ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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

VOLUME XI. NO. 40. | ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1860. | WHOLE NUMBER 563.

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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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

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 Faculty Cleveland; Drs. Geo. Z. Noble, Dundee, N. Y.; O. E. Noble, Penn Yan, N. Y.; H. P. Dale, Fond du Lac, Wis. 537

Attorneys.

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

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

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.

M. B. GARY, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Unionville, Ohio. All business entrusted him will be promptly attended to. 501

Hotels.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, at the Depot. has just been put in order, and being conveniently and pleasantly situated, with good accommodations for man and beast, is a good stopping place for travelers, or those from the interior having teams to be cared for while during a temporary absence by the Railroad. S. MOWRY, Proprietor. Ashtabula, July, 1860. 505

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 Merchandise, 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, 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 Store. 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. 488

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—4

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, & 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. 469

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

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

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fence Stuff, &c. &c. Planing, and Circular Sawing done to order. 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. Depot corner Main and Centre Streets, rear of B. 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. 407

J. E. 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 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. 41

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 carriage to convey passengers to any desired point. 4

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, Tomatoes, &c. East Ashtabula, Ohio. 435

LIME.—I shall sell Lime at the Harbor for 25 cts per bushel. 486 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.					GOING WEST.				
MAIL. A. M.	C. E. A. M.	Acm N. Y. P. M.	Ex N. Y. P. M.	STATIONS.	N. Ex A. M.	Acm A. M.	MAIL. A. 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	4.18
		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
12.16		7.21		Kingsville,		6.22	12.16	
12.32		7.36		Conneaut,		6.06	11.50	2.47
12.48		P. M.	A. M.	Springfield		A. M.	11.31	
1.00	6.57		12.15	Girard,	2.33		11.19	2.19
1.09				Fairview,			11.09	
				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.

Freedom Battle Hymn.

INSCRIBED TO THE HON. WM. H. SEWARD.

Freemen, now's your day for doing—
Great the issues in your hand;
Risk them not by faint pursuing,
Peal the watchword through the land
On for freedom,
God, our country, and the right!

Not with arms of deadly rattle,
Nor with bribe, nor trick, the fight;
All we ask is honest battle,
Arm'd enough with Truth and Light,
On for freedom!

Might is Right, let them assever
Who have learned the tyrant's creed;
Right is Might, our creed forever,
True in purpose, firm in deed,
On for freedom!

What though slavery hold its quarters,
There to have its fated reign,
Not in all our lands and waters,
Not an inch of new domain,
On for freedom!

By our mountains heavenward reaching
Field and forest without bound,
By the free waves round us preaching,
Here God meant no bondage ground—
On for freedom!

By our banners constellation,
By our eagle in the skies,
By our father's proclamation,
By their spirit now that cries—
On for freedom!

On for freedom, on victorious,
Hail anew our empire's day!
Hail the flag of Union glorious,
Triumphing in righteous away!
On for freedom,
God, our country and the right!

The Drab Dress.

'Brother Fred, I've a favor to ask of you;' and Lita Ross lifted her pretty face with a beseeching expression from a bouquet of choice flowers she held in her small, jeweled hand.

'A favor to ask of me, sis?' was the young man's reply. 'One would think from your serious, puzzled countenance, it was the first one you had ever preferred, and you were about to try an experiment.'

'Well, it is a sort of experiment, Fred; and before you give me an answer, I want you to *think*, and not say, 'O, yes, yes,' as you always do, and then not give it a second thought.'

'Well, here goes, then,' replied the gay handsome young man, drawing an ottaman to his sister's feet, and seating himself upon it, with an elongated countenance, saying with mock gravity, 'Your humble servant. And proceed to business, madam.'

The young girl's face assumed an earnest expression as she clasped one of her brother's hands in both of her own, and said, while the color burned up into her cheeks:

'Fred, it is this—that you will drink no more wine. I tremble whenever I see you with the glass at your lips.'

'Well, now, Lita, child can you not trust me, knowing my entire self-command that I have no natural tendency that way, and that I only occasionally take a social glass when in the society of my friends?'

'I know it Fred—I know all that; but your *influence* is what I fear. There is Charlie Chester thinks you a perfect pattern of goodness; and as he touched glasses with you last evening at Mrs. Reardon's, and you stood up and drank together, my heart ached; not so much for you as for him, knowing that he has not the self-command which you have and that he loves to look upon the wine when it sparkles in the cup.'

'Well, well, Lita, perhaps you are right, I never looked at it in that way before,' replied Fred, while his countenance wore a thoughtful expression. 'But who, in the name of common-sense (and now the young man smiled,) would have expected that my little fashionable, butterfly sister ever found a moment for such thoughts as these, what with her ribbons, roses and laces? Seriously, Lita I did not give you credit for being so much of a woman.'

'Thank you for the compliment, Fred. But now promise me; I shall not be happy until you do. I have no fears for your personal safety in this matter—though I doubt your moral right to indulge in a social glass, merely because Mrs. Grundy smiles upon the custom—but I *have* fears for Charley Chester, seeing with what a relish he drains the glass to the very dregs. Promise me, Fred; come, do this, if you love me;' and Lita Ross laid her hand beseechingly upon her brother's head.

'Well, Lita, this is something of a sacrifice to ask of me. Why, I shall make myself very conspicuous by refusing a social glass. But I don't know but I'll do it, if you'll make a corresponding sacrifice. I don't care to be immolated upon the altar alone.'

'Name it, Fred, and if it is in my power I'll do it willingly, gladly;' and Lita's soft brown eyes danced with delight.

'Well, then, sis, I'll promise this thing if you will do what I am about to ask you. I declare, I have scarcely the heart to, you look so pretty in that blue silk dress, with its lace trimmings, and your ear-rings, pin and bracelets, of those tiny pearls; but you must give them up if I comply with your request.

'I will, Fred—I will.'

'And wear a drab dress without ornaments?'

'Yes, Fred.'

'Next Thursday night make your first appearance at Mrs. Thurston's. Remember, you will be subjected to many remarks, and besides will look very plain by the side of your showily-dressed companions.'

'I promise, Fred, in return that you will then and there comply with my request.'

'Your hand, sis. And now remember, as long as you will wear drab, and that without ornaments, I will refuse a fashionable glass. But you do not know what a sacrifice you are making. I should not be surprised were you to retract any day.'

'Well Fred, we shall see. And now a kiss, as a seal of our contract;' and Lita threw her arms about her brother's neck, and covered his forehead, brow and lips with a shower of kisses, and glided away through the hall, up the long, polished oaken stairway to her own chamber, and seating herself she bowed her head upon the table and ejaculated:

'Thank God, Charlie Chester may yet be saved!' And the tears rained down over her fair face, and when she looked up there was a subdued, tender light in her eye never there before.

And this was Lita Ross, the pet plaything of the family—the sparkling fashionable belle of the season—the coquette so accounted. But there was a leaf in her heart a leaf as yet unread by any eye save that of her Maker, and on it was inscribed her love for her childhood's playmate, Charlie Chester.

'Well, now, who'd have dreamed it?' Fred exclaimed, as soon as he found himself alone. 'I thought I had touched her dearest idol, and that she could no more deny herself than she could give up her right hand. But she'll do it; I saw it in her eye. Faith, I never was so proud of her in my life! I've looked upon her as a mere chit of a girl; but all at once she stands before me a noble, self-sacrificing woman! And she's right about Charlie Chester, for, now I think of it, he is in danger of being drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation! Strange I've not thought of it before. I used to fancy they had quite a partiality for each other; but they've out-grown it I reckon.'

How we pride ourselves upon our discernment, and yet how widely do our conclusions oftentimes wander from the truth!

Thursday evening came, and Frederic Ross sat in the drawing-room, waiting the appearance of Lita. There was a light rustling step, and she stood before him with her soft brown hair drawn smoothly from her brow, and confined plainly at the back of her pretty head, and amid its glossy abundance were a few sprays of heliotrope; her dress was of drab silk, with a low corsage and short sleeves, relieved by a fall of plain but rich white blonde, while her tiny foot, with its dainty satin slipper of the same shade of the dress, lay coquetishly half hidden in the thick rich carpet.

'Come, Fred; I am ready,' she exclaimed. 'Am I presentable?'

'Why, Lita, love!' Here he paused, Admiration was written on every feature of his speaking; but he adroitly changed the expression, and concluded with—'Yes, Lita presentable perhaps; but one would take you to be at least twenty-five instead of nineteen. Faith, I'd no idea it could alter you so much! Come, there's an hour yet; run and put on that rose-colored crape, and take the fastenings from your hair, and let it fall in curls about your shoulders. I hate to see you, my little sis, looking so prim. There's an hour yet, and Bell will assist you. Do it, now, to please me; there's a good girl.'

Lita's cheeks burned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears. 'To think that Fred, her own brother, should tell her 'she looked twenty-five,' and 'prim' at that! What would Charlie Chester think of her? For a moment the temptation was strong upon her. But she did not yield, for she saw in her mind's eye Charlie Chester with the wine-cup at his lips; she heard his mother's voice saying, 'Charlie, Charlie, enter not into temptation!' as plainly as when she heard her whisper it in his ear as he turned from his cottage home a few weeks previous. It was those words and the look of gentle sorrow that filled the mother's eyes with tears, that first aroused Lita's fears in regard to Charlie, and ever since that time she had watched him closely; she had learned to know that his feet had taken hold on 'slippery places,' and in her solicitude she had long been devising some way in which she might benefit him without her agency being suspected. She did not care to betray her interest in him, as he had avoided her studiously for more than a year; and besides, she feared to wound him by forcing upon him the thought that she imagined him incapable of self-control. But now she had devised a way in which either of these contingencies could be avoided. And having obtained her brother's consent, should she yield it up simply to gratify her love for dress and admiration? No, no, she would not—she could not. More than that she *dared* not do it. Laying her hand in its tiny kid glove, upon her brother's shoulder, she said:

'Brother Fred, I shall go as I am, though I would gladly consult your taste and my own by exchanging this sombre dress for the rose-colored crape, but it would not be right; I should despise myself. I am sorry you are going to be mortified at my appearance. I did not think before I came below, that I looked so *old* and *prim*; but of course I do as you say so.'

Never mind sis; I'm proud of you let you look as you will. I should not have loved you half so well had you weakly yielded to my request. And now run and get your hat and cloak, for the carriage waits at the door."

Had my readers looked closely into the eye of Frederic Ross, they would have seen something closely resembling a tear glittering upon his dark lashes, which he hurriedly wiped away upon his delicately-perfumed handkerchief as Lita turned from him. And Lita thought he had never looked so lovingly upon her as he did when he handed her so tenderly into the carriage; and she was quite sure his bearing was more than usually proud as he led her to the farther end of the crowded reception-room, to present her to Mrs. Thurston, the lady of the house.

"Lita Ross, as I live!" cried an imperious beauty, as she tossed her stately head. "I wonder what new freak has taken possession of her?"

"O, she likes to render herself conspicuous," replied another lady, caressingly toying with one of her long golden curls. "See how all eyes follow her. I should not care to be in her place. She looks like a Quakeress matron of thirty or thirty-five. *You'll* stand quite a chance of reigning belle tonight, now that *she* has hidden her beauty under a cloud of drab."

Miss Milford, the young lady addressed, colored a little at the doubtful compliment, and gathering up her pale blue satin dress, sailed statelily away.

"Miss Ross," said Mrs. Thurston, bending her gentle face near to Lita's, "will you give me a key to the mystery that so sorely puzzles my guests, viz., the plainness of your dress to-night?"

"I cannot at present. Mrs. Thurston, replied Lita; "but at some future time I may. I hope you do not think I have done anything improper? I have a motive which you would approve of, if I were at liberty to name it;" and Lita stood blushing through her smiles at the inquiring face of the lady.

"O, no, Miss Ross, nothing improper; but it seems so different from your own girlish self, that it causes speculation in the minds of many. But do not let it trouble you. I think it very becoming to you, this drab dress with its white blonde trimmings; in short, I never saw you looking so lovely as to-night, though not quite so brilliant as is your wont.'

"O, Mrs. Thurston, you do not really mean it! I am sure I am looking very plain. Brother Fred said before we left home, I looked twenty-five, and so prim; and I have felt as though it were true, all the evening. It must be your partiality for me, my dear Mrs. Thurston, indeed it must.'

"Not at all, Lita. I am quite sincere in my opinion; and I have heard others say the same.'

"Lita Ross, is Lita Ross, dress her as you may,' said a light-hearted girl, as she stood talking with her companion. 'Just see her, Harry, as she stands there with the light falling around her soft dress; but she looks prettier to-night than ever,' continued the unselfish girl. "Do look, Harry?'

"Yes, Lizzie, there are but few faces, like Lita Ross's, pretier without adornments than with. I know of but one other in this whole assembly;' and the little hand of Lizzie was pressed tenderly by the young man, while a soft blush stole over the fair brow of sweet-tempered Lizzie Gray, as they mingled with the crowd.

The supper-saloon was thrown open, and the tables, laid with silver, and cut glass, supporting all the choice luxuries of the season, presented a dazzling spectacle, under the multitude of gas jets from the rich burners, while the long, polished side-boards were supplied with the choicest of wines, reflecting many a prismatic color.

'Miss Ross, what can I help you to?' queried the gentleman who had escorted Lita to the table.

But for a moment Lita was quite oblivious. She was thinking of her brother's *promise*, and wondering what effect it would have upon Charlie Chester.

The ladies had withdrawn from the supper room, but still many of the gentlemen lingered, or returned after having escorted their fair companions from the saloon.

"Fred—Fred Ross; here, take this seat by me, and while we sip our wine, we will have a chat."

"Well, Frank, I have no objection to the chat, but the wine I must refuse."

"Fred Ross a temperance man—signed the pledge! Three cheers for Fred Ross!"

Charles Chester held in his hand his second glass, and just as he was about to drain its contents the words of Frank Leland fell upon his ear. He turned pale, placed his glass upon the table, and stood looking upon Frederick Ross, who sat smiling composedly upon his boisterous companions.

"Yes, a temperance man, if you like it—I've signed a pledge, too, and its useless to urge me more, for I'm bound to keep it."

Lita Ross had stationed herself near the folding door, and not only had she seen all that had taken place at the side board, but not a word had passed but had reached her ear. With a heart filled with happiness she turned away, and at that moment would not have exchanged for the richest dress around her own simple drab dress.

Several weeks wore away, and yet Lita was never in public in anything but drab.

"It is ridiculous in a child of her years," said a lady, as Lita entered a large dry goods establishment—"perfectly ridiculous. I suppose she thinks it will pass for excentricity, but it is not; it is downright folly. If she was my girl I'd shut her up in the house and keep her upon bread and water, before I'd see her making such a simpleton of herself. Only see that drab bonnet, with its white ruche and and strings and the drab silk dress and cape, quite suitable for her grandmother!"

"I have heard her called one of the finest dressed ladies upon the street, to-day, by a gentleman from Europe," replied the clerk, "and he expressed a desire to obtain an introduction to her."

"Ah, indeed," said the lady, tossing her head. "Show me some lilac moires."

"Frederic Ross," said Charley Chester, drawing Fred's arm within his own, as they left the crowd who thronged Mrs. Granville's musical assemblies, "will you walk with me? I have something to say—a few questions to ask you, if you will not deem it impertinent in me."

Frederic readily acceded to the request, and no sooner were they alone, than Charlie said:

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I am anxious to know why you so suddenly left off your habit of taking 'a fashionable glass.' It alarmed me. I said whenever I saw you turn from it, 'is it possible that he fears to trust himself? or what has wrought this change in him?' And now will you not give me the key that will unlock this mystery?"

"Yes, Charlie, I will," was the ready reply. And then he proceeded to tell him the circumstances that led to this change in his habits, omitting to relate that his name was particularly mentioned as the one over whom Lita especially feared the influence of her brother's example.

"Your sister is an angel of goodness, Fred; you may well be proud of and worship her. If more ladies would take the stand she has done, young men would have higher inducements to break from fashionable follies; but instead of that they smile upon any custom which 'dear, delighted Mrs. Grundy' sanctions, and give the cold shoulder to one who has the independence to assert and carry out his own honest sentiments. *You*, with your wealth and position, are an exception; but I should find it quite a different thing. And yet I'm resolved to follow your example; and whenever temptation is strong upon me, I will look upon Lita, in her dark drab dress, and call to mind the sacrifice she has made; not so much from fear that her brother might fall a prey to the wine-cup, but lest others who have not so much self-control might take encouragement from your example."

After a few moments spent in discussing this subject the two friends parted; and when Fred related their conversation to Lita, after expressing her satisfaction she stole away to her chamber, as was her wont, to give full vent to the gratitude of her heart, and an earnest petition ascended to Heaven that Charlie Chester might have strength imparted to remain true to his vow.

"Well, Lita, so this rich, talented, handsome European, who sued so earnestly for this little white hand has shared the same fate with your many suitors. Your are an enigma, sis, and I'm afraid if I do not exert my authority you'll never be married."

"I am sure I shall not, Fred, unless my heart goes with my hand;" and Lita smiled a quiet smile as she looked up from her sewing. "Now don't leave me with that sober face, for I assure you I am very happy as I am."

"I doubt it, sis, was the laughing rejoinder, as Fred closed the door and went out through the long hall, humming a snatch of a sentimental song.

Two years had flown by and still Charlie Chester kept his vow inviolate. Lita had watched him narrowly, and every day in her heart she thanked God that this was so; and yet to have seen them, no one would ever have imagined that they had the slightest interest in common.

Lita sat alone in the back parlor of her home, thinking of the past, of the happy hours she had spent with Charlie Chester when she was a mere child, wondering why he avoided her so studiously of late, when she was aroused by a low tap at the door, and before her stood the object of her thoughts. With heightened color and an embarrassed air she welcomed him, wondering at his unceremonious call. A few moments of silence followed his entrance, and then Charlie Chester drew his seat near her and said:

"Lita—Lita, my early playmate, my boyhood's love, now that I know, and can trust myself, will you trust your life, your happiness, to my keeping? Will you be my wife? I owe to you all that I have, all that I am. It was through your influence I abandoned the wine-cup in time to save me from an inebriate's grave. O, Lita, what do I not owe you. And yet this very fact encourages me to ask for more. Say, will you trust me, and become my wife?"

The small hand he held nestling more confidingly in his, the brown eyes uplifted to his face with so much of truthful love in them, answered him; and sitting there she told him all the long years his image had been hidden in her heart—of her fears for his safety when she saw him with the wine cup pressed to his lips, and of her resolve to save him, and the consequent adoption of the *drab dress*.

"And it was for my sake, and mine alone, that led you to this sacrifice! And yet you did not know half my danger. I *loved* wine; my thirst for it was daily becoming more intense, and a few months longer would have placed me beyond the reach of aid; but you were the 'good angel' commissioned by God to save me."

Lita is now a happy wife and mother, but she still maintains her plain style of dress. She wore a drab dress on her bridal day, and as she passes along the street, she is pointed out as "the lady in drab;" but many there are who know not the story connected with it, nor that her husband will not hear to her changing it for any other color, for to him no dress is as beautiful as her *drab dress*.

The Struggle of 1860.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Two antagonists criticisms assail the Republican host now advancing to take possession of the Federal Government: "Too fast," and "Too slow."

"You go too far!" shouts the timid writer who follows that host afar off; "*we* too, are hostile to the extension of Slavery; but we cannot abide your Sumners, Sewards, Chases, Hales, Burlingames, who make war on Slavery itself. Why do you continually reiterate your unqualified devotion to the Union, your inflexible repugnance to any interference with Slavery in the States where it has a legal existence, your determination to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, and to uphold all the rights of the South? Thousands are expelled from you by the vehement and sweeping anti-Slavery inculcations of Giddings, Lovejoy, and Cassius M. Clay; why do you not disavow them?"

"You don't go half far enough!" shout an equally vehement if somewhat less numerous crowd, composed of earnest, thorough, uncompromising Abolitionists, including the whole membership of three or four respectable Christian denominations: "why don't you come out squarely against Slavery, *always, everywhere*? You gain nothing by temporizing: the South hates you and fights you no less than if you were not almost but altogether such as we are. Her mercantile and political vassals could not be more bitterly inimical to you than they are: Then why not declare for Abolition in the States as well as prohibition in the Territories, and strike for a result worth having? Why not enable us to unite with and strengthen you?"

To these last we answer:

The Republican party was called into existence by a treacherous attempt to open to Slavery the Territories shielded therefrom by the Missouri Compact. It embraced men of very diverse views and purposes—Radicals, who hate oppression and injustice anywhere; Conservatives, who condemn the violation, in the interests of slavery, of plighted faith. Outside of the party, each follows the dictates of his own judgment and conscience; but, when acting as Republicans, we must act with good faith to each other and to our common purpose. We are united on the basis of resistence to the extension of Slavery, and to any measure tending to legalize or practically establish it in any portion of the common Territories of our Union. We are united in support of the Free Homestead policy, which clearly tends to encircle the dominion of Slavery with the quarter sections of free laboring whites. We believe our opposition to Slavery is carried as far as it should be by any National party; we know it is carried as far as it *can be*. Were we to adopt your views, and follow your suggestions, we should be divided and crushed out in nearly every State. So we choose to do what good is practicable, rather than fail in attempting the impossible. If you therefore refuse to act with us, we regret it; but we must obey our convictions of duty and policy rather than rush on ruin by following your counsels.

But it is not true—though good men have asserted it—that Republicans are "in favor of Slavery where it exists, but against it where it does not." We are opposed to it everywhere—in Brazil or Cuba, Russia or Turkey, Virginia or Texas, as well as in Kansas or New Mexico. We pray God in His own good time to make an end of it everywhere, and would gladly, gratefully, have that time come in our day. There is not to-day a Republican in any Slave State who is not in favor of the earliest possible banishment of Slavery in that State, and from any other. We all rejoice at any evidence from time to time afforded that that fabric of Human Bondage totters to its fall. But if you ask us to undertake the overthrow of Slavery in the States, we must answer, We will each do whatever is in his power to put a speedy end to Slavery; but we citizens of New York or New England have no power over the laws of Virginia or Alabama. We will do our best, when opportunity shall be afforded us, to convince the citizens of those States that *they* ought to abolish Slavery within their respective States; but if we are to attempt its abolition there, by external or Federal constraints we should at once usurp power and repel sympathy. The Virginian who favors emancipation by the voluntary action of his own State, would resent and resist any effort to effect the same end by the vote or other political action of New York. So we serve the general cause by confining our action within Constitutional limits, and actually accomplish more by scrupulously declining to attempt too much.

Republicanism is essentially defensive—conservative. It seeks to preserve from the blight of Slavery the virgin soil of our Union. But it is not *merely* conservative; for it labors to eradicate from the soil of Kansas, of Utah, of New Mexico, the seeds of slavery already planted therein. It contemplates primarily the interests of Free White Labor, for which it struggles to secure the unoccupied territory of the Union; but it is not blind to the great truth that the true interests of each is the interest of all, and that Justice and Humanity are the interest of each and all alike. The Republican party will not, cannot abolish Slavery; but in preventing its further diffusion, it insures its ultimate extinction. It is Slave-Breeding, the rearing of human beings for the use of Avarice or Lust, that keeps Slavery strong and vital to-day in the border Slave States; it is Slavery Extension which renders Slave-Breeding active and profitable. Had Mr. Jefferson's sweeping proviso of 1784 become law, and been steadily upheld to this day, Slavery in our Union would have been dead long ago; had Louisiana or Florida never been purchased, or had they been subjected to the slavery prohibition of 1787, Slavery would no longer be formidable among us, and all could see that it was dying out. Our fathers hated Slavery, but they missed its vulnerable part, or failed to persistently profit by their knowledge; we have found that part, and shall not imitate the foolish dog who dropped the bone in his mouth for the larger one he saw outlined in the water beneath him. Let Republicanism accomplish its mission, and we shall then see clearly what is next to be done. E. G.

Extracts from the

GREAT SPEECH OF CARL SCHURZ,

At the Cooper Institute, N. Y.

THE DOUGLAS DOCTRINE OF "VARIETY."

* * * * But his speeches do contain one original idea, and I tell you that was a bright one; it belongs all to him; nobody ever advocated it before, and nobody will hereafter. We have been laboring under the impression that Douglas did not care whether slavery be voted up or down; but we must beg his pardon—it turns out that he does care; for the only original idea that he can boast of is that slavery must necessarily exist for the sake of —*variety*. (Laughter.) Don't laugh, I pray you—it is a very serious matter—it is on this fundamental principle upon which Mr. Douglas' statesmanship rests—and as he is