

# The Independent Republican.

“FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG.”

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

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## Poe's Corner.

From the Bradford Argus.

### MARY.

They have faded—faded  
The dew-drops on her breast;  
They have clung her white hands softly,  
And laid her down to rest.  
They have parted back the tresses,  
From her young and gentle brow,  
And the seal—the fearful seal,  
As on her sweet lips now.  
Like the half-unfolded rose-bud,  
Like the leader's tremulous eye,  
Like the drooping willow beauty,  
And faded from the sky,  
Let the tears flow down in silence,  
Let the broken spirit sigh,  
And the broken heart's faint quiver,  
With a wildly plaintive tone.  
Scarce two bright summer dawns,  
On feet which have grown down,  
Since she, amid a bridal throng,  
The sweetest bride of the town,  
With the quiet, holy beauty,  
In her soft, hazel eye,  
With a look of heaven, that whispered,  
“So fair,” she was to die.  
We knew—we knew the pure, young brow,  
With circling gems would shine,  
We knew the smile that wreathed her lips,  
Beneath the holy sign,  
We knew we, that on white wings,  
She hath softly soared away,  
Or that another weary bed,  
Lies beneath the cold, cold clay.  
We weep, that we the eye-lids  
That to the depths of grief were  
Come back no answering hope,  
The pale cheek, with its death hue,  
Forever lies in quietude,  
The eyes that with their tenderness,  
Forevermore are still.  
Long years of weary mourning here,  
We wait the grief-stricken heart;  
And clouds may shroud the darkened sky,  
But joy shall not be there,  
A simple smile shall live there on  
Which angel voices ring,  
And deep notes from the stary world,  
A soothing calm shall bring,  
Though cold the lips, whose dying breath  
Brought cheer to us to weep—  
A hovering spirit will be there,  
Since Mary fell asleep.

### From Syria.

JOURNAL OF REV. H. H. JESSUP.

CONCLUDED.  
TUESDAY, March 3d.—When we arose this morning, we found our tents so saturated with dew, that we were obliged to leave them standing some time to allow the sun to dry them. After breakfast, and just before we left, a great crowd of Arabs from the village came out to bid us farewell by asking a bushel, or a present of money. They were all armed, and kept crowding up closer and closer the horses had eaten from the ground where they were tied the night before. As the ground belonged to the Sultan and not to the village, and these villagers, none of them really dwell here, but are a set of vagabond creatures, we saw at once that the demand was exceedingly impudent and unjust. At first we paid no attention to it, but as they increased their demands, I informed Mr. Thomson who was a little distance waiting for us to come on. He rode up at once, and stationing himself in the very midst of the clamoring crowd, demanded in a tone which they could not misunderstand, “What is this noise and talk? What do you want?” They seemed abashed by his determination and they made no reply, but finally one of them said, “We want pay for the grass we cut last night for your animals.” Another in the crowd said, “We want a bushel of wheat for the grass we have eaten here around the tent.” Mr. Thomson said to the first, “We have paid you for the grass you cut for us, as we always pay our debts. But who is it that demands pay for the land which belongs to the Sultan? Where is the man? Bring him out that I may see him.” The man who had made the demand now began to deny it, but Mr. Thomson had heard him say it, and gave him a rebuke which will probably remember, and warned the wondering crowd to beware how they attempted to impose upon travelers under the protection of the Sultan and the Agha. One of the guards then came up and gave them a hurra which seemed to have the desired effect, they began to sink away one after another, evidently having the fear of the Agha before their eyes. Without this guard we might have had a very uncomfortable time.  
Leaving Beisan, we rode North-west, crossing an old Roman bridge and passing in sight of an old Khan, formerly a place of importance to caravans going to Jerusalem from Damascus by the shortest route. One hour after leaving Beisan, our guards told us that the country beyond was quite safe, and they wished to return. Yusuf accordingly paid them, and they returned to the camp of the Agha. We now rode along the plain of Jezreel for several hours, having labor and little Hermon ahead of us on the right, and the city of Shechem on the southern slope of the latter. At a quarter after one, we reached Jezreel, after passing the fountain of Jezreel just to the East of it. You will remember that this was the residence of Ahab, the wicked king of Israel, and his wife, Jezebel. Here was Naboth's vineyard which Ahab coveted, and for which Jezebel obtained the murder of Naboth. Here Jezreel obtained his dreadful commission against the house of Ahab, when Ahab and Jezebel and Joram and Jezebel perished. In the upper part of the village is a tower, very probably on the very site of the watch tower of Jezreel, from which the watchman saw a man approaching from the direction of Beisan, and said, “The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimihi; for he driveth furiously.” We stopped here to take our lunch, but we regretted that we had not stopped at the fountain below, as we could not find water fit to drink in the whole village. The present name of the village is Zerik. Leaving Jezreel, the house we are occupying is owned by a Samaritan, and is in the midst of the Samaritan quarter of the city. Naboth is a large city, but the Samaritans number now only about sixty men, as they told us, but I am inclined to think that it is less than sixty men, the whole number being not far from two hundred. Over the doors of the rooms in the house we occupy, are Samaritan inscriptions taken from the Pentateuch. The Samaritans do not acknowledge

any part of the Bible as inspired, but the five books of Moses. These they regard with great reverence. They despise the Jews as a sect of heretics, and have no dealings with them. “Four times a year they go up to Mount Gerizim in solemn procession to worship; and then they begin reading the law as they set off, and finish it above. These seasons are: The Feast of the Passover, when they pitch their tents upon the mountain all night, and sacrifice seven lambs at sunset; the day of Pentecost; the Feast of Tabernacles, when they journey in booths built of branches of the arbutus; and lastly, the great day of Atonement, in Autumn.”—Robinson.  
The Samaritan men wear red turbans, and their features are strongly Jewish, with the aquiline nose, so common among the Jews. Yet they are in general rather coarse in appearance. One man who has been in England, where he went to collect money for the Samaritans, has just English words enough to make him disagreeable. He does not seem to me to be a very ingenious youth.  
—TUESDAY, March 5th.—This morning, our Samaritan friends came flocking around the house to show us their memorials of the past, and receive the usual bushel. One wished to guide us to the summit of Mount Gerizim, but we were not so willing to accept the invitation of another to go with him to the Synagogue and see the wonderful scroll of parchment, the famous Samaritan manuscript. After threading our way around through various ambiguous passages we reached the door of the Synagogue, a very plain room with a groined arch. We left our shoes at the door, and walked in on the cold stone floor, which was cool to the touch. Mr. Jones returned, saying that he feared for his health. On the left, we entered, in a recess, separated from the main body by a curtain, behind which the old grey-bearded priest rested with all possible dignity. It was a sadly interesting spectacle, and I pitied the old man from my heart, wishing that the curtain which now concealed him from view were the only veil between him and his people, the Deliverer, of whom Moses was the type, and by faith in whom Moses was saved. In a few minutes, the old priest drew aside the curtain and produced the wonderful scroll which they claim to be 2400 years old, and which we followed down to Naboth or Shechem arriving at the house of the Missionary, Mr. Zeller, at five o'clock. Mr. Zeller had just come on from Jerusalem, and is to remove to Nazareth on Friday. We did our own cooking, and spread our beds, and made him as little trouble as possible. I have heard travelers speak of the extensive ruins between Mount Gerizim, the mount of blessings, and Mount Ebal, the mount of cursings. We were particularly to take notice this afternoon, but I could not see that one is any more fertile than the other, though it is a fact that the great fountains which supply Naboth with water, and irrigate the whole valley, all spring from the base of Gerizim, the mount of blessings.  
The valley of Naboth is exceedingly beautiful and the gardens are very extensive. The olive orchards extend a great distance along the road to Sebaste. The prevailing rock in this region is a species of flint, with an underlying stratum of chalk and limestone. In this respect I could see no difference between Ebal and Gerizim. Perhaps if we had been in the Summer instead of the Spring, we might have observed a greater difference in the appearance of the two mountains, as Ebal faces the South-west, exposed to the intense heat of the Sun during the long Summer months, while Gerizim, which is opposite, has a northern exposure, which in this country is far more favorable for vegetation in the Summer.  
This is the ancient Shechem, one of the first places visited by Abraham when he came down into the land of Canaan. Two hundred years later, Jacob came here and pitched his tent before the city. Here he “bought a parcel of a field for an hundred pieces of money,” or “an hundred lambs,” which is more probable. The city was afterwards spoiled by the sons of Jacob. After Joshua had conquered the country, he appointed Shechem as one of the three “cities of Refuge” on this side of Jordan. Here also Joshua “gathered all the tribes of Israel, and made a covenant with the people, and set them a statute, and an ordinance in Shechem.” And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt buried they in Shechem. Joshua 24: 26 and 32nd. At this place also took place the rebellion of Jeroboam and the division of the tribes into the Kingdom of Judah and Israel, 975, B. C.—About two hundred and fifty years after, Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, carried Israel away captive, and the Assyrians re-peopled the country with men from his own empire. “And the king of Assyria brought men from Babylon and from Cuthah, and from Ava and from Hamath, and from Sepharvaim, and placed them in the cities of Samaria, instead of the children of Israel, and they possessed Samaria, and dwelt in the cities thereof.”  
This mixed race of people continued to dwell in the land, with a form of religion semi-Israelitish and semi-pagan. Josephus says that they were called in Hebrew, Cuthim, and in Greek, Samaritans. About forty years after this, when the Jews returned from their captivity, and began to rebuild Jerusalem and the temple, these Samaritans “came to Zerubbabel and to the chief of the fathers, and said unto them, Let us build with you; for we seek your God as ye do; and we do sacrifice unto him since the days of Esarhaddon.” Dr. Robinson says that it was the refusal of the Jews to give them the privilege of uniting with themselves in this work, which gave rise to the subsequent hatred between the two races, and which was the cause of the fact that in the time of our Lord the Jews had “no dealings with the Samaritans.” In the time of Christ, Shechem was called Sichem. It is a somewhat singular fact, and certainly very interesting, that the only Samaritans now remaining from this once powerful sect, are found within the walls of Naboth, and we were quite surprised to find this evening that the house we are occupying is owned by a Samaritan, and is in the midst of the Samaritan quarter of the city. Naboth is a large city, but the Samaritans number now only about sixty men, as they told us, but I am inclined to think that it is less than sixty men, the whole number being not far from two hundred. Over the doors of the rooms in the house we occupy, are Samaritan inscriptions taken from the Pentateuch. The Samaritans do not acknowledge

This fountain is a singular place. Just above it rises a low cliff about twenty feet in height, from which several huge masses have been detached by the storms. In one large mass which lies several rods from the ledge, are two large sepulchral excavations or tombs evidently of great antiquity. Passing down westward from the fountain through a rocky valley, we saw multitudes of tombs cut in the mountain side. In fifteen minutes we reached Sellum, the site of the ancient Shiloh. It is on a hill sloping off gently toward the West and Southwest, and terminating on the Southwest in a broad and beautiful plain. As we entered the region of the ruins, we came to an old mosque, whose walls are partially standing under a magnificent oak tree. This tree seems the more refreshing to the sight as there are very few trees in sight within many miles. Near this old mosque are quite extensive ruins, but none of them are of any marked interest. To the South, perhaps a quarter of a mile distant, is another prominent ruin. It is a roofless building with thick walls which on two sides slope on the outside in a manner resembling the slope of a military structure. It has here, however, the appearance of having been built for strength, perhaps against the shock of earthquakes. The slab of stone over the door is beautifully adorned with sculpture, and there are several Corinthian capitals lying on the ground within the walls.  
“This is the spot where” the whole congregation of the children of Israel assembled together at Shiloh and set up the tabernacle of the congregation there. “The Ark of God remained here nearly three hundred years, and on this southwestern slope I doubt not, the hosts of Israel used to encamp. It must have been a magnificent spectacle, and I could almost imagine the scene renewed as we gazed upon the beautiful landscape to-day. Here “the child Samuel ministered to the Lord before Eli; and the word of the Lord was precious in those days.” “And the Lord appeared again in Shiloh; for the Lord revealed himself to Samuel in Shiloh by the word of the Lord.” Here Eli received the sad intelligence of the capture of the Ark of the Lord by the Philistines, and here were afterwards rejected the prophets of Baal, and the altar of God is taken. “As is said in the 78th Psalm; that God—“Forsook the tabernacle of Shiloh.” “The tent which he placed among men;” “And delivered his strength into captivity;” “And his glory into the enemy's hand.”  
“We reached Sinj, our place of encampment, about three o'clock, and as we entered the village from the East, we saw in the distance coming from the North on the regular Naboth road. The sky looked threatening, and we tried to find a house for the night, but they were all so much darker and more filthy than any stable I ever saw in America, that we concluded to encamp on the threshold floors outside and take our chance for rain. While Bro. Aiken and I arranged the tent and beds for the night, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Jones rode to a ruin called Tithila, about two rods to the West. As usual we had a great crowd of the natives around our camp during the whole evening, but they did not molest us.  
—FRIDAY, March 7th, 1857.—We arose this morning in good health and spirits, and I must confess to a feeling of impatient enthusiasm, as I thought of seeing the Holy City before another sunset. We were now “going up to Jerusalem” in good earnest, and having the vine from the East in our campaign. We were in a very good way, and within the limits of the tribe of Ephraim, we set out at 8 1/2 o'clock, and in a short time, passing over into the tribe of Benjamin, we journeyed into the land of Judah. Descending into the “Valley of Figs,” or Wady El Teen, we rode through beautiful olive orchards for some distance, and then ascended a steep hill, in the rocks of which I saw fossil shells, the first I have seen since leaving Sidon. The prevailing rock of the region is a hard white limestone, in many places abundant in the hills. Here Jacob saw the vision of the ladder and angels ascending and descending on it, and here he received the promise and entered into covenant with Jehovah. The ark of the covenant was for a long time here, and Samuel also came here once a year to judge the people. Jerusalem, converted “Bethel” the “House of God” into “Bethaven” as Hosea says, the “House of Idols.” In Hosea x, 8, the prophets say;  
“The high places of Aven (Bethel) the sin of Israel shall be destroyed; the thorn shall thistle shall come upon their altars; and they shall say to the mountains, Cover us; and to the hills, Fall on us.”  
You will remember that when the prophet Elisha was coming up from Jericho on his way to Mount Carmel, he stopped at Bethel, probably because there was a school of the prophets here. “And as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up thou bald head! Go up thou bald head! And he turned back and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. “And there came forth two she-bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.”  
From our experience to-day, we concluded that the character of the people has not changed much since the time of Elisha. As we approached the fountain, the women assembled there, addressed us in the most insulting language. Mr. Jones gave us the following answers for the women and the women kept declaring that she would not give it up till he gave her some money. “We dismounted, and she soon returned the cup. As we were sitting on a stone wall eating our lunch, a crowd of boys came down from the village. They were the roughest looking fellows I have seen, although I have seen a great many people in this land. Their clothes were ragged and smeared with mud, and the most of them were bare-footed and bare-headed, their long tangled, yellow hair hanging over their shoulders. One said to another; “What are these Franks doing here?” Others cried, Bucksheshe, and they

all crowded around us. One said to me, “Give me some of your bread, and I will give you some from the village” and then brushed by me, sticking his elbow into my face. They seemed endeavoring to get some one of us to strike them or push them aside, they might have some excuse for striking us, or stealing our property, but we said nothing, and paid no attention to them. Presently one of them came behind Bro. Aiken, and stole from him the bread which he was eating, and then ran off a little distance and sat down on a wall above us to eat it. The whole crowd then set up a shout of exultation, but we did nothing but kept a good watch on our pockets, and a firm hold of our horses. When we rode away they followed us with their shouts, “Franks Coco,” “Franks Coco.” “Franks Coco,” until we were out of sight. I think you will agree with me that the character of the place has not much changed during the past twenty-seven hundred years.  
Leaving Bethel we rode on towards the Holy City, passing near to Gibeah, and probably over the battle ground, on which Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still. We saw Neby Samuel, which is supposed by some to be the Mizpah of the Old Testament. The whole country here is undulating, often rising into high hills, the highest of which is Neby Samuel. At a little after three o'clock, we reached Scopos, the hill from which Titus first surveyed the City when he came to fulfil his mission against the City and the Temple.  
Before we came to the summit from which the first view appears, Bro. Aiken and I began to feel excited, and leaving Mr. Thomson and Mr. Jones to remain, we pressed on over the stony road to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem. It was the same first glimpse which many thousands have had before us, and yet it was none the less interesting to me. At first the view was interrupted by the olive trees, but as we rode on it burst upon us—the great, dark Dome of the Mosque of Omar, the minarets, the Castle of David, the domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the walls of the city, the roofs of the houses, the distant mountains. South, toward Bethlehem and Hebron, and Mt. Olivet directly ahead to the left, and almost on a level with us—so many features, so new and yet so familiar, that while it was far more beautiful than I had anticipated, it was so much in accordance with my own previously formed ideas of the general landscape, that a feeling of satisfaction and familiarity came over me, as though I had looked on the same scene a thousand times before, and each time with new delight. Mr. Thomson, who knows this region as he knows his own house, insisted on our turning off from the usual road and riding around on the summit of the Mount of Olivets. I had no idea before that the Mount of Olivets was but the terminus of a range coming down from the North, but so it is, and we rode around on the ridge, having every moment new and more striking views of the city, until we reached the highest point, a little knob about ten minutes north-east of the Church of the Ascension. From this point we saw the Dead Sea to the southeast, with the mountains of Moab, hazel and blue in the distance, and as we turned again to the West, the afternoon sun was glittering on the snow-white, domed-roofs, the minarets and mosques, the walls and towers of Zion and Moriah and Aven. Passing the Church of the Ascension, we descended the hill to Gethsemane, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or Kedron, and crossing the bridge near the tombs of Absalom, James and Jehoshaphat, ascended the narrow path to the southeastern corner of the present city wall. We then rode on around the South side of the city to the Zion gate, and continued our ride to the Jaffa gate, quite near to which, on Mount Zion, we took temporary lodgings at the hotel of one Simeon, hoping to-morrow to take rooms in the house of the late Mr. Nicolayson, the same house in which Mr. Thomson lived twenty-five years ago, when he first came to Syria.  
HENRY HARAS JESSUP.

Let us on the Comet.  
We ought to have published long ago the propositions of the Urbans (Ill.) Constitution concerning the Comet. Zimmerman, after observing the “critter” carefully with the instruments of the Urbans Brass Band, comes to the conclusions—  
1st. The Comet will not strike the earth; but  
2d. If it does strike, it will never do it the second time.  
In case, however, any gentleman holds opinions different from the above and is willing to back his views to a limited extent, in order to arrive at the truth of this momentous matter, we hereby make the following PROPOSITIONS.  
1st. We will wager \$20,000, more or less, that if the Comet offers to strike we will judge before it does it; in other words that sum that it can't be brought to the scratch.  
2d. A like sum that if it does strike it will be knocked higher nor a kite.  
3d. Twenty-five times the above amount, that in case the comet strikes, it won't budge the earth six inches by actual measurement.  
4th. A like amount that after the comet strikes, its tail drops.  
5th. An optional sum that the earth can knock the comet further than the comet can knock the earth, nine times out of eleven.  
6th. That after the comet gets through striking the earth, it will never want to strike anybody else.  
These propositions are intended to cover the case of any gentleman on this globe, or on the comet or elsewhere.  
All wagers to be decided by the Judges of the Urbans Brass Band.  
Money to be deposited in the banks of Newfoundland.  
Time of striking and other arrangements to be fixed by the parties.  
Applicants for bets have a right to select any comet they choose.  
A SNAPE FLOWER.—Thomas F. Marshall in the course of remarks at the Cincinnati celebration, referred to the Mississippi Valley as reclining with her head in the lakes—her feet in the gulf of Mexico, and her hands grasping the Allegheny and Rocky mountains.  
A slave woman is advertised to be sold in St. Louis who is as supposedly beautiful that five thousand dollars has already been offered for her, at private sale, and refused.

## Miscellaneous.

### FALLING OUT AND FALLING IN.

We publish the following with the impression that nothing, since the story of “The Seventeen Dragons; or the Enchanted Princess of the Apennines,” has equalled it. The author will be readily discovered in the facilities of the style and the extreme delicacy of the delineation. It will be published in book form, the proceeds to be appropriated to the artificial propagation of honesty among rascals.  
CHAPTER FIRST.  
Treatment of the persons of the story, and a few particulars in the plot, essential to the proper understanding of it.  
Hiram Mullen and Susan Place were engaged. It had been a fixed matter for a year, and the young girls had left off setting their caps for Hiram, and Susan was beyond the aspirations of the many who had fluttered in her train. Every one said it would make a good match, and Hiram and Susan believed they were fully right. It was pleasant to see how prettily they got along together. The wheels of their love moved on smoothly. In speaking of her before her face, he called her the most pleasant Place that ever was known, and she, in turn said that of all the plants that grew there was none in her eyes so fair as the Mullen. These were playful things that the intensity of their affection justified, and every body seemed to hear them, out of friendly regard for the parties. They wished to marry, but a lack of the “ready,” which prudent people have an eye to—and they were prevented people, were Hiram and Susan.  
CHAPTER SECOND.  
Showing how Trifles may tend to interrupt the longest happiness, and what the Trifles were.  
It was all about a hoop made of rattan, that was intended to go around the bottom of Susan's dress. Hiram, with a view to sport—he was such a Satan, so they all said—said he thought such a thing to be worn by Susan, would be out of Place. Place was her name, don't you see? She blushed and pouted, and he said all he had uttered was mere Mullen's talk, which sounded like Mullen's talk. At this he bridled up, and looked grave, and she bridled up and looked serious; and then they looked away from each other.  
Such mischief! It is in crinoline!—Would any one believe that any trifles like that would drive two souls asunder?  
Hiram stood on the door-step unaccompanied, and he left the door-step with anger in his heart, with no good night spoken, no parting kiss exchanged!  
“That's my last visit to that Place,” said he between his teeth. “I shall not have to endure that Mullen's talk any longer,” said Susan. And so they parted forever.  
CHAPTER THIRD.  
Showing how they fell out, and what happened thereon.  
The next morning Hiram noticed, as he was trying his cravat by the little seven-by-nine looking-glass in his room, that he looked pale. By a queer freak, his mind was in the glass, Susan Place! She was not there, however, as he ascertained by looking over her left shoulder. He thought her face was pale, and the eyes looked red and miserable, and if he could at that moment have seen her, he would have believed his fancy a reality—for he stood at that very moment looking in her little mirror, and her fancy had conjured the face of Hiram which was looking at her over her left shoulder very sadly. Then she burst into tears, and she saw that the face of Hiram likewise had a water line on each side of the nose, as if he were weeping—which was the case.  
“But,” said he, as he tied his dicky on his hand before he would be reconciled; “snapping the string as he said so.  
“If he should come and beg on his knees for forgiveness, I wouldn't forgive him,” she said, snapping a lace as she gave an extra jerk. It might have been caused by the throbbing of her heart, however.  
CHAPTER FOURTH.  
Showing the agency of a Third Party in bringing about a reconciliation and how he managed it.  
No body ever knew how Susan's brother Jim—a very limp of a boy—managed to get hold of it. Some people thought he had guessed that they had a falling out from the second time. In case, however, any gentleman holds opinions different from the above and is willing to back his views to a limited extent, in order to arrive at the truth of this momentous matter, we hereby make the following PROPOSITIONS.  
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It was very soothing, and all of them sat down to finish their dinner.  
CHAPTER SIXTH.  
Which shows a consideration of the author in bringing his story to a successful termination, setting a fine example for writers generally.  
There was a wedding the very next Sunday night; and the bride wore the same rattle hoop that was the cause of the quarrel, and the bride, as the reader may have guessed ere this, was Susan Place.  
“There was no interruption at the altar—No huge shadows rose to oppose the beams. No sanguinary rival lay in wait to shoot the happy bridegroom with a blunderbuss. No shrieking female, creaky with despair, appeared to claim a treacherous lover. No raging father or offended brother offered sinister prayers upon the union. No sensitive mother or sister went into hysterics over the affair. It was just the sort of a time all would have been delighted to see.  
And they were happy. As one of their grand-children, who writes for this paper, told me, the demon of discord never invaded the peace of their home, and the recording angel never had occasion to wipe a tear from his dewy eyes on account of their wrong doing.  
Reading One's own Obituary.  
The tenure of the Major Generality of Massachusetts, like that of a good many other offices in that ancient Commonwealth, is for life or during good behavior. The Boston Transcript says that one of the former lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave as a sentiment at a public dinner: “The memory of our late Major General—may he be eternally rewarded for his long service in his exulting services on earth.” Judge of the surprise of the author of this toast, on learning, the next day, that the report was false, and the veteran officer still lived.  
This reminds us of an occurrence that took place in the same State some years ago. In the days of old Mycall, the publisher of the Newburyport Herald, (a journal still alive and flourishing) the sheriff of old Essex, Phillip Bagley, had been asked several times to say up his arrears of subscription. At last old Mycall told him he would certainly “hand over” the next morning as sure as he lived. “If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead,” said he.  
The morning came and passed, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when on the morning of the day after, he opened his Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Phillip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the County of Essex, with an obituary notice attached giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored—he was not punctual in paying the printer.  
Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. What if possible he cared a little about him to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office to deny that he was dead, in propria persona.  
“Why Sheriff?” exclaimed the facetious editor, “I thought you were defunct.”  
“Defunct?” exclaimed the sheriff. “What put that idea into your head?”  
“Why you yourself!” said Mycall. Did you not tell me—when I was here yesterday—“that I was dead?”  
“Well then, your money!” And now contradicts the report in the next paper, if you please.”  
“That's not necessary, friend Bagley,” said the old joker; it was only printed in your copy!”  
The good sheriff lived many years after this “sell,” and to the day of his real death always took good care to pay the printer.—N. O. Picayune.  
California Poetry.  
When from my room I choose to stray,  
To spend an hour at close of day,  
I ever find the place most free,  
Where some friend treats the larger beer.—Sacramento Age.  
Ah! yes, my friend, of city life, there such a treat comes such a strife, but better than such down by far, are pleasures of a fire sign.—Plover Herald.  
Such pleasure may suit better minds, but with the good no favor finds; to one's own wife, 'tis wiser woe to one's own wife.—Volcano Ledger.  
Most wise your choice, my worthy friend, in Hyman's joys your care to end; but we, though tried of single life, can't boast of having our own wife, so when heaven our cares we faint, we fly to kiss some gal that ain't—yet.—Napa Reporter.  
That “lager beer” will bile provoke, to coils “fine Havana's” end in amble. Who enters one's wife is better far than lager beer or vile cigar. Kisses the dew of love on my morning, break on the lips as soon as you. These all are wrought to that first-born joy—the first proud glance at your greatest boy!—Evening Ledger.  
“That's a true boy's a wish for blessing, but then suppose the first's a girl! A dear sweet child with ways caressing, with pouting lips and flaxen curl, with dimpled cheeks and laughing eye, to come and bid “papa” good bye! So whether boy or whether “other,” embrace the babe and then the mother!—San Francisco Globe.  
Some years since, a letter was received in New Orleans, directed “To the biggest fool in New Orleans.” The Post Master was absent, and on his return one of the younger clerks in the office informed him of the receipt of the letter.  
“And what became of it?” inquired the Post Master.  
“Why,” replied the clerk, “I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, and so I opened the letter myself.”  
“And what did you find in it?” inquired the Post Master.  
“Why,” responded the clerk, nothing but the words, “Show art the man!”  
In churches sleep heads have always been stammered, until recently we never heard of any one claiming dead-head exemption when the plate went around. Last Sunday in a western village, when the plate was being passed in Church, a gentleman said to the collector, “Go on, I'm a dead-head—I've got a pass!”  
A clean glove often hides a dirty hand.