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Select Poetry.

OVER THE RIVER.
Over the river they beckon to me—
Over the river they beckon to me—
The gleam of the snow-capped ice,
The gleam of the snow-capped ice,
But their voices are lost by the rushing tide,
There's one with rings of sunny gold,
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view,
We saw not the angels that sat him there,
The gate of the city we could not see,
Over the river, over the river,
My brother, my brother, waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
The boatman, pale in the gentle pale,
Carried Nannie, I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom for a moment's rest,
And carefully covered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the music river,
My childhood's ideal is waiting for me.

For some return from these quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
I will stay and stand by the water's side,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.
And let for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shores of the spirit land,
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

A French Historical Incident.

Never had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect as that of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1457, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the ports and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—these were the circumstances in which Charles found himself when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With defection of these troops under the command of the Count de Richemont, constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favorite Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked:
"What are they all gone?"

"All your army," answered Giac; "and the misfortune could not have befallen your majesty at a luckier moment."

"Why so?"
"The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the Treasury is empty." At this moment a page announced the Count de Richemont, constable of France; and the countenance of the marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gravity, instantly changed to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

"My cousin is welcome!" cried the king, at the same time looking towards the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

"Well, Giac?" said Charles, in a tone of wonderment, as his favorite, while expecting the entrance of the constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him; "The throw is with you."

"Sire," stammered Giac, he arose in embarrassment from the table.
"What is the matter?"
"Your majesty is aware that the constable is not friendly toward me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged."

"Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you."

"But circumstances might occur, your majesty," said the marquis, trembling.
"There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word—"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the constable.
"Welcome, good cousin, to Bourges," cried Charles. "I have already heard what has taken place at St. Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors! But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?"

"It is my come, sire," answered the count, "to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France."

"Not so hasty, cousin!" cried Charles, knitting his brows. "It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us."

"It is not mine, sire," answered the constable, proudly and with emphasis.
"I know, I know," said the king. "You are a faithful servant." The count bowed coldly.

"When I received the constable's sword from your majesty," said he, "and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition: I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose."

"Very true, cousin."

"Four months have elapsed since then;

I kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The troops refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated, threatened, but without avail; the traitors deserted secretly. It would not have happened, sire, if you had kept your word as well as I kept mine, and had sent the money as you promised.

"What!" cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage; "I did not send the money?"

"No, sire."

"No? And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose? What has become of it?"

"Ask the marquis de Giac your majesty, perhaps he knows," answered the constable, coldly.

The marquis, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the king's question:

"Sire," said he, "out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier d'Ange was paid the bet he laid with your majesty; and the rest I took in part payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy."

"So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!" cried the constable, angrily, turning to the marquis. "You are truly an excellent treasurer!"

"Whether I am so or not," answered the marquis, scornfully, "it is not your business to decide." The constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee before the king, and presented his sword.

"Here, sire," said he, "is my sword back again."

"No, my cousin we will not accept it," cried Charles; "for we know now more worthily to whom we can confide it."—The constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a side glance at the marquis:

"Since you command it, sire," said he, "I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honor of my king and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me."

"Most willingly, cousin," continued the count, "I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the provinces confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges."

"Right,"

"Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shown to me that would be shown to yourself." Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with a side-glance at his visibly anxious favorite—

"It shall be so, cousin," said he, "but with one stipulation: you must answer to me with your honor for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac."

"Answer for his life, sire," said the constable. Then turning to the marquis: "My lord marquis," said he, "you are my prisoner."

A few hours after the visit of the constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This, at least, was the form under which the constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the marquis for a long list of offenses he had for some time been committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the especial protection of the king. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the king, as well as that of the constable, was undoubtedly security for his life. But there no punishments infinitely more painful than death. Are there not tortures insufficient to destroy the thread of life, yet, in comparison with which, death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous king, at the time when the will of the constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of the messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen under the displeasure of the constable. It was, therefore, that same evening that the door of the prison opened, and the mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former announced to him that his fate was decided.

"My Lord Marquis de Giac," said the mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, "draw near and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you."

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul which enabled him to meet with fortitude inevitable evils, arose courageously, and walking up to the mayor with an air of pride:

"Let me hear it!" said he, "but, pray, use not many words."

"As you command," replied the mayor, bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: "The supreme administration of the laws of the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phoebus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he be accordingly attainted with high treason and condemned to suffer death by the sword."

"How? Death?" cried the prisoner, more in anger than in terror.

"Allow me to proceed, my lord marquis; I have not yet done," said the mayor; and he read on: "In consideration, however, of his having pleased his majesty,

our most gracious king and master, to pardon with his royal word the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance, which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned delinquent in his own handwriting that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favor of the royal pardon offered him."

"And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?" asked the prisoner, turning pale.

"It is as follows," said the mayor, reading further: "The Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword to-morrow morning, before sunrise, in the open market-place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder."

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench of his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that which the authorities of Bourges, had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honorable race, and one who had long stood high in the favor of a crowned head.

At the dawn of day, on the 5th of June, 1456, an agitation began in the market-place of Bourges, which announced that something unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled around a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market-place, the entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear spot, still there was a general idea what was to follow; and those who stood nearest could discern a lightly-erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. The difference had its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but, as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice, hitherto altogether without precedent. Beside this, the unusual time of day, as well as the place, contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling-houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had not been particularly beloved by the people, had at least always been looked up to by them with respect.

As at length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable by a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees, and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring; surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart in which sat the executioner, and by his side a haggard-looking man, who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor. A little distance from the cart, followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud, and his aspect imposing. His dress, richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting, showed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he approached, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the meantime five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from an opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after, the victim appeared upon the place of execution. The clergyman drew near to the culprit who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time, after which, amid the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud, first the sentence of the murderer, and that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words:

"I demand of you, Arthur Phoebus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?"

"No," answered the marquis in a firm voice.

"Then," continued the officer of justice, "you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of the headsman."

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword, which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety and dejection on every countenance. A faint short pause, the marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared

his right arm, and—A shriek of horror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning his sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said:

"Go tell the constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no hand with which to perform the duty of executioner."

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood. Before the expiration of an hour, the marquis received the pardon of the constable, who, amidst a charge still more than he hated political crime.

Gov. CHASE—A COMPLIMENT.—During the debate in the Ohio Senate the other day, upon the appointment of a committee to investigate the State Treasury, allusion was made to the attempt of the Democratic press to associate Gov. Chase with the Breshin defalcation. Senator Hatch, (Democrat) from Cincinnati, defended Gov. Chase from all such injustice. He said the press in the course of heated controversy and in the time of political excitement, often makes charges that are not regarded in private life. Mr. H. paid a compliment to Gov. Chase, against whose integrity nothing that the press could say would be more than the idle wind. There was no man in Ohio to whom he would concede higher principles of honor. He knew the Governor, and there was no man in whose hands he would more willingly confide his estate, without the scratch of a pen.—State Journal.

OCCUPATION.—The want of proper occupation is the cause of more than half the petty frets of life. And labor will be the medicine for more than half the minor ills of life. A man without any proper aim in life, without moral inspiration, too rich to be industrious, and a prey to the thousand frets of unoccupied leisure, sometimes sets himself to pray against his trouble. Now a man might as well pray to be protected against the sands of Sahara, as a lazy man to pray against petty troubles. Therefore it happens, sometimes, that bankruptcy brings a man what his wealth failed to give, happiness; for he has real trouble and trouble is a medicine for trouble. There is a moral current irritation.

Mr. Tombs attempted, by a speech in the Senate the other day, to quench the enthusiasm created by the speech of Mr. Crittenden. On the night of the same day the fire companies of Philadelphia, as if not to be outdone by the Senator, mustered in strong force to put out the aurora borealis.—Chicago Times.

And the editor of the "Times," as if not to be outdone by fire companies, climbed the North Pole and stuck his night-cap on its top.—Cin. Enquirer.

And the editor of the "Enquirer," after supporting Leecompton, didn't get the Postoffice! Poor fellow, too bad!—Chicago Times.

FATAL RESULT OF MATRIMONY.—The Baltimore "Sun" says that a bottle containing a slip of paper was picked up in Elk river, near Frenchtown. On the paper the following was written in pencil:

BALTIMORE, September 17, 1857. I am married to Eliza Brown to-day one year, and have not spent a happy moment since; so I will drown myself. God forgive me. I will put this in a bottle and hope it will be found. Who finds it will please have my death put in the "Sun."

Thomas K. Jonsson.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A poor mulatto girl, a slave, has recently been tried in New Orleans on the charge of having attempted to poison her mistress and the family. It was proved that she had sprinkled some powder on a dish of oysters which made some of the family sick. It came out in the trial, however, that the poor girl was innocent of any evil design. The powder being analyzed, was found not to be poisonous; and the poor girl, in her simple innocence, having been told that it had the charm of love powder, had sprinkled it upon the food to make her mistress love her.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.—An Englishman and a Yankee were recently disputing, when the former sneeringly remarked: "Fortunately, the Americans could go no further than the Pacific shore." The Yankee scratched his prolific brain for an instant, and thus triumphantly replied, "Why good gracious! they're already leveling the Rocky Mountains and carting the dirt out West. I had a letter last week from my cousin, who is living 200 miles West of the Pacific shore—on made land!" The Englishman gave in.

THE COMING SUMMER.—It is said that Earl of Rosse, one of the first astronomers in Europe, has told a gentleman in England that he anticipates one of the most intensely hot summers this year that has ever been known, and he advises farmers to build sheds for their cattle by way of protection against the extreme heat.

A negro child has recently been born in the neighborhood of Ringgold, in this county, with twenty six fingers and toes. It has six toes on each foot, and seven fingers on each hand. There are two full-sized thumbs on each hand and two "little" fingers. All these limbs are said to be perfect.—Richmond South.

Billy Bowlegs has come to terms and the Florida war is ended. He came into camp at Fort Meade, and agreed to accept the government offer and emigrate west. He has gone to collect his people and prepare for removal. The poor white men of Florida, who have lived by fighting the Indians, will mourn their departure.

An Affecting Letter.

The following touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband was found by him some months after her death beneath the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of a fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

"When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the leaves of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its faintly written words upon the lips you have so often pressed, and forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all beside my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has formed itself upon my mind; and although to you, and to others, it might not seem but the nervous imaginings of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leave you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty, and hard indeed it is to struggle bravely and alone with the stern conviction that I am about to leave forever and go down in the dark valley! But I know in whom I have believed, and leaning on His arm, 'I fear no evil.' Do not blame me for keeping all this even from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and, pillowing your head upon my breast, wipe the death damp from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into the Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching through long and dreary nights, for the spirit's final light, and of transferring my sinking heart from your breast to my sorrowful bosom! And you shall share my sad thoughts, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours; and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sun-set as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with the stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play among the grass that grows over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches—"I am not lost, but gone before."

MAN'S INEVITABLE PORTION.—So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece, but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn fashions. The same is a portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents; rottenness and cold dishonor; and our beauty is changed that our acquaintance quickly knows us not, and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets us with our fears and weak discouragements, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone, where the body lies stripped of its life and honor.—Jeremy Taylor.

MUSIC BATH CHAIRS.—The Natchez Courier tells of a rough boatman passing along the streets of that city, who had drifted far away from home, and stopping at the door of a music store, where a gentleman was evoking a sweet strain from the chords of a fine piano, for the amusement of some lady friends. He listened very attentively, paying but little attention to the passers-by, until the scalding tears coursed down his rough sun-burnt cheeks, in spite of all his endeavors to suppress them. Observing that we noticed him, he turned round and exclaimed: "Can't help it, stranger; I've a little sister somewhere out West that does that sort of thing, and it makes me think of home."

That was a beautiful thought of the little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied: "I was thinking of the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"—How many older minds may this find food for pleasant and profitable thought.

A theatrical company was playing in one of the interior towns of the West, Shakespeare's Othello, and when Othello demanded of Desdemona "the handkerchief! the handkerchief!" a green 'un called out impatiently: "Never mind the handkerchief; don't wait for that; blow your nose with your fingers and go ahead!"

Work—Faint Not.

There are times when heaviness comes over the heart, and we feel as if there was no hope. Who has not felt it? For this there is no cure but work. Plunge into it, put all your energies into motion, rouse up the inner man—act; and this heaviness shall disappear as mist before the morning sun.

There arise doubts in the human mind which sink into lethargy, wrap us in gloom, and make us think it were bootless to attempt anything. Work! has not experience taught them? Work! that is the cure. Task your intellect, stir up your feelings, rouse the soul, and these doubts, hanging like a cloud upon the mountain, will scatter and disappear, and leave you in sunshine and open day.

There comes suspicion to the best of men, and tears about the holiest efforts, and we stand like one chained. Who has not felt it? Work; therein is freedom. By night, by day, in season and out of season, work, and liberty will be yours. Put in requisition mind and body, war with inertness, snap the chain-link of selfishness, stand up as a defender of the right, be yourself and this suspicion, and these fears will be lulled, and like the ocean storm, you will be purified by contest, and able to bear and breast any burden of human ill.

Gladden life with its sunniest features and gloss over with its richest hues, and it becomes a poor and painted thing, if there be in it no toil, no hearty, hard work. The laborer sighs for repose. Where is it? What is it? Friend whoever thou art, know it is to be found alone in work. No good, no greatness, no progress is to be gained without it. Work, then and faint not; for therein is the well-spring of human hope and human happiness.

TRUE AS PREACHING.—The Philadelphia "Evening Argus" says:

"No man can borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it, economize for it. You make more and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. You must wear homespun instead of broadcloth, drink water instead of champagne, and rise at four instead of seven. Industry, frugality, economy—these are the hand-maidens of wealth and the sure sources of relief. A dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and a dollar saved is better than forty times its amount in useless gewgaws. Try our scheme, and see if it is not worth a thousand banks and valuation laws."