ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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

VOLUME X. NO. XLV. ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1859. WHOLE NUMBER 515.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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One square one week	$ 50	Two squares three mos.	$ 2 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 20TH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY. Morning Service at 10½ A. M. Evening Service at 2 P. 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.

DR. J. C. HUBBARD, Ashtabula, O. 510

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. S. 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.
ANNER 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.

A. HENDRY, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Dye Stuffs, &c. Choice Family Groceries, including Teas, Coffees, &c. Patent Medicines. Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purposes. Physician's prescriptions carefully and promptly attended to. 514

O. GILLETT, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ladies' Cloaks, Skirts, Corsets, &c., &c., at Chapman's Variety Store, a few doors South of the Bank, Ashtabula, Ohio. 503

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—450

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, O.H.O. 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 269

Manufacturers.

GEORGE WILLARD, Manufacturer of Sash, Blinds and Doors, on hand and made to order. Also, Planing, Matching, etc., done to order in the best possible manner, Ashtabula, O. 503

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 irons, & 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. 469

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.—Hurlbert'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. CUTLEY, 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. 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. 48

W. W. SMITH,—Manufacturer of Sole, Upper and Harness Leather, and Dealer in French Calf, and Lining Skins. Cash paid for Hides and Skins 470

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot corner Main and Centre Streets, over 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.

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.

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 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 Peace, 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 Minearure 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

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

WHITAKER'S NEW BINDERY,
PAINESVILLE, OHIO.
All works entrusted him, will be done with neatness and despatch. Call in and see specimens of Workmanship.—Office in MARSHALL'S NEW BLOCK, Painesville, O. 470

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	12.30 P M
Mail	"	12.01 P M
Cincinnati Express	"	5.17 P M
Stock Express	"	12.54 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	"	5.05 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 Reflector.

OUR COUNTY FAIR.

The County Fair, 'twas talked about,—
By men with stock and men without;
Strong healthy women, Farmers' wives,
And pale town belles of useless lives;
Mechanics, with stout, sinewy arms;
Great sunburnt boys, who worked the farms;
Farmers' daughters, fresh and gay;
Little children at their play,
The lawyer in his tipped back chair—
All talked about the County Fair.
The Farmers carried stock and grain,
Mechanics, work, both rich and plain,
The ladies, (but I've not the space to mention
All their nice things which deserved attention,)
Pickles, Preserves, Bread, Butter and Cheese,
Embroideries and bedquilts as nice as you please,
With much to look at, not to use,
But then you know we don't refuse
To praise and look at useless things,
Which a pretty lady brings.
Mammoth Squashes; Sweet Potatoes;
Irish Murphys; large Tomatoes;
Solid Cabbage; tender Beets;
Biting Peppers; Sorghum sweets;
Stoves and Kettles; Blinds and Sash;
A patent Churn, without a dash;
A fine machine for washing clothes;
A Bed, on which to find repose;
Good machines to do up sewing,
Click clack, click clack, they were going,
Fruit is plenty, fresh and sweet,
Giving all a wish to eat.
Without the halls, within the pens,
Were Sheep and Turkeys, Pigs and Hens;
Mules and Horses, Jacks and Cattle,
Never known to think of battle;
Seemed as brave as august kings,
When they're pondering weighty things.
Clean were the grounds, pleasant the day,
The crowd were quiet, pleased and gay;
The Band discoursed sweet music to the crowd,
Norwalk of such a band may well be proud.
Those Firemen, too, in red and blue,
Who stood so straight and stepped so true;
While that address which closed the Fair,
Displayed fine talents rich and rare.
That hits off our fair in every feature.—ED.

Sweet Nettie Gray.

MAKING LOVE ON AN APPLE TREE.

Everybody says that Nettie Gray was a beauty, not one of your polished city belles, but a gay romping, saucy piece of nature's own handiwork, yet gentle and affectionate withal, possessing a depth of feeling and sentiment which few are able to fathom.

Now 'sweet Nettie Gray,' as she was called, had long been loved by one Charley Grafton—the handsomeet young merchant who kept the only store in the village of N——— could boast of; where he had, for some four or five years, dealt out tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, calicos, silks, pins, needles, hardware and a variety of merchandise, to the villagers and surrounding farmers, he had realized quite a little fortune; a part of which he invested in the purchase of widow Morton's beautiful cottage and grounds, which, at the death of her husband, she had been obliged to dispose of and take a cheaper place where she could live less expensively; while from the surplus of the price received for the cottage, she realized a snug little income. Charley had also taken the widow's son into the store, as his increased business made it necessary to procure assistance. The salary paid to little Johnny was a material help to his mother, for which she was very grateful to the young merchant, and she never failed to speak a word in his praise whenever an opportunity presented.

This, with the numberless acts of generosity which Charley was never tired of performing, made him the hero of that little village, and caused him to be beloved and respected by both young and old, for many miles around. To say that Nettie Gray was indifferent to his many visits, or for the ardent love he entertained for her, would be doing injustice to her warm appreciative heart. But the spirit of mischief seemed to possess her, and, though she was uniformly kind and gentle in her disposition towards her lover, and would converse freely and unreservedly upon any topic, yet, when he approached the subject nearest his heart, she was off like a frightened bird. Not that she was afraid of him or that the subject was distasteful to her, (for her own heart was equally interested) but she delighted to tease him, and heartily enjoyed his discomfiture on such occasions. She knew he loved her with all the strength of his soul, and she had no fear of alienating his affections from herself—an event which would have given her the deepest pain.

Charley had begun to think seriously of marriage; and why not? There stood the cottage embowered in trees, many of which were bending under their heavy load of rare fruit, unoccupied. It needed only the gentle presence of his bright eyed Nettie to make it a paradise. His income was more than sufficient to satisfy their most extravagant wants, and why should he not marry? Many times he had visited Nettie for the express purpose of making known his wishes, but had as often been prevented from saying what he wished to say, by the little mischief's running away at the first word he uttered on the subject. To think of supplying her place from the many fair damsels in it—who would gladly have accepted his hand, was out of the question. It was Nettie he loved, and Nettie only, and he felt sure she returned his affections, but how could he ever get married if he was never permittted to propose. 'I must resorted to stratagem,' he thought, and he partially formed many plans to bring the little beauty to terms, and as often abandoned them.

His mind was busy with such thoughts as one bright morning in September he walked towards Farmer Gray's mansion.—He leisurely ascended the hill, at the top of which upon a level table land stood the great old house, when he was startled by a familiar voice calling out:

"Bring the ladder, Dick! I want to get down.' And looking up, he beheld Nettie seated in the wide spreading branches of a large apple tree that stood in the field near the road. Dick, perched upon the topmost round of a ladder that leaned against a pear tree, was quietly filling a basket with the delicious fruit.

"Wait a minute, sis," replied Dick without looking up; "I have got my basket almost full. I'll come in a minute."

"Come now, Dick! quick, quick, quick!" again called the impatient voice of his sister.

Dick evidently began to think there was something wrong, for, as he turned around, his eye instantly caught sight of our hero coming up the road, but a few rods from where they were. He instantly descended the tree, but instead of carrying the ladder to assist his sister to descend, he gave a loud shout, threw his cap into the air, cleared the wall with a bound, and ran rapidly down the hill, shouting at the top of his voice, "O, Mr. Grafton, I've treed a coon!" Then placing his hands upon the ground before him, he turned five or six summersaults, picked up his cap, and ran with all might to the house. The little rogue evidently loved mischief as well as did his pretty sister.

Charley's first thought was to go to the assistance of Nettie, and he leaped the wall and approached the tree. Taking the ladder from the pear tree, he was about placing it for her to descend, when a sudden thought suggested itself. "She cannot run away from me now," and not stopping to consider the ungallant act he grasped a lower branch, and with some gay remark, swung himself lightly up and took a seat by her side.

Nettie, who was an amiable girl and could take a joke as good naturedly as she could give one, only laughed heartily at the trick her brother played upon her, complimented Charley upon his agility and invited him to help himself to the blushing fruit that hung in such tempting profusion about them. After chatting on a variety of themes, he determined to approach the subject, and if possible, get an intelligent answer. For some time he sat in silence, then said:

"Nettie I have something to say to you."

"Ah! have you? she replied. "Well Charley, please help me down, and you can say it as we walk to the house."

Charley saw the mischief in her eyes and he resolved to go on without heeding her request yet he changed somewhat in his mode of attack.

"Nettie, I am going to be married."

"Married! Charley, married!

Without heeding the prayerful glance that was raised to his face, he went on:

"Yes, Nettie, my business is now very prosperous; I have a pretty home, which needs only the additional charm of a pair of bright eyes, I have found a sweet gentle girl, whom I love with all my heart, and who is willing to become my wife, and I have resolved to marry. I have tried a long time to tell you, but you would not hear it."

Nettie had listened to this speech in utter amazement. She had long believed that she was the beloved of Charley Grafton's heart, and she meant, after she had teazed him to her hearts content, to listen to his love, and become his dutiful and loving wife. But her hopes were now suddenly dashed to atoms. It was too much. A giddy faintness came over her, and, but for the support of Charley's arm, she would have fallen to the ground. Charley noticed her emotion, and fear that he had gone too far. It was but for a moment, however.—She soon regained her self-possession, and sat uprightly by his side. Her face was very pale, but her eyes flashed proudly as she replied, and there was a spice of bitterness in her tone:

"May I ask the name of her who has been honored with the offer of the hand of my noble friend?

"First let me describe her. She is a beautiful girl, and possesses a warm loving heart. She had but one fault it may be called. She delights to tease those who love her best, and often has she given me a severe heart pang. Yet, Nettie, I love her deeply and fervently, and it shall be the object of my life to guard her from harm, to protect her, as far as I am able from the slightest breath of sorrow, and I shall be abundantly rewarded by her love. Nettie, I have never offered her my hand, tho' she has long possessed my heaart. I do it now Nettie. Dearest can you ask her name?"

Nettie gave one long inquiring look, as tho' she but half comprehended his words.

"Will you be my wife, Nettie?"

"What, she replied, half bewilderingly, 'Are you not forever lost to me?"

"Yes, if you will consent to be mine!"

She realized what it would be to loose him: her head sank upon his bosom, and bursting into tears she murmured:

"Yes, Charley, I will."

Soon Master Dick came bounding into the orchard, one hand filled with a huge slice of bread and butter, while with the other he tossed his cap into the air, showing that he fully comprehended the state of affairs, shouting at the top of his voice:

Hallo, Mr. Grafton, ain't you glad I treed her for you?"

Both greeted this sally with a burst of laughter, and soon all were engaged in a wild romp upon the green turf.

We hardly need add that the same autumn witnessed a bright merry wedding at the old mansion of farmer Gray.

The Impending Crisis of the South.

Having shown that the area of the Slave States exceeds that of the Free States by several hundreds of thousands of miles, enough to make half a dozen States of the average size, the author of the "Crisis" next proceeds to compare the population of each section. By the census of 1850, the population of the Free States including the white and the black was - - - - 13,429,786
Of the free inhabitants of the Slave States - - 6,412,615

Difference in favor of the Free States, - - - 7,017,171

In other words, more than two to one in favor of the Free States. If we give the Slave States credit for their human chattles, their entire population amounts to 8,612,797. Leaving a difference in favor of the Free States of 3,816,807 souls. This was the result nine years ago; with the rapidly increasing population of the North, and the slow progress of the South in that respect, the preponderance of the North would now probably reach 6,000,000. In 1852, the militia of the Free States amounted to 1,381,843, of the Slave States to 792,876. Difference in favor of the Free States, 588,967. Almost two to one.

In 1855, the revenue from postage amounted in the Free States to $4,679,725. In the Slave States to $1,553,198. Difference in favor of the Free States $3,117,527. Being a difference of more than three to one in favor of the Free States.—During the same year the expense of transporting the mail in the Free States was $2,608,295. In the Slave States $2,385,953. That is, it costs almost as many dollars to transport less than one-third of the mail matter transported in the Slave States, that it costs to transport three times that amount in the Free States. This proves that slavery is rather an expensive luxury at all events.

In 1850 there were 62,443 schools in the Free States, and 8,507 in the Slave States. Difference in favor of the Free States, 43,926. Almost three and a half to one in favor of the Free States.

The number of teachers employed in the Free States were 72,621. In the Slave States 19,307. Difference in favor of the Free States, 53,314, or nearly four to one. The number of pupils taught in the Free States was 2,700,001. In the Slave States, 581,861—a difference of 2,250,040, or more than four and a half to one in favor of the Free States.

In 1850, there were 14,911 libraries in the Free States, containing 9,888,234 volumes. In the Slave States 954, containing 81,886 volumes. Difference in number of libraries in favor of the Free States 14,216, or more than twenty to one. Difference in number of volumes, 3,806,373—more than forty-seven to one in favor of the Free States.

The number of newspapers and periodicals in the Free States in 1750 was 1,790. The number of copies printed annually, 334,146,281. Number of newspapers, &c., in the Slave States, 704; number of copies printed annually, 81,033,693. Difference in favor of the Free States in number of newspapers and periodicals, 1,086—a fraction over two and a half to one in favor of the Free States. Difference of copies annually printed, 253,107,588, or nearly four and a half to one in favor of the Free States.

It would be difficult to find any facts in the above statistics, or indeed in any which we have ever seen, to prove that slavery is not an unmitigated curse—one that should not be allowed to spread and carry in its train the ignorance, the poverty, the paralyzing influences which never fail to attend its progress.—*Albany Journal.*

TRUE, IF IT ISN'T POETRY.—Bone, the local of the Herald, in Wednesday night's issue, attempted a terrible joke on the presentation of a knife to Brown of the Plaindealer for being the homeliest man in this region. Bone considered the tribute properly bestowed, in reply to which Brown draws the following vivid portrait of Bone. The latter will have to trot out *that Injun* as fighting Editor:

To our readers abroad (*here* no information on this point is necessary) we will say that Bone is the homeliest man in America. He has broken five Cameras in endeavoring to get a picture of himself to send to the children of a bitter personal enemy, maliciously intending to frighten them to death. He has been offered a good salary to stand up in a cornfield as a scarecrow. He is compelled to get up three times every night and *rest his face.* In his courting days he was utterly unsuccessful until he procured a mask. It is a favorite threat in this city with mothers who have unruly children that "Bone will come and carry them off!" It hushes them up at once. He has a gait like a saw-horse; and when he walks the sidewalk the very brick blocks seem to recoil from him with horror. A nice man he to speak of our meriting the knife. If we do merit the knife, he deserves a meat-axe, or what is a tremendous sight worse, Dodge's *Sword of Bunker Hill.*

MUSIC.

We are in duty bound to cultivate every talent God bestows upon us. We hear people say they have no talent for music, painting, &c. But who *knows* till some effort has been made to develop it? Is not man's physical strength vastly increased by a toilsome exertion of the muscles? Is not man's mental powers very dependent on self-denials, and fatigue of application to perform his feats of strength in declamation, writing, &c., &c.? Look at Demosthenes, and men of gigantic intellect in our age and country. They *labored* for individual skill, to mould themselves into characters which will never cease to shed a radiance on all present and future history.—Then try for the seemingly latent talent of music. Look for it as for a lost diamond, and on a discovery of the least spark, seize it, and work to ignite it till a flame shall irradiate to the exertion of every mental and physical power which it needs for its full development; for God implanted in every soul to honor and glorify Him, and if this intention of Divine benevolence be carried out, it would prove the most powerful incentive to true piety. There is music in *everything;* and can man be mute? The music of the waters, from the rippling rill to Niagara's thundering eloquence; the music of thunder calling on man to join in majestic chorus; the melody of *wind* in combination with *art,* given to us the *perfection* of music. And who can resist the charms of the feathered songsters? Some Botanist says there are in the animalcula on the rose and some other petals, songsters of melodious notes. And even the insect tribe seem to vie with grades of animals of higher rank. Let children cultivate music for it is God's gift; and too many seem to forget that all intelligent beings must at last render an account for the use of the *angelic gift.* In human nature there is a *natural* response to music, and hence, in its proper cultivation it is a *Divine art.*—It aids in accelerating pleasure from the simple lullaby to the canon's roar. "Old Napoleon" delighted *only* in the deep bass of the war trumpet, or the loud notes of the drum, as they mingled with the rattle of musketry and the roar of wide-mouthed canon. Some delight in one kind and some in another. But the perfection of a cultivated taste, resides in the chants and oratorios for Divine worship. Handel, the king of musicians, after a lifetime of music turned his attention *exclusively* to the composition of Oratorios. The Messiah was the greatest achievement of genius, and when first performed, the audience were so transported that they all arose at the words, "For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and *stood* till the chorus ended, and hence it became the fashion for the people *to rise* when that part of the music is performing. He lived to be seventy-five years of age, and performed in public six days previous to his death, April, 1759. Those who only relish dazzling or theatrical music, are known to have a vitiated and truly perverted taste; mediums neither pleased with simple or sublime passages, preferring Rossini to Handel or Mozart. Correct judges of music, knowing it the handmaid of nature, feel that grandeur of outline and simplicity in detail, are the only true sources of the sublime. Let the whole cycle of our earthly existence be marked with zeal to rear the infant germ of song to the sacred melody of our Messiah alone, and our endeavors treasured as trophies to good.—Music lends a charm to everything, arousing to action of energy, consigning our cares to oblivion, and so exhilerating as to intoxicate the brain. The warrior is seized with impetuosity and fearlessly rushes on to danger, impetuously grasping victory or death. In the domestic circle discord is hushed to harmony, the stern feelings of the heart softened, and lulling all mental corrosiveness to sweet forgetfulness. Amid life's mishaps and adversities it buoys us up, and tends to fortify the drooping spirits against evil. It is the solace of sadness and the sedative of anxiety; in its notes do we not sometimes live over the past, sighing and weeping unaware? Its persuasive power begets the love of gentleness and renders *sweetness* sweeter. It may be called the shield of childhood and youth, by warding off sullenness and discontent, mitigating the embarrassments of inexperience, and fostering joyous innocence. Yes, let children enjoy the sweet atmosphere of music and gambol in its halo of pleasure.—Commence in the nursery, follow it up at the fireside, the school, and attach its influence to every gathering of glee and joy. If *necessary,* subtract from other enjoyments, and devote that time and money to melody, and the tribute of applause will be awarded you. The musical family ever hold in combination other graces and deeds of enterprise. Thus will every heart rejoice and be gladdened by the soul-stirring of melody and song. There is music in *all* nature; it dawned at her primeval state, and never ceases to send forth her tuneful notes from the chiming orbs above, the chaotic deep beneath us, and everything on this footstool of God's throne hath its notes of praise to Him who gave it breath. And shall man, "who is fearfully and wonderfully made," be a *solitary mute* in his Lord's heritage? Awake, arouse, and turn to Him in songs of adoration whom *the angels praise.* Let the sweet notes be wafted from every house, on every street, for the poor laborer needs its thrilling power *emphatically* above all others. Children, haste to your tasks with music and song.

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Henderson, Kentucky.

The Dignity of Labor.

Since the decree went forth from the hallowed lips of Jehovah, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' it has been the destiny of man to labor constantly and incessantly. Nothing great or good can be accomplished without it. Think not, young man or woman, that you can avoid it without injury to yours-lf. As well might you inhale the pestiferous gum of the Upas and expect to escape unharmed. Tell me not, vain young man, that to labor is beneath your dignity—that your parents are wealthy, and there is no need of your work; that labor is for the poor, and not for the rich. Deluded mortal, when that poor boy, whom you scorn and despise, is high upon the ladder of fame, you, perhaps will be grovelling in ignorance, poverty and rags. Insinuate not, proud young woman, that your blood is too noble—your ancestry too renowned for you to labor. Your 'seamstress,' upon whom you look with sovereign contempt, may live to give your starving children bread. Travel back through the vista of time as far as you please, examine in every department of life, and show me a single great man who got to be such short of long, continued, unremitting, individual labor. Go look upon the bald pate of the Athenian orator, as he labors in his cause, then judge ye the price of his productions. Ask the great Milton the amount of labor bestowed by him even upon 'Paradise Lost' Inquire again of the American philosopher, Franklin, if he attained the high position he occupied in the scientific world by a course of idleness and ease. To labor is to do the will of heaven. When a man came forth from the hand of his creator, he had virtually stamped upon the very tablet of his being, in characters of living light, the impressive injunction, upward and onward, *ad infinitum.* The man who looks upon honest toil as the weeds which rot on Lethe's wharf, will sink into silent obscurity. It is a lamentable fact, however, that a large class of people regard labor as dishonorable.—Nearly everybody in the country, whose father owns a 'nigger,' is precipitately rushed into a profession. The 'old man' feeds the ardent imagination of his boy by dilating upon the wonderful achievements of Esculapius, or expatiation upon the matchless forensic eloquence of Cicero, Burke and Calhoun. The whole thing looms up in a grand panorama before his youthful vision. He also imagines himself a demigod in embryo, and that he is soon to realize the reward so beautifully spoken of by Gray:

"The applause of listening Senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise—
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read his history in a nation's eyes."

He is taught labor to despise; that he is a decided genius; and has nothing to do but to fold his arms in idleness and live by his wits; fatal rock upon which thousands have been wrecked. But the young genius soon finds he has no business qualifications, and, as a matter of course, gets nothing to do. Whereupon he becomes disheartened and discouraged, and too frequently ends his life in misery and shame.

While it is true that nothing great is attainable without labor, it is equally true that with it we are enabled to accomplish almost every thing; of which the history of the world affords abundant proof.

The Latin maxim: '*Labor, omnia vincit,*' is eminently true; and whatever be your hopes, your dreams of distinction, young man never forget that trite sterling truth. Labor is what really dignifies life, and woe to him who dreams of fame or honors without it.

Laziness.

When we view the many improvements of the age, and the hurry and bustle which is everywhere seen, we call ourselves an industrious people. And so we are taken as a whole; yet, when we look that no one evil is gaining ground faster than laziness,—nothing more or less than *laziness,* homely as the name may sound. Look into our country neighborhoods, villages, and cities. Everybody is trying to get a living without labor. See the peddlers traveling around carrying packs heavy as themselves—not feeble and delicate, persons unable to work, but stout healthy men, with no other disease than laziness. See the genteel loafers in every village lounging in their chairs, pitching quoits, or strutting about in all the pride of conscious idleness, with no pennies in their pockets or brains in their heads. Notice the number of healthy young men in our cities, standing behind the counter all day long, dressed in the height of fashion, and displaying to the greatest advantage their white and ornamented fingers. Talk not to me of its being tiresome business—I wish it were a hundred times more so. Snuff up your nose," if you will, at the honest sun-browned farmer—if it were not for him, ye silly sons of laziness, you would be poorer than you are. I have due respect for the *learned professions,* but I contend that for the several years past, this has been the great vortex for lazy people to slip into. If every other avenue leading to ease is closed, persons can slip into this and be saved. It is a fact, you can scarce find an educated man in these days, but he is too lazy to take care of himself. He can eat, sleep and smoke—yes, even walk with the aid of a cane—but he cannot work—no, not he.

But this lazy principle is not confined to men alone, far from it. It has become a settled fact with our ladies to which there are a few exceptions. When a man marries he is obliged to marry a Bridget *also,* to take care of his wife. She, the delicate one, cannot endure the least fatigue—she cannot be burdened with a single care.—Money makes but little difference—the poorest lady in the land does she not marry to be supported? Talk about the delicate women of this age. What makes them delicate? Nothing but the idea that has taken root among us, that labor is not genteel—they will not work, how can they be strong? If every woman in the land was obliged to work as hard as our mothers and grandmothers did, there would be fewer diseases and deaths than now. More die from laziness than hard labor. I know there are men and women all over the country who labor hard, but how few of their children lift their finger in occupations. The boys must have a fast horse and prepare for college. The girls must dance, play the piano, and simper in the parlor to entertain a brainless exquisite, and finally must marry an establishment and live without work. If that is not the programme for the rising generation, in a few words, tell me what is. Laziness is becoming a fixed principle, and if there is no