ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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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 7TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. 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. R. FARRINGTON, M. D.] [O. 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. ABNER KELLOGG. 491 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, &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 389

Manufacturers.

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY.—J. W. WAGNER, having purchased the Foundry of JOHN B. GALPIN, will keep on hand at favorable prices, stoves, Plows, Plow and Mill Castings, and sinks, & attend to repairing, and setting up stoves and Plows. Orders for Castings and most kinds of foundry work executed with promptness. Near the Sash Factory, Ashtabula, Ohio. 490

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. Also—Sole Agent for the "*Brilliant Cook Stove*," with the latest improvements.—Hurlburt's Block, opposite the Bank, Ashtabula, O. 488

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. 449

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fence Stuff, &c. &c. Planing, and Circular Sawing done to order. Elm street near the corner of Center street, 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. 66

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. R. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Books, Fine Stationery, Toys, and Fancy Articles, at his Bazaar and Curiosity store, 2d 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 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 Woodworth 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 12 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	"	11.32 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.

DAILY WORK.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lags from dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;
A soulless slave—
A paltry knave—
A clog upon the wheels of time,
With work to do and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great—
No feud with rank—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need,
And can retain,
For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours,
We know our worth and weigh our powers;
The more we work, the more we win;
Success to trade!
Success to spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!
And joy to him, who, o'er his task,
Remembers toil is nature's plan;
Who, working, thinks,
And never sinks,
His independence as a MAN!

Who only asks for humblest wealth,
Enough for competence and health;
And leisure when his work is done
To read his book
By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting of the sun;
Who toils as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free.
These are the men—
The best of men—
These are the men we mean to be.

From the Springfield Republican.

Preachings upon Popular Proverbs.

BY TIMOTHY TITCOMB.—NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

"When you are an anvil, bear; when you are a hammer, strike."

"There is never wanting a dog to bark at you."

"An honest man is not the worse because a dog barks at him."

"He laughs best who laughs last."

Every man in the world who gives blows must take blows. Every man who occupies the position of a positive force, bearing upon the thought and life of the world, is a hammer that, more or less, must submit itself to the fulfillment of the office of an anvil. Those whom he assails, will turn up his face, and undertake to straighten their crooked nails on it, or re-fasten the rivets of their broken cisterns on it, or pound the wrinkles out of their battered opinions on it, or punish it with s piteful indentations. The perfection of art with such a man is to strike heartly when he assumes the office of a hammer, and bear bravely when he is compelled to be an anvil. Until a man becomes as good an anvil as he is a hammer, he fails to be thoroughly fitted for his work. What an indurate old anvil Martin Luther was! He smote errors and abuses and sins with blows that sent their resonant echoes through all the centuries. He was a moral sledge-hammer, assailing a system that shook through all its rotten timbers; but that system and its defenders returned his assaults, and tested his resistance and endurance. The diet of Worms made an anvil of him; and the kind of steel he had in him was manifested in his reply to the friends who undertook to dissuade him from going to Worms to be hammered:—"Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on!" That was the way of Luther the anvil.

The hammer and the anvil are the two hemispheres of every true reformer's character. They are, in fact, the two aspects of every leader, let him be never so high, or never so humble. Every man who strikes blows for power, for influence, for institutions, for the right, must be just as good an anvil as he is a hammer. If he is not, he may properly conclude that he has no very important mission in the improvement and progress of his race. If private and instituted sin, error, predjudice and wrong would be kind enough to stand quietly, and let us batter in their sides, or knock them down, reform would become a fine art, with great attractions for men of weak constitutions and gentle pedigree; but they always object to this mode of treatment; and any man who attacks them must calculate on his power of resistance, or his power to bear without flinching the blows he will receive in return. A pugilist who is an inferior hammer not unfrequently wins a fight in consequence of being a superior anvil. If victory were always with the hammer the French wold always be victorious; but the anvil won at Waterloo.

But the blows which a reformer receives in direct response to his own are not always the hardest things he has to bear. Many become so hardened to these that they rather enjoy them. Direct and powerful opposition is a kind of compliment to the assailing power, and demonstrates fear, or the consciousness of damage, on the part of the assailed. Every system and institution of wrong, error and sin has its defenders; but, beyond these, it has adherents and friends in multitudes, who, being unable to enter the lists as champions, resort to smaller and meaner arts of enmity. There is never wanting any number of dogs to bark at an honest man. Now this playing the part of anvil, and being the object of the vocal demonstrations of a popular quadruped, are two very different things. Many a man can withstand the fiercest blows of an individual, who will shrink from the barking of the people. Many a man gives blows valiantly and receives them bravely, who is made very nervous and miserable by clamor about his heels, and spiteful feints at the terminal portions of his pantaloons. In fact, there is nothing which a true man cannot bear, provided he is conscious of possessing a sympathy of the people.

When a reformer utterly loses, or fails to gain, the sympathy of the people, strong indeed must be his conviction, profound indeed must be his charity, and vital must his faith and purpose be, if he can still strike lustily in their behalf. Oh! how few enter upon a career of reform in whatever department of life, and come out of it uninjured! How few are able to battle through a lifetime with the errors and sins of society, and escape unimbittered towards those whom they have endeavored to benefit! How few can close a life of self-sacrifice,—misconstrued, misrepresented & abused,—with the immortal words, welling up from a heart of love still full and overflowing. "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

I suppose that indifference to direct opposition and popular clamor, even if in some sense desirable, is impossible in a nature worthy of any good work. Every man who becomes the subject of these should, however, guard himself against the consequences to which I have alluded.—Every man should guard himself against a waning faith in humanity. Moral forces move slowly, partly from their nature and the complication of their processes, and partly from the lack of social sympathy among the masses of men. The most that a reformer can hope to do in his short life is to introduce a leaven into society which shall at length work the elevation he desires to effect. He can rarely move masses to his will by the immediate exercise of power, because there are, in sympathy, no such things as masses of men. There are loosely bound aggregations of individualities, but no masses through which runs so thorough a sympathy that action upon one will be action upon all. It must be remembered that a man may apparently have all society against him, and yet be engaged in a work which will certainly and thoroughly revolutionize its opinions and habits. An air line railroad, running straight through home-lot and garden and dwelling, through hill and valley and meadow, will throw everybody upon its course into wild confusion during the process of its construction; and were we to sympathize with the clamor of those with whose private interests it temporarily interferes, we should unite with them in calling it a curse. But when after long preparation, and great individual labor and sacrifice, it is completed, and the cars commence their regular trips, the abutters upon the road adapt themselves to it, reap gladly and gratefully its advantages in the appreciation of their estates, and learn to regard it as a blessing which they cannot spare.

There are many good reasons why a reformer should be slow to lose his faith in humanity. The first and most obvious, is, that there is always involved in this loss, of faith in God and in himself. I have yet to see the first reformer who has lost his faith in men—who has become sour and bitter towards his fellows—who has not also ceased to be a religious man. The religious anniversaries in the great cities nearly always are accompanied by gatherings of men, who, having exhausted their faith in their fellows, and become bank rupt in charity, meet to pour into one another's ears, and into the ears of a curious multitude, the horrid discords of their blatant infidelity. The reformer feels, too, that he comes into any general judgment of his kind. If he do not feel this fully, he at least loses faith in his power over men, and, disappointed, sinks back into fretfulness over the failure of his mission, and the miscarriage of his life.

Another reason why a reformer should be slow to lose faith in men, is because they cannot at once understand him. They have lost faith in leaders, and for good cause. Leaders have been accustomed to use them for the accomplishment of selfish purposes. Thus, when a new leader arises, it takes them a long time to become fully assured of his motives. As there are always men enough whose selfishness leads them to misconstrue these motives, it may sometimes require many years for a man to vindicate himself, and secure confidence.—There is no justice in blaming the people for this cautiousness. They have been deceived too often, and would be fools were they not to exercise it. A reformer has no right to expect immediate reception into the confidence of the people. They must be satisfied of the motives of him who undertakes to lead them, measure his ability, sound the depths of his charity, and intellectually comprehend his plans before they ought to consent to be guided by him. It is no more than just to say that every reformer who has lost his fath in men, and become imbittered by the loss, proves that the judgment of the people upon his character is just. He undertook a task for which he was not fit, and the people found him out.

A stronger reason still for the preservation of faith in men, is, that the more intractable and unreasonable they may be, the greater their need of reformation, and the larger draft do they make upon faith. Faith in humanity, under divine guidance and blessing, is the hope of the world.—Christianity comes to us with no compulsory processes. It has faith in itself, doubtless; but without faith in men, it would never have come, or never would have made its appeal to voluntary choice. All powers that have no faith in men act by compulsion, or by circumvention. There can be no action upon will—no motives of action presented to voluntary chocie—that do not proceed upon the basis of faith in humanity. The moment we lose this faith, our efforts are paralyzed, and we turn railers and accusers. A man who desires to benefit his fellows cannot proceed a single step without faith in those whom he would benefit. No matter how bad men may be, there must be, on the part of him who would reform them, the faith that there is that in them which will respond to the truth when it can be brought into contact with their judgment and conscience, or he can do absolutely nothing.

The people owe a duty to all who come to them with the professed wish to do them good. A man is not necessarily bad because a dog barks at him, and honest man is never the worse because a dog barks at him. If you will look over your town, your state, your country, you will readily select the names of those against whom there is more or less popular clamor. You will recall here and there names of reproach. You shrink from association with those who bear them. If you enter their presence, you enter suspiciously, as if you feared a taint, or guiltily, as if you thought them conscious of the contempt in which you hold them. You think, because there is so much outcry against them, there must be something bad in them. Now, no considerate, generous man will join in this outcry, or allow it to predjudice him against its object. It is, I believe, the general rule that these men are men of power—of genuine progressive ideas—men who have an errand of good to their race.

Look back over the past, and see how many of those whom the world once abused are the world's idols. Who are the preachers whom you most delight to hear? Have they not at some time in their history been the objects of the world's outcry, and of yours, too? Look at the ballots which you carry to the polls with confidence, and perhaps with unlimited enthusiasm. Do they not bear the names of men whom you once verily believed to be the incarnations of selfishness and demagogism? Think of the statesmen, hunted to their graves by the hounds of popular clamor, who are now enthroned among the nation's immortals.—Remember all the men against whom you have joined in denunciation, and whom you have learned to respect, if not to love, by getting near to them, and obtaining a look into their honest hearts and a vision of their devoted lives. Look over the whole track of history, and see how every one who ever did great good in the world has been the object of the world's maledictions, and then be careful how you join in an unreasoning outcry against any man.

While the world should be more careful and considerate in its treatment of those who come to it with a mission of good, the reformer himself should be very patient with the world. He must not only retain his faith in it, but he must not be in too great a hurry to be understood and accepted. He must draw close to the world, where it can look into his heart, and the world should draw close to him, until it is rationally satisfied that he has nothing for it. The efforts of opposing forces, backed by the indorsement of the unreasoning multitude, should throw no worker for the world of his poise, nor should they deprive him off the honest judgment of those who think. No true man will ever be in haste to vindicate himself before the world by direct efforts for that end. He has faith in men, and that gives him faith in the ultimate judgments of men. He lives and speaks and acts, and he is content to let his life, his words and his actions speak for him. By them he knows that, sooner or later, the world will judge him, and he is content. Show me a man who gets excited and uneasy under popular clamor, and betrays his unhappiness and anxiety by frequent private or public explanations and justifications, and you will show me one who is not to be trusted. He has not the spirit or the stamina for his work. But he who goes straight forward, confident in his own motives, true to his own convictions and calmly trustful of the ultimate issue of his efforts and his life, is of the true metal, and one may be sure that there is something good in him.

He laughs best who laughs last. The wheels of progress do not stop. The world advances toward and into a better life, and will advance until, leaving the hard, clumsy and jarring pavement of the mart of selfishness behind, it will strike off joyously into the broad avenue of the millennium. No man can be a true worker for human good who does not believe that the cobble-stone pavement has an end, and that there is an avenue ahead where it will be his turn to enjoy himself. He believes that the time will come when what he is doing and has done, will be accepted at its true value. He may be laughed at now; he may be scoffed at and scorned; his motives may be maligned; he may be hammered by opposition and barked at by popular clamor; but he knows that sometime in the future it will be his turn to laugh, and he is confident that he will laugh last and laugh best. He knows that God will prove to be a good paymaster, and he believes that the world will, in the long run, be just.

If any man propound ideas in advance of the world, the world in its progress will come up to them, as certainly as the world continues to exist, and then, if not before, it will remember. Those who cherish truth and stand by the right must be at warfare with those who hold to falsehood and to sin. There is no conscription in this war. It is voluntary service on both sides, and neither is in want of cowards. There is a contemptibly quiet path for all those who are afraid of the blows and clamors of opposing forces. There is no honorable fighting for any man who is not ready to forget that he has a head to be battered and a name to be bespattered. Truth wants no champion who is not as ready to be struck, as to strike, for her. The eye that can see the triumph of that which is good in the world from afar, the heart that can be certain of victory though now in the sulphurous thickness of the fight, can afford present costumely and even present defeat.—The bearer of such a heart and eye knows that sooner or later the time will come when he and the band to which he belongs shall celebrate a final victory over all that oppose them—that they shall come home from the contest "with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." He knows that the last shout will be his, and that the severer the conflict the heartier will that shout be. Ah! what peans of triumph, what sweeps of majestic music, what waving of banners, what joyous tumult of white-robed hosts, shall greet him who goes home, worn and weary, to take a crown worthily won in the contest with error and with wrong! May the crown be yours and mine!

GREELEY'S LETTERS.

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

No. XIII.—GOLD IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

DENVER, June 20, 1859.

It is my strong belief that Gold is scarcely less abundant in the Rocky Mountains than in California, though it seems, for many reasons, far less accessible. It is, 1. Much farther from the seaboard, or from any navigable water or means of easy approach; 2. Belted by deserts and by regions on which little or no rain falls in summer, so that food, and almost every necessary of life, will here be permanently dearer than in California; 3. So elevated (6,000 feet and over above tidewater) that little can be done at mining for a full half of each year; and 4. So much of the gold as has been broken down and washed out of the veins by water-courses has been so swept along and dispersed by the fierce mountain torrents that very little of it can be profitably washed out; hence mining must here be mainly confined to the veins, and will thus involve blasting, raising by windlass, &c., &c., and so require large investments of capital for its energetic and successful prosecution. While, therefore, I believe that these Mountains will soon be yielding gold at the rate of many Millions per annum, I say most emphatically to the poor men who want gold and are willing to work for it, This is not the country for you! Far better seek wealth further East thro' growing Wheat, or Corn, or Cattle, or by any kind of manual labor, than come here to dig gold. One man may possibly acquire wealth faster in this gold lottery than in New England or Kansas; but let one thousand poor men come hither to mine, while the same number resolve to win a competence by eminent industry and frugality in the East, and the latter will assuredly have more wealth at five years' end than the former—and will have acquired it with far less sacrifice of comfort, health and life.

And here let me say, in closing up the subject, that I think the Report made by Messrs. Richardson, Villard and myself, of what we saw and learned of Gregory's Diggings, is fully justified by more recent results. For example: we gave the first four day's product of W. Defrees & Co., from Indiana (running one sluice,) at $66, $80, $95, and $305 respectively—the four following days not returned. I have since obtained them; and they range as follows: $257, $281, $202, $193—or $388 more than those of the four days for which we gave the returns. This Company then sold out their claim for $7,000, and on the 8th of June opened a sluice on another, which in four days produced as follows: $31, $205, $151, $213. Another Indian Company, miscalled Sopris, Henderson & Co., in our report, ran two sluices on the 9th 10th, realizing about $450 per day, and on the 11th had three sluices in operation for the first, and cleaned up $1,009 (really worth about $900) from the product of that day's labor of twelve men. Some scores are doing well, though few as well as this; but of the thousands who are doing—at least, realizing nothing—who shall report? Some of these issue daily from the mountains, out of provisions, out of means, out of heart; and, between this and snow-fall, thousands like them will come out, still more hungry, weary, forlorn, and take their way down the Platte as gaunt and disconsolate as men ever need be. But this, and much more, will not dissuade new thousands from rushing to take their places, so long as it is known that the Rocky Mountains contain gold.

No. XIV.—"LO! THE POOR INDIAN!"

DENVER, June 16, 1859.

I have been passing, meeting, observing and trying to converse with Indians almost ever since I crossed the Missouri. Eastern Kansas is checkered with their Reservations—Delaware, Kaw, Ottowa, Osage, Kickapoo, Potawatamie and Otters—while the Buffalo range and all this side belongs to and is parceled among the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and the Apaches—or perhaps among the two former only, as Indian boundaries are not very well defined. At all events, we have met or passed bands of these three tribes, with occasional visitors from the Sioux on the north and the Camanches on the south—all these tribes having for the present a good understanding. The Utes, who inhabit the mountains, and are stronger and braver than any of the three first named tribes, though hardly a match for them all, are at war with them; the Arapaho Chief Left-Hand assures me that his people were *always* at war with the Utes—at least he has no recollection, no tradition, of a time when they were at peace. Some two or three hundred lodges of Arapahoes are encamped in and about this log city, calculating that the presence of the Whites will afford some protection to their wives and children against a Ute onslaught while the "braves" are off on any of their fighting—that is, stealing—expeditions. An equal or larger body of Utes are camped in the Mountains, some forty or fifty miles west, and the Arapaho warriors recently returned in triumph from a war party on which they managed to steal about a hundred horses from the Utes, but were obliged to kill most of them in their rapid flight, so that they only brought home forty more than they took away.—They are going out again in a day or two, and have been for some days practicing secret incantations and public observances with reference thereto. Last midnight, they were to have a grand war-dance, and to have left on the war-path to-day; but their men sent out after their horses reported that they saw three Utes on the plain, which was regarded as premonitory of an attack, and the "braves" stood to their arms all night, and were very anxious for White aid in case of a Ute foray on their lodges here in Denver. Such an attack seems very improbable, and I presume the three Utes who caused all this uproar were simply scouts or spies, on the watch for just such marauding surprise parties as our Arapaho neighbors are constantly meditating. I do not see why they need take this trouble. There are points on the Mountain range west of this city where a watchman with a sharp eye and a good glass would command the entire plain for fifty miles north, south and east of him, and might hence give intelligence of any Arapaho raid at least a day before a brave entered the Mountains. For, though it is true that Indians on the war-path travel or ride mainly by night, I find that the Arapahoes do this only after they have entered on what they consider disputed or dangerous ground—that they start from their lodges in open day, and only advance under cover of darkness after they are within the shadows of the Mountains. Hence, the Utes, who are confessedly the stronger, might ambush and destroy any Arapaho force that should venture into their Rocky Mountain recesses, by the help of a good spy-glass and a little White forecast.

But the Indians are children. Their arts, wars, treaties, alliances, habitations, crafts, properties, commerce, comforts, all belong to the very lowest and rudest ages of human existence. Some few of the chiefs have a narrow and short-sighted shrewdness, and, very rarely in their history, a really great man, like Pontiac or Tecumseh has arisen among them; but this does not shake the general truth that they are utterly incompetent to cope in any way with the European or Caucasian race. Any band of schoolboys from ten to fifteen years of age, are quite as capable of ruling their appetites, devising and upholding a public policy, constituting and conducting a state or community, as an average Indian tribe. And, unless they shall be treated as a truly Christian community would treat a band of orphan children providentially thrown on its hands, the Aborigines of this country will be practically extinct within the next fifty years.

I have learned to appreciate better than hitherto, and to make more allowance for, the dislike, aversion, contempt, wherewith Indians are usually regarded by their white neighbors, and have been since the days of the Puritans. It needs but little familiarity with the actual, palpable Aborigines to convince any one that the poetic Indian—the Indian of Cooper & Longfellow—is only visible to the poet's eye. To the prosaic observer, the average Indian of the woods and prairies is a being who does little credit to human nature—a slave of appetite and sloth, never emancipated from the tyranny of one animal passion save by the more ravenous demands of another. As I passed over those magnificent bottoms of the Kansas which form the Reservations of the Delawares, Potawatamies, &c., constituting the very best corn-lands on earth, & saw their owners sitting around the doors of their lodges at the hight of the planting season and in as good, bright planting weather as sun and soil ever made, I could not help saying, "These people must die out—there is no help for them. God has given this earth to those who will subdue and cultivate it, and it is vain to struggle against His righteous decree." And I yesterday tried my powers of persuasion on Left-Hand—the only Arapaho chief who talks English—in favor of an Arapaho Tribal farm—say of two hundred acres for a beginning—to be broken and fenced by the common efforts of the tribe, and a patch therein allotted to each head of a family who would agree to plant and till it—I apprehend to very little purpose. For Left-Hand though shrewd in his way, is an Indian, and every whit as conservative as Boston's Beacon street or our Fifth avenue. He knows that there is a certain way in which his people have lived from time immemorial, and in which they are content still to live, knowing and seeking no better. He may or may not have heard that it is the common lots of prophets to be stoned, and reformers to be crucified; but he probably comprehends that squaws cannot fence and plow, and that "braves" are disinclined to any such steady, monotonous exercise of their muscles, I believe there is no essential difference in this respect between "braves" of the Red and those of the White race, since even our country's bold defenders have not been accustomed to manifest their intrepidity in the cornfields along their line of march, save in the season of roasting-ears, and the verb "to soldier" has acquired, throughout Christendom and in all its moods and tenses, a significance beyond the need of a glossary. Briefly, the "brave," whether civilized or savage, is not a worker, a producer, and where the men are all "braves," with a war always on hand, the prospect for productive industry is gloomy indeed. If, then, the hope of Indian renovation rested mainly on the men, it would be slender indeed. There is little probability that the present generation of "braves" can be weaned from the traditions and the habits in which they find a certain personal consequence and immunity from daily toil, which stands them instead of intelligence and comfort.—Squalid and conceited, proud and worthless, lazy and lousy, they will strut out or drink out their miserable existence, and at length afford the world a sensible relief by dying out of it.

But it is otherwise with the women.—Degraded and filthy as they are, beyond description or belief, they bear the germ of renovation for their race in that they are neither too proud nor too indolent to labor. The squaw accepts work as her destiny from childhood. In her father's lodge, as in that wherein she comes in turn to hold a fifth or sixth interest in a husband—for all Indians are polygamists in theory, as all who have means or energy become such in practice—she comprehends and dutifully accepts drudgery as her "peculiar institution." She pitches and strikes the tent, carries it from one encampment to another, gathers and chops the wood, and not only dresses and cooks the game which forms the family's food—when they have any—but goes into the woods and backs it home when her lord returns with the tidings that he has killed any. Tanning or dressing hides, making tents, clothing, moccasins &c., all devolve on her. Under such a dispensation, it is not difficult to believe that she often willingly accepts a rival in the affections of her sullen master as promising a mitigation rather than an aggravation of the hardships of her lot.

And yet even the Indian women are idle half their time, from sheer want of anything to do. They will fetch water for their White neighbors, or do anything else whereby a piece of bread may be honestly earned; and they would do ten times more than they do if they could find work and be reasonably sure of even a meagre reward for it.

I urge, therefore, that in future efforts to improve the condition of the Indians, the women be specially regarded and appealed to. A conscientious, humane, capable Christian trader, with a wife thoroughly skilled in household manufactures and handicraft, each speaking the language of the tribe with whom they take up their residence, can do more good than a dozen average missionaries. Let them keep and sell whatever articles are adapted to the Indian's needs and means, and let them constitute and maintain an Industrial school in which the Indian women and children shall be freely taught how to make neatly and expeditiously not only moccassins but straw hats, bonnets, and (in time) a hundred other articles combining taste with utility. Let a farm and garden be started so soon as may be, and vegetables, grain, fruits, given therefrom in exchange for Indian labor therein, at all times when such labor can be made available. Of course, the School, though primarily Industrial, should impart Intellectual and Religious instruction also, wisely adapted in character and season to the needs of the pupils, and to their perception of those needs.—Such an enterprise, combining Trade with Instruction, Thrift with Philanthrophy, would gradually mold a generation after its own spirit—would teach them to value the blessings of civilization before imposing on them its seeming burdens, & would, in the course of twenty years, silently transform an indolent savage tribe into a civilized Christian community. There may be shorter modes of effecting this transformation, but I think none surer.

Of course such an enterprise demands rare qualities in its head—that of patience prominent among them. The vagrancy of the Indians would prove as great an obstacle to its success as their paltry but interminable wars. Very often, in the outset, the apostle of industry and civilization would find himself deserted by all his pupils, lured away by the hope of success elsewhere in marauding or hunting. But let him, having first deliberately chosen his location, simply persevere, and they will soon come round again, glad enough to find food that may be had even for solid work; for all I can learn impels me to believe that Hunger is the normal state of the Indian, diversified by transient interludes of gluttony. Meat is almost his only food, and this is plentiful at seasons, and at others scarcely obtainable in the smallest quantities, or dried to the toughness of leather. The Indian likes bread as well as the White; he must be taught to prefer the toil of producing it to the privation of lacking it. This point gained, he will easily be led to seek shelter, clothing and all the comforts of civilized life, at their inevitable cost; and thus his temporal salvation will be assured, otherwise, his extermination is inexorably certain, and cannot long be postponed.

H. G.

☞ Bonner of the Ledger and Vanderbilt of the steamships are competing as to fast horses. After Bonner bought Lantern, Vanderbilt obtained "a certain pair of trotters which can tear the wind apart and chip off the seconds." This troubles Bonner—so he has secured for $4,400 additional force in "the big brown mare known as Lady Woodruff," and as Porter's Spirit says, "thus stands the game at present.—The Commodore is still behind, but he takes the dust like a philosopher."

☞ God hears the heart without the words, but he never hears the words without the heart.