

The Meigs County Telegraph.

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Poetry.

For the Meigs County Telegraph.
LINES.
BY ALMENA C. SANDERS.
I know the world will chide,
And in its righteous judgment say,
That I who have so long a life,
Deserve to walk a thorny way.
And this I know, if nothing fail,
Some prying soul will pry the eye
That would discover, still may fail.
It is not in a coldy clasp
Around the heart a zone of frost,
And still, perhaps, a useful life,
Till honor—golden star, is lost.
Life is a complicated harp,
A strange complexity of strings,
Thousands of which are never touched,
Save by mysterious, hidden springs.
Then, who upon a self-reared throne,
Sits, in judgment, too severe,
That may not have his eye upon
The pulse of another's sphere?
And this I know, if nothing fail,
Some prying soul will pry the eye
That would discover, still may fail.
Perfection has no temple here,
No tower, where consecrated air
Pours out upon the troubled earth,
Which has been bravely struggled for.
For it is we, blindly ere,
And when the veil falls from our eyes,
What an awful we are, indeed,
A cold corpse, before us lies.
And we weep to turn away,
The sunlight of our soul from those,
Who in the haven of our love,
Would draw their anchor of repose.
Yet guided by an inward voice,
And following on a burning hand,
We quiver, and we wildly force
The letters of each stained band.
Judge not! Judge not! ye little know
What fearful joys are in the soul;
Which follow with their great of name,
Across the chaotic space of time,
Ryder, Nov. 24, 1858.

Miscellany.

From Arthur's Magazine.
The Man Who Tried to Borrow Himself out of Debt.

BY O. P. Q.

There are a great many difficult, and some impossible things; but no matter how difficult or impossible a thing may be, you will always find people in the world ready to undertake its accomplishment, whether it be the discovery of perpetual motion, or the equally romantic attempt to get out of debt by borrowing.

Of all the hard work in the world, to live by borrowing, is, perhaps, the hardest and of all the men in the world, the most unscrupulous. One who is independent, and self-reliant, will never be sacrificed, until the man sinks into contempt.

Peter Ogletrope was not a borrower by profession. He had started in life with a small patrimony, and worked along, independently, until his fiftieth year, when losses in trade deprived him of the means of paying certain obligations, and he found himself suddenly involved in trouble.

"Mr. Ogletrope," said a man who came into his office one morning about this time, "I want you to settle that account."

"It is impossible to do so now, Mr. Spicer. Widely impossible. You have heard of my trouble?" Mr. Ogletrope exhibited both distress and agitation.

"No; I have trouble enough of my own, without looking after that of other people," was rather gruffly answered. He had heard of the trouble, however, and had called among the first, to secure his debt if possible.

"I have met heavy losses," said Mr. Ogletrope. "Losses that cover more than I am worth. At a time when I expected to be easy and comfortable, I find myself suddenly thrown to the wall."

"What do you propose doing?" asked Mr. Spicer, abruptly.

"Doing justly," was answered, with some dignity of manner.

"No one doubts that," said the creditor, softening considerably. "But what are the steps you propose taking?"

"My trouble is so recent," replied Ogletrope, "that I remain undecided as to the best course of action. But, of one thing you may be certain, there will be no preference of one creditor over another. All will be treated alike."

"Then you mean to stop payment?"

"If I have lost the means of payment, how am I to pay my obligations?"

"You are evidently putting the worst face upon your affairs," Mr. Ogletrope said. "The visitor's manner underwent a further change. 'Let me suggest a different course of action.'"

"Say on," Mr. Ogletrope cast his eyes to the floor, and bent his head in silent attention.

"Don't think of giving up in this way," the tone of Mr. Spicer was insinuating. "But how am I to go forward?" was the debtor's prompt interrogation. "For instance, I owe you two hundred dollars, and you want the money."

"I do."

"Well! And what next?"

"Borrow."

"Borrow!"

"Yes. You have many friends who will take pleasure in giving you temporary aid. This disaster may prove so serious as you imagine, and you may be able to struggle through and recover, without a shadow being cast on your good name. If you suffer present obligations to be dishonored, remember that your reputation must receive a stain. This cannot be avoided.—There are men who have no word but 'dishonest' with which to designate those who fail to pay them what is due, no matter what causes produce the failure. Think of this, Mr. Ogletrope, and weigh well the consequences, before you take the doubtful step you have proposed to yourself. You have a family, and for their sakes, do not permit this disgrace to come upon you and them."

Mr. Ogletrope was partially stunned by this. He had not the right of disgrace

—only of misfortune. He sat for some time like one stupefied.

Don't give up, sir! Don't give up! Mr. Spicer laid his hand on the arm of Mr. Ogletrope, and spoke cheerily. "Never let it be said that you permitted an obligation to remain uncancelled. Put on a brave, cheerful face, and you will go through. I can wait until to-morrow for my money. That will give you time to turn around. And whenever you want aid or counsel, remember that Jacob Spicer is your friend."

The creditor's counsels prevailed. Mr. Ogletrope, instead of standing up bravely, and meeting his trouble face to face, began the hopeless task of borrowing. He set out of debt. He was involved beyond his means of payment, about five thousand dollars. His business yielded him a little over twenty-five hundred dollars a year, in net profits; and as his family expenses never exceeded fifteen hundred dollars, he was simply in a condition to pay up in full at the end of five years. To do this, however, a fair arrangement with all his creditors was necessary, and all would have to make concessions in his favor. Strict attention to business was also requisite.—Such an arrangement could have been made, and all would have come out right in the end. But otherwise counsel prevailed.

On the day following Mr. Spicer's visit that gentleman received his two hundred dollars, which Mr. Ogletrope borrowed from a friend, under promise of re-payment on the day after. Another friend furnished the money to make this loan good, and a third supplied the means of taking up a small note that fell due in the meantime. By the end of a week or two, Mr. Ogletrope was fairly indebted into the mysteries and miseries of borrowing. His line of accommodation in this direction had already reached the sum of two thousand dollars, a part of which had been received from a professional lender, who charged the moderate interest of half per cent. a day. To keep this large accumulation ahead of him was no easy task, and our borrower found but little time on his hands for the ordinary duties required in business. Steadily this accumulation went on, until it reached the full sum of his losses, and steadily it increased by the addition of excessive interests, while the poor man's income decreased in consequence of his neglect of business.

Jacob Spicer never loaned Mr. Ogletrope a single dollar. His advice had been given selflessly and heartily. To get the whole of a small claim, he had been willing to lend an honest, but clear-sighted man, into a wrong way that led to certain worldly ruin. Many times, in case of extremity, had Mr. Ogletrope called upon Spicer, but always the same cold refusal met his applications. The shrewd, unscrupulous man knew that the end must come; that sooner or later, Ogletrope must be driven under, and he was not going to have even a trifling risk in so lenient a ship.

One day it was over a year since Mr. Ogletrope had begun his unprofitable task, the embarrassed man found himself in more than usual trouble. There were notes to pay, and sums of borrowed money to return, making an aggregate that exceeded two thousand dollars. With feelings scarcely more pleasant than the criminal's on his way to trial, Mr. Ogletrope entered his place of business, and without even glancing over the morning paper, sat down at his desk, and began to figure up the day's payments. A sigh that almost betrayed itself in a groan, gave painful evidence that the result had been reached.

"Twenty-three hundred!" he said to himself, and his heart sunk within him. "Where so large an amount is to come from, is beyond my skill to guess. Ah, me! This matter is growing worse and worse. The night gets darker and darker. My feet are more entangled to-day, than they were six months ago. Instead of finding my way out of this labyrinth of embarrassment, I am getting more and more involved, and I fear even the end is lost. All my time is spent in money-raising, to the neglect of business, and its consequent decline. Heaven help me! I fear the case is hopeless."

The unhappy man sat in this gloomy mood for some time, then aroused himself, and started forth on his daily round of solicitation. He had twenty-three hundred dollars to raise, and must be active if he expected to get through. It is not our purpose to follow him step by step. All we need any reader can imagine the trials, disappointments, and humiliations attendant on the work he had taken in hand.—At two o'clock, Mr. Ogletrope found himself still short about five hundred dollars. Where was the amount to come from? He had exhausted every resource within reach, and in order to collect his thoughts, had returned to his place of business. Weary, wretched, and sick in body and mind, was the poor, harassed, almost broken-down borrower. Thought turned everywhere, but could discover no new resource.

"Perhaps something might be obtained from Spicer," was at last suggested. But the suggestion was thrown aside as soon as offered. It came up again, was resolved for a moment or two, and again dismissed.

"It will never do to give up." A feeling of desperation caused Mr. Ogletrope to start to his feet, as he said, "Something must be done. I will see Spicer. He can help me, and he must."

And without waiting for reconsideration he started forth again. A rapid walk brought him, in a few minutes, to the store of Mr. Spicer.

"Went home an hour ago," was the answer which met his inquiry.

"Do you expect him to return before three o'clock?"

"No. He is unwell, and said, on leaving,

that he would not be at the store again today."

Miserable, Mr. Ogletrope turned slowly away.

"It is my last chance," said he to himself, as he gained the street. "This man must be seen, or all is lost."

And so he went to the home of Mr. Spicer.

"Who wants to see me?" He heard this interrogation made in an amiable tone, as the servant who answered the bell went back to announce the visitor. To the servant's reply, came this further question: "Did you say I was in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come in here, please. Show him in!" It was too late for retreat. Feeling like a culprit, poor Ogletrope, with a forlorn aspect, entered the room where Spicer awaited him.

"Well, sir! What's wanted?" roughly interrogated the bear in his den.

"I—I am short to-d-d-day, a few hundred dollars," stammered out Ogletrope.

"Well, what's that to me?" returned Spicer, with a roughness akin to his nature.

"Nothing,—only,—but, you see, it's hard on three o'clock,—and—"

Ogletrope choked, and could say no more.

"Well, growled Spicer, 'at three o'clock come, and the quicker it comes, the better for you, and all miserable folk like you.'"

"Sir!" This outrage penetrated beyond the borrower, and reached the man. Ogletrope's erring manner gave way to an erect attitude, and his face of depressed solicitation, changed its look to one of indignant feeling. "Sir, this is mean as well as cruel," he said, with a sternness of tone that made him still more reckless of speech. "The truth may always be spoken, and if it hurts, it is because it tells home," retorted Spicer, with increasing asperity of manner. "You are a miserable fool, and have been playing the fool for over a year, as all other men do, who start upon that worst of all fool's errands, borrowing themselves out of debt; a man may work himself out of debt, but he might as well try to empty the ocean with an oyster shell as to borrow himself out of debt. There, sir, you have my sentiments; and I hope they will do you good."

Without a word of reply, Mr. Ogletrope turned away, and left the house.—The truth which came from the lips of Spicer was a sharp sword that cut away down into the heart of conviction.

"Yes; I am a fool!" he uttered between his teeth, as he strode off. "I was a fool to take a knave's advice in the beginning, and a greater fool not to have discovered my own folly. Three o'clock may come now. The vain struggle is over. The long dreaded day is here. I am a ruined man!"

Just two thousand dollars worse off was Mr. Ogletrope, than when he began the task of trying to borrow himself out of debt. Neglect of business, and excessive interests, were the causes that produced this result. But his creditors were not hard upon him. They knew the man to be honest at heart, and pitied his misfortunes. Full time to work himself out of trouble was granted; and he did work himself out, though it cost him years of active devotion to business.

The Other Life.

If a child had been born and spent all his life in the Mammoth Cave, how impossible would it be for him to comprehend the upper world! His parents might tell him of its life, and light, and beauty, and its sounds of joy, and might help him by pointing to stalactites, how grass, and flowers, and trees grow out of the ground, till at length, with laborious thinking, the child would fancy he had gained a true knowledge of the unknown land. And yet, though he longed to behold it, when the day came that he was to go forth, it would be with regret for the familiar crystals, and the rock-been rooms, and the quiet that reigned therein. But when he came up, some May morning, and the heavens bright, and blue, and full of sunlight, and the wind blowing through the young leaves, all a-gleeter with dew, and the landscape stretching away green and beautiful to the horizon, with what rapture would he gaze about him, and see how poor were all the fancies and the interpretations which were made within the cave, of the things which grew and lived without; and how would he wonder that he could have regretted to leave the silence and the dreary darkness of his old abode! So, when we emerge from this cave of earth into that land where Spring grows, and where the sun is Summer, and not that miserable, raw, and chill we call Summer here, how shall we wonder that we could have clung so fondly to this dark and barren life!

Be not, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table; but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but, while I gazed, their lustre faded.—There is nothing here that can give me rest; but when I behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied!—Brecher.

Under all circumstances of life, stand fast! Would you wish to live without a trial? Then you would wish to die but half a man. Without trial you cannot gaze at your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must go into deep water, and buffet the surges. If they wish to understand their true character—if you would know their whole strength, of what they are capable, throw them overboard—over with them! and if they are worth saving, they will swim ashore of themselves.

From the New York Post.
AFRICA.
Its Antiquity and Civilization—A Colony of White Men—Ancient Libraries in the Interior—Commercial Stations on the Niger.

Africa, according to Hamilton Smith, is in civilization, the oldest of the continents, her soil having been "worn out" and exhausted by civilization, ages long lost out of memory. It is a high table land, almost destitute of mountains, with an equable climate, and few of the inconspicuous features incident to the other divisions of the globe. Hence this supposition is sustained by ancient, historical and mythological writers. Herodotus assures us that Ethiopia was the most distant region of the earth, and that its inhabitants were "the tallest, most beautiful and longest lived of the human race." Homer terms them a blameless nation, and tells us that the gods were once their guests. Didorus goes so far as to state that the sacred language of the priests of Ethiopia, "The traveler, as he ascends the Nile, finds the monuments of antiquity increase in number and in age, as he proceeds, until hundreds of miles beyond the utmost limit of the kingdom of the Pharaohs, he arrives at the Meroe, acknowledged to be the venerable mother of Thebes and Memphis. Yet even the priests of Meroe considered themselves a colony from a people beyond the Mountains of the Moon."

Rev. Mr. Bowen, in his course of lectures recently delivered at Clinton Hall, contained this theory of the antiquity of African civilization. After declaring that in that continent were no mountain ranges, but only isolated peaks, he stated that in the middle of the prairies, many miles remote from human habitations, the granite rocks were full of grooves scored or worn out by the grinding of corn; the multitude of which could be accounted for only by assuming that the country was once densely peopled. He also observed high mounds, which were constructed entirely from the accumulated sweepings of the houses, yards and streets of the ancient cities, the African women being the most cleanly of the sex. The cities have since perished, but those mounds remain.

Mr. Bowen found that the traditions of that part of Africa in the country of the Niger assigned to the people an eastern origin. He does not seem to be clear, however, in assigning such origin to all the inhabitants of that portion of the continent, but only to certain races. We understand him to intimate that the negro of the coast is different in character, origin and blood from the Fellatah and other nations of the interior; an idea which certainly is plausible. It is certain that the ancient Egyptian was no sable woolly-headed personage, and there may be other people on that continent, that in all probability were also Asiatic colonies.

There is a history of the Fellatah people extant, written by a king of Sackatoo.—This may seem almost incredible, but Mr. Bowen goes on to declare that there are several libraries among them, and that they actually have books containing information of our own country. The names of Abraham and David, Mary and Susannah, are common among them—they have traditions of Nimrod, and trace their origin from Yalroba, the son of Keltan (Joktan,) in Yemen (Arabia). He supposes that the army of Cambyses, said by Herodotus to have perished in the sands of the desert, met no such fate, the sand never being moved, or undisturbed by the wind, as has been stated, but had migrated westward and become the progenitors of some of these nations. A tradition exists among several tribes that their ancestors came from Persia.

The stories of armies and caravans overwhelmed by billows of sand in the desert are very old—older than Herodotus, and very false. Every part of the Sahara is inhabited. Two republics exist there, confederations of tribes; and there exists among them a literature, as old, perhaps, as any other. The soil of the desert is constituted of lime, sand and clay; water filters through its substrata, and Artesian wells can be constructed everywhere. It is not improbable, therefore, that it may yet be rendered sufficiently fertile and become the abode of a large population.

Mr. Bowen suggests that the inhabitants of Central Africa came from India, and intermingled with a white race in the Sahara, and with Malays on the eastern coast, while others had proceeded to the Senegal country. He found, wherever he went, all shades of color. Some of the Fellatah people were almost white, having Roman noses and other Caucasian characteristics. They were a fine-looking race, and their language was not African. They had conquered the greater part of the continent. The traditions of the country called them "white men," and gave them a foreign origin. Their language contains a far greater number of abstract nouns than the English, showing that they are a reflective people. They preserved the literature which they had obtained from the Sarcenes, and the arts and sciences which they had possessed themselves from remote antiquity, in as advanced a stage of perfection as when first received. Indeed, they have already advanced to such a state of civilization, that they must continue—they cannot retrograde. They work iron, smelting it with charcoal, and long before Pliny was born, manufactured glass upon the banks of the Niger.

Other writers confirm these statements. De Gama founded the city of Melinda, on the eastern coast, north of Mozambique, with walls of hewn stone. The people were dressed in silk, and equal to the Spaniards in their civilization. Almeida says of the Meroe, that "though this empire is in the heart of Africa, it is by no

means so barbarous as those geographers are accustomed to depict. The Marquis D'Entomville, who was for ten years a slave in the neighborhood of Droghda, speaks in no disparaging terms of the civilization of the people. The policy of their government, he describes as bearing a near relation to that of China; and like the Chinese, their civilization is maintained from the remotest times, and is anterior to that of the Egyptians. He examined historical books among them, and found their sacred books much resembling our Scriptures." He conceived that the book of Genesis was written in accordance with the geography of that country.

Mr. Donville in 1828 visited the country of the Monlova people, under the equator, and bore testimony to their advanced culture. They wrought copper, and were skilled in carpentry. Their buildings were remarkable for the elegance of their appearance; the houses were all kept in good order, and far better than those of the French peasantry. At Yanoo, the emperor and ambassadors, from a nation living to the eastward, and desiring to accompany them home, they would not consent, alleging that it was a capital offence to bring a foreigner into their country. This agrees with the declaration of Emanuel Swedenborg. Last Judgment, §§ 76, 78.

The physical geography of the African continent shows it to be abundant in natural resources. The soil of the desert has already been noticed. From Teneriff to Liberia, the rock is trap; below to the south-east, granite. In Yoriba, trap and gneiss again appear, also protogine. The old red sandstone occupies the whole coast of Guinea. Back from the coast are large quantities of chertstone suitable for building purposes, and soft enough to be cut with tools. Vast mines of iron exist there of a superior quality. Mr. Bowen found in Yorroba, hillocks which proved to be the remains of forges in which the metal had been wrought, thousands of years ago. Copper and lead are also obtained in great abundance. Brass of an excellent quality was very plentiful and cheap, and he was told that it was manufactured in the interior. Gold and gums were also abundant in the Ashantee country, and it was from those regions that ancient Carthage derived her vast wealth.

Commercial facilities are easily created in all that part of the continent. The swamps which foreigners find so destructive to health, only line the coast, while beyond is an elevated plateau, in which the heat is never extreme. At some seasons, the *harmattan* or cold wind prevails, making the climate salubrious. The absence of mountain ranges is favorable to the construction of railroads, while the Niger itself may be made the thoroughfare for a lucrative commerce. This river has been aptly styled the Mississippi of Africa.

From its delta to its source it is more than three thousand miles in length, and for a great portion of that distance may be navigated by steamboats. Its principal tributaries, we are assured, are navigable for more than fifteen hundred miles.

The country, which is drained by the Niger and its branches, is rich in resources yet undeveloped. Cotton, which first was brought thence to America, may be produced in great abundance. The indigo tree flourishes there, and can be made to supply the wants of the people of Europe. The most precious gums are wasting year by year in quantities sufficient to make the fortunes of many merchant houses. Ivory, silk and skins can be obtained with little difficulty. The palm tree grows luxuriantly and in abundance, ample enough to supply oil for the rest of the world.

The commerce with this country, now valued at about thirty millions of dollars, could be augmented many times over, if our merchants would establish trading posts in the interior, far up the Niger, so as to compete and break up the vast traffic by the caravans. The English, neglectful of this, have failed to open a lucrative commerce. The minor impediment in the way of African industry is the want of a market for their productions. If this is furnished it will not require a long time to develop the exhaustless resources of that country.

Mr. Bowen thinks that our government should send an expedition to explore the Niger. This would aid greatly in opening such a commerce, and prove a source of incalculable wealth to our own country. Around the marts which would be established in Central Africa, large towns would spring up, which would become nuclei of civilization, and the slave trade might thus be more effectually suppressed.

"Mother, I am Weary."

A correspondent of the Elmira "Republican" says that in a recent trip over the Erie road, an incident occurred that touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning—her husband having recently died—was traveling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years. The little girl was mid-eyed as an autumnal sky, and as fragile as the lily-white, her emaciated fingers as delicate and transparent as the petals of Cydon. "How lovely and beautiful was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solicitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looking ever and anon from the car-window, she turned to her mother, saying—

"Mother, I am weary; when shall we get home?"

After a time she fell into a gentle slumber, and awaking suddenly, a radiant smile overspreading her features, she exclaimed, pointing upward—"Mother, there's papa!—home at last!" and expired.

Profane Swearing.

Rev. E. H. Chapin, the celebrated Universalist preacher, thus alludes to profane swearing in one of his discourses on the Lord's Prayer: "If we would use the prayer sincerely, we must hallow God's name upon our lips. It will never be a light word there. It will never drop out in jest, or ring in blasphemy. I wish to touch this point earnestly. I would speak strongly against the sin of Profaneness.—Are there any before me who are accustomed to hallow God's name as an expletive, and to bandy it as a by-word? Why employ it in all kinds of conversation, and throw it about in every place? Perhaps in their hearts they consider this habit as an accomplishment, think it manly and brave to swear! Let me say, that profaneness is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what stamp may be in society. I care not what clothes he wears, or what culture he boasts. Despite all his refinement, the light and habitual taking of God's name betrays a coarse nature and a brutal will. Nav, he is not a gentleman; that it is ungentlemanly. He restrains his oaths in the presence of ladies, and he who fears to rush into the chancery of heaven and swear by its Majesty there, is decently observant in the drawing-room and the parlor. Eu, again, Profaneness is an unmanly and silly vice. It certainly is not a grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it. There is no organic symmetry in the narrative that is ingrained with oaths; and the blasphemy that bolsters an opinion does not make it any more correct. Our mother-English has variety enough to make a story sparkle, and to give point to it; it has toughness enough and vehemence enough to furnish the heroes for a debate and to drive home conviction without undegrading the holy epithets of Jehovah. Nay, the use of these expletives argues a limited range of ideas, and a consciousness of being on the wrong side. And if we can find no other phrases through which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion. An, again, Profaneness is a mean vice. According to general estimation he who reproaches his friend with contumely, he who abuses his friend and benefactor, is deemed pitiful and wretched. And yet, oh, profane man! whose name is it you bandy so lightly? It is that of your best Benefactor! You, whose blood would boil to hear the venerable name of your earthly parent's name hurled about in scoffs and jests, always without compunction and without thought, the name of your heavenly Father! How Profaneness is an awful vice. Once more I ask, whose name is it you so lightly use? 'The name of God! Have you ever pondered its meaning? Have you ever thought what it is that you mingle thus with your passion and your wit? It is the name of Him whom the angels worship, and whom the heaven of heavens 'can not contain!'

Personal Assimilation.

It is a noticeable fact that people who live long together grow to look alike. We are such imitative and deceptive creatures that unconsciously, in spite of ourselves, we imitate the spirit and assume the characteristics of those with whom we come much in contact. You may even dislike a man; nevertheless, if you are even in his company you will soon be found copying the very gesture and tones of the voice which you hate.

Where sympathy exists between persons, this assimilation is all the more facile and thorough. We not only imitate habits and receive opinions, but we eat the same dishes, both material and spiritual with our daily associates; but there is an interpenetrating personality which flows from each to each, particles of John that are absorbed by Peter who is re-absorbed in return by his companion, and all these influences working upon the impressive spirit, and thence outward into the face and form, write in the expression a history of man's friendships, and report to us whether he has walked with saints or sinners, and loved beautiful or ugly souls.

The marriage relation, which makes, or should make, one flesh and one spirit of two united lovers, favors most of this assimilation. Even when dissatisfactions and differences exist the power to mutually mould and influence character remains. Be sure that day after day you shall grow to be like the wife you have chosen; and you, woman, assuming the yoke, know for a certainty that you become not the partner of this man's house and home only, but that his nobleness or meanness, his greatness or his grovelling, his high-toned character or his coarseness, you likewise shall share and partake.

"As the husband is, the wife is, thou art wedded to him, and the goodness of his nature shall have weight to drag thee down!"

What therefore behoves us is, to choose our companions, and above all, in marrying, to consult higher interests than social position and money. If we have ceased to sing after marriage; it is because they have united themselves with consortia void of interior beauty and song. Women of rare and delicate qualities often grow uninteresting and common-place in the wedded state, having found unfit companions.

"Let their feet within them growing
Course to impetuous will they."
And so the pure face of the young man who has gentle sisters, is soon to fade and change, and grow dark and moody, and sensual, after he has learned to smoke, and taken to the society of loafers.—*Olive Branch.*

Gray hairs, like honeysuckles, are plucked out and cast aside for telling unpleasant truths. But why unpleasant?

The man who went for Southern measures has not returned. It is suggested that he may have fallen into one of them.