for sale Oct. 1862


# THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

HENRY DENLINGER, Pub'r and Prop'r.

*Office over Clugage & Drum's Stables.*

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ADVERTISING—One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. REED. J. GASTON.
REED & GASTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

J. H. REED having determined to continue the practice of his profession, has associated Mr Gaston with him in business, and they will give prompt attention to all legal business entrusted to their care, in any of the Courts of this Judicial District.
Office in same building formerly occupied by Mr. Reed. August 16th, '62.

ORANGE JACOBS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Jacksonville, Oregon,

WILL attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court. Oct. 26:tf

WAR SCRIP, WAR SCRIP.
B. F. DOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal.
He has an agent at Washington, and expects to visit that city and the Atlantic this Summer and Fall, and any business will receive prompt attention. my25:19

E. F. RUSSELL,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office with B. F. Dowell, Third Street,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. 29

JAMES M. PYLE.....RUFUS MALLORY.
PYLE & MALLORY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Roseburg, Douglas County, Ogn.,

WILL attend to any business confided to them, in the several Courts of the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. October 26:tf

L. H. DEWEY,
PRACTICAL
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Keeps constantly on hand a fine assortment of CLOCKS and JEWELRY, which he offers for sale at very low prices, for CASH.
REPAIRING—Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired with promptness and warranted.
Shop on California street, two doors west of Love & Bilger's. Jacksonville, July 26: 28

DAN'S
Barber Shop,
*Rear of "New State Saloon," on Third St.*

SHAVING, Hair-cutting, Shampooing Curling and Hair Dyeing.
Also, a genuine article of Fish's HAIR RESTORATIVE, and Cristadora's *Excelsior Hair Dye* for sale. Jacksonville, Jan. 25...29

PETER BRITT,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
Jacksonville, Oregon,
Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of the Art, with all the latest improvements. If
PICTURES
do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at Funk's Cigar Store, or at the Gallery on the Hill, and see his Pictures. 141f

County Treasurer's Office,
—AT—
BRADBURY & WADE'S.
E. S. MORGAN, Treasurer.
Jacksonville, August 16. 31tem

REDUCTION OF PRICES
—IN—
Stoves & Tinware.
G. B. DORRIS
—AT HIS—
Stove and Tinware Shop
On Third Street, between the Express Saloon and Dowell's Law Office,
Jacksonville, Oregon,
Keeps constantly on hand the best patterns
—OF—
COOKING STOVES,
PARLOR STOVES,
SALOON STOVES.
And every kind of
Tin, Iron and Copperware,
Besides a great variety of Culinary articles too numerous to mention.

Persons wishing anything in my line are respectfully invited to call and examine the quality and prices of my wares.
Every kind of JOB WORK done to order.
My own Ware Repaired Without Charge
GEORGE B. DORRIS.
Jacksonville, Nov. 9, 1861. 43

HARNESS
—AND—
SADDLERY

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Jackson and adjoining counties that he has on hand and will manufacture to order
All Kinds of Saddlery & Harness
SUCH AS
Heavy Draught Harness (long and short tug)
Concord Harness, Buggy Harness
(double and single)
Spanish Saddles, trees and rigging complete;
Ladies' Saddles, Jockey Saddles,
Saddle bags, Bridles,
Surcingles, Halters,
Spurs,
Carriermats
Whips, Whiplashes,
And all other articles usually found in a first-class stock of
SADDLERY.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
Store in "Sentinel" Building, California street.
HENRY JUDGE,
Jacksonville, Dec. 21, 1861. 49tf

Wanted in Exchange!
—AT THE—
HARNESS
—AND—
BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY
At Phœnix,
OATS, WHEAT & BACON
—FOR—
Harness, Bridles and Saddles,
Of all kinds, and all kinds of Saddle rigging.
☞ Boots and Shoes made and repaired to order in a neat and workmanlike manner. Inquire of
E. E. CHAPIN.
Phœnix, Feb. 14. 5tf

E. D. HAINES & BRO.
Are now Closing Out their entire stock of Goods, Groceries & Liquors, at the Very Lowest Rates,
FOR CASH!
☞ Give us a call, at the Post Office Building, corner of California and Oregon streets.
April 19, 1862. 14tf

NEW STOCK!
J. NEUBER
HAS recently received a large and diversified assortment of
SPRING AND WEIGHT CLOCKS,
SILVER WATCHES,
DIAMOND JEWELRY,
PEARL, EMERALD, and CAMEO SETS.
Together with a splendid lot of other
JEWELRY
Breast-Pins, Brooches,
Ear-Rings, Finger Rings,
Lockets, Buckles, Clasps,
Bracelets, Sleeve Buttons,
Necklaces,
Watch-Chains,
Chatelains
and Seals.
All of which will be sold at LOW PRICES and warranted.
J. NEUBER still continues REPAIRING WATCHES, JEWELRY and CLOCKS, as heretofore, in the best manner and with dispatch. All articles in his line manufactured promptly and with neatness. Call and see his stock at the old stand, corner of Third and California streets, Jacksonville. 44tf

PACK-SADDLES constantly on hand at my Harness and Saddlery establishment.
51 HENRY JUDGE.


## Josiah, his Turkeys and his Sweetheart.

Have you ever been in Windsor, Vermont. If so, you have heard of Josiah Baker. Indeed, you have heard of him even though you have not been in the State of Vermont; for he is well known as the greatest dealer in poultry in all New England. About Thanksgiving time, you may see in all parts of Boston, Josiah Baker's wagons literally crammed with turkeys, geese, chickens, and ducks, together with pumpkins, squashes and all manner of Thanksgiving sauce. 'Twas thought by some, if Josiah should die without an heir to inherit his virtues, and perpetuate the stock of poultry, that Thanksgiving would have to be abolished altogether in that region; for, as to being thankful on an empty stomach, it couldn't in the nature of things be expected In fact, they tried it on one occasion. Josiah didn't die to be sure, but 'twas just as bad for the time being, as you shall see.

Contrary to all usage, and probably for the sake of doing something wherewith to distinguish h'mself, the Governor appointed Thanksgiving on the same day which had been set apart for that purpose in Vermont. Now, no real Yankee will ever absent himself from his kindred on Thanksgiving day, not even for gain; and Josiah, though a bachelor, was in the habit of having all his blood relations to make merry with him on that occasion; and you know the habits of an old bachelor are not easily broken in upon. Besides, his worthy sister Hester, won'd have felt herself scandalized, indeed, if she were denied the privilege of bustling, and scolding, and storming about as usual, in the hurry of preparation for this joyous festival. Not that she was ill natured, or given to scolding under ordinary circumstances—far from it; but there is a time for everything. Then Josiah's numerous relatives (and you've no idea unless you have been there how numerous one's relatives are in that part of the country) who were always expected to partake of the luxuries of his farm yard, and devour, with an appetite which fortunately returns but once a year, Miss Hester's puddings, pies, tarts, etc., would have felt anything but thankful, if Josiah had gone to Boston, instead of keeping Thanksgiving at home. But he had no idea of such a thing.

He could as well afford to keep his turkeys, as the Boston folks could do without 'em; and he'd teach Governor Lincoln not to appoint the same day as the Governor of Vermont.

So Josiah kept Thanksgiving, as in times past, at home, though his heart was not as light as usual, for he pitied the Boston folks, and he couldn't help saying now and then, as he cut a slice of turkey, Governor Lincoln ought to have known better.

But though there was this drawback upon his happiness, it was trifling, compared with the consternation of the Boston people. His old customers, who had for fifteen or twenty years relied upon him for supplies, and had never once been disappointed, could not believe he would fail to appear now; and even on the day preceding Thanksgiving, refused to purchase of others under the full conviction that he would come, though it were at the eleventh hour. But, alas! he came, not; and for the first time in their lives, and I hope the last, many of the good citizens were obliged to forego the luxury of a roast turkey and dine on roast beef; and instead of bailing thankful, they did nothing but eat, and drink, and grumble. But there is no calamity, however great, from which good may not be extracted.

This unhappy event led the good people to reflect upon what might be the consequence if Josiah should be removed by death, leaving no issue to keep up the stock of turkeys; and as life is uncertain, even in Vermont, they sat about devising means to avert so serious an evil. Accordingly, Josiah began to receive letters advising him to marry; delicately pointing out to him the cheerlessness of his present mode of life; and hinting, also, that if he should die childless, Thanksgiving would be entirely broken up. Now, the subject of matrimony had never entered Josiah's head. His maiden sister attended to his household; darned his stockings for Sunday—washed his neck and ears for him of a Saturday night—and combed his head in more ways than one. In short, he didn't see what more a woman could do. However, the subject had got into his mind and it was not easy to get it out again. He was constantly looking about, and observing how nice and chirp the young women looked. Finally, he concluded to open his mind to his sister, and ask her advice.

After weighing the matter thoroughly, and mourning over the prospect of laying down the scepter, she advised him, (with a magnanimity which none but a sister could exhibit) to comply with the suggestions of his friends, and marry; stating that she was willing to resign her authority for the sake of promoting his happiness—but in order to secure the latter she must make the match herself—at least so far as to point out a proper person for him to court. This was a great relief to him, but he won'd have been better phased if she con'd have settled the whole matter. For he had a great horror of encountering one of the sex face to face, having never been in company with any but his relations. However, his sister, who was in the habit of gossiping in the intermission with all the women that came to meeting, soon made choice of a wife for her brother, in the person of Sally Jepson, who lived but a couple of miles from his farm. She was (as she told Josiah) of rugged make, thick set, wholesome looking, and as smart as a steel-trap.

So it was agreed upon that on Sunday night, Josiah should commence his courtship.

Accordingly, after supper, he mounted his horse and started with much fear and trembling for Squire Jepson's. He rode very slow, that he might con over what he should say to Sally; but, after thinking over many forms of speech, he arrived at the house quite at a loss how to open his heart. Having tied his horse to the fence, he thought he would reconnoitre the premises before going in; but, although there was a light in the sitting room, the paper curtains were down, and nothing could be discovered. After walking round the house two or three times, and going as often to the fence to see if his horse was fastened securely, he finally made a desperate effort, went to the well, and took a drink from the bucket, and then gave a rap on the door. Walk in! bawled out the Squire.

After fumbling round the house for some time, he finally raised the latch, and entered.

"Why, Josiah Baker!" exclaimed his wife, "is that you? Set to the fire."

Sally said nothing but smoothed down her vandyke, laid her hands in her lap, and looked in the fire. The younger children, who were sitting on the hearth, commenced whispering together respecting the object of his visit; for it being Sunday night, they suspected he had come a sparking. Silence continued for sometime, till the children con'd contain themselves no longer, but sn'ckered out a laughing.

"Now pick up your legs and go to bed," said the Squire—the dame at the same time giving them a slap, which helped them on their way considerably.

After the confusion arising from this sudden movement had subsided, the dame asked:

"How is Miss Hester, Mr. Baker?"

"Reasonably, I thank you."

After an interval of a few minutes, the dame broke out again:

"I think Deacon Spring's wife must be poorly, for I see she sot down in the last prayer and didn't get up to the blessing."

"Well, now, I didn't mind that," said Josiah.

"Why, where were your eyes, Mr Baker?"

Josiah made no reply; for the fact was, his eyes were fixed upon the corner pew on the right hand side, where sat Sally Jepson.

"Our little man was unusually solemn today. I thought the self-righteous were pretty well cut up. The shoe fitted a good many of them."

Josiah replied, "Yes." The truth was, he would have given the world to change the subject, if he had known what to say, for his thoughts had been with his eyes upon Sally, and he had not heard one word of the sermon.

"Even the singers seemed uncommon hailed up," said the Squire. "I never heard them sing louder. But I do wish the'yd give up the new collection, and stick to Mear and Bray, so that a body could join with 'em. 'Twould be much more edifyin'. And then they've got to openin' their mouths so wide, that none of the sound goes through the nose at all, and seems to lose all the solemness as 'twere."

"Don't you think, Mr. Baker, that the little man was uncommon lifted up in prayer?" said the dame.

Fortunately for Josiah, this was a leading question, and that blessed monosyllable came to his relief. Just at that moment, the clock behind the door began to strike nine, and before it was done, the Squire and his wife had taken the candle and gone to bed, cautioning Sally not to forget to cover up the embers after Mr. Baker was gone.

Now, though the sudden departure of the old folks had relieved Josiah of one dilemma, it left him in a worse; for here he was alone with Sally, without a single idea in his head, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, which was as dry as a powder horn.

"I believe my horse is a little uneasy," said he, after a silence of several minutes; and jumped up and went out to the fence, and walked round a little, took another drink from the well, and then rushed into the house, determined to make a bold push and broach the subject at once. So he drew his chair up near to Sally, and addressed her:

"Miss Sally! darnation!"—

"What d'you say, Mr. Baker?"

"Darnation!"

"Oh! I thought you spoke to me." Sally picked up the tongs and laid the brands together.

"What do you think of getting married, Miss Sally?"

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Baker?"

"Certainly I did; there's nobody else to speak to as I see," said Josiah looking round the room.

Sally now began to color up, her throat swelled and she reminded Josiah of one of his turkeys, and thus furnished him with a topic of conversation.

"Miss Sally, do you love turkey?"

"Yes."

"So do I," said Josiah.

"Which do you like best on it, apple sauce or cranberry?"

"Cranberry."

"So do I," said Josiah.

"Which do you think is the sweetest, Sally, honey or maple sugar?"

"Honey."

"Thunder! we are as nigh alike as two pumpkins. Now, Sally, I'll tell you what's the sweetest thing in all natur'—it's you."

"Now be still, Mr. Baker; mother says praise to the face is open disgrace."

He now drew his chair closer up to hers; for, as he told his sister afterwards, he began to get his pluck up.

"Sally," says he, "what's the sign, when anybody treads on your toe?"

"It's a sign they love you. Oh! Mr. Baker, you've mashed my foot all to pieces."

Upon this he threw his arms around her neck, and gave her such a smack as Sally Jones got when old Mrs. Jones thought her bottle of emptin's had burst.

"What's the matter, my dear?" said the Squire, who was awakened out of a sound sleep by his wife's jumping up in bed.

"Nothin'," said she, "only I heard a great cracking just now. I thought at first it was your shooting gun went off, but I guess it's only the frost comin' out of the ground."

At the mention of the gun, the Squire got out of bed, and opened the door into the sitting room.

"Sally, are you up? What noise was that?"

"'Twas—'twas; I just shut the front door—that's all the noise I heard."

"Well, you'd better put the nail over the door and go to bed."

The next morning the old lady gave Sally a severe scolding for slamming the door so hard, when people were asleep.

That interesting interview, and above all, that parting kiss, was more than Sally Jepson could stand unmoved; and on the next Sunday, when she went to church, and got a sly wink and a nod from Josiah, for her life she couldn't tell whether she had a heart left among her goods and chattles, although she tried all meeting time to decide the doubt. Josiah repeated the kiss that very evening; and performed more—for he popped the alternative and had the satisfaction to see Miss Sally blush; an infallible symptom that his question had gone straight to her heart, and caused it to flood her cheeks.

The parson blessed the happy twain, and they became one flesh; very much to the delight of all the lovers of Thanksgiving dainties—who in that union saw a perpetuation of Josiah's incomparable breed of turkeys.

## Sam. Houston's Son-in-Law.

At a recent war meeting held in Boston, Rev. Charles H. Clark was introduced to the Assembly. The Boston *Journal* says:

Clark was a Baptist minister in Houston, Texas. His remarks were heard with difficulty, on account of a bronchial disease from which he suffered. Clark is the son of the present rebel Governor of Texas, and a relative of General Sam. Houston. He said he had fought not only his neighbors and friends, but his own father, in defense of the glorious old Star Spangled Banner, and he was ready to finish the balance of his brief life in the same glorious cause—the cause of his country, the cause of humanity, and the cause of his God. The majority of the people of Texas are now and have been loyal. The State was carried out by calling the roll of the Legislature half an hour earlier than usual, when the Union men were absent. Sam. Houston, the Governor of the State, was brought before them on a charge of treason, and the old man made the most denunciatory speech against them and secession that he ever heard in his life. The Secessionists rose and gathered about him, bent on violence, but his friends crowded around him, and for a while nothing was heard but pistol shots and the clashing of knives. The speaker himself received a wound that would probably soon terminate his life. His father, who had been Lieutenant Governor, assumed the office of Governor of the State. Clark described at length how Texas was carried out of the Union by the treason of Twiggs, and its dire effects on those who remained true to the Union. Men and women who, two years ago, were possessed of wealth and all the luxuries of life, were now in the streets of Galveston, begging for bread. He said that, if 3 000 troops should land at Galveston and march through Texas, they would be joined by ten thousand men before reaching San Antonio. Clark said he had been surprised since coming North to hear that it had been reported and believed that Governor Houston had given his adherence to secession. As his son-in-law, and the one who closed his eyes in death, he stigmatized them as false. The old man was loyal to the day of his death. He took a violent cold at a meeting held by the Union men to devise means to protect themselves, which finally settled into pneumonia. About an hour before his death, he said, "Charlie, you have an American flag?" On being answered in the affirmative, "Bring it out," he said, "and spread it over me; I want to die under its glorious folds."

Among his last words he said: "I am sorry that it is the will of God that I cannot see that flag float again. Do you be faithful and true to it forever."

The speaker described his getting away from the power of the rebels, his reaching New Orleans, his interview with Gen. Butler, whom he styled "the right man in the right place," but who threatened to hang him if he didn't get better vouchers for his loyalty than he at first produced. He had been a slaveholder all his life, but he was ready for emancipation, to sacrifice everything to sustain the Government. He described the barbarities which he had seen the rebels perpetrate, and contended that it was impossible to be too bitter against the rebels. There was no medium course. If we did not conquer them, they would conquer us. If the Southern Confederacy was acknowledged, the war would be no nearer an end than now; it would not be until Toombs called the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill. He believed the South could support more men in the field because of slavery to carry on their agriculture. He denounced the rebels with great power, and with stirring eloquence called upon the men of Massachusetts to awake to the crisis. The Chairman then read a letter from Gov. Andrew, introducing Captain Wm. Driver, better known as "Old Glory," who hid a Union flag in Nashville—which the Secessionists in vain tried to find—and hoisted it from the Capitol when the Union troops entered the city. He has two sons in the Secession army—his wife was a Secessionist, and so was even his cat. He said, if the men in Boston had half as much patriotism in their sou's as the women of the South had treason in theirs, they would set Boston on fire with their enthusiasm.

## Traitors in the Revolution.

The following extracts from "Newspapers in the Revolution," and "Action of State Legislatures," by B. J. Lossing, the Revolutionary historian, will be read with interest, as a similarity in the present state of the country:

In all the colonies, there were only thirty seven papers, and at the time in question, only seven were devoted to the interest of the British Government. These were soon stifled by public opinion wherever the Whigs, as the patriots were called, bore rule, while five of the remaining thirty were seduced by gold, or frightened by incendiary, into the support of the Crown. *Rivington's Royal Gazette*, published in New York, took ground against the Revolutionary movement; and at noonday, late in the autumn of 1775, it was surrounded by one hundred light horsemen from Connecticut, led by Captain Sears, a distinguished "Son of Liberty" in New York. They destroyed the press and other apparatus, put the type into bags, and, without one word of complaint from the people, returned to Connecticut, carrying with them a tory clergyman named Seabury, who had preached against the Whigs and the Continental Congress. The type they cast into bullets. All the people, except "the peace party" of that day, said Amen! After that, the newspaper press ceased to be troublesome, and pamphleteers wrote anonymously.

In the course of the war for independence, the several State Legislatures passed numerous acts for the punishment of the sympathizers with the enemy of their country. In Massachusetts, they could be arrested under a magistrate's warrant and banished, unless they would take the oath of allegiance to the Whig cause. The selectmen or trustees of towns could prefer charges of political treachery between meetings, and the accused, if convicted by a jury, might be immediately banished into the region occupied by the enemy. Many persons were subjected to these penalties in that State.

Rhode Island passed laws still more severe against the tories. Any person who should communicate with the ministry or their representatives, or who would pilot armed ships of the King, or who afforded supplies to the enemy's forces, might, by law, be punished by death and confiscation of estate. There were also, specials acts passed in that State, by which the property of certain persons named was confiscated and sequestered.

In Connecticut, speaking, writing or acting against the doings of Congress, or the Assembly of Connecticut, subjected the offender to disqualification for office, the seizure of his arms and imprisonment. For furnishing the royal troops with supplies or personal aid, the offender might be punished by the confiscation of his estate and imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years.

In New Hampshire, similar laws were passed, and, under them, a large number of tories, former residents of that commonwealth, were prohibited from entering within her borders, and the property of about thirty rebels was confiscated.

In New York, those who opposed the Declaration of Independence were prohibited from practicing law in the Courts, and their estates might be confiscated. A parent whose son joined the enemy was taxed ninepence on the pound of his estate for each and every son. County committees were authorized to apprehend and decide upon the guilt of all persons who should be accused of correspondence with the enemy, and they had the power to punish him with imprisonment or banishment.

The Legislature of Virginia provided by law that certain tories should be treated as aliens, their property to be sold and the proceeds to be placed in the public treasury. They also, by law, forbade certain persons entering the bounds of that commonwealth, and subjected them to penalties for the violation of the command.

New Jersey passed several acts for punishment of tories, subjecting them to imprisonment and confiscation of estates.

The New Orleans *Picayune* mentions the discovery, at the terminus of the Pontchartrain Railroad at the lake, a submarine ram of cigar shape, made of iron, hollowed so that a number of men can enclose themselves in it. It is twenty-four feet long, and has a propeller which can be worked by hand. On each side of the ram there is a sort of fin, made of iron three feet long and a foot and a half wide. By raising these wings or fins, the ram rises to the surface and sinks by their depression. the bow is sharply pointed, and when run against an ordinary vessel below the water mark would be able to sink it in a very short time. It was discovered and raised by Col. Chas. C. G. Thornton, and Capt. George Wiggin, late of New London, Conn., at present Captain of the post at the lake.

## Growing Old.

Henry Ward Beecher recently uttered the following reflections, which expressed the experience of many who have passed the "turning point of life:"

There is a period when men come to be strangely impressed with the tho't "I am old." I suppose there is a year or two in which all have the feeling. (It may not be a painful one, but it is a sad one; it is a tender, minor feeling.) "I have passed my youth; I am never to be a boy again; I am never to be young again; not only am I a man, but as a man I have signs and tokens of the failure of some parts of my organization.

It is said of athletes, boxers and wrestlers, that they have a *second breath*. After they have gone thro' what may be said to be their first strength, there is a rallying of the system; and then they are said to have come to their second breath. When they are on their second breath they hold out a great while.

So it is with our thoughts in respect to growing old. We have a sad feeling to get over which arises from the consciousness that we are becoming aged; but after they have got over that feeling, they never feel old though they are eighty years of age. They come to their second breath in that regard! Now, do you begin to have a consciousness that you are failing? Do you find that your feet are heavier than they used to be? Are there not some persons here that have had some difficulty about the ear? Have you never thought people did not pronounce their words as distinctly, as plainly as you have been taught to pronounce yours in the school, that you have attended? Does it not seem to you the spectacle-makers are growing slack? Are there no times when you feel that the shadow is turned? All day long the sun goes up till at last it stands at high noonday; and then, when it slants even one degree, you see that the shadow creeps down the other side and grows longer and longer as it goes down. There are many of you that have seen the shadow run on the wrong side, and it is growing longer and longer. Your sun is going down toward the western horizon.

If a man has been accustomed to think of his life mainly as centered or fixed here, it is not possible that he should not feel sadness at the indications of decaying powers, of limited accomplishments, of being compelled to lay down his part of the duties of active life. But if he feels that these things are working out for him "a far more eternal weight of glory" in the life that is to come, he can look upon them with composure, if not with cheerfulness.

We do not know what mountains, rich with gold, are worth, until we begin to dig; and the more we dig, the more we become impressed of its great value. So long as the gold is covered up and locked in the hard quartz, it is worthless. It is by blasting, by rending, by destroying, that the precious ore is brought out and made serviceable. Now, we carry in us that which is more precious than the ore, to obtain which we blast and rend and destroy the rock. It is just this that the apostle thinks of when he says, "we have this treasure in earthen vessels." We are like a casket made of earth, inside of which is precious ess, it may be of ointment or jewels or something else. The real value consists in that which the casket contains. This body may be shattered, the casket may be destroyed, and yet all that is valuable remain.

Who cares, then, whether the hair be white or black? Who cares whether the eye be far-sighted or near-sighted? Who cares whether the hearing be poor or good? Who cares what becomes of the senses? This is not the whole of my life. This body is not the whole of my heritage. I go to that bright land where the immortal part shines up and on for ever and ever. And this consideration takes away the sadness occasioned by the consciousness of the failure of the earthly faculties.

A JUDGE IN A FIX.—An awkward affair which once occurred to one of the Judges on the Western Circuit, has been the subject of much mirth. It appears that the pious judicial, having finished his labors, and having cast off his forensic wig at his lodging, had retired into the next room to wait for his brother judge, with whom he was to accompany some of the local aristocracy to dinner. The female servant of the house had entered the bedchamber by a side-door, and, not knowing the judge was in the next room, in a frolic arrayed herself in the judge's wig. Just at the moment when the fair Mopsy was admiring herself in the looking glass, the judge unexpectedly entered the room, and poor Mopsy, catching sight of the stern countenance looking over her shoulder in the glass, was so alarmed that she fainted, and would have fallen to the floor, if the learned judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her in his arms. At this critical moment his brother judge arrived, and opening the dressing-room door, with a view to see if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. Not wishing to interrupt what he thought to be an amour, he quickly attempted to withdraw, when his brother judge vociferated: "For Heaven's sake, stop and hear the matter explained!" "Never mind, my dear brother, the matter explains itself;" and he left his learned brother to recover the fainting maid as he could.

THE funniest incident that has lately transpired is the case of a doting mother, who, being satisfied that her child merited a flogging, insisted on his previously being put under the influence of chloroform.