie, and from that into a "dozing," and from dozing into sleep—sleep in our chair—sleep under gas-light—sleep with "papers to the right of us and papers to the left of us"—sleep in our room where we are generally pretty wide awake; (we are not accustomed to narrate our dreams, but this was a Christmas dream,) and in our dream were renewed the joyous and jolly sights and sounds of all the Christmas days of our life. A boundless contiguity of pretty children in new dresses and with handsome toys, merry, dancing and musical a thousand orphans made glad with the gifts of charity; a thousand peals of bells ringing out with the music of rejoicing an army of inebriate youths celebrating in revelry the advent of the Saviour and at the same time forcibly illustrating their great need of salvation; a sad din of pistols and fire crackers; millions of dancers chasing the glowing hours with winged feet; floating Ministers of Pleasure in beautiful forms such a printers dream of but never put on canvass; groups of laughing Elves clustering among the branches of golden trees which had a touch of choice champagne hanging on every twig, the air bearing on all its undulations enchanting tones of flutes, organs and singing voices; gems and pearls and (delightful vision!) coins of gold falling in showers all around.

We thought again that we were standing on the sapphire shore of a wide sea of egg-nogg with a golden ladle in our hand, which "ever and anon" we dipped into the creamy flood. As we stood there ankle deep in golden sands we saw an aged man paddling towards us in a dug-out, handling his silver oars most gracefully.—His craft was laden to the edge with toys and jewelry. He leaped ashore and introduced himself as Santa Claus, Esq. "I have had a busy day" said he, "for I suppose I have distributed, since twelve o'clock last night, about fourteen millions of stockings full of Christmas gifts. I have scarcely recovered from the money pinch of last year, and have not been quite as lavish as heretofore; nevertheless, I flatter myself that I have judiciously used the funds placed at my disposal by the appropriate committee."

We congratulated Santa Claus on his successful and no doubt satisfactory annual distribution.

He wiped his wrinkled brow with his bandana and continued:

"I have finished my day's work all but my visit to you. I was just paddling ashore to find some water when I was happy to see you. I cannot be mistaken! You are an editor, Mr. —— of the *Courier*?"

We acknowledge ourselves to be that individual.

"Well, then, I have a few presents which are specially designed for editors, and although you are opposed to the dead-head system, I hope you will do me the honor to accept them. Mind you, I am no candidate, no log-roller, no politician; I do not want my character white-washed or anything of that. If I did I should know better than apply to the *Courier*."

He rolled up his sleeves and began to overhaul the gewgaws and jewelry in his canoe.

"In this box," said he, "you will find a condensed miniature library of some five hundred volumes. There is not a word of truth or falsehood in the whole lot. In preparing this library for your use I have rejected everything not written by faithful, honest authors. You can find anything you want in this collection, and the volumes have this valuable peculiarity—they cannot be borrowed or stolen.

"Here is a charm that will protect you against intruders and bores. It is a simple contrivance, and the method of using it will readily suggest itself."

It was indeed nothing but a substantial lock and key.

"This little machine is a thing of very delicate workmanship, which I shall not undertake to explain. Hang it under your clock. The peddle turning upon the centre pivot is the moral index, which will point out on the dial plate the precise relative degree of morality of every man who enters your door. Watch this little monitor and govern yourself by it.—Whenever a notoriously bad man happens to come in, take the monitor down and put it in your pocket—the extraordinary strain upon its machinery to indicate a high degree of rascality may injure it. If any one varies from the truth in his conversation this monitor will give out a scarcely audible ringing, no louder than the 'still small voice.'

"This package of ivory tablets is intended to predict the names of successful candidates. Write for example, the names of the hundred prominent candidates for the Presidency upon as many tablets, shuffle them, put this ring on your forefinger and draw a card. Lay that card aside until after the adjournment of the Charleston Convention and, you can see whether it bears the name of the candidate or not. Most probably it will not."

We saw that Santa Claus "meant a joke" but we did not want to know who the candidate is to be, and that we did not.

"Here is a peculiar pen. After you have written your editorials hold this pen horizontally and move it over each line. When it comes to a superfluous word it will descend as if by the power of attraction and draw a line across it. It cost much pains to make this little implement and I hope you will find it useful.

"I feel a little diffidence in offering this to you," said he taking up a mahogany box about the size of a dictionary, "not because I fear you will abuse it, but rather that you will commit the opposite error."

We asked him to explain its properties. "This is intended to expedite and facilitate collections. Place the name of any delinquent subscriber upon this tablet and he is at once under the influence of the Automaton Dun. Touch this key and you make him remember that he owes you. A touch of the second key will make him to try to borrow money to pay you. Key No. 3 gives him a headache, No. 4 the rheumatism, &c., &. You can inflict upon him whatever you please until he pays his bill."

We complimented Santa Claus upon his ingenuity, but declined his accepting his wonderfully cunning machine. He smiled and threw it back into the dug-out.

"Here," he continued, holding up a beautiful diamond pointed pen, "is the choicest gift I have to offer you. It is the pen of Truth. There is not the millionth part of a grain of alloy in its pure gold.—Industry furnished the metal. Virtue and Reason fashioned it. Imagination polished it but its greatest value lies in the diamond with which it is pointed. It is from no mine of earth—I can only dare tell you who gave it or whence it came. With this pen you can write nothing but truth. When I see you next year please show me what you have written with it."

We were so eager to grasp the precious gift that we fell into the sea of egg-nogg, and awoke with our floundering and strangling in the milky flood. The fine visions of our dream had vanished with them the venerable Nicholas and his gifts.

A GREAT COUNTRY.—The Rev. Bishop Pierce, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, gives the following picture of the State of Texas:

Texas is a curious country—a paradox. Everything is in the superlative, or contradictory or marvellous. It is the richest and the poorest—has the best land and the meanest water; is the hardest country to live in, and has the most to live on; the days are the hottest, and the night the coolest; here are the most rivers, and the least water; the best roads and the slowest travels; the finest building material, and the least use made of it; there are more clouds, and less rain; more plains, and less timber; more ropes to tie horses, and yet more estrays; a poor country for farming, and yet the most productive; the least work, and the largest yields; the horses are small, and the cattle big; the frogs have horns, and the rabbits have ears like mules; the people are intelligent without general education—inventive without being trickey—refined without mannerism—rich without money—hospitable without houses—bold, generous and brave. In fine, here is an empire in extent and resources, but in the slowest process of evolution, and yet destined to population, wealth and power. There is much to admire, but little to deplore; many things to enchant, but few to offend; and for the people and their institutions there is a splendid future.

DOUBLY PUNISHED.—The other day a Dutchman in Cincinati was severely thrashed by his "frow," and while smarting under the infliction he complained to the Mayer, and had his better half arrested for the outrage, whereupon she was fined three dollars and the costs; but she not having the money, her husband was called upon to fork over. Upon which he opened his eyes in astonishment exclaiming, "Vot for I pay? She vip me!" The "statute" was explained to him, and he paid, but announced that hereafter his wife mife might wallop him as much as she pleased, but he would never again take steps to uphold the "majesty of the law."

A MISGUIDED JOURNALIST.—"A waif and stray of the press comes staggering in our way at this stage, calls upon us with drunken importunity, to record, before we go on, how a poor misguided journalist lived and died. The death of John Mitford left not even a shadow upon the Christmas hearth of a friend—the poor fellow fell over into his grave on the 25th of December, 1831, but tumbled none of the Christian embers of his family to pieces. He was a cousin of Miss Mitford, the protrayer of country life, and of Dr. Mitford, the historian of Greece, and possessed talent which might have added increased lustre to the name he bore. Born at Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, his spirit turned, as so many untamed spirits do, to the sea, and he fought under Hood and Nelson. But quitting the navy, he attached himself to the newspaper press in various capacities, and afterwards edited the *Scourge*, the *Bon Ton Gazette*, the *Quizzical Gazette* (a penny publication) &c.—But his habits plunged him to the neck in poverty, whilst editing the *Bon Ton Gazette*, Elliot, the proprietor, had to keep him in a sort of a cellar, with a candle and a bottle of gin (which was constantly being replenished,) and a piece of old carpeting for his coverlid at night—yet he would stealthily creep out in search of gin unless his shoes were taken away from him. He wrote the songs, 'The King is a true British Sailor,' and 'Johnny Newcombe in the Navy.' The publisher of the latter, allowed him a shilling a day while he was writing it. The money was expended after his own manner—two-pence in bread and cheese and an onion, and the rest in gin, and he had nothing to pay for the grass and nettle in Bayswater fields, that formed his bed at night. A compassionate Samaritan on one occasion gave him a pair of Wellington boots; but they were speedily sold and converted into gin, which he at once sat down to drink out. The man who had bought them soon afterwards returned, and jeeringly told him that he had just pawned them for fifteen shillings. 'Ah!' said Mitford, with a self congratulating shrug, 'but you went out into the cold to do it.' For several years this poor idle willful, straying clever sot lived by his wits, and slept three nights in the week in the open air when he could not muster three pence for a filthy bed in St. Giles's. He died, of course, perfectly destitute, leaving a wife and family who had been taken care of by his near relative, Lord Redesdale, and his poor emaciated body was buried by Mr. Green, of Will's Coffee House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, who had in early been a companion of the unfortunate fellow."—*Hist British Journalism.*

THE TURK AND THE RUSSIAN.—One of the most amusing of our acquaintances was the gentlemen with whom I had the honor of sleeping on the billiard table. He was a long, sallow Pole, observant and satirical, and full of ludicrous stories of his Turkish co-religionists. How far these tales were literally true—whether he ever allowed one to fall flat through a servile adherence to matter-of-fact—I do not undertake to say; but, true or false his stories were given with a knowledge and mimicry of Turkish manners that made them delightful to hear. At a risk of its falling flat secondhand, I cannot resist telling one. A Turkish and Russian officer, on some occasion of truce, had scratched up an acquaintance. As they sat together, the conversation turned on the comparative perfection of discipline and obedience to which their respective troops had been brought. To give a specimen, the Russian calls in his orderly, "Ivan," says he, "you will go to such-and-such a tobacconist; you will buy an oak of tobacco; pay for it, and bring it home straight." Ivan salutes and goes. The Russian pulls out his watch. "Now Ivan is going to the tobacconist; now he is there; now he is paying for the tobacco; now he is coming home; now he is on the stairs; now he is here—Ivan!" Ivan comes in, salutes, and hands over the tobacco. "Pek guzel," says the fat Turk, with a condescending bow, benignly, half shutting his eyes the while; very nice, indeed; but my orderly will do as much—Mustafa." "Effendim!" says Mustafa, bursting into the room, and touching his chin and forehead in the curious double-action salute of the Turkish soldier. He receives the same direction, word for word, and departs. His master hauls out a gigantic turnip of a watch, such as Turks delight in, and proceeds, in imitation of the Russian, to tick off Mustafa's supposed performances. "Now he is going; now he is there; now he is paying; now he is coming home; now he is here—Mustafa!" "Effendim!" replies Mustafa, again bursting in. "Where's the tobacco?" "Papouchler boulmedim,—I haven't found my shoes yet!"

DISCOVERY OF THE TOMB OF PHARAOH AMOSIS.—A letter from Cairo, in the Constitutional says that the general subject of conversation in that city is the discovery which has just been made by the well known archæologist, M. Marriette. He has found, at Thobes, after long and difficult researches, the tomb, still intact, of Pharaoh Amosis. The King is lying in a coffin completely covered with gold leaf, ornamented with large wings painted on it. Thirty jewels of great value were found in the same coffin by the side of the King, as was also a hatchet of gold ornamented with figures in lapis lazule.

Some years ago M. Mariette had a similar piece of good fortune, in finding in the tomb of Apis the jewels which now form the principal ornament of the Egyptian Museum of the Louvre. The jewels of Amosis are still more favorable, from their number and quality. This discovery of a royal intact is the most important one that M. Mariette has yet made in Egypt.

A Clever Take-Off.

Mr. Caroby is a character connected with the New York *Sunday Atlas*, and frequently says some very queer, and funny, and truthful things. The following clever bit at certain editors who get up weekly learned replies to the questions of imaginatory correspondents, is worth reprinting, and here it is:—

Mr. Carboy presents his compliments to Miss Nancy Papers, and respectfully offers, at reduced rates, any amount of answers to correspondents, manufactured as per order:

Miss Ella:—It would not be proper for you, under the circumstances, to disobey your mamma. You cannot with propriety ask your affianced if he likes baked beans. No.

Anxious Inquirer.—"How can I get a wife who will suit me?" Marry every woman you meet until you get the right one.

Diana.—"You're a brick" is very vulgar,—quite low. You should say, "You are the compound conglomeration of silex and alumine, made firmly coherent by the influence of artificial caloric, created during the calcination of ignited wood.

Montmorency.—We cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

X.—P. S. is not an abbreviation of Pickled Sardines.

Leonora.—Do up your housework first. Make the beds, sweep, and then you can remonstrate with the cook in regard to cold victuals.

Martha.—Lord Swab did not marry his Butler. An English Butler is invariably of the male gender. A valet is not an indispensable. He is an upper servant.

Lady of the Lake.—Your papa knows best. Lard is not good for the hair. Goshen butter may do, if scented. To remove dirt from your hands, soap and water are excellent. You will not catch cold.

T. U. B.—You have lost your wager.—Julius Cesar did not kill Brutus. Cicero did not append P. C. or A. D. to his name.

Adonis.—If you are engaged to Clementina, you may, without the knowledge of her inexorable papa, present her with a paper of pins. She will not consider herself stuck.

Jersey City.—City Hall is in the Park. Bowling Green is not in the Union Square. The legislature meets at Albany. The chief ingredient used in making bread is flour. It is generally baked by means of heat.

Pop goes the Weasel.—Melphome is foolish. You have a perfect right to take her grandmother to the theatre, and she should be jealous. You should not take 'Mel' by the nose with the thumb and finger of your left hand when you kiss her. It is a trouble to you, and might be very painful to her.

P. P.—The sun rises in the east. Hens do not always set in the west. The "Lay of the last Minstrel" was not an egg—it was a song.

Pump.—Certainly not.

Anna.—Of course.

Dubious.—Consult a lawyer.

K. K. Y.—Can't do it.

Miranda.—It is not proper to let Adolphus kiss you in the street; nor is it ladylike for you to sit down upon a fire plug. If your sister loves the policeman, she had better let him take her up.

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.—At the time Columbus discovered America, coffee had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a drink is ascribed to a superior of monastery in Arabia, who desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation rapidly spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume at the cost of its landing from fourteen to fifteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean and dark color. The Java and East India, the next quality, is a larger bean and of a pale yellow color. The West Rio has a blue, greenish tint.

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA.—The cultivation of the grape in California bid fair in the short space of twenty years, to transcend in importance the working of gold mines. The State Register for 1859 informs us that the increase of vines from 1856 to 1857 was fifty per cent., and seventy-four per cent. from 1857 to 1858, and about fifty per cent. since then on the whole stock, being a greater increase than compound interest would yield. It is estimated that the present stock of vines when matured, exclusive of the proceeds derived from the sale of the grape and the manufacture of brandy, will reach ten millions of dollars. In twenty years, at the rate of progress above indicated, the wine product of California will be worth fifty million of dollars.

HOOPS!—A still later invention is the non-expanso-expansive-last-forever-let mor-out-six-foot-in-diameter-never-bend-or-break-and-sit-down-as-much-as-you-please-without-injuring-a-sprung-hoop-skirt.—Those ladies who have worn them state positively that they are perfect darlings.—

☞ A singer who led the psalm tune at a meeting, a short time since, finding that his concluding word which was Jacob, had not syllables enough to finish the music ended thus—"J-a-a-a—Ja-a-a—fol de riddle—cob."

MAJOR VAN DORN'S FIGHT WITH THE CAMANCHES.—We find in the San Antonio Herald the following extract from a letter written by an officer of the army, who participated in the engagement described by Major Van Dorn himself, in a letter we have already published.

OLD FORT ATKINSON, May 14th, 1859.—I have written a hurried report of a fight with the Camanches that took place yesterday, about three o'clock, P. M. It was a bloody fight on account of the Camanches' position for defence, which was under a bluff in the dense thicket, in which they could not be seen until their arrows or some movement indicated their individual positions. Of course the men dismounted as skirmishers, fought at great disadvantage, and it required the coolest and most determined courage to advance upon a danger that could not be seen.—The officers and men behaved splendidly. Lieutenant Lee is badly wounded; as he was in the act of firing with his pistol at an Indian, he was shot under the right arm to the lungs. It is not known whether or not the arrowhead remains in him, on which depends his safety. Captain Smith is shot through the left side, though not very badly. We have buried one poor fellow who was killed. Sergeant Leverett cannot live until morning. Others are seriously hurt, but will in all probability get well. Five warriors, wounded, were taken prisoners. There are in all thirty-six prisoners, mostly women and children.

Several days before we reached the Simewon there was a camp of over a thousand Indians on a creek about twenty miles northeast of our line of march. The Indians discovered our approach and fled. Their trail led us to this camp, or near it; they have crossed the Arkansas, and are now probably ten days north of that river and frightened to death. They are all driven out of the buffalo country, and will suffer, and I hope will be brought to reflect that there is no place safe for them.

We rode all day yesterday in a cold rain, and had the fight in the rain.

DEATH OF A PRINTER WHO KNEW "JUNIUS."—The Pendleton (S. C.) *Messenger* in a sketch of the "Old Stone Meeting House," in that town, after speaking of several celebrities buried in the graveyard, says:

Beneath a cluster of cedars repose all that is mortal of John Miller, printer.—We lingered long by his grave, for his eventful life afforded us food for meditation. I we could have seen and conversed with his descendants, who live in this vicinity, we could have gained a fuller sketch of him. Mr. Miller was the oldest typo in the State. For the publication of Junius' letters—the author of those papers he well knew—he was expelled from England. He came to South Carolina; probably worked for a while in the office of the first paper published in this State, at Charleston, and thence removed to Pendleton, using the press which Gen. Greene had in his campaign; he did job work, until he commenced the publication of the Pendleton *Messenger*—the second paper established in this State.

This world has speculated much as to the authorship of Junius, but John Miller carried the secret to his grave at the "Old Stone Meeting House," and has left no information as to the name of the author.

A GRAIN OF GOLD.—The distinguished Edward Everett in one of his agricultural speeches says of corn:—Drop a grain of California gold in the ground and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time. The clods on which it falls are not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our blessed corn into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens—it swells—it shoots upward—it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up an emerald green through the soil—it expands to a vigorous stalk—revels in the sunshine—itself more glorious than Solomon in his broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, and displays its dancing tassals, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this (an ear of Indian corn) each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instilot with the same productive powers.

EXPERIENCE.—There is a pretty German story of a blind man, who, under such a misfortune, was happy—happy in a wife whom he passionately loved; her voice was sweet and low, and he gave her credit for that beauty which (had he been a painter) was the object of his idolatry. A physician came, and restored the husband to sight, which he chiefly valued, as it would enable him to gaze on the lovely features of his wife. He looks and sees a face of hideous ugliness! He is restored to sight but his happiness is over. Is not this our history? Our cruel physician is experience.

A MODEL VERDICT.—Out in Calhoun county, Illinois, a body with the head severed from the trunk was found recently. A coroner's jury was empanelled, and rendered the following verdict: "*Kweers Verdict*: Wee, the jurors finde the desecred cum to his deth by the Hand of sum Person unnon with unlawful weeping naimed ax."

My Love.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay,
The graces play all about her;
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.