Preble County Democrat.

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Poetical.

My Mother's Bible.

This book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names those records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
[illegible]
[illegible] dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my mother's look,
Who learned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it now!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met,
Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all was false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

Miscellaneous.

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

A curious story is related of the "fierce wars and faithful loves" of the Indians. It is connected with one of the immense mounds which give so striking a peculiarity to the prairies. A few years since, at the base of this mound a chief resided, whose young daughter was a girl of uncommon beauty, and this beauty was but the external manifestation of a pure and noble spirit. As a matter of course, she had many admirers among the young braves of her nation. Her nature was above the arts of a coquette; and loving one among them all, and only one, she hesitated not to let her preference be known, not only to the Young Eagle that won her heart, but also to those whose suit she had rejected.

Among the rejected suitors, one alone so laid it to heart as to desire revenge. He, the Prowling Wolf, was filled with rage, and took little pains to conceal his enmity though he manifested no desire for open violence. Both these young men were brave, both skillful in the use of weapons, which, far away in the buffalo plains, had sometimes been used in battle; but while Young Eagle was noble, generous in spirit, and swayed by such high impulses as a young savage may feel, the Wolf was reserved, dark and sullen; and his naturally lowering brow seemed, after the maiden had refused him, to settle into a habitual scowl. The friends of the Young Eagle feared for his safety. He, however, was too happy in the smiles of his chosen bride, to trouble himself concerning the enmity of another, especially when he knew himself to be an equal in strength and skill.

The happy couple were in the habit of meeting at the top of the mound—Young Eagle armed with a revolver he had received from a white. One summer evening, just as the moon was up, Young Eagle sought the top of the mound for the purpose of meeting his future bride, for their marriage was agreed upon, and the appointed day was near. One side of this mound was a naked rock, which for thirty feet or more is almost perpendicular. Just on the edge of this precipice is a foot path, and by it a large, flat sandstone rock forms a convenient seat for those who would survey the valley, while a few bushes are scattered over a part of the crest of the mound. On this rock Young Eagle sat him down to await the maiden's coming.

In a few minutes the bushes rustled near him, and rising, as though to meet her, a tomahawk flashed by his head, and the next instant he was in the arms of a strong man, and forced to the brink of the precipice. The eyes of the two met in the moonlight, and each knew that the struggle was for life. Pinioned as his arms were by the other's grasp, the Eagle frustrated the first effort of his foe, and then a desperate wrestle followed in which each was thoroughly maddened. The grasp of the Wolf was broken, and each instantly grasping his adversary by the throat with the left hand, sought his weapon with the right—the one his knife, the other his revolver. In the struggle the handle of the knife of the Wolf had been turned in the girdle, and missing it in the first grasp, ere he could recover his grasp, the revolver was at his breast, and a bullet through his heart. One flash of hatred from the closing eyes, and the arm of the dying warrior relaxed; and as the body sank, the Young Eagle hurled it over the precipice, and in his wrath fired bullet after bullet into the corps, as it rolled heavily down; and this not satisfying his revenge, he ran around and down the mound and tore off the scalp of his foe.

There had been no witness of this combat, for the young girl did not arrive till its termination, when her lover was scalping the victim. His life was therefore in imminent danger from the justice of the tribe, and the Young Eagle knew his only chance was to stand upon his defense. His chance arose from the custom of the Indians, that if the murderer escaped the blow of the avenger of blood—the nearest relation of the victim—the family were at liberty to accept a ransom for their kinsman. The Young Eagle at once took his resolution, sustained by an advice of his friends. Completely armed, he took possession of the top of the mound, which was so shaped that while he was himself concealed, no one could approach him by the bay without being exposed to the fire; and he had two devoted and skillful allies, which, together with his position, rendered him far more than a match for his single adversary, the avenger of blood—the brother of the Wolf. These allies were his bride and a large sagacious hound, long his hunting companion, and which had guarded him many a night when sleeping on the prairies. The girl had in her veins the blood of Indian heroes, and she quailed not. She demanded with lofty enthusiasm to be made his wife, and then acquained with every stratagem of savage war, and with every faculty sharpened by affection and her husband's danger watched, and warned and shielded him with every art that the roused spirit could suggest, and which could be safely practiced.

The brother of the Wolf prowled about the fortress night and day. In the day time, to ascend the mound far enough for action, would be to place himself, helpless and without care, within the range of the young warrior's rifle; and at night he could not even put his foot upon its base without the baying of the hound giving its master warning. At length he hit upon a stratagem and by a careful observation of his young wife, who was frequently going and coming, that she might supply her husband, succeeded in imitating her dress, walk, and manner so completely that he hoped to deceive both man and dog. His scheme was skillfully executed. The dog wagged his tail, and his master spoke to the avenger as his wife when there was only a few feet between them; but suddenly the gallant hound discovered his mistake, and threw himself, with a yell, upon the throat of his enemy, and bore him to the ground.—The Young Eagle now deprived him of his weapon, and pinioned his arms; but the next moment, from an impulse of generosity, he set him free, and sent him home, armed as usual.

This was the turning point of the savage drama. The shedder of blood surrendered himself to the justice of the tribe to offer a ransom, or, if that was rejected, to lay down his life without resistance. At the day appointed, the parties met in an open space, with hundreds to witness the scene around. The Eagle, all unarmed, was first seated on the ground, then by his side was laid down a large knife, with which he was to be slain if the ransom was not accepted. By his side sat his wife, her hand clasped in his, while the eyes even of old men, were dim with tears. Over against them, and even so near that the fatal knife could be easily seized, stood the family of the slain Wolf, the father at the head, by whom the question of life and death was to be settled. He seemed deeply moved, and sad rather than revengeful. A red blanket was now produced and spread upon the earth. It signified that blood had been shed which was not yet washed away, the crimson stain remaining. Next, a blanket, all of blue, was spread over the red one. It expressed the hope that the blood might be washed out in Heaven, and remembered no more; and last a blanket purely white was spread over all, significant of a desire that nowhere on earth or in heaven a stain of the blood should remain, and that every where, and by all, it should be forgiven and forgotten.

These blankets, thus spread out, were to receive the ransom. The friends of the Eagle brought goods of various kinds, and piled them high before the father of the slain. He considered them a moment in silence, and then turned his eye to the fatal knife. The wife of the Eagle threw her arms around her husband's neck, and turned her eyes imploringly full on the old man's face, without a word. He had stretched his hand toward the knife when he met that look. He paused, his fingers moved convulsively, but they did not grasp the handle. His lip quivered, then a tear was in his eye.

"Father," said the brother, "he spared my life."

The old man turned away. "I accept the ransom," he said; "the blood of my son is washed away. I see no stain now on the hand of the Eagle, and he shall be in the place of my son."

☞ We don't believe the following story, we don't, not a word of it. The writer goes beyond all compass—all "reasonable compass," as Falstaff says, in draughts upon our caedulity:

'An old deacon in Yankee land once told us a story. He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his own word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull frog. The snake then seized upon one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carniverous operation until nothing was left of either of them.'

☞ Solomon Grundy says, the women ought to make a pledge not to kiss a man who uses tobacco, and it would soon break up the practice. A friend of ours says they ought also to kiss every man that don't use it—*and we go for that, too.*

Death will Come.

Death will come; he will certainly come. He cannot be evaded; he cannot be put back; he cannot be made to take his step any slower. Oh, he will come! All that lives on earth will die—every beast, bird, and creeping thing; the humming-bird, the insect that flutters in the sunbeam; every tree and shrub and flower—the oak, the pine, acacia, the moss that grows over the wall; every monarch, every peasant; every rich man, every poor man; every [illegible]; every master, a slave; every man, every woman, every child; every old man that prides himself on his honors and his wealth; every young man that prides himself on his talents or his strength; every maiden that prides herself on her beauty. Oh, all will die. I am in a world of death; I am amid the dying and the dead; I see not a living thing in all my rambles that will not die—no man, no woman, no child; no bird, no beast; no plant, no tree. The eagle that cuts the air, cannot fly above it; the monster of the deep cannot dive below it; the tiny insect cannot make itself so insignificant that death will not notice it; the Leviathan cannot, with his great strength, struggle against it. The Christian will die; the sinner will die—yea, the sinner! Your wealth cannot save you. Death cares for none of these things; they are all trifles and gewgaws beneath his notice.—He no more "loves a shining mark" than an ignoble one; he has no more pride in cutting down the rich man than the poor man—the daughter of beauty and fashion than the daughter of ugliness and sin. He loves to level the thistle as well as the rose bud; the bramble as the magnolia; the briar as the cedar of Lebanon. He cares as little for robes of ermine as for the beggar's rags; as little for your richest vestment and gayest apparel as for the blanket of the savage. You will die, and the fear of death will come upon you. Death comes just as he is—pale, solemn, fixed, stern, determined on his work. He hears no cry for pity; he regards no shriek of terror. He comes steady, certain, unchanged and unchangeable in his purpose, to take you from your bed of down; to hurry you away from your splendid dwelling; to call you out of the assembly-room—taking you away from your companions, that will miss you for a moment, and then resume the dance, that you may die. Death will come. He has been advancing toward you ever since you began to breathe. He has kept on his way, always advancing to meet you, while you have been asleep or awake; and if you have gone north, or south, or east, or west, he has always put himself into your path—how near or how remote, you have never known. Death will come. He has always been advancing, never receding; and soon his baneful shadow will fall upon your path; and that shadow will deepen and become more chilly, like an advancing eclipse; and then her dark form will stand right before you, between you and the light of the living world, and you will be in the dark valley. Death will come—fearful enough under any circumstances, even if you are a Christian—awful, unspeakable awful, if you are not.

"Is He Rich!"

Many a sigh is heard—many a heart is broken—many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in point, as much as virtue is to vice? How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of the daughter, this—"is he rich?"

"Is he rich?"—yes, he abounds in wealth; but that does not afford an evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband.

"Is he rich?"—yes, his clothes are purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you infer from this that he is virtuous?

"Is he rich?"—yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches take to themselves wings and fly away? Will you consent that your daughter should marry a man that has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah, beware! the gilted bait sometimes covers the barbed hook. Ask not then, "Is he rich?" but "Is he virtuous?" Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor—and do not sacrifice your daughter's happiness for money.

☞ The January number of 'Yankee Notions,' (which is full of fun,) has an amusing sketch of Col. Fremont, who, mounted upon a mustang colt, with his carpet bag strapped behind him, stops a negro who is chopping wood, when the following coloquy ensues:

"*Col. F.*—My friend, is this the way to the White House?"

"*Colored Individual.*—Bress your soul, *no*, massa! You's clean off de track! You pass de white house way *ober de left!* Dis road leads up the Salt River!"

☞ That was a very natural, but a very ludicrous remark of a venerable lady, now in her one hundredth year, on the death of her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great, and to a friend who came to condole with her, she could only say: "Oh dear! oh dear! I knew I never should be able to rear that child!"

A Sermon that did not Suit.

Mrs. H—— was a very religious woman, and perhaps came as near worshipping Mr. N——, her favorite minister, as some of our people do Kossuth, the Hungarian; but be that as it may, she was continually hammering Aaron, a shrewd lad of some sixteen years of age, who, to pester the old lady, and hear her scold, would occasionally speak rather lightly of Mr. N., her minister.

Happening in at the house of Mrs. H. one day, the old lady began as usual to chastise him, and Aaron, thinking she put it on rather hard, after hearing her through, said:

'I'm as good as Mr. N. and can preach as well.'

'Preach!' said the old lady 'you don't know one single word in the Bible.'

'Well, give me a text,' said Aaron, 'and see if I can't preach.'

'You don't know anything about the Bible,' said Mrs. H., 'if you do, you may take any text you please.'

'Well,' said Aaron, ''A virtuous woman is without price,'—ain't that in your Bible!'

'Yes,' said Mrs. H., 'and it shows that women are better than men, for the Bible don't say that a virtuous man is without price.'

'Well, we will see about that,' said Aaron, and after dividing his subject into two or three different heads, commenced as follows:

'The scarcity of an article in all cases governs the price; but when an article cannot be found, it cannot be had at any price, and for that reason it is 'without price.' Now, if there were any virtuous women, there would be a price, and a high one too, by reason of the scarcity, but as there is none—

At this stage of the discourse, the old lady seized the broom—

'Aaron,' said she, 'you are an impudent brat, and if you don't clear out, I will pelt you with the broom handle.'

Aaron made tracks into the road, finishing his sentence, 'they are without price,' as he went through the door, which the old lady closed after him with considerable force.

Aaron now started for home, saying to himself as he went along, 'I guess the old woman will not chastise me again very soon'—and as it proved, he was not mistaken in his prediction.—[illegible]cook Transcript.

☞ A person who kept an inn by the roadside went to a painter and inquired for what sum he would paint a bear for a signboard. It was to be a real good one, that would attract customers.

"Fifteen dollars," replied the painter.

"That's too much," said the innkeeper; "Tom Larkin will do it for ten."

"Is it to be wild or tame?" inquired the painter, not wishing to be underbid by his rival.

"A wild one, to be sure."

"With a chain or without one?" again asked the painter.

"Without a chain."

"Well, I will paint you a wild bear without a chain for ten dollars."

The bargain was struck; the painter set to work, and in due time sent home the signboard, on which he had painted a huge brown bear, of most ferocious aspect. It was the admiration of all the neighbors, and drew plenty of customers to the inn.

One night there arose a violent storm of wind and rain, which led the innkeeper to look anxiously after the sign in the morning. There it was, sure enough, swinging to and fro, but the bear had disappeared. He immediately hurried to the painter, and related what had happened.

"Was it a wild bear or a tame one?" inquired the painter, coolly.

"A wild bear."

"Was it chained or not?"

"I guess not."

"Then," said the painter triumphantly, "how could you expect a wild bear to remain in such a storm as that of last night without a chain? No bear would have done it."

The innkeeper had nothing to say against so conclusive an argument, and finally agreed to give the painter fifteen dollars to paint him a wild bear with a chain, that would not take to the woods in the next storm.

It is only necessary for us to add that the first bear was painted in water colors, which the violent rain had washed away, while the second was painted in oil colors.

Heed this, Young Men.—That the excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable at sight, is well exemplified in this humorous description of that species of the "cereal grains," known as "wild oats;" a crop that is generally sown between eighteen and twenty-five; the harvest generally sets in about ten years after, and is commonly found to consist of a broken constitution, two weak legs, a bad cough, and a trunk—filled with small vials, and medical prescriptions.

☞ The only class of men, in the world, who are not in the habit of disparaging their neighbors are the assessors of taxes; for it is well known that they never "underrate" any body in the slightest degree.

☞ How to square a circle.—The *Buffalo Republic* says: "Settle up your wife's bill for hoops at the dry good store or milliner's."

Ladies' fancy work.—Talking.

A California Wife.

We have been told that when John Bigler, late Governor of the State of California was a member of the State Legislature, Mrs. B., his wife, absolutely washed the clothes of the honorable gentleman for so much a dozen. At the time of his election Bigler was very poor, and per diem was hardly enough for himself and his wife to live on in those prodigal times. To make both ends meet, and save something against a rainy day, Madame Bigler put her shoulder to the wheel, as above related.

Now, won't this be rather startling to the pale faced, attenuated damsels of the East, who scream and faint at the sight of a wash tub or cob web? Think of it. The wife of an ex-governor, with her sleeves and gown tucked up, bending over the wash tub, while her husband, with his clean dickey standing upright, chafing his ears, rose to a question of privilege. "Mr. Speaker! Mr. S-p-e-a-k-e-r." And then think of the ex-washerwoman being feted, three years after, as the wife of the Governor of the State of California, worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars!—enough money to make the heads of universal snobdom duck and dive like an affrighted water foul in a thunder storm.

Good for the Pennsylvania Dutch girl! Five hundred years hence, when the historian lifts the veil from the catacombs of the past, and writes the history of the unforgotten dead, he may, perhaps, append this little episode to the history of one of California's Governors; and the little ragged girls that then go down to dip water from the Rio Sacramento, may think better of their mothers who have to labor, because a long time ago Mrs. John Bigler, the Governor's wife, filled her wash tub from the same noble river.

These are the pioneer women of California; there are many such, as strong willed and as true, who quail not at their own foot-steps in the woods, whose hearts swell with hope at

The banking of the hammer,
And creaking of the cane.

A Voice from The Gallows.

Young Jewell, recently executed in Pittsburg, wrote a friend of his as follows:

"I trust what little I have to say to you will not be deemed wrong nor out of place; it may be a benefit to you in years to come, and you may profit by it, which I hope you will. Only look back to the morning of the 5th of July, 1852, and picture to yourself the happy man I was on that glorious, but unhappy day to me. I left my little family under the promise to be back again in the course of an hour, to accompany them on a railroad excursion; from there I got into the company of some young friends, took a social drink together, from that to another, and yet another; I then forgot my promise to those I held most near and dear to me. And it is this blighting curse, and against its use I wish to draw your attention. You are younger than I am, and I know you will bear with me in warning you from ever touching it. I know you are not in the habit of it, but you are kind, open, generous and free-hearted, and it is for this that makes me write to you on this occasion; and you will admit that no one knows your generous disposition better than I do.

I will say no more in regard to this, but my last word to you, is, never, never drink liquor, and you will be a happy man. Leave off running with fire engines; they are the means of bringing many a good young man to shame and disgrace. Let your evenings be spent in the society of your wife and child, and my word for it, you will be the happiest of the happy."

Texan Courtship.

'Hello gal, how's your ma?' 'Hain't got none here—reckon she's dead by this time, too.'

'Well, how's pa?'

'He was hung last May.'

Hump. What are you doing?'

'Just looking about.'

'Zackly what I's doing. S'posen we hitch and proximate?'

'Zackly—but who'll pay the Judge?'

'Reckon I'll fodder up one half of the provender, if you can go the other beat.'

'Well—but I've only got a counterfeit note.'

'Just zackly my own premises. Come, if we can't cheat one Judge we can another—so come on gal—here take my arm—we'll try anyhow.'

And they did.

Gambling.—Let every man avoid all sorts of gambling as he would poison.—A poor man or boy should not allow himself even to toss up for a half penny, for this is often the beginning of a habit of gambling; and this ruinous crime comes on by slow degrees. Whilst a man is minding his own work he is playing the best game, and he is sure to win. A gambler never makes good use of his money, even if he should win.

☞ Gentleman: Is Mrs. M. in?

Servant: No, sir, she's not at home.

Gentleman: Ah, I am sorry, as I owe her some money, and have called to pay it. When—

Voice from over the balustrade: Oh, I am in! To be sure I am! Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman to walk in.

☞ Toast for 1857: "Here's to lovely woman, and may her shadow (as far as her dress goes) decidedly be less!"

The Young Man's Leisure.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance and lounging in bed, might raise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write in his eighteenteenth year, of a shipcarpenter in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the *Quarterly*, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate or pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather, with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, when a plow boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculation. James Ferguson the great Scotch Astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of Astronomy while a shepherd's boy in the fields by night.—And perhaps it is not too much to say that if the hours wasted in idle company, in conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of knowledge, the dullest apprentice at any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wild fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are gilding our country with bright yet mellow light.—*Rev. Dr. Murray.*

☞ The Milwaukie Daily News gets off the following good one:

Buchanan is elected, and it has turned out the flea supposed to have lit on Fremont's hand, was a flea that he got in his ear. We pursue the even tenor of our way, for if Buchanan could not take the altitude of the sun as high as Fremont did, he took the altitude of the White House a good deal higher. We pursue the even tenor of our way, for if Buchanan was not as much at a dragoon horse trade as Fremont, he was a good deal more of an old *hoss* in running for the Presidency. We pursue the even tenor of our way, for if Fremont is better than Buchanan at finding the way across the Rocky Mountains, Buchanan is by far the best at finding the way to Washington. We pursue the even tenor of our way, for what's the use of quarreling?

☞ In Rome, the most remarkable Republic of ancient times, a large proportion of the people were engaged in agricultural pursuits. History informs us that during the times of the greatest prosperity of the Roman Republic, persons of noble blood tilled their little farms of seven acres with their own hands; and the highest ambition of the women of that Republic was to make good housewise. The daughters of individuals of all grades and ranks were inspired with a high degree of emulation as to which could best perform her duty in the domestic affairs of the household. Happy would it be for our country if the young ladies of the American Republic would follow their example.

Brooks' Chirography.—A good story is told about the writing of J. W. Brooks, the great Railroad manager, of Michigan. He had written a letter to a man on the Central route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, but took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document. —*Bost. Tra.*

☞ Little acts of kindness, gentle words, loving smiles—they strew the path of life with flowers, they make the sunshine brighter and the green earth greener; and he who bade us "love one another," looks with favor upon the gentle and kind-hearted, and he pronounced the meek blessed.

☞ A gentleman was promenading a fashionable street with a bright little boy at his side, when the fellow cried out:

'Oh, pa, there goes an editor!'

'Hush, hush!' said his father, 'don't make sport of the man—God only knows what you may come to yet.'

☞ To-day is the scale-beam between to-morrow and yesterday; it enclines to joy or sorrow, as our minds are swayed by the influences of the past or of the future; and its varieties on different sides, from elevation or depression, as our hopes or fears, our painful recollections predominate.

☞ Why cannot a family of girls be photographed?—Because there is no sun.

Something New Under the Sun

Oberlin is open to missionary effort. Not more removed from commercial intercourse with the nations of the world has been Japan, than have the Oberlinites from the Christian and conservative influences of the age. They have been a peculiar people, walled about with bigotry, and setting not only public opinion but the laws of the country at defiance. Like the Mormons in their distant and desert country, they claim to be the Lord's annointed, and look upon the balance of the world as outside barbarians, "born to believe a lie that they might be d—d." But a brighter day is dawning upon them. Oberlin and Utah are both bound to be redeemed under the missionating and christianizing spirit of the age. It was considered a bold movement when, during the last campaign the Hon. George Bliss, in the spirit of a martyr, dared make a Democratic speech in that colored and consecrated borough.

He went armed as Perry did to Japan, and the citizens, acting upon Fallstaff's motto, that "prudence was the better part of valor," allowed him to leave his message instead of his lead.—This was the opening of the ports of Oberlin, and now we see an effort is making to establish an *Episcopal Church* within the sacred precincts of that town. Here is a chance for the liberal hearted and the liberal minded of all political parties and religious professions to subscribe. A church dedicated to the service of Almighty God, is already partly constructed there, and needs to finish it a few hundred dollars to outside donations. Charity begins at home. Here is a field for missionary effort at our doors. Let us all subscribe something for this most worthy object. "The liberal man deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."—Bible. —*Plain Dealer.*

A Sect of Wife Beaters.

The English papers state that at Whitehall, there exists a sect of professing Christians who propagate the opinion that the practice of wife beating is in accordance with the Word of God. The Rev. George Bird, formerly rector of Cumberworth, near Huddersfield, has established himself there, and drawn together a congregation; to whom he preaches the doctrine that it is perfectly Scriptural for a man to beat his wife.—James Scott a member of Mr. Baird's congregation, was summoned by his wife, for brutally beating her because she refused to attend the same place of worship that he did. When before the magistrates, Mrs. Scott said she had no wish her husband should be punished if he would promise not to use her bad again. When asked by the magistrates whether he would make the requisite promise, he refused, saying, "Am I to obey the laws of God or the laws of men?" As he would not give the promise, the magistrates committed him to prison for a month, with hard labor. The Rev. George Bird has since delivered a course of lectures on the subject of Scott's conviction. He contends that it is a man's duty to rule his own household, and that if his wife refuse to obey his orders, he is justified, according to the law of God, in beating her in order to enforce obedience.

Remedy for Corns.

There is in the New England Farmer of the 9th of February last an article on corns, which appears to have been an extract taken from Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, in which he says among other things that "corns, like consumption, are never cured." Now, sir, I make no pretensions to science, but will state some facts relative to my experience with corns. Many years ago, in hay time, I was afflicted with a pricking on the ball of the first joint of the little toe, which I supposed proceeded from a peg in my boot. Being busy, I endured it until some leisure time, when I examined my boot, and not finding sufficient reason for complaint, called a boy to examine the foot (not being able to do so myself.) He represented a hard, horny substance penetrating the flesh, which he pared slightly, and applied a drop or two of wormwood oil. In the course of a few weeks, the corn was wholly dissolved and crumbled out like scurf or dead matter, and in that place has never troubled me since. I have been afflicted on other parts of my feet and toes, which I have tried in like manner with like effect, except that I made a greater number of applications of the oil in some instances!—Now, if you think this of sufficient importance give it to the world, after fixing it in terms that may be understood, as it may be the means of relieving some of those who are afflicted with these troublesome things. I have full faith in its efficacy, having prescribed it to others with like refults.

Polka Dancing.—Somebody, describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says:—He looks as though he had a hole in his pockets and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers.

☞ A green 'un who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down into the hold of the Winfield Scott, and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise: "Well if the darned thing aint holler."

A Poser.—'What's the use,' asked a ragged fellow, 'of a man's working himself to death for a living.'