ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

BY JAMES REED. Independent in all things. $1 50 IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME X. NO. XX. ASHTABULA, O. SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 14, 1859. WHOLE NUMBER 490.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Two Dollars per annum. If paid strictly in advance $1 50.

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JOB PRINTING

of every description attended to on call, in the most tasteful manner.

St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula.

TIMES OF DIVINE SERVICE, &c., DURING NEXT WEEK.

Sunday, being THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER. Morning Service at 10½ A. M. Evening Service at 2 P. M.
JAMES BONNAR, B. D., Rector.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FARMERS' BANK OF ASHTABULA.
OFFICE HOURS
From 9 A. M. to 12 M. and From 1 to 3 P. M.

Physicians.

SALISBURY & HUMPHREY,—Eclectic Physicians and Surgeons, Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.
GEORGE W. HUMPHREY, 471 J. A. SALISBURY.

FARRINGTON & HALL.—Physicians and Surgeons—Office at the old stand of Dr Farrington.
S. H. FARRINGTON, M. D.] [D. S. HALL, M. D.
Ashtabula, Jan. 1, 1856.

Attorneys.

D. G. SCROGGS— Attorney and Counselor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. Office in Telegraph Building, a few doors South of Fisk House. 483

HALL, KELLOGG, & WADE, Attorneys at Law, Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio. Particular attention paid to Pension, Bounty-Land, and Patent Applications.
ALBERT S. HALL, Prosecuting Attorney.
ABNER KELLOGG,
429 DECIUS WADE.

SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

CHARLES BOOTH,—Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

W. B. CHAPMAM,— Attorney at Law—Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds for Michigan and Iowa. Office three doors east of the Tremont House. Conneaut, O.

CHAFFEE, & WOODBURY,—Attorneys, Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio. 419
N. L. CHAFFEE E. B. WOODBURY.

Hotels.

JEFFERSON HOUSE—S. McINTYRE, Proprietor, Jefferson, Ohio 488

FISK HOUSE—Ashtabula, O.—E. G. GLEASON, Proprietor. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars. Also, a good livery-stable kept in connection with this house, to convey passengers to any point. 488

AMERICAN HOUSE—John Thompson—Jefferson, Ohio.

ASHTABULA HOUSE.—Robert C. Warmington, Ashtabula, O.

Merchants.

PRENTICE, SMITH & COMPANY, General Dealers in Provisions, Produce, and so forth, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 471

S. BENHAM, Jr., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glass Ware, and all those articles usually found in a complete and well supplied country Stores. New Building, 2d door south of the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 470

EDWARD H. ROBERTS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ladies' Cloaks, Furs, Skirts, Corsets, Choice Groceries, Shelf Hardware, crockery, &c., &c., Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, O. 419

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., next door South of Ashtabula House, Ashtabula, O. 16

J. P. ROBERTSON,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, and every other class of Goods usually looked for in a First Class Country Store. Courtesy and fair dealing are the inducements offered for a share of public favor. Main street, Ashtabula Ohio.

ROOT & MORRISON,—Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Post Office Building, Ashtabula. 419

GEORGE WILLARD,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, manufacturer of ready-made Clothing. Also, wholesale and retail dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula. 419

J. G. WRIGHT, Dealer in Millinery Goods, Worked Collars and Sleeves, and Fancy Goods. Next door to the Post Office. 470

WELLS & FAULKNER.— Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit and Flour, Ashtabula, Ohio. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the Lowest cash cost. 470

Dentistry.

A. BARRETT, Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, second floor Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 486

G. W. FOSTER, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Geneva, Ohio. 468

S. R. BECKWITH, Surgical and Mechanical Dentist. Colbrook, Ohio. 347

Watches, Jewelry, etc.

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 416—486

A. W. STEELE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Jewelry, Silver, and Plated Ware, &c. Mechanics' Row, Ashtabula.

Clothing.

BRIGHAM & CO., Wholesale and retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Ashtabula. 419

J. A. TALCOTT, Dealer in Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods, of all kinds. Opposite the Farmers' Bank, Ashtabula. 470

Agents.

H. FASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, & Renting of Real Estate, Insurance, Negotiating Loans, Collection of Debts, &c. Property sold for Commission only, and no sale no charge. A sale, direct or indirect, constitutes a commission. Corner Main and Center streets, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, Notary Public. 470

ALEXANDER GARRETT, Land Agent No. 50 Water street, Cleveland, O. Lands for sale in Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, at $2 50 per acre, and upwards 369

Manufacturers.

T. M'GUIRE Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware. Strict attention paid to making, setting up and repairing Stoves, Stove-Pipe, Pumps and Lead Pipe, Eve-Troughs, Conductors, etc. Old Iron, Rags, Copper, Lead, etc., etc., taken in Exchange. Hurlbert's Block, opposite the Bank building, Ashtabula, Ohio. 488

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, and Dealer in Eastern Cooking, Parlor, Box and Self-Regulating, sheet-iron stoves, Iron Pumps, chain pumps, lead pipe, sheet iron, sheet lead, sheet zinc, sheet copper, sheet brass, tin plate porcelain kettles, dairy kettles, Eastern plows, cultivators and most other kinds of farming utensils. Also, sole Agent for the sale Stewart's Celebrated Air Tight Summer and Winter Cooking Stove, for the County of Ashtabula, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

R. TOWER & SON, Machinists—builders of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines. Saw, and other Mill Work, and Jobbing and Repairing done to order, on short notice, and in a workman-like manner, south Main st. Ashtabula. 416

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing and Matching and Scrowl-Sawing done on the shortest notice. Shop South side of the Methodist Church, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fence Stuff, &c. &c. Planing, and Circular Sawing done to order. Main street, near Tower's Machine shop; Ashtabula. 416

J. B CROSBY,— Iron Founder, and manufacturer and Dealer in Plows, Plow Castings, Mill Castings, &c. Most descriptions of Foundry Work done to order Ashtabula, Ohio. 65

W. W. SMITH,—Manufacturer of Sole, Upper and Harness Leather, and Dealer in French Calf, and Lining Skins. Cash paid for Hides and Skins 419

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot corner Main and Centre Streets, rear of H. Fassett's Office, Ashtabula. See advertisements. 418

J. E. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Books, Fine Stationery, Toys, and Fancy Articles, at his Bazaar and Curiosity store, 3d door south of the Bank, Main street, Ashtabula. 470

Furniture.

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of & Dealers in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also general Undertakers, and manufacturers of Coffins to order, Main street, North of South Public Square, Ashtabula. 419

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, steam establishment, North Main street, near the office of Drs. Farrington & Hall. Ashtabula, O. 476

Engineering & Land Surveying.

G. B. HOLBROOK, — Practical Surveyor East Ashtabula, Ohio 4

Boots and Shoes.

D. PHILLIPS, Boot and Shoe Store, opposite Fisk's Block, Sign of the Big Boot, Ashtabula, O. 470

Miscellaneous.

BRISCOE & PENDLETON, House, Carriage Sign and Enamel Painters, Grainers, Gliders, &c., &c. Over Smith & Lockwood's store. 432

M. G. DICK, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer. Also, Dealer in Sheet-Music, Toys, and General Variety Goods, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 467

BUILDERS—LEWIS & CASTLE, Carpenters and Joiners, execute every discription of work in the best style of the profession. Shop in Willard's Blind Factory, Ashtabula, where they have the aid of Machinery, in facilitating their orders, with a Daniels Plainer for truing-up and bringing their work to a thickness.

NORTH'S Photograph and Fine Art Gallery, No. 79 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Life and Cabinet Size Photographs, direct on Canvass colored by Alonzo Pease, Plain Photographs, Ambrotypes, and Melainotypes, all taken in a style not to be surpassed. First Premium awarded at the Ohio and N. Y. State Fairs, for the best pictures.—N. B.—Pictures taken equally well in *cloudy* as *clear* weather. 467

TELEGRAPH OFFICE—Western Union is removed to the Drug Store of A. H. Stockwell, corner Main and Center Streets, three doors south of Fisk House. J. M. ALLEN, Manager. 467

A. RAYMOND,—Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, &c., Penfield, Monroe County, N. York. Orders solicited.

W. R. ALLEN,—Book Binder— Books and Magazines bound in any style desired. Blank books made and ruled to order. Jefferson, O. 470

H. A. MARSH, Successor to E. Howell,) Daguerreotype and Ambrotype Artist. Also, E. Howell's new Papertype, recently Patented. Lockets and Mineature Pins filled at reasonable rates. Pictures taken on patent leather, if desired. ☞ Rooms, first building south of the Bank, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

WILLARD & REEVES,—Dealers in Italian and Rutland Marble, Grave Stones, Monuments, Table Tops, &c., Ashtabula.

A. L. THURSTON,—Cartman, has taken the Establishment of David Camp, and will give his attention to Draying to and from the Depot, and about the village. ASHTABULA, April 1857. 15

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables.
Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruits, Tomatos, &c. East Ashtabula, Ohio. 435

STANTON & BROTHER.—Livery and Sale Stable, in connection with the Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio An Omnibus Running to and from every Train of Cars.—Horses and Carriages to convey passengers to any part of the Country. Charges Reasonable.

LIME.—I shall sell Lime at the Harbor for 25 cts per bushel. 480 J. W HILL.

Ashtabula P. O.—Closing of Mails.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail going East will close at 11 o'clock, A M, going West 8 A M Southern Mail closes at 6 A. M., and the mail to Jefferson at 5 P M. Kelloggsville mail via Plymouth, Fridays, at 6 30, A. M. Office open daily from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. on week days, and on Sundays, from 12 M. to 1 P. M. until further notice.
Ashtabula, April 4th, 1859. E. C. ROOT, P. M.

On and after Monday, April 4, 1859.

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING EAST.

Day Freight ....leaves at........	1.12 P M
Mail .... "	12.13 P M
Cincinnati Express........ "	5.18 P M
Stock Express........ "	12.45 A M
Night Express........ "	11.46 P M

Mail train will stop at all stations except Wickliffe, Mentor Perry, Unionville, and Saybrook.

Cincinnati Express will stop at Painesville, Madison, Ashtabula, Conneaut and Girard only.

Night Express will stop at Painesville, Ashtabula and Girard only.

Stock Express will stop to leave passengers at Euclid, Wickliffe, Willoughby, Mentor, Perry, Madison, Unionville, Geneva, Saybrook and Kingsville.

Day Freight Train, EAST and WEST, will have Passenger Car attached, and will stop at all Stations.

Leaving Ashtabula—GOING WEST.

Night Express........ leaves at........	1.39 A M
Day Freight........ "	10.25 A M
Mail........ "	9.05 A M
Day Express........ "	2.57 P M
Express Freight & Emigrant........ "	11.46 P M

MAIL train will stop at all Stations except Swanville, Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor and Wickliffe; will stop on signal to take passengers for *Cleveland only*, at Saybrook, Unionville, Perry, Mentor, and Wickliffe.

Day Express West will stop at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula, and Painesville only.

Night Express will stop at Girard, Conneaut, Ashtabula and Painesville only.

Express Freight and Emigrant will stop to leave passengers at Swanville, Fairview, Girard, Springfield, Conneaut and Kingsville. A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent.

CLEVELAND, March, 1859.

A Psalm of Life.

BY BROADFELLOW.

What the heart of an Egg said to another.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream !
Chickens in their oval slumbers
 Are by no means what they seem.

Life is real ; life is earnest !
 And this shell is not its pen;
Egg thou art, in egg remainest,
 Was not spoken of the hen.

No enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to scratch, that each to-morrow,
 Find us fatter than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 Be our bills, then, sharpened well;
Not like muffled drums be beating
 On the inside of the shell.

In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the great barnyard of life;
Be not like the lazy cattle,
 Be a rooster, in the strife !

Trust no hawk, however pleasant;
 And yet never be it said,
When the birds of prey were present,
 Ye were skulking in the shed.

Lives of old cocks all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime;
And when roasted leave behind us
 Bird tracks on the sands of time.

Bird tracks that perhaps another
 Chicken drooping in the rain,
A forlorn and hen-pecked brother,
 When he sees shall crow again !

Let us then be after hatching,
 With a heart for every fate,
Ever crowing, ever scratching,
 Learn to cackle and to prate.

LINES.

The dew drop is never so clear
As when morning's first ray sees it glisten,
And music is never so dear
As when to its last note we listen.
Though bright may be rapture's first strain,
And its parting adieu even sweeter,
The enjoyment existing between
Is a vision, and vanishes fleet'r.
We never know how we have loved
Till what we most loved has departed,
For the strength of affection is proved,
By the joyless and desolate hearted.
Our pleasures are born but to die,
They are linked to our hearts but to sever,
And like stars shooting down a dark sky,
Shine loveliest when fading forever.

Preachings upon Popular Proverbs.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.—NUMBER FIVE.

"You stout and I stout,
Who shall carry out the dirt?"
"Every man cannot be vicar of Bowden."
"He that cannot paint must grind the colors."

Who shall be the vicar of Bowden and who shall carry the dirt out—who shall paint and who shall grind the colors—are questions which, in various forms, have agitated the world since human society existed. Dissatisfaction with position and condition is well nigh universal. Every man walks with his eyes and wishes upwards—some moved by aspiration for a nobler good, others by ambition for a higher place ; some by emulation of a worthy example, others by discontent with the allotments of Providence. The infant does not forget to climb when he learns to walk, nor is the man less a climber than the boy. Everything is towering, or climbing, or reaching or looking upward. The elm stretches its feathery arms waves its hands toward the clouds that hang over it ; the vine pulls itself up the elm by its delicate fingers ; and the violets sit at the foot of the vine and looks up, and breathes its fragrant wishes heavenward. Even the sleeping lakelet in the meadow dreams of stars, and will not be satisfied without a private firmament of water-lilies. It is as if God had whispered into the ear of all existance the moment it was emerging from nihility the words—"look up !" and, hardly knowing why, it had been looking up ever since. Well, this, is right ; for, far above everything shines the Great White Throne—sits the Father Soul—abide the treasuries of all good—burns the uncreated fire at which the torches of life were lighted. It is a natural, instinctive thing to look upward.

Discontent may be a very good thing, or a very bad thing. There is a discontent which is divine,—which has its birth in the highest and purest inspirations that visit and stir the soul. All that discontent which grows from dissatisfaction with present attainment, or springs from a desire for higher usefulness, or has its birth in motives that impel to the worthy achievement of an honorable name and an honorable place, is a thing to be visited by blessings and benisons. Discontent which comes from below—which comes from a soul disgusted with its lot, faithless in God, out of harmony with the arrangement and the operations of Providence, is an evil thing—only evil —and that continually. One holds the principle of love ; and the other of malice. One is attracted from above ; the other instigated from below. One tends to the development of a symmetrical, strong and harmonious character ; the other to disorganization and depreciation. One is from heaven, the other from hell.

I look out of my window, and see a carriage rolling by, with its freight of richly-dressed ladies. On the coach-box sits a man who drives the horses when they go, and opens the door of the carriage and lets down the steps when they stop. Further up the street there is a building going up. The architect stands by with his hands in his breast, giving directions. The hod-carrier, smeared with mortar, passes him, climbs the giddy ladder, & drops the bricks upon the scaffolding, and these, one after another, are driven to their places by the ringing trowel of the brick-layer. I rise from my seat, and walk through the rooms adjoining my own. Here sits an editor, hastily putting together the thoughts that will form to-morrow's leader. At another table sits another editor, culling from a pile of exchanges bits of intelligence that come in on a thousand paper wings from other communities. At their cases stand the compositors, setting up type by type, the matter which the editors prepare for them. The pressman and the engineer have their respective parts to perform. I find the great aggregate of life to be a network of duties—an organized system of duties. In order to secure the comfort of the whole, there is a certain amount of work to be done, infinitely various in kind. There must be an architect to plan, there must be a hod-carrier to bear mortar, and a brick-layer to lay the bricks, or we shall have no buildings. There must be an editor, and a compositor, and a pressman, or there will be no newspaper. Who shall do the thinking, and who shall perform the manuel labor ? Who shall paint, and who shall grind the colors ? Every man cannot be vicar of Bowden.

It does not suffice to tell discontented people that every man has his place, and will find his highest account in seeking to fill it, and to fill it well. What particularly troubles them, is, that they were made for so low a place. They really call God's wisdom and benevolence in question for assigning to them subordinate offices in operating the machinery of society. A man finds himself distinguished by clumsy hands and broad shoulders, with a hod on his back, and complains that he was not made for a brick-layer wishes he had the ease and the honor of the architect, and wonders why his power of achievement is so closely circumscribed. The coachman rubs down his horses, and marvels that he was not born to their ownership, and that the owner was not born to drive for him. So people quarrel with their position, the world over.—Everything in the world is unequal to these people. They do not see the impartial justice of conferring upon one man great mental faculties, pleasant address, and commanding presence, while another is condemned to be a dwarf, both in mind and body, and to serve his more highly-favored neighbor that he may win bread and raiment.

Well, there is all this work to do ; who shall do it ? A link broken in the chain will spoil the chain. There are all these places to fill : who shall fill them ? I fill a subordinate office in the world : why should not you ? Is there any good reason why you should be vicar of Bowden, and the vicar of Bowden should tend a toll bridge, or conduct a railroad tran ? Since these things are to be done by somebody, you and I may as well take the part that comes to us, and perform it. It is not best to stop the wheels of society on our private account. If you and I have had any injustice done to us in the assignment of our duties, it will not mend anything to fasten our ill-fortune upon somebody else ; and you and I are not the men to skulk, I think. Genuine manly pluck and good nature will settle much of this difficulty. If our advance involve nothing more than a change of places with others, it is not exactly the manly thing to whine about our lot.

But there is a better and a broader basis for the settlement of this matter than this ; and did we possess even a modicum of the faith in God that we ought to possess, we should feel certain there would be such a basis, though we might fail to find it. The instinctive, persistent search of the soul is for happiness. We seek for office, or place, or wealth ; we pine over the fact that our mental endowments and acquisitions are comparatively indifferent or positively mean; and why? Because, while we lie dreaming upon our pillow of stone, the places and positions of life shape themselves into a ladder on which angels ascend and descend, the last round leaning on a heavenly landing ; because that which is above us, in allotment, gift and acquisition, forms so many steps of the gradatory that leads from the cells where we do penance to the temple where we expect peace and heavenly communion. In other words, we are discontented because we believe there is more happiness on the upper steps of society than on ours ; and here is where the great mistake is made.

If there be anything which human history teaches more thoroughly than any other thing—if there be any fact revealed to observation more clearly than any other fact—it is, that happiness does not depend upon condition and position—that it has its birth in possessions and relations superior, and in most respects unaffected by, those facts of individual & social life which divide men into classes. Here is where the Good Father equalizes human lot. High positions, considered by itself, is not a positive good—is not, in and of itself, a source of happiness to the souls planted upon it. There is no good reason to be found in the whole universe of God why the coachman should not be as happy as the dainty ladies whom he serves. There is no reason why the hod-carrier may not be as happy as the bricklayer, and the bricklayer as happy as the architect. Wants keep pace with wealth, always. Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power — Of him to whom is much given much will be required. Posts of honor are evermore posts of danger and of care. Each office of society has its burden, proportioned to its importance; so that men shall find no apology for murmuring at the better lot of their neighbors, while all are made dependent for happiness upon common sources —open alike to him who wears fine linen & fares sumptuously every day, and the beggar who waits at his gate.

I am inclined to think that if our minds were capable of apprehending the essential facts of the life we live, we should be convinced that happiness is one of the most evenly distributed of all human possessions. The laborer loves his wife and children as well as the lord, and takes into his soul all the tender and precious influences that flow to him through their love as well as he.—Food tastes as sweetly to the ploughman as the placeman. If the latter have the daintier dish, the former has the keener appetite. Into all ears the brook pours the same stream of music, and the birds never vary their programme with reference to their audiences. The spring scatters violets broadcast, and grass grows by the roadside as well as in the park. The breeze that tosses the curls of your little ones and mine is not softer in its careeses of those who bound over velvet to greet it. The sun shines, the rains fall, the trees dress themselves in green, the thunder rolls and the stars flash for all alike. Health knows nothing of human distinctions, and abides with him who treats it best. Sleep, the gentle angel, does not come at the call of power, and never proffers its ministry for gold. The senses take no bribes of luxury; but deal as honestly and generously by the poor as by the rich; and the president of the United States whistles himself blind before he could call our dog from us.

If we examine this matter critically, we shall find that the sweetest satisfactions that come to us are those which spring from sources common to the race. If you and I are worthy men, that which is most precious to us, as the material of our daily happiness, is precisely that which is not dependent upon the positions we respectively occupy in the world. Now, if we look above this range of common Providence into that realm of fact in which abides our common relationship to a common Father, the distinctions of society and the variety and contrariety of human lot fade away and become contemptible. If God smile on me and fill my heart with peace; if He forgive my sin, and give me promise and assurance of a higher life beyond the grave; if He call me His child, and draw out from my cold and selfish heart a filial love for Him; if He inspire me with a brotherly charity that embraces in its arms all who bear his image; if He give me a hope more precious to me than gold, and transform the narrow path in which I walk into the vestibule of Heaven, it will very naturally be a matter of indifference to me whether I paint, or grind the colors—whether I carry dirt, or officiate as the vicar of Bowden. If we were all made in His image ; if we are all held amenable to the same law; if we all have offer of the same salvation; if we are all to be judged according to our deeds; if we have the promise of the same heaven on the same terms, it shows, at least, what God thinks of human distinctions.

The ministry of nature, and love, and sympathy are common to all men. On the broad platform of morals, the king stands uncovered by the side of the peasant, and wealth and place flaunt no titles and claim no privileges. In religion, all men kneel and worship a common Lord. Men are placed in different positions in this world simply because there is a great variety of work to do, and no one man can do all kinds. If you and I have found our places —if we find ourselves engaged in doing that thing which, on the whole, we can do better than anything else, then low discontent with our lot is not only sinful but mean. God gives to you and to me just as many sources of innocent happiness as he has given to anybody, and opens to us just as fair a heaven as he has opened to anybody. It becomes us, therefore, to fill our places, and do our particular duties well, hold up our heads in front of every man with self respect complacency, do honor to the office which God has selected for us by a faithful performance of its functions, and take and pocket contentedly the penny a day which we get in common with others. The Creator doubtless knew what weak, unreasonable, and inconsistent creatures we should be when he made us; but if you and I had made a world full of people, and set them at work with pledge of even pay and equal privilege in all essential good, and they had set themselves to erecting artificial distinctions among themselves, & gone to whinning over the parts we had assigned to them, we should be exceedingly disappointed, not to say disgusted.

Still, we may all look up. There are steps to be climbed in life, but we can only climb them worthily by becoming fit for the ascent. It is only after becoming prepared for important places, through the education involved in the intelligent and faithful discharge of the duties of the place in which we find ourselves, that it is best, or even proper, that we be advanced. It is not those who pine and whine, and quarrel with their lot, who are apt to change it for one which the world calls better. Aspiration, worthy ambition, desire for higher good for good ends—all these indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of the Good Father who would call us homeward toward himself—all these are the ground and justification of a Christian discontent ; but a murmuring, questioning, fault-finding spirit has direct and sympathetic alliance with nothing but the infernal. So while God gives you and me the privilege of being as happy as any other man, and makes us responsible for nothing more than he gives us, let us be contented, and,

"Still enduring, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait."

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Artemus Ward Sees Piccolomini.

GENTZ.—I arroved in Cleveland on Saturday P. M. from Baldinsville jest in time to fix myself up and put on a clean biled rag to attend Miss Picklehomony's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The krowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bisnis & with cheerful sperrets I jined the enthoosiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he parst the perfession, and he sed not much he didn't, whereupon I bawt a preserved seat in the pit, & observing to Mr. Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or prehaps he'd bust hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that varst aujience scarcely a Sole had the honor of my acquaintance. '& this ere,' sed I bitturly, 'is Fame ! What signerfy my wax figgers and livin wild beasts (which hev no ekals) to these people ? What do they care becawz a site of my Kangaroo is worth dubble the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmlis as a new born babe—all this is strickly troo—?' I shood hav gone on ralein at Fortin and things sum more but just then Signer Maccarony cum out and sung a hairey from sum opry or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he sed and so they applawdid him versiferusly. Then Signer Drignoly cum out & sung another hairy He appeared to be in a Pensive Mood & sung a Luv song I spose, tho he may have been cussin the aujience all into a heep for aut I knowd. Then cum Mr. Maccarony agin & Miss Picklehomony herself. They sang a Doit together.

Now yu know, gentz, that I don't admire opry music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile I like her gate. She suits me. There has bin grater singers and there has bin more boot ful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gown, or side to place her hed agin a vest-pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash out of men's buzzoms & other wimmin mad becawz they ain't Picklehominies. Her face sparkles with amazin cussedness & about 200 (two hundred) little bits of funny devils air continually dancin champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein brite enuff to lite a pipe by. How I shood like to hav Little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injianny whare she cood run in tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the ministers back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat-tales, set all the fellers crazy after her, & holler, & kick up, and go it jest as much as she wanted to !

But I diegres. Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delited with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her hed back and took a larfin survey of the aujience, sendin a broadside of sassy smiles in among 'em, I tried to unjint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she drempt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller all the same, I made an effort to swaller myself ; but when, in the next song, she looked strate at me & called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me that he mite have my close, as I should never want 'em agin no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer containin this communicashun is not to be sent to my farmerly in Baldinsville under no circumstanses whatsomever.]

In conslushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice girl at hart & yu must git a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv yu strong and long—a man who will luv yu jist as much in your old age, when your voice is kracked like an old tea-kittle & you cant git 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per sent a month, as he will now, when you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob Maria. Yu aint a Angel, Maria, & I'm glad of it.—When I see angels in petty coats I'm always sorry they hav no wings so they kin quietly fly off where they will be appreshiated. Yu air a woman & a mity good one too. As for Maccarony, Brignoly, Mullenholler and them other fellers, they can take care of theirselves. Old Mack kin make a comfortable livin choppin cord wood if his voice ever gives out, & Amodio looks as tho he mite succeed in conductin some quiet toll gate, whare the vittles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin for the Summer Campane. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days & probly yu will hear from me agin ear I leave to once more becum a tosser on life's tempestuous billers, meanin the Show Bisnis.

Very Respectively Yours,
ARTEMUS WARD.

Steadiness of Purpose.

It overcomes difficulties—not with a rush and a shout, but one by one. They melt away before its incessant pressure as icebergs before the steady radiance of the sun.

It gives one the strength of a happy conscience. A weathercock of a man, whiffling about with every breeze, cannot have true steadiness of mind. Self-dissatisfaction werries him ; but a cheerful vigor and energy grows out of an intelligent, unviolating purpose.

It gives dignity and honor to character. Men cannot but admire the mind that marches steadily on through sunshine and shade, calm, and storm, smiles and frowns; glad of favor, but on without ; thankful for aid, but fixed on advancing at all events; such men establish for themselves a character which cannot but be seen and honored.

It gives success. In my enterprise which is not downright madness, such a man must succeed. He has the chief element of triumph over every difficulty, and if he is not an idiot, he will do something in the world. He will not reach his ends at a leap, but he will reach them. He moves not rapidly but surely. When you want to find him by-and-by, you will know where to look. You will loook at the topmost rounds of the ladder of success and you will find him about there somewhere.

Letter from J. R. Giddings.

JEFFERSON, May 4, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—You ask my opinion in regard to the past action, and the future course of the Oberlin prisoners, now in jail at Cleveland for violating the fugitive slave enactment.

That measure was passed under the influence of threats and intimidation. Disunion and bloodshed were proclaimed as the alternative in case of refusal. Before such insolence Northern members bowed in unmanly submission, surrendering their own individuality, the rights of their states, and the honor of the nation. The page of our political history that records the passage of that act will long be read with mortification and regret.

This slave enactment was passed by a Locofoco Congress. A Locofoco Marshal selects a Locofoco Grand Jury to find an indictment drawn by a Locofoco Attorney, to be tried by a Locofoco traverse jury, packed for the very purpose of conviction, before a Locofoco Judge, appointed by a Locofoco, President, confirmed by a Locofoco Seeate, for the purpose of enforcing obedience to this law.

In disregarding this law, the prisoners *did right*. Their error consisted in sparing the lives of the slave-catchers. Those pirates should have been delivered over to the colored men and consigned to the doom of pirates, which should have been speedily executed. You are aware that this is the doctrine which I proclaimed in Congress. I adhere to it. Had the prisoners executed the slave-catchers promptly, it would have taught the administration a lesson not soon to be forgotton. We should have been no more troubled with that class of miscreants. They would have learned better than to show themselves among an intelligent people who know their rights and dare maintain them. But in rescuing their fellow man from the fangs of these blood hounds, the prisoners *did right*. Present and coming generations will bless them for it. It was a high moral duty, the exercise of a virtue which sheds a halo of glory around the memories of our republican fathers. When arrested for such an act they did well in refusing to give bail : When brought into Court they did right in refusing to give bail : and in my opinion they cannot now recede from the manly position which they have assumed. By these noble acts they have inscribed their names upon a most important page of our history. They no longer act for themselves in this business, but for justice, for liberty, for the cause of freedom. The eyes of the nation are upon them. They should bear in mind the character of the people of this portion of our gallant State : They should remember the pilgrim fathers from whom they have descended. Cleveland is now the Boston of 1775, and I trust her sons will meet the responsibilities thrown upon them with becoming firmness.

As to the future, I see no other course for the prisoners than patiently to await events. Their counsel will apply to the Supreme Court of our State for a habeas corpus whenever sentence shall be pronounced upon any of their number.

I have great confidence in the Judges composing that Court : But should they prove unequal to the occasion, the case will then be fully made up, and the appeal must then be taken to that highest of earthly trionnals, the source of all political power. The people finding this government to have become "*destructive of the lives, the liberties and the happiness of its citizens*, will ALTER OR ABOLISH IT ; and *organize its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*"

This duty so solemnly enjoined upon us by the founders of our government, in that immortal charter of American liberty to which for almost a century we have been accustomed to look for instruction and direction in regard to our rights, *will not be neglected*.

Yours for liberty and the Constitution,
J. R. GIDDINGS.

HON. RALPH PLUMB.

Polite to all Persons.

"You cannot judge a man by the coat he wears."

'Halloa, there, the cars will start in a minute, hurry up or we shall leave you behind.'

The cars were waiting at the station of one of our Western railroads. The engine was puffing and blowing ; the baggage master was busy with baggage and checks. The men were hurrying to and fro, with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars, and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive puffed, snorted and blowed.

A man carelessly dressed, was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking round him and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a glance one might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence.—The conductor of the train gave him a contemptous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, he called out :

'Halloa, here, better get aboard or the cars will leave you.'

'Time enough, I reckon' replied the individual, so roughly addressed, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage car ; 'all aboard !' cried the conductor. 'Get on, Limpy !' said he as he passed the lame, carelessly dressed man.

The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was moving slowly away, the lame man stepped on the platform of the last car, and walking in quietly took a seat.

The train moved on a few miles, when the conductor appeared at the door of the car in which our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

'Hand out your money here !'

'I don't pay,' replied the lame man very quietly.

'Don't pay ?'

'No sir.'

'We'll see about that. I shall put you out at the next station !'—and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend. 'Better not be so rough, young man,' returned the stranger.

The conductor released the valise for a moment, and seeing he could do no more then, he passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation looked up at the conductor and asked him—

'Do you know to whom you were speaking just now ?'

'No sir.'

'That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road.'

'Are you sure of that, sir ?' replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

'I know him.'

The color rose to the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself, and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile, Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat ; none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what did he think ? He had been rudely treated ; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come perhaps, through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it !

And yet why should he care? He knew what he was worth ; he knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When a little orange pedlar, he stood at the street crossings, and had met many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardness, he was respected now ; should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt ? Those who sat near him waited to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back.—With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side. He took his books from his pocket, the bank bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

'I resign my place, sir,' he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioned to the vacant seat at his side, and said :

'Sit down, sir, I would like to talk with you.'

'My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter ; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been very injurious to the interests of the company ; I might tell of this, but will not. By doing so, I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to find another. But in future remember to be polite to all whom you meet. You cannot judge of a man by the coat he wears ; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books sir.

I shall tell no one what has passed. If you change your course, nothing which has happened to-day shall injure you. Your situation is still continued. Good morning sir.'

The train of cars swept on, as many a train has done before ; but with it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus—*Don't judge from appearances.*

James T. Field has addressed a Poem to the boys of the Portland High School in which he was once a scholar, in which the following injunction to be generous occurs :

"Be generous of good things, the bad ones abound,
One can pick up a thousand windfalls on the ground,
If you've got a big apple for luncheon in store,
Don't make a poor fellow hang round for the core,
But lift your plump 'Baldwin' all whole to his sight,
And open his jaws wide and give h'm a bite!
There are wretches who grudge you the use of the sun,
And the meanest of numbers is tight Number one."

☞ The reason why some people put on airs, is because they have nothing else to put on.

☞ Lucy stone says "there is cotton in the ears of men and hope in the bosom of women." Got that wrong end first, Lucy !

☞ At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "there's a good time coming," a man got up and exclaimed, "Mister can you fix the *date?*".

☞ If you would have laws obeyed, see well to it that they are consistent with God Almighty's laws—otherwise all the artillery in the world cannot keep down mutiny.

☞ An old sea captain said he never knew of but one man who had a good excuse for going to sea, and that was Noah, for if he had remained on shore he would have been drowned !

NEW LYME, May 3d, 1859.

MR. REED:—I noticed in your paper of the 30th of April, the weight of a large calf, (148 pounds.) Mr. A. R., LATIMER, of this place, had a large calf dropped on the 1st inst., which weighed 151 pounds, and the skin of the calf at 3 days old, weighed 21½ lbs. Who can beat that? Yours, P. D.