LIBERTY WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

BY ROBT. H. MILLER. LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MISSOURI, OCTOBER 29, 1858. VOLUME XIII.—NUMBER 26

TERMS TRIBUNE.

Publication Office West Side of the Public Square Up-Stairs.

For one copy one year, or 52 numbers, $2, if paid in advance; $2,50 if payment is delayed until the expiration of six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, 12 lines or less, one insertion	$1,00
Each additional insertion, per square,	,50
One square six months,	8,00
One " twelve months	12,00
One quarter of a column twelve months	20,00
One half column " "	35,00
One column " "	50,00
Administrators' notices	2,00
Final settlement notices	2,50
Funeral tickets $2,50—if distributed by us	3,00
Announcing candidates (in advance)	3,00

Communications of a personal nature will be charged $1 per square, and the money required in advance.

All advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be published till forbid, and charged for accordingly.

Advertisements out of the direct line of business of the yearly advertisers, such as legal, auction, runaway slaves, houses, &c. to rent or sell, dissolution notices, strays, &c., will be charged for separately at the usual rates.

No subscription discontinued until all arrearages are paid up; and the failure to give notice of a wish to discontinue at the expiration of the year will be considered an engagement for the next.

JNO. TRIPLETT. MILES SELLS. F. W. TILLAY.

TRIPLETT SELLS & CO.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

☞Dealers in ROPE, HEMP, Provisions, Flour, Grain, &c. Cash advaeced on Consignments.

February 19, 1858—42y1

CITY GUNSMITH SHOP.
LIBERTY, MO.

MOSES DICKSON respectfully informs his customers and the public generally that he has removed his shop to the brick immediately west of Mr. Reed's store, and is now in receipt of a large stock of

Shot Gun's and Colt's Pistols,
and Allen's self cockers, Bowie Knives of all sizes, Shot Bags. Powder Flasks, Pistol Flasks, **Powder. Shot, Lead Caps**, and every thing in the gunsmith line. **RIFLES** made to order out of good material, and warranted to shoot well. **Repairing** done in the best style, and very cheap for cash.

MOSES DICKSON.

June 25, 1858—51

TAILORING.

JOHN C. DUNN, continues the tailoring business at the old stand over A. G. Reed's Store. He is prepared to CUT and MAKE in the most *durable* and fashionable manner, every description of gentleman's wear usually made by tailors in this country,

☞ Particular attention paid to cutting.

Nov. 6, 1857.—28y1

M. T. MUDD. G. L. HUGHES. ALEXIS MUDD

MUDD, HUGHES & CO.,
PRODUCE & COMMISSION
Merchants,
No. 1 City Buildings, Cor. Commercial & Market Streets.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

March 5th, 1858—44y1

TATUM & CO.,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
Merchants,
No. 160 Second Street,
SAINT LOUI

☞Particular attention to consignment of Hemp, Tobacco and Grain.

December 11, 1857.—33m6

CONFECTIONERY, BAKERY
And Variety Establishment.

THE undersigned keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of

Light Bread,
Ginger Bread,
Sponge, Pound,
Yellow, Sweet Cakes
and Jumbles, soft-
shell Almonds,
Raisins, Figs,
Oranges, Lemons,
Pecan Nuts,
Plain and fancy
Candy, Candy
Toys, Candy
Hearts,
Comon and
Regalia
Cigars

Tobacco, Cassia, Cinnamon, Crackers, Cheese, common and fancy Pipes, Oysters, Sardines, Dr. T. Hostetters' Stomach Bitters, &c. &c.

☞I will also bake and ornament Cakes to order, for Weddings, or Parties, on short notice, and give satisfaction in prices.

Thankful for past favors to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Liberty and Clay co'ty and my friend generally, I remain your obedient ser't

April 16-50tf THEOBALD WERRY.

A WORD TO THE WICKED

WE have made a change in the credit system. We have shortened the credit to cash only; and a great many cases in advance. We dont intend to credit, nor be credited. ☞Tha little shingle stuck up to the left in the stable means just what it says. We would like to se all you that have the cash, and none of those tha have not. Accept our thanks for past patronage. Your humble servants,

WYMORE & BAXTER.

January 23, 1858—38tf

JUST RECEIVED a good supply of Colt's PISTOLS. Also Allen's self-cocking Rifle Barrels, Powder, Caps, Lead and every thing in the Gunsmith line, cheap for Cash.

June 11. MOSES DICKSON.

NEW ARRANGEMNET.

I TAKE this mode to inform my friends and customers that I have determined te change my mode of doing business. All goods sold after the 1st of January, 1858, are due from and after the sale. I wish it distinctly understood that I have the right to collect at any time I see proper after the sale of the articles. I am also compelled to say to my friends and customers that I owe money that must be paid shortly, and for that reason I must say to them Money I must and will have. If I don't get enough by the 1st of March to pay all I owe, I will collect enough in the shortest way possible to pay the last cent.

☞Those who don't come up and settle, must not be disappointed to find their notes out for collection, which will be the case.

I am truly thankful to this community for their past liberal patronage and hope by due attention to business to receive a continuance of the same. I pledge myself to sell goods on as reasonable terms as any house in the west.

☞I will take any produce of the county for debts or goods. I hope every one will respond promptly to this call and save trouble.

A. G. REED.

Liberty, Jan. 8, 1858—362m

DENTISTRY.
DR. G. G. HILDRETH,

Having made arrangements to remain at home during the winter, takes this method of informing his old patrons and the public that he is prepared to wait upon them in the various branches of his profession, on his old terms—of fair prices and work warranted. Time given to responsible persons (if desired) for work.

☞ OFFICE in the Drug Store of Hildreth, Adkins & Co. Nov. 20-tf]

From the London Family Herald.

Curing an Inconstant Husband.

"No by Jove!" exclaimed Harry Vane, as he threw himself back in his easy chair, and gracefully removed his fragrant Havana from his lips, for the purpose of exhailing the clouds of perfumed smoke; "No, by Jove!" he repeated, "I wouldn't marry a jealous woman if she was the richest heiress in the world. I tell you, Walter, it wouldn't do for my wife to be jealous.—This being eternally constant to any one little bundle of lace and dimity is an utter impossibility to a man of my constitution. I have a natural taste for variety, do you see; and the most I want of a wife is to keep house for me, and take care of things, and give me a leisure to make myself agreeable to woman-kind in general. When nothing more agreeable turns up, why of course then she can have the privilege of entertaining me, which, with the consolalation of knowing that her husband is the most accomplished lady-killer in town, will, I take it, be ample compensation for all her services in my behalf. But you see if she were any way jealous she might not think so."

"It would be possible, I should think," said Walter Everett, "that she might be inclined to disagree with you. I should think any woman who loved you, would naturally object to such an arrangement."

"Oh, pshaw, Everett!" exclaimed Harry; "that proves you to be a novice. Don't you know love in a female heart is made up up of just two elements—vanity and self-sacrifice? Just give a woman a husband she is proud of, and you—or, that is you might not be able to—but a man of my accomplishments can coax her into anything under the sun. Wait till I marry! I'll show how to manage a wife. I'll show you how to unite all the freedom of a bachelor with all the privileges of a Benedict."

Walter smiled, and puffed away at his cigar in silence.

The two young men were clerks in a large mercantile establishment in the city. They occupied apartments in the same house, and were generally on very close and intimate terms. Perhaps it may not be necessary to inform the reader that Harry was something of a coxcomb, though he was by no means as unmoral as might be inferred from his own account of himself. This Walter knew, and he could therefore listen to his occasional strains of gasconade with the utmost serenity, even though perfectly aware, at the time, that the speaker entertained serious ideas of finally bestowing the ineffable honor of his name and protection upon a certain little cousin of his own, Miss Susie Stanton. That his confidence went so far as to lead him to conceal from the said young lady the sentiments so frequently expressed, we cannot vouch. Indeed, the writer rather has the idea that the two frequently talked over in private this unfortunate failing in their mutual friend, and studied frequently to devise some method of reducing the proportions of Harry's organ of vanity.

Nothing, however, very effectual was accomplished during the courtship, and in process of time Mr. Harry Vane entered the state of matrimony, under the full conviction that his loving Susie possessed not one spark of jealousy, and that her overweening affection for him would lead her to accept with unfeigned gratitude and joy whatever attentions it might please him to bestow upon her, and to preserve a discreet silence in regard to whatever she might see in his outgoings or incomings that was peculiar or mysterious.

To do Susie justice, she was not naturally of a jealous disposition; but besides her inate amiability in that respect, she had a little bit of that shy, womanly pride, which made her resolve that she wouldn't be jealous. No, indeed, she would never be pointed at as a jealous wife, neither should Mr. Harry Vane have the pleasure of insinuating that he managed his wife, that she was duly instructed and trained at home to look conveniently in the other direction, whenever he chose to open the invicible battery of his fascinations upon any innocent and unsuspecting young female. No, no; the little lady was too acute for that.

It therefore happened, that whenever at a ball or party Mr. Harry Vane made himself particularly agreeable to any young lady, Mrs. Harry Vane also cultivated the same individual. If Mr. Harry Vane only danced with the young lady, or escorted her out to supper Mrs. Harry Vane contented herself with the most amiable inquiries after the said young lady's health, and gracious hopes that the family at home were quite well. If Mr. Vane danced twice or thrice with the young lady, Mrs. Vane straightway invited her to call, and intimated that she should very soon give herself the pleasure of visiting the young lady; and if matters went still further, and Mr. Harry Vane indulged in a little *tete-a-tete*, or a flirtation, Mrs. Vane immeditately fixed a day, and asked the young lady to tea.

At home, too, if Mr. Harry Vane exclaimed with enthusiasm, "By Jove, but that Miss West has a splendid figure!" Mrs. V. replied, with equal enthusiasm, "She has, indeed, and she danced admirably." Or, if Harry remarked that "Araminta Waters was decidedly the handsomest woman at Mrs. Morgan's party," Susie added gently, "that rumor said she was as amiable and accomplished as she was handsome and fascinating." By this sly way of fighting fire with fire, she had succeeded in extinguishing a half dozen glowing *penchants* in the bosom of her liege lord; while at the same time, the uniform sweetness and amiability of her own conduct could not fail to deepen the admiration and respect which Harry had possessed for her when he married her.

So it went on for a year or two, and Susie found herself a mother. After that, things seemed to mend a little; but baby's charms soon lost their power, and Susie's trial took another form. Her loving heart, which was constantly, though quietly, watchful of Harry's lightest movement, was wounded at its most sensitive point. Harry frequently left home without inviting her to accompany him, or even informing her of his destination. Much as her anxious fears were startled by this new shadow upon her domestic peace, Susie had the discretion to say nothing, but meanwhile to double her assiduity in winning him to home pleasures. All her efforts, howe ver, availed her little; at least one evening in the week he continued to spend away from her. At first she was afraid he might be entering upon some course of dissipation; but careful observation soon convinced her that whatever sin might be laid to his charge the love of liquor was not one; and as drinking forms an ingredient of nearly all forms of disspation, she finally came to the conclusion that, as of old, his wandering, inconstant heart was straying after some new light of female beauty. It is possible that at this juncture she may have taken her cousin Walter into confidence.

One beautiful morning in July, Harry seemed in no hurry to go to town. He lingered, reading his newspaper after breakfast, till nearly nine o'clock, and then, dressing himself carefully in his handsomest suit, carelessly bade his wife good morning, and strolled leisurely up the road, instead of going down it, to his place of business. The quick perception of his wife had noticed a strange disquietude in his manner all the morning, and she smiled a quiet smile to herself, as she stood before the mirror in her own room, arraying herself in her most becoming walking costume for Mrs. Harry Vane was going out, too.

She fitted a dainty pair of boots to her pretty feet, and tightened the fastenings of her sweetest pair of kid gloves, put on her most bewitching bonnet, and then took the last glance in the mirror, to assure herself that there wasn't a sweeter or more captivating little woman than Mrs. Harry Vane. "He has good taste, at anyrate," she soliloquized, "and that is one consolation."—But the little half sigh which closed the sentence intimated that it wasn't so very consoling, after all.

After her own toilet was completed, baby was dressed in his richest and most spotless robes, and Mary was entrusted with the precious charge, and bid to follow her mistress. Down the road tripped the little lady, taking the shortest way to the river side. There lay the steamer, with flags flying and whistle blowing, just ready to convey a party of happy excursionists down the river.

Mrs. Harry Vane tripped lightly over the pier, followed by Mary and baby, and the next moment the gallant steamer, with its holiday company, was fairly under way.—Mrs. Vane walked leisurely to the forepart of the vessel, and there, apparently very much to her surprise, discovered Mr. Vane sitting in most attentive proximity to a handsome and showy young lady, who was evidently quite the slave of Mr. Vane's fascinations.

"Why, good morning Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Vane, in her sweetest and most cordial tones; "this is indeed a delightful surprise. I had not anticipated the pleasure of your company. After you left home, I happened to notice the advertisement of the excursion, and baby has seemed so ailing lately, that I thought it might do him good to take an excursion; so I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and hurried down here."

What could Mr. Harry Vane say in reply to this most amiable, wife-like greeting? Mrs. Vane was not at a loss, however, to fill up the pause which his hesitation occasioned.

"This lady is a friend of yours, I presume; introduce me to her, Harry," said she, turning to the lady. "Mr. Vane's circle of friends previous to our marriage was so very extensive, that I have not even yet made the acquaintance of all of them. I hope, however, to know them all in the course of time, for nothing gives me greater pleasure than to entertain Harry's friends. Your name is——? I didnt quite understand."

"Miss Wentworth," replied the lady, bowing stiffly.

"Ah! yes, Miss Wentworth," said Mrs. Vane, complacently. "I do not recollect hearing Harry speak of you, but it is all the same; my memory is very treacherous; and indeed he might have mentioned your name causually, you know, a dozen times, and still I might have forgotten it. But, bless me! where is the baby? Mary, come here."

Mary answered this call, and placed the blue-eyed little wonder in the arms of its delighted mamma.

"Mamma's precious little darling! Was it warm? so it was. Mamma will take off its hat, so she will. There, does it see its papa? there so it does, and knows him, too—precious angel! See, Miss Wentworth—see how well the little darling knows its father, and it isn't four months old yet."—And Mrs. Vane danced the chubby, red-faced little thing up and down in Mr. Vane's face, and asked enthusiastically, "Didn't Miss Wentworth think he was just the image of his pa?"

There were several of Harry's acquaintances on board, by whom the matter was thoroughly understood; and it was not long until the story passed from lip to lip, and smiles and titters and jokes, at Harry's expense, circulated in every direction. He excused himself as speedily as possible from the society of the ladies, and walked moodily to the other end of the boat, and there he stood contemplating what he should do to extricate himself from this dilemma.

"What the deuce am I to do? he soliloquized. "To blow out at her, as I should like to, would only raise a row and circulate the story; and I can't get rid of her, for the boat won't put back, I suppose, on my account. Gad! if the water wasn't so hot, I'd drown myself. To bring that little red-faced imp with her, too! It is a pretty child enough, though; of course, it couln't be anything else, and be my child! and she looks deuced pretty herself, too, to-day. She's a vast deal prettier than Madge Wentworth ever was—the baggage! If I ever get safe out of this scrape, catch me risking my reputation for another bold flirt like her."

Meanwhile, Miss Wentworth, who possessed a deal of womanly tact in her way, had overcome in a measure the embarrassment of her first meeting with Mrs. Vane, and entered very affably into conversation with her. The baby, as if determined to do its part, was as sweet tempered as its mamma, and cooed and laughed to the infinite delight of Miss Wentworth, who was, or pretended to be, exceedingly fond of pets. Mrs. Vane's amiability was perfectly irresistable, and when Mr Vane returned, he found the two ladies on the best possible terms.

When dinner was announced, Mrs. Vane called to Mary to take the baby, and rising, exclaimed—

"Mr. Vane, give your arm to Miss Wentworth," at the same time appropriating the other to her own use, "and we will hurry away to dinner. This stiff breeze gives one such an appetite."

At dinner, Mrs. Vane's first attentions were given to Miss Wentworth, and the least failure upon the part of Mr. Vane (who, to tell the truth, was a little absent minded) to observe the wants of that young lady, was reprimanded by Mrs. Vane.

"My dear, Miss Wentworth will take some more fowl," said Mrs. Vane. "Harry dear, help Miss Wentworth to some of these delicious peas. Miss Wentworth, allow me to assist you to some of this sauce; I assure you it is delicious."

After dinner, the two ladies, with the baby, retired to the ladies' cabin, and Harry enjoyed an hour's immunity from the society of either. He retired aft, to enjoy (!) his Havana. Let us hope that its fragrance served, in some measure, to calm his troubled mind.

It was nearly dark when the excursionists returned, and Harry called a cab for the ladies, and directed the driver to his own residence.

"Harry, my dear, how can you be so impolite?" said Mrs Vane. We must see Miss Wentworth home first, by all means, She has been complaining of fatigue for the last two hours, and I must protest against her being driven a mile or two out of her way upon my account."

Harry was obliged to acquiesce, and Mrs. Vane had the satisfaction of leaving Miss Wentworth at her own door, and, bidding her a most affectionate farewell, with the hope that she had enjoyed the day, and would experience no inconvenience from the fatigue it had occasioned her.

Ten minutes later, Harry Vane was stretching his weary limbs upon a sofa in his own quiet parlor. Mrs. Vane bustled about, and prepared a most delicious tea for her loving lord. At first, his vexation betrayed him into a few unamiable remarks; but the real tenderness of Susie's manner, as she handed him the smoking cup of Souchong upon the lounge, and soothed and petted away the headache which oppressed him, silenced his irritability, and won him back to good humor.

This was the last of Harry Vane's wanderings.

The name of Miss Wentworth was never mentioned in his house; and save his penitent confession, (made that night, with his weary head lying upon her bosom, "Susie, I have wronged you; will you forgive me?" to which her only answer was the kiss of peace and trust, and a glance more eloquent than any speech,) there was no allusion to his faults.

Susie is gray-haired now, and her failing strength is supported by the tenderness of her grand-daughters; and it may be that to them she sometimes repeats the story of the *woman who wouldn't be jealous.*

French Fashions.—A letter from Paris says:

"The materials prepared for the coming season do not denote any decrease in the extravagance in toilette which has been so remarkable for the last few years. The fabrics are gorgeous, the prices even higher, and the profusion of trimmings and decorations on the increase. What was once the great charm in high damsel's toilette—simplicity—is now entirely lost sight of. Flounces and furbelows, laces, ribons, jets, bugles, feathers and flowers, are all worn together, and without the discrimination of time and circumstance.

There are magnificent new black silks, which the looms of Lyons have sent us for the winter; these silks are so wide that only three breadths are necessary for the skirt. The texture is thick, but very soft, and the price not very moderate, varying from $12 to $14 per yard.

Newly Foundered Horses.—Having had considerable experience with foundered horses, I will give a condensed account of one case through your paper. When but a youngster, and inexperienced, I drove a horse rather hard, and perhaps gave him water too soon, and fed rye bran at night. Whether it was the water, the hard driving or the unaccustomed feed that stiffened the horse, I am unable to say; but in the morning he fell in coming out of the stable, and was unable to use his limbs.—I called a horse-farrier, who said he could cure the horse, but should keep secret what he did unless I would give him ten dollars for the knowledge of his mode of treatment. I told him if he cured the horse I would give him a private receipt that was valued at fifty dollars, that would be very beneficial in his business. This he accepted, and went to work. He first gave the horse all the salt he would eat, saying that if he did not eat freely he should dissolve some and turn it down. He next bled in the warts upon the forward legs, having peeled them down thin and oiled them. The bleeding was performed by my holding up one foot, while he pinched the wart upon the other leg with his thumb and finger, then running a small, sharp knife-blade into the middle of the wart and up under the skin and upper part of the wart, about one inch and a half, taking care not to touch the inside skin over the bone. He did the same to both legs.—There was but little blood came from either. We next commenced rubbing the legs and moving the horse about, and as soon as he thought he would not fall we put him before the wagon and started off upon the road. As soon as he began to warm up he improved rapidly, and by the time he had gone six or eight miles he went as well as ever he did, and never after showed any signs of founder.—[Cor. of *New England Farmer.*

South Carolina Election.—John D. Ashmore is elected to Congress in South Carolina, in place of Col. Orr, the present Speaker of the House, who declined a reelection. The remainder of the Congressional delegation from the State is unchanged.

Repasts of the Ancients.

A very remarkable peculiarity in the banquets of the ancients was, their not confining the resources of the table to the gratification of one sense alone. Having exhausted their invention in the confection of stimulants for the palate, they broke new ground, and called in another sense to their aid; and by the delicate application of odors and richly-distilled perfumes, these refined voluptuaries aroused the fainting appetite, and added a more exquisite and ethereal enjoyment to the grosser pleasures of the board. The gratification of the sense of smelling (a sense held with us in very undeserved neglect, probably on account of its great delicacy) was a subject of no little importance to the Romans. An attention to this delicate organ they might have learned from the East, where, from the remotest antiquity, perfumes were considered as one of the indispensable enjoyments of the higher classes of society. The very nature of the climate might have led to this; for, under the influence of a burning sun, the stomach neither requires nor can support much of heavy and substantial food, nor are its demands by any means so pressing as in colder climes. It may not be altogether fanciful to suppose that in those fiery atmospheres strong and aromatic perfumes may possess some alimentary properties, and help in some measure to allay the cravings of appetite. At all events, such a supposition is not altogether out of place in the land of Peris and birds of paradise, which latter are said, according to the beautiful superstition of the country, to live upon the ethereal breath of flowers. However this may be, it is certain that the Romans considered flowers as forming a very essential article in their festal preparations; and it is the opinion of Baccius, that at their desserts the number of flowers far exceeded that of fruits. When Nero supped in his golden house, a mingled shower of flowers and odorous essences fell upon him; and one of Holiogabalus's recreations was to smother his courtiers with flowers, of whom it may be said, "They died of a rose, in aromatic pain." Nor was it entirely as an object of luxury that the ancients made use of flowers; they were considered to possess sanative and medical qualities. According to Pliny, Athenæus, and Plutarch, certain herbs and flowers were of sovereign power to prevent the approaches of ebriety, and to facilitate, or, as Baccius less clearly expresses it, clarify, the functions of the brain. Amongst these disintoxicating flowers are enumerated, by the forementioned authors the rose, the violet, the saffron flower, the myrtle, the parsley, and the ivy. We merely transcribe the names, without vouching for the virtues of these remedies. However, Plutarch has endeavored by a long and elaborate ratiocination to show how the exhalation of certain plants and flowers may facilitate the functions of the brain, and neutralize the usual inebriating qualities of wine. If the fact be as the worthy Cheronean has it, it may not be without its use at certain merry meetings. Hippocrates was also of opinion that floral exhalations are extremely salutary. We are not aware that modern experimentalities have given this subject all the attention that it deserves; and yet it is one of some importance; for if, as we are told, the brain be the seat of the soul, it behooves us to make use of every means that may render its sojourn there commodious, and keep it from the intrusion of such unwelcome visitors as vinous fumes and alcoholic vapors. If the functions of the brain are to be facilitated, and its troubles, written or unwritten, to be razed out by such gentle and agreeable agents as the delcate breath of flowers, away then with the doleful tribes of physicians and pharmacopolists! henceforth our doctors shall be florists, and our apothecaries perfumers. Instead of noxious draughts and stomach revolting boluses, let us drink the delicate exhalations of a violet, or inhale the rich effluvia of the heliotrope.—Let our beds be draperied with fresh blown roses, and our rooms carpeted with living flowers.

The Court's Liquor Experience.—The business of the court was drawing to a close, when one morning a rough sort of customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty; *but drunk*, your honor, answered the prisoner.

"What's the plea?" asked the Judge, half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?" demanded the Judge.

"He's indicted for grand larceny," answered the clerk.

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum of money from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, but drunk."

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk—this is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, are you certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterrett's."

"Did you get none anywhere else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterward stole the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the judge, "do me the favor to enter in that man's case a *nolle prosequi*. That liquor at Sterrett's is enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got drunk on it myself, the other day, and stole Sterrett's spoons!" Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. Adjourn the court!"

From almost every portion of the State we have reports of a greater amount of sickness than has been known for a number of years past. The prevaling disease consists of ague, flux, and fever in various forms.

Four horses entered on Wednesday, of last week, at the Hrmilton county, Ohio, Fair Grounds, for a trotting match, were valued at $14,000.

The Yellow Fever.

There were 537 deaths at New Orleans during the week ending on 10th inst. Of these 390 were from Yellow Fever, an increase of 10 over the number of victims the preceeding week.

At Vicksburg, for the week ending on the 10th, there were six deaths from the fever. During the same period, there were eleven deaths from fever at the Hospital, two at the Marine Hospital, and two on the river—altogether, 19 deaths from the disease in Vicksburg. This is an increase, caused, we are informed by the *Whig*, by the injudicious influx of unacclimated persons from the North.

At Natchez there were six deaths from the fever on the 8th—a slight increase, caused by an unfavorable change in the weather.

At Charleston, S. C., there were during the week ending on the 9th 66 deaths, of which 45 were from yellow fever. The total number of deaths from the fever in that city this season is 573.

At Savannah, Georgia, there were during the week ending on the 12th 32 deaths, of which 15 were from yellow fever.

The Galveston *News* of the 7th inst. informs us that the fever was prevailing with much severity both at that place and Houston.—*St. Louis News.*

A Rich Scene in Court.—During a session of the Circuit Court, at Lynchburg, Va., an Irishman was indicted for stabbing another on the canal, and the only witness was Dennis O'Brien, who was required to enter into bonds for his appearance at the next court. The recognizance was used in the usual form.

"You acknowledge yourself indebted to the commonwealth of Virginia in the sum of $500.

Dennis.—"I don't owe her one cint, sir."

As soon as the clerk recovered from the amusement of the answer, he explained the meaning of the form, and then read it over again.

Dennis.—"I tell ye, I don't owe her a cint. Its more money nor I ever saw, nor my father before me"

At this stage of the matter, a brother of Dennis interfered and said:

"Ye must jist say it, Dennis; it's one of the forms of the law."

Dennis.—But I won't, I am a dacent, honest man, what pays my debts, and I'll spake the truth, and the divil may drink all my whisky for a month, if I say I owe any body a cint. Now cheat me if you can."

The Season in Europe.—Notwithstanding the dryness of the season the reports from the agricultural districts were never better. The wheat and rye turn out magnificently. Potatoes, although attacked more or less with the rot in the North, afford a large produce. As for fruit, especially grapes, the harvest is fabulous; the trees of all kinds groan under their loads, and the grapes mature uniformly. From the greater part of Europe there are the same flattering reports of the crops. In Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Rheinish Provinces of Prussia, they complain of the effects of the drouth, but these effects are not disastrous. In Russia and Poland the crop of grain is enormous, and has given rise to complaints at their uncertain and inefficient modes of exportation. On the other hand, the abundance of the grapes of France has given rise to another sort of complaint, but this comes from the women. The wife of a vine-grower was heard to say the other day, to a company of women at work at the vintage, "Now we are going to be beaten this winter!" And this is true; whenever there is a good crop, and wine is a little cheaper, there are more drunken husbands and more wives beaten.—[Exchange Paper.

Oaks in England.—The Parliamentary Oak in Clipston Park, is said to be 1500 years old. This park existed before the Conquest, and belongs to the Duke of Portland. The tallest oak was the same nobleman's property; it was called the Duke's walking stick, and was higher than Westminster Abbey. The largest oak in England is the Caltherpo Oak, Yorkshire; it measures seventy-eight feet in circumference at the ground. The Three Shire Oak, at Workson, is called so from forming part of the counties of Nottingham, Dorcy and York. This tree had the greatest expanse of any recorded in this island, drooping 777 square yards. The most productive oak was that of Gelenos, in Monmouthshire, felled in 1810; the bark brought £200, and its timber £670 pounds. In the mansion of Tredega Park, Monmouthshire, there is said to be a room forty-two feet long and twenty-seven feet broad, the floor and wainscot of which were the production of a single tree—an oak—grown on the estate.

Horse Thief Hung.—A horse thief who has been committing depredations through Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri for some time past by the name of Leavitt, was caught a few days since, we learn, and taken to St. Stephen, and hung by the neck. Persons who passed there the next day, say that he was still hanging. We do not know the particulars of the case, but suppose of course that it was a clear case, or he would not have been hung. We are always sorry and deeply regret that mob-law has been enforced in our Territory.—This is what we have suffered for want of law; and we hope, now that we have a criminal code, every good citizen will be willing to wait the due course of law, and will cheerfully abide the decision of the courts.—*Rulo Guide.*

A gentleman once asked a company of little boys what they were good for? One little fellow very promptly answered, "We are good to make men of."

Items from Prentice.

If any person has a task to do that he thinks would occupy him a pretty long time upon the earth, let him at once take the precaution to subscribe for our paper and pay for it.—*Louisville Journal.*

If he wishes a *short* time to live let him subscribe and *read* it.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

You needn't think that it will kill everybody, you good-for-nothing Locofoco, because it has nearly been the death of *you.*

How little is known of what is in the bosoms of those around us.—*La Grange Reporter.*

Truth, virtue, and cotton, we suppose.—*Lou. Jour.*

The editor of the Journal has given the world no evidence that either truth, virtue, or cotton *have* ever found their way into his bosom.—*Georgia Times.*

That fellow understands civility just as little as he does the grammar. If truth and virtue have never found their way into our bosom, it is because they are *natives of the spot* and didn't have to find their way there.

October.—We have always loved this month, and in our country it is a season for poets and painters to revel in. October is the very time to enjoy the animated crowds of city life, and it is the time of times to admire God's marvels in the country, as he works his wondrous change from summer to winter and scatters over the face of nature a rainbow veil to conceal the effects of "decay's effacing fingers," as he would strew forget-me-nots over the grave of the flowers. October may be sharp and even cold to us, but we love it for its laughing skies, its gorgeous sunsets, and the bracing tone of its morning salutations. It paints the cheek of beauty to make it look more like the rose, and it animates the step of manhood as if by a new infusion of natural vigor.

We may in the spring time have flirted with coquettish April, with flowers in her hair and tresses flowing in the vemal breeze; but October, with her queenly gait, wreathed with the purple glories of the vine, her train borne by Exercise and Sport; clothed in rare and dazzling tints; her eye all animation and her step all grace—she is our maturer love, and we are so attached to her that when we die we want to die with her. "Die as the leaves do, that fall in October." Beautiful in the country, where fields and forests glow like many colored fires, and even beautiful in the city, which providentially is "open at the top" to let in the glories of these cerulean skies and the crisp breeze of early autumn, till "the benediction of the covering heavens falls like dew."—*Lou. Jour.*

A singular trial is about to take place in Lombardy. A wealthy man of that section lately died who possessed two pictures by Rubens, one the portrait of a woman, the other a zodiac—two pictures of high merit, and well known in the country to which they belonged. When the priest arrived to confess the dying man, he demanded to see the picture of Rubens.—They were shown him; he declared them indecent, because they were nude figures of woman, and refused absolution to the moribund unless he gave orders for the burning of the pictures. He was obeyed, and was absolved, and then died. To-day, the son and heir to the estate, has brought suit against the confessor for having abused the mind of the dying man, and diminished the value of the succession 30,000 francs.

How to Fatten Poultry.—Shut up the fowls to be fattened, in some tight, clean place, where they can have ample space to walk about; and also provide suitable perches on which they may roost at night.—Place fresh water before them daily, or alternately milk and water. For constant feed give them meal and pulverized charcoal, well mixed together, using 8 parts of the meal to one part of the charcoal dust. Feed them regularly, morning noon and evening, what they will entirely consume. Occasionally stir a table spoonful of capsicum into their food, and for a change, feed them boiled potatoes or cooked rice. This course of feeding systematically pursued for two weeks, will fatten any fowl or turkey sufficiently for market. Persons living in the vicinity of our cities and large towns can always obtain renumerating prices for their poultry if they will only take the trouble to fatten them well and dress them neatly for market. Dispose of all your old fowls that you do not intend to winter, in June or July, before they commence to moult. A common sized fowl will dress away from 12 oz to 1 lb., from the live weight. J. C.

Chenango, May, 1858.

—*Rural American.*

Gone up under the Hoop.—The West Point (Ga.) Citizen tells the following of a married man at the commencement exercises of a certain college in Georgia this summer:

He started up the stairway at a swift pace, not noticing further until he came nearly to the top of the steps, when he says a strange sensation came over him, and suddenly he found himself enveloped in darkness, as though the lights had been extinguished. He was astonished and bewildered. But the mystery was soon explained; and it appeared that a lady wearing a very large hoop, had met him at the top of the stairs, and was just in the act of descending, when our friend, being a small man, had, without noticing, actually *gone up under the hoop.*

Lynch law is in full force in Texas against horse-thieves. A gentleman with whom we conversed, says the Richmond Mirror, in passing through Goliad, saw several of these specimens of humanity swinging by the neck on trees in the vicinity. A little of the same treatment might be beneficial to the tribe in this community. We have recently heard of a good many thefts, and without advocating lawlessness, we can't but think a few broken necks would have a saltary influence.—*St. Jos. West.*

The tail is the canine indicator of joy.—In caressing a strange dog you should always "wait for the waggin!" The reader will at a glance be fully alive to the danger of stroking a dog without a tail.