Meigs County Telegraph.

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

T. A. PLANTS, Editor. "Independent in all things--Neutral in nothing." T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1. NO. 6. POMEROY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1858. WHOLE NUMBER 517.

THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY

T. A. Plants & Co.

Office a 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.

The Law of Newspapers.

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.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Rates of Advertising.

Business Cards, 6 lines or less, one year,	$3 00
One square, thirteen lines or less, three weeks,	1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	25
One square three months,	3 00
One square six months,	5 00
One square one year,	8 00
One-fourth column one year,	15 00
One-half column one year,	20 00
Three-fourths of a column one year,	25 00
One column one year,	30 00

☞ Casual or transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

☞ Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL—LAWYERS.

T. A. PLANTS & A. A. BURNAP. PLANTS & BURNAP, Attorneys at Law Pomeroy, O. nov. 25.

JOHN E. HANNA. JACOB S. EARHART. HANNA & EARHART, Attorneys at Law, Pomeroy Ohio. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. [Nov. 3, '57—n35.

PHYSICIANS.

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

BANKERS.

DANIEL & EATHBURN, Bankers, Front-street, Pomeroy, O. jy30m*

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.

N. STIVERS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Drugs, Hats and Caps, and Mens and Boys Clothing. Corner of Front and Court Streets, Pomeroy, O.

PLANING MACHINES, &C.

CROWLEY & DAVIS, 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.

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroy, Ohio. 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.

CONFECTIONERS.

M. SIDEBOTTOM'S Grocery and Confectionery, West side of Court street, Pomeroy, O. sep19

WAGON MAKING.

H. & P. CROSBIE, wagon makers, Mulberry street, Pomeroy, O., over F. 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.

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.

A. G. PHILLIPS, D. D. S., (Graduate of the Cincinnati Dental College, and ten years in practice,) offers his professional services to the citizens of Pomeroy and vicinity. OFFICE—At present with Dr. Bing, formerly the Exchange Bank Office. [april '57.

HOTELS.

U. S. HOTEL, AND STAGE OFFICE, four doors below the Rolling Mill, Pomeroy, Meigs county, O M. J. A. Webster, Proprietor. n37 1853.

TANNERS & CURRIERS.

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

MANUFACTURES.

POMEROY ROLLING MILL COMPANY, have constantly on hand and make to order, a superior quality of Iron of all sizes. Orders promptly executed, by application to the Agent at the Mill, or to Jan. 13, '58.—1-1y L. F. POTTER, Cincinnati.

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 Twenty-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. Niel 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

JEWELRY

PETER LAMBRECHT, Watchmaker, and Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroy. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short notice and reasonable terms. june25.

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweller, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., five doors above Merchants' Hotel, Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. jul14

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.

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hardford, Connecticut, O. Branch, Agent, Court-street, Pomeroy. Jan 20

Select Poetry.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The day was gone, and the night was dark,
And the howling winds went by,
And the blinding sleet fell thick and fast
From a stern and stormy sky.
When a mournful wail, through the rushing gale,
Was heard at a cottage door—
Oh, carry me back—oh, carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

'Twas a youth who had left his mountain home;
He had wandered far and long,
He had drain'd the goblet's fiery tide,
At the festal midnight throng;
But a dream of home came over his heart,
As he crept to the cottage door—
Oh, carry me back—oh, carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

I have left the hall of the tempter's power,
And the revel wild and high—
They cared not in their reckless mirth,
If I wandered alone to die.
Doth the fire still burn on the household hearth,
By the elm-tree old and hoar?
Oh, carry me back—oh, carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

Like the weary bird that hath wandered long,
I will seek my mountain nest,
And lay this aching head once more
On my gentle mother's breast;
Once more will I seek the household hearth,
By the elm-tree old and hoar—
Oh, carry me back—oh, carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

Miscellaneous.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Sit down for a moment; we will not detain you long; our story will interest you, we are sure, for it is most commendable, brief, and singularly true.

A poor widow, in the city of Philadelphia, was the mother of three pretty children, orphans of a ship builder, who lost his life in the corvette "Kensington," a naval vessel, built in Kensington for one of the South American Republics, and launched in 1826. The South Americans being short of funds, the "Kensington," after years of delay, was sold to the Emperor of all the Russias, and sailed for Cronstadt in 1830. Some forty of the carpenters who had built the vessel, went out in her; she had immense but symmetrical spars—carried vast clouds of canvass—was caught off Cape Henlopen in a squall—her spars came thundering to the deck, and poor Glenn, the ship-builder, was among the slain.

The widow was allowed but a brief time to mourn for the departed; pinching poverty was at her door; upon her own exertions now devolved the care and toil of rearing her three children. Cynthia, the eldest, was a pretty brunette, of thirteen; the neighbors thought Cynthia could "go out to work;" the next oldest, Martin, a fine, sturdy, and intelligent boy, could go to a trade; and the youngest, Rosa, one of the most beautiful, blue-eyed blonde little girls of seven years, poetical fancy ever realized, "the neighbors thought," ought to be *given* to somebody to raise. The mother was but a feeble woman; it would be a task for her to obtain her own living, they thought; and so—kind, generous souls—with that peculiar readiness with which disinterested friends console or advise the unfortunate, "the neighbors" became very eloquent and argumentative.—But though the mother's hands were weak, her heart was strong, and her love for her children still stronger.

It is rather a singular trait in the human character, it appears to us, that the people possessing the ordinary attributes of sane Christians, should so readily advise others to attempt, or do, that from which *they* would instinctively recoil; the mass of Widow Glenn's advisers might have been far more serviceable to her, by contributing their mites toward preserving the unity of her little and precious family, than thus savagely advising its disbanding.

Newspapers, at this day, were far less numerous, very expensive, and circulated to a very limited degree, indeed. But the widow took a paper, a family, weekly journal; and while casting her vacant eye over the columns, at the close of a Saturday eve, after a severe week's toil for the bred her little and precious ones had eaten, the widow's attention was called to an advertisement, as follows:

"A HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.—An elderly gentleman desires a middle-aged, pleasantly-disposed, tidy and industrious American woman, to take charge and conduct the domestic affairs of his household A reasonable compensation allowed. Good reference required, *the applicant to have no incumbrances.* Apply at this office for the address, &c."

The eager smile, that seemed to warm the wan features of the widow, as she glanced over the advertisement, was dimmed and darkened, as the shining river of summer is shadowed by the heavy passing cloud, when she came to the chilling words, "*the applicant to have no incumb ances.*"

"No incumbrances," moaned the widow; "shall none but God deign to smile or have mercy on the helpless orphans; are they to be feared, shunned, hated, because helpless? Must they perish—die with me alone—struggling against our woes, poverty, wretchedness? No! I know there is a God; he is good, powerful, merciful; he will turn the hearts of some toward the widow and the orphan; and though basilisk-like words warn me to hope not, I will apply—I will attempt to win attention, work, slave, toil, toil, toil, until my poor hands shall wear to the bone, and my eyes no longer do their office—if he will only have mercy, pity for my poor, poor orphans—God bless them!" and in melting tenderness and emotion, the poor woman dropped her face and wept—her tears were the showers of hope, to the almost parched soil of her heart, and as the gentle dews of heaven fall to the earth, so fell the widow's tears in balmy freshness upon her visions of a brighter something—in the future.

It was yet early in the evening; her children slept, the poor woman put on her bonnet and shawl and started at once for the office of the newspaper. The publisher was just closing the sanctum, but he gave the information the widow required; and, favorably impressed with Mrs. Glenn's appearance and manner, the publisher, a Quaker, interrogated her on various points of her present condition, prospects, &c., and observed, that but for her children, he had no doubt of the widow's suiting the old man exactly.

"But thee must not be neglected, or discarded from honest industry, because of thy responsibilities, which God hath given thee," said the Quaker. "If thy lad is stout of his age, and a good boy, I will provide for him; he may learn our business, and be off thy charge, and thee may be enabled to keep thy two female children about thee."

On the following Monday, the widow signified her intention of writing a few lines as an applicant for the situation of housekeeper, and afterward to consult with the publisher in regard to her boy, Martin, and then bidding the courteous Quaker farewell, she sought her humble domicil with a much lighter heart than she had lately carried from her distressed and lonely home.

In an ancient part of the Quaker City, facing the broad Delaware river, stood a venerable mansion; but few of this class now remain in Philadelphia, and the one of which we now speak, but recently passed away, in the great conflagration that visited the city in 1850. In this substantial and stately brick edifice, lived one of the wealthy and retired shipbrokers of Quakerdom He was very wealthy, very eccentric, very good-hearted, but passionate, plethoric, gouty, and seventy years of age. Mr. Job Carson had lived long and seen much; he had been so engrossed in clearing his fortune, that from twenty-five to forty, he had not bethought him of that almost indispensable appendage to a man's comfort in this world—a wife. He was the next ten years considering the matter over, and then, having built and furnished himself a costly mansion, which he peopled with servants, headed by a maiden sister as housekeeper, Job thought, upon the whole—to which his sister gave consent—that matrimony would greatly increase his cares, and perhaps add more *noise* and confusion to his household than it might counterbalance or offset by probable comfort in "wedded happiness," so temptingly set forth to old bachelors.

"No," said Job at fifty, "I'll not marry; not trade off my single blessedness yet; at least, there's time enough—there's women enough; I'm young, hale, hearty, in the prime of life; no, I'll not give up the ship to woman yet."

Another ten years rolled along, and the thing turned up in the retired merchant's mind agrin,—he was now sixty, and one, at least, of the objections to entering the wedded state, removed—for a man at sixty is scarcely too young to marry, surely.

"Ah, it's all up," quoth Job Carson. "I'm spoiled now. I've had my own way so long, I could not think of surrendering the petticoats, turning my house into a nursery, and turning my back on the joys, quiet and comforts of bachelorhood. No, no. Job Carson—matrimony be hanged. You'll none of it," And so ten years passed—now age and luxury do their work.

"O, that infernal twinge in my toe. O, there it is again—hang the gout; it can't be gout. Dr. Bleeden swears I'm getting the gout. Blockhead—none of my kith or kin ever had such an infernal complaint. O, ah-h-h, that infernal widow must be sand-bagged, given me this pain in the back, and—Banquo! Where the deuce is that nigger—Banquo-o-o!"

"Yis, massa, here I is," said a good-natured, fat, black and sleek-looking old darkey, poking his shining, grinning face into the old gentleman's study, sitting, playing or smoking-room.

"Here you are? Where? You black sarpint, come here; go to Jackplane, the carpenter, and tell him to come here and make my sashes tight; d'ye hear?"

"Yis, massa, dem's 'em; I'se off."

'No, you ain't—come here, Banquo, you woolly son of Congo, you; go open my liquor case, bring the brandy and some cool water. There, now clear your self.'

'Yis, massa, I'se gone, dis time—'

'No, you ain't—come back; go to old Joe Winepipes, and tell him I send my compliments to him, and if he wants to continue that game of chess, let him come over this afternoon; d'ye hear?'

'Yis, massa, dem,s 'em; I'se gone dis time—*shuah!*'

'Well, away with you.'

Old Job Carson was yet a rugged-looking old gentleman. He had survived nearly all his "blood, kith and kin;" his sister had paid the last debt of nature some months before, and in hopes of finding some one to fill her station, in his domestic concerns, his advertisement had appeared in the "Weekly Bulletin."

'Ah, me, it's no use crying about spilt milk,' sighed the old gent over his glass. "I suppose I've been a fool; outlived everybody, everything useful to me. Made a fortune *first*, nobody to spend it *last*.—Yes, yes,' continued the old man, in a thoughtful strain, 'old Job Carson will soon slip off the handle; 'poor old devil,' some bloodsucker may say, as he grabs Job's worldly effects, 'he's gone; had a hard scrabble to get together these things, and now, we'il pick his bones.' Well, let 'em, let 'em; serves me right; ought to have known it before; but, blast and rot 'em, if they only enjoy the pillage as much as I did the struggles to keep it together, why, a—it will be about an even thing with us, after all.'

'Yis, massa, here I is,' chuckled Banquo, again putting his black bullet pate in at the door.

'You are, eh? Well, clear yourself—no, come back; go down to Oatmeal's store and tell him to let old Mrs. Dougherty, and the old blind man, and the sailor's wife, and—and—the rest of them, have their groceries, again, this week—only another week, mind, for I'm not going to support the whole neighborhood any longer—tell him so.'

'Yis, massa, I'se gone.'

'Wait, come here, Banquo; well, never mind—clear out.'

But Banquo returned in a moment, saying: 'Dar's a lady at the doo-ah, sah; says she wants to see you, sah, 'bout 'ticular business, sah.'

'In the front parlor, I'll be down—ah-h, that infernal *twinge*, again, ah-h-h-h, a-h! What a stupid ass a man is to hang around in this world until he's a nuisance to himself and everybody else!' grunted old Job, as he groped his way down stairs, and into the parlor.

'Good morning, ma'am,' said he, as he confronted the widow, who, in the utmost taste of simple neatness, had arranged her spare dress to meet the umpire of her future fate.

Mrs. Glenn respectfully acknowledged the salutation, and at once opened her business to the bluff old man.

'Yes, yes; I'm a poor, unfortunate creature, ma'am; I'm nothing, noboby, any more. I want somebody to see that I'm not robbed, or poisoned, and that I may have a bed to lie upon, and a clean piece of linen to my back occasionally, and a—that's all I want, ma'am.'

The widow feigned to hope she knew the duties of a housek-eper, and situated as she was, it was a labor of love to work—toil for those misfortune had placed in her charge.

'Eh? what's that—haven't got *incumbrances*, have you, ma'am?'

'I have three children, sir,' meekly, said the widow.

"Three children?" gruffly responded the old gentleman; "ah, umph, what business have you, ma'am, with three children?"

The widow, not apparently able to answer such a poser, the old gentleman continued:

'Poor widows, poor people of any kind, have no business with *incumbrances*, ma'am; no excuse at all, ma'am, for 'em.'

'So, alas!' said Mrs. Glenn, 'I find the world too—too much inclined to reason; but I shall trust to the mercy and providence of the Lord, if denied the kind feelings of mortals.'

'Ah, yes, yes, that's it, ma'am; it's all very fine, ma'am; but too many poor, foolish creatures get themselves in a scrape, then depend upon the Lord to help 'em out. This shifting the responsibility to the shoulders of the Lord, isn't right. I don't wonder the Lord shuts his ears to half he's asked to do, ma'am.'

'Well, sir, I thought I would *call*, though I feared my children would be an objection to—'

'Yes, yes—I don't want incumbrances, ma'am.'

'But I—I—a—' —the widow's heart was too full for utterance; she moved toward the door. 'Good morning, sir.'

'Stop, come back, ma'am, sit down; it's a pity—you've no business, ma'am, as I said before, to have incumb ances, when you haven't got any visible means of support. Now, if you only had one, one incumbrance—and that you'd no business to have'—said the old gent, doggedly, tapping an antique tortoise-shell snuff-box, and applying 'the pungent grains of titillating dust,' as Pope observes, to his proboscis, 'if you had only *one* incumbrance—but you've got a house full, ma'am.'

'No, sir, only three!' answered widow Glenn.

'Three, only three? God bless me, ma'am, I wouldn't be a poor woman with two—no, with one incumbrance at my petticoat tails—for the biggest ship and cargo old Steve Girard ever owned, ma'am."

'I might,' meekly said the widow, 'put my son with the printer, sir; he has offered to take my poor boy.'

'Two girls and a boy?' inquiringly asked the old gent, applying the dust and manipulating his box. 'How old? Eldest thirteen, eh?—boy eleven, and the youngest seven, eh?' and working a traverse, or solving some problematic point, Job Carson stuck his hands under his morning gown, and strode over the floor; after a few evolutions of the kind, he stopped—fumbled in a drawer of a secretary, and placing a ten-dollar note in the widow's hand, he said:

'There, ma'am; I don't know that I shall want you, but to-morrow morning, if you have time, from other and more important business, call in, bring your children with you; good morning, ma'am—Banquo!'

'Yis, sah; I'se heah.'

'Show the lady out—good morning, ma'am, good morning.'

'I like that woman's looks,' said old Job, continuing his walk; 'she's plain and tidy; she's industrious, I'll warrant; if she only hadn't that raft of *incumbrances;* what do these people have incumbrances for, anyway?—'

'Lady at the doo-ah, sah,' said Banquo.

'Show her in. Good morning ma'am; Banquo, a seat for the lady; yes, ma'am, I did; I want a housekeeper. I advertised for one. How many servants do I keep? Well, ma'am, I keep as many as I want. Have visitors? Of course I have. What and where are *my rooms?* Why, madam, I own the house—every brick and lath in. I go to bed, and get up, and go round; come in and out, when I feel like it. What church do I worship in? I've assisted in *building* a number, own a half of one, and a third of several; but madam, between you and I, I don't want to be rude to a lady, madam, but I *do* think this examination ain't to my liking—you don't think the place would suit you, eh? Well, I think *your ladyship* wouldn't suit *me*, madam, so I'll bid your ladyship good morning,' said old Job, bowing very obsequiously to the stiff-starched and acrimonious dame, who, returning the old gentleman's *bow* with the same 'high pressure' order, seized her skirts in one hand, and agitating her fan with the other, she stepped out or *finikined* along to the hall door, and as Banquo flew around, and put on the *extras* to let her ladyship out, she gave the darkey a pat on the head with her fan, and looking crab-apples at the poor negro, she rushed down the steps and disappeared.

'Tank you, ma'am; come again, eh you please—ot'n!' said the pouting negro.

'Yes, sah; here's nudder lady, sah,' says Banquo, ushering in a rather ruddy, jolly-looking and perfectly-at-home daughter of the 'gim o' the sae.' The old gentleman eyed her liberal proportions; consulting his snuff-box, he answered 'yes' to the woman's inquiry, if *he* was the gintleman wanting the housekeeper.

'Did you read my advertisement, madam?'

'Me rade it? Not I, faix. Mr. Mullony, our landlord, was saying till us—'

'Are you married, too?'

'Married *twice!* Do I look like a woman as would marry two? No, *sur;* I'm a dacent woman, sur; my name is Hannah Geaughey, Jimmy Geaughey's my husband, sur; he, poor man, wrought in the board-yard till he was *sun-sthruck*, by means of falling from a cuart, sur.'

'Well, madam, that will do; I am sorry for your husband—one dollar, there it is; you would not suit me at all; good morning, madam. Banquo, show the good woman to the door.'

'But, sur, I want the place!'

'I do not want *you*—good morning.'

'Dis way, ma'am,' said Banquo, marshalling the woman to the hall.

'Stand away, ye nager; its your masther I'm spakin' wid.'

'Go along, go along, woman, go, go, *go!*' roared the old gent.

'But, as I was saying, Mr. Mullony said—says he—who the divil you push'n, you black nager?' said the woman, grabbing Banquo's woolly top-knot.

'Dis way, ma'am,' persevered Banquo, quartering toward the door.

'Mr. Mullony was sayin,' sur—"

'Dis way, ma'am,' continued the darkey, crowding Mrs. Geaughey, while his master was gesticulating furiously to keep on *crowding* her. Finally, Banquo vanquished the Irish woman, and received orders from his master to admit no more applicants—the place was filled.

That afternoon, old Captain Winepipes—a retired merchant and ship-master, an old bachelor, too, who was in the habit of exchanging visits with Job Carson, sipping brandy and water, talking over old times and playing chess—came to finish a litigated game, and Job and he discussed the matter of taking care of the widow and children of the deceased ship-builder. At length it was settled that, if the second interview with the widow, and an exhibition of her children, proved satisfactory to Job Carson, he should take them in; if found more than Job could attend to—

'Why a—I will go your halves, Job,' said Captain Winepipes.

Next day, Widow Glenn and her pretty children appeared at the door of Carson's mansion; and Banquo, full of pleasant anticipations, ushered them into the retired merchant's presence.

It was evident, at the first glance the old gentleman gave the group, that the battle was more than half won.

'Fine boy, that; come here, sir—eleven years of age, eh? Your name is Martin—Martin Glenn, eh? Well, Martin, my lad, you've got a big world before you—a fussing, fuming world, not worth finding out, not worth the powder that would blow it up. You've got to take your position in the ranks, too, mean and contemptible as they are; but you may make a good man; if the world don't benefit you, why a—you can benefit it; that's the way I've done—been obliged to do it, aint sorry for it, neither,' said the old man, with evident emotion.

'Your name is Cynthia, eh? And you are a fine grown girl for your age, surely. Cynthia, you'll soon be capable of 'keeping house,' too; you've got a world before you, too, my dear; a wicked, scandalous world; a world full of deceit and *misery*—look at your mother, look at me! Ah, well, it's all our own fault; yours, madam, for having these—these *incumbrances*, and mine, poor devil—for not having 'em. Cynthia, you are a fine girl; a good girl, I know. Ah, here's mamma's pet, I suppose; Rose Glenn, very pretty name, pretty name, pretty girl, too, very pretty. Lips and cheeks like cherries, eyes brighter than Brazil diamonds. Madam, you have got great treasures here; a man must be a stupid ass to call these *incumbrances!*—They are jewels of inestimable value.—What's my filthy bank accounts, dollars and cents, houses, goods and chattles, that fire may destroy, and thieves steal, to these blessings that—that God has given the lone widow to strengthen her—cheer her in the dark path of life? God is great, generous and just; I see it now plainer than *I* ever did before. Banquo!'

'Yis'r, I'se here massa.'

'Go tell Counsellor Prime to call on me immediately; tell Captain Winepipes to come over—I want to see him. I am going to make a fool of myself, I believe.'

'Yes, sah, I'se gone; gorry, gues dere's suffin gwine to happen to dat lady and dem chil'ns—shuah!' said Banquo, rushing out of the house.

The fate of the ship-builder's family was fixed. Job Carson promised—and the widow, of course, consented—that Martin Glenn should become the adopted son of the old gentleman, Job Carson; and that he should choose a trade or profession, which he should then, or later, learn, making the old gentleman's house as much his home as circumstances would permit; the two girls were to remain under the same roof with the mother, who was at once installed as housekeeper for the bluff and generous old gentleman.

Old Captain Winepipes insisted on a share in the settlement, to-wit: that both girls should be educated at his expense, which was finally acceded to, adding, that in case he—Captain Joseph Winepipes—should live to see Rose Glenn a wife, he should provide for her wedding, and give her a dowry.

'Set that down in black and white, Mr. Prime,' said Job, 'and that I, Job Carson, do agree, should I live to see Cynthia Glenn a wife, to give her a comfortable start in the world—set that down, for I will do it, yes, I will,' said the old gent, with an emphatic rap on his snuff-box.

Ten years passed away; Captain Winepipes has paid the debt of nature; he did not live to see Rose Glenn a wife; but, nevertheless, he left a clause in his will, that fully carried out his expressed intentions when Rose did marry, some two years after she arrived at the age of sweet seventeen. Martin Glenn Carson graduated in the printing office, and very recently filled one of the most important stations in the judiciary of Illinois, as well as a chivalrous part in the recent war with Mexico. Cynthia was wedded to a well-known member of the Philadelphia bar, an event that Job Carson barely lived to see, and, as he agreed to, donated a sum, quite munificent, towards making things agreeable in the progress of her married life. Widow Glenn remained a faithful servant and friend to the old merchant, and, upon his death, she became heir to the family mansion, and means to keep it up at the usual bountiful rate. Large bequests were made in Job Carson's will to charitable institutes, but the bulk of his fortune fell to his adopted son, Martin, who proved not unworthy of his good fortune. Banquo ended his days in the service of the widow, who had cause for and took pleasure in blessing the vehicle that conveyed to herself and orphans their rare good fortune, in guise of a NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT.

Senator Hale on Federal Politics.

The following passages are taken from the eloquent speech delivered in the United States Senate by John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, on the 16th ult.:

THE SEMI-OFFICIAL MEETING IN DOUGLAS' PARLOR.

This omission to submit the Constitution to the people of Kansas is not accidental. I am sorry to find, as I have found out this session, that the omission to put it in the original bill was not accidental. We have a little light on this subject from a gentleman who always sheds light when he speaks to the Senate—I mean the honorable Senator from Pennsylvania. [Mr. Bigler.] He says this was not accidental, by any means. He has spoken once or twice about a meeting that was held in the private parlor of a private gentleman. There was a good deal of inquiry and anxiety to know what sort of a meeting that was. The gentleman who owns the house, said he did not know anything about it. That is not strange. The hospitable man lets his guests have the use of any room they please. The honorable Senator from Pennsylvania said this meeting was "semi-official." I do not know what kind of a meeting that was. I have heard of semi-barbarous, a semi-civilized, and a semi-savage people; I have heard of a semi-annual, and a semi-weekly; but when you come to semi-official, I declare it bothers me. [Laughter.] What sort of a meeting was it? Was it an official meeting? No. Was it an unofficial meeting? No. What was it? Semi-official. [Laughter.]

I have never met anything analagous to it but once in my life, and that I will mention by way of illustration. A trader in my town, before the day of railroads, had taken a large bank-bill, and he was a little doubtful whether it was genuine or not. He concluded to give it to the stage-driver, and send it down to the bank to inquire of the cashier whether it was a genuine bill. The driver took it and promised to attend to it. He went down the first day, but he had so many other errands that he forgot it, and he said he would certainly attend to it the next day. The next day he forgot it, and the third day he forgot it; but he said, to-morrow I will do it if I do nothing else; I will ascertain whether the bill is genuine or not. He went the fourth day with a like result—he forgot it, and when he came home he saw the nervous, anxious trader, wanting to know whether it was genuine or not; and he was ashamed to tell him he had forgotten it, and he thought he would lie it through. Said the trader to him: "Did you call at the bank?" "Yes." "Did the cashier say it was a genuine bill?" "No, he did not." "Did he say it was a bad one?" No." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was about middling—semi-genuine." [Laughter.] I have never learned to this day whether that was a good or a bad bill. [Laughter.] They used to say, in General Jackson's time, that he had a kitchen cabinet as well as a regular one. This could not be a meeting of the kitchen cabinet, because it sat in the parlor. [Laughter.] It was semi-official in its character also.

Again, sir, there is another thing remarkable about this meeting. The Senator says: "It was semi-official and called"—it was a called meeting; it was not a mere accidental gathering of a few gentlemen, coming in to pay their respects to the distinguished Senator in his hospitable mansion; it was "semi-official and called." For what? "Called to promote the public good." Yes, sir, a semi-official meeting called to promote the public good; and what did it do? The honorable Senator from Pennsylvania says:

"My recollection was clear that I left the conference under the impression that it had been deemed best to adopt measures to admit Kansas as a State through the agency of one popular election, and that for delegates to the convention. This impression was the stronger, because I thought the spirit of the bill infringed upon the doctrine of nonintervention, to which I had great aversion; but with the hope of accomplishing a great good"—the meeting was called for the "public good"—

—"and as no movement had been made in that direction in the Territory, I waived this objection, and concluded to support the measure. I have a few items of testimony as to the correctness of these impressions, and with their submission I shall be content."

Then he goes on to say:

"I have before me the bill reported by the Senator from Illinois, on the 7th of March, 1856, providing for the admission of Kansas as a State; the third section of which reads as follows:

"'That the following propositions be, and the same are hereby offered to the said convention of the people of Kansas, when formed, for their free acceptance or rejection, which, if accepted by the convention, and ratified by the people at the election for the adoption of the constitution, shall be obligatory upon the United States and the said State of Kansas.'

"The bill read in place by the Senator from Georgia on the 25th of June, and referred to the committee on Territories, contained the same section, word for word. Both these bills were under consideration at the conference referred to;"—

Two bills under consideration at this semi-official meeting!

—"but, sir, when the Senator from Illinois reported the Toombs bill to the Senate, with amendments, the next morning it did not contain that portion of the third section which indicated to the convention that the constitution should be approved by the people."

The result of this semi-official meeting, called for the public good, was that the bills came into the Senate the next morning minus the clause submitting the constitution to the people. It was stricken out: but the honorable Senator does not impugn anybody nor his motives, because, he says:

"Who struck the words out, or for what purpose they were omitted, is not for me to answer."

If it is not for him it is not for me; but I thought he had given a clew to the reason why they were struck out, when he said the meeting was called for the public good. Undoubtedly they were struck out for the public good. Who struck them out seems to be a mooted question, as uncertain of an answer as that old question, "Who killed cock-robin?" [Laughter.] It has got out somehow or other. I did not see the Senator when he delivered the speech. If I had I should have watched him closely; and it is possible that by some gesture or some shake of the head he would have determined who that "who" was; but we are left in the dark—we do not know who it was.

You see, then, that this was not accidental. A semi-official set of patriots, friends of popular sovereignty, and disciples of perfect freedom, called for the public good in a private room, met together, and for peculiar reasons—that is what the Senator said—they determined to strike out of the bill the only redeeming feature in it, and that was the submission to the people of the question whether they would have slavery in the constitution or not. In that secret conclave, that semi-official meeting for the public good, these patriots put their heads together to strangle at the birth the only thing there was in their bill which ought to commend it to the real genuine friends of perfect freedom and popular sovereignty. Well, sir, I am learning something every day; but I did not know, till that speech was made, that when we met here in official meeting and matured bills and put them in shape, they were to be committed to the tender mercies of a semi-official meeting to strangle and choke out of them everything that was worth the keeping the breath of life in. They struck, down, then, that great principle of popular sovereignty—a principle inestimable to freedom, formidable only to semi-official patriots. [Laughter.] So that this was not accidental; it was purposely done; and this too, was done in the name of popular sovereignty!

DOG SAUSAGES IN NEW YORK.—The New York "Post" of Friday afternoon says:

"Yesterday afternoon the daughter of a Twenty-second Ward policeman was sitting at the back window of her father's house, and saw two men in Forty-seventh Street, near Eleventh Avenue, named Francis Miller and Andrew Schweitzler, kill a large dog, carefully dress him, and pack his carcass in a wash-tub. She informed the police of this, and Officer McDougal, of the Twenty-second Precinct, being notified, procured the assistance of Officers Carsey and Tompkins, proceeded immediately to the premises in question, where they found two Germans, named Francis Miller and Andiew Schweitzler, as represented, cleaning the dog meat, and Mrs. Miller preparing the entrails. In a barrel which stood near was a large quantity of sausages, supposed to have been made from dog meat,—the dog just slaughtered was partly packed away in a tub, and the head of the victim lay on top."

That New York is a nice hole.