ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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

VOLUME X. NO. XXX. ASHTABULA, O. SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1859. WHOLE NUMBER 500.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

ADVERTISING.

One square one week	$ 50	Two squares three mos.	$ 2 50
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JOB PRINTING.

et 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 FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Morning Service at 10½ A. M. Evening Service at 2 P. M.

Monday, being THE FEAST OF ST. JAMES. Morning Service at 9 A. M.

JAMES BONNAR, D. 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

KELLOGG & WADE, Attorneys at Law, Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio. ASHER KELLOGG. 491 DEDICE 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. N. L. CHAFFEE E. B. WOODBURY. 419

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, &c.

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

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.

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Dealer in Hardware, Iron, Steel and Nails, Stoves, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Copper and Zinc, and manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 470

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. 468

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 Scroll-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

OLMSTED & CROSBY, Iron Founder, and manufacturer & Dealer in Plows, Plow Castings, Mill Castings, &c. Most descriptions of Foundry Work done to order Ashtabula, Ohio. 69

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. 416

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. 419

Engineering & Land Surveying.

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

Boots & Shoes.

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

Books.

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

Miscellaneous.

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

BUILDERS—LEWIS & CASTLE, Carpenters and Joiners, execute every description 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 Woodworth Planer 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 Paper type, recently Patented. Lockets and Minesture 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, Tomatoes, &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. BILL.

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 7 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, June 13, '59.

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD.

Leaving Ashtabula—Going East.

Day Freight	leaves at	1.12 P M
Mail	"	12.01 P M
Cincinnati Express	"	5.17 P M
Stock Express	"	12.45 A M
Night Express	"	11.52 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	1.46 A M
Day Freight	"	10.25 A M
Mail	"	8.58 A M
Day Express	"	3.17 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, June, 1859.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Life by the Sea.

Will you come and live by the sounding sea,
And hear the great waves roar?
Yes, come, cast in your lot with me
On this bleak basaltic shore.

The crested waves are rolling past,
While the steadfast rocks remain;
The Atlantic tide is swelling fast;
But the tide will sink again.

Will you come and live by the silent sea,
And watch the dazzling sheen,
See the ripples clap their hands for glee
Where the raging waves have been?

Yes, come and see while others sleep,
When the sea fowl rest are soaring,
The thousand thousand flocks of sheep
Which Boreas drives before him

Come sail on the peaceful shining sea,
And sink in my boat to sleep,
The summer breezes shall blow for thee,
While calm pervades the deep.

Come, gaze on the calm, bright sea and sky,
Which like one mirror seem;
In silver mist the mountains lie,
Like headlands in a dream.

Or, when the sun drops down to rest,
Come see ere the daylight die,
The zephyrs bear small clouds to the west
Across the golden sky.

Come stay where the waves have sunk to rest
While night invests the sky;
And watch yon star on the great sea's breast,
While its mate shines up on high.

Come hear what the surges say to thee,
And the loud Atlantic roar;
Hear whispers from the gentle sea
As it tumbles to the shore.

What does the zephyr sing to thee?
And the ripples on the tide,
That clap their little hands for glee?
That thou must be my bride?"

Yes, come and be a wife to me,
And still the stormy main;
For woe has been my tidal sea,
But the tide will sink again.

Calm shall pervade sea and sky,
And calm our life shall seem,
In golden mist our life shall lie,
Like Beulah in the dream.

We both shall sail the shining sea,
We both shall sink to sleep,
While the breeze shall waft both thee and me
O'er life's inconstant deep.

Or if the All-Father should deem best,
This petition to deny,
The one shall rest on the great sea's breast,
While the other shines on high.

A French author says: "When I lost my wife, every family in the town offered me another; but when I lost my horse no one offered to make him good."

From the Springfield Republican.

Preachings upon Popular Proverbs.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.—NUMBER SIXTEEN.

"A full vessel must be carried carefully."

"He is so full of himself that he is quite empty."

"If you had fewer friends and more enemies you had been a better man."

"That is often lost in an hour which costs a life-time."

An observing man is never without sources of amusement, and it is certain that among these sources the unconscious devices resorted to for the creation and preservation of character in the eye of the world deserve a prominent place. We meet in every town men who feel that they have filled up the measure of their character, and have nothing further to do in life but to bear that character, like a full vessel, to their graves, without spilling a drop. They walk the streets as if they were bearing it upon their heads. They bow to their acquaintances with the consciousness of their precious burden constantly uppermost.—They refrain from all complication with the stirring questions of the times through fear of a fatal jostle. They speak guardedly, as if a word might jar their priceless vase from the poise of continence. There is nothing so important to them as what they are pleased to consider their character; consequently that is always to be consulted before any course of action can be determined upon. All questions of morality and reform, all matters of public or political interest, all personal associations, are considered primarily with reference to this character. If they prove to be consistent with it, and seem calculated to reveal something more of its glory, they are entered upon, or adopted; otherwise they are discarded.

When a man arrives at the point where the preservation of his character becomes the prime object of his life, he may be considered a harmless man, but one upon whom no further dependence can be placed in carrying on the work of the world. As a member of society, he becomes strictly ornamental. We point to him as one of the ripe fruits of our civilization. We bring him out on great occasions, and show him. We make him president of conventions and benevolent associations. We introduce strangers to him that they may be impressed. We chronicle his arrival at the hotels. We burn incense before him, because we know it will please him, and because we know that he rather expects it. Small children regard him in respectful silence as he passes. He becomes one of our institutions, like a City Hall or an old Church.—We alway know where to find him, as we do a well-established town-line. But one thing we never do; we never go to him in an emergency that demands risk and self-sacrifice, because we know that those things are not in his line. His character is the first thing, and that is to be taken care of. When we want anything of this kind done, we go to men who have no character, or having one, are not uncomfortably conscious of it.

Good and harmless as these people usually are, sources as they are of amusement to those who understand the secret springs of their life, fine as they are when regarded as specimens, they are, nevertheless, the victims of a mistake. Personal character with them has come to be the grand object of life—personal character as a thing of popular repute, when it should always be a resultant of true action, instituted for unselfish purposes. The meanest and most illegitimate of all human pursuits is the direct pursuit of a reputation. It is supremely selfish and contemptible; and there is no man who really deserves a good reputation who does not make its acquisition subordinate, as an aim, in all his actions. A man whose action with relation to the questions that come before him is regulated by its pre-conceived effect upon his character with the public, is entirely untrustworthy, and will be trusted by the public no further than his interest is seen to coincide with the wishes of the public.

Character is a thing that will take care of itself; and all that character that does not take care of itself is either very weak, or utterly fictitious. A man who does as nearly right as possible, according to the dictates of his judgment and his conscience, will achieve a character without giving a thought to it, so that all attention bestowed upon the direct acquisition of character before the public is so much attention wasted and so much time thrown away. By their works are we to know men; and we have no other standard by which to measure them. We tolerate a harmless, selfish man, but we do not trust him with our interests. The most of those whom we find supremely devoted to the preservation of their character won their character honestly enough, originally. They struck out boldly at the beginning of life, did nobly, succeeded, won the praise of the people, and then, like men grown rich, became suddenly conservative and timid. Finding themselves in possession of a character, and realizing something of the preciousness of the possession, they immediately began to nurse it, and arrange all their action with relation to it. They ceased to grow, and retired essentially from business.

Much better would it have been for all of this class had they had fewer friends and more enemies. In fact there is a fault in the reputation of every man who has no enemies, for no man can be a positive power in the world, moving in right lines through evils and abuses and wrongs, without treading upon the toes of somebody.—As this world is constituted, no man can be without enemies unless he be without power, or unless he adapt himself to the evils and the evil men encountered in his course. Consequently no man has a reputation which is really significant and valuable that is not won in about equal measure from the blessings of one class and the curses of another. The praises of the good are no better testimonials of a sound and valuable character than the maledictions of the bad. In fact, reputation and character are widely different things, though they are so closely coupled in the minds of those whom we are discussing that they see no difference between them. Character lives in a man; reputation outside of him. A man may have a good character and no reputation, or he may have a good reputation and no character; but with self-worshipers they are nearly identical.

Of all the bondage in the world I know of none more senseless and useless than bondage to one's character or reputation. The "fogyism" and "hunkerism" of politics, and the rigid conservatism of religious opinion grow mainly out of this bondage. Consistency is clung to with almost an insane tenacity. It is more important in this bondage that a course of action should be consistent with a man's past life than with truth and justice. A man's past elevated as the highest standard of his present and his future. He pledges himself against progress by making his present character and his past course the law of his life. He clings to the institutions, the opinions, the policy and the sentiments in which he has cast his life; and when these are gone, or are superseded, he clings to their names, and so "walks in vain show." If a party dies, it does not die to him; because if he were to admit the fact, or the idea, of its death, he would doubt his own infallibility. If an institution falls, he will not acknowledge it, for it will make a hole in a reputation which he considers compacted and complete. No man who progresses can be consistent with himself. Maturity cannot be consistent with immaturity. All the consistency God requires of any man, or approves in any man, is consistency with the best light of the present. Let the dead bury its dead. It is only God himself who has even the right to be consistent with His past life.

The worthy young men who read these words are dreaming of the attainment of a character which shall give them not only reputation—not only praise—but weight in the world. If this be your prime object, young man, you are likely to take the wrong course and make wreck of yourself. Let me tell you that if you do right, your character will take care of itself, no less than your reputation. Serve God and your generation well, leave the consideration of your character and yourself behind, seek to be consistent with the highest life you have, be not afraid to change your opinions or your course on anything if you think you are wrong, and God and your generation will take care of you. As soon as it is seen that you are unselfish, and that you are free to act rightly and justly with relation to whatever comes before you, a place in the world will be made for you, and work will be given you to do. Do not be disheartened if you make enemies, for if you are really a good power in the world you will be sure to make them. I do not say that a man who has enemies is necessarily a good man, but I do say that no man can be a good power in the world without making them.

There are a hundred things that I could mention, more valuable than reputation.—Self-respect is one of these; a conscience void of offense is another; the reformation and the progress of those around you are others; and God's approval is another.—Maintain your self-respect; keep a spotless conscience; and do good to all around you with supreme reference to Him in whom you live, and your character will grow healthfully, without a thought given to it. The moment the preservation of your character and reputation becomes the great object of your life,—the moment that you begin to arrange your life with reference to a character already achieved—that moment you will cease to grow, and pass to your place among the harmless fossils that occupy the ornamental niches of society.

The influence of enemies upon a really sound character is always healthful. A certain degree of recognition and praise does any man good; but the unusual effect of a great deal of it is debilitating. It spoils the child, and weakens the preacher, and enervates the orator. It injures the character of almost every man. Praise is very sweet, but the soul cannot thrive upon a diet of sugar any more than the body. A man who receives a great deal of praise, and drinks it in with genuine appetite, soon comes to regard it with an unhealthy greed. He wants it from everybody, wants it all the time, labors to get it, and is disappointed and uneasy if he does not get it. It is well for every man, therefore, to have enemies, to hear what they say about him, and to experience the weight of their opposition. Enemies drive the soul home to its motives, rouse its finest energies, compact its character, render it watchful of the issues of its life, keep it strained up to its work, and help to eliminate from it selfish considerations. There hardly ever lived a reformer who might not have been strangled and silenced at the outset of his career by praise. Thank God for the enmity that developed into giants the reformers of our own and of past times. May He in mercy forbid that any of the young and noble hearts now yearning for the good work of the world be spoiled by too much praise and too few enemies!

A character once worthily won is to be preserved in precisely the same way that it is won. A character is easily tarnished, and a good name easily lost; but neither is to be preserved by making it the supreme object of attention. Here it becomes necessary to keep a broad distinction between reputation and character, for one may be destroyed by slander, while the other can never be harmed save by its possessor.—The malice of others may tarnish a good name—may load it with suspicions—may accociate it with gross scandal—may blacken it beyond the reach of total recovery, but the character can receive no injury save by the involuntary act and choice of its owner. A man in order to retain his reputation may be required, not unfrequently, to compromise his character; and in order to keep his character pure may be obliged to compromise his reputation.—Character is as much more valuable than reputation as it is more valuable than its its own name.

Reputation is in no man's keeping. You and I cannot determine what other men shall think of us and say about us. We can only determine what they ought to think of us and say about us; and we can only do this by acting squarely up to our convictions of duty, without the slightest reference to its effect upon ourselves. There are two ways in which men lose their character and their reputation with it. The selfish means instituted for the direct purpose of preserving character and reputation are damaging to any man. How many statesmen and politicians have "fixed themselves up" with a character which every one sees is intended for a market, and how few of all the number ever arrive at the goal of their ambition! Many of them become the laughing stock of the country; and when the great conventions meet, their names are passed by, and new ones elevated, of those who have been employed in minding their business, and letting their character and reputation take care of themselves. One great reason why so few of the truly great men of the nation have to be placed in the presidential office is that they spoiled their reputation in the selfish desire to preserve it for the purpose of winning office.

Another way of losing character and reputation is by yielding to some sudden temptation to sin, or by the secret entertainment of a vice that with certainty under mines both. A single deed of shame, ah! how it blackens beyond all cleansing the character that has been builded in the struggles and toils of half a century!—There is no wealth under the sun so precious as a good name worthily won, and there is no calamity so great as such a name shamefully lost. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of character, or to depreciate pride in its maintenance. While it should be the natural, unsought consequent of a life controlled by the purest and noblest motives, it doubtless may be entertained as a choice possession, always subordinate as a motive of action to Christian principle and duty.

GREELEY'S LETTERS.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

NUMBER TEN.

GOOD BYE TO THE DESERT.

DENVER, June 6, 1859,

My last, I believe, was written at Station 21, 90 miles up the Republican from the point at which the Leavenworth Express Company's Road strikes the river in the great American desert. Six miles further up, the stream disappears in the deep, thirsty sands of its wide bed, and is not seen again for twenty-five miles. Even a mile or two below its point of disappearance I learn that excavations in its bed to depth of eight feet have failed to reach water. Its reappearance below this point is marked, and seems to be caused by the timely junction of a small tributary from the south, which seems to flow over a less thirsty bed, and flows into the devouring sands of the Republican a small but steady stream, aided by which, the river begins to reappear, first in pools and soon an insignificant but gradually increasing current. At the head of this 'sink,' the stream disappears in like manner to that of its emergency. Here is Station 22, and here are a so called spring and one or two considerable pools, not visibly connected with the sinking river, but doubtless sustained by it. And here the thirsty men and teams which have been twenty-five miles without water on the Express Company's Road, are met by those which have come up the longer and more southerly route by the Smoky Hill, and which have traveled *sixty* miles since they last found water or shade. This is a sore trial for weary, gaunt, heavy-laden cattle, and doubtless proves fatal to many of them. The Pike's Peakers 'from the Smoky Hill I met here with ox-teams, had through the sixty miles at one stretch, the time required being two day and the intervening night. From this point, westward, the original Smoky Hill route is abandoned for that we had been traveling, which follows the Republican some twenty-five miles further, its bed is often dry, or only moistened by little pools from the meagre current which filters slowly through the deep sands below. Where the bed is narrow and the channel under one bank, the petty stream is seen creeping away to the Kansas, the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico. Of course, there are seasons when the river runs above ground throughout, and others when the sink is far longer than now.

The face of the country remains as I have already described it, save in the greater scarcity of wood and water. The bluffs are usually low, and the dry creeks which separate them are often wide reaches of heavy sand, most trying to the ill-fed teams. There is little grass on the rolling prairie above the bluffs, and that little generally thin, dead, worthless. Some of the dry creek valleys have a little that is green but thin, while the river bottom—often half a mile wide—is sometimes tolerably grassed, and sometimes sandy and sterile. Of wood there is none for stretches of forty or fifty miles; the *corrals* are made of earth, and consist of a trench and a mud or turf wall; one or two station-houses are to be built of turf if ever built at all; and at one station the fuel is brought sixty miles from the pineries further west. Even the grasses are often coarse and rushy, or so alkaline as to be injurious to cattle; the more common plants seem to be wild sage and wild wormwood; the Cactus—which had begun to appear some 200 miles back—grows common, but is dwarfed by the pervading sterility; the Spanish Nettle and Prickly Pear are abundant further on. But little rock is seen, and that like a volcanic conglemerate. Yet the river, such as it is the life of this region; the Ground Squirrel of the prairie digs his holes profusely in its vicinage; the Hawk and the Raven circle and swoop in pursuit of him; the Antelope often looks down from the ridges, and is hunted with success; the bark of the Coyote is heard, and the Gray Wolf prowls fearless and ferocious, and does not hesitate to rob cows of their young calves in spite of the desperate maternal resistance, and even to attack and disable ponies. The harness of the mules which draw the express wagons have been often gnawed and injured as they hung up beside the tents, in which half a dozen men were sleeping, by these impudent, miscreants. They may easily be shot by any one who will bait and patiently, skillfully hunt them.

A ride over a rolling 'divide' of some twenty miles brought us to the 'Big Sandy,' running southwest to become tributary (when it has anything to contribute) to the Arkansas. Like the Republican, it is sometimes a running stream, sometimes a succession of shallow pools, sometimes a waste of deep scorching sand. A few paltry cotton-woods a few bunches of low willow, may have graced its banks or those of some dry creek running into it, in the course of the twenty miles or so that we followed up its northern bank, but I do not now remember any. I recollect that the grass at intervals along its narrow bottoms seemed a little better than on the upper course of the Republican. One peculiarity of the Big Sandy I had not before observed—that of a thin alkaline incrustation—mainly of soda, I believe—covering many acres of the smoother sands of its dry bed. Of course, the water of its stagnant pools must be prejudicial to man or beast. At length, we crossed its deep, trying sand and left it behind us, passing over a high 'divide,' much cut up by gullies through which the water of the wet seasons flows and tears its way to the Arkansas on the south or Platte on the north, until we struck, at 5 last evening, the first living tributary to the Platte—a little creek called Beaver, which I have not seen on any map.—It is about ten miles east of the Bijou, with which it probably unites before reaching the Platte.

After leaving the valley of Big Sandy, the grass of the uplands becomes better, and is no longer confined to the water-courses. It spreads in green luxuraince up the southward slopes of considerable hills, which seems to be owing to vast drifts of snow in Winter, swept over and off the tops of hills by the fierce prairie winds and pilled up here to a hight of fifteen or twenty feet, to be slowly dissolved by the warmer suns of the spring months, and thus give rise to an after growth of grass which contrasts strongly with the surrounding sterility.

At Beaver Creek, we saw for the first time in many weary days—for more than 200 miles at the least—a clump of low but sturdy Cottonwoods, thirty or forty in number—part of them laid low by the devastating ax, but still giving hope that the desert was nearly past. And, six or seven miles after, just as night was falling, we came in sight of the Pines, giving double assurance that the mountains were at hand. Pike's Peak, in the west-south-west, and Long's Peak in the west-north-west—(the latter nearly the direction of Denver)—had stood revealed to us hours before by the gleam of their snowy diadems, as the morning sun dispelled the chill mists of the preceding night; but their majesty was a bleak and rugged one; while the Pines, though but scattered clumps of the short and scrubby variety known in New England and the South as Pitch Pine, lent a grace and hospitality to the landscape which only the weary and way-worn who have long traversed parched and shadeless deserts can appreciate. They grow here mainly in steep ravines, and often show marks of fire which the bareness of the surrounding prairies—sterile as "pine plains" are apt to be—renders to me inexplicable. Possibly, the fires that scorched them were kindled in the leafy carpet spread beneath them by the trees themselves.

This is but the northern outskirt of the Pine region, which stretches far south, thro' Arkansas and beyond, and soon thickening into forests and widening to a breadth of some sixty miles. Scattered as it is, I could hardly repress a shout on meeting it. And it was a pleasure to see last evening the many parties of wayworn gold-seekers encamped beside our way, after their long journey through a woodless region, surrounding great, ruddy, leaping fires of the dead pitch-wood, and solacing themselves for their long privation by the amplest allowance of blaze and warmth. For the climate of the American desert is terrible. Be the day ever so hot in the sun's unsoftened glare, the night that follows is sure to be chill and piercing, driving the musketoes and buffalo-gnats to their hiding-places directly after sunset. The fierce prairie-wind searches to the marrow (ice froze a quarter of an inch thick on the Plains on the 26th of May), and a shower at this season is very apt to be accompanied by hail as well as thunder and lightning I trust our country has no harsher climate, save high among her grandest mountains.

From the Bijou to Cherry Creek—some 40 miles—I can say little of the country, save that it is high, rolling prairie, deeply cut by several streams, which run northeastwardly to join the Platte, or one of the tributaries just named. We passed it in the night, hurrying on to reach Denver, and at sunrise this morning stopped to change mules on the bank of Cherry Creek, twelve miles south of this place (which is situated at the junction of the creek with the south fork of the Platte.) The "foot hills" of the Rocky Mountains seemed but a few miles west of us during our rapid ride down the smooth valley of the Cherry Creek, which has a fine belt of Cottonwood only, but including trees of immense size—not less than three to four feet in diameter. The soil of the adjacent prairie seems light and sandy, but well grassed, and likely to yield Oats, Potatoes, &c., but the elevation (hardly less than 6,000 feet,) a the proximity of the Rocky Mountains, whose snow-covered crests, gleaming between and over the foot hills, seem hardly twenty miles distant, must ever render the growth of corn difficult if not absolutely impossible.—Wheat, I understand, has been grown fifty to eighty miles south of this with moderate success. Still, if the adjacent Gold Mines realize the sanguine expectations now entertained here, this region will require Millions on Millions' worth of Food from the rich prairies and bottoms of Kansas proper, Nebraska, and Missouri, and we shall need but the Pacific Railroad to open up a most beneficent Home Trade, and give the rich valley of the Missouri and its immediate tributaries better markets than those of the East.

And I fervently trust that the fond expectations of these gold-seekers, however chastened, may not be disappointed. For the sake of the weary, dusty, foot-sore thousands I have passed on my rapid journey from civilized Kansas to this point, I pray that Gold may be found here in boundless extent and reasonable abundance.—Throughout the next six weeks, they will be dropping in here, a hundred or more per day, and I trust that they are not to be sent home disappointed, spirit-broken, penniless. If they must recross the great desert with their slow-moving teams, may they be enabled to do so with lighter hearts and heavier purses.

For the very mothers who bore them would hardly recognize their sons now toiling across the Plains, and straggling into this place, hideously hirsute, recklessly ragged, barefoot, sun-browned, dust-covered, and with eyes shielded (where they have them) by goggles from the glare of the prairie sun. A true picture of gold-seekers setting out from home, trim and jolly, for Pike's Peak, and those same gold-seekers, sober as judges and slow-moving as their own weary oxen, dropping into Denver, would convey a salutary lesson to many a sanguine soul. Nay; I have in my mind's eye an individual who rolled out of Leavenworth, barely thirteen days ago, in a satisfactory rig and a spirit of adequate self-complacency, but who — though his hardships have been nothing to theirs—came into Denver this morning in a sobered and thoughtful frame of mind, in dust begrimmed and tattered habiliments, with a patch on his cheek, a bandage on his leg and a limp in his gait, altogether constituting a spectacle most rueful to behold. It is likely to be some time yet before our fashionable American Spas and Summer resorts for idlers will be located among the Rocky Mountains.

As to Gold, Denver is crazy. She has been low in the valley of humiliation and is suddenly exalted to the summit of glory. The stories of day's works and rich leads that have been told me to-day—by grave, intelligent men—are absolutely bewildering. I do not discredit them, but I shall state nothing at second-hand where I may know if I will. I have come here to lay my hand on the naked, indisputable facts, and I mean to do it. Thought unfit to travel, I start for the great diggings (50 miles hence nearly due west in the glens of the Rocky Mountains) to-morrow morning.

A More Excellent Way.

'Mother, mother,' exclaimed Charley Morris, as he rushed into the house after school in great excitement, 'what do you think we are going to do in school?"

'Study, I hope,' said his mother, quietly while the little fellow stopped to take breath.

'We shall have to, that's a fact said Charley, 'but that was not what I wanted to tell you, mother. You know that there are just six weeks before examination, and they are going to give certificates then only to the very best scholars, who have sustained themselves perfectly through the term.'

'And you mean of course, to rank among the very best, if you can,' said Mrs. Morris.

'Of course I do mother, but there is one thing more. The boy who has been at the head of his classes for the longest time is to have, besides his diploma, a golden star to wear upon his breast. He will be called the star scholar, and will rank highest in the school.'

'So you are aiming at this bright particular star.'

'Yes, mother, and will have it too, you will see! Dr. A. says it is a more honorable distinction than the Legion of Honor. Won't you be proud, mother, to see me wearing it at the evening exhibition. The teachers will tell you that your boy is the best scholar in the school.' Mrs. Morris smiled. 'Won't you be glad, mother?' repeated Charley eagerly.

'Glad I shall certainly be of the scholar that has won the honor, if it is fairly earned,' replied the mother. 'But what are your grounds of expectation?"

'Why, mother, I am at the head of all my classes but one, and in that there is no one above me but Henry Colton. I don't suppose there would be any hope of going beyond him if he was always there, but he is sometimes absent at the hour we recite, and so he won't have as good a chance of keeping his place in the class.'

'What is the cause of his absence?'

'He has to do errands for his mother. She takes in sewing, and they are too poor to have any servant, so Henry carries the bundles home."

'Mrs. Colton had made great efforts to keep her boy at school. He is a good scholar, is he not?'

'Yes,