Meigs County Telegraph.

$2 per annum. A WEEKLY JOURNAL--DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS. $1.50 in advance

A. THOMSON, "Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing." Editor and Proprietor

WHOLE NO 414. POMEROY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1857. VOL. 8, NO 50.

THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

A. THOMSON.

Office in Third Story of Branch's Brick Building, near the Court-House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

$1.50, in advance; $2.00, if paid within the year; or $2.50 if not paid until the year has expired.

☞ No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

☞ TO CLUBS of ten or more, the paper will be furnished at a liberal discount in price.

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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers can continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they settle their bill, and order the papers discontinued.

4. If any subscriber removes to another place without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, the subscriber is held responsible.

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One square three months,	3 00
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JOB PRINTING.

Having purchased a large and beautiful assortment of new Job Type, we are prepared to execute work of all kinds, on short notice, and reasonable terms.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Representative in Congress (11th District)—Hon. V. B. Horton, of Meigs county.
Senator—State Legislature—Chauncey G. Hawley, of Lawrence county.
Representative—Alfred Thomson.

COURT AND COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas—Hon. Simeo Nash, Gallipolis.
Judge of Probate Court—A. Merrill.
Clerk of Common Pleas Court—Rodney Downing.
Sheriff—Joseph V. Smith.
Prosecuting Attorney—N. Simpson.
County Auditor—H. H. Swallow.
County Treasurer—O. Branch.
County Recorder—S. S. Paine.
County Surveyor—John C. Golden.
County Commissioners—Wm. Ledlie, Milo Guthrie, Thos. Smith.
County School Examiners—A. A. Keen, George B. Grow, H. F. Miller.

TOWNSHIP OFFICERS—SALISBURY.

Trustees—Amos Dunham, Thos. Radford, A. Barlow
Clerk—Hosmer Branch.
Treasurer—O. Branch.
Justices of the Peace—S. S. Paine, G. W. Cooper, Robert Hysel.
Constables—Randal Stivers, Oren Jones, O. J. Worley.
Assessor—S. Bradbury.

CORPORATION OFFICERS—POMEROY.

Mayor—Randal Stivers.
Recorder—L. S. Nye.
Trustees—H. S. Horton, A. Murdock, H. B. Smith, Wm. H. Remington, J. C. Cartwright.
Treasurer—O. Branch, ex officio.
Marshal—Gaylord Lyman.

CHURCHES.

Presbyterian—Rev I. Twombly, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock. Every Sabbath evening at 6½ o'clock.
Methodist Episcopal—Rev. A. G. Byers, Pastor; assisted by Rev. W. T. Metcalf. Services at Union Chapel, Pomeroy, and Heath Chapel, Sheffield, every Sabbath, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 7 P. M.—Prayer meetings every Wednesday evening.
Protestant Episcopal—No services at present.
New Jerusalem—No services.
Universalist—Middleport—Rev. R. Breare, Pastor. Services the second Sabbath in January and every two weeks thereafter at 10½ o'clock A. M. and 6½ P. M.
German Methodist—Rev. J. Pfetzing, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.
German Lutheran—Rev. P. Heid, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning.
German Evangelical Presbyterian (on Linn street.)—Rev. L. Theiss, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.
———, Pastor. Services every Sabbath morning, at 10 o'clock.
Roman Catholic—Rev. John Albrinck, Priest. Services every Sabbath morning.
Welsh Baptist—Peter Lloyd, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and 6 P. M.
Welsh Presbyterian (New School.)—Rev. John H. Jones, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 10 o'clock, A. M. and 6 P. M.
Welsh Presbyterian (Old School)—John T. Williams, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and 6 P. M

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL—LAWYERS.

T. A. PLANTS ABA BURNAP.
PLANTS & BURNAP, Attorneys at Law Pomeroy, O. nov. 20.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. S. G. MENZIE. Office, Third-Street, between Walnut and Vine, Cincinnati, O. Pays special attention to Diseases of Women.

DR. H. C. WATERMAN offers his professional services to the citizens of Rutland and surrounding country. nov. 7—n3.

BANKERS.

DANIEL & RATHBURN, Bankers, Front-street, Pomeroy, O. jy206m*

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Connecticut; O. Branch, Agent, Court-street, Pomeroy. Jan 30

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING.

O. BRANCH & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c. East side of Court street, three doors above the corner of Front, Pomeroy, O.

PLANING MACHINES, &C.

DAVIS & MORTON, on Sugar Run, Pomeroy, have their Planing Machine in good order and constant operation. Flooring, weather boarding, &c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders.

COPPERSMITHING.

S. L. THRUSH, Coppersmith, below Pomeroy Salt Furnace, Pomeroy, O. All kinds of Copper work for Salt Furnaces, Steamboats, etc., executed to order. dec2tf.

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, Mulberry-street, opposite the Court-house, Pomeroy, O. Job Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. jan 30.

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, west side Court street, fourth door above Court, Pomeroy, O.

SADDLERY.

J. B. HAMPTON & CO. Saddle and Harness Manufacturers, Front street, opposite the new Banking House.

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness Maker, Shop over Black and Rathburn's store, in Rutland, O.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

T. WHITESIDE, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, Front Street, three doors above Stone bridge. The best of work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.

CONFECTIONERS.

M. SIDEBOTTOM'S Grocery and Confectionery, West side of Court street, Pomeroy, O. sept19

WAGON MAKING.

H. & P. CROSBIE, wagon makers, Mulberry street, Pomeroy, O., over P. E. Humphrey's shop. Having had long experience in the business, they are enabled to execute, in a neat and substantial manner, all orders for wagons, buggies, carriages, &c., on short notice, and at reasonable terms.

JOHN W. HARWOOD, Carriage Maker, lower part of Middleport, O. Carriages, and Wagons of all kinds made to order or repaired on the shortest notice. Painting, glazing, paper hanging, &c., executed in the best style. *6.

HOTELS.

U. S. HOTEL, AND STAGE OFFICE, four doors below the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy, Meigs county, O. M. A. Webster, Proprietor. n37 1855.

TANNERS & CURRIERS.

GEORGE McQUIGG & Co. Tanners and Curriers Butternut street, (on Sugar Run,) Pomeroy, O.

MANUFACTURES.

POMEROY ROLLING MILL COMPANY, Front street, Pomeroy, O. Have constantly on hand and made to order, merchant's Iron of all sizes. Orders solicited, and promptly executed.
WM. JENNINGS, Superintendent.
L. F. Potter, Agent, Cincinnati, O.

COALPORT SALT COMPANY. Office in Cooper's Building Coalport, O. Salt for Country trade, Retail, Thirty-Five cents per bushel.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY, Pomeroy. Salt Thirty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY, Pomeroy, O. Salt for sale at Thirty-five cents per bushel, for Country Trade.

DABNEY SALT COMPANY, Coalport. Salt for sale at 35 cents per bushel for country trade.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

W. J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware, and Dealer in every variety of Stoves, etc., opposite the Court-house, Pomeroy.

MILLS.

STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomeroy, near Karr's Run. Nial R. Nye, Proprietor. Lumber sawed to order on short notice. Plastering lath constantly on hand for sale. June 3, 1856.

COALRIDGE FLOURING MILL. Pomeroy, and Crystal Flouring Mill, Coalport. Murdock & Nye, Proprietors. Cash paid for Wheat at all times.

KYGERVILLE STEAM GRIST MILL. Nathaniel Stewart, Proprietor. Has been recently rebuilt, and is now prepared to do good work on short notice.

DENTISTRY.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Hummer's building 2nd Story, Rutland street, Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residence, if desired. Dec. 16.

GROCERS.

JESSE STAFFORD, Grocery and Provision Store, Court street, next door to post-office, Pomeroy, O. All kinds of marketing in its season. Groceries exchanged for produce on fair terms. dec. 30.

NIGHT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist.
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my heart cannot resist.

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem.
Some simple and heart-felt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like the strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arab,
And as silently steal away.

THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

FROM THE REPORT OF A PRUSSIAN CONDUCTOR.

My train left Dantzig in the morning, generally at eight o'clock, but once a week we had to wait for the arrival of the steamer from Stockholm. It was on the morning of the steamer's arrival that I came down from my hotel and found that my engineer had been so seriously injured that he could not run. One of the rail carriages had run over him and broken one of his legs. I went immediately to the engine house to obtain another engineer, for I knew there were three or four in reserve there; but I was disappointed. I enquired for Westphai, and was informed that he had gone to Steegen to visit his mother. Godolpho had been sent to Konigsburgh on the road. But where was Mayne?—He had leave of absence for two days, and had gone no one knew whither.

Here was a fix. I heard the puffing of the steamer in Meufabrwasser, and the passengers would be on hand in fifteen minutes. I ran to the guard and asked them if they knew where there was an engineer. But they did not. I then went to the firemen and asked if any of them felt competent to run the engine to Bomberg. Not one of them dare attempt it. The distance was nearly one hundred miles. What was to be done?

The steamer came to her wharf, and those going on by rail soon came flocking to the station. They had taken breakfast on board the boat, and were all ready to take a fresh start. The baggage was checked and registered, the tickets bought, the different carriages pointed out to the various classes of passengers, and all were seated. The train was in readiness in the long station house, and the engine was steaming and puffing away impatiently in the distant firing house.

"Come, why don't we start?" growled an old fat Swede, who had been watching me narrowly for the last fifteen minutes.

And upon this there was a general chorus of anxious inquiry, which soon settled into downright murmuring. At this juncture some one touched me on the elbow. I turned and saw a stranger by my side. I expected he was going to remonstrate with me for my backwardness. In fact, I began to have strong temptations to pull off my uniform, for every anxious eye was fixed upon the glaring badges which marked me as the chief official of the train.

However, this stranger was a middle aged man, tall and stout, with a face expressive of great energy and intelligence. His eyes were so black and brilliant that I could not for the soul of me gaze steadily into them; and his lips, which were very thin, seemed more like polished marble than human flesh. His dress was of black throughout, and not only fitted with exact nicety, but was scrupulously clean and neat.

"You want an engineer, I understand," he said, in a low cautious tone, at the same time gazing quietly about him, as though he wanted no one else to hear what he said.

"I do," I replied. "My train is all ready, and we have no engineer within 20 miles of here."

"Well, sir, I am going to Bomberg! I must go—and if you can find no other, I will run the engine for you."

"Ha!" I uttered, "you are an engineer?"

"I am, sir,—one of the oldest in the country; and I am now on my way to Berlin to make arrangements for a great improvement I have invented in the application of steam locomotion. My name is Martin Kroller. If you wish, I will run you as far as Bomberg; and I will show you running that is running.

Was I not fortunate? I determined to accept the man's offer at once, and so I told him. He received my answer with a nod and smile, and then proposed to go and get the engine. I went with him to the house, where we found the iron horse in charge of the fireman, and all ready for a start. Kroller got upon the platform, and I followed. I had never seen a man betray more peculiar aptness amid the machinery than he did. He let on the steam in an instant, but yet with care and judgment, and he backed up the baggage carriage with the most exact nicety. I had seen enough to assure me that he was thoroughly acquainted with the business, and I felt composed once more. I gave the engine up to my new man, ahd then hastened away to the office. The word was passed for all passengers to take their seats, and soon afterwards I waved my hand to the engineer. There was a puff, a groaning of the axle-trees, a trembling of the building, and the train was in motion.—I leaped upon the platform of the guard carriage, and in a few moments more the station house was left behind us.

In less than an hour we reached Dirschan, where we took up the passengers that had come in on the Konigsburg railroad. Here I went forward and asked Kroller how he liked the engine. He replied that he liked it much.

"But," he added with a strange sparkling of the eyes, "wait until you get my improvement, and then you shall see traveling. By the soul of the Virgin Mother, sir, I could run an engine of my construction to the moon in four and twenty hours?"

I smiled at what I thought his quaint enthusiasm, and then went back to my station. As soon as the Konigsburg passengers were all on board and their baggage crate attached, we started on again.

As soon as all matters had been attended to connected with the new accession of passengers, I went into the guard carriage and set down. A train from Konigsburg had gone through two hours before reaching Bomberg, and that was the Cittle Oscue, where we took the western mail.

"How we go!" uttered one of the guard, some fifteen minutes after we had left Dirschan.

"The new engineer is trying his speed," I returned, not yet holding any fear.

But ere long I began to feel fearful that he was running too fast. The carriages began to sway to and fro, and I could hear the exclamation of fear from the passengers. "Good heavens!" cried one of the guard, coming down, "look, sir, and how we are going."

I looked out at the window, found that we were dashing along at speed never before excelled on that road. Posts, fences, rocks and trees flew by in undistinguishable masses, and the carriages now swayed fearfully. I arose to my feet and met a passenger upon the platform. He was one of our chief owners of the road, and was just on his way to Berlin. He was pale and excited. "Sir," he gasped, "is Martin Kroller on the engine?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Holy Virgin! Don't you know him?"

"Know him?" I repeated somewhat puzzled. "What do you mean?" He told me his name was Kroller, and that he was an engineer. We had no one to run the engine, and—

"You took him!" interrupted the man. "Good heavens, sir, he is as crazy as a man can be. He turned his brain over a new plan for applying steam power. I saw him at the station, but I did not then recognize him, as I was in a hurry. Just now one of the passengers told me that your engineers were all gone this morning, and that you found one who was a stranger to you. Then I knew that the man I saw was Martin Kroller! He had escaped from the hospital at Slettin. You must get him off somehow."

The whole fearful truth was now open to me. The speed of the train was increasing at each moment, and I knew that a few miles more per hour would surely launch us all into destruction. I called for the guard, and then made my way forward as quickly as possible. I reached the after platform of the tender, and there stood Kroller upon the engine board, his hat and cap off, his long black hair floating wildly in the wind, his shirt unbuttoned at the throat, his sleeves rolled up, with a pistol in his teeth, and thus glaring upon the fireman who lay motionless upon the fuel. The furnace was stuffed until the very latch of the door was red hot, and the whole engine quivering and swaying as though it would shiver in pieces!

"Kroller! Kroller!" I cried at the top of my voice.

The crazy engineer started and caught the pistol in his hand. O! how those great black eyes glared, and how frightful and ghastly the face looked.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he yelled demoniacally, glaring upon me like a roused lion, "they swore I could not make it. But, see! see! see my power! See my engine! I made it! and they were jealous of me. I made it, and when 'twas done they stole it from me. But I've found it. I stole it when I saw it this morning at Dantzig, and I was determined to have it. And I've got it! Ho! ho! ho! we're off to the moon, I say! By the Virgin Mother, we'll be at the moon in four and twenty hours! Down, villain! If you move I'll shoot you."

This last was addressed to the poor fireman, who at the moment attempted to rise; and the frightened man shrunk back again.

"Here's Little Oscure, right ahead," said one of the guard.

But even as he spoke the houses were at hand. A sickening sensation settled upon my heart, for I supposed we were gone now. The houses flew by like lightning. I knew if the officers here had turned the switch as usual, we should be hurried into eternity in one fearful crash.

I saw a flash; it was another engine; I closed my eyes but still we thundered on. The officers had seen our speed, and knowing that we could not haul up at that distance, they had changed the switch, so that we kept on.

But there was sure death ahead if we did not stop. Only fifteen miles ahead was the town of Schwetz, on the Vistula, and the entrance, near the bank of the river, was a short curve in the road. At the rate we were now going we should be there in a few minutes, for each minute carried us over a mile! The shrieks of the passengers now arose over the crash of the rails, and more terrific than all else arose the demoniac yells of the mad engineer.

"Merciful heaven!" gasped the guardman, "there's not a moment of time to be lost. Schwetz is close by! If you dare not go, I'll go myself, he added. Let's shoot him."

At that moment a tall, stout German student came over to the platform where we stood, and he saw that the madman had his pistol aimed at us. He grasped a heavy stick of wood from the tender, and with a steadines of nerve which I could not have commanded, he hurled it with such force and precision that he knocked the pistol from the maniac's grasp. I saw the movement, and on the instant that the pistol fell, I sprang forward and the German followed me. I grasped the man, but I should have been a mere infant in his mad power had I been alone. He would have hurled me from the platform had not the student at that moment struck him with a stick of wood which he had caught as he came over the tender.

Kroller settled down like a dead man, and at that moment I shut off the steam and opened the safety valve. As the freed steam shrieked and howled in its escape, the speed of the train began to decrease, and in a few moments more the danger was passed; and as I settled back entirely overcome by the wild emotions that had raged within me, we began to turn the curve by the river, and before I was fairly recovered the fireman had stopped the train in the station house at Schwetz.

Martin Kroller, still insensible, was taken from the platform, and as we carried him into the guard room, one of the guard recognized him, and told us that he had been there about two weeks before.

"He came," said the guard, "and swore that an engine which stood near here was his. He said it was one he had made to go to the moon in, and that it had been stolen from him. We went for more help to arrest him, and he fled."

"Well," I replied with a shudder, "I wish he had approached me in the same way." But I was more cautious in Dantzig.

At Schwetz, we found an engineer to run the engine to Bomberg, and having taken out the western mail for the next northern train to take along, we saw that Kroller would be properly attended to and then started on.

The rest of the trip we run in safety, though I could see that the passengers were not wholly at ease, and would not be until they were entirely clear of the railroad. A heavy purse was made up by them for the German student, and he accepted it with much gratitude; and I was glad of it, for the current of their gratitude to him may have prevented a far different current which might have poured upon my head for having engaged a madman to run a railroad train.

But this is not the end. Martin Kroller remained insensible from the effects of that blow upon the head, nearly two weeks, and when he recovered from that he was sound in mind again. His insanity was all gone. I saw him about two weeks afterwards, but he had no recollection of me. He remembered nothing of the past year—not even his mad freak on my engine.

But I remembered it, ahd I remember it still; and people need not fear that I shall ever be imposed upon again by a crazy engineer.

The National Kansas Committee held a meeting in New York on Monday last. The report of the Secretary states that ninety thousand dollars have been subscribed to the fund of the Committee since July last. Of this sum eighty-one thousand dollars have been expended in forwarding emigrants and furnishing supplies to needy settlers.

There are thirty-six thousand six hundred and eighty Chinese people in California. They are organized into five companies, and carry on all sorts of business.

COACOOCHEE'S TALK.

We publish the following Indian Talk as a fine specimen of the native eloqence of the sons of the forest. It also shows how the love of friends and relations may dwell in the same breast with hatred for foes—how tender the heart may be toward one, at the same time its vengeance is burning toward another. We shall ere long furnish a chapter on the philosophy of these conditions.

The "talk of Coacoochee, or Wild Cat," to Col. Worth and to his own people, exceeds, in point of pathos and deep feeling, anything we have ever heard.

A captive in irons, he had been told by Worth that he had been brought back from New Orleans to Tampa Bay for the purpose of aiding in bringing the war to a close at once. He was told that he might select five of his companions, who should be permitted to go to his band, then in the swamps, and induce them to come in. "Name the time," said Worth; "it shall be granted; but I tell you, as I wish you to tell your friends, that unless they fulfil your demands, yourself and these warriors now seated before us shall be hung to the yards of this vessel when the sun sets on the day appointed, with the irons on your hands and feet. I tell you this that we may understand each other; I do not wish to frighten you, you are too brave a man for that; but what I say I mean, and I'll do it. It is for the benefit of the white man and the red man. This war must end and you must end it."

Coacoochee rose, and turning to Col. Worth, said, in a subdued tone, "I was once a boy, then I saw the white man afar off. I hunted in these woods with a bow and arrow, then with a rifle. I saw the white man and was told he was my enemy. I could not shoot him as I would a wolf or bear; yet like these he came upon me—horses, cattle and fields he took from me. He said he was my friend; he abused our women and children, and told us to go from the land. Still he gave me his hand in friendship; we took it; whilst taking it he had a snake in the other; his tongue was forked like a serpent; he lied and stung us. I asked but for a small piece of these lands, enough to plant and live upon, far south, a spot where I could place the ashes of my kindred, a spot only sufficient to lay my wife and child upon. This was not granted me. I was put in prison; I escaped; I have been again taken; you have brought me back; I am here, I feel the irons in my heart. I have listened to your talk, you and your officers have taken us by the hand in friendship. I thank you for bringing me back; I can now see my warriors, my women and children; the Great Spirit thanks you—the heart of the poor Indian thanks you. We know but little; we have no books which tell all things; but we have the Great Spirit, moon and stars; these told me last night you would be our friend. I give you my word: it is the word of a warrior, a brave, a chief—it is the word of Coacoochee. It is true I have fought like a man, so have my warriors; but the white man was too strong for us. I wish now to have my band around me and go to Arkansas.—You say I *must* end the war! Look at these irons! Can I go to my warriors? Coacooche chained! No; do not ask me to see them. I never wish to tread upon my land unless I am free. If I can go to them *unchained*, they will follow me in; but I fear they will not obey me when I talk to them in irons. They will say my heart is weak. I am afraid. Could I go free, they will surrender and emigrate."

He was told in the most impressive manner that he could not be liberated until his entire band was collected at Fort Brooke; then he might go on shore and meet them unshackled. He saw that his fate was inevitable. The vessel was two miles from shore, sentinels were posted in every part of the ship, and escape by stealth or contrivance was impossible. As the reality forced itself upon his mind that there were but two alternatives, he became sad, dejected. He gathered his warriors about him, and selected five who were to go to his band and inform them of the strait in which their chief and his fellow-prisoners were placed.

"Has not Coacoochee," said he "sat with you by the council-fire when the wolf and the white man was around us? Have I not led the war-dance of the Seminole? Did not the spirit of our mothers, our wives and our children stand around us? Has not my scalping-knife been red with blood, and has not the Seminole always found a home in my camp? Then will the warriors of Coacoochee desert him? No! If your hearts are bad, let me see them now; take them in your hands and let me see that they are dark with bad blood, but do not, like a dog, bite me as soon as you turn your backs. If Coacoochee is to die, he can die like a man. It is not my heart that shakes; no it never trembles; but I feel for those now in the woods, pursued night and day by the soldiers; for those who fought with us until we were weak. The sun shines bright to-day; the day is clear; so let your hearts be; the Great Spirit will guide you. At night, when you camp, take these pipes and tobacco, build a fire when the moon is up and bright, dance around it, then let the fire go out, and just before the break of day, when the deer sleeps and the moon whispers to the dead, you will hear the voices of those who have gone to the Great Spirit; they will give you strong hearts, and heads to carry the talk of Coacoochee. Say to my band that my feet are chained. I can not walk, yet I send them my word as true from my heart as if I was on the war-path or in the deer hunt. I am not a boy; Coacoochee can die, not with a shivering hand, but as when grasping the rifle with my warriors around me.

My feet are chained, but the head and heart of Coacoochee reaches you. The great white chief (Po-car-ger) will be kind to us. He says when my band come in I shall walk my land free, with my band around me. He has given you forty days to do this business in; if you want more, say so, I will ask for more, if not, be true to the time. Take these sticks; here are thirty-nine, one for each day; *this*, much longer than the rest, with blood upon it, is the fortieth. When the others are thrown away, and this only remains, say to my people that with the setting sun Coacoochee hangs like a dog, with none but white men to hear his last words. Come then; come by the stars, as I have led you to battle! Come, for the voice of Coacoochee speaks to you!

Say this to my wife and child——." He could not continue. Sobs choked his utterance as he thought of those loved ones, and he turned away to hide the tears which coursed down his cheeks. Not a sound disturbed the silence which pervaded the assembly, and officers and men, women and warriors, testified by their tears, their sympathy for the poor chieftain. In silence the chains were removed from the five messengers, and they prepared to depart. As the last one was going over the side, he removed from his person a handkerchief and breast-pin, and giving them to him, told him to hand them to his wife and child.

Forty days and nights were passed by the chieftain, as well as by the officers, in the most intense anxiety, and it was nearly as much to their relief as to that of Coacoochee and his fellow prisoners, when the sun rose on the fortieth day and found the entire number, seventy-eight warriors, sixty-four women and forty-four children, encamped within the bounds of Fort Brooke.—*Tiffany's Monthly.*

MUSIC.

Mrs. Childs speaks thus of her sensations at listening to the music of a master: "How he did it, I know as little as I know how the sun shines or how the spring brings forth its blossoms. I only know that music came from his soul into mine, and carried it up to worship with angels."

* * * "It overcame me like a miracle. I felt that my soul was for the first time baptized in music; that my spiritual relations were somehow changed by it, and that I should henceforth be otherwise than I had been. I was so oppressed with "the exceeding weight of glory," that I drew my breath with difficulty. As I came out of the building, the street sounds hurt me with their harshness. The sight of ragged boys and unfortunate coachmen jarred more than ever on my feelings. I wanted that the angels that had ministered to my spirit should attend theirs also. It seemed to me that such music should bring all the world into the harmonious beauty of divine order. I passed by my earthly home, and knew it not. My spirit seemed to be floating through infinite space. The next day I felt like a person who had been in a trance, seen heaven opened, and then returned to earth again."

Says another writer of a great musician: "His soul is but a harp, which an infinite breath modulates; his senses are but strings, which weave the passing air into rythm and cadence." Wonderful indeed is the power of music; and all are more or less the subjects of its mysterious charms. And this leads me to remark that music is *universal*.

Different nations have different habits, customs, modes of expression, and different words and languages to convey their thoughts and feelings. But music is felt alike by them all. A stirring strain will touch the well-strung souls of every nation alike. All will dance a note of joy; all will weep to one of sadness. A lofty strain will bear all to heaven, a jarring discord sink them back to earth. The same masters have made the same music in Norway, Germany, Italy, France, England, America, and all have bowed before it like reeds before blast. A beautiful proof is this of the kindred nature of all souls, of th existence of a mysterious link of spiritual union which binds them all together. And the beauty of this proof is heightened when we remember that music is the *voice of love*, and is closely allied to the Infinite. Love speaks in tones of music. Love breathes musical airs. Love delights to pour itself out in song. The lover of God chants his praises in strains of lofty music. Witness the sweet singer of Israel, the prophets, the songs of angels, the aspirations breathed in music of every devout soul. The lover of freedom speaks his love in song. The lover of beauty sings its praises. The lover of humanity softly breathes his love notes in strains of softest music. Then how beautiful is its universality! The *love* of which it is the voice is equally universal. All souls have *love* within them. Love, or Good, is the inmost essence of all things. It is the all-pervading soul of the universe. Its *voice* is music. It is breathed in the harmony of the spheres, in the anthem of universal nature. The winds, the seas, the lightnings, the forests, the mountains, the beasts, the birds, the insects, the little brooks, and, most of all, the noblest work of God on earth, give utterance of its voice, the voice of love, the music of creation. I have fancied sometimes that I could perceive the great Being of Love sitting in the mid-heavens, clothed in light, with the rainbow arch above his throne, listening with infinite pleasure to the anthem of creation in its infinite swells and falls, catching the silver notes of the least little organist, and delighting his ear with the full chorus of boundless harmony which his own diffusive love had raised throughout the infinitude of his works.

It has been beautifully said that "Music is the voice of God, and poetry his language." God's love is infinite, and so in its highest achievements, music expresses to us much of the infinite. It seems to bear an affinity to God. Says Mrs. Child, of the impression made on her mind by a musical performance: "It expressed to me more of the *infinite* than I ever heard or saw or dreamed of in the realms of nature, art, or imagination." And again she says: "Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe. Because it is the voice of love, because it is the highest type and aggregate of expression of passional attraction, therefore it is infinite; therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to the thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not poetry, but it is the *soul* of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron; it is not in painting, but it shines through colors, and gives them their tone; it is not in architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in 'petrified music.' In the words of Bettina: 'Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music to the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings, for it is the contact of divine with human.'

Besides music being powerful, universal, the voice of love and the type of the infinite, it is venerable for its age. As it is the voice of God's love, we know not but it is co-existent with his being. It is reasonable to suppose that its swelling numbers have rolled and made heaven vocal with its strains of praise since creation dawned. But the first account of it on record was at the laying of the foundations of the earth, when the "morning stars," delighted with the promise of a new planet, "sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." As soon as the earth was made, its rocky spires thrown up, its forest harps strung, its ocean organs tuned, it raised its everlasting anthem to swell the chorus of the skies."

CHARITY embraces the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good act is charity; your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter, is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask: "What good deed has he sent before him?"—*Irving.*

SATURDAY.—Of all days in the week, Saturday is the busiest, the pleasantest, in some respects—and the most disagreeable in others. It is the busiest, because in addition to the ordinary labor of each on this day, bills must be made out and collected, and books posted up and balanced. It is the pleasantest; because on this day the industrious mechanic receives his weekly stipend, by which means he is enabled to surround himself and family with the necessaries and conveniences of life, and it is the ending of his weekly toil. It is the most disagreeable, to those out of employment and money, who have bills presented to them which they are unable to pay, and no immediate prospect of ability to do so.

KEEP TRYING.—The way to success is to keep on trying. The desponding should remember that time and patience convert the mulberry leaf into satin, while a handful of acorns only need the fostering influence of a little sunshine and a little genius to become a frigate with two rows of teeth.

SNOW BREAD.—We find the annexed paragraph in one of our exchanges. It is curious, if true:

All persons, where snow abounds, are not perhaps aware of the value of the fleecy cakes in making light, delicious and wholesome bread. There is no "raising" in the world so perfectly physiological as good, fresh, sweet snow; it raises bread or cakes as the best yeast, or the purest acids or alkalies, while it leaves no taint or fermentation like the former, nor injurious neutral salt like the latter. Indeed it raises by supplying atmosphere wherewith to puff up the dough, while the other methods only supply carbonic acid gas.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One buckwheat cake "differeth from another in glory," yet of all things, it is the easiest to cook, if the meal is made rightly. To every three bushels of buckwheat, add one of good heavy oats; grind them together as if they were only buckwheat; thus will you have cakes, always light and always brown, to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain. He who feeds on buckwheat may be grum and lethargic, while he of the oat meal will have exhiliration of the brain and contentment of spirit.

PROFIT IN KEEPING FOWLS.—An intelligent farmer lately published the following result of his experience in keeping fowls: He kept thirty six hens last year, that yielded him 108 dozen eggs beside one hundred and twenty-five chickens. The nett proceeds of the sales were $59.37, the family having had, of course, what eggs and poultry they wanted for their own consumption beside. The whole cost of the grain for keeping the hens was a fraction over $4; leaving a clear profit of $55.

☞ The largest gas holder in the world is in Philadelphia. It is 160 feet in diameter and weighs 25,000 pounds, and will contain 1,800,000 cubic feet of gas.