ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

By JAMES REED. Independent in all things. $2 in Advance

VOLUME XIX—NO. 23. ASHTABULA, OHIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1868. WHOLE NUMBER 962.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Two Dollars per annum—paid strictly in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Twelve lines or less of Nonpareil make a square.

One square 1 week,	$ 75	Two squares 3 mos.,	$ 5 00
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JOB PRINTING

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

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PHYSICIANS.

S. S. FARRINGTON, M. D., with S. H. Farrington, M. D. Physicians and Surgeons. 919

DR. E. L. KING, Physician and Surgeon, office over Willard's store, residence near St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula. 940

H. B. VAN NORMAN, M. D., Homœopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office nearly opposite the residence of H. Fassett, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Residence nearly opposite the M. E. Church. OFFICE HOURS—From 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 2 P. M., and evening. 940

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

JEROME MURRAY, of Indianapolis, Ind., has opened an office for the practice of law at Geneva. 942

EDWARD H. FITCH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Notary Public, Ashtabula, Ohio. Special attention given to the Settlement of Estates, and to Conveyancing and Collecting. Also to all matters arising under the Bankrupt Law. 918

WADE & WATKINS—Attorneys at Law, Jefferson, Ohio. Office in the Court House, for the present. D. S. WADE. 895 A. B. WATKINS.

F. A. PETTIBONE, Attorney at Law, Collector Conveyancer and Notary Public. Geneva, Ohio, Dec. 3, 1866. 940-y1

HENRY FASSETT, Agent Home Insurance Company, of New York (Capital, $2,000,000), and of Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Ct. Also, attends to writing of Deeds, Wills, &c. 940

SHERMAN, HALL & SHERMAN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. LABAN S. SHERMAN, THEO. HALL, FRANK H. SHERMAN.

J. H. COOK, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, also Real Estate Agent, Main street, over Morrison & Ticknor's store, Ashtabula, O. 940

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 940

O. H. FITCH, Life, Fire and Marine Insurance, and Real Estate Agency, Fisk Block, Ashtabula, O. 940

C. G. CALKINS, Real Estate Agent, and Conveyancer, keeps a Registry of Personal Property, for sale, and wanted, and makes sales by Auction. 945

HOTELS.

CLARENDON HOUSE,—A. H. Stockwell, 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. 940

FISK HOUSE,—Ashtabula, Ohio,—H. Field, 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. 940

THOMPSON'S HOTEL.—J. C. THOMPSON, Proprietor, Jefferson, Ohio. 940

MERCHANTS.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano-Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano tools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot—22 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. 940

STRONG & MANNING, Dealers in Bituminous Anthracite and Blacksmith's Coals, by the ton or car load, at Ashtabula station, or delivered in the Village, at the most favorable rates. 940

TYLER & CARLISLE, Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Family Groceries, & Crockery, South Store, Clarendon Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 940

SMITH & GILKEY, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glass-Ware, opposite Clarendon Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 940

W. REDHEAD, Dealer in Flour, Pork, Hams, Lard, and all kinds of Fish. Also, all kinds of Family Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery, Ale and Domestic Wines. 940

COLLINS & BROTHER, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Iron, Stone China, &c., &c. Two doors north of Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio.
L. F. COLLINS. 940 J. W. COLLINS.

J. P. ROBERTSON, Dealer in every description of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Also, on hand a stock of Choice Family Groceries, Main street, corner of Centre, Ashtabula. 869

HORTON, & FASSETT, Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and General Dealers in Produce, Provisions, Flour, Corn, Fish, Salt, &c., Main street, Ashtabula, O. Goods delivered free of charge. 869

HASKELL & BRO., Corner Spring and Main streets, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c., &c.
D. W. HASKELL. 853 J. W. HASKELL.

WELLS & BOOTH, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit, Flour, and Groceries. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the lowest cash cost. Ashtabula, Ohio. 887

H. L. MORRISON, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Hardware, Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Ashtabula, O. 880

MANN & NOYES, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Stoves and Tinware. Strict attention paid to all kinds of Tinner's Job Work. Corner of Center and Park streets, Ashtabula, Ohio. 869

DRUGGISTS.

CHARLES E. SWIFT—Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, superior Teas, Coffee, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Patent Medicines of every description, Paints, Dyes, Varnishes, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Hair Restoratives, Hair Oils, &c. all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Prescriptions prepared with suitable care. 895

HENDRY & KING, Main streets, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealers 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. 758

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, Glass-Ware. Also, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula.

HARNESS MAKER.

W. H. WILLIAMSON, Saddler and Harness Maker, opposite Fisk Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio, has on hand, and makes to order, in the best manner, everything in his line. 869

F. C. FORD, Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, &c., opposite Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. 870

LUMBER-YARD.

SEYMOUR & GIDDINGS, Dealers in Pine and Domestic Lumber, Dressed or otherwise, Lath, Pine Shingles, &c. Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Fence Stuff, &c., Orders for Surfacing, Matching, Sawing, &c., promptly attended to. Ashtabula, Ohio.
WM. SEYMOUR. 858-6m A. C. GIDDINGS.

MANUFACTURERS.

A. D. STRONG, Manufacturer and Jobber in Hermetically Sealed Goods, Jelly, Cider, and Cider Vinegar. Ashtabula, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1866. 880

G. ZEILE & BRO., Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Leather in general demand in this market. Highest cash price paid for Hides and Skins.

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Mouldings, Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing, Matching, and Scrowl-Sawing, done on the shortest notice. Shop on Main street, opposite the Upper Park, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

W. W. SMITH, Manufacturer and Dealer in all the different kinds of Leather in demand in this market, and Shoemaker's Findings. He is also engaged in the manufacture of Harnesses, of the light and tasteful, as well as the more substantial kinds, opposite Phœnix Foundry, Ashtabula. 870

T. S. LAY, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes, &c., Fisk Block, Main street, Ashtabula, O. 870

BOOK STORE.

M. G. DICK, Dealer in Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, Toys, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Sheet Music and Music Books. Agent for the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. 887

CLOTHIERS.

PIERCE & HALL, Dealers in Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ashtabula, O. 834

BRUCE, AMIDON & WAITE, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., Ashtabula. 990

BREWERS.

BADFORD & KAIN, Brewers. Office and Brewery, in old M. E. Church, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 870

HARDWARE, &c.

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't Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 470

CABINET WARE.

DUCRO & BROTHER, 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. 491

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

D. W. GARY & Co. Dealers in all descriptions of Furniture, of both Eastern and Western make and styles at moderate prices, Hulbert Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 901

FOUNDRIES.

ONTIGLE & HILL, Iron Founders and Manufacturers and Dealers in Stoves of various kinds, Plows and Plow Castings, Mill Castings, and most descriptions of foundry work. Spring St., Ashtabula. 780

JEWELERS.

GEO. E. TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers of Silver Ware, Gilders and Silver Platers, 136 Champlain St., between Seneca and Ontario, Cleveland, Ohio. 994

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, Clarendon Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 6—

J. S. ABBOTT, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Engraving, Mending and Repairing done to order. Shop on Main street, Conneaut, Ohio. 838

DENTISTS.

S. D. HOWELLS, DENTIST, Jefferson, Ohio. Office in the Sentinel building. Filling and extracting done carefully. Upper or lower sets of teeth inserted for from $10 to $20. ALL WORK WARRANTED. 919

P. E. HALL, Dentist, Ashtabula, O. Office on the Hulbert Lot, nearly opposite the bank. 869

G. W. NELSON, Dentist, Ashtabula, Ohio. Office in Fisk Block. 869

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. T. H. HOPKINS, Music Teacher. Terms 20 Lessons $10—Half in advance. Those wishing to practice can do so at his residence. Ashtabula, Ohio. 937

EMORY LUCE, Propagator and Dealer in Grape Vines, Green-House Bedding and Vegetable Plants. Persons about to plant Vineyards, will find it to their advantage to consult me on the selection of sites for Vineyards, Soils, *Kinds of Grapes*, best mode and time of Planting. Examine samples of Growing Vines, and compare prices. Ashtabula, Ohio.

PURE BRANDY made from Grape Wine, White Catawba and Blackberry Wines, for medicinal purposes, for sale on the North Ridge. JOHN PEREW.
Ashtabula, Jan. 1866. y-839

LAKE SHORE RAIL-ROAD.

4 THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY.

On and after Monday, May 11, 1868, and until further Notice, Passenger Trains run as follows:

GOING WEST.	Day Ex.	Toledo Ex.	Mail & Acc.	Night Ex.	St. Bt. Ex.	STATIONS.	Night Ex.	Mail & Acc.	Cin Express	Day Ex.	N. Y. Ex.	GOING EAST.
	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.		P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	
	6 05	2 05	9 00	6 30	5 30	Cleveland,	9 30	4 15	4 00	7 15	12 00	
	6 44	2 44	9 45	7 09	6 13	Euclid,	8 46	3 26	3 12	6 31	11 16	
	7 04	3 04	10 05	7 29	6 33	Willoughby,	8 26	3 06	2 52	6 11	10 56	
	7 21	3 21	10 22	7 46	6 50	Mentor,	8 09	2 49	2 35	5 54	10 39	
	7 32	3 32	10 33	7 57	7 01	Painesville,	7 58	2 38	2 24	5 43	10 28	
	7 40	3 40	10 41	8 05	7 09	Perry,	7 50	2 30	2 16	5 35	10 20	
	7 52	3 52	10 53	8 17	7 21	Unionville,	7 38	2 18	2 04	5 23	10 08	
	8 11	4 11	11 12	8 36	7 40	Geneva,	7 19	1 59	1 45	5 04	9 49	
	8 18	4 18	11 19	8 43	7 47	Saybrook,	7 12	1 52	1 38	4 57	9 42	
	8 30	4 30	11 31	8 55	8 00	**Ashtabula,**	7 00	1 40	1 26	4 45	9 30	
	8 45	4 45	11 46	9 10	8 15	Conneaut,	6 45	1 25	1 11	4 30	9 15	
	8 57	4 57	11 58	9 22	8 27	Springfield,	6 33	1 13	1 00	4 18	9 03	
	9 05	5 05	12 06	9 30	8 35	Girard,	6 25	1 05	12 52	4 10	8 55	
	9 24	5 24	12 25	9 49	8 54	Fairview,	6 06	12 46	12 33	3 51	8 36	
	9 35	5 35	12 35	9 59	9 05	Erie, Leave	5 55	12 35	12 23	3 40	8 25	
	10 30	6 15	1 10	10 34	9 40	Arrive Erie, Leave	5 20	12 00	11 50	3 15	7 50	
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	

Trains do not stop at stations where the time is omitted in the above table.

☞ Second Class Cars run on all Through Trains. ☜

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

Steamboat Express leaves Buffalo at 8.30 P. M. Sunday Night instead of Saturday Night. Trains arriving in Dunkirk at 5.30 P. M., making direct connection with Trains of Erie Railway. Trains between Toledo and Erie run by Columbus time; between Erie and Buffalo by Buffalo time, and do not stop where time is omitted. The Saturday Night Express Train from Cleveland at 9.30 P. M. runs to Buffalo, and leaves Buffalo for the East on Sunday at 2.35 P. M.

EASTWARD—N. Y. Express, Eastern mail and Night Express runs through to Buffalo without change.

WESTWARD—Night Express, Toledo Express and Day Express run through to Toledo without change.

N. Y. Express East, and Day Express West will run on Sundays.

H. NOTTINGHAM, Supt.

Supt's Office, Cleveland & Erie Railroad,
Cleveland, O., May 11, 1868.

ERIE RAIL WAY.

GREAT BROAD GAUGE, DOUBLE-TRACK-ROUTE TO

New York, Boston, and New England Cities.

THIS Rail Way Extends from—
Dunkirk to New York, 460 miles;
Buffalo to New York, 423 miles;
Salamanca to New York, 415 miles
and is from 22 to 27 miles the shortest route.

All Trains run directly through to New York, 460 miles, without change of Coaches.

From and after **MAY 11, 1868,** trains will leave in connection with all Western lines, as follows:

From Dunkirk and Salamanca,
by New York time, from Union Depots:

7.30 A. M. Express Mail—from Dunkirk, (Sundays excepted)—stops at Salamanca 10.00 A. M. and connects at Hornellsville and Corning with the 7.30 A. M. Express Mail from Buffalo, and arrives in New York at 7.40 A. M.

3 25 P. M. Lightning Express—from Salamanca (Sundays excepted)—stops at Hornellsville, 6.13 P. M.—Supper—intersecting with the 2.35 P. M. train from Buffalo, and arrives in New York at 7.40 A. M.

5.50 P. M. N. York Night Express—from Dunkirk (Sundays excepted)—stops at Salamanca 7.45 P. M.; Olean 8.30 P. M.—supper—Turner's 10.13 A. M.—breakfast—and arrives in N. York at 12.40 P. M. connecting with Afternoon trains and steamers for Boston and New England cities.

9.50 P. M. Cincinnati Express, from Dunkirk (Sundays excepted) Stops at Salamanka 11.55 P. M. and connects at Hornellsville with the 11.20 P. M. train from Buffalo, arriving in New York 3.55 P. M.

From Buffalo—by New York Time, from Depot cor. Exchange and Michigan streets:

5.00 A. M. N. York Day Express—(Sunday's excepted)—stops at Hornellsville 8.09 A. M. (bkft.) Susquehanna 1.25 P. M. (dine) Turner's 7.05 P. M. (sup.) and arrives in New York 9.25 P. M. Connects at Great Bend with Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, and at Jersey City with Midnight Express Train of New Jersey Railroad for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

7.30 A. M. Express Mail—via Avon & Hornellsville—(Sundays excepted.)—Arrives in N. York at 7 40 A. M.

2.35 P. M. Lightning Express—(Sundays excepted)—stops at Hornellsville 6.10 P. M. (supper) and arrives in New York 7.40 A. M. Connects at Elmira with Northern Central Railway for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and points south, at Jersey City with Morning Express Train of New Jersey Railroad for Baltimore and Washington, and at New York with Morning Express Train for Boston and New England Cities.

7.35 P. M. New York Night Express—(Sundays excepted.) Stops at Hornellsville 11.08 P. M. intersecting with the 5.50 P. M. train from Dunkirk, and arrives in New York at 12.40 P. M.

11.20 P. M. Cincinnati Express—(Sundays excepted)—stops at Susquehanna 7.48 A. M. (bkft); Turner's 1.37 P. M. (dine) and arrives in New York at 3.55 P. M. Connects at Elmira with Northern Central Railway for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and points south; at Great Bend with Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad for Scranton, Trenton and Philadelphia, and at New York with Afternoon trains and steamers for Boston and New England Cities.

Only One Train East on Sunday, leaving Buffalo at 2.35 P. M. and reaching New York at 7.40 A. M.

Boston and New England Passengers, with their Baggage, are transferred *free of charge* in New York.

To pleasure travelers the line of the Erie Railway presents many objects of interest, passing through the beautiful valleys of the Chemung, Susquehanna, Delaware and Ramapo rivers, an ever-changing panorama of nature's beauties commands attention.

The best ventilated and most luxurious sleeping coaches IN THE WORLD, accompany all night trains on this railway.

Baggage Checked Through—and Fare always as low as by any other route.

Ask for Tickets Via Erie Railway.

To be obtained at all principal Ticket Offices in west or south-west. 961

H. RIDDLE, *Gen. Supt.* WM. R. BARR, *Gen. Pass. Agt.*

SUPPORTERS and Trusses.—H. A. Hendry, sole agent for Fitch's, Chapin's and London Supporters. Shoulder Braces, Suspensory Bandages, &c. Sold at wholesale and Retail by
H. A. HENDRY, Druggist
Ashtabula, Aug. 3, 1867. 902

NOW is the time to buy your Tinware. Great reduction in prices at
A. B. BIXBY & CO'S.

SELECT POETRY.

The Country & the Country's Men.

We have recently met the following poem, and have secured it for our paper as still of interest to the people, though treating of events that have now passed into history. It was written with special reference to the Congressional Campaign of 1866, in Minnesota, and was there read before a number of political audiences, though constantly refused the press.

The allusions made to Grant and Colfax will make it particularly interesting at this time when they stand so prominently before the nation, as candidates for its two highest offices.

You see old statues by the masters made
Where beauty carved in marble cannot fade:
White, stony, rigid in their changeless mould,
They stand in peerless beauty—perfect, cold.
Though years roll into ages, still the same
They stand in changeless lines—proclaiming fame.
Yet though so cold and lifeless, stark and dead,
To bring them forth, great fires must be fed
With oil by midnight burnt, that sap the life
Of some racked brains, half crazed amd the strife
To form a life-work ages hence might see
Their names to speak, though they had ceased to be.
All living in his soul the statue grew,
But, lasting there alone, the sculptor knew
That it existed only as his warm
And throbbing brain could hold its graceful form.
Of course, he made it less for men to buy,
Than to prevent its loss, if he should die.
But this is not the thing that I would speak of.
Some people seem to have a wondrous freak of
Supposing that a chiseling from granite—
Merely a shapely stone to those who scan it—
Existed in the ledge before 'twas chiseled,
As woman's hair was hair before 'twas frizzled.
The beauty of the brain that formed the picture
Is lost when criticism leans to stricture.
'Twas not the ledge that stares so blankly at you,
But 'twas the sculptor's brain that held the statue.

So the thing man, is viewed by many people
As they would see a house, or barn, or steeple;
Not by the rich design that Nature gave it,
But as a barber views a face to shave it;
The nature of the skin, the size of beard.
The shape of teeth, the figure how 'tis reared,
The strength of voice, the arm if graceful moved—
If these are right it only need be proved,
In order to receive it in society,
If it can wear good clothes with due propriety.
It matters not what God has made the brain of,
That is a thing that no one would complain of.
But when I look at statues cut from marble,
I see the brain there, not composite garble.
I love to see the ideal in a painting
Where blended colors into colors fainting
Speak soul as well as art;—and men I view
As all so different and all so new,
Each with a separate thought and different mind
And giving scope for study each to find.

We know a statue with an hour's study,
But in an hour can you learn a body?
Man is a statue with a living soul,
That soul you learn before you learn the whole.
To learn a soul you have to study actions.
As boys work up to logarithms through fractions;
For actions tell the motions of the mind
Since acts must have a prompter of some kind—
So when you look at men to learn their nature
You find yourself all lost until you bate your
Hot fiery impatience to discover
Through eyes or lips, through lights or shades, that hover
Around a man, the thoughts that may possess him—
But when you've done your best, you only guess him.

That men are land-crabs has been demonstrated,
Not that they bite and snap—as has been stated
That crabs and crabbed natures are inclined to,
But that they move like crabs—like them seem blind too;
For if a great or little end they seek
They flank it in a right or left oblique;—
Some Pat would give it with an Irish bull—
"Go forwards backwards, or in pushing pull."
Such men I think of, and I would describe them—
They say they're honest,—but you'll easy bribe them
In offering money, flattery or love,
Or giving them in politics a shove
That may secure them through your goose-quill's nib
A chance to forage at the public crib.

Yet some are struggling with an honest zest
To gain position where they'll shine the best.
But even these will seldom go straight for it—
They'll learn the law by reading "Little Dorritt."
Redeeming swamp, and making useful land on't
You must do more than simply go and stand on't.
It does not do to merely read up books
But you must grub, and sweat, and ply your hooks.
This growing great in any grade or station
Requires a long and quite severe probation.
By courting Fortune you can never rally her.
No gun can shoot beyond its native calibre.
To make a high and holy purpose ours
Will tax our energies, and tax our powers.
You cannot hope to leap the stream—you ford it.
You cannot fly along the road—you plod it.
When once you make up your determination
Then push on steadily, without elation,
Your eye upon your goal, your footstep steady,
For every trial that may meet you ready.

But now before I tell my touching story
Bear with me in a bit of allegory—
Since I would show you how a purpose formed
With high intention—by ambition warmed—
And nurtured in the breast with impulse stately,
May prove to be quite worthless, as we've lately
Discovered in the fate of one poor statesman
Who left his party and became the gatesman
Between his people and the rest of them
To turn to ruin all the best of them.
Poor Lane you think of and you say, "detestable!"
But when you come to try yourself you're best able
To judge to what degree 'tis safe to urge a man
To push ahead—even though he be a clergyman.
You may see some position and call that a gem
Which would repay you in all sorts of stratagem;
But "look before you leap,"—and "count the cost,"
To see how you would stand in case you lost.
The ways most sure to win, I'll bet a guinea are
Those ways the nearest to the rectilinear.
Then make your aim an object to be proud of,
And one that future poets will sing loud of.
But now I've snapped at all these thoughts that round did lie,
And left my allegory most confoundedly.

The Two Feathers.

AN ALLEGORY.

Sea, poised in air above the earth, two birds,—
Both looking down upon poor plodding man
Who delves below.

One has a piercing eye,
Unblanched, though fixed upon the midday sun.
He, proud and dangerous, with steady nerve,
Plucks from his wing a quill to drop to earth.
Down through the air the feather whirls its way
And lights on one who struggles on for fame!
Flushed with the spirit of the bird of Jove,
And looking up as to the throne of God,
The color deepening in his sallow cheek,
And fire rekindling in his sunken eye,
Thus writes he with the pen the eagle gave:—

I.

Soar, soar proud bird, to thine eyrie bold,
Where cliffs are sharp, and winds blow cold!
Thou carest not for the dizzy height,
But carryest upward, still, thy flight!
O bird of power,
Though clouds may lower,
And men may cower,
Thou risest near to the throne of God
To tread the air that the great have trod.

II.

Soar, soar, my soul as the eagle soars
Though storms may rise and ocean roars;
Men's hearts may quail at thy giddy height
Thou leav'st them there in their mental night!
What's earth to thee,
Or things to be,
So thou art free
To rise on high toward the throne of God,
And tread the steps that the great have trod!

The other—gentle as the heart of her
Who nursed and loved the Savior of the world—
With love soft beaming from her gentle eye,
As searching for some bosom, where in peace
She safe might nestle, far away from him
Whose lightning swoop, so terrible and dread,
Might tear away the palpitating life,
That pants within her heart for all that love:
Still poised in air, she from her snowy wing
Plucks forth a quill, and drops it to the earth;—
And, as it circles through the humid air,
She murmurs forth a gentle, loving prayer
That virtue with it may descend to earth,
And trusting love to God, and good to men,
Might fill the heart of him whose pious hand
Should write,—the world to read,—the gracious words
Of "peace on earth and good will to all men."

I.

My gentle dove I love thee,
With thine eye so soft, and thy breast so white
And love like Christ's above thee, [light:—
Who came down from God with a heavenly
He came to redeem the lost,
And his life he gave, the cost,
To teach the poor soul, buried deep in dross
That he might look up and behold the cross
Like those who died of the bite
Of sin, like the Israelite,—
Might look up and see,—not the vengeful rod,
But the dove of peace on the hand of God.

II.

So heart like his above thee,
With the dearest love, for the sake of God,
Work thou that Christ may love thee, [trod,
Though the earth may scoff when thy feet have
Not the way the earth desires,
Where his wicked heart aspires
But to reach for gold, or for earthly fame—
But to sacred scenes, to secure a name
As the man who loves his Lord,
And would have his name adored
By the weary man who is worn with sin,
And to place a heaven where a hell has been.

So write my pens,—one coarse, and strong, and grand,
That through the air far toward the blazing sun
Had borne the eagle in his flight of pride:
The other as a tiny wand of light,
So frail, and small, and bright, and beautiful,
The light and graceful dove had rested on
To coo her love, that reached the ear of him
Who loved his gentle mate,—and yet was heard
By Him who rules the Universe of Light.

Now that I've finished up my little parable
I leave you to decide which is most fair, able
To choose which you prefer—you stand before 'em
Select with care, and do it with decorum—
Which shall it be, the pulpit or the forum?—

Some simple men have had such wondrous fancies
For playing politics,—but with wild dances
They follow them,—as one that would be great,—or
They strive each one to be an innovator.
But such a man,—you see him—and see through him,
And even little news-boys will pooh, pooh, him!
If like Jeff Davis one should play the victim
And plead with all the world because it kicked him,
Complaining that he constantly grew thinner
Because he had no truffles for his dinner:—
Or if, like Johnson, showing his enamel, he
Should constantly revert to his poor family,
And how he sewed on buttons years ago,
And now he's President make much ado;—
And say he's honest when we knew to win he meant
Each time he smeared the copperheads with liniment:—
Or turn upon his party like poor Beecher,
Descending to a paltry rebel preacher:—
Or like Doolittle play the sentimental:—
Such are not worth a single continental!
For such a man according to the fit he's in
Will be a safe or very dangerous citizen.
You'd better be a mummy in a show-case
Than prove yourself a miserable dough-face!

But on the other hand you see a man
Who loves his country and does all he can
To make it great—to hold its noble flag up
And boasts his nation, not himself to brag up.
He does not spend his time and give his speeches
(The tailors word to rhyme with that is—breeches)
In fighting out the question, "Which? the lies
Shall have the greatest place, or staring I's?"
But earnestly and like a man who means it,
Or soft as to the child the nurse who weans it,
He strives to do what good shall last the longest
And what shall make his nation's flag the strongest.
Now find two men like these and put together—
One has a conscience tender,—one of leather,—
One is a patriot, rejoicing in it, and
The other is in politics a minute hand.
The one is firm,—his brain, when you discern it, you're
Reminded of some grand, old polished furniture.
You feel that you can trust him—whatever latitude
You find him in, you're sure you know his altitude.
The other's eyes are like a candle's socket-hole,
Forever asking, like a preacher's pocket-hole,
No matter what may be the wretched system
That offers next when one position's missed him—
No matter though the land may meet disaster
If he secure the berth of a post-master,
Or get the ears of schemers—of the brassy bores
That flock the Treasury, or of Ambassadors
Who in some way or other may be able
To pay with place or plum the agreeable
Which he can play with force enough to stagger a
President himself, who'll stand Niagara
So't comes in whiskey-cocktails, or in flattery,—
(Of either of them he can stand a battery.)—
He'd sell his country for a mess of pottage—
(I say that on account of Esau,)—Cottage
Would be better, and it carries out my rhyme,—
A cottage large though tears had slacked the lime,
And blood had painted all its beauties o'er,
The tears and blood of desolating war!

I find two men who suit me to a tittle—
Colfax is one, the other is Doolittle.
Colfax so firm in every hour of danger,
Doolittle acting dog,—and dog in manger—
Colfax at work to hold the flag a steady sign—
Doolittle mixing flags by way of medicine—
Colfax in Congress, watching, all attention—
Doolittle chaperon to the Convention
Where scowling Charleston arm in arm with Boston
Comes muttering curses at the slaves he lost on,
Vowing dire vengeance on the whole relation
Of North and South when they regain their station.
Our Colfax breathes an air so high and pure
That all the true and good men love it, sure
There's no one breathes and lives on't that must fear
Aught traitorous lurking in the atmosphere.
But ah! the other breathes an air injurious,
It has a smell to us that's quite sulphurous.—
It gives swart views of South and North in arms—
Now clashing with grim death—now striking palms—
Of Boston smirking like a cringing urchin
Who's just got through a soundly given birching;—
Of Charleston walking arm-in-arm beside him
But showing in his face that he's denied him;
Of dough-face thousands lachrymose and buttery,
Petroleum Nasby's clerical but guttery—
Henry Ward Beecher's feeling that to mock you meant,
Because they're sold for a Court-martial document:—
Colonels of troops whose faces show their swig o' beer,
Who've sold their honor for brevet as brigadier;—
All standing in a maze of motly flags—
The Union Jack beside secession rags,
Each livid face shows honor wondrous lean in it,
But each displays an eye with brilliant green in it:
Some noses there you'd swear you surely saw burn,
And some had just a tinted growing auburn.
But each annoyed, for as the more he mellows, he
Discovers in his friends the signs of jealousy:
You see such men and know they would betray you—
They'll do it even while for aid they pray you!
They're Northern mudsills crossed by Southern pirates,
Doolittle-Semmes who class themselves at high-rates,
But like the craw-fish in New Orleans' lovees,
They make the little hole through—just the crevice
Through which the water works and swells a torrent
Which makes the fruitful field a waste abhorrent!

But speaking of New Orleans sets me telling
Once more the story of the people yelling
In tones so bloody that no mortal canasy
Whether 'twas men, or if it was not fancy
That brought the demons up from yawning Tartarus
With cries and howls that led them on to martyrdom,
A story that in history is ne'er I believe matched by one so fiercely, grossly terrible—
Of negroes shot down in the public streets,
And white men butchered on policemen's beats,
And all because they loved the nation's bunting.
Because they raised it,
While Southrons showed the pork they ate by grunting
When good men praised it,—
They slew the true, the good, the brave, though black,
The land's defenders,
And followed them like blood-hounds on the track,
The vile pretenders!
And none could stem the tide, for those who boasted
The threatened danger, fell as all the rest did—
Even soldiers could not stop it for we had, you see,
For Chief Executive a heartless Saducee!
So all the land is sad, you see!—Soon racked with war
That which is fair I see, we'll see no more!
"Straws show which way the wind blows," and we see
In this fell massacre what is to be,
If Johnson has the power, and Congress aids him
To have his will against whose'er upbraids him:
The land will flow with patriots' noble blood
And loyal tears will swell the horrid flood.

But now our hopes begin to rise anew,
And joy and gratitude our eyes bedew;
For Johnson travels through the loyal West
To harangue Freemen—thund'ring his behest
To fall before him and adopt his policy
And give him sympathy! But now for all I see
He makes a grand mistake; instead of pleasing them
Where'er he goes he but succeeds in teasing them,
He tells them of his tailor origin
While Randall pours his dough-face porridge in,
And after Johnson's speeches full of "Is,"
Sweet Seward comes to sing his lulla bys;
Yet, though they fly along swift as a comet
The people grow so sick that they would vomit,
But Grant and Farragut, the brave and true,
Annul the evil that the others do.
The only consequences to the public can
Be simply that which aids the stannch Republican!
So let them travel since they're making votes for us,
(Or as a slang phrase has it, "raising oats for us,"
For while the crowds are shouting only "Grant,"
It means for Johnson and his crew,—"You can't!"
It means that soldiers by a soldier stand
(A thing that's true in every Christian land
Where true men send the bullet in the field,
And then come home the ballot-box to wield!)
But bye-and-bye, it may be, we shall find
These wicked men who try our hands to bind
Have waked us up to see the fiend secession,
Though whipped afield, now trying for possession
Through all the wiles of dire diplomacy:
And in a thunder tone:—"Slink home I say!"
Will shout from myriad throats that swelled the cry—
"Down with the traitors' rag! Let treason die!"
And then, though leniency has thus far ruled the day
Sword, fire, & death shall mark the soldiers onward way,
And "stars and stripes" shall wave *alone*,—and all obey!

Rally then freemen! for your country needs you!—
Rally to strike! and strike where duty leads you!
Rally to save what comrades brave have died for!
Rally t'achieve what millions long have cried for!
Rally for country! and your country's honor!
Rally! for traitors have their hands upon her!

The Grounds of Complaint.

Impeachment has become rather a cold subject, but our readers may like to read an excellent summary of the grounds of complaint as has been written.

The editor of the *Independent*, was on the ground, a vigilant observer of the proceedings throughout, and here is his account of the whole scene, and although it should have been put before our readers a weekor two ago, we think it will pay perusal:

THE CONSPIRACY IN THE SENATE.

The storm of indignation which rages in Washington against Fessenden and Trumbull is not on account of their votes against impeachment, but on account of their concealment and deception previous to those votes. No just man would condemn either of these gentlemen, or any of their associates, for rendering a verdict according to his individual conscience, however such a verdict might be out of harmony with popular sentiment. But never in the legislative experience of the oldest Senator was such a trick played on the Senate as that by which Fessenden deceived his own colleague, Morrel; Trumbull his own colleague, Yates; Henderson his own colleague, Drake; Ross his own colleague, Pomeroy.

After the close of Bingham's argument, a majority of the Court desired to pro