Plymouth Advertiser.

A Weekly Family Newspaper---Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE. PLYMOUTH, O., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 10, 1854. VOLUME II. NO. 3.

Select Poetry.

ECHOES.

Hark! through nature vast cathedral,
Blend echoes ever free,
Swelling in a nightly anthem
To its over arched sky.

Every bird that sings in summer,
Every honey-laden bee,
Every squirrel in the forest,
Every cricket in the tree;

Every music-dropping fountain,
Every softly murmuring rill,
Every dark and fanning torrent,
Every water guided mill;

Every rain-drop on the house top,
Every beetle's noisy drone,
Every footfall on the pavement,
Wakes an echo of its own.

Echo of woe and echo of gladness,
Each responsive echoes find;
Words of love and words of anger,
Leave their echoes far behind.

Every great and little action,
In its echoed over and over;
Life itself is but an echo—
Of the lives that were before.

Selected Miscellany.

THE ORIENTAL MERCHANT.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When Haj Hamel borrowed a hundred dinars of the merchant Kodad, he swore by the faith of the Prophet to return the sum within six months from that time, and first the Haj swore it. He was a young man, full of hope and confidence, and Kodadad was old and weary. "My son," said the latter, "this is perhaps a rash promise. Say one four?" But Haj Hamel would not accept a further delay. He was going from Tarsus to Damascus on a commercial journey, and accurately calculated the time. One month to go, one month to come, three months to sell his goods; a whole month to spare. But, the unlucky—or lucky, if he should be robbed, unless he should lose—Haj Hamel set on the money of God and with many asseverations said that at the appointed time to yon El-pasha, Kodadad, at the khan of the merchants, by the fountain of the river, and by the house him a hundred golden dinars. The money was then without interest, and payment was a sacred obligation.

The caravan set out, flags flying and drum beating, from one gate of Tarsus, the opposite side of the river, and soon copped the gorges of the mountains. After proceeding a little way, a halt was called upon, for some of the merchants had staid behind, flying their last arrows to their families, or making additions to their merchandise. Haj Hamel, who possessed several camel loads, and had no one depending upon him, was the first to be ready at the place of meeting, replied at this delay.

He had received the title of Haj, or Pilgrim, when a boy, by going in company with his father to the shrine of the Prophet; but this was the first journey he had undertaken since. He had started with the idea of making a fortune, and was impatient to be doing. Besides, there was his promise to Kodadad. If he forfeited that, his credit was gone forever—According, he spent the first part of the day that followed the halt, sitting by the roadside, counting the camels that came in, and jeering them for their tardiness.

"This young man," said some, "believes, that time was made only for him. What matters a day more or less? At the end of life one shall have to repent our impatience. There are evils by every wayside. Why should we be eager to come up with them?"

These philosophical remarks found no favor with Haj Hamel, who, instead of imitating his companions, and inclining lazily under the shadows of trees on the green grass, listening to the songs of the birds, and the gurgling of the stream, began at length to roam uneasily about.—He saw that another sun would set, and perhaps another, and behold them still in the lap of the same valley.—He climbed the mountains, endeavoring to distract his thoughts, and whenever he obtained a glimpse of the encampment below, he gazed at it endeavoring to discern signs of a forward movement. But, the tents remained unstruck; the people reclined in groups; the camels and horses were dispersed here and there; and the lazy thinling of their bells showed that they, at any rate, were enjoying themselves. The young merchant at length turned away and plunged into the deep recess of the forest. Nature had no charms for him.—As he went, he counted in his memory the number of pieces of cloth his bale contained, compared the cost with the probable market price, and revelled in the anticipation of gigantic profits to be realized in the parable of his imagination—some dusty bazaar in the far-off city of Damascus.

Whilst he was meditating on these sordid matters, he suddenly recalled to himself by a surprising accident. A huge mantle was thrown over his head; and before he had time to struggle, he was cast on the ground, and rolled up, like a bale of his own goods, in complete darkness. At first, he thought that instant death was to be his fate; and he murmured, "May heaven pay my debt to the merchant Kodadad!" Soon, however, it appeared that he was only a prisoner; and he felt himself raised and carried along, whilst smothered laughter came to his ears. If this were a joke, it was a practical one. He tried to speak; but no answer was returned except renewed laughter. Presently, those who carried him set him down; the top is first contained him were loosened, the mantle was whisked away, and, to his astonishment, he found himself in a beautiful garden, surrounded by a bevy of maidens, who clapped their hands, and enjoyed his amazed appearance.

Haj Hamel was to thoroughly an Oriental not to understand hospitality, after a few moments' thought. He had evidently been watched during his progress through the forest; by the inmates of some house, accompanied by male attendants, who in a spirit of fun had made him prisoner. The intelligent is not an uncommon one, if we may believe narrators; but it generally leads to disagreeable results.—Our merchant felt uncomfortable. The maidens, and he knew it, had placed a large number of pieces of gold, and had come to refer to him, and doubtless this cost upon the [illegible] and consoled in the mercy of God.

Now it happened that Kodadad, remembering Haj Hamel's promise, had gone to his kiosque to-day, to meet the merchant coming from Damascus, the rain fell. The debtor did not appear.

"We must allow him an hour's grace; for the storm is violent," said Kodadad.—The minutes chanted the hour of noon.—The merchant called to his slave, to bring another pipe. Presently, a bustle of excitement, during along the misty waters; a black boy stooping forward seized them as they passed. He was about to cast them into a cascade, when the unusual weight prompted him.

"Master," said he, "this is not of lead."

The merchant, who wished to pass the hour, bid him to break the pieces. He did so, and found a dozen pieces of gold, and suddenly upon his forehead on his kiosque!

This story, which is told in many different ways, illustrates the Oriental idea of accidental probity. Turkish merchants, in the Western Asia, among the most famous for keeping their engagements with scrupulous exactitude; and the example of Haj Hamel is often cited as a model.—Or, example is so good that the doubt, and the [illegible] of the Prophet, [illegible] in some miraculous way; the Prophet being always deeply interested in the good beds of his servants.

Try young man what was not without [illegible]. His credit was, in fame, [illegible] Bad, and he was [illegible] in [illegible] him his daughter in marriage. And it will surprise no one but very misanthropic people—to whom we do not address this paper—that the daughter of Haj Hamel is the mother of his great grandson, Haj Hamel, the merchant, [illegible] Kodadad's promise. We know, moreover, that the old Kodadad is a very pleasant old man, very amiable and very [illegible] in his circumstances, we should not be surprised to see him last for infinitum.

Paymaster to the Poor.—In passing along Ann Street, this morning, we saw a [illegible] from the South, with a load of cotton, bound for Montgomery, Alabama. We stopped into the Presbyterian lecture room, where a slave was preaching.

"My brethren," said he, "God bless you, I'm a poor black Ethiopian, [illegible] in spring comes fresh, and brings in all the old birds, stabs, and sticks that have been in the bank, and carry them down in the current. Brings the water good down in a big bank, keep on this kind, [illegible] sticks on the bank—and day day lies with God and devil! till comes in the fresh Jus' so dare comes one rival religion—dis old sinner boot'in, dat old backslider boot'in, and all de t'ing floats along in' and merry good times. But, brethren, God knows your souls, dim'ly rival gone—in dis old sinner is stuck on his old sin, den dat old backslider is hotched where he was alone, on just such a rock, and dat old sinner is hotched where he lies all along side shore, and dare they lie till another rival. Beloved brethren, God bless your souls, keep in de current."

I thought this illustration beautiful enough for a sacred discourse, and so I treasured it up for other time in his own race.

A Smart Boy.—To the Knickerbocker belongs the credit of the following.—"One account day last September, I took my seat in the stage coach bound from Fall River to C——. Among the passengers was a little gentleman, who had possibly seen five summers. The coach stage quite full, he sat in the lap of another passenger. While on the way, something was said about pickpockets, soon the conversation became general on that interesting subject. The gentleman who was then holding our young friend, remarked:

"How easy I could pick your pocket!"

"No, you couldn't," he replied, "I've been looking out for you all the time!"

A Shifty Judge.—A short time since they had a queer case for a Circuit Judge in the Western District of Tennessee. He was a good lawyer, but cared nothing for appearance, and less for dress. The latter he knew nothing about, it being left entirely to Betty, his wife. His Betty was absent from home, once, when he started for Court, and, knowing, he the Judge to pack his clothes for the trip. He did so, but instead of finding his shirts, he seized upon a pile of his wife's whats-a-do-youms, used for for a like purpose. A learned brother who roomed with him, was much amused a few mornings afterwards, at the queer appearance of the Judge, nothing being in sight but his head, arms and feet, his looks of bewilderment and his sotto voice reflections, which were "I wonder what on earth Betty cut off my sleeves. I can't see." It is probable that he learned the same the next time he saw Betty, but not before, as the Bar kept dark (to him) that round.

Barnum's Speech on Humbugs,

Delivered at Stamford, on the occasion of the Agricultural Fair, Fairfield Co.

"It seems to be almost unfortunate circumstance that I should be selected to speak on Humbugs, as looking on the ladies, whose profession it peculiarly is, I and it hard to express myself in their presence. Everything is humbug; the whole State is humbug, except our Agricultural Society—that alone is not.

Humbug is generally defined, "deceit or imposition." A burglar who breaks open your house, a forger who counterfeits your property, or a rascal, is not a humbug; he is simply a rascal; but in my opinion the true meaning of humbug is unnatural—taut—to take an old rag and put it in an attractive form.

But no humbug is great without truth at the bottom. Two wooly horses was a wooly could. I bought him in Cincinnati for 600, and sent him on the Connecticut, and during time I doubted what I could do with him, and I said that he would do with me. Just at this time, in 1842, Col. Fremont and his party were reported to have been lost among the Rocky Mountains; the public were anxious to hear, but shortly news came that he was safe. Now came the chance for my woody horse.

It was duly announced, that after three days chase upon the borders of the River Platte, an animal had been captured by the Quartermaster of Col. Fremont's party, who took in a singular degree of the nature of the Buffalo, Antelope and Camel. This story was so far, true, but I was myself the quartermaster who captured him, and I exhibited the animal to the people. The [illegible] exhibited the animal as a pumpkin over a [illegible] nearly the animal had really leaped, as shown in the picture, some six or seven feet over a fence in two miles. To have believed that he could have so vaulted such a leap, would have been the greatest humbug.

Now the wooly horse, who had not no humbug out his own, arrived in my city and I exhibited him, and I made money enough to close mortgages, as the horse was not what it pretended to be; but I think wrongly, as the people who saw it were satisfied, and they got the worth of their money.

Now the wooly horse humbug, I think was the greatest humbug I ever had. Once, the world would great have seen the wooly horse.

When the wooly horse arrived from Connecticut, he was put in a stable near Long's Hotel. One of the stable [illegible] to [illegible] recognized him as an old friend, and [illegible] Bridgeport. Good morrow! he said, "I have seen the wooly horse, and he is a fine animal, and I'm glad you have got him." He took up a friend from the country, and after he had seen the animal let him into the secret, and in a second, the news flew as swift as electricity. Hundreds came to see the wooly horse, and I made money by the dollar, and the fame of the wooly horse was spread abroad.

I have no the vanity to call myself a real scientific humbug. I am only an humble member of the profession.

My ambition is to be the Prince of Humbugs I will confess, but I hope the public will take the will for the deed; I can assure them that if I had been able to give them all the humbugs I have thought of, they would have been amply satisfied.

Once, when I went to Boston with Tom Thumb, I had a skeleton prepared from various bones. It was to have been nearly eighteen feet high; it was to have been built in a year, as in Ohio, and then dug up by mistake, so that the public might see what wonderful giants of old. The place I was to pay to put the skeleton together was to have been $225.

But finding Tom Thumb more successful than I thought, I went would not to proceed with the skeleton. My associate, who never thought as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for 500 or 575.

Seven years after was I received from the South account of a gigantic skeleton that had been found. Are not engaging it were the certainties of scientific and much real humbug in the enterprise. The cost, we asked $8,000, or $1,000 a month; I wrote him if he brought it on I would pay him $1,000 a month, and I found it was my own old original humbug coming back to me again; of course I refused it, and I never heard of it afterwards.

Consolation.—Most ladies think it is the summit of misfortune to be ugly. This is a mistake quite frequently. The chances are, as the world goes, that homely women are altogether the best at heart, best at home, and pretty faces often prove miles over a false heart and a weak head, and with the smallest shadow of a soul.

☞ A young man having purchased a watch placed it in his fob, and strutting across the floor, he says to his wife:

"Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch, that it will not be disturbed and broken?"

"I don't know of a safer place," replied his wife, "than our meat barrel; I'm sure no one will think of going there to disturb it."

☞ Whenever we find our temper ruffled towards a parent; a wife, a sister, a brother or a friend, we should pause and think, that it is a very few more months years they will be in the spirit world, watching over us; or, perchance, we shall be there watching over them.

☞ "If you marry," said a Roman consol to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress neat, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue."

☞ Honesty is the best policy.

Feats at the Fair.

On the second day of the Fair when the bloods were trying their blood in the shape of fast horses, the following ludicrous incident occurred, as told by a looker on:

To-day one of the most laughable affairs occurred that I have ever witnessed. The horse ring, which has been open during the season for the use of such scoundrels as might wish to practice their humbugs, contained some six or seven big boys, splendidly caparisoned and attached to light sulkies which had grown excited by the sport that the whole affair has become. Long time I had noticed the excitement was strong and every boy seemed to be in the utmost speed. A vast crowd had collected for the purpose of enjoying the sport, and loud shouts attested their approbation of the favorite horses.

Just about the half of the race, the ropes that protected the entrance to the ring was lowered and one of the ugliest looking specimens of the horse kind, that I had ever seen, entered. He was one of the [illegible] sort, clumsy built, ring boned and spavined. His driver an old man, with a short gray beard, was clothed in a rusty suit of gray, with a soft-skin cap, and his seat was an unpainted sulky, with a bundle of straw beneath the seat, on which an old rusty umbrella protruded.

At his very entrance he was greeted with shouts from the crowd of "take him out," "more lime," "two hay," and other derisive shouts that showed him, as he, during out under the mass, unfavorably circumstances.

Almost as the start he had been overtaken by the fine horses, who had been the popular favorite, and as they came up to the old dad, the backers of the race called out to his driver to get out of the way.—After a few ineffectual efforts, he did try to do so, but it was after a manner little expected, for the old horse shook his head and began to stripe on at an awful pace and the blooded horses began to feel the effect of trying their bottoms. Away they went, and by the time they came round to the starting place, the old horse was even with the leaders. The fast boys began to look the rather blue, and his gait was so awkward that the crowd roared with laughter. Away he went, and away went the steeds in pursuit. The further the old dun went, the rather he looked like a [illegible] and the way he went was a "sight to see Gods!" By the middle of his round he had just gained the length of the track, and came up to the stand, where he was greeted with a cheer like an ox. The crowd was now furious, and the roaring and bellowing of the crowd almost deafening.

The old dun never minded the crowd a whit, but held time it down to his work, and as he came around again, he had passed two of his rivals and was almost out of the field.

"Go it old Clayback," shouted the spectators, and without a whip or a word from his driver he came up to the stretch. By the time this round was finished there remained but one horse ahead of him—a tall, blooded one—considered by all the best horses in the ring, and well known. As they reached the entrance, the two horses were abreast, and the gray eyed his opponent with a stilling glance as he scrambled along side of him. The old man now perched down behind him and drew his cane full over the back of some [illegible] in the seat, and to which it was fastened, and with a great flourish over his head, brought it down on the hip-bones of the old dun. It was hard to tell which startled most, the horse or the crowd. The old man, who never thought as highly of the scheme as it deserved, sold the skeleton for 500 or 575.

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Daguerreotyping in the Back Woods.

"That's the chap—him with the white hat, fat and short like our old sow. Stand back boys, and let me talk to the image nuts. Hi-lo stranger, are you him?"

"Whom do you mean, my friend?"

"I jeodous to be the animal, gentleman, and shall be obliged to you for a short reply."

"Well, sir, you hear them big words"—Send for Caleb's lamin' book, till we know what he's coming over us."

Such was the reception I received at a small town called Sovereignville, near the borders of Missouri, Arkansas, and the Cherokee Nation. The crowd consisted of a motley group of half-breeds and whites of both sexes, that came crowding round as I alighted from my wood cliptic spring wagon.

Shortly afterwards I took a stroll over the town. It was what is generally denominated a "one horse town," and I would think a tolerable small pony at that. Two stores, one grog-cry, a stable, and four log houses made up the sum of its buildings. I was searching for a room for operations, and in passing I was accosted by an old chap with "what are you a hunting, for, stranger?"

"Looking but light," I replied.

"Why you're not blind, I don't think; you have plenty of light."

"You don't understand me, friend; I am looking for a room suitable for taking pictures in—a room with good light."

"Oh, I reckon you's the great little man what's going to take off our heads with a chimney. Maybe I can fix you off—my darter Polly's got a bed-room. Polly caughs up her bed and sleep on a pallet. You won't take pictures, by night, will you stranger, eh?"

"No, but do observe yes."

"Well Polly axed me when you come to get their fixy operations, as you mean close the bargain with her bout the room."

I "fixed myself soon "struck a trade," and I began arrangements for operations. In the course of a few hours, I announced I was ready to take likenesses of all that wished them. In a short time my room was full of people, some of whom had never seen a picture? A dead silence ensued when I drew. At length one of the chaps piped up to his neighbor—

"Hi-lo, Bill, you have your pretty taken."

"No, Bill, you forgot the glass awhile and see how it works on you."

"I pollet," says Bill "I'll try it. I'd thar say this one of the mechanic's brains, stranger? I've been over seas an all-fired lot of chemicals on a-sides in than."

"No danger in a-sowhat, sir! All you have to do, is to keep still for a few seconds."

"Then keep to place him in position—"

"Hold on long stranger, none of your hocuses and triggers 'bout my head."

"Stranger, my friend, I am only placing your head in the rest for the purpose of keeping you steady."

"Hi-lo! tell you, you're not going to cut no up. I'm not the sort to be scrawed. I can tell you, and if you don't quit I'll dape."

I then explained as distinctly as I could the nature of the operation, and the process. My likeness was taken again and I was just about to draw the slide from the plate when he cried out "Betse, what's the meal bag?"

"Keep easy still and quiet now, if you please, Bill."

"What's the meal bag, Betse?" cried Bill again. "Stranger, thar was a dog-cry-yer man here from Marysville that made Peyton Feather's face right black as the ace of spades, and reckon I'll be black the same way. Now, me and Betsy fetched the meal bag along to whiten one side of our faces, so when the machine works on us, we'll be the same thing on both sides. Betse, put the meal bag on the side of the face, and Bill "agrees to be drafted if both sides would not be white now." I said not a word—in fact I was amazed beyond laughing, and quickly carried on the process. The whole crowd had great faith in the meal bag arrangement. The artist who had visited them had indeed only given *half* the pictures.

In a few moments the picture was produced. I did not show it to my sitter, for the reason that I hold it for Barnum, who, when he beholds it will dance, shed tears of joy, and thenceforce regard me as his greatest Magnus Apollo, his greatest benefactor.

After a good deal of trouble I explained to my patrons that the *black* pictures were not the result of the camera but of the operator, and that I would produce them pictures as white as they wanted.

I tried it (without the meal bag) and I succeeded in a fine likeness of Bill, who exclaimed on seeing it; "Stranger, you are the greatest dog-man that's bin in these parts. Jump up here, Betse, and let's have you."

Betse sat down, and Bill wanted to look at her through the instrument. I permitted him, as soon as I got the focus adjusted.

"Look out, stranger," said Bill, when he peeped in, "your noggin's jackanger. Turn that hogany box over, Betse is bottom upwards. I don't low sich jokes as this, stranger. Betse ain't to be turned over that way. Over with her!"

"My friend," says I, "Miss Betse is in no danger. Her position is caused by the instrument," and after a considerable explanation, I convinced him that I was not intending to make game of his girl.

Betse's likeness was obtained, "right side up," and Bill was overjoyed. The crowd was highly pleased, and went away as the sun declined, with the promise to devote to-morrow to my services.

Girls in a Swimming.

"Bob, did you ever see a lot of girls in a swimming?"

"No, never; did you?"

"Yes—that such a sight I never expect to see again. They beat mermaids out of sight."

"I expect so, but where did you obtain your knowledge?"

"Listen, and I'll propel. You know Miss Dusenbury, of Strawberry Hill. Yes of course you do. Well, Sis, the other day, had company—fourteen samples of dimity, that would have infused wicked ideas into the head of an anchorite.—Among the number, were Sally Jones and Dicky Joycelyn. Well, after tea Sally—beautiful creature—proposed to go bathing. You may want to know how I heard this. I listened at the keyhole. The girls jumped at the idea, and as soon as the cups and sassers were wiped, on went bonnets and ribbons, and away went the whole fourteen in pursuit of Cloverdale Lake, where the immersion was to take place. The right was taken by Sally Jones—I think I have mentioned her name before. Beautiful creature; lips like cherries, and a breast that would do honor to an October partridge."

"Well, what has that got to do with the story? That fourteen good looking girls went a swimming I can understand; nothing is more reasonable. But how came you to see them? That's the question."

Bob, having said this, sucked his cigar, and looked as if he had a certain gentleman in a quandry.

"Don't be impatient, my friend, and I will divulge all. The moment the girls left the house, I got an old frock and a cast off bonnet. I dressed myself with a little false hair—stole a market basket half full of apples and started down the road looking for all the world like Biddy M'Shane the fruit pedlar, who resides in the neighborhood of the Hall."

"Well, go on."

"Keep cool, and I will. Having equipped myself to my liking, I left the road and turned out for the lake, through a short cut that brought me to its margin just as the girls had taken their first plunge. Great Venus what a sight. Don't ask me to apostrophise. No language can adequately express my feelings. In the centre of the main was Billy Jones, a glowing right the basis of fretted moonlight."

"Were they all in?"

"All but two, and they were about to undress, but they were fearful some men would come along and frighten them. I assured them there was no danger; that all the men were busy at haying or harvesting, while all the boys were off at school in the neighboring village."

"Did you induce them to take the plunge?"

"On one condition."

"And what was that?"

"That I would 'hold their things,' and help them to 'pin up' when they out of the lake."

"And you of course consented."

"No sir; I thought of my modesty, and took the nearest course home."

The scene closed with a prolonged whistle from Bob. Whether this indicated doubt or satisfaction, we have never been able to ascertain. We know that Bob's joy the same before the readers.

☞ If there is anything that will swell a man's eyes about as large as a pair of pumpkins, it is to see a girl's heels half way out of her stockings. Such sort of defiance is invariably put together.

☞ A Quaker said to a gunner:—"Friend, I counsel no bloodshed, but it is by design to hit the little man in the blue jacket, point thine engine three inches lower."

☞ Happiness is a butterfly which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will wait quietly, may come to you.

☞ A person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself.

☞ Mother, this book tells about the 'angry waves of the ocean.' Now what makes the 'ocean angry? Because it is crossed so often, my son.'

☞ Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news? Because she is in advance of the male.

☞ To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at the hours of meat and sleep, is one of the best precepts for long life.

☞ If exercise promotes health, those who collect old bills for editors should be among the longest lived people on earth.

☞ Some one defines love thus: 'A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a deal of lying.'

☞ The two neighbors who 'fell out' have got in again. Neither of them was injured.

☞ When is the moon hard up?—When it is reduced to its last quarter.

☞ The man who is behind the times proposes to get around in front.

☞ When is a woman not a woman? When she is a little cross.

☞ When is a fowl's neck like a hill? When it is wrung for dinner.

☞ Give water for an honest thing

The Plymouth Advertiser

IS PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
At Plymouth, Ohio.
BY ROBINSON & LOCKE

TERMS,
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 12 lines		1 insertion,	$ 50
or less, 3 weeks or		1-4 column, 1 year,	15 00
less, per square,	$1 00	1-2 do do	25 00
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One square 3 months	2 00		
One square 6 months	3 00		

Advertisers should always designate the number of insertions they want given to their advertisements, otherwise they will be continued until ordered out, and charged by the square.

☞BOOK AND JOB WORK neatly and promptly executed, and cheap as can be done anywhere.

☞The Law of Newspapers, requires subscribers, who do not wish to continue their subscriptions, to give expire a notice to the contrary, and settle up all arrearages, otherwise they will be charged until settlement is made, unless at the option of the publisher.

☞BLANKS of all kinds for sale at this office.

PLYMOUTH, FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1854.

Office Hunting.

It is one of the most singular things in the world, the avidity with which offices are sought for in this country, and what multitudes of men strive yearly for place. An English tourist once said that the American people were divided into two classes—officials, and those who would be but couldn't. He probably had attended a few of our conventions, and from their workings, got this only a trifle exaggerated impression. Thousands and thousands of men, possessing all the requisites necessary to make good citizens, throw themselves away upon petty offices, the profits of which are nothing, and the honors less than the profits. Tens of thousands more waste a life-time in the pursuit, with no possibility of ever getting anything, when they might have made good livings, and accumulated fortunes on their farms or in their work-shops, besides the advantage of having the name of honest, decent, respectable men, instead of that of small potato politicians.

What is the cause of it? In no country in the world, is there such a demand for labor;—labor of all kinds from the quill down to the grubbing-hoe. Wide territories are being settled, and more labor is needed to develop their wealth. Every kind of mechanical industry is constantly increasing, and the artisan need never be out of employment, on the contrary is sought for, and the most remunerative wages offered for his services. It seems strange under such circumstances that there should be such a countless number of aspirants for place. A lawyer who makes $10,00 per day in the practice of his profession, scrambles, manœuvres, twists and turns, for the privilege of laboring for the State, as a legislator, for $4,00, and expends more than his entire salary to secure the election. A mechanic who by attending to his legitimate business can make $1000 per annum, will spend years, laboring for party, with the hope that some day or other, they may reward his devotion with some petty place.

Suppose even, that the salary was large enough to pay a man that had anything else to do, for the trouble of getting an office, we don't know he is to get back the character he must lose in the operation. A candidate must be villified, slandered and abused by his opponents, his shortcomings, however trifling, exaggerated and repeated, his private character held up to the public gaze, and all the little holes in it made large enough to drive a cart through. Snooks was supposed to be a man of good character until in an unlucky hour, he consented to run for Justice of the Peace. It was then discovered that he was in the habit of beating his wife, daily, and that he kept a bottle of gin in his house, and several in his shop and barn. The fact that he is President of a Temperance Society, and has for the last five years, circulated Temperance Tracts goes for nothing. Gen. Scott had the reputation of being a whole-souled, high-minded, honorable man, and the most brilliant soldier in all Christendom, until he entered in a scrub-race for the Presidency. It was then made known that he was a vain, self-conceited, fussy old fellow, without talent of any kind, and that the credit he got for the campaign in Mexico, justly belonged to Worth and Wool. Pierce, too, was a much respected attorney, who had "done the state some service," as a Brigadier-General; scarcely was he put in nomination, than it was proved, satisfactorily, to his opponents at least, that he was an idiot, a dolt, a coward and ninny. How men can consent to put themselves in positions to be so unmercifully belaboured and abused, we can't exactly see, when all they get for it, in case they succeed, is four years of unlimited abuse, and slavish labor, hardened consciences, open kicks of avowed enemies and secret stabs of disappointed friends, and the sum of $100,000; one-half of which was expended to get the seat, and the other half to make it endurable. We should think twice before accepting the Presidency, as long as a dollar a day can be made sawing wood.

The whole system needs reforming. Men who have so far lost their self-respect as to become office-seekers, should be rebuked. The people should choose their servants, for such stations, as they do for other positions, by their fitness. Seldom, if ever is the man who seeks an office, capable of discharging its duties, and being in the wrong sphere, cuts a very awkward figure. Let the place seek the man, not the man the place. If this rule had been followed, more shoe-benches, shop-boards, farm-yards and offices would be ornamented, while the country would have been saved with less bungling legislation, and miserable management.

The Advertiser—What they Say of It.

The following are a few of the many very complimentary notices, we have received from our brethren of the press:

The Plymouth *Advertiser* has just put on a new dress, and looks as nice as a new pin. It is a spirited paper, and its Editors, go ahead fellows. Very few men would have succeeded in their position, but they seem to live well on Plymouth *Rocks.—Mansfield Herald.*

The Plymouth *Advertiser*, one of our very best, and spiciest exchanges, comes to us smiling in a new dress of type, and, of course, enlarged in size. We regard the prosperity of the *Advertiser* with pleasure, and trust it may continue to "pay" and grow in influence for a long time to come.—*Sandusky Register.*

The Plymouth *Advertiser.*—This paper comes to us in a new and beautiful garb. It is really a handsomely executed and well conducted newspaper. The citizens of Plymouth are fortunate in having such enterprising Editors, and they should extend their support with no niggardly hand.—*Ashland Times.*

The Plymouth *Advertiser.*—We hail with pleasure the shining, smiling face of our Plymouth cotemporary; it wears its *new dress* with becoming dignity, and we trust it is destined to flourish under it.—The *Advertiser* is in the hands of two industrious, and talented *practical* printers—and we are happy to see it prospering. Go in, boys—you'll win!—*Milan Free Press.*

The Plymouth *Advertiser* has put on a new dress, and now makes a very neat appearance. We congratulate our friends of the *Advertiser*, and wish them abundant success. In speaking of their new type, the editors rather insinuate that the papers in the "neighboring towns" are printed rather shabbily. We hope you do not mean us, gentlemen; because we have no notion that the *Reflector* makes about as handsome a typographical appearance as any papers printed in "these parts."—We are exceedingly modest, but thought we would venture to say thus much.—*Norwalk Reflector.*

We acknowledge the exception.

The Plymouth *Advertiser*, one of the best papers in the Buckeye State, comes to us, this week, in a beautiful dress. D. B. Locke, formerly Publisher and Editor of the *Fountain*, at this place, is the Junior of the *Advertiser*. The numerous friends through this country will be pleased to hear of his success, though nothing else could have been expected.—*Corning (N. Y.) Sun.*

Among the best of our Ohio exchanges is the Plymouth *Advertiser*, and we are gratified to see it in a new dress. The Editors, Messrs. Robinson & Locke, are old acquaintances, and two young men of real energy, and talent, cannot be found in a day's journey. They print a spicy, readable sheet, and if it is not well supported, the people of that country are poor judges of newspapers.—*Dubuque Tribune.*

To illustrate our "feelinks," we will relate an old anecdote: A man was plaintiff in an assault and battery case. His lawyer in addressing the Court, drew a most eloquent and affecting picture of the enormity of the offence, and the unprovoked character of the assault, and wound up with a long tribute to the moral worth and excellent disposition of his client, which he represented in glowing colors. As he concluded, the injured man burst into tears. "Why do you weep?" asked the lawyer. "Why, sir," replied the client, "I never knew before, (boo-hoo) what a gaul-darned good fellow I am, and how much I have been abused."

We would merely remark that the price of the *Advertiser* still remains at the small and insignificant sum of $1,50 per annum.

Election News.

From New York nothing positive can be ascertained. There were so many tickets in the field, and the returns are so mixed, that is impossible to arrive at the result. The *Tribune* inclines to the belief that Seymour, the "Soft" candidate for Governor, is elected, while the *Times* thinks the success of Ullmann, the Know Nothing, is not improbable. The chances are however, in favor of Seymour.

New Jersey has elected all Anti-Nebraska Congressmen. Legislature also Anti-Nebraska.

Michigan elects three Anti-Nebraska Congressmen to one Nebraska. Republican State Ticket all elected.

Illinois—Republican Ticket all elected.

Wisconsin—Legislature Republican by a small majority, on joint ballot. Wells, Democrat, re-elected to Congress from 1st District, Washburn, Republican from 2d.

☞Governor of Oregon.—George S. Curry, of Oregon, has been appointed Governor of that territory, vice General Lane, resigned. Mr. C. is about thirty-four years of age, is a native of Philadelphia, but when a young man, worked in the jeweller shop of Clark & Curry, Boston, and had for his shopmate, Wm. D. Kelly, the present Judge of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas. Both Gov. Curry and Judge Kelly, when young men, working at their trade, belonged to the Apprentices' Library Company; and although their education was limited to what was afforded in the Common Schools, they were always ambitious, and ready to take advantage of every opportunity to increase their store of knowledge. The result is that these two apprentices, without fortune or rich friends to push them forward, or the benefits of any other education than is free to the entire youth of country, have, while yet young men, taken a prominent position among the great men of the land. The example, common and of every-day occurrence though it be, should be an incentive to boys, everywhere.

Post Office Department.

The Newark *Advertiser* of the 28th ult. developes some startling facts with regard to the management of the Post Office Department. That paper mentions that several gentlemen put letters in the post offices in different parts of the State, and that all these letters were broken open while in charge of the Post Office Department, copies taken, and the letters resealed and sent to their destination. Copies of two of these letters, which were of a political nature, were furnished to the *Banner*, a paper published at Morristown, N. Y., and copies of others were publicly circulated in Newton. The Advertiser, says:

The letters published in the Banner were also published in the New Jersey Herald, at Newton, which the town number had the following remarks respecting them:

"The discovery and possession of these letters will show the plotters that their movements are all watched and known; their secret disguises will be stripped from them, and in future they will have to act openly with the Whigs."

The editor seems to take pleasure in announcing that it is the practice of those of some of those having charge of the mails, in this district to break open letters, and thus watch the movements of that part of the Democracy who will not throw up their caps for George Vail. It should be stated, in justice to the Postmasters in this district, that for the last few weeks there have been *two Clerks in the Post Office Department at Washington* in this County, one of whom claims to be a *secret* agent of the Post Master General.

If the above is true, and we have no reason to doubt it, as it comes from a reliable source, it is time a change should be made in our Post Office Department

Indiana Free Banks.

The *Sandusky Register* says: "In furnishing a statement of the stock securities pledged by the Free Banks of Indiana for the redemption of their circulation, Mr. Dunn, the State Auditor, says that he is cancelling daily from thirty to fifty thousand dollars for the different Banks. At this rate the amount of Indiana money in circulation will soon be reduced to a comparatively trifling sum. The only thing to be apprehended in the present stringency in money matters is, that the market value of the stocks may be depressed by the continual offerings of securities in the Eastern cities, The *Tribune* of Friday notices the fact that the money withdrawn from temporary investments for permanent investment in these stocks, had already produced a sensible effect upon the supply for current and street loans. It is probable, however, that this evil will be only a partial one, as the abortion of stocks is gradual. Meanwhile the amount of circulation in Ohio and Indiana,—already inconveniently small,—is continually lessening, while Eastern Exchange is greater than the demand.

The statement of Auditor Dunn, a synopsis of which we published last week, will have the effect of restoring confidence in the soundness of the Indiana Banks, with perhaps one or two exceptions; and with the return of confidence it may reasonably be hoped that the liquidation of their circulation will be in a measure checked. The process, at least, will be carried on more gradually, and thus the remote probability of a depreciation in the value of their securities will be avoided. Mr. Dunn speaks very confidently of the Free Banks. He says:

"It seems to me, from a careful examination of the securities, you cannot but discover that our Banks are well secured, and with any kind of forbearance on the part of the public, they would be soon *all* prepared to sustain the high position they have assumed under a run upon them unparalleled in the history of Banking in the United States."

The Nebraska Bill.

The Baltimore *Clipper* says all its predictions with regard to the Nebraska Bill have been fulfilled. It thinks the South has not made much out of the passage of that measure, and gives a list of consequents which have resulted therefrom.—We quote:

There has been a fusion of parties at the North, pledged to prevent the entrance of another Slave State into the Union. Nebraska and Kansas will both be Free States. The North may now exclude slavery from territory south or the Missouri Compromise line. The anti-slavery excitement is more intense than it ever was. The Fugitive Slave law is the next thing to a nullity, and may be repealed altogether. The Democratic party is shattered into fragments. The Nebraska Bill has recoiled with terrible effect upon its author; and instead of helping Senator Douglass into the Presidential chair, or keeping President Pierce in his seat, it has destroyed the hopes of both. It has carried into Congress, wherever it has been made a question, a majority of members opposed to the measure—and has given rise to intense excitement where tranquility before prevailed.

Hogs.—The Madison, Indiana *Courier* says: "In this market we understand $4 00 nett is offered by the packers.

"The Louisville *Journal* says: The prevailing rates now seem to be $3 00 gross along the line of railroads, and $3-25 on time. It is about equal to $4-50 nett. It is proper to say that some dealers engaged in the provision trade are of opinion that the market will open at $4 75 nett and in advance.

"Good corn-fed hogs will doubtless be scarce, while poor, and still-fed hogs will be largely in excess of any previous year, and will in numbers make up the deficit which may be caused in weight.

Two hundred and fifty persons left Pittsburgh on Thursday, for Kansas. They belong to the Pennsylvania Kansas Emigration Society, and are under direction of C. Albright. This, we believe, is the last division belonging to that Society.

Money Matters.

Ellis & Sturges, one of the most extensive Banking Firms in Cincinnati, broke, Nov. 8. Their liabilities amount to $1,000,000, and their assets $1,400,000. Mr. Ellis died shortly afterwards of disease of the heart.

Smead & Co.'s Citizen's Bank, and T. S. Goodman & Co., brokers, have also failed.

The circulation of the following Banks is secured by U. S. Stocks, or Ohio State Stocks, deposited with the officers of State:

Sandusky City Bank; Union Bank, Sandusky; Bank of Geauga; Canal Bank of Cleveland; City Bank of Cleveland; City Bank of Columbus; City Bank of Cincinnati; Commercial Bank of Cincinnati; Franklin Bank of Zanesville; Mahoning Bank of Youngstown; Seneca County Bank, Tiffin; Western Reserve Bank, Warren; Bank of Commerce, Cleveland; Bank of Marion; Champaign Co. Bank, Urbana; Franklin Bank of Portage Co., Franklin; Forest City Bank, Cleveland; Iron Bank of Ironton; Merchant's Bank of Massilon; Miami Valley Bank, Dayton; Pickaway County Bank, Circleville; Springfield Bank; Stark County Bank, Canton.

Bank of Circleville has suspended, but its assets will be sufficient to meets its liabilities. Clinton Bank of Columbus is safe. The charter has expired, and its affairs are in process of liquidation.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* of Wednesday morning has the following in its monetary columns:

State Stock money, of all States is generally refused here, and some Bankers reject the notes of the Commercial Bank of Kentucky. The notes of the Miami Valley Bank are not taken.

Business of all kinds came to a stand-still to-day. Nothing of consequence was done owing to the unsettled state of money affairs. The rates of exchange are very unsettled and it is hard to give quotations.—We believe 1 premium was the regular rate asked by Bankers, but the buying rate was nominal at 1 premium.

The Indiana Stock currency has disappeared; it being unsaleable, except at a very heavy loss, since the last *edict* of Auditor Dunn.

The question all are now ready to ask, in this crisis, is, what money is safe? which is hard to answer. The general impression is that the old Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana Bank paper is safe, if anything is, and it is probable that there is not much danger in holding it; at the same time this is a good time to pay the taxes, and bankable funds will do it.

Dr. S.—It was removed last night, (9th) that the Canal Bank of Cleveland had failed. How much truth there is in the report, we know not.

☞At the last meeting of the Richland Hickory Club, the following gentlemen were elected permanent officers of the Society:

President, Gen. Wm. McLaughlin, Vice Presidents, Wm. Bushnell and Daniel Brewer; Secretaries, Wm. Loughridge and M. May.

Low at the Road.—A case came up on Saturday, in a New York Court in reference to the rights of railway travelers. Two men got on board the Cars at Sing Sing, and took seats temporarily vacated by their occupants. Refusing to give them up, they were forcibly removed by the Conductor and Baggagemen. They prosecuted the Company for damages for this, but the Court decided them to be in the wrong, and brought in a verdict justifying the Railroad employees. This principle has been established in New England, and also in Pennsylvania. It is founded on common-sense, and the plaintiff ideas of equity and propriety. A traveler, purchasing a ticket and taking his seat in a car, has a property in that seat to the end of the route, just as complete as he has to his state-room on a steam-boat.

Early Snow.—The snow storm on Monday, Oct. 16, seems to have been extensive throughout Canada East, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and the north part of Massachusetts.

At Montreal the ground was covered. All the mountains of Vermont put on a white coat.

The Portland Advertiser of Tuesday, says: "Snow was falling at Island Pond yesterday, and had reached a depth of several inches when the train left."

The mountains near Manchester, N. H., in that state, and at New Boston, Hookstett and other towns adjoining, there was a good coat of snow on the ground. At Concord, a pear tree, white with bloom, was whiter still with snow.

At Holly, Massachusetts, was covered two or three inches deep, and several towns in the north part of Worcester county were covered with their first winter livery.

Spiritual Marriage.—A man by the name of F. S. Backman, of Painesville, and a young lady by the name of Julia Hurlburt, daughter of Dr. Hurlburt, of Kirkland, were spiritually married at the latter place, on Sunday, October 15th.

The ceremony consisted of matrimonial declarations made by themselves in the presence of the friends, about fifty being present. The services consisted of the following poetical announcement:

"Have you seen the morning sunbeam kiss the opening blossom? Thus did our spirits meet and greet at the first interview; and as the invisible elements of nature unite and blend in one harmonious impulse, so are our spirits affiniized into one accordant living force. Whoever are thus united by the eternal laws of affinity, naught has authority to separate.

"We thus introduce ourselves unto you in the relation of husband and wife.

The corporation of Norfolk having passed an ordinance imposing a specific tax upon each resident lawyer, physician, and dentist, and an additional tax of one and a half per centum upon the income derived from the practice of their profession, they have held a meeting and resolved to resist its payment as unjust and unconstitutional.

The Second Adventists.

Our readers are already aware, that according to the calculations of the Second Adventists in Massachusetts, the world would be enveloped in flames at a certain period. Well, that time has passed, and the thermometer has not had the slightest upward tendency. On the contrary, overcoats have been brought into requisition, and the price of brimstone has not changed. Instead of ascension robes, we have put on under flannels, and sinners have trembled with cold instead of roasting in the bottomless pit.

The Adventists of the Bay State were all ready to "go up." We find in the Boston Herald the following interesting account of a visit to one of their camp meetings:

"We reached the camp-ground at about five o'clock. It was tea time, and we found that the worshippers were not the least given to fasting and praying and drinking. We rather think that the comforts of a substantial meal form two of the articles of their creed. They were blasters at eating. Huge piles of provisions were laid before them as by magic. Men, women and children ate as they feared the last trump would sound before they finished their supper.

The meal finished, the company separated in little groups, and commenced talking of the great concerns of the meeting. We sauntered around from tent to tent listening as we walked, and catching a word of doctrine now and then.—The same topic seemed to be the most communicative. One good old lady was stirring with another who had not yet yielded up her entire faith. She warmed in her subject. "Oh! sister, believe in this blessed doctrine. It will reign on earth shortly, and then, oh, then, we will reign." "Ha, ha! "La, you don't say so, sister," said the other. "Why, how you talk; are you quite sartain about that ere you are tellin' me on?" "Sartain! to be sure I am. It will come by the seventh of the tenth month, he won't come at all, so now, that's flat."

We moved on. Another good lady was describing to two or three astonished hearers a wonderful dream she had a few nights ago. She dreamed that the Lord had come and she started up from her sleep, and robbed in white, began to ascend to meet him in the clouds, when Bro. A. pulled her down to earth again, by catching hold of her toes, and she was so mad that she could have given Bro. A. a good hard punch—that she could.

"Bless me!" exclaimed one, "that was a dreful singular dream. I should'nt wonder if something come of it."

An another tent a very comely-looking body laid her hand familiarly upon a gingle-headed, freckle-faced, red-haired disciple, who was munching away at a piece of mince pie, and said:

"Brother, do you feel Christ in your soul the hope of glory?"

"I don't feel and think else," bellowed he, scattering the crumbs of the pie in every direction.

The answer gave immense satisfaction to the hearers, and they cried out at the top of their lungs—Amen! glory! hallelujah!

One young lady was there, upon whom the wasting hand of consumption had laid its inexorable grasp. She knew that she was dying, but her earnest desire was to be with the friends whose faith was her faith, whose hopes she also shared. She was a beautiful maiden, upon whom eighteen summers only have bloomed. Her faith in God was perfect—her spirit rising above the ties of earth, took hold of the promises, as she understood them, by a living faith. Death had no terrors for her. She could look calmly into the grave. For her to live was Christ, but to die gain, and she will breathe out her innocent life serene and happy as an infant falls to sleep.

The camp consists of nine tents for sleeping, one large tent where the meals are served up, and a pavilion for preaching, furnished with benches sufficient for the accommodation of a thousand people. Back of the preacher's stand was a map on which was painted a monster snake with seven heads; outrageous looking beasts, with tusks and horns; a head of Napoleon, of the Pope, together with a great variety of horned monsters which the student in natural history would look for in vain in any work on that subject. The map, however, was a very ingenious thing and the author had figured out upon it a sum which brings the year 1854 as the end of the prophetic time just as easy as you please.

An Important Movement.

The entire repeal of the Usury Laws in Great Britain has been accomplished at the recent session of Parliament. It is now lawful in Great Britain to loan money at any rate of interest and on any description of property, either real estate or otherwise.

The bill passed the House of Lords on the 27th of July, was immediately brought forward in the House of Commons, and finally passed that body on the 5th of August last, and then became the law of the land.

This is one of the most important commercial events of the present era. The movement was not a hasty one, as it was begun in the year 1833, and has been gradually and fully developed, demonstrated by experiment, as sound policy, and now and after 20 years experience, is universally acknowledged in Great Britain as the best course to be pursued, with due regard to the interests and welfare of the borrower and the lender.

The bill was brought forward by Lord Lanstowne, in a strong speech, fortified by facts. Lord Campbell, Lord Brougham, and the Lord Chancellor, all supported the bill. They all bore testimony to the injurious working of the usury laws, which were notoriously inoperative and were wholly disregarded when the interests of borrowers and lenders came in conflict with them, and that they led to much expense, extortion, injustice and litigation, beside the immoral tendency of the perpetual efforts to evade the force of laws.

There is a movement now going on in New York to the same end, and the example of England will most probably be followed by all commercial nations.

Several Protestant citizens of Bangor, Me. have presented the Rev. Mr. Bapst the Catholic priest who was lately assaulted in Ellsworth with a valuable gold watch.

Americans in a Mexican Prison.

In the Galveston *Times* we find the following horrible disclosures, taken from the San Antonio *Western Texan*, of the 7th:

Five gentleman arrived in San Antonio Sept. 4, who are just returning from California, having come by the overland route from Mazatlan, on the Pacific; their names and residences are as follows:

Richard M. Head, Bibb & Co., Ga.; J. W. Cole, Holly Springs, Miss.; James Schoolfield, Hamilton county Tenn.; David Spring, Fort Smith, Ark.

From these persons we learn the following painful disclosure: In the city of Durango, Mexico, they learned in a private manner that there were some Americans in the city provisions and they afterwards got permission to visit them. They found them in a large stone dungeon, of so filthy a description that it was almost impossible for visitors to remain in the entrance way but a few minutes. The Americans in confinement were three in number, and their names and former places of residence were as follows: Wm. Shirley, Putnam county N. Y.; Wm. Rodgers, Stark Co., O.; ogim Gaines, Dayton, Montgomery county O.

These men have been in this filthy dungeon four years and three months, during two years of this time they never came down to the floor in total darkness, where they could not see any person but the one who fed them their starving allowance.—At the end of two years the huge chains around their ankles and wrists had worn the flesh off to the bone; and such their horrible condition that their chains were removed to save their lives and keep them in misery no longer. The flesh is partly healed over through, leaving behind them heart-sickening scars; which were all seen by the five persons whose names are mentioned above.

They state that they were imprisoned on the charge of murdering and robbing a man for his money, and they state also that from some facts which they are in possession of, the person who committed the murder escaped. They have been trying to get a trial, but a hearing is refused to them. They have written letters to the American Minister in Mexico several times and they have reason to believe that he never received them.

Our informant learned from many respectable citizens in Durango, that it was impossible to get evidence to convict them; and the great mass of the people believed them innocent. The youngest of these prisoners, John Gaines, of Dayton, Ohio, is only 17 years old.

A Singular Case.—A number of pins were recently exhibited to the Pathological Society of London, removed from various parts of the body of a young woman who in taking down clothes from the drying lines, had pinned some the pins in her mouth, when some one came behind her and seized her behind the arms, startling her so much that she swallowed the whole mouthful; sickness and emaciation followed; a small swelling showed itself under her left breast, which ulcerated and burst, giving passage to a pin, the head of which was gone. Sixteen others were removed from about the same spot, and others from the left knee, from over the sternum, and from the wrist—some two in all. They had all lost their heads except one.

The famous Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah, and Grand High Priest of the Mormons came near having an inglorious end put to his career, in August last. He was taken sick in his well to recover a lost bucket, when the kerbing tumbled in, the earth followed, and Bringham Young became, for the nonce, a subterranean Saint. But the zeal of his followers would not permit any such finish to the life of this most faithful shepherd. Spades and shovels were brought into requisition; the harem of the buried Governor assembled in force to aid the saving efforts of the male members of the flock, and, in about two hours, they had the gratification of pulling him out, like a frolicsome fish from his sub-soil hell. He preached that night from the text—"It is *well* with me."

The Fairy Light Guard.—Broadway was astonished at a late hour last evening, by the actual appearance of this female military company, which has heretofore been considered mythical. Twenty well dressed young women marched through the street, two abreast, in military order, proceeded by a male drummer, who beat time vigorously. They giggled like so many girls just let loose from school, and were followed by a large crowd. The object seemed merely to attract attention; which, of course they succeeded in doing to their heart's content. We presume the drill-room is in Mercer street.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Kitchen Work.—"It is curious," remarks a writer in *Putnam*, "that in our country, where so much domestic labor is, in one way and another, performed by ladies of the family, there should be so much false pride and mean concealment about it, but so it is. The doing of equality, that is so anxiously cherished and so prevalent in our community, is yet not deep and sincere enough to rid women of the fear, that by performing such labors as princesses of old did not disdain, they may lose *caste*, and be considered as inferiors to the least valuable of their acquaintances."

Treaty with Russia.—The Washington *Union* publishes officially the treaty recently made between Russia and the United States. It is dated at Washington, the 22d of July. The ratifications were exchanged in that city on the 31st ult. It recognizes as permanent and immutable the principles that "free ships make free goods—that is to say, that the effects or goods belonging to subjects or citizens of a power or State at war, are free from capture and confiscation when found on board of neutral vessels, with the exception of articles contraband of war; and that the property of neutrals on board an army's vessel is not subject to confiscation, unless the same be contraband of war." The two powers engage to apply these principles to the commerce and navigation of all such nations as shall, on their part, cultivate and adopt them as permanent and immutable, reserving, however, the privilege of coming to an interior understanding as to the application or extension to be given, if there be any cause for it, to the principle first named.

A Maine Law passed the Canada Legislature assembly, on the 26th, a telegraph message says, a very, stringent bill, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, passed second reading with but 26 votes against it.

Professor Felton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, recently delivered a lecture before the Norman School at Salem, in which he mentioned instances of great importance, on the evidence of medical gentleman, viz: that in his practice the number of cases of opthalma has increased five-fold, since the introduction of the present fashion of bonnets, which afford no shade to the eyes. At this part of the Professor's remarks almost every lady present was observed to give the back of her bonnet a sharp knock or jerk, as if to carry it further on her head. In the hope of saving her eyes in season.

A WORD OF ADVICE.—If you have no "DALLEY'S PAIN EXTRACTOR" in your house, don't go to sleep till you procure one. You will find it disagreeable thing to suffer from a Burn, Scald, Bruise, Pain in bowels, Cramp, Rheumatism, &c., until some person is sent to the stove to buy it. Do not wait until the enemy attacks you before you prepare your weapons to resist him. Procure it to-day. For sale by all the Druggists and medicine dealers in the United States. C. V. Clickener & Co., Proprietors, New York. Nov. 10, 543m.

WORMS! WORMS!! WORMS!!!—Mothers! do not fail to use DALLEY'S PAIN EXTRACTOR for your children. You will be astonished at its wonderful effects in destroying these fruitful sources of disease and death. Price 25 cents per bottle. For sale by all the Druggists and medicine dealers in the United States. C. V. Clickener & Co., Proprietors, New York. Nov. 10, 543m.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—Dalley's Magic Pain Extractor will subdue the pain and inflammation from the severest burns or scalds, in from one to twenty minutes, and that it will heal the wounds without scar, and effectually cure Fever Sores, Piles, Salt Rheum, Inflamatory Rheumatism, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Cuts, Wounds, Bruises, old and inveterate Sores, Scald Head, Corns and Bunions, Erysipelas, Sunburn, Swellings, Chilblains, Bites of Insects, Swelled and Broken Breasts, Sore Nipples, Eruptions, and all other inflamatory and cutaneous diseases, where the parts affected can be reached.

Warranted to give satisfaction, and we are authorized to refer to the following gentlemen concerning the extraordinary qualities of the Pain Extractor: Dr. Valentine Mott, New York; Dr. Reed, Rochester N. Y.; Dr. Eastman, Zanesville, O.; Rev. J. S. Robson, Cincinnati, O.; Charlow Weed, Esq., Gen. Van Rensselaer, and Dr. Sprague, Albany; and Warren Jenkins, Columbus.

Call on the agent and get a pamphlet gratis. Price 25 cents per box. C. V. Clickener & Co., 81 Barclay street, New York, proprietor. For sale by all Druggists and medicine dealers. Nov. 10, 543m.

MARRIED

On the 26th of Oct., by H. W. Patterson, Esq. JOSEPH WICKERSHAM and Mrs. MARY A. CUMMINGS, all of Plymouth township.

DIED

On Saturday morning, 4th inst., Mr. JOHN SILER, Sr. in the 76th year of his age.

☞NOTICE.—There will be a Donation held at Mr. B. F. Day's, of this place, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, November 22nd, 1854, for the benefit of the Rev. J. Crouse. All who feel interested are respectfully invited.

MANY FRIENDS.

Plymouth, Nov. 10, 1854.

☞BARK and HIDES WANTED—For which cash will be paid.

G. A. KNIGHT.

New-Haven, Nov. 10, 1854.

INDIANA MONEY

BRING on your Indiana Money—worthless Rags—most kinds of Money, which will be taken for goods, for the purpose of sending it out of the State, until further notice.

Nov. 10, 1854. SNYDER & WRIGHT.

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

MRS. CLARK respectfully announces to the Ladies of Plymouth, that she has opened the Millinery and Fancy Goods STORE, in the room formerly occupied by Dr. J. Armstrong, Dentist, where Millinery in all its branches will be executed in the neatest style and most fashionable manner. She will keep on hand an assortment of Ladies' Bonnets, Trimmings, Caps, Head-Dresses, &c. Bonnets and Caps made to order.

Fashions received monthly. Nov. 10, '54.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of the late JOHN CUTLER, are hereby notified to make settlement of their respective accounts, and all persons holding claims against said estate are requested to present the same to us for allowance at their earliest convenience. The partnership affairs of the late firm of CUTLER & CRONINGER, so far as connected with the business done by them at this place, will be settled by us, and all debts due to the said firm, at the place above, must be paid to us, and all debts originally contracted by said firm as above stated must be presented to us for allowance. ALEXANDER BARKER, JACOB CULP,
DANIEL BAUGHMAN,
Administrators.

Plymouth, Nov. 10, 1854. 4w*

NEW GOODS

For the Fall and Winter of 1854-5.

A LARGE and splendid assortment just received at

Farmer's Store,

Consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres, Sheep Grays, Tweeds, Jeans, &c., &c., also a great variety of Ladies Dress Goods, particularly the new and beautiful styles. Buck Mitts and Gloves, and everything else.

CALL AND SEE. All kinds of produce taken in exchange for Goods.

Nov. 10. D. HOORNBEEK.

Dress Making and Millinery.

MRS. E. KIRCHMEYER, would respectfully inform the Ladies of Plymouth, and the surrounding country, that she is prepared to attend to any orders that may be left with her in the Dress Making and Millinery line. Her long experience in the business, is a sufficient guaranty, of her ability to do work in a satisfactory manner, and in the latest style. Her residence may be found a few doors East of the Western Exchange. Nov. 3, 1854.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscribers have this day been duly qualified, as Administrators of the Estate of JOHN CULP, deceased, late of Richland County. Those interested will prosecute claims accordingly.

MESSER BARKER,
JACOB CULP,
DANIEL BAUGHMAN,
Plymouth, Nov. 1, 1853. Adm'rs.

Here's a Chance Boys.

WIDE AWAKE WEAZELS.—Wanted—At the "Farmer's Store," 2 or 3 live Weezels,—good sporting ones, able to run in a Wharf Rat, for which a reasonable price in cash will be paid by D. HORNBEEK,
Nov. 3, 1854. At the Farmer's Store.

Brood Acres.

A NICE piece of Wood Land close to Plymouth Village, for sale cheap, for some cash down and balance on time and payment. Enquire at the Farmer's Store, or
Nov. 3, 1854. WM. M. DRENNAN.

160 Acres of Land

WELL located in Iowa, for sale on reasonable terms. Enquire at the Farmers Store of [nov. 3.] WM. M. DRENNAN.

Italian Flour

MADE from White Wheat and warranted, for sale by D. HORNBEEK,
Nov 3, 1854. At the Farmer's Store.

WHEELBARROWS.—300 Railroad Wheelbarrows on hand, and for sale. Railroad Contractors are invited to call.

april-17 *W. V. MOSS.*

Gold Lockets,

GOOD assortment, at surprisingly low prices. LIGHT & HOFMAN.

A Mouraful Scene.

We have in the Cincinnati papers, says the Cleveland *Morning Leader*, a graphic description of the meeting of the depositors of P. B. Manchester, one of the "Old People"-Bank, Cincinnati, and a declaration of his Assignee as to the value of his property.

A large crowd had gathered round the splendid bank edifice—hard working men in laboring garments, and poor women in soiled clothes, telling one and all of their heavy losses. The Assignee gave a sad account of Manchester's affairs. His large real estate was mortgaged to its full value and his indebtedness beyond doubt was no less $600,000, while his means all told amounted to a little merriment, when it was announced, viz: "a pew in the Second Presbyterian Church, worth, according to the trustees, $200.

How came this man to get foothold in Cincinnati?

His early history was known, and his character understood. Yet because he lived high, had a splendid establishment and entertained liberally, he was supposed to be connected with another Bank, had large means, he obtained credit, and "maintained a high social position in the Church and in Society." Money was the cause of all. "He lavish," was the general remark, and the Church was helpful to him—therefore he wore its garb,—"he is rich," and Society felt itself honored by his presence. Suppose him to have been worthless thousands of thousands as we believed, would he have been in full value change, hold his way in Church, or control in Society? Had he the character for either? Yet money would have secure it all and not a word, probably, would have been hinted against him. Yet he had given (as he would have done) liberally to benevolent societies, works of generous praise: would have been flung warmly on the breeze, and his name sounded loudly in Israel and in Society.

There is a fault, a terrible fault in society itself, breeding mischief everyflour, because money is made the test instead of manhood. This is what hurts the Church and afflicts the State with hosts of Crime. It pales the light of Christ which alone the safety of society, or the manliness of the individual can be maintained with anything like stability or a sure progress.

Why that mocking laugh among the poor and the rich in the splendid banking hall of Manchester when the pew was mentioned? Why the uproar of merriment in the densely filled street as the statement was repeated in it? "We need among the teachers of men, and the preachers to men, an inflexible shaft that should pierce through the fearful evils of our American manhood, and grapple with its very sources of life with the power to crush or control, ere we can have religion in the Church or purity in the State, or a right manhood in society. We want a Christ-like man, sacrificing temp rin the pulpit and on the forum, which shall lay bare the fearful sin of avarice and its terrible consequences, and, while giving to money its true value, shall teach the people that among men as the only means whereby God in order an I progress may make the Nation or give a real living character to the People who constitute it.

TREATY WITH RUSSIA.—The Washington Union publishes officially the treaty recently made between Russia and the United States. It is dated at Washington 22d of July. The ratifications were exchanged in that city on the 23d ult. It recognizes as permanent and universal the principles that "free ships make free goods—that is to say, that the effects or goods belonging to subjects or citizens of a power or State at war are free from capture and confiscation when found on board of neutral vessels, with the exception of articles contraband of war, and that the property of neutrals on board an enemy's vessel is not subject to confiscation, unless the same be contraband of war." The two powers engage to apply these principles to the commerce and navigation of all such nations as shall, on their part, consent to adopt them as permanent and immutable, reserving however, the privilege of coming to an ulterior understanding as to the application or extension if it be given, if there be any cause for it, to the principle first named.

A SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH IN ALABAMA.—The *Spirit of the South*, published in Barbour county, gives the account of a shocking act of inhumanity upon a negro man over sixty years of age, which caused his death. A jury of inquest was summoned, who found a verdict that the deceased died on Sunday evening, about two o'clock on the 5th of October, and that his death was caused by being severely whipped by James Moye, on Sunday morning, the 8th of October. The same paper adds that a warrant was issued the next morning, and placed in the hands of an officer, to arrest the man Moye, who would not be found after diligent search. We trust, however, that he will be found, and that the necessary efforts will be taken to find him, as all such inhuman wretches should receive the merited punishment due their crimes.

J. M. King, a guard in the State Prison has been detected in purloining goods from he Penitentiary and assisting a prisoner to escape. In King's house they found about one hundred dollars worth of boots, hoes and leather, together with a "large and complete assortment" of other articles, consisting of ticking, yarn, fine bread, shoe thread, tacks, &c., the whole constituting a stock large enough to set up two or three Yankee pedlers in a thriving business. It is said that about $2,000 worth is missing, in all.

Seventy-three shocks of earthquake have occurred in the city of Guatemala, commencing on the 14th of July, and continuing with increasing violence and frequently through about a week. At the latest dates they had not ceased, and there was great alarm felt lest the whole city would be destroyed. The old fissures in the earth made by the great shock of 1839 had been reopened, new ones made, and great damage to buildings, several being taken down, large cracks being made in all the churches.

The quiet and beautiful town of Keene, in New Hampshire, was disturbed between 8 and eleven o'clock on Tuesday night by a slight shock of earthquake, an occurence very unusual among the granite hills of New England. The stock was felt perceptible, but we do not learn that it was felt elsewhere.

An attempt was made to blow up Earel's Hotel, Park Row, New York, on Saturday afternoon, with an infernal machine in the shape of a twelve pound keg of powder. The building was somewhat shattered but no lives were lost.

A curious woman in Brockville, says the Toronto *Colonist*, counted the pitches she took in making a shirt. The number was fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-five.

RELIGIOUS OF THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTS.—The religious belief of the thirteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States is indicated by the attendance upon public worship of the Sunday following their inauguration, as shown by the following table:

Washington, Madison, Monroe,	Harrison, Tyler
Pierce, Buchanan,	Episcopalians.
Adams, John Quincy Adams, and	Fillmore, were Unitarians; Jackson and Polk were Presbyterians; Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; and President Purpe is a Trinitarian Congregationalist.

One of the expedients resorted to by the opponents of the Maine Liquor Law in New York to celebrate Gov. Seymour's veto message, in Brooklyn, was a Temperance Tract! The cold water, however, taking the hint have ordered a transfusion of Temperance Tracts into the same channel.

An complimentary banquet was given Smith O'Brien, just previous to his departure for Melbourne. He made a speech, saying among other things, that he totally differed with John Mitchell on the subject of Slavery. He proposed a toast, "Liberty."

Dr. Fee's, the Philadelphia dentist, has been in the city of Cincinnati, examining Mr. Hedge, a respectable young lady of that city, while she was under the influence of ether.

The Carson League has enrolled over 4,000 in a large number of Saloon and Dry goods houses in Philadelphia, over one hundred—all asserting her contrary to law. The trials will come off their cases. Both sides have for some time been measuring their strength for the encounter.—*Cincinnati Leader*, 6th.

New Carriage Manufactory.

Wood respectfully informs the citizens of Sandusky and vicinity, that he has located himself in the town of Sandusky, and

themselves together and opened a new shop in George Conklin's Building, for the purpose of manufacturing Carriages, Buggies and Wagons.

Persons leaving orders with them may rely on having them promptly executed, as they do their work, and will also be ready to sell on terms. They are both practical and experienced workmen, and will give the most entire satisfaction to those who may favor them with their patronage, in point of cheapness, utility and style of finish. They would ask a fair trial of their work, feeling that they can compete with manufacturers" as much more profitable than Eastern, as they will sell their work cheaper, and in the most durable manner. They will also attend to the sale of their goods in the Eastern cities, and straight West *only to sell*—not to be of any other business whatever. All kinds of repairing done at the shortest notice, and in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.—Give us a call. [nov 3] LEE & McMUNN.

GUARDIAN'S SALE

Henry Young, Guardian of John Savers, and Mary Ann Savers, Minors of Henry Savers and Amanda Jane Savers, Plaintiffs,

vs.

John Savers, Henry Savers, Amanda Jane Savers, Defendants.

IN CHAN'L.—In an order from the Probate Court of the county of Richland and the State of Ohio, made October 19, 1853, the undersigned, Henry Young Guardian of John Savers, and Mary Ann Conklin, Guardian of Henry Savers and Amanda Jane Savers, will offer for sale at the premises in the village of Lexington, in said County of Richland, on the 27th day of November, A. D. 1854, between the hours of 10 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock, P. M. of said day, the following real estate as follows, viz: Lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40,

Omnibus.

"Over the Left."

"O, don't you remember Bill Spriggs, mother,
Old Spriggs that lived at the mill,
With eyes just like a pig's, mother,
And nose like a parrot's bill?
With a turn-up chin,
And a yellow skin;
He was just the man for a beau,
Over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know,

He came to court me—once—mother,
When we lived over the south,
And tried to kiss me—the dunce—mother,
But poked his chin in my mouth,
The old scrape-grace!
I slapped his face—
But he said 'twas a loving blow,
Over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

He was ugly as well as bad—mother,
The last an important thing—
So I let the stupid wretch, mother,
Come when I pleased to bring
He said 'My dove,
Will you be my love?'
I told him 'O yes, just so,'
Over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know,

And Harry got quite jealous, mother,
Although no reason had he,
And slighted like a broken bellows, mother,
But I told him 'Riddle-de-ree!
It's all a sham
The old thing to ban—
For all the love I show
Is over the left, you know, Harry,
Over the left, you know,
Over the left, you know.

And ere I was wedded to Harry, mother,
I still my humor would please—
And though I consented to marry, mother,
I could not help but tease.
I should have evermore
Old Spriggs, I swore—
It made Harry as mad as a hoo,
But 'twas over the left, you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

When I stood up at the altar, mother,
To wed the man of my choice,
I pretended to tremble and falter, mother,
And spake with inaudible voice,
To love and obey
Dear Harry, that day,
I should have evermore
To pledge I was no ways slow,
But 'twas over the left you know, mother,
Over the left, you know.

SPELLING SCHOOLS.

The school in the Quaker neighborhood have sent a challenge in due form to this district, to spell, so, to night the war of words is to be waged in the white school house on the hill.

There is a great overhauling of old Elementaries, and a wonderful polishing up of fractious rules, and turning over of clean collars, preparatory to the great tussle.

Spelling Schools! Have you to go ten then? When, from all the regions round, they gathered into the old long long school house, with its huge fire-place, yawned like the mouth of a dragon for wood. How the sleigh bells—the old fashioned bells, big in the middle of the string and growing small by degrees and oearingly less toward the broad brass buckle—chimed, in every direction, long before night, in the darkening of the days.

There came one school, the Master give him a capital M for he is entitled to it—Master and all, bundled into one large, red, double sleigh, strewn with abundance of straw and tucked up like a Cleopatra pie, with a half score of buffalo robes.—There is a half dozen cutters, each with its young man and maiden, those two and no more.

And there, again, a pair of jumpers, mounting a great outlandish looking bin, heaped up, pressed down, and running over, with small specimens of humanity, picked up on route, from a great many homes, and all as merry as kittens in a basket of wool. And the bright eyes, and ripe, red lips, that one caught a glimpse of beneath those pink-lined quilted hoods, and the silvery laughs that escaped from the woolen mufflers and fur tippets they wore then—who does not remember? who can ever forget them?

The school house destined to be the arena for the conflict, has been swept and garnished; boughs of evergreen, and smoke-stained and battered walls. The little pellets of chewed paper have been all swept down from the ceiling, and two pails of water have been brought from the spring, and set on the bench in the entry, with the immortal tin cup, a sure prevision, indeed, for warm work is spelling.

The 'big boys' have fanned and replenished the fire, till the old chimney fairly jars with the roaring flames, and the sparks fly out of the top like a furnace.

The two 'Masters' are there; the two schools are there, and such a hum, and a moving to and fro! The oaken ruler comes down from the desk with emphasis. What the roll of the drum is to armies, that the 'rule' is to the laughing, whispering school room. The challenged are ranged on one side of the house, the challengers on the other. Back seats, middle seats, low, front seats are filled.—Some of the fathers and grandfathers, who could, no doubt, upon occasion, spell down "Shoodick or crutch," and show how fields were won,

occupy the benches of honor near the desk.

Now for the preliminaries: the reputed best speller on each side 'chooses.' "Susan Brown!" Out comes a round-yed little girl. Who would thought it! Such a little thing, and chosen first.

'Moses Jones!' Out comes Moses, an awkward fellow, with a shock of red hair, shockingly harvested, surmounting his broad brow. The girls laugh at him; "school boy sweet" heard in the Elementary, isn't worth knowing.

'Jane Murray!' Out trips Jane, flutter red as a bride, and takes her place next to the caller. And as they go on, calling names until five or six champions stand forth to do battle, and the contest 'is fairly begun. Down goes one after another, as words of three syllables are followed by those of four, and these again by words of similar pronunciation and divers significations, until only Moses and Susan remain.

The spelling-book has been exhausted, yet there they stand. Dictionaries are turned over—memories are ransacked for 'Words of learned length and thundering sound,' until, by and by, Moses comes down like a tree, and Susan flutters there still, like a little leaf aloft, that the frost and the fall have forgotten.

Polysyllable follows polysyllable, and by and by Susan hesitates just a breath or two, and twenty tongues are working their way through the labyrinth of letters in a twinkling. Little Susan sinks into the chink left for her on the crowded seat, and there is a lull in the battle.

Then, they all stand in solid phalanx, by schools, and the struggle is to spell each other down. And down they go like leaves in winter weather, and the victory is declared for one district, and a school is dismissed.

Then comes the burrying and bundling, the whispering and placing, the pairing off and the tumbling-in. There are hearts that flutter and hearts that ache; *mittens* that are not warm, secret hopes that are not realized, and fond looks that are not returned. There is a jingling among the bells at the door—one after another the sleighs dashed up, received their nestling freight and are gone.

Our Master covers the fire, and snuffs out the candles—don't you remember how daintly he used to pinch the smoking wicks with forefinger and thumb, and then, each hapless luminary, hand first into the tin socket?—and we wait for him.

The bells ring faintly in the woods, over the hill, in the valley. They are gone.—The school house is dark and tenantless, and we are alone with the night.—*January and June.*

THE COSMOPOLITAN

ART AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION ORIGINATED for the encouragement and General diffusion of LITERATURE and the FINE ARTS, on a new and original Plan!

This new Association is designed to encourage and popularize the Fine Arts, and diseminate pure and wholesome Literature throughout the country. The Cosmopolitan Art and Arts is to be permanently founded, which will each year contain a choice and valuable collection of Paintings, Prints, &c.

FOR FREE ANNUAL DISTRIBUTION.

The As ociation will publish and issue to its members the best literature of the day, consisting of the most popular Monthly Magazines, Pictorial Library Works.

The officers of the Association for 1854 have the pleasure announcing that the subscription books for the current year are now open, and that the first annual distribution of Works of Art contained in the Association, will take place in January next; on which occasion there will be distributed among the members of the Association in, free of charge, several hundred superb Works of Art, amongst which will be the original and world-renowned statue of Hiram Powers'

THE GREEK SLAVE

purchased at an expense of over $5,000! Also, a very and very choice selection of magnificent OIL PAINTINGS, consisting of the productions celebrated American and foreign Artists, among which are the works of Read, Kensett, Clough, Gravold, Frankestein, and other eminent American artists. Also, from the constant additions made through the agent now in Europe, will render this by far the most attractive Gallery of Art in the United States.

The LITERATURE published for distribution among the members of the Association, for 1854, will consist of the following popular Monthly Magazines, Reviews, &c., viz: Harper's, Putnam's, Blackwood, Knickerbocker, Graham's, Lady Book, Godkin's Religious Magazine, and Sartain's Magazine, and the following Quarterly Reviews, reprinted in New York: Westminster, London Quarterly, North British and Edinburgh Review.

Persons can become members of the Association by joining the Association, and receive the publications, and receive the publications, and receive the publications