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HIGGINS AND THE WIDOW.

One Sunday Higgins came into my office and sat down without a word. For some minutes he sat still, watching me intently as if he was trying to make out by the sound of my pen what I was writing.

"Squire," said he at length, "did I ever tell you about my scrape with the widow Horry, up here on the river?"

"Never did," said I, laying down my pen, "he's a curious creature, widows is," said he in a meditative tone...

"You may read the history of the world from Genesis to Revelations, and you'll find that widows has been at the bottom or top of five quarters of all the devilment that's been cut up."

"Lots of 'em," said I. "You're a great gander—that's what you are," said he. "A man that loves one and gets over it won't never get bit by another, if he's got a good sense as a ground hog."

"I don't care a cent for a widow's sense," said he. "I don't care a cent for a man's sense, either, but I'm a little grain too smart to let another of them get all the trumps on me."

"The widow was there, dressed as fine as Solomon's lilies, and flying around as frisky as a young lamb in a rye patch. I got introduced to her and asked her to dance with me, and when she flashed her eyes at me and said 'yes,' I jumped up like I had set down on a hot gridle."

"You may talk about sensation, but when she took hold of my hand and sorter squeezed it, I felt a sensation as big as a load of wood, and it kept running up and down my back like a quiver with a hawk after him."

"I'm very fond of dancing, but I'll be hanged if I know whether I enjoyed it that night or not, for every time she took hold of my hand I'd commence feeling curious behind my ears and up and down my back again, and then I wouldn't know whether I was on earth or in a balloon."

"On a comet, or anything about it. It was undoubtedly a case of love at first sight, and a powerful bad case at that. For a wonder I got through the frolic without making myself conspicuous or getting up any extras, as I'm in the habit of doing when I go into public."

"I'd set my pegs to go home with the widow after the ball, but just as I was fixing my mouth to ask her, she stepped a big, long, leather-faced doctor, named Mabry, and walked her right off before my eyes."

"That riled me a little, but I kept my tongue still, inwardly swearing to break his bones the very first opportunity that presented itself. I saw there was no use in saying anything, so I went home and went to bed, and all the rest of the night I was dreaming about rainbows, angels, butterflies, fiddles, widows and doctors, mixed up worse than a Dutchman's dinner."

"Well, Squire, to make a short story of it, I made up my mind to have the widow, or kill myself, or somebody else."

"So I made it convenient to be on hand there she was, upon all occasions. I couldn't get no sleep nor work, and if the thing had held on, I wouldn't have had sense enough left to skin a rabbit."

"But I was determined it shouldn't last long, for I'd been fooled so often by women that I thought I wouldn't give her time to think of anything but me. She appeared to take to me right sharply and the doctor seemed inclined to mix in with me, but I didn't consider him no more than a brush fence."

"For I was so far gone I thought she could see nobody on earth but me. Well, Squire, things went on so for about a month, and one Sunday I screwed up my spunk and put the question to her. She sorter laughed and sorter looked on as if she didn't care, but she couldn't give me an answer just then, but if I'd call at her house next Thursday evening, she'd give me a final answer."

"Thanks I you are mine just as sure as there's a fiddler below. Whenever a woman takes time to study she'll say yes. 'Squire, don't the poets say something about the calculation of men and rats going crooked?'"

"Mice and men, Burns says," I answered. "Well, mice and rats is all one, and so is men and fools sometimes, as I have found out in my travels. I was so sure she would have me I went off and spent all my money for fine clothes, thinking I would have them ready for the wedding—and I did! Confound that widow, I say! Confound all the widows! Thursday evening came at last, though it was a long time about it, and over I went, dressed into fits, and feeling as big as Josh Raynor did when he was elected coroner. I got there about dark, and found a right smart crowd collected, which was not on the bills, but I felt as big and as good as the rest of 'em. So I marched in like a blind mule into a potato patch, and took a seat by the fire. I didn't see anything of the widow, but I kept looking for her to come in and send for me, and I passed away the time by cussin' the crowd to myself, thinking they had no business there, and I would not get to talk to my woman a bit. Presently the door opened and in walked Polly and that long legged doctor, and a whole team of boys and girls fixed up savagely, I tell you. I looked around for a fiddler, they were going to have a ball, but wondered what they all kept so still for, and was about proposin' a reel, when up gits a little preacher, and before you could swallow a live oyster, he had Polly and the doctor married faster than a Mexican greaser could tie a bull's horns. I was so completely dumfounded that I set there with my mouth open like a fly on a wall, and I swallowed the whole crowd, and my eyes looked like billiard balls till the ceremony was over, when I jumped up and yelled:—"

"I forbid the concern from being constituted." "You are a little too late, my friend," says the preacher, and they all commenced laughing like they seen something funny.

"I'll be squizzed if I don't see soon enough for somebody yet," says I. "He is mad," Squire, and no more was in the fiddler. I do believe I could have cut that doctor quicker than I could have cut a swallow the squirrel skin, if I could have had a fair chance at him. It was too late for me, but I had fixed up to marry her myself, for he to walk right out before my eyes and marry that great baboon."

"It was bad, that is a fact," said I. "Bad!"

cried he, "it was neither than eating fried bacon. I first thought I'd go straight to home, but then I recollected that wouldn't see if nobody, so I determined to stay and see if I couldn't get satisfaction out of somebody. You know I'm the deuce to get myself or somebody else into a scrape when I take a notion, and I'd take one that night that went all over me like a third day chill, so I commenced a study'n out some plan. I recollected hearing the doctor say that where he come from (but the Lord only knows where that was) the bride and groom always washed their faces together before they went to bed, as a charm against infidelity or imbecility, or some other long word. While I was study'n about that, I spied the doctor's saddle bags sitting in the corner, so I waited till they went into supper, and then I got the bags and looked to see what I could discover. Nearly the first thing I saw was a piece of lunar caustic. I slipped it into my pocket, for I had my plan as soon as I saw it. Well, I watched around till I saw one of the girls go to the well with a pitcher, so I went out and asked her what she was going to do with it; she said she was going to carry it into the room for the doctor and Polly to wash their faces in. I kept talking to her while she was filling the pitcher, and when she turned her head I dropped the caustic into it. It was then about bed time, and I got my hat and put out, but I couldn't help laughing all the way home, whenever I'd think about it next morning.

"Well, Squire, they do say that when they waked up next morning they both had the hardest kind of fits, each one thinking they had been sleeping with a nigger. Oh, it was rich! He a cussin' and tearing up things, and she a screamin' and faintin' and comin' in and goin' on again, and me not there to see it.— They made such a unearthly racket that the folks broke into the room to see what was the matter, and there they was with their faces and hands all as black as the inside of an old stove pipe. I'd a given half my interest in tither and just to have been at some safe place where I could have seen the whole row. As soon as they found out that they was really the same folks that married the night before, they called for warm water and soap, but just here the doctor happened to think about the pitcher, and took it to the door to see what was the matter. There was a little piece of caustic that had not dissolved, and as soon as he saw it he says:—"

"It's no use washing, Polly, all the soap in New York can't wash the black off."

"That was the truth, Squire, soap and water had no more effect than it would on a native born African, and all the chance was to wait and let it wear off. How long it took them to get white again I never found out, but one thing I know," he concluded, getting up to go out, "the next time I saw the doctor I had the hardest fight, and come the nightest getting wialed that I ever did in all my life!"

HUNTING THE GOAT.—It is not often that we hear of any fun in Hancock county. The residents of that portion of the moral vineyard, as included in the boundaries of West Virginia, are not given to much levity. When they do get a chance, however, they make all there is to be made out of it. They have had a sensation at New Cumberland. Thus runs the story:—

The Odd Fellows' Lodge-room is situated over the town hall, or some other public place, and a man named Atkinson, desiring to hang a chandelier in the lower hall, instead of going to whoever had charge of the key of the lodge-room, through the floor of which he desired to hang his chandelier, broke open the door. He is a strong anti-Mason, anti-Odd Fellow, and anti-everything else that is not in accord with his own snailow and prejudiced ideas, so he didn't think there was any harm in breaking open the door of such a sink of inquiry as he regarded the Lodge-room.

There was not much to see when he got in, nor could he find a suitable place through which to bore the hole he desired to make.— Looking around he found a second door, that of an ante-room, where the regalia and paraphernalia of the lodge were kept. Of course he broke that open, and there made his arrangements for suspending the chandelier in the room below.

The affair created great excitement in New Cumberland, as will be readily imagined, and Atkinson was arrested for the offense. Now for the fun.

Some wag who had strayed from some place where jokes are practiced and enjoyed, got out a handbill reciting the outrage, and setting forth that, because of Atkinson's leaving the door open, when he came out, the goat had escaped, and offering a large reward for his recapture and return to a brother of the Order, who was named in the handbill. The reward was so great as to tempt the cupidity of all the boys in Hancock county, and no goat now has a particle of comfort on her hills. No sooner does a goat show his head than the boys get after it and take it to the Odd Fellow alluded to for identification. So many he goats, kids and everything else of the goat order or architecture have been offered that Bro.— begins to think that the goat is a bore. He has told the boys that the whole thing is a fraud; but they won't believe him, and day after day they wait over the hills of Hancock county, in a never ending, untrusting search for the goat that got out of the Odd Fellows' Hall.— Wheeling Register.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.—We observe that a very lively discussion on the use of tobacco recently occurred at the meeting of the New York Methodist Conference, on a resolution recommending the entire abstinence from the use of the weed. The venerable Dr. Richardson made a spirited defence. He said that after arriving at manhood he was attacked by a distemper which all efforts of physicians failed to relieve, but which was cured by smoking.— On his subsequently attempting to abandon the practice a recurrence of the disease took place, which led him to resume the habit. He afterwards began the practice of chewing tobacco, using it in a cleanly manner, without expectorating, and he had lived to the age of eighty-three in excellent health. "He felt like blessing tobacco, every morning of his life."— One member of the Conference testified that the use of tobacco had aided to prevent a loosening of his teeth, and that the temporary relinquishment of the practice had been attended with disastrous results. Another member recounted the benefits his wife had derived from the occasional use of a cigar, which was the only manner in which she could obtain relief from asthma. Despite these arguments, however, the resolution was passed.

There are, says the Richmond Whig, fanatical people who regard the use of tobacco as one of the deadly sins, and would not tolerate its use if it cured the diseases that flesh is heir to. This war upon it will continue to go on, and without producing the desired reformation it can be called. People will continue to smoke, and chew and snuff in spite of all that shall be preached or written against the noxious weed. They find a comfort in it that no other use affords. People who do not like it will not use it, and it is merely foolish in those with whom it does not agree to indulge in its use. Those addicted to its use should studiously avoid so using it as to inconvenience others. If its indulgence is not in violation of good morals it may be so managed as not to violate good manners.— Savannah News.

—What a mighty procession is marching toward the grave during each year! At the usual estimate during a year, more than 53,000,000 of the world's population go down to the earth again. Place them in a long array, and they will give a moving column of more than thirteen hundred to every mile of the globe's circumference! Only think of it; powder and musket for those astounding computations!— What a spectacle, as they move on—tramp, tramp, tramp, forward upon this stupendous dead march.

"The Learned Professions." Oliver Wendell Holmes gives the following dissertation upon lawyers, ministers and doctors, which will be recognized as measurably true to the actual experiences of life. "The lawyers are a picked lot, 'first scholars,' and the like, but their business is as unympathetic as Jack Ketch's. There is nothing humanizing in their relations with their fellow-creatures. They go for the side that retains them. They defend the man they know to be a rogue, and not very rarely throw suspicion on the man they know to be innocent. Mind you, I am not finding fault with them; every side of a case has a right to the best statement it admits of; but I say it does not tend to make them sympathetic. Suppose in a case of Fever vs. Patient, the doctor should side with either party according to whether the old miser or his expectant heir was his employer. Suppose the minister should side with the Lord or the devil, according to the salary offered and other incidental advantages, where the soul of a sinner was in question. You can see what a piece of work it would make of their sympathies. But the lawyers are quicker witted than either of the other professions, an abler men generally. They are more studious or, if they quarrel, their quarrels are above-board. I don't think they are as accomplished as the ministers, but they have a way of cramming with special knowledge for a case which leaves a certain shallow sediment of intelligence in their memories about a good many things.— They are apt to talk law in mixed company, and they have a way of looking around when they make a point, as if they were addressing a jury, that is mighty aggravating, as I once had occasion to see when one of 'em, and a pretty famous one, put me on the witness-stand at a dinner party once.

The ministers come next in point of talent. They are far more curious and widely interested outside of their own calling than either of the other professions. I like to talk with 'em. They are interesting men, full of good feeling, hard workers, always foremost in good deeds, and, on the whole, the most efficient, civilized class, working downward from knowledge to ignorance, that is—now and then upward, also, that we have. The trouble is, that so many of them work in harness, and it is pretty sure to chafe somewhere. They too often assume principles which would cripple our instincts and reason and give us a crutch of doctrine. I have talked with a great many of 'em of all sorts of belief, and I don't think they have fixed everything in their own minds, or are as dogmatic in their habits of thought as one would think to hear 'em lay down the law in the pulpit. They used to lead the intelligence of their parishes; now they do pretty well if they keep up with it, and they are very apt to lag behind it. Then they must have a colleague. The old minister thinks he can hold to his old course, sailing right into the wind's eye of human nature, as straight as that famous old skipper John Bunyan; the young minister falls off three or four points, and catches the breeze that left the old man's sails all shivering. By and by the congregation will get ahead of him, and then it must have another new skipper. The priest holds his own pretty well; the minister is coming down every generation nearer and nearer to the common level of the useful citizen—no oracle at all, but a man of more than average moral instinct, who, if he knows anything, knows how little he knows. The ministers are good talkers, only the struggle between nature and grace makes some of 'em a little awkward occasionally. The women do their best to spoil 'em, as they do the poets; you find it very pleasant to be spoiled no doubt; so do they. Now and then one of them goes over the dam; no wonder, they're always in the rapids.

By this time our three ladies had their faces all turned toward the speaker, like the weather-cocks in a northeaster, and I thought it best to switch off the talk on to another rail.

"How about the doctors?" I said. "Their's is the least learned of the professions, in this country at least. They have not half the general culture of the lawyers, nor half that of the ministers. I rather think, though, they are more agreeable to the common run of people than the men with black coats or the men with green bags. People can swear before 'em if they want to and they can't very well before ministers. I don't care whether they want to swear or not, they don't want to be on their good behavior. Besides, the minister has a little smack of the sexton about him; he comes when people are in extremis, but they don't send for him every time they make a slight moral slip—tell a lie, for instance, or smuggle a silk dress through the Custom House; but they call in the doctor when a child is cutting a tooth or gets a splinter in its finger. So it doesn't mean much to send for him, only a pleasant chat about the news of the day; for putting the baby to rights doesn't take long. Besides, everybody doesn't like to talk about the next world; people are modest in their desires, and find this world good as they deserve; but everybody loves to talk physics. Everybody loves to hear of strange cases; people are eager to tell the doctor of the wonderful cures they have heard of; they want to know what is the matter with somebody or other who is said to be suffering from 'a complication of diseases,' and above all, to get a hard name, Greek or Latin, for some complaint which sounds altogether too commonplace in plain English. If you will only call a headache a Cephalalgia, it acquires dignity at once, and a patient becomes rather proud of it. So I think doctors are generally welcome in most companies.

WHAT TO DO WHEN IN TROUBLE.—Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this, you must keep right on with it, till it leads you to ruin; or if you try to pause, you must add physical pain and the consciousness of degradation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiful who, having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought, till the victim sinks in helpless, pitiful woe.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit you something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking about them. You want sweat, calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go loafing all day to tell Dick and Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by your tossing, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It has proved its efficacy since first Adam and Eve left behind them with weeping their beautiful Eden. It is an excellent standing prescriptive in cases of mental and moral diseases. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable sequelae, and we assure you that we have taken a large quantity of it with most beneficial effects. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the materia medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure-all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market. And it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.—Scientific American.

—Two young ladies in Knoxville have a suit for the possession of a gold ring, claimed by both as the evidence of plighted troth from a young man who has proven faithless to each dead march.

All Sorts of Paragaphs. "My wife" said a critic, "is the most even-tempered woman in the world—she is always mad." —A printer's devil in an Omaha office was bitten by a dog a few days since. The dog lingered several days and then died in great agony. —An Omaha paper advises the people "not to make such a fuss over the shooting of one constable, as there are over forty candidates for the office." —An editor out West advertises to take corn in pay for his paper. He says he prefers it in a liquid state, but will take it in the ear if he can't get it otherwise. —An old bachelor at a wedding feast had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth." —Somebody has been fool enough to waste good ink in printing a book entitled "Lectures on Married Men," just as though they would buy that which they get for nothing every night at home. —She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit, in the full hope of a blessed immortality, at the early age of 21 years, 7 months, and 16 days. Reader, go thou and do likewise. —A temperance lecturer, being seen coming out of a tavern wiping his lips, effectually disarmed suspicion by explaining that he had a severe toothache, and only went in to get a clove to put in his tooth. —If six men eat ten apples, how many pumpkins can four cows eat? Multiply the ten apples by the four cows, and divide the result between the six men and the pumpkins. The true answer will be the amount. —It is said that many people owe their long lives to their families, and it is a known fact that external pressure from damp prolongs life, and that even in the hottest days in summer, flannel garments should not be discarded. —A German, while crossing the Allegheny Mountains during the winter, states: "Dat ven going up de mountains his foot slipped him on the ice, and he come down on the broad of his back, mit his face sticking in de mud, and dere he stood." —During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him which way the stairs ran. The witness, who, by the way, is a noted wag, replied: "One way they ran up, but the other way they ran down." —A lady who loved Bulwer entered a book-store just as one of the clerks had killed a large rat. "I wish to see 'What Will He Do With It?'" she asked to a boy behind the counter. "Well," said the boy, "if you will step to the window, you will probably see him sling it into the back lot." —The Danbury News tells of a lady stranger who asked a little shabbily-dressed lad in that town: "Where is your home, my little one?" he answered, "I hain't got no home," he answered. "Got no home?" she repeated, the girls standing in her eyes. "No, marm," said he, equally affected; "I board."

A Mississippi paper tells a very refreshing story of a young lady who, on graduating from school, went home, hired a few colored laborers, and went to farming. The result of the first season's experiment was six hundred bushels of corn, a large quantity of potatoes, and \$969 realized from the sale of cotton, after all the expenses of the year were paid. —The season of ice cream being close upon us, it may be proper to call attention to the fact that a number of German newspapers are discussing various cases of poisoning by vanilla ice cream which have occurred of late in different European cities. There are many opinions as to the source of the poison, but all agree that the cool delicacy is sometimes poisonous. —Lately at a Chicago picture gallery a country couple were observed to stop entranced before a picture of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," in which the drooping form of said daughter, as the boat was tossed about by the waves, was represented as being upheld by the stalwart arm of her lover. While the male portion of the rural pair gazed in silent admiration, the female was heard to innocently murmur, "How natural!" —Josh Billings never said a better thing than this: "I hev allurs observed that a whining dog is sure to get licked in a fight. No cur of well regulated morals can resist the temptation to bite a cowardly pup that tries to sneak off with his tale between his legs. The whining business man is just so. A good ringing bark is worth more to put greenback in a man's pocket than forty-two years of whinin'."

CEREBRO-SPINAL MENINGITIS.—The following suggestions in regard to the prompt treatment of the first symptoms of this disease have been printed under the sanction of a physician of experience, and are of service. Prompt treatment is admitted to be of great importance. In case where medical advice is readily obtainable the patient should of course be left in the hands of the physician; but when this is not the case, some knowledge of the proper manner of treating the first symptoms is desirable. "The disease is ushered in first with lassitude, a chill, sick stomach, vomiting, pain, especially along the spine and extending to the head, and occasionally severe headache is the first indication. Soon the extremities become cold and moist, with a clammy sweat; blue spots appear under the skin, etc., etc. Any combination of the above should give a warning of what they should expect. "Your first duty then is to send for your physician, losing no time, and until he comes apply your domestic remedies thoroughly, first by immersing the feet in warm mustard water, the limbs thoroughly with a mixture of red pepper or oil of tea of the same, as well as the body generally, and more especially along the spine from head down; apply cold water to the head and internally; you may also administer cayenne and brandy, and other diffusible stimulants. "In thus filling the time your physician will find you have been doing what nature indicated, and his opportunities for saving a life are very materially enhanced, whether he persists in your treatment or substitutes some other to suit the requirements of the case, or to gratify his own fancy. Yet let me assure you, you have done no harm if you have been thorough, for I am well convinced these early efforts do more to save life than all that will follow. The disease is not contagious, and no one need fear it on that ground, but clearly epidemic in certain neighborhoods, the cause of which has not yet been satisfactorily explained."

REMARKABLE PRESERVATION OF A HUMAN BODY.—The body of Mrs. Young, who died of cholera in this city in the summer of 1854, was exhumed Wednesday last by undertaker John T. Hinton, and taken in his hearse to Mr. Sterling, where the deceased resided previous to her removal to Paris. At the time of her death Mrs. Young was landlady of the hotel now kept by John Griffith. Two or three weeks after her interment the family of the deceased were back to Mt. Sterling, and as she was buried in the street lot her grave was neglected for a long time, so that when the two daughters came last week to see the removal, there was some doubt as to whether they had found the right grave, but they said they could tell it was their mother when the coffin was opened by a pair of crescent-shaped ear-rings, and the work of exhumation was commenced. When the burial case was brought to the surface, the plat covering the face was taken off, and the daughters, who expected to behold nothing but a skeleton, recognized the features of their dear mother as natural as when the coffin-lid hid them from view, with the exception of a slight yellow discoloration and sinking of the eyes. The wreath of flowers upon the bosom looked quite fresh, but had a yellow tinge; the rose-buds in her hair had not fallen from the parent stem.—Paris Free Press.

Extracts from Josh Billings' Essays. FASTIDIOUSNESS. Fastidiousness iz merely the ignorance or propriety. I hav saw people who had rather dig and be buried than say bull. They wouldn't hesitate tew say male cow. If the thoughts are pure and the language iz chaste, it will do tew say almost anything. The young lady who, a fu years ago, refused tew walk across a potato field, bekauze the potatoz had eyes, ran away from home soon afterwards with a jewelry pedlar. Fastidiousness, as a general thing, iz a holly-day virtue, and i hav frequently noticed that those individuals who are alius afraid they shal kum akrost sunning hily improper, are generally looking for it. Fastidiousness and delikasy are often konfounded, but there iz this difference: the truly delikasy aint afraid tew take hold of things that they are willing tew touch at all with their naked hands, while the fastidious are willing to take a hold of enny thing with gloves on. Delikasy iz the coquetry of truth; fastidiousness iz the prudery of falsehood. LOVE. Love iz one of the pashams, and the most difficult one of all tew describe. I never yet hev herd love well defined. I hav read several descriptions of it, but they were written by those who were in love (or thought they waz), and I wouldn't believe such testimony, not even under oath. Almost ewery body, sum time in their life, haz bin in love, and if they think it iz an easy sensashun tew describe, let them set down and describe it, and see if the person who listens to the deskrishun will be satisfied with it. I waz in love once myself for 7 long years, and mi friends all said i had a consumpshun, but i knu all the time what ailed me, but couldn't describe it. Now all that i kan rekollect about this luv sickness iz, that for those 7 long years i waz, if enny thing, rather more of a kondem phool than ordinary. Love iz an honorabel disease enuff tew hav, bekauz it iz natral; but enny phellow who haz laid sik with it for 7 long years, after he gits over it feels sumthing like the phellow who haz phell down on the ice when it iz very wet —he don't peel like talking about it before folks.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE GENERAL ADMITTED TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston Globe makes the following comments upon the admission of Gen. Ransom, of North Carolina, to the only vacant seat in the United States Senate: To-day there walked to the open space in front of the Vice-President a gentleman whom a sarcastic Radical reporter in the gallery above, characterized as "the advance guard of the Confederate army." It was appropriately amended by the suggestion that he was "its rear guard." Ex-Major Gen. Ransom, of the Confederate army was sworn in as United States Senator from the old North State, and so the vacant chair, originally made so by the inauguration of a movement for which so much was sacrificed, was filled by a man who was a very gallant and believing soldier in the army which struggled to make these vacancies a finality. The associations were indeed peculiar. The special nature of all represented in the presence of that very handsome and dignified-looking man, came up in vivid and striking memories. Senator Ransom is the first man who has entered the Senate after such service. Senator Ransom is a man of about thirty-eight or forty years of age. He is tall, over six feet in height, and finely proportioned. Very dark in complexion, his close trimmed black beard and hair, as well as his keen dark eyes, make up what the ladies might say, slightly changing the fence, with rare old Chaucer, as "Piercing their hearts with his pulchritude." He is a lawyer by profession, was, as can be seen, a young man when the rebellion began. He was among the first to enter the Confederate service, and was, I believe, in the field to the end, serving for a long time as Major General and doing severe service. He is a Southern Democrat of the strictest sect, but personally, modest and unobtrusive in pressing his opinion, though likely to be a useful ally on his side of the chamber.

SOUTHERN STATE BONDS.—In the financial column of the New York Herald, of the 6th inst. we find the following in reference to Southern State bonds: The bonds of the Southern States, never very active in this market, are gradually sinking in the scale of securities. This will continue to be the case until some different course of policy from that now practiced in the South is inaugurated. The financial situation of all the Southern States is far below that of their Northern and Northwestern sisters. Since the close of the war they have been drifting on from bad to worse condition, until they have actually reached a point which makes repudiation almost necessary. It is not yet too late, however, for them to recover their former positions, and save themselves from the disgrace which attends and always follows a bankrupt government. Their political condition requires to be revolutionized. They must choose lawmakers who are ready to go heart and soul into the cause of retrenchment. They must elect legislators who are anxious to perform their duties in the interest of the State and for the welfare of the people, and who are willing to work for redemption instead of personal aggrandizement. They must have officers less actuated by selfish desires, and with greater affection for the public good. All who are entrusted with responsible positions should possess, in some degree, at least, those cardinal qualifications, virtue, justice, prudence and fortitude, and a noble and honest intention and disinterested motives. Until the Southern people can effect a change in their political relations that will lead them nearer to the requirements above recited, they must not expect to regain the proud and commanding positions they once occupied in the Union family.

HOW THE NOMINATION OF HORACE GREELY WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.—The papers are crowded with reports from and speculations and comments upon the Cincinnati Convention. A dispatch to the Washington Patriot gives the following account of how Horace Greeley happened to be nominated: Greeley's nomination may be said to have been caused by one of those storms of passion to which all popular assemblages are exposed. Every vote changed was cheered by the New York delegation with a sort of wild enthusiasm, which operated magnetically upon the States that followed. When the sixth ballot commenced, Adams led the poll fifty-one votes, and all the indications pointed to his success, and the contest did not grow animated until Georgia suddenly broke the line. From that instant the stampede was general, until it resulted in an overwhelming victory for Greeley. The usual formalities were quite forgotten in the uproar that followed the motion to make Greeley the nominee. The motion was finally carried by a large majority, and the name of New York delegate. The motion was finally put, but while there were many nays, and they were a great many nays, and the yeas were few, the vote was not unanimous. He declared, however, that Hon. Horace Greeley was the nominee of the Convention for President of the United States.

—Ex-Gov. H. H. Wells, of Virginia, used to be an inveterate smoker. He would average twenty cigars a day. He never went without them, never staid himself, and, being a man of powerful constitution, never experienced any ill effects from them. As counsel for the Chas. A. dispatch to the Washington Patriot gives the following account of how Horace Greeley happened to be nominated: Greeley's nomination may be said to have been caused by one of those storms of passion to which all popular assemblages are exposed. Every vote changed was cheered by the New York delegation with a sort of wild enthusiasm, which operated magnetically upon the States that followed. When the sixth ballot commenced, Adams led the poll fifty-one votes, and all the indications pointed to his success, and the contest did not grow animated until Georgia suddenly broke the line. From that instant the stampede was general, until it resulted in an overwhelming victory for Greeley. The usual formalities were quite forgotten in the uproar that followed the motion to make Greeley the nominee. The motion was finally carried by a large majority, and the name of New York delegate. The motion was finally put, but while there were many nays, and they were a great many nays, and the yeas were few, the vote was not unanimous. He declared, however, that Hon. Horace Greeley was the nominee of the Convention for President of the United States.

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