ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

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

VOLUME XIV. NO. XVI. ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1864. WHOLE NUMBER 746.

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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Of every description attended to on call, in the most tasteful manner.

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Physicians.

DR. W. M. EAMES, Physician and Surgeon (late Surgeon 21st Rg. O. V.) Office and Residence on Par street, opposite George Hall's Piano and Melodeon Dep ly Ashtabula, Ohio. y'6

G. W. FOSTER, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Geneva, Ohio. 468

DR. M. KINGSLEY, Homœpathist, Kingsville, O. Having had several year's experience, he feels himself competent to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. References—Homœopathic medical Faculty Cleveland; Drs. Geo. Z. Noble, Dundee, N. Y.; O. E. Noble, Penn Yan, N. Y.; H. B. Dale, Fond du Lac, Wis. 557

Attorneys.

WILDER & FITCH, Attorneys at Law, Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.
HORACE WILDER. EDWARD H. FITCH.
January 1, 1863. 680

SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ashtabula County, Ohio.
LARAN S. SHERMAN. JOHN Q. FARMER.

J. R. COOK, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Justice of the Peace, Main Street, over Morrison's Store, Ashtabula, O.

CHARLES BOOTH.—Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

W. B. CHAPMAN, — Attorney at Law — Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds for Michigan and Iowa. Office three doors east of the Tremont House, Conneaut, O.

Hotels.

ASHTABULA HOUSE—R. Warmington Proprietor. Omnibuses run regularly from this house to and from every train, and a line of stages leaves its door for Jefferson and other interior points. 607

FISK HOUSE—Ashtabula, O.—H. F Culver, 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. 689

AMERICAN HOUSE—John Thompson—Jefferson, Ohio.

Merchants.

HASKELL & SON, Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries, Provisions, and Ready Made Clothing. Also, Dealers in all kinds of White Wood, Ash, Oak, Hickory Lumber, and Flour Barrel Hoops, Main street, Ashtabula.
J. W. HASKELL. 616 D W HASKELL.

STEPHEN HALL—Dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Hats and Caps, Lasts and Shoe findings, and general Merchandise, 2 doors South of the Bank. 548

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

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Good Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c., two door North of Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 416

H. L. MORRISON,—Dealer in Dry Goods Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Ashtabula, O. 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.

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

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 6—

W. PUNGHES, Dealer in Clocks, Watches Jewelry, and Silver Spoons. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired. Ashtabula, O. Four doors north of the Post-Office. 519

Clothing.

MANSFIELD & BRUCE, Wholesale & retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Ashtabula. 636

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

Manufacturers.

CYRUS AVERY, Manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron, and Copper Ware, and dealer in Stoves. Also, Agent for Whitney's celebrated Clothes Wringer. At the Old Bazaar, east side Main street, three doors south of the Bank, Ashtabula, Ohio. 592

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

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. 48

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

FLAGS AND BANNERS.—Orders promptly filled. Send for price list. G. W. CROWELL & Co., No. 211 Superior St., Cleveland, O. 113

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

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot on Park street, Ashtabula. See advertisement. 416

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. 431

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, steam establishment, North Main street, near the office of Dr. Farrington. Ashtabula, O. 451

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.

O. H. FITCH, Life, Fire and Marine Insurance, and Real Estate Agency, Fisk Block, Ashtabula, O. February 15, 1863. 636

SIMEON KEITH, Kingsville, O., Dealer in Groceries, Cigars, Yankee Notions, and Peddlers' Goods generally.

LUCE & STRONG, Growers and Dealers in Peaches, Strawberries, and other small Fruits. Also, Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Canned Fruits, Apple Butter, Jellies, &c., Ashtabula, Ohio.

CHARTER OAK Fire and Marine Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Cash Capital $300,000. Agent for Ashtabula, O. 732 STEPHEN HALL.

TIME TABLE OF THE

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD.

Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST. D. Ex.	GOING EAST. Cin'n Ex.	GOING EAST. N. Ac.	STATIONS.	GOING WEST. N. Ex.	GOING WEST. Atm.	GOING WEST. P. Ex.	GOING WEST. D. Ex.
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	—	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
9.50	3.15	3.5	0	7.00	10.15	2.0	7.10
10.38	4.18	5.09	1014		5.53	9.04	12.57	6.00
		5.59		Madison,		8.37	12.30	
		6.46		Unionville,		8.29		
11.23		6.56		Geneva,		8.2	12.17	
		6.10		Saybrook,		8.08		
11.55	5.06	6.25	1110	Ashtabula,	4.52	7.55	11.55	5.06
		6.40		Kingsville,		7.41	11.41	
12.22		6.58		Conneaut,		7.23	11.24	
1.18	6.05	8.05	1242	Erie.	3.16	6.10	10.20	3.25
P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. 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.*

Day Express Eastpass West, connects at Girard with Trains on the Erie & Pittsburgh Road for Limeville, Meadville, Jamestown, &c. Pa.
CLEVELAND, April 18, 1863. H. NOTTINGHAM, Sup't.

Erie Railway.

Great Broad Gauge, Double Track and Telegraph Route to

NEW YORK, BOSTON, and all Eastern Cities,

Carrying the Great Western and South Western U. S. Mails.

EXPRESS Trains leave Dunkirk daily on arrival of all Trains on the Lake Shore Railroad, from Cleveland, Cincinnati, Toledo, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul St. Louis, &c. and run through to New York without change.

The only route running cars through from the Lakes to N. York City. Splendid Ventilated Sleeping Cars run on Night Trains.

Baggage checked through. Fare always as low as by any other route.

Boston Passengers and their Baggage transferred Free in New York.

Be particular to call for Tickets via Dunkirk and the Erie Railway, which are sold at all the principal Railroad Offices in the West.

This Road affords superior facilities for shipment of freight.

Express Freight Trains

Leave New York daily, making close connections through to all points West.

For Freight Rates, enquire of A. H. WARD, 240 Broadway New York; JOHN S. DUNLAP, 15 State Street, Boston Mass. or of E. S. SPENCER, Western Agent, 64 Clark Street Chicago. 592 Cha's Minot, Gen. Sup't.

N. Y. SANITARY THE People's CURE SOCIETY

BUFFALO TESTIMONY.

THE PEOPLE'S **CURE** Cures Rheumatism

"I was troubled with Rheumatism for two years suffering more or less every day. I have taken two bottles of the 'People's Cure,' and have not had any pain since I left it off more than four weeks ago. I consider myself as entirely cured, and the medicine has made me feel very light and good—just like a young man though I am sixty-two years old.
GODFREY SCHEFFEL, Michigan St."

"My wife has been suffering from Rheumatism of an inflammatory character for about six or seven years, sometimes very acute'y. About the first of June last she commenced taking the 'People's Cure,' and continued to take it some three weeks. In two days after she commenced, the swelling and stiffness of her joints had very materially lessened, and in three weeks had disappeared altogether.
"THOMAS POLLOCK, (at W. H. Gleany's.)
"Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1862."

THE PEOPLE'S **CURE** Cures Fever Sores.

"Buffalo, Nov. 3, 1862.
"Two of our subscribers—one of them afflicted with a bad Fever Sore, the other with Rheumatism—having seen the advertisement of the 'People's Cure' in this paper, purchased the medicine, and now, after having thoroughly tried it, report to us, recommending it most heartily, as a thorough remedy in their case.—Editors Christian Advocate."

THE PEOPLE'S **CURE** Cures Diseases of the Skin.

"My face has for more than ten years been greatly disfigured by eruptions and bunches, which at times extended over my whole body, and once for three days made me entirely blind; but having taken two bottles of the 'People's Cure,' my acquaintance hardly recognize me—indeed I hardly know myself—as I am now a well man. Let all who are afflicted try the 'People's Cure—the medicine prepared by the Sanitary Society—and I think they will not begrudge their dollar.
JOSEPH SOUR, Turner, Mechanic street.
Buffalo, Nov. 16, 1862.

The People's **CURE** Cures Scrofula and Salt Rheum.

I have used the People's Cure in my family with great benefit, in cases of Scrofula and Salt Rheum, and have recommended it frequently to my friends, all of whom I believe have been benefitted, and most of them entirely cured by it.
CHARLES SCHARFF, 278 Main street, up stairs.

The People's **CURE** Cures Female Weaknesses.

I have been in feeble health ever since the birth of my boy who is now 12 years old. I have had many troubles and difficulties, all this time, unfitting me for every kind of labor, and destroying all my comfort. Last summer I began taking the Peoples' Cure and have used four bottles, and am now almost well. My difficulties have nearly all disappeared, and I feel cheerful and happy. Mrs CATH. DEWALD,
Dressmaker, Goodell Alley, above Tupper st.
Buffalo, Oct. 20, 1862.

The People's **CURE** Cures when other Medicines fail.

My wife has been in poor health for a long time, having frequently to call a physician to attend her; but she was recently very much worse. For 5 or 6 weeks she had no appetite, lost all her strength, and was each day growing worse. She had night sweats, coughed a great deal during the night and considerably during the day, and we all supposed she was going off with the consumption, when a friend advised her to take the People's Cure. On taking the medicine she perceived a change at once. On the third day she had recovered her appetite, and was fast regaining her strength, until, on the eighth day, not yet having taken one bottle, she has stopped taking the medicine, saying she was as well as ever she was, and as well as any body could be, and she has continued so ever since. PAUL KLEIN, Gardner, 62 Pearl st.
Buffalo, October 1, 1862. For Sale by all Druggists.
C. CROSBY, General Agent,
255 Main st. Buffalo, N. Y.
732 to whom all orders should be addressed.

Ashtabula Union School.

George W. Waite, A. B. *Superintendent.*

GEO. W. WAITE - - -	Principal of High School.
MISS SARA M. SCHOONMAKER,	Assistant in High School
Miss HELENA SCHOONMAKER,	- Grammar
Miss CARRIE E. KING, -	Intermediate Department.
Miss SUSAN SAMPSON, - -	Secondary Department
Miss SUSAN M. WILSON, -	Primary Department
Miss EMMA ENSIGN, - - -	Assistant in Primary

The School is Free to all persons of a suitable age residing within the village limits, and the "District attached thereto for School purposes."

Forty weeks constitute a year. Terms for pupils from abroad will be

For Primary per annum. - - - -	$8,00
For Grammar, - - - - -	12,00
For High School - - - - -	16,00

Tuition payable in advance.

All applications for Admission to be made to the Superintendant.

The Fall Term commences Monday, September 7th 1863, and the Winter Term Monday, January 4th, 1864.

It is highly desirable that all pupils should be on at the opening of terms. No pupils out of the village will be received for a less period than one term, and no deduction for absence except in cases of sickness or removal.

Rev. J. M. GILLETT, Rev. R. H. CONKLIN, O. E. BRUCE. } Board of Education, for

H. PARSETT, *Pres't*, H. L. MORRISON, *Treas.* O. C. CULLEY, J. B. CONANT, STEPHEN HALL, } Board of Education.

A. F. HUBBARD, *Secretary*

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia, Pa.—Diseases of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Impotency, and other affections of the Sexual Organs, Physical Debility and Premature Decay—new and reliable treatment. In Reports of the Howard Association, sent by mail, in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address Dr. J. SCHLIN HOUGHTON Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa. 688

What About Lime?

THE Subscribers having Purchased the Right of this County for the use of

Page's Perpetual Lime Kiln,

and having completed one under the supervision of the patentee, are prepared to furnish Lime to any extent which the market may require, at a reduced price. By the use of this Kiln, lime is burned with a less cost of labor and fuel than any heretofore in use, and of a more uniform quality, free from cores, or unburned stone. Having incurred a large expenditure in preparation for the

Lime Business,

we solicit the attention of the public. H HUBBARD & CO.
Ashtabula Harbor, November 10, 1863.

The Drifting Leaf.

A leaf came floating on the stream,
Wafted by Autumn's blast,
Playing upon a sunny beam
Above the waters cast:
It seemed the sport of every breeze,
So fast disverdoring the trees.

I saw it down the current glide,
Or widely hurried on,
Tossed in its course to every side;
Now sunk and almost gone,
Then on the surface floating by,
Till motionless it seemed to lie.

I thought, 'Tis thus our lives appear,
Like that last drifting leaf,
The sport of many a hope and fear,
Alternate joy or grief,
Wafted about by every breath,
Till calmly motionless in death.

No strength to stem the current's force,
Or battle with our fate;
On, on, we drift along our course,
Whatever may await,
And knowing not from day to day
The changes that surround our way.

Carried along, as winds may blow,
Tossed 'mid the torrents strife,
Thro' many a scene of care and woe,
Upon the stream of life.
Dashed on the rugged rocks and torn,
On some verdant island borne.

We are not, swiftly floating past,
The things of chance we seem—
Upon the waters blindly cast
Adrift upon the stream,
The sport of every wave that flows,
The sport of every breeze that blows.

Our course is settled by the hand
That leads and rules o'er all,
The God, by whose divine command
The smallest leaf must fall;
Whose wisdom guiding all below,
Directs the currents in their flow.

The leaf is floating in His care,
Just where his course should be;
Unerring wisdom placed it there,
And fixed its destiny.
A Power Almighty guides it still,
Through every change of good or ill.

His arm each tiny leaf protects,
And guides the lightning's way,
The course of countless worlds directs
In universal sway.
Let us move forward and be still.
Seeing in all our father's will.

From the Meadville Journal.

Bridal Offering.

Brother, a "Prayer" for thee,
For gentle Sister too:
A prayer that you may be
Each to the other true:
May Hymen's mystic bands
Your hearts in *love* draw close,
"Union of hearts and hands"
That only death can loose.

Dear ones, a "Wish" for you:
A wish for future bliss,
A life that knows not woe,
Fraught with true happiness:
May *Discord* never set
Its seal upon the brow,
Where Love's rich coronet
Sits so supinely now.

Loved ones, a "Hope" for you,
A brother's earnest prayer;
Cherish your "marriage vow"
'Twill lighten every care:
May you through life be blest
With wisdom from on High,
And find true happiness
In plighted constancy.

The Picture of the Proclamation.

A few days since we grasped the hand that wrote the Proclamation of Emancipation, and in the very room in which the immortal document was signed. Coming down thence into the "State Dining Room," we found our Brooklyn neighbor, Carpenter, at work, with brush in hand, in one corner of the huge, cheerless apartment. He is painting the "Reading of the first draft of the Proclamation by President Lincoln to his Cabinet."

The portraits for the picture are already completed. That of Lincoln is the best yet achieved—though it is slightly disguised by smooth linen and by an apparent application (for that special sitting) of a hair brush. In the sketch for the picture, the tall form of Father Abraham—six feet four inches by trigonometrical survey—occupies the center. He is sitting—behind a prodigious foreground of legs. The thunder-bolt of liberty is in his hand; he has just "passed it through its first reading," and waits for the comments of the Cabinet.

Seward sits before him, with the point of the fore finger on the table; his sandy hair already frosted; and he is just represented in the act of saying, "I suggest that this proclamation be reserved until it can be issued on the back of a military victory." It was so reserved, and finally issued amid the roar of acclamation that followed "South Mountain" and "Antietam."

Secretary Chase stands up, like Chimborazo, at the President's right:

"——whoso had seen him then,
Would say that he was born to be a king of men."

The Army and the Navy are on either side of the President; the one looking out on a reconnoissance through the spectacles of Secretary Stanton, and the other anchored behind the patriarchal beard of Secretary Welles. Mr. Bates sits, like the impersonation of sage conservatism, with folded arms, at the end of the table. The Postmaster General has apparently just entered the room; there is no symptom of the "Rockville Speech" in his manly face. In the background stands the late Secretary Smith of the "Interior."

This picture—if skillfully wrought out on the plan so well conceived by the artist—is destined to take its place on American walls beside that older one that represents the "Signing of the Declaration" in Independence Hall. The grouping is admirable; the scene is glowing with the best inspirations; and modest Brooklyn may congratulate herself that she has sent one of her adopted sons to paint the sublimest moral fact in American history. *Independent.*

Largest City in the world.

If the following account is true, London is no longer the metropolis of our planet. That distinction belongs to the Japanese city of Jeddo, which a correspondent of the Boston Traveler thus describes:

I cannot give you an idea of it, it is so unique, so unlike everything except itself, and so impossible as you will think. I have seen several places of interest, and maintained a cool head, but I was bewildered and confounded when I saw this. It is situated on the western shore of this charming gulf, twenty miles wide by twenty four long, to which the Lake Tiberias is nothing, except in the sacred feet which once trod its shores. It stretches for twenty miles and more along a beach of a semi-circle form, with its horns turned outwards and along each a street extends, crowded with blocks of stores and houses, and teeming with moving crowds, while shop keepers, artisans, women and children seem equally numerous within door, and at the doors—Indeed, a dozen or fifteen miles might be added to the length of the city in this direction, since there is nothing but an unbroken succession of towns and villages for this distance, which are as populous and well built as the city itself.

In crossing the city from the shore to the western outskirts, I have walked two miles and a half, and then proceeded on horseback for ten miles more, making twelve miles and a half in the whole, while in other places it may be wider still. According to the lowest estimate the city covers an area equal to seven of the New England farming towns, which were usually six miles square. And all is traversed by streets, usually wide, well constructed, perfectly neat, and cross each other at right angles; streets lined with houses and stores as compactly as they can be built, and crowded with moving and stationary masses as thick as in our Washington street or New York Broadway, at least for considerable distances. The population is estimated generally at three millions, which Mr. Harris, our minister, thinks is no exaggeration. For my part, judging from what I have seen when I have gone into the heart of the city, and crossed the city from side to side, I should be willing to add as many millions more; for the living, moving masses seen from sunrise to sunset, and every where the same, fairly seemed beyond computation.

How Sal Disgraced the Family.

A traveler in the State of Illinois some years ago, came to a lone log hut on the prairie near Cairo, and there hauled. He went into the house. It was a wretched affair—an empty packing box for a table while two or three chairs and disagreeable stools graced the reception room, the dark walls of which were further ornamented by a display of tin wear and a broken shelf article or two. The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool, with his sorrowful looking head supported by the palm of his hands. Not a word greeted the interloper.

Well, he said, you seem to be in awful trouble here. What's up

Ah, we are almost crazed, neighbor, said the women; and we ain't got no patience to see folks now.

That's all right, said the stranger, not much taken back by the polite rebuff, but can I be of any service to you in all this trouble?

Well, we've lost our gal, our Sal's gone off and left us, said the old man in tones of deep dispair.

Ah, do you know what induced her to leave you? remarked the new arrival.

Well, we cant say, neighbor, as how she's so far lost as to be induced, but then she's gone and disgraced us, remarked the afflicted father.

Yes, stranger, and—not as I should say it as her mother—but thar want a pootier gal in all the West than our Sal.

She's gone and brought ruin on her own head now, followed the stricken mother.

Who has she gone off with? enquired the visitor.

Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well, and might have married Martin Kehoe, a capital shoemaker, who, although he has but one eye plays the flute in a lively manner, and earns a good living. Then look what a life she has deserted; she was here surrounded by all the luxury in the country, said the father. Yes, who knows what poor Sal will have to eat, drink and wear now? groaned the old woman.

Who is the fellow who has taken her in to such misery?

Why, she's gone off and got married to a critter called an editor, as lives in the village and the lord only knows how he is to arn a living.

Extracts for Young Men.

Give a young man a taste for reading, and in that single disposition you have furnished him with a great safeguard. He has found at home that which others have to seek abroad, namely, pleasureable excitement. He has learned to think even when his book is no longer in his hand, and it is for want of thinking that youth go to ruin.

Some of those who have been most eminent in learning and sciences, made their first attainments in snatches of time stolen from manual employment. Hans Sachs, the poet of the Reformation and the Burns of Germany, began life as did Burns, a poor boy; he was a tailor's son and served an apprenticeship first to a shoemaker and afterwards a weaver, and continued to work at the loom as long as he lived. The great dramatist, Ben. Johnson, was a working brick layer, and afterward a soldier.—Linnieus the father of modern botany, was once on the shoemaker's bench. Our immortal Franklin, it need scarcely be said, was a printer. Herschel whose name is inscribed on the Heavens, was the son of a poor musician, and at the age of fourteen years was placed in a band attached to the Hanoverian Guards. After going to England, he undertook to teach music, and then became an organist. But while he was supporting himself in this way he was learning Italian, Latin and even Greek.—From music he was naturally led to mathematics, and thence to optics and astronomy. John Dolland, the inventor of the achromatic telescope, spent his early years at the silk loom, and continued in his original business even for some years after his eldest son came to an age to join him in it. Few cases are more celebrated than that of Gifford, the founder an editor of the Quarterly Review. He was an orphan, and barely escaped the poor house. He became a ship boy of the most menial sort, on board of a coasting vessel. He was afterwards, for six years, apprenticed to a shoemaker. In this last employment he stole time from the last for arithmetic and algebra, and for lack of other conveniences used to work out his problems on leather with a blunted awl. Few names are more noted in modern literature.

When there are so many human wolves about, a man is a great fool to be sheepish.

Children's Sermons.

We were much pleased with a sermon to children and youth, lately preached by the pastor, in the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. Its peculiar value and beauty lay in its being full of the Bible. The text, the outline, and the main illustrations were Spiritual, and were drawn from a hundred outside sources, which some seem so erroneously to think are better adapted to attract and rivit the attention of the young. A judicious use of outside illustrations in Sunday-school addresses is of course admissible. But the Bible pushed aside altogether, or but sparingly used, is a great and growing fault in such addresses. Many speakers actually seem to sympathize with the young in their idea that the Bible is an old familiar story, shorne by its oft repetition of its freshness and power to attract; and instead of speaking out its hidden truths and holding up its bright gems in a new light, that they may sparkle with fresh and living beauty to the gaze of childhood, they go hunting after subjects, illustrations, and fancies in the moral, natural, and fairy world, and thus do find rare and wonderful and (almost) incredible things to please the ear and secure the wrapt attention of the youthful hearer. But do not such talkers "forsake the fountain of living waters, and hugh out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." The sequel proves too often that they do.

The Bible, let it ever be remembered, is the Sunday school speaker's richest storehouse. There is a divine efficacy accompanying its themes and facts and illustrations, when they are rightly used, that belong to no uninspired relations; and he who would be successful in the great aim he has in view in talking to the young, will not foolishly and sinfully neglect to avail himself of this efficacy.—*Sunday-School Times.*

Southern Anti-slavery.

There was an immense Union war meeting at Bryan Hall, Chicago, on Thursday evening, the 17th inst., at which Gov. Yates of Illinois, was the principal speaker. In the course of his remarks he said:

I am anti slavery, not because I was born in New England, and have my prejudices against the Southern people, but because I was born in the South, there center all the memories of my youth, there is the home of my kindred, and I believe that the warm genial pulsations of humanity flow in as deep a current through Southern veins as in any people beneath the sun but slavery has been the canker of the South to eat out both its substance and its manhood, and to subject it to a boastful, insulting, arrogant aristocracy, which from the habit of tyrannizing over the poor slave, has become too pampered and arrogant to submit to the rightful authority of good government and laws. Slavery not only oppressed the African race, sundered husband from wife and father from son, exacting service without remuneration but degraded the poor white man, deprived him of his rights, reduced the wages of his labor, divided the land into large plantations, so that the white population was sparse, and schools few and remote. It stood as a perpetual living wall, a black and ghastly specter to roll back the tide of emigration which was pouring from Europe and New England and which sought the prairies and woods of the Northwest, and which under the genius and life giving energy of free labor and free institutions, has marched forward with stalwart giant tread to wealth and power, while the South, with its fertile soil and genial sky has drooped and withered beneath the curse of slavery. It is for the South as well as for the welfare of the country, that I wish to see slavery extinguished. Small farms, free labor, free schools, a free Press and open Bibles, free institutions will make the South bloom and blossom as the rose. Whenever self poised and conscious of her moral state and power—when every man can lift up to God unfettered limbs and soul, then the South will start with a bound; emigration, and genius, and art and enterprise will seek her sunny hills and vales: and these shall be the Lookout Mountains upon her deliverance and a race of unending progress and wealth, power, and renown.

Each in his own way—A Fable.

What, no farther! said the minute hand to the hour hand of the time piece. Why I have been all around the dial since we parted; and there are *you*, just one figure from the place where I left you.

And yet I have done as much work in the time as you have, answered the hour-hand.

"How do you make that out? said the other, as he advanced to pass him.

"So," was the reply. "Your journey all around, and mine from figure to figure, are each an hours value; all are not able to arrive at the same conclusions with the same ease and readiness. But this is no fault on either's side; only they who fancy that because they are doing the work of the whole world, are mistaken; they plume themselves on an importance and superiority by no means belonging to them. If then you were to creep like me the day would last, nobody knows how long; and if I were to gallop like you, it would be over before it had well begun. Let each keep his own pace, and then the business we are both upon will be done between us.

All right, said the minute hand in the distance I'm nearly out of hearing now, so keep anything more you have to say till I pass you again.

A Puzzling Question.—You may go into an assembly, writes the author of Human Nature, where there are two hundred women, one hundred and ninety nine you will pass with as much indifference as one hundred and ninety-nine pullets. But the two hundredth irresistably draws you to her. There are one hundred handsomer and ninety-nine cleverer ones present, but she alone holds the magnet. Is it her manner that charms you? Is it her voice that strikes on one of those thousand and one chords, of your nervous system and makes it vibrate as sound does glass? Or do her eyes effect you, so that you have no time to reflect and no opportunity to digest the portions they have put in it? Or is it animal magnetism, or what the plague is it?

The Story in a Nut Shell.

Mr. Morehead, the member of Congress from the Pittsburgh District, in a speech made a few days since in the House, gave a very succinct history of treason, as follows:

The country was in the midst of a revolution when Mr. Buchanan retired, and has been on the brink of a revolution at different times for thirty years.

Jackson suppressed treason in 1832—Jeff. Davis and his fellow conspirators made some signs of beginning a revolution under old Zach Taylor in 1850 when California was admitted as a free State, but the hero of Buena Vista squelched it by announcing that he would hang the first rebel who dared to lift a hand against the Union, and Jeff. Davis knew well he would do it. They prepared for it while Pierce lived in the White House and Davis governed the country.

They persevered while Buchanan was President and Floyd controlled the Army, until—between the 4th of November, 1860, the day Lincoln was elected, and the 4th of March, 1861, the day he was inaugurated—every Southern Fort, except Pickens and Sumpter, every armory and arsenal, all the ordnance, arms, and ammunition, all the custom houses, post offices, and mints; in a word, all the property of the Federal Government in every seceded State was seized by slaveholding traitors, without a blow being struck or a shot being fired in their defence; and thirty days before Buchanan's term expired eight slaveholding States had openly rebelled against the Government, cast off allegiance to it, and excluded its authority, hauled down its flag, captured its troops, forts, ships, munitions of war, assembled a Congress at Montgomery, Alabama, adopted a constitution, elected a President, prepared to raise armies, and organized a confederacy as a foreign and hostile government, all under that Democratic rule which my colleague is so anxious to restore, and all done by Democratic leaders! What did Mr. Buchanan do to prevent these great crimes? Nothing.—What did the Democratic party do to prevent them? Nothing. On the other hand, they resisted everything that looked like protecting the public property and preserving the nation's honor.

Sir, so wide-spread was treason, so faithless the President, that all hope was exhausted except the single one that his term would expire before all was lost. Thank God!—Abraham Lincoln became President before the cause of the Union was totally ruined, and then the work of rescue began.

Ocean Waves.

Great exaggeration has prevaled in respect to the altitude of ocean waves.—Even learned writers, until very recently, continued to speak of their rising forty or fifty feet high. In November, 1840, I encountered during a voyage from New York to Barbadoes, in a small barque, one of the severest hurricanes of the present century. It was one of those great cycloidal storms, reported by Colonel Reid, which swept from the whole length of the Caribean Sea, and turning with the Gulf Stream, followed the coast of North America to Newfoundland and finally the Atlantic to the shores of England. Owing to the stupidity and ignorance of the captain, we received the whole of the storm for four days, almost under bare poles, when by changing the course of the ship, he might have ran out of it in a few hours, as I endeavored in vain to convince him.—When we reached the middle of the Gulf Stream, where the current was three knots an hour, off the Capes of Carolina, we had the wind at its greatest force north, almost in an opposite direction to the current, thus raising the waves to what people delight to call, in poetic language, "mountains high." Being a good sailor, I mounted the mast to get a better view of the terrible desolation which surrounded our little bark, and to measure the hight of the waves.—I was quite surprised, when I mounted about thirty feet, to find that I was on a level with the crest of the waves when the ship was at the bottom of the "troughs." I therefore arrive at the conclusion that they never rise above six ten or eighteen feet above the ocean's level when at rest. The violence of the waves (as we found when we came into port) had torn nearly one third of the copper from the ship's sides and bottom.—*Wilson's Science of Ship building.*

Things that Make a Patriot Mad.

To hear men who have never read the Constitution, and never heard it read, ranting about its violation.

To hear men who never did a day's labor in their lives howling about the influx of negroes, and its injustice to the white laborers.

To hear men rave about President's violation of the Constitution, who are so utterly stupid or knavish that they have never ascertained that the rebellion is in violation of the Constitution.

To hear men who care not for law—for God nor man—and who live in daily violation of law, prating about law.

To hear men who, were they South, would be treated as the poorest and meanest "white trash" taunted as "mudsills," 'greasy mechanics,' &c., upholding the very men who so degrade labor and despise those who do not own negroes.

To hear them justifying Jeff. Davis and the South, who have not the manhood and decency to go South and seek a home which they liked so well.

To hear a man who loves slavery more than his country of freedom.

To hear a drunked, leprous, thick headed, gaunt looking libel upon manhood, belching out "abolition."

To hear a man talking about peace and compromise after he has been kicked and spit upon by the South.

If a man reapeth whatever he *soweth*, what a harvest of coats and breeches our tailors will have one of these days.

Northern Sanitary Fair.—The gross receipts of the Cleveland Fair are officially given at $101,445 69. Estimated net receipts $78,557.33. Of this sum $50,000 have been invested in interest bearing U. S. securities and placed at the disposal of the Ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society.

Fashionable Women.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression to the laws of women's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ones.—They are only doll forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody. They write no books; they set no rich example of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock. Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent. Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong minded women, who had as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

A Productive Farm.

Mr. A. C. Fulton, residing near Davenport, Iowa, writes to the *Prarie Farmer*, that his gross receipts from 52 acres of land last year amounted to $10,111. The net profit was $7,905, after deducting $3 per acre for interest or rent of land—besides cost of seed, labor, and all other expenses. This gives the extraordinary sum of a little over $127 per acae. The farm is on first quality prairie land broken up in July, 1862, at a cost of $2 50 per acbe. A large portion of it was replowed before seeding.—Twenty acres of it were put in wheat and corn, the balance in onions