ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

By James Reed. Independent in all things. $1 50 in Advance.

VOLUME XI. NO. 29. ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER 552.

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

DR. M. KINGSLEY, Homeopathist, Kingsville, O. Having had several year's experience, he feels himself competent to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. Office, Main street, nearly opposite of Esq. Rockwell. References—Homeopathic Medical Facility Cleveland; Drs. Geo. Z. Noble, Dundee, N. Y.; O. E. Noble, Penn Yan, N. Y.; H. B. Dale, Fond du Lac, Wis. 507

Attorneys.

KELLOGG & WADE. Attorneys at Law Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio.
ABNER KELLOGG. 491 DECIUS WADE.

SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 471

CHARLES BOOTH.—Attorney and Counseller 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. Connesut, 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.

STEPHEN HALL—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Lasts and Shoe findings, and general Merchandize, 2 doors South of the Bank. 543

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, Shirts, 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, 24 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, Ashtabaula, 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, opposit the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 416—48

Clothing.

L. WOLFF & CO. Dealer in Ready-made Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods. Ashtabula, O. 544

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, a 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 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 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. 499

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.—2 doors South of the Fisk House Ashtabula, O. 488

B. 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 Dressor, 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. 99

SMITH & CARLISLE,—Manufacturers of Sole Upper and Harness Leather, and Dealers in French Calf, and Lining Skins. Cash paid for Hides and Skins.
W. W. SMITH, 543 F. W. CARLISLE.

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Room corner Main and Center Streets, over H. Fassett's Office, Ashtabula. See advertisements. 416

Books.

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

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 and 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

Livery.

A. BLAKELY—Livery and Sale Stable, in in connection with the Ashtabula Hotel. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars. Horses and carriages to convey passengers to any desired point. 540

Miscellaneous.

D. S. WILLIAMS, Wholesale dealer in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 105 and 107 Chambers st., and 89 & 91 Reade st., New-York.

SAMUEL HUMPHREY is now offering Good Building Lots cheaper than ever, and at prices within the reach of almost every one. See advertisement. 530

G. V. BRISCOE, House, Carriage, Sign and Enamel Painter, Grainer, Gilder, &c., &c. Over Smith & Lockwood's store. 526

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

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

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables.
Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruits, Tomatos, &c. East Ashtabula, Ohio. 436

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

Ashtabula P. O.—Closing of Mails.

On and after Monday, April 9, '60, Mails will close as follows

Going East, will close at	10.15 A. M.
Going West, will close at	10.15 A. M.
Going South, will close at	12 M.
Kelloggsville Mail, via Plymouth, Fridays,	6.30 A. M.

Office open from 7 A. M., to 8 P. M. Sundays from 12 M., to 1 o'clock, P. M. E. C. ROOT, P. M.
Ashtabula, April 9, 1860.

TIME TABLE OF THE

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD.

Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST. MAIL. A. M.	C. E. P. M.	Acm P. M.	N Ex P. M.	STATIONS.	GOING WEST. N Ex A. M.	Acm A. M.	MAIL. P. M.	D E P. M.
10.00	4.25	4.40	9.20	Cleveland,	5.30	9.10	2.30	5.20
10.21		5.05		Euclid,		8.42	2.10	
		5.17		Wickliffe,		8.30		
10.40		5.29		Willoughby		8.18	1.51	
		5.41		Mentor,		8.07		
11.05	5.22	5.56	10.24	Painesville,	4.28	7.51	1.28	4.13
		6.11		Perry,		7.36		
11.29		6.25		Madison,		7.21	1.01	
		6.31		Unionville,		7.13		
11.40		6.40		Geneva,		7.02	12.48	
P. M.		6.52		Saybrook,		6.50		
12.03	6.09	7.05	11.19	Ashtabula,	3.31	6.37	12.29	3.18
1.16		7.21		Kingsville,		6.22	12.16	
12.32		7.40		Conneaut,		6.00	11.50	2.47
12.48		P. M	A. M.	Springfield		A. M	11.31	
1.00	6.57		12.16	Girard,	2.53		11.19	2.19
1.09				Fairview,			11.06	
				Swanville,			10.58	
1.30	7.25		12.47	Erie.	1.55		10.38	1.40
P. M.	P. M		A. M.		A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Trains do not stop at Stations where the time is omitted in the above tables.

All through Trains going Westward, connect at Cleveland, with Trains for *Toledo, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, &c.*

And all through Trains going Eastward, connect at Dunkirk with the Trains of N. Y. & E. R. R., and at Buffalo, with those of N. Y. Central, and Buffalo & N. Y. City Railroads, for *New York, Albany, Boston, Niagara Falls, &c., &c.*

A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent.

CLEVELAND, June 15, 1860.

The Golden Summer-Days.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

With a harp of sun-threads golden,
And a weft of purple rain,
Nature, as in seasons olden,
Weaves the Summer's robe again.
Even brighter, richer, fairer,
Grows the marvel of her loom,
As she adds, to grace the wearer,
Fruitful wreath and floral plume.

Welcome, Summer! come to win us
From our woes, with song and sheen,
How the weary hearts within us
Freshen in thy flood of green!
How the soul her wings uncloses,
Soars all sordid cares above,
As from lips of opening roses
Pours the perfume-breath of love!

When the glossy waters quiver,
Shaken by the wandering breeze,
Arm in arm upon the river
Dance the shadows on the trees;
And while winds and waves and waters
Thus in Earth's grand gala play,
Shall not we, her sons and daughters,
Keep our Mother's holiday?

Yet, fair summer-transient poem
Of an epic broad and grand—
Type of the eternal poem
Life, in Life's own Fatherland!
What are all thy vales, June-lighted,
What this Earth with sin-tears stained,
To that Paradise unblighted,
Adam lost and Christ regained?

Never storm the glory palleth,
Never cometh want or woe,
In that world, from which there falleth
But a gleam on worlds below.
There among the bowers immortal
Ambushed, lurks no serpent guile:
Through th' *eternal* Eden's portal
Passeth naught that can defile.

The Queen of Inventions.

I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions.—PROVERBS viii. 12.

It is the wise decree of God that men shall work, "subdue the world," restore it, so far as human strength and skill can, to its original beauty and fruitfulness. The physical strength and inventive faculties of man, preponderating, as they do, over those of woman, mark him as the agent by whom the hard labor of the world is to be done, and the inventions that aid that labor discovered. Also, the lighter tasks of woman, so far as these can be aided by machinery, are under this department of man's inventive genius.

We do not enter into any discussion on the comparative equality of the sexes; their capacities are not to be measured in this way. As well might we compare light and gravitation—the one power never seen, the other always obtruded, and both alike indispensable to life.

Let us say, then, that man is the agent to "find out knowledge of witty inventions," and no one he has ever found out seems likely to add more to human comfort than this apparently little device for lightening the task of woman.

The world has been moved, the hard-hearted world, by the laments over that portion of gentle womanhood whose sad destiny it was to earn a scanty livelihood by sewing. Every feeling of pity has responded to the appeals made and descriptions drawn of the "pale woman plying her sickly trade." Those noble spirits who do not content themselves with barren sympathy rose up, and sought, by energetic striving, to alleviate this condition of the sufferers, who starved or sinned if they did not resort to the needle, and died by inches if they did take it up. But Vanity Fair must have her furbelows. Fashion would not remit the tasks of the needle; avarice, the severe partner of vanity, urged the victims to the last moment of existence. In vain, Christian men and women of note and high place strove to remedy this state of martyrdom. Poets sang, novelists wrote, preachers exhorted, legislators framed laws to guard the needle-women; all that was effected was a feeble palliation of the evil. Now, however, it is gone from the face of the earth. What philanthropy failed to accomplish what religion, poetry, eloquence, and reason had sought in vain, has been produced by—THE SEWING MACHINE.

By this invention the needlewoman is enabled to perform her labors in comfort; tasks that used to require the midnight watches by the pale light of a single lamp, and drag through, perhaps, twenty hours, she can now complete in two or three hours. She is thus able to rest at night, and have time through the day for family occupations and enjoyments. Is not this a great gain for the world?

This is not all. The *Sewing Machine* will, after a time, effectually banish ragged and unclad humanity from every class.—The extreme facility with which garments are made by its help will enable thousands, ay, hundreds of thousands, to have new clothes, who belong to those classes hitherto dressed in the worn-out unfitting garments bestowed by charity. The poor women among servants and workpeople seldom have any ingenuity with the needle; they can often buy new and cheap fabrics, but they cannot make them up, and, heretofore, the making of the garment often costs more than the cloth. Now, the Sewing Machine, at a very small cost, sews up the seems; or, a ready-made garment can be purchased nearly as cheap as the cloth of which it is made. In all Benevolent Institutions these Machines are now in operation, and do, or may do, a hundred times more towards clothing the indigent and feeble than the united fingers of all the charitable and willing ladies collected through the civilized world could possibly perform.

We have spoken first of the advantage of this invention to the poor as the most ostensible and just to be considered. It is useless in our country to allude to that old world fallacy, the long ago exploded notion that machines interfere with individual labor. When the stocking Machines were first introduced in England they met clamorous opposition from that class of political economists who contended it was right that nine-tenths of the whole population of the civilized world should go stockingless, so that a few thousands of old women and boys might earn a shilling a day by hard knitting! Now, who believes that theory? A similar class of exclusives were offended at Arkwright's wonderful invention the Spinning Jenny. It was nothing to them that working men and women could go clean and comfortable, that health and neatness, and their concomitants, virtues and blessings, might enter the poor laboring man's house, with cotton goods at a price for everybody's wear. No! They thought the health, virtue and comfort of the world at large should be sacrificed to the temporary inconvenience of change of employment for the few who earned a paltry stipend by the spinning wheel or the hand loom. This delusion has passed away. The poor working people can, if *temperate* and industrious, now clothe themselves and families neatly, even fashionably.

In the wealthier homes of our land, where we rise beyond the actual *need* of woman's work to support the family, the Sewing Machine is a treasure. Instead of busy fingers and vacant minds, young ladies throughout all the country can have the opportunity of improving their minds and gaining what are styled the "accomplishments" of education, while aiding their mothers in all the sewing for the family. How many an excellent mother, anxious to save everything for the education and advancement of a numerous family, has sat and stitched at the never ending, ever-beginning sewing of her house hold, till life was nothing but a dull round of everlasting toil, and too often have eyesight and health, as well as hope and spirits, sunk under the burden! Now, a few dollars invested in a Sewing Machine—a club of ladies might join in a neighborhood—and the long seams, the never ending hems, the hard stiching are all done by fairy fingers. No wasting application, stooping over the needle, without time for outdoor exercise, wearying for want of change, will be felt by those women who have in their posssession a good Sewing Machine. The *best* is, usually, in the long run, the *cheapest*. There is a great variety; all have their advantages and admirers—We can only speak safely of those we know best. That of Wheeler & Wilson combines more merits than any other, with excellent workmanship in its arrangement, a firm stitch that does not ravel, a hemmer that saves time and trouble; in short, it seems as nearly perfect as the human genius can make such an instrument.—*Godey.*

WHAT IS LIFE?—The mere stop of a year is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep—to be exposed to darkness and the light—to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened, and the sanctities still slumber which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart—the tears that freshen the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the doubt which makes us meditate—the death which startles us with mystery—the hard-hip which forces us to struggle—the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

From the N. York Tribune.

"Equal Rights" in the Territories.

It must be gratifying to the conservative to perceive that, though divided and excited with regard to practical measures, the American People are heartily agreed as to the abstract, underlying principle of Equal Rights in the Federal Territories, organized or unorganized. Republicans, Douglas Democrats, Breckenridge Democrats, alike affirm and insist on this principle as the true solution of our great controversy—they differ only but widely as to the true exposition and application, of that principle—as follows:

I. The Republicans affirm and maintain the natural, inalienable, equal right of every rational adult human being now or hereafter residing in the territories to the full possession, disposition, and enjoyment of his own faculties, energies, and capabilities, with the full and fair product resulting from their employment. An individual may indeed forfeit this right by crime, or by insisting on the employment of his powers in some manner inconsistent with the public weal; but his right to use his own God given powers for his own benefit and that of those dependent on and dear to him is natural, primary, intrinsic, self-evident, and only to be vitiated or suspended by some culpable and malevolent action on his part whereby the public weal is assailed or endangered. Such is the Republican conception of "Equal Rights in the Territories."

II. The Douglas Democratic idea is that of *the Equal Right of Slavery with Free Labor in any and every territory.* This idea denies that slavery is a natural or moral wrong—denies that Man has a natural moral right to the direction of his own energies, the products of his own industry, and maintains that the ownership of his own limbs and faculties by the laborer or by a master is a question of political economy and social expediency, to be determined by considerations of climate, soil, products, &c. In a temperate, mainly Grain-growing region, Douglasism intimates that slavery will not usually be found profitable, therefore will not be established or not be maintained; while in a tropical or semi-tropical Cotton, Rice and Sugar-growing district, enslaved negro labor will usually be found most profitable, if not indispensable; therefore will be preferred. But, in any and every case, the People—that is, the resident white male adults—must of right decide to have or not have slavery, and the votes of a majority of their number must determine the issue. If a territory, when it comes to form a State Constitution, shall have five thousand male adults, of whom four thousand are negroes and but one thousand whites, the whites alone are to have a voice in determining the future condition of Labor in that community; and if five hundred and fifty of these vote to have slavery to four hundred and fifty against it, the votes of these five hundred and fifty overbear those of the four hundred and fifty opposed, with the unexpressed but notorious choice of the four thousand blacks, making that a slave state. And this, according to Mr. Douglas, is "Popular Sovereignty."

So much is clear but when we ask Mr. Douglas and his supporters, "What shall be the *status* of a Territory with regard to slavery *prior* to such decision of the question by its people?" the answer elicited is vague or equivocal. At first, the Douglas canvassers maintained with us that *there can be no legal Slavery in any county or district until it has been established or authorized there by some positive law*—hence that every man residing in a territory must own himself until some valid law of that Territory or of Congress shall have constituted him the property of another. Under this view, it was stoutly and not unplausibly argued that the Kansas-Nebraska bill was an Anti-slavery measure—at least not a Pro-slavery one. But Mr. Douglas and his disciples have been gradually driven from this ground, and now say that the *status* of the negro in any Territory is a question to be settled by the Federal Courts—ultimately by the United States Supreme Court. In other words, the mainly slave-holding Judges who made the Dred Scott Decision are to decide all questions respecting slavery in the Territories. How they will decide this one, we need go no further than the Dred Scott case to learn. Practically, therefore, though indirectly and ambiguously, Mr. Douglas's platform concedes the Territories *en masse* to slavery.

III. Mr. Breckenridge's creed attains the same end by a far simpler and directer method. His doctrine affirms *the Equal Rights of the States and their citizens in the Territories*—that is, the equal right of any and every slaveholder to migrate thither with his horses, oxen, hogs, plows, and wagons, and demand protection of property in slaves; but he demands protection for that property under the general laws which secure to every man his own; and, if the Territorial authorities should neglect or refuse to afford this, he looks to the Federal Government to supply the deficiency.

Such, according to our understanding of the manifestoes of the rival parties and candidates, their relative positions; and they seem to us to preclude the idea of coalition electoral tickets supported by any two of them. The Breckenridge and Douglas parties are as clearly if not as widely antagonist as the Douglas and Lincoln; and the triumph of either is the defeat of both the others. Ultimately, the Douglas position must be abandoned for that of one of the other parties, as our "Softs" have receded from the position so stoutly maintained by them in 1848 to the present Douglas platform. Their leading organs—*The Albany Atlas*, for example—were just as positive then that they would never surrender their "corner-stone" platform as they now are that they will never take their next plunge into the abyss of Slavery Protection. Their present half-way house, however, will not outlast the pending struggle; and, long prior to 1864, we shall see them stoutly maintaing the doctrine now enunciated by Breckenridge as Simon Pure, unadulterated, anti-sectional Democracy.

The Dignity of Labor.

The following from Ruskin, the most poetic writer on art that ever lived, are as truthful as they are beautifully expressed. In his Stones of Venice he says:

"We are always, in these days, endeavoring to separate intellect from manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always laboring; and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle—the one envying, and the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two can not be separated with impunity. It would be well if all of us were good handcraftsmen of some kind, and the dishonor of manual labor done away with altogether."

A Truthful Eulogy.

The Hon. Richard Yates, republican candidate for Governor in Illinois, at a recent mass meeting at Springfield, paid the following eloquent tribute to the character of Mr. Lincoln:

"Now, fellow citizens, it may strike you as rather a strange matter that the people of so great a nation as this should come to Illinois for its President—that this mighty Republican party should look to this far away Prairie State for its standard bearer in such a momentous contest. Yet, I say here to-day, that I have heard the great men of this nation, North and South, East and West, for four consecutive years in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and in the Senate of the United States; I have heard the Stevens and Toombs of the South, the Sewards, Chases and Corwins of the North; I have heard the most renowned orators on the floor of the Senate and House daily for years; and I say here to-day, that for clearness of statement, for penetration of thought, or power of irresistible logic, comprehensive, statesmanlike views, for exalted purity, of private and public character your own Abraham Lincoln is the clearest, noblest, purest, and best of them all. In the history of his life—in all the elements which inspire with enthusiasm the hearts of the masses of mankind, and rouse the millions to action, I stand up here to-day in this the Capital of the State, and in the presence of my countrymen, to say that the name of Abraham Lincoln is this day and hour the mightiest name upon the Continent of North America. [Prolonged cheers.]

"My friend Green, who introduced me, told me the first time he ever saw Lincoln, he was in the Sangamon River, with his pants rolled up some five feet, more or less, trying to pilot a flat-boat over a mill-dam. The boat had got so full of water that it was difficult to manage, and almost impossible to get it over the dam. Lincoln finally contrived to get her prow over so that it projected a few feet, and there it stood. But he then invented a new way of bailing a flat-boat. He bored a hole through the bottom to let the water run out, and then corked her up, and she launched right over. [Great laughter.] I think the captain who proved himself so fitted to navigate the broad horn over the dam, is no doubt the man who is to stand upon the deck of the old ship, 'the Constitution,' and guide her safely over the billows and breakers that surround her. [Enthusiastic and prolonged applause.]

"I said Lincoln was once a poor boy. And is it nothing? Is there no lesson in his life to you fellow citizens? Is not his example and his achievement a lesson to the hopeful, the young and the poor! And will you blame the people if they love their own? He is the best friend of labor, who himself has labored. He can best sympathize with the people in their wants. Is the story of his life nothing? He is the representative of the great idea of the Republican—*labor—free labor.* The representative of the genius of our free institutions. A boy, the son of poor parents, himself poor, begins life unaided, save by his own industry and genius, struggles on, advancing step by step, through many years of patient and earnest endeavor, until he rises to that proudest of all human elevations, the Presidency of the United States.

"What an example here is for our children. Hereafter, the poor boy who follows him in his history as he leaves the State of Kentucky, at the age of six years, and grows up in Indiana, laboring faithfully with his hands, going to Illinois and working on step by step, until he becomes the mighty statesman, and honored chief of thirty millions of freemen—as the poor boy of future years reads the story, he will feel strange emotions in his breast, and determine to emulate the example of the noble Lincoln. [Cheers.] The poor boy—the poorest of you, though his parents may be humble, though he may have to face the colds of Winter and the Summer's sun, however poor he may be, in this land of freedom, where the avenues to office and success are open to all, he can point to Abraham Lincoln, and straighten himself up and say, 'I have the same right and same opportunity to be President as any other boy.'

"Fellow citizens, the name of Abraham Lincoln, which we present to you, is a winning name—a name to rally on wherever freedom requires a champion—a name to boast of wherever you would point to an honest man or a patriot—a name to love wherever affection would seek a warm hearted or generous spirit—a name which is a spell to gather millions wherever free hearts and strong hands are to be summoned in favor of liberty and humanity." [Tremendous applause.]

ALMOND PUDDING.—Half a pound of almonds, including five or six bitter ones, well pounded; the yolks of seven eggs, and the whites of two to be well beaten, these gradually mixed with the almond paste; then put in—each beaten separately—four ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of melted butter, four ounces of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and the juice of half a lemon. Butter your tin, throw crumbs over it, and then put in half the mixture, then a layer of apricot jam, then the rest of the mixture. Put a piece of paper over it, and then tie on a cloth; boil it one hour. The best substitute for apricot jam is peach juice, but it does not make the same pudding by any means.

The Professor in the Woods.

"The Professor's Story," now in course of publication in the Atlantic Monthly, occasionally contains a tit-bit worth picking out—as, for example:

"The woods are all alive to one who walks through them with his mind in an excited state, and his eyes and ears wide open. The trees are always talking, not merely whispering with their leaves, (for every tree talks to itself in that way, even when it stands alone in the middle of a pasture,) but grating their boughs against each other, as old horn-handed farmers press their dry, rustling palms together,—dropping a nut or a leaf or a twig, clicking to the tap of a woodpecker, or rustling as a squirrel flashes along a branch. It was now the season of singing-birds, and the woods were haunted with mysterious, tender music. The voices of the birds which love the deeper shades of the forest are sadder than those of the open fields; these are the nuns that have taken the veil, the hermits that have hidden themselves away from the world and tell their griefs to the infinite listening Silences of the wilderness,—for the one deep inner silence that Nature breaks with her fitful superficial sounds becomes multiplied as the image of a star in ruffled waters. Strange! The woods at first convey the impression of profound repose, and yet, if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life which is in them is restless and nervous as that of a woman; the little twigs are crossing and twining and separating like slender fingers that cannot be still; the stray leaf is to be flattened into its place like a truant curl; the limbs sway and twist, impatient of their constrained attitude; and the rounded masses of foliage swell upward and subside from time to time with long soft sighs, and, it may be, the falling of a few raindrops which had lain hidden among the deeper shadows. I pray you, notice, in the sweet summer days which will soon see you among the mountains, this inward tranquility that belongs to the heart of the woodland, with this nervousness, for I do not know what else to call it, of outer movement. One would say, that Nature, like untrained persons, could not sit still without nestling about or doing something with her limbs or features, and that high breeding was only to be looked for in trim gardens, where the soul of the trees is ill at ease perhaps, but their manners are unexceptionable, and a rustling branch or leaf falling out of season is an indecorum. The real forest is hardly still except in the Indian summer; then there is death in the house, and they are waiting for the sharp shrunken mouths to come with white raiment for the summer's burial.

There were many hemlocks in this neighborhood, the grandest and most solemn of all the forest-trees in the mountain region. Up to a certain period of growth they are eminently beautiful, their boughs disposed in the most graceful pagoda-like series of close terraces, thick and dark with green crystalline leaflets. In spring the tender shoots come out of a paler green, finger-like, as if they were pointing to the violets at their feet. But when the trees have grown old, and their rough boles measure a yard through their diameter, they are no longer beautiful, but they have a sad solemnity all their own, too full of meaning to require the heart's comment to be framed in words. Below, all their earthward-looking branches are sapless and shattered, splintered by the weight of many winters' snows; above, they are still green and full of life, but their summits overtop all the deciduous trees around them, and in their companionship with heaven they are alone. On these the lightning loves to fall. One such Mr. Bernard saw—or rather, what had been one such; for the bolt had torn the tree like an explosion from within, and the ground was strewed all around the broken stumps with flakes of rough bark and strips and chips of shivered wood, into which the old tree had been rent by the bursting rocket from the thunder-cloud.

AN INQUISITIVE YANKEE.—A gentleman riding in an Eastern railroad car, which was rather scantily supplied with passengers, observed on the seat before him a lean, slab-sided Yankee; every feature of his face seemed to ask a question, and a little circumstance soon proved that he possessed a more 'inquisitive mind.' Before him, occupying an entire seat, sat a lady dressed in deep black, and after shifting his position several times, and manœuvering to get an opportunity to look into her face, he at length caught her eye:

'In affliction?'

'Yes, sir,' responded the lady.

'Pa-rat?—father or mother?

'No, sir.'

'Child, prehaps?—boy or girl?'

'No, sir, not a child, I have no children.'

'Husband, then, I expect?'

'Yes,' was the curt answer.

'Hum!—cholery?—a trading man,—may be?'

'My husband was a seafaring man—the captain of a vessel; he didn't die of cholera, he was drowned.'

'O, drowned, eh?' pursued the inquisitor, besitating for an instant.

'Saved his *chist*?'

'Yes, the vessel was saved, and my husband's effects,' said the widow.

'Was they!' asked the Yankee, his face brightening up.'

'Pious man!'

'He was a member of the Methodist church!'

The next question was a little delayed, but it came.

'Don't you think you have great cause to be thankful that he was a pious man and saved his chist?'

'I do,' said the widow, abruptly, turning her head to look out of the window.

The indefatigable 'pump' changed his position, held the widow by his glittering eye once more, and propounded one more query, in a little lower tone, with his head slightly inclined forward, over the back of the seat, 'Was you calculating to get married agin?'

'Sir,' said the widow indignantly, 'you are impertinent!' And she left her seat and took another, on the opposite side of the car.

''Pears to be a little huffy!' said the ineffable bore, turning to our narrator behind him. 'She needn't be mad; I don't want to hurt her feelings. What did they make you pay for that umbrella you've got in your hand? It's a real pooty one.'

Beau Brummel.

In a sketch of the life of Brummell, appeared the following amusing anecdotes of the great beau:—Brummel prided himself on saying rude things. Dining with a gentleman who vulgarly boasted of his wine and its high price, Brummell refused his glass, when the servant brought him the bottle a second time, with "No, thank you; I don't like cider." Another time, in a country house, where his host piqued himself upon disliking French wines, which Brummell greatly affected, he was saluted with "Don't take that thin claret, but have some of this old port." The Beau exclaimed, "Port?—oh, I remember now—a dark, intoxicating fluid, much drank by the lower classes!" Assuredly, had Brummell lived in *our* day, he would have had his nose pulled, if he was thus impertinent. Once he dined in the city, to the wonder of those who knew how exclusive he was, and said, "Yes, the man wanted me to bring him into notice, and I desired him to give a dinner, to which I invited Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont, and a few others. He was asked how the party went off? "Very well—only for one *mal-a-propos*, the man who gave the dinner positively had the assurance to seat himself at the table with us." Another time, speaking of a city millionaire, he said, "Ungrateful wretch—once I gave him my arm down St. James' street, and he actually has refused to discount a little bill for a thousand pounds!" Meeting a rich, but undistinguished young gentleman at dinner, Brummell asked the loan of his carriage to take him to a ball at Lady Jersey's. "I am going there," was the reply, "and shall be happy to take you." Brummell answered in his most delicate tone, "Still, there is a difficulty. You can's well ride behind your own carriage, and how would it do for me to be seen in it with you?" Here, most certainly, a gay manner of speaking alone could have carried off this impertinence. Somebody asked whether he knew that his brother William was in town? "Yes," said he. "In a day or two you shall meet him in my house, but I have recomm