

HALL-WAY DOINGS.
Belubbed fellow-travelers—In holdin' forth to-day,
I doesn't quote no special verse for what I has to say,
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de text,
Dis hall-way doin's ain't no count for dis worl' or de nex'.
Dis worl' dat we a libbin' in is like a cotton row,
Whar ebry odd gaitment has got his line to hoe;
And ebry time las nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-growin' for to emmader up his crop.
When Moses led Jews across de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin, jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you 'spose dat dey could ebber hab succeeded in deir whar,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stop't to fish?
My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Ad am libbed wid Eve,
Wid no-one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbors for to thieve,
And ebry day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And ebryday belonged to dem except an apple tree.
You all know 'bout de story—how de snake some smoochin' 'round—
A stumpy-tail rasty successin, a-crawlin' on de groun—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel overseer he came and drove 'em off de place.
Now, 'spose dat man and 'ooman had'n't 'tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir garden and tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't 'ab been losin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debil neberd got a chance to tell em what to do.
No half-way doin's, broden'!! I'll neber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crap is good, de rain'll spile de bolts,
Unless you keep a pickin' in de garden of your souls.
Keep a-plovin', and a-beein', and a-scrappin' ob de rows,
And when de gamin's over you can pay up whar you owe;
But if you quit a-workin' ebry time de sun is hot,
De shert's gwine to lebbly upon ebrything you're doin'.
Whate'er 'is you'r drizin at, be shore and drive it through,
And don't 'let nothin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin' den, as shore as you're born,
You're gwine to see him comin' out de small end ob de horn.
I thank you for de 'ention you has gib'd de afternoon—
Sister Williams will blige us by a-rasin' ob de tune—
I see dat Brother Johnson's 'bout to pass 'round de hat,
And don't 'let no half-way doin's when it come to dat!
IRWIN RUSSELL in Scribner's Magazine.

DEATH OF YOUNG HENRY CLAY.
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was near the setting of the sun, when the men of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey, saw the clouds come down on the charge of Buena Vista, that a splendid scene, worth of the days of Washington, closed the day in glory.
You beheld that dark ravine, deep sunken between those precipitous banks? Here no sunlight comes, for the walls of rock wrap up the pass in eternal twilight. Withered trees grow between masses of granite, and scattered stones make the bed of the ravine uncertain and difficult for the tread.
Hark! that cry, that rushes like a mountain torrent bursting its barriers, and quick as the lightning flashes from darkness, the dismal ravine is bathed in battle light. From its northern extremity, a confused band of Mexicans, an army in itself, come yelling along the pass, treading one another down as they fly; their banners, spears, horses, and men tossed together in inextricable confusion.
By thousands they rush into the shadow of the pass, their dark faces reddened with the heated blaze of musketry. The caverns of the ravine send back the roar of panic, and the gray rocks are washed with their blood.
But the little band who pursues this army—who are they? You may see in their firm heroic ranks, the volunteer costume of Illinois and Kentucky. At their head, urging his men with shouts, rides the gallant McKee; by his side, young Henry Clay, that broad forehead, which reminds you of his father, bathed in the glare, as his sword quivers on high, ere it falls to kill. There, too, a wild figure, red with his own blood and the blood of his Mexican foes, his uniform rent in tatters, his shoulders bare, striking terrible blows with his good sword—Hardin, of Illinois—came gallantly forward.
The small but iron hand hurl the Mexicans from the height into the ravine, and follow up the chase far down into the eternal twilight of the mountain pass.
Look! as their musketry streams its steady blaze, you would think that one ceaseless sheet of lightning bathed those rocks in flames!
Over the Mexicans, men and horses, hurled back in mad disorder, the Americans dash on their way; never heeding the overwhelming numbers of their foes, never heeding the palpitating forms beneath their feet, with bayonet and sword they press steadily on, their well-known banner streaming evermore overhead.
Hear the howl of the dying war-horse—hark! does it not chill your blood to hear it? The horrible cry of the wounded man, with the horse's hoof upon his mouth, trampling the face to a hideous wreck—does it not sicken your soul to hear it?
A hundred yards or more into the pass the Americans had penetrated, when suddenly a young Mexican, rushing back upon their ranks, raised the fallen flag of Alahuac, and dashed to death.
To see him, young and beardless, a boy, rush with his country's flag withered breast, upon that line of

sharp steel—it was a sight to stir towards into manhood, and it shot into Mexican hearts like an electric flash.
Even in their panic-stricken disorder, they turned by hundreds; they grasped arms, and rolled into one long wave of lances and bayonets upon the foe. Woo to the brave men of Illinois and Kentucky! Locked in that deadly pass, a wall of infuriated Mexicans between them and that wall of rocks—above their heads, through every aperture among the cliffs, the blaze of muskets pouring a shower of bullets in their faces—wherever they turned, the long and deadly lance pointed at their throats—it was a moment to think once of home—and die.
Those who survived that fearful moment, tell with shuddering triumph the deeds of three heroes—McKee, Hardin and Clay.
McKee—you see him yonder, with his shattered sword dripping with blood, he endeavors to ward off those deadly lances, and fights on his knees when he can stand no longer, and then the combatants close over him, and then you see him no more.
Hardin arose from a heap of slaughtered foes, his face streaming from hideous lance wounds, and waved a Mexican flag in triumph, as his life-blood rushes in a torrent over his muscular form. Then flinging his captured flag to a brother soldier, "Give it to her as a memorial of Buena Vista! My wife!" It was his last words. Upon his bare breast the fury of ten lances, and the horse's hoofs trampled him into the heap of the dead.
But most sad, and yet most glorious of all, was to see the death of the young Henry Clay.
You should have seen him, with his back against yonder rock, his sword grasped firmly, as the consciousness that he bore a name that must not die ingloriously seemed to fill his every vein, and dart a deadly fire from his eyes.
At that time he looked like the old man.
For his brow, high and retreating, with the blood-clotted hair waving back from the outline, was swollen in every vein, as though his soul shone from it ere it fled forever. Lips set, brows knit, hands firm—a circle of men fighting round him—his sword wet, his arms weary with blood.
Clay, with his high splintered by a ball, he gathered his proud form to its full height, and fell. His face ashy with intense agony, he bade his comrades leave him there to die. That ravine should be the bed of his glory.
But gathered around him a guard of breasts of steel—while two of his comrades bore him along—those men of Kentucky fought round their fallen hero, and as a retreating step by step, they launched their swords and bayonets into the faces of their enemies, they said, with every blow—"Henry Clay!"
It was wonderful to see how that name nerved their arms, and called a smile to the face of the dying hero. How it would have made the heart of the old man of Ashland throb, to have heard his name yelled as a battle-cry down the shadows of that lonely pass.
Along the ravine, and up the narrow pass! The hero bleeds as they bear him on, and tracks the way with his blood. Faster and thicker the Mexicans swarm—they see the circle around the fallen man, even his pale face uplifted, as a smile crosses its fading lineaments, and like a pack of wolves, scenting the forlorn traveler at the dead of night, they came howling up the rock, and charged the devoted band with one dense mass of bayonets.
Up and on! The light shines yonder on the topmost rock of the ravine. It is the light of the setting sun. Old Taylor's eyes are on that rock, and there we will fight our way, and die in the old man's sight.
It was a murderous way, that path up the steep bank of the ravine! Littered with dead, slippery with blood, it grew blacker every moment with Mexicans, and the defenders of the wounded hero fell, one by one, in the chasm yawning around.
At last they reach the light; the swords and bayonets glitter in sight of the contending armies, and the bloody contest roars towards the topmost rock.
Then it was that, gathering up his dying form—armed with supernatural vigor—young Clay started from the arms of his supporters, and stood with outstretched hands in the light of the setting sun. It was a glorious sight which he saw there amid the battle clouds—Santa Anna's formidable army hurled back into the ravine and gorge by Taylor's little band. But a more glorious thing it was to see that dying man, standing there for the last time in the light of the sun, which shall never rise for him again.
"Leave me," he shrieked, as he fell back on the sod; "I must die, and I will die here! Peril your lives no longer for me! Go! There is work for you yonder!"
The Mexicans crowded on, hungry for blood. Even as he spoke, their bayonets, glistening by hundreds, were leveled at the throats of the devoted band. By the mere force of their own overwhelming numbers, they crushed them back from the dying Clay.
Only one lingered; a brave man, who had known the chivalrous soldier, and loved him long; he stood there, and covered, as he was with blood, heard these last words:
"Tell my father how I died, and give him these pistols!"
Lifting his ashy face into the light, he turned his eyes upon his comrade's face—placed his pistols in his hands, and fell back to his death.
That comrade, with the pistols in his grasp, fought his way alone to the topmost rock of the path, only once looking back. He saw a shivering form outstretched by bayonets—he saw those contended armies grappling with points of steel—he saw a pale face once lifted in the light, and then darkness rushed upon the life of the young HENRY CLAY.

Romance of Lamartine's Marriage.
The story of the marriage of the great French poet and statesman is one of romantic interest. The lady was of an English family named Birch, and very wealthy. She first fell in love with the poet from reading his "Meditations Poetiques." She was slightly past the bloom of youth, but still young and fair. She read and re-read the "Meditations," and nursed the tender sentiment in secret. At length she saw Lamartine in Geneva, and her love became a part of her very life. Not long after this acquainted with the fact that the poet was suffering, even to unhappiness, from the embarrassed state of his pecuniary affairs, Miss Birch was not long in deciding upon her course. She would not allow the happiness of a lifetime to slip from her if she could prevent it. She wrote to the poet a frank and womanly letter, acknowledging her deep interest and profound respect, and offering him the bulk of her fortune, if he were willing to accept it. Of course Lamartine could not but suspect the truth. Deeply touched by her generosity, he called upon her and found her to be not only fair to look upon but a woman of a brilliant literary artistic education. He made an offer of his hand and heart, and was promptly and gladly accepted, and in after years Alphonse de Lamartine owed not more to his wife's wealth than to her sustaining love and inspiring enthusiasm.
Mormon Courtship.
On Saturday a Mormon by the name of Fulmer, who had been chosen among the faithful to go on a mission to Arizona, called upon Brigham Young.
"Married?" queried the Prophet.
"Not any," said Fulmer, "or whose brow forty odd years had left their imprint."
"Must marry, Brother Fulmer, before you go to Arizona to build up the kingdom."
"Don't know anybody who will have me," was the reply.
"I'll find one. Do you know where Brother Brown in the Seventeenth Ward? Well, he has several daughters; you go to Brother Brown and tell him I want you to marry one of his daughters."
Fulmer left and obeyed counsel to the letter. Knocking at the door he was admitted by Brother Brown, who, upon learning what was wanted, called in his several daughters to be selected from. Fulmer taking his choice, Brown told the girl to get ready in fifteen minutes. "I'll do as you say, dad," was the meek reply, as she walked out.
"That's the way I raise my daughters; if they disobey there's war in the Camp!"
The wedding festivities take place to-night.—Salt Lake Tribune.
Mrs. Harriet Westervelt, of Bloomington, died last week, and her body was placed in a coffin by the undertaker for burial. Before the burial arrangements were completed he said to the woman's daughter,
"Are you really sure she is dead?" as she looked so life-like.
He had hardly spoken before the supposed corpse sat up and frightened them by saying in a loud voice,
"My God! what are you doing with me?"
Then she fell back and became unconscious. Mrs. Westervelt was removed from the coffin to a bed, and Dr. M. Withey was summoned, but by the time he arrived the woman had expired.—N. Y. Sun.
One of the most curious things at the Philadelphia Exposition was that an architectural plan of the city of Mexico. Its dimensions are 330 by 231 feet. It will display all the characteristics of the city, and will be pressed by 60,000 leaden figures dressed in appropriate costumes, some for the opera, ball and social, and others vending fruit and ice cream, carrying baskets and rolling barrels. In the streets will be 1,900 coaches, an equal number of other vehicles, and a lot of artillery pieces.
POSITIVE CURE FOR HOG CHOLERA.
One-quarter of a pound of Spanish brown, one-half pound of copra, one pound of sulphur, two pounds of charcoal, one pound of dry and three gallons of water; boil well one hour and put in trough with drinking water as strong as hogs will drink. If a hog is too sick to drink, drench once or twice.
There is said to be a girl in Washington city who is seven feet high. It would be mighty troublesome and annoying to have a wife that tall. You'd of course have to kiss her every morning when you stated down town, and the chances are that you'd find in nine cases out of ten that some of the children had mislaid the step-ladder.
For bad breath here is a receipt. Before breakfast take a teaspoonful of the following mixture: Chlorate of potassa, two drachms; sweetened water four ounces. Wash the mouth occasionally with the same mixture, and the breath will be sweet as an infant's of two months.
A young shaver had had several teeth extracted with the assurance that they would come again. With an eye to the immediate future little Johnnie inquired,
"Will they come again before we have dinner?"
We have always noticed that the boy who let his mother get up and build the kitchen fire and bring in all the wood, is the same chap who bellows loudest at her funeral.
The most glowing passage in a minister's sermon will attract scarcely half the attention that centers on the man who blows his nose in church.

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It has ever insisted, and does still insist, that this country should be ruled by the party that saved it from destruction. In the political campaign of this year, and the National one to be in 1876, THE ADVERTISER will give no uncertain sound. Its editors will be found shooting efficient editorials in the same direction, and at the same foe, that they shot leaden bullets, for the mission of the Republican party is not yet accomplished, the occasion for political effort has not yet passed, American progress has not yet ended. Other labor, to save what has been gained, lie before the loyal people. THE ADVERTISER most heartily cherishes the sentiments so pointedly enunciated in the first plank of the Republican platform of Ohio—"That the States are one as a Nation, and all citizens are equal under the laws, and entitled to the fullest protection,"—and believes that the safety of the Nation lies in the full recognition of this doctrine. From the attitude of the opposition, the duty of every Republican is obvious.

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