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TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, November 6, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

Light as love's smiles, the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The blue bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air he carols, faintly quiver;
The weeping birch, like banner idly waving,
Bends to the stream its spray branches laving;
Beaded with dew, the witch elm's tassels shiver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping.

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery, ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That richly deck the slow declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love, too brief;
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind he pours his parting lay,
And wings his loitering flight to summer climes away.

O, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee,
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;
Though wild and passion-toss'd my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
I still can, childlike, come as when in prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

Miscellaneous.

EUGENE HARTLEY AND I.

BY LEONORE GLENN.

It was just at the sunset hour of a calm autumn day that Eugene Hartley waved me adue from the little steamer moored but a few rods from our cottage. I can remember so well how the setting sun's rays glistened on the glass of the boat that evening, and how softly they rested on the little ripples of the broad river. The bell rang and the boat pushed out from shore, every moment widening the gulf between my heart and that of Eugene Hartley. He turned his handsome face earnestly toward me as I stood in the doorway, nervously pulling to pieces the leaves of the rose bushes that clustered around the door, and smiling sadly, waved his hand once more, then turned around and walked away.

I watched the boat till it was a mere speck far down the river, and its waves had ceased to wash the pebbled shores, and then I felt for the first time that it must be months—ages it seemed to me—before I saw that face again. That was the saddest twilight I had ever spent. I sat by my window, watching the moonbeams playing over the water, and listening to the wild screams of the night birds in the neighboring grove till the night was far gone. My heart wept over its loneliness and would not be comforted.

Eugene Hartley and I were to be married in just one year; yet oh! what a long time it seemed to live without seeing him even once. He had started down the river several hundred miles, to enter into business for himself, the prospect of which was very flattering. I knew it was best for him to go, and I tried hard to reconcile myself to it, but it was so hard, and I had never been apart from him. It was well my mind was nearly wholly taken up by my household cares, or I should have been utterly wretched. As it was, I had but little time of my own, except in the evenings, and part of these I usually spent down by the water's edge looking as far as I could see, down the river, and watching the reflection of the glimmering stars as they danced over the water, while from above they looked down on me so sweetly, almost sadly, I thought, and in listening to the murmur of the tiny waves that rippled up so softly at my feet. Perhaps it was a foolish whim, but I felt nearer to him while standing there than in any place else, because it was there I last saw him.

In just a week his first letter came. It was written on the boat, and filled with glowing descriptions of the beautiful scenery along the river; of the amusements and enjoyments in the evenings; of the pleasant company on board, and finally wound up telling me of his good health, and especially good spirits, and that I must try to enjoy myself while he was away, to make the time fly faster. It was a very cheerful letter, and I felt more light hearted after I received it.

The days rolled on, I suppose the same as they always had done, but to me they seemed much longer. I heard regularly from Eugene every two weeks. He seemed much pleased with his business, the place and people, and always wrote encouragingly.

Oh! I shall never forget those bright, quiet autumn days. It was well that I enjoyed them so much, for the dark hours came soon enough. I remember I used to wander away to the ground old woods to think.—My soul drank deep in the hushed and solemn music there, and the wild, tempestuous throbbings and yearnings were calmed into a peaceful quiet. I always felt better after a ramble there, and even now I cherished the memory of those hours as among the sweetest of my existence. But the chilling winds and light snowflakes at length ended that pleasure for me, and as I had more time than during the summer for amusement, I commenced taking drawing lessons. I loved it and threw my whole soul into my work, consequently improved rapidly—so my teacher, Mr. Allison, said. He was one of the most splendid looking men I ever met, and he was also very agreeable. I liked him very much, and it seemed as if I had a brother he seemed to fill that place exactly. I remember one afternoon I was unusually sad and thoughtful, and after vainly endeavoring to fix his mind on the "lesson, said,

"Put it all away, Edith; it is no use to try—I can't work to-day."

"Does anything trouble you, Mr. Allison?" I ventured to ask.

"I will tell you all about it," he replied; and taking a miniature from his pocket he gazed at it almost mournfully for a few seconds, and passing it to me said—

"Is there not soul there?"

I never saw a sweeter, lovelier face. Without waiting for me to reply, he continued—

"It is two years to-day since Annie Gray died. She was the day-star of my existence, and since her death my footsteps have been with a guide. I pray God you may never suffer as I have done, through these two long dreary years. It has been one unchanging round of misery."

He left soon after, but I could not interest myself in my drawing any longer that day.—My sympathies were awakened, and I almost forgot my own loneliness in pitying his.

The next day a letter came from Eugene.—It was a week after the usual time, but the miniature it contained made amends for the long days of waiting. I would scarcely have known it, his beard was heavier, and for the first time since I had known him he wore a mustache. I was a little disappointed. It would have been much pleasanter if he had looked just as he did the evening he went away; but still it was better than none at all.

The winter wore on, and I lived almost alone with my pencil. If I did not receive letters as long, or so often, from Eugene as when he first left, I attributed it to his press of business, as that was his apology nearly every time, though sometimes I could not help feeling somewhat unhappy, I scarcely knew about what.

It was on the last day of spring that I was to take my last lesson of Mr. Allison, for he could not content himself in any place long at a time; and he had become weary of our quiet place, although he had quite a number of pupils. It was a sad day to me, for I had learned to look upon him as a valued friend; then he had always had so kind and patient a way in pointing out my defects—I knew I should miss his ever ready hand many times when commencing a new picture.

"Persevere with the instructions I have given you, Edith, and in a year or two, perhaps, I will call and see what progress you have made. Good bye."

This was about all he said during the entire lesson. He was sadder than usual, and I knew his thoughts were not with the present or living.

I continued my efforts during my spare time, and finished—as I thought—some pretty pictures; and so the hours passed by.

One day in July, I received a short letter from Eugene, saying it would be an impossibility for him to return at the stated time, as some one had forged his name to a check, and that he must spend every minute to clear it up. This was a sad disappointment to me, and it was several days before I could reconcile myself to the thought at all. I went down to the river shore one evening to listen to the waves. It seemed such a long, long time since he had gone away, yet I could recollect exactly how he looked as he stood on the boat. Suddenly a new idea entered my mind—I would sketch it. So I commenced the very next day. I was a long time at it, perhaps but it served to occupy my attention. Hurried letters came irregularly from Eugene, but he almost ceased to speak of his business. He told me to try to have the picture finished by the boat departing completed by the time he came back, and which would be—he scarcely knew when—probably some time during the winter. So I worked with renewed vigor.

October came, and the sketch was finished and framed. I was very proud of it, for it was the first one I had ever made without any help. I hung it up just exactly a year from the day Eugene had left. He was to have returned that very day. I took a long walk through the woods, and coming back discouraged and half sick, I wrote him a long letter into which I poured my very soul. His answer came—very cool and distant, I thought, in comparison to the outpourings of my heart and then he closed by saying—

"Don't write to me again, Edith, dear child, till you receive another letter from me, for I shall be away for some time—how long I can't say. I am sorry to deprive you of the pleasure, if it is one, but I cannot avoid it this time."

I thought this was rather singular, for whenever he had been absent before, he had always urged me to write, so that my letter would be waiting his return. Then I thought, oh, I have it now—he intends to come back and surprise me; so I was very happy about my work, daily expecting to see him. But when weeks ended in months, I grew sick in soul and body. I was too proud to write, and so the matter rested.

One day a newspaper came to me, addressed in a strange hand writing. It proved to be from the city in which Eugene lived. While looking over the first page I noticed there were heavy ink marks on the inside of the paper. Turning to it, I read, with stilled heart, the marriage notice of Eugene Hartley and Miss Pauline Phelps. I did not faint, nor cry out, but from that moment I hated Eugene Hartley. All the pride and fire of my nature were called up, and they sustained me well.

With a feeling of contempt I gathered together his letters and picture, with a few other little gifts, and writing the following words sent them back to him and his bride.

"So you are too much of a coward to tell me in so many words that you wished our correspondence to cease? I pity your weakness. God judge between your heart and mine, Eugene Hartley."

He soon returned mine, with their wedding card. Ah! he thought he would mock me. I threw the whole package into the fire. I did not look to see whether there was any letter or not; I did not care.

Well, months passed on, till they numbered two years. I spent my time with my pencil and my own thoughts. I was contented, if not happy, and my picture showed that my time had not been spent in vain, for my heart was in my work.

One day I read in a paper of one Pauline Hartley leaving her husband and eloping with a circus player. It seemed that her and her husband had never lived agreeably together from the first, she having read some old letters of his, written to a lady he had known before he knew her. Ah! Eugene Hartley, I was avenged. You wrecked your own happiness on the very letter you wrote to wreck mine. I felt that he was indeed having his dark hours now.

Not many days after, Mr. Allison came.—I was as much pleased as I was surprised, and I took great pleasure in showing him my work, some of which he praised, and some he found fault with. I took up my old routine of study under his instruction, and the days glided pleasantly by. He once asked me how I came to sketch that boat scene. I told him all about my acquaintance with Eugene Hartley in every particular. He did not say much but several times I felt embarrassed by meeting his gaze fixed steadily on me when I looked up suddenly from my work. And so another year passed.

I was very much surprised and pained, one evening, to meet Eugene Hartley face to face during one of my walks through the woods. He was very much changed, but I knew him in an instant. I turned quickly away, but he implored me to stop just one minute. I cannot remember all he said, but the substance of it was about his domestic troubles; how his wife had left, and since died; how much misery and remorse he had suffered from his conduct to me; how he could not rest till he saw me once more; and finally asked forgiveness, and begged to be permitted to take his old place in my affections. I was so surprised and bewildered I scarcely knew what to do.

"I forgive you freely," I at length replied; "but come to the cottage to-morrow evening, and I will answer your last question;" and then I left him.

I told Mr. Allison every word of the conversation that night; he only quietly smiled, without saying a word.

The next evening Mr. Hartley came, and was shown into the room where the family was sitting with a neighbor—the minister of our place. It was the first time he had darkened the doorway since that quiet hour he left me with so many promises on his lips, four years ago.

A few minutes after, Mr. Allison and I entered the room, and Eugene Hartley was the only guest at our marriage. That was my answer; and as soon as the ceremony was ended he silently pressed my hand and left the house. I have never seen him since, though, for the sake of other hours, I hope he may be happy.

Fatal Disease among Cattle.

DR. H. F. STEVENS, of St. Albans, Vermont, publishes a letter in the *Messenger* of that town, warning the public against the danger of a fatal disease which has heretofore appeared among the milch kine in the State, and has recently broken out in the herd of Mr. SOLOMON BLISS, who died last week from the effects of absorbing poison from the dead carcass of one of eight of his cows that died of the disease while he was skinning it. His son was also affected similarly, but will recover. DR. STEVENS says the disorder principally attacks milch cattle, who, on being affected by it, become listless, refuse to eat, and die in a few hours. The object of his communication is to warn people of the exceeding danger incurred, and of the most serious and fatal consequences resulting to those who remove the hides of animals so diseased. He says:—

"Three years since, in Burlington, five cows in one pasture were taken with this disease, and died in a few hours. The man who skinned the animals was seized in a short time with swelling of the fingers, and evidences of absorption of the poison in the system, and in a few days he died. The tanner who dressed the hides suffered severely with swelling and eruptions of the hands and arms, but finally recovered. Dr. Thayer attended those cases, and at the time notified the public through the press of the presence and danger of the disease. I would repeat that in no case where an animal has died from this disease should an attempt be made to remove the hide, for the contact of the diseased tissues with the fingers, or even inhaling the poisonous effluvia in the lungs, may and probably will develop most dangerous and even fatal disease to all in any way concerned."

SWINDLING THE SOLDIERS—The Northampton *Gazette* says it has good authority for the following statement:—"A soldier was taken sick and sent to the hospital. When he began to recover, he craved some little delicacy to soothe his nauseated palate, and asked for some currant jelly. He was told that he could have the jelly, but he must pay for it. He could have a pot of jelly for $2. He had but two dollars in his pocket, and with that he was in hopes of reaching his home, as soon as he was able to travel. He told his attendant that he had but two dollars, and that he did not need the whole jar of jelly, a small part would be sufficient. No, he must take the whole or none, and he must pay $2 for it. Finally the invalid bought the jelly, and on removing the covering he discovered, to his great astonishment, within the wrapper, a note directed to himself, and that this very jar of jelly had been sent by his own family to him. This is but one among the many outrages perpetrated by the unprincipled men who are found in our army."

☞ A Philosopher on being asked from whence he received his first lesson is wisdom; he replied: "From the blind, who never take a step until they have felt the ground before them."

(From the New York Ledger.)

Mary Thorne's Cousin.

"Mary, I am astonished!"

Of course, the grave elder sister was astonished. In truth, and in fact, she lived in a chronic state of amazement; for Mary Thorne was always doing something to astonish her friends and relatives. Miss Ruth could hardly credit the evidence of her own senses, in the hazy glow of the August morning, when she came out of the clematis shadows of the little south porch, and discovered that yonder moving object, half way up among the umbrageous branches of the huge old pear tree, was not a spray of leaves, nor yet a russet-plumed robin, nor a cluster of sun-cheeked pears swinging in the blue empyrean, but—Miss Mary Thorne, comfortably perched in the crook of the gnarled tree, her curls all flecked with the sifted rain of sunshine that came down through the shifting canopy of leaves, and a book in her lap.

"I don't care!" said the little damsel, laughing saucy defiance. "It's the nicest place in the world up here; I feel just like a bird, with the leaves fluttering against my face and the wind blowing so softly—and I intend to stay here. Wouldn't you like to come up here, Ruthy? it's easily done; just put your foot on that knot, and——"

Ruth, who was thirty, and weighed a hundred and sixty pounds, bristled up with amazement.

"Mary Thorne, are you crazy? Come down this instant!"

"I shan't," said naughty Mary, tossing the silky shower of curls away from her forehead, and glancing down with eyes that shone and sparkled like two blue jewels.

"But we are going——"

"Yes, I understand. You are all going in triumphal procession to the depot, to render an ovation to the great Professor La Place, the wisest, sagest and grandest of mankind, to whom the Thorne family have the unutterable honor of being second cousins, and to escort him solemnly to a month's sojourn at Thorne Hall. O, dear!" ejaculated Mary, "I wish I could run away somewhere and hide. I hate this paragon of prim precision! I shan't marry him if he asks, and I mean to behave so badly that he won't dream of it!" No, I am *not* going with you. I hate the close barouche, and it's too warm to ride on horseback. I shall stay at home!"

And Miss Mary settled herself so snugly with one tiny slippered foot swinging down, and her pretty head close to a nest of blue speckled bird's eggs, that Ruth gave it up with a sigh of despair.

"Well, then, have it your own way, you incorrigible romp? I wish you weren't too big to be shut up in a dark closet, or have your ears well boxed!"

"It *is* a pity, isn't it," said Mary, demurely.

"Of course it is, Mary; if Cousin Tom Bradley comes this morning, be sure and explain to him why we are absent, and behave like a young lady, mind!"

"All right," said Mary dauntlessly. "I always liked Tom! we used to have grand romps together when we were children."

She sat there in the old pear tree, prettier than any Hamadryad that ever might have haunted the mossy old veteran of the garden, her cheek touched with sunshine and carmine, her dimpled lips apart, now reading a line or two from the book in her lap, now looking up, rapt in girlish reverie, into the blue sky as it sparkled through ever moving leaves, and now breaking into a soft little warble of song that made the very robins themselves put their heads to one side to listen. The carriage had driven away long since—she had watched it beyond the curve of the winding road; the dark mantle of shadow was slowly following the creeping sun glow across the velvet lawn below, and the old church spire among the far-off woods had chimed out eleven. And still Mary Thorne sat there in the forked branches of the giant pear tree!

Suddenly there floated up into the leafy sanctuary, a pungent, aromatic odor, which made her lean curiously forward, shading her eyes with one hand, the better to penetrate the green foliage below. Not the late monthly roses, not the amethyst borders of heliotrope, nor the spicy geraniums, none of these blossoms distilled that peculiar smell!

"My patience!" said little Mary, "it's a cigar."

A cigar it was, and the owner thereof—she could just see a white linen coat and a tall head covered with black, wavy curls—stood on the porch steps, quietly smoking, and indulging in a lengthened view of the garden slopes.

"That's Tom Bradley," said Mary to herself.

"Now, if he thinks I'm coming down out of this delicious cool place to sit up straight in the hot parlors he's mistaken! Tom!" she called out in a silver accent of imperative summons, and then burst into merry laughter at the evident amazement with which the stranger gazed round him, vainly trying to conjecture whence the call had proceeded.

"You dear, stupid Cousin Tom," she ejaculated, "don't stare off towards the cabbage beds! Look straight up here! *you* may come up if you please. There's plenty of room for both. You *are* Cousin Tom, aren't you?" she continued, as a sudden misgiving crossed her mind.

"Of course I am; and you are Mary, I suppose?"

"Mary herself! Up with you, Tom—catch hold of this branch—there. Now shake hands—you saucy fellow, I didn't say you might kiss me!"

"Well, I couldn't help it—and, besides, aren't we cousins?" said Mr. Tom, swinging himself comfortably into a branch just above Mary.

"Why, Tom, how you have changed!" ejaculated the young lady, pushing back the curls with one hand, that she might the better view her playmate of childhood's days. "Your hair never curled so before; and what a nice moustache you've got. I shouldn't have known you, Tom."

"No," said Tom roguishly.

"And you've grown so tall! I declare, Tom, you're splendid."

The gentleman laughed. "I could return the compliment if I dared. But where are all the rest of my relations? The house below is as empty as a haunted hall.

"All gone to welcome that horrid, poky old Prof. La Place, who has graciously indicated his willingness to pass a few weeks with us. Tom, I do hate that man!"

"Hate him? what for?"

"O, I don't know; I'm sure he is a snuff-dried, conceited old wretch, and I'll wager a box of gloves he wears spectacles!"

"Nonsense, Mary! why, he's only twenty-six!"

"I don't care—I know he's rheumatic and wears spectacles for all that. And Tom, now if you'll never breathe a word of this—"

"I won't, upon my honor," said Tom.

"Well, then, papa has actually got the idea into his dear old head that I should make a nice wife for the professor, and—and——"

Mary turned away with crimson indignation flashing in her cheeks.

"It is too bad of you to laugh, Tom. I never, *never* will marry the man!"

"I wouldn't if I were you," consoled Tom. "But, Cousin Mary, wait and see the man before you decide. He may be quite a decent fellow."

"No!" said Mary, shaking her head and biting her cherry lips firmly; "I hate him beforehand!"

"What a spiteful little pussy you are," said her companion, laughing.

"No, indeed, Tom, I'm not!" and the blue eyes became misty. "I love papa and Ruth dearly—and I love almost everybody! I like *you* Tom, but I hate Prof La Place! And I want you to promise, Tom, that you'll stand my friend, and not allow him to tease me into walks or rides, or *tete a tetes* of any kind!—Will you?

Would he! If she had asked him to precipitate himself out of the pear tree upon the stone steps below, with those blue eyes fixed on his, he'd have done it! Any man of taste would.

"I promise," he said; and they shook hands on it.

What a cosy place for a chat that gnarled old tree was! And when they had talked over everything they could think of, it was the most natural thing in the world that Tom should recover the book which had slipped down into a network of tiny boughs, and read poetry to his pretty cousin in the deep musical voice that maidens love to listen to! And Mary sat there, watching the jetty curls blowing to and fro on his broad white brow, and the long, black lashes almost touching his olive cheek. And she thought how very, very handsome Cousin Tom was, and how much he had changed in the ten years that had elapsed since she had seen him; and she wondered whether Tom was engaged to any pretty girl—somehow she hoped not! Now, why couldn't Tom have been rich like that Prof. La Place, instead of a poor young medical student and

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And when the large black eyes were suddenly lifted to hers, Mary felt as though he had read every thought of her mind, and blushed scarlet:

"Come, Tom," she chattered, to hide her confusion, "we've been up here long enough. Help me down, and I'll show you the old sun dial that we used to heap up with buttercups when we were children."

What a tiny, insignificant, little Mary she felt, leaning on the arm of that tall cousin.—And how nice it was to have the stately head bent down so courteously to catch her soft accents—for somehow Mary had forgotten her sauciness, and grown wonderously shy!

A rumble of wheels—it was the returning carriage, and Mary clung to Tom's arm.

"The awful professor!" she whispered.—"Now, Cousin Tom, be sure you stand by me through everything."

"To my life's end!" was the whispered answer; and Mary felt herself crimsoning much as she strove to repress the tell-tale blood.

But there was no one in the barouche, save Mr. Thorne and Ruth, as it drew up on the grand sweep, beside the two cousins.

"Where is the Professor?" questioned Miss Mary.

"He was not at the depot," said Ruth, "and "——

But Mr. Thorne had sprang from the carriage, and clasped both the stranger's hands in his.

"La Place! is it possible? Why, we have just been looking for you at Mill Station?"

"I am sorry I have inconvenienced you, sir," was the reply; "but I came by the way of Wharton, and walked over this morning."

"Never mind, now, so you are safely here," exclaimed the old gentleman. "Ruth, my dear—Mary—let me introduce you to your cousin, Prof. La Place!"

Mary had dropped his arm and stood dismayed.

"You told me you were Cousin Tom!"

"So I am Cousin Tom! that is my name and relationship. Now, Mary," and the black eyes sparkled brimful of deprecating archness, "don't be angry because I don't snuff, nor wear spectacles! I beg the other Cousin Tom's pardon, whoever he is; but I am *very* glad he isn't here. Mary, be just and don't hate Cousin Tom, because his other name happens to be La Place!"

He need not have been so apprehensive, for, in their twilight walk beside the sun dial that very evening she confessed that she did not find Prof. La Place such a terrible ogre, after all; quite the contrary, in fact. And he succeeded in convincing her that he liked his impulsive little Cousin Mary all the better for those pear tree confidences.

But, no doubt, it was a very perplexing thing to have *two* Cousin Toms; and so, about six months subsequently, Miss Mary contrived to obviate that inconvenience by allowing one of them to assume a nearer relationship, and in spite of all her asseverations to the contrary, she is Mrs Prof. La Place.

For it's a solemn fact in this world, that, whenever a girl says she "*never, never*" will do a thing, she is pretty sure to go and do it the first chance she gets, and Mary is no exception to the general rule!

☞ In every good prose writer there will be found a certain harmony of sentence, which cannot be displaced without injury to his meaning. His own ear has accustomed itself to regular measurements of time, to which his thoughts learn mechanically to regulate their march. And in prose, as in verse, it is the pause, be it long or short, which the mind is compelled to make, in order to accommodate its utterance to the ear, that serves to the completer formation of the ideas conveyed; for words, like waters, would run off ro their own waste were it not for the checks that compress them. Water pipes can only convey their steam so long as they resist its pressure, and every skilled workman knows that he cannot expect them to last unless he smooth, with care, the material with which they are composed. For reasons of its own, prose has therefore a rhythm of its own. But by rhythm I do not necessarily mean the monotonous rise and fall of balanced periods, nor the amplification of needless epithets, in order to close the cadence with a Johnsonian chime. Every style has its appropriate music; but without a music of some kind it is not style—it is scribbling.

☞ Bill Ross is a great temperance-lecturer, and at Rushville, Illinois, was preaching to the young on his favorite theme. He said: "Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?" Yes sir!" shouted a hundred voices. "Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?" "Dead!" shouted the boys. "That's right. And who will own all this property then?"—"Us boys!" shouted the urchins. "Right. Now, tell me—did you ever, in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?" "Yes, sir! lots of them!" "Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?" "Dead!" exclaimed the boys. "And who will be drunkards then?" "Us boys." Billy was thunderstruck for a moment; but recovering himself, tried to tell the boys how to escape such a fate.

☞ A country newspaper thus "sets up" the editor of a rival journal: "The editor of the Hooking *Sentinel* seems to be much exercised about the tone of our paper. Did any of our readers ever see this man of the *Sentinel*? Take a six-bushel sack about as long one way as the other; fill it with bran, hit both ends heavily with a club, so as to swell it out largely in the centre. Scent it well throughout with bad whisky and onions, and you have him physically, smell and all. Take a half-witted, well-fed Hottentot, eject into him the largest possible amount of conceit; extract from him three-fourths of his brains, and all his moral principle; beat him over the head until he forgets what little he did know, and you have him intellectually."

☞ Old Parson Rives, down in Tennessee, was sent out by conference to preach to the negroes in a distant part of the State. He was a man of very dark complexion, but wo'd never have been mistaken for a negro. Meeting one of the saucy overseers, the Parson said to him: "Perhaps you do not know me, I am Mr. Rives, the negro preacher." "O yes," said the fellow, "I knowed you was a nigger, but I didn't know you was a preacher."

☞ In one of our towns the postmaster has, by a skillful manœuvering, managed to retain his office from the time of Harrison and Tyler, down to the present day. Being asked how he managed to keep his office through so many changes of Administration, he replied, that "it would take a mighty smart Administration to change quicker than he could."

☞ The hymn we heard in meeting the last time: "O, take a pill, O, take a pill, O, take a pilgrim home." The hymn we heard—trebel and soprano by the fairer portion of creation—"O, for a man, O, for a man, O, for a mansion in the skies." The one Plunkins heard the bass singer at: "O, send down Sal, O, send down Sal, O, send down Salvation."

☞ Official returns from all but three counties in Ohio, show as follows: For Secretary of State, Kennon, Union, 172,075; Armstrong, Democrat, 178,070. Armstrong's majority, 5,995. Hancock, Sandusky, and Putnam Counties, which are yet to come in, are expected to raise this majority to about 7,460.

☞ Returns from all but nine counties in Indiana show for the Republican Union Secretary of State, 108,830; for the Democratic candidate, 116,654; Democratic majority, 7,824. The counties to come in will not materially vary this proportion.

☞ The pompous epitaph of a close fisted citizen closed with the following passage of scripture: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "Dat may be so," soliloquized Sambo, "but when dat man died, de Lord didn't owe 'im a red cent."

☞ Among the awards in the Golden Book of the royal commissioners at the recent "exhibition" in London, is this, under the head of prize liquors: "Rum very fine, clear and full of character."

☞ When Mr. Whiteside finished his five hours' oration on Kars, Lord Palmerston replied that the honorable gentleman's speech was highly creditable to his physical powers.