

Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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CLASP ME FONDLY.

Clasp me fondly, treat me kindly,
As a thing on the bosom,
Of a lady reclining in bloom,
On my darling's bosom,
From your love and tender caresses,
Shake those clouds of wendings—
Kiss me softly, kiss me blithely,
Do not stop to drop or blush,
But go on with a perfect rush.
Mine you should be, mine you could be,
Farthest from female creatures,
Some there are safe can best yours,
Cupid's laughing, ever trips,
The Norma Polka on your lips,
Where, perhaps, like, grace reposes,
Someday, half among the roses,
Dearest, mine you said you would be—
Say not no, with faltering tongue,
But go on, dearest, while you're young.

IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

If anybody were to aver that there was any anxiety about the distribution of offices in the city of Montrose, Ohio, it would not be shared by the people. There was anxiety, indeed, no doubt, by the desire to see the places filled by fit and proper men; and there was also a good deal of disinterested patriotism evinced, by a readiness on the part of the shrewdest and ablest citizens, to be sacrificed for the community had been agitated to the last degree by conflicting reports, almost hourly, as to who was appointed post-master, that vexing question was set at rest by the arrival of the commission. But it settled only to import the discussion of another of tremendous importance in the circumstances in the situation of a disinterested looker-on, I hope to be able to relate some few incidents which occurred in that memorable struggle for those honorable offices; and if this narrative possesses for the interest of a fictitious story, let it be remembered that it is but a dry detail of facts.

It was in front of a celebrated and justly popular hotel in the city, that two gentlemen, bent upon serving the country at all hazards, and a few days after the post-master had received his commission. One of them was a red-faced, rakish-looking individual, though apparently over thirty. The other was a person not less than forty. Mr. Doem was the name of the former; he had not, at that time, any occupation or profession; but what did that? he had had a good many. The name of the other was Simeon Sugg; he was young to the bone by anxiety about the state of the country and for the maintenance of the Compromise. He was rich, had retired from business, and having nothing to do, had many times offered, in the most patriotic and disinterested manner, to take over the duties of the Government. Doem had also tendered his services several times; but strange to say, though they were both gentlemen of leisure, and could have served the State without loss or detriment to its industrial interests, their offers had been declined.

How low you look the new post-master, Simeon? said Doem.

Mr. Sugg was engaged in whittling a stick; he slowly moved his head from side to side, like a bear at bay, but made no audible reply.

If I had known that he was likely to get it, I would have been a candidate myself, said Doem.

Turning to Doem with a sorrowful air, Mr. Sugg said:

The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.

Al! you've been set aside for this post-master, have you?

No, sir, I was not a candidate for that office.

Simeon, I should like to know what office you are a candidate for, said Doem.

I am not a candidate; not exactly a candidate, you see; I am not a candidate at all, as you may say; but sooner than these new men shall get all the offices, I will be a candidate.

Oh, for what? said Doem, sharply.

Oh, for nothing in particular, replied Simeon, with his eyes bent upon the ground.

But what for a candidate?

Well, for things in general, and for something in particular, too, replied Doem.

Having finished the battles of the Democratic party ever since I was ten years old; having rid, in all sorts of weather, in all parts of the county, having got up o' nights with the boys,

Drinking whiskey, suggested Simeon, seeing that the other hesitated.

And having worked night and day for the election of Franklin Pierce. I am a candidate for mail-agent! Now it's out!

For what? said Simeon, dropping stick and knife in consternation.

Mail-agent; no mistake about it, replied Doem, coolly. And if I hadn't been a spoiled fool, as didn't appreciate his own merits and qualifications, I should have tried for and got something better.

You would, I assure you, cried Simeon, eagerly. It is not too late now; go in for some good office; you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be a candidate for mail-agent.

Well, I had, I know, but I think I'll take the agency now, said Doem, after consideration.

Which route do you apply for?

Whichever they like to appoint me to; I have no preference where service to the country is concerned. Now I know you are a candidate for a mail-agent, too, Simeon; and we shall be certain to receive the appointments.

I am a kind of candidate, said Simeon. No doubt your commissions will come out together. I am for either route.

Certainly, one is as good as the other; and if we want to change at any time, we can arrange it with the Department, said Doem.

Simeon's reply was prevented by the approach of a young man with a valise in his hand, who had just returned from Washington.

Who's that? cried Doem, what's the news? are you mail-agents?

I am the only one appointed; I have my commission in my pocket for the southern route. Much obliged to you for your congratulations. I am in a great hurry; excuse me, gentlemen.

With this he stepped into the hotel, leaving Mr. Doem and Simeon in speechless consternation. Doem was the first to recover

the use of his tongue, and he forthwith began to curse the administration with great vigor and volubility. By the time he had exhausted all his blasphemy—and it was a large stock his friend had revived. It was an affecting sight to see Simeon, who, sitting himself upon a box, he looked around with a sad and warning aspect, and said:

The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as never voted the ticket.

I believe you said your application was for the southern route, Simeon, said Doem.

No, sir, the northern route, I said. I wouldn't have had the southern route, you know. But you was a candidate for the southern route, and you ought to have had it!

Hold up, Simeon! I was for the northern route. All along my papers are on file for that, and yours are for the southern route.

Not at all; young man. My papers

The d—l a bit, Simeon. Your papers? Evening, gentlemen; what's the news? said a gentleman.

O, Lord, Judge! a't you heard it? said Doem. The d—t villain! here's Bob Johnson been and done Simeon out of the office he was an applicant for—mail-agent on the southern route. Simeon's papers?

Not a bit of it! bawled Simeon. The Judge knows my papers.

Well, but is Bob appointed?

Certain, he is. Did you ever hear of such a d—d outrage upon Simeon?

Gentlemen, Bob is the right sort of man, a clever fellow, and an active Democrat, said the Judge.

He never voted the ticket in all his life; he's a Whig, said Simeon.

To be sure he is, said Doem. Why, Judge, he's the d—t rascal; he ought to be in the penitentiary.

Them's the kind of men the old working members of the party is a being set aside for by this administration, said Simeon, with tears in his eyes. This administration will ruin the party; it is almost ruined.

One of my mail-agencies left for his salvation, he's a good fellow, and ought to be filled.

That's a fact, Judge, and Simeon had better be putting in for one while they are going, said Doem.

I am in—in for mail-agent, said Simeon. Still, I'll not stand in your way. But now, why don't you go in for something foreign?

Well, I don't know. How would a consulship suit me, Judge? replied Doem.

First rate, Sir, I believe, if you could get a good one. There is not much work to do, and the position is an honorable one.

Never mind about the honor, said Doem, with some contempt. I've got honor enough already to last me my life, if I live to be as old as Washington's nose. Honor is all very well; but how does it pay?

The good ones pay very well. What part of the world would you like to go to?

Well, there you've rather got me. Where is there a good consulship?

Liverpool, suggested Simeon.

I wouldn't have either of those, said Doem, positively. I want something in a republic. To live in an old despotism would suit me all at. An't there no good consulships in republics?

Rio Janeiro, said Simeon.

Which is not in a republic, said the Judge.

Republic of Brazil, said Simeon.

Republic of Brazil, returned the Judge.

That won't do, said Doem.

Valparaiso, suggested Simeon. That's as good as Rio, and I know that is in a republic.

That'll suit me, said Doem.

I have heard—I tell you this in confidence, you know, said the Judge.

Oh, certainly! go on, said the others.

I've heard that Governor Wood is a candidate for that office; you would not like to oppose him, perhaps?

Why not, said Simeon. The old working members of the Democratic party?

Never mind; no; I wouldn't do it, said Doem. Between you and me, gentlemen, I am a good deal better qualified for the office than the Governor is. But if he is to have money, let him have it. If he wants it worse than I do, he is entirely welcome.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether you could obtain a consulate of the first class, said the Judge. There are numerous applicants for all of them.

Not at all, Judge, said Simeon. There's nobody for Cutagutalang; and Bill is just the man for that. It is worth—let me see—it is worth about twenty thousand dollars a year. It is one of the greatest ports in the world; I am told so by a gentleman that has been there.

Is it in a republic? said Doem.

Why, not exactly. It is a Dutch port in the Indian Ocean, replied the Judge.

Well, I don't know about that! said Doem, dubiously. There used to be good officers among the Hindus; but Moneybags, you see, will look sharp after every body under him.

You need not fear his vigilance; this Cutagutalang is a Dutch port in the East Indies, quite out of his jurisdiction, said the Judge, with a grave smile. I do not know much about the place. Simeon, I presume, can give you sufficient information.

Well, Simeon, let us hear about it—What's the manners and customs of the people?

They are said to be the greatest people on earth for sporting and amusements, said Simeon, in the sing-song tone with which a school-boy repeats a lesson. The principal business of the better sort is drinking rum-punch, and playing at billiards; while the common people spends most of their time in fighting cocks, and consumes great quantities of arrack.

That'll suit me! said Doem. What sort of a country is it?

The country is beautiful in the extreme; the climate mild and pleasant; it is the garden-spot of all creation, said Simeon.

Productive?

Four harvests are gathered in a year—gold and silver mines abound in the interior; gems and precious stones are sited with a sieve out of the sand in the beds of the mountain-streets; and all sorts of fruits, yams, and valuable spices grow wild.

That'll suit me! exclaimed Doem. Is it healthy?

The natives are celebrated for longevity, and very few die at a hundred and fifty, replied Simeon.

Precious few, said the Judge, aside.

Many Americans and English there? said Doem.

Great numbers have settled in the place from time to time, notwithstanding the jealousy of the Dutch officials; and very few that lands on the island ever leaves it, replied Simeon.

Gentlemen, that will suit me, said Doem, with emphasis.

Get up your papers right away; go now, said Simeon.

Mr. Doem walked off the street at a rapid pace, and the Judge proceeded leisurely down the street leaving Simeon whittling slowly. When Doem was out of sight, Simeon threw away the stick he was employed on, and started off to a lawyer's office at the top of his speed, saying:

I'll see whether the old members of the party is to be set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.

About two hours after Mr. Doem had parted with Simeon, he strolled into a fashionable saloon and called for a brandy-smash and a cigar. Mr. Doem was in a state of uncertainty and perplexity. He appeared to be in search of something and unable to find it. He walked slowly round the room, he glanced at the pictures and hand-bills, as if he thought he might perhaps find it there; but being unsuccessful, he closely examined the map of Ohio, and subjected that of North America to a severe scrutiny.

I can't find it, said the bar-keeper.

What are you after? said the bar-keeper.

Don't talk so loud, said Doem, with a suspicious glance toward the door, near which there was a group of young men. Then, leaning over the counter, he said, in a cautious and confidential whisper: Do you know a place called Cutagutalang, Charley?

There is no such place in Ohio, said Charley.

Speak lower—who said there was? It isn't in Ohio.

Where is it, then?

That's what I want to know. It is a Dutch town in the Indian Ocean.

Oh! there's no Dutch towns in the Indian Ocean, replied Charley.

I wonder whether they could tell at the post-office where Cutagutalang is, said Doem.

You might try that, returned Charley. I will try; they ought to know, said Doem, and without delay he went there.

Mr. Doem introduced himself to one of the clerks, and after making a neat speech to the effect that he wished the gentleman there present might be referred to in office, though he entered upon his business, saying:

I believe you send letters from here to all parts of the world?

We do, sir.

Well, if you can send letters, you must know where to send them. Now where is Cutagutalang?

I don't know, Sir; foreign letters are not distributed here.

You don't know where Cutagutalang is?

No, Sir.

Then you ought to be turned out quicker than lightning!

With this Mr. Doem returned to the saloon, where he was advised by Charley to go to the library and examine the maps, charts, atlases, etc.

He did so; and after toiling for about an hour unsuccessfully, he consulted the librarian, who specially found the place at a table. Mr. Doem devoted all his attention to the perusal of the description of Cutagutalang. Having concluded reading, he closed the book with an oath so loud and expressive that a venerable reverend gentleman and two stout young fellows, studying for the ministry, who were reading in the library, started up and looked at him with a burst of grief that was truly pathetic.

The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.

What is the matter? said the Colonel.

That fellow Doem—what has he been here for?

For a letter to Washington requesting his appointment.

As Consul to Cutagutalang?

Not at all, as I understand; he referred to papers already on file, I think.

Simeon was dejected; if Doem had been in his place, he would have sworn; but Simeon never swore, and now he lifted up his voice and wept; wept over the depravity of the human heart as exemplified in the conduct of Doem.

He's a villain, Colonel; a base, unprincipled scoundrel; this administration has pretty high ruined the party, and it appoints him, it'll finish the job. All the old working members of the Democracy neglected—look at me!

The Colonel did look at him; he looked through him, and said:

Can I do any thing to serve you, Simeon?

Nothing, nothing! unless, he continued, with some hesitation, you will discount Doem's note for twenty dollars. You shall have it for fifteen.

Much obliged, Sir; I do not deal in paper, Good evening.

And so the Colonel left Simeon, seated on the stone step.

It might have been three hours after—it certainly was not four—when Simeon and Mr. Doem met again. A long explanation followed, which each said was satisfactory. Each solemnly asserted that he should take no further steps about the agency for a week. They spent the last half hour in discussing upon the unheard-of baseness of Johnson, and in professions of friendship, and of a community of interests between themselves. Mr. Doem loudly protested that he was after the consulate at Cutagutalang; and Simeon declared that he should not apply for the agency except in the event that Doem received the foreign appointment. It was eleven o'clock when they rose to go, each determined to do the same thing that very night—write a letter to Washington.

As they descended the steps to the street from the saloon in which they had been drinking, they encountered a friend and partisan, a person named Weasel, who was about to start a paper. Mr. Weasel was a little man; he was generally thought to be a great rogue. He was a politician of singular acuteness, in his own estimation; and if politics is a trade, he ought to have learned it thoroughly, for he had been at the business many years; with some profit to himself, and greatly to the detriment of the cause he advocated. He was known for managing small elections in a small, in-poor way; and whenever he got the management of one of the party never failed to be thoroughly beaten. Mr. Weasel was just out of one office at Washington, and he had been an applicant for several others, but had failed. There was

some excuse for his pertinacious applications for office under the General Government—he could neither dig nor grow; to beg or borrow he was not at all ashamed, but he had done so often that it was no longer profitable. One occupation, which he had somewhat depended upon for a living, it was no longer safe to follow; gambling was a penitentiary offence, and the citizens were determined that the law should be enforced from that time forth. He was now utterly without credit with his party; at home; his stake at Washington for office had been played and lost, and his last desperate resource before he went to the Devil was to start an opposition paper. Such men as Simeon and Doem were his only hope for a stay in this notable enterprise. He might get them both to subscribe for his paper; and perhaps one of them would pay his subscription, after a good deal of dunning. His interest clearly was to treat them fairly, but he knew they were both applicants for the same office, and he could not to save his life, resist the temptation to interfere with them, with a little of his mischievous management. It was the nature of the man prompting him against his interest. There was nothing to be gained by it in any event, but he rushed into roguery as a duck takes to water.

After saluting Weasel, Mr. Doem left them and walked slowly away; it was his custom to take a stroll every evening before he retired to his room. It was the nature of his hearing, Mr. Weasel said.

Simeon, I have always been a friend of yours; I am a friend of Doem's too; but, between you and me, he's a rascal, and don't ought to have any office.

Mr. Weasel, said Simeon, with great feeling and energy, he's the biggest rogue in the country, let the most who may.

He is; and there's some pretty big ones in the large building down there, said Weasel.

He's the biggest liar and scamp in the State, said Simeon.

So he is, said Weasel.

Simeon had just shaken hands with many gentlemen, and parted from him with many professions of regard; so had the excellent Weasel.

I'm afraid he'll do me out of this agency. The old members of the party is a being set aside for all sorts of vagabonds; he'll get this agency you'll see.

Not if you take my advice. Write a letter to Washington and give his true character.

I'm a going to do it; I've got the letter made up in my head.

That's right; put it in the postscript that he's a Miami. I don't know that he belonged to the tribe, but he'd have joined if he had a chance. And write to Foggy; get him to write a letter about it; you can blow Doem's snuff out of his nose.

With this Mr. Weasel hurried away, wishing to overtake Doem. He shortly did so, and, taking his arm, he said:

Bill, what do you think that old humpback Simeon is going to do?

Don't know, and I don't much care, said Doem.

He's going to write a letter to Washington about it, and he means to get one from Foggy, abusing you as a Miami, returned Weasel. Now you write and say that he has bribed Foggy to blackguard you. I'll throw them higher than a kite, I'm your friend, if you know so.

I'd a good deal rather you wouldn't, said Doem, hastily.

I'm highly provoked that Doem's letter was first completed, that he began after Simeon had written half of his, for permanent was a slow and painful operation with Simeon. However, we shall give Mr. Sugg's letter first. It was addressed to the Post-master-General, and ran as follows:

HONORABLE SIR:—I take the liberty of writing to you on your great goodness to WILLIAM DOEM, to be a candidate for the office of mail-agent to Cutagutalang. He is altogether worthy of that or any other office under your government, being a man of no education, totally unacquainted with grammar and cannot spell the English language correct. Also, he is not a Union man. Having been seen five or six months since, he was wearing a ruffian's cap and a ruffian's coat, and was thought to be a ruffian. The best proof that he is not sound on the Compromise is that he writes a letter about it, and certifies to you that the Manifest was a set of roge to a man. He is well qualified to speak on that point, having been one himself until it was found out.

Mr. Doem's letter was to the President. It was directed:

GEN. FRANKLIN PIERCE, President, (Private and confidential), Washington.

The following is a copy:

GEN. PIERCE: Hon. Sir:—In the course of his travels, Simeon has been told by a gentleman who respects one Simeon Sugg who is a candidate for the mail-agency from this city, and is not qualified for the office, not by his means. He is an ignorant, worthless, and dishonest fellow, and is not a Union man. He is a ruffian, and is guilty of several other things almost as bad. I am an applicant for the same office, and can be proved to be a Democrat and a poor Simeon's eye-sight is so galled, that he can't read the most powerful magnifying glasses he can't read the direction of above one letter out of six, and that I'll bet on. He is notorious for a fondness for whiskey punch made strong and as hot as brass, with hardly any sugar; whereas I am a temperance man, and have belonged to the Sons four times and shall give agency as soon as I receive the commission from your excellency.

All of which is respectfully submitted by your obedient servant, Wm. Doem.

P. S.—Be aware of the misrepresentations of Foggy and Simeon. Simeon has bribed him and he has agreed to abuse my character for the sum of two dollars and a quarter and an oyster supper. Foggy was a sort of Minister to the Miami, and is one of the greatest humpbacks in his or any other country. His character for truth and veracity is shocking bad, and I would not believe him on his oath if I was you.

The epistles were duly dispatched on the following evening.

CHAPTER THIRD.

AFTER the letters were sent, Simeon and Mr. Doem met daily upon the most friendly terms, each confident that he had settled the business of his adversary. For some days they passed a pleasant time, occupying themselves in abusing Johnson and others. However, as day after day passed, and they heard nothing from Washington, there came now and then a muttered curse from Doem, like the rumbling of distant thunder, the presence of a storm; and the amiable Simeon shook his head gently, and shed a tear or two on his head dejected. Still the time went on, and

Mr. Doem began to blaspheme openly, never naming the Cabinet but with curses loud and deep; while Simeon, like a Dismal, Jenny, shed floods of tears, and bewailed with sore lamentation the neglect by this administration of the old working members of the party.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Mr. Doem sat in his room at the hotel alone. His apartment was at the top of the house, and it was small; but it was large enough to accommodate a pleasant little euebré party; and Mr. Doem often entertained his friends in that way. The furniture was not of a sumptuous description—Doem despised luxury and hated ostentation. A small table, with a rickety washstand, and four chairs, comprised all the furniture. Mr. Doem sat upon the bed in the most comfortable manner, and opened his letter in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth. His red face was suspiciously inflamed upon this occasion, and though all the saloons were closed by strict ordinance, it was evident he had been drinking. Two bottles and a dirty tumbler stood upon the mantelpiece, and, truth to say, Doem had provided for the emergency that might arise, being shut by providing two bottles of whiskey on the Saturday night. Mr. Doem was reading the letter, and not for the first time; it was from a confidential friend at Washington. As he perused it aloud, he made comments. It was as follows:

It is probable that a gentleman from Sucking County will receive the appointment. It is understood that Dr. Double used his influence for him and against you.

Very well, Dr. Double, said Doem, shaking his head; you promised your influence to me. S'weep out the Galphins is a very pretty motto, especially for those that want to make room for their own operations in the same line of business. My motto shall be: Keep out the Galphins, when you are after another office.

Mr. Doem resumed the reading of the letter:

It is said that Weasel has done you irreparable damage by writing to the President in your favor. He said that you were his particular friend, and an honest man, which is good to defeat any body.

Now here's a precious villain! said Doem, flinging the pillow at the table. I charged that fellow to oppose my appointment with all his might; and if he had done it, I should have succeeded. But he goes and writes that I'm his particular friend, and an honest man, he does! when every body knows that him and I are two of the biggest rogues in the county in Ohio.

After this, Mr. Doem rose in much disgust, and had recourse to the bottle. With that in one hand and the tumbler in the other, he resumed his seat on the bed, and looked around as if addressing an audience.

Gratitude, said he, is one of the beautiful, admirable, and delightful sentiments of the human breast. It is due from man to a large circle of friends, to whom he is very prominent. Dr. Double and Weasel, I am sorry to remain under obligations, and all of that kind, I shall scrupulously endeavor to repay in "throat cutting time."

Mr. Doem took a large drink after having thus expressed himself, and again returned the bottle to the mantelpiece. He had scarcely done so, when the door was opened and Doem said, entered. He also had received a letter from Washington.

Simeon commenced conversation by stating that the President was not "the right kind of man."

Mr. Doem replied by devoting the President to the infernal gods, and requesting his friend to drink. The latter complied, and Doem said:

Simeon, the Cabinet was informed that I was a Miami, and a man of no education."

Weasel done it, you may bet your life, said Simeon.

Not he; he did something a d—d sight worse; said Simeon, his particular friend, returned Doem savagely.

They wrote on to Washington that I was fond of whiskey-punch, said Simeon tearfully; and that I had had eye-sight, when every body knows I can read the smallest print and never wore glasses.

Oh, there's the d—ddest rascality going on! Weasel, no doubt, wrote that; I've heard him say it scores of times, said Doem.

Also, that I was worth twenty-five thousand dollars, said Simeon, ruefully.

Which is an infamous libel. I make 'em prove their words, Simeon. I wish I could catch somebody putting that in black and white about me!

After a little more conversation, Mr. Doem and Simeon went to drinking pretty steadily. Doem took large drinks, but Simeon made up for that by drinking while Doem was launching his denunciations at the Cabinet for his delay. One bottle had been finished, and the other half been commenced. Mr. Doem was getting pretty considerably drunk; as Simeon afterward remarked, when another person entered. It was Mr. Weasel. Without any ceremony, Mr. Weasel seized upon the bottle and tumbler, and took a drink. He was very merry and pleasant; Mr. Doem, on the contrary, was rather savage and ill-tempered. With a look of ferocious contempt, Doem eyed him, and said:

You're here, are you?

Certainly I'm here, replied Weasel; 'jest done work; I've been writing an article for our new paper. It is upon the importance of a good moral education for all the youth of the State, and in defence of the new school law. Oh! it's a beautiful law! splendid!—judicial! perfect! The d—n rascals, over the way says it wants amending, but they are always against anything moral. The love of ignorance and immorality is to be found in that establishment is a disgrace to human nature.

Human nature about here is a disgrace any how, said Doem. I wish I was a Turk, or a Mormon;—d—d if I don't wish I was a Mormon.

I shouldn't care if you was, said Weasel. And if them fellows over the way should to call the attention of all the country, among which was "the fellow" in question, permit me to tell my story. My father, when we lived down in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every noonlight, right and bark the moon for hours together. Here the judge passed, as if he had done with the story.

Well, what of it? exclaimed half-a-dozen of the audience at once.

Oh, nothing—nothing whatever! The moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened!

The latter said nothing, but shook his head despondingly, as if he had, like Doem, lost all confidence in human nature.

Sit round; I'll get the cards, said Weasel.

Mr. Doem kept all his effects in a hat-box; and in this he had placed the letter from Washington. Weasel went to the box for the cards, and seeing the letter with the post-mark "Washington, he cried: "What's this?" and opened it.

I say I roared Doem, drop that letter! What the d—l do you mean by coming into a gentleman's apartment, drinking his liquor without being asked, and reading his letters?"

All right! I was after the cards, said Weasel.

The cards were produced by Doem, and the three sat down to "cut-throat." The stake was a quarter each game; and it may have been that Mr. Weasel was out of luck; or it is possible that Doem and Simeon had an understanding, for though both of them were nearly drunk, Weasel lost every game. Mr. Weasel's change to the amount of seventy-five cents was soon lost, and then he proposed to collect each of his friends the amount of their stakes for the next game. It is needless to say that Doem received this proposition with undisguised contempt. From Simeon it met with a decided refusal. Doem and Simeon were about to play at single-handed euebra, when the former was called out of the room. He returned in a few minutes, and drank about half a tumbler of liquor.

Mr. Doem said he, your goose is cooked! The mail-agent is appointed; a fellow from Sucking County; I saw him down below in the office.

Al! said Weasel, I must see him. He's the best man for the office in Ohio. We procured his appointment, we did.

You did, hey? said Doem. I suppose you abused him. Now travel out of this apartment! Vamoose the rascal! Cut!

Mr. Weasel made his exit, as Doem advanced upon him fiercely, and in his hurry forgot his hat and cane. Doem kicked the hat down stairs after him. The cane was a handsome one, presented to him by a member of Congress; for services rendered—no doubt in the cause of morality. Without any respect for the donor or the owner, Doem pitched it out of the window. After this little exertion, Doem sat down again opposite Simeon. Turning a glance of drunker solemnity upon the latter, he cried:

Simeon, Simeon, money, how much?

Don't I! cried Simeon. This here note for fifteen dollars, jest you?

This is no time to talk about small pecuniary obligations, returned Doem. My character has been attacked; I have been said to be a conductor on the underground line. The treachery of friends and the ingratitude of republicans have done me and you out of office. I have lost a foreign appointment in endeavoring to have you made mail-agent; and the inhabitants of Cutagutalang must get along as well as they can without me for Con-ul. Simeon, I've been a true friend of yours; give me that five dollars that you owe me on the note!

Simeon, who was now terribly depressed, declined to do this, but stretched out his hand to grab the bottle. He encountered the hand of Mr. Doem, extended for the same purpose; and between them the bottle was thrown down and broken.

Here's a precious go, said Doem. I shall uncertain whether I referred to the loss of the appointment, or the spilling of the whiskey! This is the life! Do not fret about it, Simeon, and we are all together; get it; but when the cup of felicity is at our long lips, it is dashed away and upso!

As Mr. Doem delivered himself of this piece of philosophy, his head fell upon his breast, and his friend Simeon fell upon the floor.

Hints for Keeping Cool.

To preserve the system in a cool and healthy state during the extreme hot weather of summer, the diet should consist as much as possible of fruits, vegetables, and farinaceous food, and the lighter kinds of meats. The fruit should be perfectly ripe, and fresh from its parent stem, and should be eaten in the earlier and middle part of the day. Its nutritive properties are not very great, but it serves to neutralize the acids in the stomach, and acts as a general corrective to the system. In the warmer climates of South America, Spain, and Italy, where fruit abounds, the inhabitants freely partake of it an hour or two before breakfast, and during the middle of the day, but never after; they holding to the Spanish maxim that fresh and ripe fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night. The people of the temperate climate perform the same duty, labor during the extreme heat of the day, but generally remain inactive and under cover, in habitations constructed with a view to coolness. The best mode of keeping buildings cool and free from flies during the "dog days" is to open all the windows and doors for an hour or two before sunrise, so as to fill every accessible portion of the building with the cool fresh air of the morning, and then to close them sufficiently to keep out the sun and light. The cold air within will serve as a barrier to the entrance of the heat during the day, and the darkness to the entrance of the flies and other insects; and in this simple manner a comparatively cool, comfortable, and healthy atmosphere can be obtained during the sweltering heat of summer.—Scientific American.

EXEMPLARY PATIENCE.

In Court, Judge Olin was violently attacked by a young and very impertinent attorney, but heard him quite through, and made no reply. After the adjournment for the day, and when all had assembled at the hotel where the judge and many of the court had their lodging, one of the company, referring to the scenes at court, asked the judge why he did not rebuke the impertinent fellow.

Permit me, said the judge, loud enough to call the attention of all the country, among which was "the fellow" in question, permit me to tell my story. My father, when we lived down in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well, this puppy would go out every noonlight, right and bark the moon for hours together. Here the judge passed, as if he had done with the story.

Well, what of it? exclaimed half-a-dozen of the audience at once.

Oh, nothing—nothing whatever! The moon kept right on, just as if nothing had happened!

Mr. Doem should like to know what office you are a candidate for, said Doem.

I am not a candidate; not exactly a candidate, you see; I am not a candidate at all, as you may say; but sooner than these new men shall get all the offices, I will be a candidate.

Oh, for what? said Doem, sharply.

Oh, for nothing in particular, replied Simeon, with his eyes bent upon the ground.

But what for a candidate?

Well, for things in general, and for something in particular, too, replied Doem.

Having finished the battles of the Democratic party ever since I was ten years old; having rid, in all sorts of weather, in all parts of the county, having got up o' nights with the boys,

Drinking whiskey, suggested Simeon, seeing that the other hesitated.

And having worked night and day for the election of Franklin Pierce. I am a candidate for mail-agent! Now it's out!

For what? said Simeon, dropping stick and knife in consternation.

Mail-agent; no mistake about it, replied Doem, coolly. And if I hadn't been a spoiled fool, as didn't appreciate his own merits and qualifications, I should have tried for and got something better.

You would, I assure you, cried Simeon, eagerly. It is not too late now; go in for some good office; you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be a candidate for mail-agent.

Well, I had, I know, but I think I'll take the agency now, said Doem, after consideration.

Which route do you apply for?

Whichever they like to appoint me to; I have no preference where service to the country is concerned. Now I know you are a candidate for a mail-agent, too, Simeon; and we shall be certain to receive the appointments.

I am a kind of candidate, said Simeon. No doubt your commissions will come out together. I am for either route.

Certainly, one is as good as the other; and if we want to change at any time, we can arrange it with the Department, said Doem.

Simeon's reply was prevented by the approach of a young man with a valise in his hand, who had just returned from Washington.

Who's that? cried Doem, what's the news? are you mail-agents?

I am the only one appointed; I have my commission in my pocket for the southern route. Much obliged to you for your congratulations. I am in a great hurry; excuse me, gentlemen.

With this he stepped into the hotel, leaving Mr. Doem and Simeon in speechless consternation. Doem was the first to recover

the use of his tongue, and he forthwith began to curse the administration with great vigor and volubility. By the time he had exhausted all his blasphemy—and it was a large stock his friend had revived. It was an affecting sight to see Simeon, who, sitting himself upon a box, he looked around with a sad and warning aspect, and said:

The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as never voted the ticket.

I believe you said your application was for the southern route, Simeon, said Doem.

No, sir, the northern route, I said. I wouldn't have had the southern route, you know. But you was a candidate for the southern route, and you ought to have had it!

Hold up, Simeon! I was for the northern route. All along my papers are on file for that, and yours are for the southern route.

Not at all; young man. My papers

The natives are celebrated for longevity, and very few die at a hundred and fifty, replied Simeon.

Precious few, said the Judge, aside.

Many Americans and English there? said Doem.

Great numbers have settled in the place from time to time, notwithstanding the jealousy of the Dutch officials; and very few that lands on the island ever leaves it, replied Simeon.

Gentlemen, that will suit me, said Doem, with emphasis.

Get up your papers right away; go now, said Simeon.

Mr. Doem walked off the street at a rapid pace, and the Judge proceeded leisurely down the street leaving Simeon whittling slowly. When Doem was out of sight, Simeon threw away the stick he was employed on, and started off to a lawyer's office at the top of his speed, saying:

I'll see whether the old members of the party is to be set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.

About two hours after Mr. Doem had parted with Simeon, he strolled into a fashionable saloon and called for a brandy-smash and a cigar. Mr. Doem was in a state of uncertainty and perplexity. He appeared to be in search of something and unable to find it. He walked slowly round the room, he glanced at the pictures and hand-bills, as if he thought he might perhaps find it there; but being unsuccessful, he closely examined the map of Ohio, and subjected that of North America to a severe scrutiny.

I can't find it, said the bar-keeper.

What are you after? said the bar-keeper.

Don't talk so loud, said Doem, with a suspicious glance toward the door, near which there was a group of young men. Then, leaning over the counter, he said, in a cautious and confidential whisper: Do you know a place called Cutagutalang, Charley?

There is no such place in Ohio, said Charley.

Speak lower—who said there was? It isn't in Ohio.

Where is it, then?

That's what I want to know. It is a Dutch town in the Indian Ocean.

Oh! there's no Dutch towns in the Indian Ocean, replied Charley.

I wonder whether they could tell at the post-office where Cutagutalang is, said Doem.

You might try that, returned Charley. I will try; they ought to know, said Doem, and without delay he went there.

Mr. Doem introduced himself to one of the clerks, and after making a neat speech to the effect that he wished the gentleman there present might be referred to in office, though he entered upon his business, saying:

I believe you send letters from here to all parts of the world?

We do, sir.

Well, if you can send letters, you must know where to send them. Now where is Cutagutalang?

I don't know, Sir; foreign letters are not distributed here.

You don't know where Cutagutalang is?

No, Sir.

Then you ought to be turned out quicker than lightning!

With this Mr. Doem returned to the saloon, where he was advised by Charley to go to the library and examine the maps, charts, atlases, etc.

He did so; and after toiling for about an hour unsuccessfully, he consulted the librarian, who specially found the place at a table. Mr. Doem devoted all his attention to the perusal of the description of Cutagutalang. Having concluded reading, he closed the book with an oath so loud and expressive that a venerable reverend gentleman and two stout young fellows, studying for the ministry, who were reading in the library, started up and looked at him with a burst of grief that was truly pathetic.

The old working members of the party is a being set aside for fellows as never hardly voted the ticket.

What is the matter? said the Colonel.

That fellow Doem—what has he been here for?

For a letter to Washington requesting his appointment.

As Consul to Cutagutalang?

Not at all, as I understand; he referred to papers already on file, I think.

Simeon was dejected; if Doem had been in his place, he would have sworn; but Simeon never swore, and now he lifted up his voice and wept; wept over the depravity of the human heart as exemplified in the conduct of Doem.

He's a villain, Colonel; a base, unprincipled scoundrel; this administration has pretty high ruined the party, and it appoints him, it'll finish the job. All the old working members of the Democracy neglected—look at me!

The Colonel did look at him; he looked through him, and said:

Can I do any thing to serve you, Simeon?

Nothing, nothing! unless, he continued, with some hesitation, you will discount Doem's note for twenty dollars. You shall have it for fifteen.

Much obliged, Sir; I do not deal in paper, Good evening.

And so the Colonel left Simeon, seated on the stone step.

It might have been three hours after—it certainly was not four—when Simeon and Mr. Doem met again. A long explanation followed, which each said was satisfactory. Each solemnly asserted that he should take no further steps about the agency for a week. They spent the last half hour in discussing upon the unheard-of baseness of Johnson, and in professions of friendship, and of a community of interests between themselves. Mr. Doem loudly protested that he was after the consulate at Cutagutalang; and Simeon declared that he should not apply for the agency except in the event that Doem received the foreign appointment. It was eleven o'clock when they rose to go, each determined to do the same thing that very night—write a letter to Washington.

As they descended the steps to the street from the saloon in which they had been drinking, they encountered a friend and partisan, a person named Weasel, who was about to start a paper. Mr. Weasel was a little man; he was generally thought to be a great rogue. He was a politician of singular acuteness, in his own estimation; and if politics is a trade, he ought to have learned it thoroughly, for he had been at the business many years; with some profit to himself, and greatly to the detriment of the cause he advocated. He was known for managing small elections in a small, in-poor way; and whenever he got the management of one of the party never failed to be thoroughly beaten. Mr.