

# MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

VOL. 3, NO. 42.]

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1858.

[WHOLE NO. 146.]

**THE MARSHALL DEMOCRAT,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,  
BY  
**McDONALD & BROTHER.**

**TERMS:**  
If paid in advance..... 1 00  
At the end of six months..... 5 00  
If delayed until the end of the year..... 2 00

**ADVERTISING:**  
One square (ten lines or less), three weeks..... 1 00  
Each additional insertion..... 25  
Column three months..... 5 00  
Column six months..... 10 00  
Column one year..... 18 00  
Column three months..... 5 00  
Column six months..... 10 00  
Column one year..... 18 00  
Yearly advertisers have the privilege of one change free of charge.

**BANK OF THE STATE OF INDIANA,**  
BRANCH AT PLYMOUTH, IND.

E. S. ORGAN, Pres. | H. EARLY, Cashier.

**EASTERN EXCHANGE, Drafts on Cincinnati and Chicago, Gold and Silver, Current Money and Land Warrants.**

**BOUGHT AND SOLD.**  
Deposits Received and Money Loaned.  
Attention given to Collections, and General Banking Business Transacted.  
June 23, 1858. 31

**SHAVING, HAIRDRESSING AND SHAMPOOING SALOON,**  
One door south of the Edwards House, up stairs, where the subscriber is ready at all times, during business hours, to do up Shaving, Hair cutting, etc., in the latest and better style than ever before known in this vicinity, and he hopes that hereafter, by a strict attention to business, to merit a liberal patronage from the citizens generally.

ALFRED BILLOWS.  
Aug. 5, 37-tf.

**EDWARDS HOUSE,**  
MICHIGAN STREET,  
PLYMOUTH, IND.

**G. B. STEEDMAN, Prop'r.**

At this beautifully located building, containing a large number of airy and well ventilated rooms, the Proprietor is now prepared to accommodate boarders and the traveling public, on reasonable terms.

oct 22-45-y.

**REEVE & CAPRON,**  
**ATTORNEYS & NOTARIES**  
Plymouth, Marshall County, Ind.

Practice in Marshall and adjoining counties.

REFER TO:  
Hibcock & Co., Phelps, Drake & Co., N. Y.  
Corder, Farwell & Co., Gould & Bro., Chicago.  
London & Co., Philad., Graff, Bennett & Co., Pitts.  
Hon. A. L. Osborne, Chief Justice, LaPorte, Ind.

**J. L. ROOK,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
Valparaiso, Indiana.

Office in Union Block, over the Post office.

**J. G. OSBORNE,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**  
AND  
**Notary Public,**  
OFFICE—First door north of Boyd's Furniture Store,  
PLYMOUTH, IND.

June 17, 1858—30ly

**CORBIN & PACKARD**  
**Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,**  
AND  
**Western Collection Agents,**  
PLYMOUTH, IND.

Refer to:  
ARIZONA, HONNETT & CO., N. Y. City;  
JOHN LIVINGSTON,  
TOWN, SMITH & SKELTON, Detroit, Mich.;  
SECOB, BERMAN & CO., Toledo, Ohio;  
M. H. NORTON & CO., Chicago, Ill.;  
HON. C. STANTON, Tecumseh, Mich.;  
HON. THOS. S. STANLEY, South Bend, Ind.

**D. R. SAMPLE,**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law**  
PLYMOUTH, IND.

Special attention given to cases in Marshall and Stark counties.

I am permitted to refer to:  
JOHN L. WESTERVELT, Plymouth.  
Oct 26-19ly.

**DR. A. O. BORTON,**  
**SURGEON DENTIST,**  
HAS located in Plymouth where he will be prepared at all times, (Mondays and Tuesdays excepted) to perform all operations pertaining to the Dental profession. Special attention given to cleaning the teeth. Diseases of the mouth treated with success.

Satisfaction will be given to all who may favor him with a call.

Rooms in Pershing's building, up stairs—entrance first hall door.  
may 30-36tf.

**DR. A. MATTINGLY,**  
**Physician & Surgeon,**  
WILL devote special attention to OBSTETRIC PRACTICE, diseases of Women and Children, and chronic diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and Spine.

OFFICE—Michigan street, west side, one door north of H. Pierce's Clothing Store.  
Plymouth, May 13th, 1858—29ly.

**J. VINALL, M. D.,**  
**HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN**  
Particular attention paid to OBSTETRIC PRACTICE, and  
**CHRONIC DISEASES OF WOMEN,**  
AND  
**Diseases of Children**  
Office over C. Palmer's Store, corner of Michigan and LaPorte Streets, where he can be consulted at all hours.  
22tf.

**JOHN M. SHOENMAKER,**  
DEALER IN  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY,**  
Plymouth, Ind.

**KEEPS constantly on hand Clocks, Watches, Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Lockets, &c., &c.**  
All Clocks, Watches, &c., repaired in the best manner possible.  
Jan 7 58 7-tf.

## Selected Poetry.

### HOME VOICES.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

Once again my steps have wandered  
Round my dear and cherished home;  
And the loved ones' gentle voices  
Softly on my ears have come.

Tones of love and joy and gladness,  
All unmix'd with pain or grief,  
O, how could we think of sadness,  
When our joy must be so brief.

Clouded were glorious heavens,  
Yet a light was shining round,  
Brightening, gladdening every object  
On that loved and hallowed ground.

Words may never tell my feelings,  
When my home first met my sight—  
That dear spot which fancy ever  
Bathes in floods of golden light.

Then my mother's arms were round me,  
And the tears were falling fast;  
Tears of joy—for to her vision  
When from out our joyous circle  
There was missed no cherished hand.

Then, like some far-distant music,  
Softly borne upon the breeze;  
Like the sweet and merry warbling  
Of the birds amid the trees;

Like the low and softened chiming  
Of a bell at evening's hour,  
Came the music of young voices  
O'er my heart with magic power.

Once again I have departed  
From that scene of earthly bliss;  
But no words can ever picture  
How its peaceful joys I miss—  
How my heart is ever turning  
To that dearly cherished home;  
O'er how fondly will my memory  
Or my bosom ever come.

Should I part with it forever,  
Deep blues seas between us roll;  
Still my heart would there be turning,  
Like the magnet to the pole;  
And home voices softly whispering  
Words of never dying love,  
On this earth will 'er be with me,  
And be with me, too, above.

When the twilight shades have gathered  
Round about the listening ear,  
Or when thoughtful comes o'er me—  
Even in the hours of mirth—  
Then home visions cluster round me,  
And home voices whisper near,  
Peaceful words in tones of music,  
Words the wanderer loves to hear.

O, if ever from my bosom  
Thanks for mercies shown arise—  
O, if incense 'er is wafted  
From this heart to yonder skies—  
'Tis when thoughts of home surround me,  
And when those sweet voices come;  
O, 'tis then I thank Thee, Father,  
'Thank thee for my precious home.

### WHEAT OR TARES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Wheat or tares—which are you sowing,  
Fanny, dear, in the mind of this little fellow?'  
said Uncle Lincoln to his niece, Mrs. Howard; and he lifted a child, not beyond his fourth summer, upon his knee, and laid one of his hands amid the golden curls that fell about his neck, and clustered about his snowy temples.

'Wheat I trust, Uncle Lincoln,' replied Mrs. Howard, smiling, yet serious. 'It is the enemy who sows tares—and I am his mother.'

There was a glow of proud feeling in the countenance of Mrs. Howard, as she said, 'I am his mother.'

It was Mr. Lincoln's first visit to his niece since her marriage and removal to a city some hundred miles away from her old home.

'Even a mother's hand may sow tares,' said the old gentleman. 'I have seen it done many times. Not of design, but in thoughtless inattention to the quality of seed in her hand. The enemy mixes tares with wheat quite as often as she scatters evil seed. The husband man must not only watch his field by night and day but also his repositories of his ground, lest the enemy cause him to sow tares as well as wheat, upon his own fruitful ground.'

'Willie,' said Mrs. Howard, to her little boy, about ten minutes afterwards, 'don't upset my work basket; stop, I say, you little rogue!'

Seeing that the wayward child did not mean to heed her words, the mother started forward, but not in time to prevent the spoils of cotton, scissors, emery, cushion, &c., from being scattered about the floor.

Willie laughed in great glee at this exploit, while Mrs. Howard gathered up the contents of the work basket, which she now placed upon the shelf above the reach of her mischievous boy. Then she shook her finger at him in a mock resenting saying—

'You little sinner! If you dare that again, I will send you off with the milkman.'

'Wheat or tares, Fanny?' Uncle Lincoln inquired as he looked soberly at his niece.

'Neither,' replied Mrs. Howard, smiling gayly.

'Tares,' said Uncle Lincoln emphatically.

'Nonsense, Uncle.'

'The tares of disobedience, Fanny. You have planted the seed, and it has already taken root! Nothing will choke out the wheat sooner. The tares of falsehood you also throw in upon the newly broken soil! What are you thinking about, my child?'

'The tares of falsehood, Uncle Lincoln! what are you thinking about?' said Mrs. Howard in real surprise.

'Did you not say you would send him off with the milkman if he did that again? I wonder if he believed you?'

'Of course he did not.'

'Then,' said Uncle Lincoln, 'he has already discovered that his mother makes but light account of truth. Will his mother be surprised if he should grow up to set small value on his word?'

'You treat this matter too seriously, Uncle. He knows that I was only playing with him.'

'He knows that you are telling him what is not true,' replied Mr. Lincoln.

'It was only in sport,' said Fanny persistently.

'But in sport with sharp-edged instruments—playing with deadly poisons.' The old gentleman looked and spoke with the seriousness that oppressed his feelings.

'Fanny! Fanny! Truth and obedience are good seed. Falsehood and disobedience are tares from the Evil One. Whatever you plant in the garden of your child will grow, and the harvest will be wheat or tares just as you have sown.'

Mrs. Howard did not reply, but her countenance took on a sober cast.

'Willie,' said she a few moments afterwards, 'go down to Jane and tell her to bring me a glass of water.'

Willie who was amusing himself with some pictures, looked up, on hearing his name, but, as he did not feel like going off to the kitchen, he made no response, and let his eyes return to the pictures in which he had become interested.

'Willie!' Mrs. Howard spoke with decision, 'did you hear me?'

'I don't want to go,' answered Willie.

'Go this minute!'

'I am afraid.'

'Afraid of what?' inquired the mother.

'Afraid of the cat.'

'No, you are not. The cat never hurt you or any body else.'

'I am afraid of the milkman. You said he would carry me off.'

'The milkman is not down stairs,' said Mrs. Howard, her face beginning to crimson; 'he only comes in the morning.'

'Yes he is. I heard his wagon a little while ago, and he is talking with Jane now. Don't you hear him?' said the little fellow, with remarkable skill, having all the semblance of truth in his tone and expression.

Mrs. Howard did not look towards her Uncle; she was afraid to do that.

'Willie,' the mother spoke very seriously, 'you know that the milkman is not down stairs, and you know that you are not afraid of the cat. What you have said therefore is not true; and it is wicked to utter a falsehood.'

'Ho! ho!' laughed out the bright eyed little fellow, evidently amused at his own sharpness; 'then you are wicked for you say that which is not true every day.'

'Willie?'

'The milkman has not carried me off yet.'

There was a world of meaning in Willie's face and voice.

'You haven't whipped me for throwing my cap out of the window.'

'Willie!' ejaculated the astonished mother.

'Do you see that?' and the young rebel drew from his pocket a fine mosaic breast-pin, which he had positively been forbidden to touch, and held it up with a look of triumph and defiance.

'You little witch!' exclaimed Mrs. Howard, 'this is going too far; and springing towards her boy, she grappled him in her arms, and fled with her struggling burden from the room.

It was a quarter of an hour before she returned alone to the apartment where she had left her Uncle. Her face was sober and her eyes betrayed recent tears.

'Wheat or tares, Fanny?' said the old gentleman, in earnest tones, as his niece came back.

'Tares,' was the half mournful response.

'Wheat were better Fanny.'

'I see it, Uncle.'

'And you will look in future to the seed in your hand, ere you scatter it upon the heart of your child?'

'God helping, I will, dear Uncle.'

'Remember, Fanny,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that truth and obedience are good seed.—Plant them and the harvest will come in blessings.'

## Schuyler Colfax a Know Nothing.

As Mr. Colfax seems particularly desirous of catching the votes of all our adopted citizens, and especially eager to become a member of Congress through their votes, we shall endeavor to tear the mask from his brazen face, and show them the envy and malicious hatred ranking in his bosom against them, because of their foreign birth. In this, as in all other charges we may prefer against Mr. Colfax, we shall appeal to his own record; and the only chance we shall present to his lips, shall contain the venom of his own words—the hissing poison of his own breast. It is well known that the Know Nothing party carried the election in this State in 1854, and succeeded in electing nine out of eleven members of Congress; yet, whilst a hideous cry against the citizens of foreign birth was kept up by the opposition press, and the minions and satellites of the leaders, the victory was won under the disguise of a 'People's party' movement.

Emboldened by their success, however, it soon became apparent that deception of the foulest, rankest nature, had been practiced upon the unsuspecting Foreigners, and that in voting for the candidates of that party they had assisted in electing to office men sworn to deprive them of the richest legacy of citizenship—the right to vote. Scarcely had the ink gotten dry upon their certificates before many of the men elevated not power and place by these honest, patriotic people, headed mobs armed with bludgeons and brass knuckles—and the bloody riots of Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New Albany and hundreds of other places told a tale of bloodshed and malice, a tale of woe and horror these honest people can never forget.

These Foreign-born citizens, unable longer to bear tyrannic oppression had left their homes and friends, kindred and families, severed the tender ties of life, and came to our shores in the pursuit of liberty. There was a charm in the idea of a home in America—the asylum for the oppressed of all nations—and hither they came, deeply imbued with a desire to avail themselves of the benefits and privileges of the freest government on earth, little dreaming that hordes of political mendicants lay in ambush under the Tree of Liberty, ready for their slaughter, and thirsting for their blood. But they were soon undeceived; and the flood-gate of thousands of these inoffensive people cried to Heaven against the atrocious, inhuman murderers. And the lives of men, even, failed to appease the wrath of these infuriated mobs; women and children alike were butchered to satiate an infernal appetite for blood. Is it asked of us who is responsible for these acts of outrage and brutality?—We reply the leaders of the party—the men who either counseled the acts, or framed excuses for those who committed them.

'But,' says one, 'Schuyler Colfax never belong to the order, for he wrote home from the Philadelphia National Know Nothing Convention that he was not a member, and if he was he didn't know where his pay was to come from.'

Very true, say we in answer, he wrote such a communication to his paper; but let us look to the sequence of his being there, and from that we may learn something as to the truth or falsity of his assertions. In the first place, John W. Dawson, editor of the Fort Wayne Times, who acknowledges that he, himself, was elected as one of the delegates from this state, in reply to an article in the Toledo Blade, says:

'The Blade ought to know if it does not, that Mr. Colfax was not a member of the National Council by courtesy, but by direct connection and membership, and that the State Council could tolerate no man to protect her in that august body who was not willing to endorse her ritual.'

He further says:

'This we knew because we were elected from this district, but subsequently resigned.'

So much for that, although Mr. Colfax wrote home to his paper that he was not a delegate, it afterwards transpired that he was a delegate, and that he was in constant action with other members. A majority of the delegates finally adopted the policy of abandoning the secrecy that had hitherto screened the order from public gaze, whereupon fifty-seven members, including Mr. COLFAX, bolted the action of the Convention, and issued an address to their constituents. How is it possible that a man could "bolt" the action of a convention unless he was a member? But that is not the spot the shoe pinches. The mask of secrecy being removed, he saw at once that he could no longer remain unexposed, and that his double-dealing must be made manifest.

The New York Tribune, in an article entitled "The Bolter's Address," referring to the Philadelphia Convention of Know Nothing, says:

'The seceding members of the Know Nothing Convention have taken the occasion of the separation from that body to issue an address to the people of the United States, which may be found in another part of this paper.'

Now, it must be palpable to every one that a man could not "secede" from a Convention unless he was a member of its body—therefore as so many could get into a Know Nothing body without all the grips and signs of the order, of course Mr. Colfax must have been a member. But we have yet more direct proof of Mr. Colfax's identity with the Order, for of the "Bolters" seven are from Indiana, and they affixed their names to the "Bolter's Address," as follows: "Wm. Cumbach, SCHUYLER COLFAX, Godlove S. Orth, J. S. Harvey, P. D. Allen, Jas. R. M. Bryan, Thomas C. Slaughter," and that "Address," with the names attached, together with the Tribune's comment, was copied into Mr. Colfax's paper, as true.

And driven thus to the wall, country to what he had before written relative thereto.

## Mr. Colfax in an article defining his creed.

The opposition press are constantly inquiring what is the Democratic creed? After contending for thirty years against the Democratic party, they are still ignorant of the issues upon which they have been so often overthrown and defeated. When the doctrines which they contended so long and fiercely, have become the established policy of the Government, and when our opponents themselves have been compelled to pay unwilling homage to the justice of our views, by adopting and endorsing them, they pretend that they do not know what faith we profess, or what opinions we advocate. Like an old negro whose master has flogged him severely, and made him promise that he never would do "so any more," they come to us while still sore from their recent chastisement, and ask us what we have been whipping them about? They have fought us as long as resistance promised the faintest hope of success, and when forced at last to yield to the justice and correctness of our principles, they beg us with an appearance of sincerity that is quite refreshing, to tell them what those principles are. The fact is, they wish to appropriate our creed, and claim the credit of the wise policy of government which the Democratic party has established. They not only walk into our house, but they wish to turn the original proprietors out of doors. Now, they are welcome to a place at our fireside and a seat at our board. There is nothing exclusively in true Democracy, and our gates are open to all who come to unite with us in a friendly and sincere spirit. But we cannot permit ourselves to be driven from under the roof which has sheltered us so long to give place to stangers and intruders.

We would inform all inquirers who are sincere in desiring to know what are the principles of the Democratic party, that our creed is the same for which the Democratic party contended in the days of Jackson and Jefferson. It is the same at all times and in every age. It is unchanged and unchangeable, being based upon the Constitution, and incorporated into the foundations of our Government. The vicissitudes of fortune, the certainty of defeat, or the prospect of victory, produce no change in our principles, no abatement in the zeal with which we advocate them. They have survived all the mutations of parties and political leaders; they have outlived the opposition of their enemies and the treachery of professed friends. Our party is not linked with the fortunes of men, however great and distinguished. Its principles live in the hearts of the people, and its destinies are committed to their keeping. The men whom we elect to office are the mere organs through whom the people assert their rights and announce their wishes, and when they desert the doctrines which they were chosen to carry out, they are discarded as useless and unworthy, and the party still marches forward to accomplish its high destiny without turning aside from its path to wit back the wanderer or avoid its hostility and opposition.

We copy the resolutions adopted at a Democratic meeting in N. Y. in 1836, which might be adopted without alteration or modification as the Democratic creed of to-day. What other party in the country can turn to the principles it professed twenty years ago and point to them as an exponent of its present faith? We commend these resolutions to the attentive consideration of those who are constantly clamoring about the changes of the Democratic doctrine:

1. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent inalienable rights; which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
2. That the true foundation of republican government is equal rights of every citizen, in his person and property, and their management.
3. That the idea is unjustly unfounded that on entering into society we give up any natural right. The rightful power of all legislation is to declare and enforce only our natural rights and duties, and to take none of them from us. No man has a natural right to commit aggressions on the equal rights of another; and this is all from which the law ought to restrain him. Every man is under the natural duty of contributing to the necessities of society; and this is all the law should enforce on him. When the laws have declared and enforced all this, they have fulfilled their functions.
4. We declare unqualified hostility to bank notes and paper money as a circulating medium, because gold and silver is the only constitutional currency.
5. Hostility to any and all monopolies of legislation, because they are violations of the equal rights of the people.
6. Hostility to the dangerous and unconstitutional creation of vested rights, or prerogatives by legislation, because they are usurpations of the people's sovereign rights.
7. That no legislative or other authority in the body politic can rightfully, by character or otherwise, exempt any man or body of men in any case whatever from trial by jury and the jurisdiction or operation of the laws that govern the community.

## The Democratic Creed.

The Gloucester News tells the story of a boy in one of the schools in that town who is an inveterate rhymer; and who laughed one morning during prayers at the sight of a rat. Being asked why he laughed, he replied:

'I saw a rat upon the stairs.  
'Coming up to hear your prayers.'  
Being told that he must immediately make another rhyme or be flogged, he quickly answered:

'Here I stand before Miss Blodgett,  
Sho's going to strike, and I shall dodge it'  
and took his seat, the whole school being in a roar of laughter.

## A Canal Through the Rocky Mountains.

During the recent debate in the British House of Commons on the subject of the renewal of the Hudson Bay Company's privileges, Lord Bunsen affirmed that a communication might easily be established between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean, by the means of a ship canal connecting the head-waters of the Saskatchewan and Columbia Rivers. Both rivers take their rise in the Rocky Mountains, and the Saskatchewan running east to Lake Winnipeg, a little to the north-west of Lake Superior. With the exception of a single rapid, (which might be avoided by a canal,) his lordship stated that the navigation of the Saskatchewan offers no difficulty. With that one exception, a vessel of considerable size can be taken up to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and at this point there is a gap in the mountains, which interposes no great obstacle to the junction of the Columbia and Saskatchewan, whose sources are but a little distance apart. Thus a direct water communication would be established with the Pacific.

## ABOUT A CAT.

Two years and a half ago one of our citizens, to oblige a friend, the captain of a ship about to sail for the East Indies, gave him a cat for the purpose of keeping the vermin on board in proper subjection. Puss, during the intervening time voyaged to Calcutta, thence to Liverpool, back to Bombay, thence to Charleston, S. C. and finally to Boston. A few days after the arrival of the ship at this point the former owners of the cat were sitting at breakfast, when it walked tably, the same as if she had never been away from home, and after a general review of the promises she came and jumped on the master of the household, as had been her wont in old times. The story is a curious evidence of attachment to locality in the animal, and a singular proof of its retention of memory.—Boston Ledger.

## Old Noah telegraphed a few miles through the air by means of doves, and Moses walked through a narrow sea on dry land. These were great facts in their day, and Almighty Power had a hand in them. But what would Noah and Moses have said, had they been told that when the world got older, Queen Victoria and President Buchanan walk together three thousand miles asunder, through the channels of the ocean, twenty-four hundred fathoms deep? Yet this has been done, or is said to have been done, and we do not question it. Surely we live in fast age—what next?—New York Journal of Commerce.

## An editor in Iowa has been fined two hundred dollars for hugging a young girl in church.—Daily Advertiser.

## Cheap enough! We once hugged a girl in church, some ten years ago, and the scrape has cost us a thousand a year ever since.—Chicago Young America.

## A Frenchman built a four story brick house adjoining his Dutch neighbor's two story house. Being on the roofs of their respective houses one day, the one of the low house cries out to the other: "What for you build so high tere?" To which the Frenchman replied: "De ground bees very cheap up here!"

## A gentleman having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it.—"And what," said the gentleman, smiling, "shall I do with the earth which I dig up from it?" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied, "Have a pit made large enough to hold it all!"

## Good, WHETHER TRUE OR NOT.—The Philadelphia Evening Journal tells the following story of the indecorous and unkind way in which one of the monstrous New York Ledger placards was treated by a Yankee boy: "Up in a little town of New England, a flaming placard was stuck about the streets, bearing in bright vermilion characters, this device—

Have you read Colli's new story?  
One of the 'lads' of the village passed before the poster, and scrawled beneath it with red chalk—

NARY RAY!

WE.

It is a prevailing idea among some people, that because editors, in referring to themselves, use the word "we" they consider they amount to two or three ordinary men. This is a mistake. Editors are naturally a very modest and unassuming class—indeed, remarkably so. The word "we" merely includes the editor and the "devil." The custom originated with Faust, the founder of the distinguished profession. The superstitious people of his day supposed him to be leagued with the devil. Faust, to encourage the idea, which rendered him a person of so much importance, and commanded such a high respect, was accustomed to indite himself in his 'leaders' and 'grocery pulls' as "we," which included himself and highly distinguished assistants, the Prince of darkness. In modern times, his Infernal Business has doubtless found the printing business a poor investment, and with the exception of the interest he still retains in the New York Herald, has entirely withdrawn his apparatus from the craft.

There is a grocer up town, who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by his hind legs, and look in the cracks of his feet, to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his sugar.

At a Virginia prayer meeting, the choirster being absent, the presiding elder, whose name was Jeter, called upon one of the deacons and said, after reading a hymn:

'Brother Moon?  
'Will you raise a tune?'  
The deacon lifted up his voice, but, instead of singing at once, he inquired:

'Brother Jeter,  
'What's the meter?'  
This being satisfactorily answered, deacon Moon pitched the tune.