Meigs County Telegraph.

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

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T. A. Plants & Co.

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All business of the firm transacted by

A. E. M'LAUGHLIN,

Who should be applied to or addressed at the "Telegraph" Office, Pomeroy, O.

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S. S. KNOWLES. C. H. GROSVENOR.

KNOWLES & GROSVENOR, Attorneys at Law, Athens, Athens County, Ohio, will attend the several Courts of Meigs County, on the 1st day of each term. Office at the "Gibson House." 16-1y.

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UNITED STATES HOTEL.—M. A. Hudson, Proprietor; (formerly occupied by M. A. Webster) one square below the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroy, O. He endeavors to accommodate both man and beast in the best manner, Mr. Hudson hopes to receive a constantly increasing patronage. 2-5-1y.

DRY GOODS—GROCERIES—CLOTHING.

A. L. STANSBURY, Wholesale Grocer, Rice's Building, corner Front and Race Streets, Middleport, Ohio. Country Merchants and Retail Grocers are especially requested to call. 30-6m

ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer, first Store above Donnally & Jenning's, near the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroy, O.—Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock of Groceries, as I am confident that I cannot be undersold. 1-23

MILLS—MACHINES.

POMEROY ROLLING MILL CO Keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order, all kinds and sizes of flat, round and square iron of superior quality, which they offer, wholesale and retail, at current rates. Also, American and Swede nail rods, steel and iron plow-wings, cast and shear steel, wagon boxes Scrap-iron and kidney ore taken in exchange. 13-1y. L. A. OSTROM, Supt.

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. 1 1

JOHN S. DAVIS, has his Planing Machine, on Sugar Run, Pomeroy, in good order, and constant operation. Flooring, weather-boarding, &c., kept constantly on hand, to fill orders. 1-16

JEWELRY.

PETER LAMBRECHT, Watchmaker & 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. 1-1

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., above the Remington House, Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1

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. 1-1

LEATHER DEALERS.

McQUIGG & SMITH, Leather Dealers and Finders, Court street, 3 doors below the Bank, and opposite Branch's Store, Pomeroy, O

MANUFACTURES.

SUGAR-RUN Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. 1-1 C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY Salt Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. 1-1

DABNEY Salt Company, Coalport. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade. 1-1 G. W. COOPER, Secretary.

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroy. Job Work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch. 1-1

PAINTERS—GLAZIERS.

F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lambrecht's Jewelry Store, west side Court street, Pomeroy, O. 1-1

SADDLERY.

JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, Front Street, three doors below Court, Pomeroy, will execute all work entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Saddles gotten up in the neatest style. 1-22

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness Maker. Shop over Black and Rathburn's store, Rutland, O. 1-1

WAGON MAKING.

CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING by M. Blazness, Front Street, first corner below the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroy, O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 2-5-1y.

PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mulberry street, west side, three doors Back street, Pomeroy, Ohio. Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, &c. All orders filled on short notice. 1-1

DENTISTRY.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Plummer's Building 2nd Story, Rutland street, Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residence, if desired. 1-1

POCKET CUTLERY.

A SUPERIOR Lot of Pocket Cutlery, may be found in my establishment, which for cheapness, defy competition. Call and convince yourself

June 21-25-3m. P. LAMBRECHT.

Poetry.

A NEW POEM BY WHITTIER.

From the advance sheets of the Atlantic Monthly for August, we take the following poem, by the Quaker poet of New England:

MY PSALM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna dropping from God's hand,
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the Autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blades less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That wheresoever my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seems at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angels of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

From the Star in the west.

Sunday Doings Among Horses.

Our parson is one of the kind who gives the people the worth of their money, so he gets up pretty extensive sermons for such hot days. Last Sunday I sat till he got to 11thly, and, by that time, I got as dry as a contribution box; so I stepped out to get a drink at the pump. The meeting house is on the corner, and the horses are hitched along on both sides.

As I went out, I saw something was on foot among the nags; most of them had their ears back, and were showing their teeth, and stamping in anything but a religious mood. When I got my fluid down I stopped to investigate the disturbance among the horses, and as I knew horse-latin, sat down on the steps to take notes.

All outside the rails and hitching post, in a paved gutter, each beating a tattoo with a quartette of iron hoofs, which I at first thought would be more profitable for the black mith and farrier, than for the owner; but as the owners were mostly rich, it was none of my business.

The little Black reached his head over to the little Chestnut and whispered something; when the Chestnut moved the meeting be organized, by calling the Big Bay to the chair. This motion was carried, and the chairman, proceeded to state the object of the meeting as follows:

Fellow Horses:—We have now organized ourselves into a convention for the purpose of peaceably discussing our grievances, in accordance with the republican character of our inalienable rights. We are brought from our stables and pastures every Sunday, to be tied up here in this hot weather, upon a pavement of villainous boulders, exposed to the heat of a midsummer sun and the bites of merciless flies. Many of us have not a stitch of fly net to our backs, and all of us have been more or less incapacitated from protecting ourselves, by having our tails clipped, to gratify an unseemly fashion, which neither our masters nor mistresses seemed disposed to honor at this time in their outward continuations. Besides, our checkreins are left tied so tight that we cannot bite a fly from our shoulders, or ease our aching muscles a single minute. In view of these abuses, we feel that our condition calls loudly for redress, and hope this convention will devise some means of relief.

The Black then nominated the Chestnut as Secretary, which was agreed on.

The Cream Color moved a committee of three to present a platform for the consideration of the meeting. Carried; and the chair appointed the Cream, the Black and the Roan said Committee.

While this committee was consulting together, the Chair called for an expression of opinion from the different members of the convention, and requested that each one bring in a resolution embodying his sentiments; whereupon the following were offered:

By the Deacon's Yellow Mare—

Resolved, That the merciful man is merciful to his beast. Adopted.

By Old White—

Resolved, That every horse should be provided with a fly-net.

This was amended by the Sorrel, so as to read, "and that the said fly-nets should be constructed so as to protect the flanks and legs, as well as the back and ears," and in this form the resolution was adopted.

By the Bobtail Black—

Resolved, That it is an abridgement of our own natural rights to *curtail* us at one end and tie the other, while the flies are suffered to suck our blood. Carried with much unanimity.

By the Black Pony—

Resolved, That these flies bite like h—l!

Objected to by the Deacon's Yellow Mare. (The Pony had been brought up in a livery stable where his morals had been sadly neglected.) The little Sorrel said the Pony was right. The Old Dun thought the language too strong for the place, but would vote for it any other day but Sunday. The Big Gray moved to strike out all after *Resolved*, and insert, "that these flies have the faculty of causing the members of this convention, and our race generally, much pain and annoyance."

At this the Pony fairly kicked one leg over the shaft, and bit a splinter from a rail. He said:

Mr. Chairman, the horse just up is an old fogy; I go for calling things by their right names. This standing up here in such weather is a d—d outrage, which no Christian horse could endure. Master is in there on his soft cushions, hearing Shadrach, etc., in the fiery furnace, that did not burn them a whit, while we stand here in a fiery furnace that does nearly take the hair off, and are tormented by flies to boot! I protest against Dun's milk and water substitute, and call for the previous question on my resolution.

This was seconded by the Bobtail Black, Little Sorrel and Dapple Gray, and the resolution was carried by a large majority.

The Cream announced that the committee on a platform was ready to report, and presented the following:

1st. Since the horses are deprived of their natural defenses, they should be effectually secured against flies, etc., while confined in harness.

2d. No good Christian will leave his horse tied in the sun, upon paving stones, when there is a shade and soft ground within fifty yards.

3d. The man who keeps a check rein hitched up, while the horse is waiting by the hour, ought to go to the place we read of.

4th. The provisions of the Golden Rule should be construed so as to apply to horses as well as men.

This platform was adopted by a unanimous *neigh*, and the Secretary was ordered to furnish a copy to every horse congregation in the city for ratification, with the request that the subject be acted upon next Sunday.

Just then the people began to come out of the church. The little Black tossed his head and gave the Chestnut a wicked leer. The Yellow Mare winnied for her colt, the Pony champed his bit sulkily, but all were so glad to get away that they moved off at the word, and I guess this convention, like many others, will end only in talk. However, if no reform is effected in a short time, I shall look for further action.

Chinese Immigration—What will be its Effect?

The persistent influx of the Chinese peasantry into the United States, is a fact which presses itself upon the attention alike of the political economist and the statesman. Three thousand Celestials are stated to be at this moment on their way to San Francisco. California already has a large Chinese population. Notwithstanding their characteristic vices, the Chinamen, although not popular, are found to be useful members of society. They perform, with alacrity and intelligence, the ruder kinds of labor, are marvelously frugal in their habits, and are consequently enabled to work for very low wages.

Indeed, it is not improbable that the poorer inhabitants of that vast empire, which contains within its limits nearly a moiety of the human race, may be destined to work great changes in the industrial if not in the social and political condition of America. The most obvious immediate effect of Chinese immigration, for instance, is to supplant the negro. The Coolie in California has already made the African impossible. There, as in the West India Islands, the Malay laborer is found to be, in all respects, preferable to his darker cousin.

The voluntary immigration from Canton and Shanghi into our Pacific States bids fair soon to be enormous. Hitherto it has mainly been directed to California, but it will manifestly soon extend also. Nor is there reason to doubt that it will soon reach the Atlantic States as well.

Assuming that these natives of China may one day become as numerous among us as those of Europe, what shall their social and political *status* be? Are they to be regarded as whites, or people of color? Shall they, equally with emigrants from Ireland and Germany, be admitted to the benefits of our naturalization laws?—These are questions which flit and flicker now along the political horizon. But the march of events with us is rapid, and all signs conspire to prove that we have seen only the beginning of that strife of races and principles by which the institutions of the United States are, ere long, to be proved as by fire.

☞"Our little four-year-old, Willie, who was early taught the impropriety of resenting injuries or returning blows, but who withal has as much of "human nature" in him as most lads of his age, was not long since struck violently on one of his cheeks by his little sister Jennie; when, quickly turning the other, he broke out with, *There, dog-on-ye! hit the other, will ye!*"

An Incident in the Life of an Engineer.

In returning from Philadelphia about the middle of August, 1858, the cars were very crowded, and my companion in the same seat with me I found to be a locomotive engineer, and in the course of our conversation he made a remark, he hoped that he had made his last trip on a locomotive.

Upon making bold to ask him the reason, he gave me the following brief story which since then I have found to be true.

Five years since I was running upon the New York Central Road, my run was from B——— to B———. It was the lightning express train, and it was what its name denotes, for it was fast—a very fast run, and if I do say it, the old Tornado could go. I have seen her throw her six feet drivers so as to be almost invisible to the eye.

And let me here remark, it is supposed by many that railroad Engineers are a hard-hearted set of men. Their lives are hard, 'tis true, but I do claim to have as fine a feeling, and a heart that can sympathize with the unfortunate, as any man that breathes. But to my story. About half a mile from the village of B——— there is a neat little cottage, but a few feet from the track. At that time a young couple lived there. They had one child, a boy four years old, a bright, black-eyed, curly-headed little chap, as you ever saw. I had taken a great deal of interest in the little fellow, and had thrown candy and oranges to him on the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

One fine Saturday afternoon we were behind time and running fast, nor did we stop at B———, and I was to make up one hour before reaching B———. We came up at a tremendous speed, and sweeping around the curve, my eye followed the track, and over two hundred feet ahead sat the little boy playing with a kitten he had in his lap. At the sound of our approach he looked up and laughed, clapping his little hands in high glee at the affrighted kitten as it ran from the track. Quicker than the lightning that blasts the tall pine upon the mountain top I whistled "down the breaks," and reversed my engine, but knew it was imposible to stop. Nobly did the old engine try to save him. The awful straining and writhing of its iron-drivers told but plainly of the terrific velocity we had attained. I was out of the cab window and down on the cow-catcher in a flash. The little fellow stood still; I motioned him off and screamed, his little blue eyes opened wide with astonishment, and a merry laugh was on his lips. I held my breath as we rushed upon him, made a desperate attempt to catch him, but missed him, and as his body passed, I heard the feeble cry of "mother!" and the forward trucks crushed him to atoms.

O God! that moment! I may live, sir, to be an old man, but the agony of that moment can never be erased from my memory. The cars stopped some rods from the spot, and I ran back as soon as possible. His mother saw the train stop, and a fearful foreboding flashed upon her at once. She came running frantically to the spot where we stood—she beheld her first-born a shapeless mass. I would have given my whole existence to have avoided that moment.

I have seen death in all its forms on railroads; and killed—I have seen all this, but that little innocent boy, as he looked up in my face, and was killed almost in my arms—it unnerved me, and from that day I made a solemn vow never to run a locomotive more.

That young mother is now in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. From the very hour her boy was killed reason left her throne.

He stopped, and wiped the tears from his eyes, and said, "you may think it weak in me to shed tears, but I cannot help it."

"No," I replied, "but think it noble; and, sir, would to God every man had a heart as large as yours."

I had often thought since how few of those who gave one passing thought of the man of nerve and stout arm, who guides them through darkness and storm with the speed of the wind, safely to their journey's end. They do not, for one moment, turn their attention to the iron monster that is dragging them forward with fearful velocity to meet friends or relations or home and all its loved ones. They do not realize that the man who guides the fiery monster, holds all their lives at his command, and that the least negligence upon his part could cause sorrow and mourning in a thousand homes that are now waiting the return of absent loved ones.

Physical Benefit of the Sabbath.

The Sabbath is God's special present to the working man, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation pond; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity, and vigor which the last six have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and, in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose as, in the economy of income, is answered by a saving bank. The frugal man puts away a pound to-day and another pound next month, and he who, in a quiet way, is putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of his existence every week—who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up, the Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in the length of days, the hale old age gives it back with usury. The savings bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath.—*North British Review.*

Henry Ward Beecher.

We will not guarantee the strict orthodoxy of the following passage, from one of Beecher's sermons, but will cheerfully endure the penalty annexed to the propagation of heresy, if it be heresy, and give it the farthest reach of our circulation:

"This view interprets, too, what is meant by being clothed with another's righteousness. Oh, woe is you, if this sweet thought shall not preach of father and mother to you. I am clothed with my mother's righteousness to this hour, although she died when I was yet an infant. My memory of her is as of some faint cloud, far in the horizon. But though my memory of her form has so faded, during the lapse of many years, yet the consciousness of her goodness, her serene wisdom, her pure, disinterested nature, and her devoted love to me, and my brothers and my sisters, has gone with me all my life long. I feel conscious that the effect of her nature on mine was to enrich me. Among the things that I esteem, and among the things that I wear in title, nothing is so dear to me as the remembrance that I am a child of my mother. And the very name I have is not so dear to me because I have lived in it, and filled it some way, as because it was given to me by my mother, and was solemnized by the sign and symbol of baptism, and was mentioned in the house of God.

By all the fondness I have for my mother; by the regrets, ten thousand times repeated, which I have felt, that she did not walk with us longer in this world; by the salutary influence which I am conscious that my memory of her has had upon me; *by the feeling which I have had a thousand times in temptation, that she beheld me, that she restrained me; that her heart was yet with me, sorrowing and rejoicing*, as I sorrowed and rejoiced—by even these fragments of experience, I know what it is to be clothed with another's righteousness.

And that which I have had in this small measure from my mother, has been fulfilled to me in more glorious measure by my other parent, who was my father when I was a child, and to whom I am father now that he is a child.

I should be sorry for any one that did not know what such a relationship was, through father or mother, or some one that stood to him in the place of father or mother—that did not know what it was to have the goodness and power of others transferred to him. And when I speak of being clothed with the righteousness of Christ, I banish all idea of going to a wardrobe and getting a garment in the form of some Christ-like virtue, and throwing it over a human being. I put away all notion of imputation like that of taking out the heart of one man and putting it into another man. I do not for an instant entertain the thought of a rude transfer of the qualities of Christ to man. To be clothed with God's righteousness, according to my understanding, is this:—A generous nature, with the spirit of love, looking upon the love of God feels, "He surrounds me; he stimulated me; I am clothed with his goodness, rather than upheld by my own."

[Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

The Public Works—The Proposed Lease a Failure.

Columbus, O., Aug. 15, 1859.

The day and the hour fixed by the famous Canal Bill—concocted by our legislative solons last winter—for leasing the Public Works of the State to the highest and best bidder, having arrived, the President of the Board of Public Works, at half past 3 P. M., this day, took his stand at the South portico of the State House and made proclamation of his readiness to receive bids upon each and all of the different divisions, in accordance with the terms of the law and the conditions prescribed in the public notice issued by the Board. Quite a number of "muskrats" were present, but no bids were made for any portion of the works, nor were any of the securities required by the Act as preliminary to a bid deposited with the State Auditor.

Thus has exploded another grand humbug of the late Democratic Legislature:—No sane man ever believed that a bid would be made under the law for leasing, as the conditions prescribed by the Act were such as to preclude shrewd business men from competing for the contracts.

The serious apprehensions entertained as to Mr. Waddle being able to keep up his Divisions of the Canals, in consequence of the blundering Act of the late Legislature, in appropriating but $1,000 instead of $41,000, for keeping it in repair, I am happy to say will not be fully realized. By prudent management of his appropriations, Mr. Waddle has been enabled to carry over some unexpended balances, with which he may, if no disasters from floods or breaks occur, carry his Division safely through until the close of navigation.

Yours, Clericus.

Shocking Accident.—On Thursday last a farmer named West Irvin, in Franklin, Delaware county, New York, was instructing his son in the use of the scythe, and while the boy was swinging the instrument, it struck the father on the thigh, dividing some of the principle arteries, and the unfortunate man bled to death in 15 minutes.

☞The Providence "Journal" says that an organ of the Democratic party should be published daily, with three editions; and every faithful Democrat should destroy the paper as soon as he reads it, lest what he reads to-day may interfere with what is expounded to him to-morrow.

How Indians Made Stone Arrow-Heads.

The heads of the Indian arrows, spears, javelins, &c., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admired, but the process of forming them conjectured.—The Hon. Caleb Lyon, on a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used these weapons, which in most tribes have been succeeded by rifles, or at least by iron pointed arrows and speers. He found a man who could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description which Lyon wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society, through Dr. E. H. Davis, we copy below:

The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact, talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of the left hand, he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required shape. After finishing the blaze of the arrow-head (the whole being only little over an inch in length) he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break it into pieces.—Yet such was their application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow-head.

I then requsted him to carve me one from the ramains of a broken porter bottle, which after two failures, he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason of his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision or more carefully measured the weight and effect of each blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them, arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, which many attempted, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian. In a moment, all that I read on this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians of hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels and arrow-heads, vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plough more.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

Mixing up the Babies.

The Weaverville (Cal.) "Journal" gives the following account of an affair which, however it may move the laughter of our readers, we fancy made some of the parties concerned, "laugh on the wrong side of their mouths:"

Some time ago, there was a dancing party given "up north;" most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance.—A number of gallant young men volunteered to watch the young ones, while the parents indulged in a "breakdown." No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils, than they stripped the infants, changed their clothes, giving to one the apparel of another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby, in the dress of her own, and started, some to their homes, ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following, there was a prodigious row in that settlement, and then commenced some of the tallest female pedestrianism; living miles apart, it required two days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their naturally sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture within the Territory.

Douglas Stock Falling in Indiana.

An Indianapolis correspondent of the Washington "Constitution," who is evidently a Hendricks man and a Lecomptonite, writes: "Set it down as a fixed fact that the next State Convention will be composed of *reliable Administration Democrats*, and no mistake." The same jubilant individual gives the following report, at headquarters, of the recent exploit by which the Douglasites were "squelched" in Marion county:

"The great contest was in the selection of delegates to the State Convention, which meets in January next, and part of whose duty it will be *to select delegates to the Charleston Convention*. Here the factionists tried their best to get an entrance to that Convention, but twelve solid national Democrats were selected, who will see that the right kind of delegates are sent to Charleston from this district.

"When it is remembered that this is the head-quarters of a few noisy factionists, who have given the party so much trouble in the State for the last two years, by systematic efforts to pull down the National Administration, the importance of the result will be appreciated. *Its significance is understood here*, and will have an important influence in the State."

According to this account, the Little Rebel may consider himself fairly done for in Indiana.

☞A grand juror, having applied to the judge to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the judge said:

"Could you not hear my charge to the jury, sir?"

"Yes, I heard your honor's charge," said the juror, "but I couldn't make any sense of it." He was excused.

"Let Us All be Friends."

No sort of quarreling pays. It is always more profitable to have the good will and the good opinion of any man than to count him an enemy. The humblest man has some influence, and it is better to have that on our side than against us. If we quarrel with one who cannot himself injure us, he may have relatives or friends whose good word might one day be useful. Or, if he is such an outsider as to have neither friend, relative or influence, it seems like a small business to quarrel with so forlorn an individual. Amiability is so lovely a virtue that men instinctively admire its fortunate possessor, and when he comes in contact with a cross-grained, quarrelsome individual, his own good nature shines more brightly by reason of the contrast.

We may safely promise largely increased enjoyment to him who becomes reconciled to an old foe. It is not wise to nurse a quarrel and keep it warm by brooding over real or imaginary injuries. And the road to peace is very plain and straight; if we have been hasty, or unkind, or inconsiderate, there is nothing so manly and honorable as a prompt acknowledgment of our fault or folly, and none but a brute will refuse proffered reconciliation. On the other hand, if we have been injured, let us remember that we also need pardon for many offenses, and we also need grace to ask that pardon, and we will find it hard to withhold our forgiveness.

Copying a Blot.

"Mother, who of all the big boys should you like for me to pattern?" asked a little boy who was looking round for a good example.

"Who should you think?" asked his mother; "you know the big boys better than I do."

The little boy thought. Then he said, "There's Dan Parker, he smokes; there's Bill Parker, he swears; Tom Jones, he's got a horrid temper; Sam Jay, he sprees it; Jim Wood, he hates study; Gue Tyng, he tells whoppers. Mother, there isn't one that, if I copy, I shouldn't copy a blot from."

Oh! how the ugly blots in our characters stand out. "Well," said his mother, "there is a perfect pattern." "Who?" asked the boy eagerly; "I should love to know him." "The Son of God" answered she, "who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth, who left us an example that we should follow his steps." Oh, children, God knew you would need a perfect pattern to copy from. You could not copy God, because he is a Spirit; therefore He sent His Son to become a child in this world, to show you the pattern of a heavenly boy, and he wishes you to begin when a child to grow into his likeness. In his character there is no blot to copy. He is pure.

The Doctor Outwitted.

When Dr. Dodge, an eclectic physician, was lecturing through the State on the Laws of health, and particularly on the evils of tea and coffee, he happened to meet, one morning at the breakfast table, a witty son of Erin, of the better class.—Conversation turned on the doctor's favorite subject; he addressed our Irish friend as follows:

"Perhaps you think that I would be unable to convince you of the deleterious effects of tea and coffee?"

"I don't know," said Erin, "but I'll like to be there when you do it."

"Well," said the Doctor, "If I convince you that they are injurious to your health, will you abstain from their use?"

"Sure and I will, sir,"

"How often do you use coffee and tea?" asked the Doctor.

"Morning and night, sir."

"Well," said the Doctor, "do you ever experience a slight dizziness of the brain on going to bed?"

"I do; indeed I do;" replied Erin.

"And a sharp pain through the temple, in and about the eyes, in the morning?"

"Troth I do, sir,"

"Well," said the Doctor with an air of confidence and assurance in his manner, "that is the effects of tea and coffee."

"Is it, indeed? Faith and I always thought it was the whisky I drank."

The company roared with laughter, and the Doctor quietly retired. He was beaten.

Papers of no Use.

The following letter is said to have been written to the "Rural New Yorker:"

"Mr. Editur, i hav somethin to say about yure paper. No dout but it is A good won but papers aint no use, and if enybody spens much time in reeden them tha cant urn thare livin and so I dont read em, and so save time and expens. you sea it wood cum to too dollars A yeer, an that wood by enuf tobacker to last me 6 munts at leest. i think fokes doant ort to spend thare munne on papers, my farther never did an evry boddy sed he was the smartest man in the countre, and had got the intelligentest family of buoys that ever dugg taturs. i think fokes ort to kno enuf too ho corn and pik stun without reeding the Rurel and other farmin papers, and if evryboddy wus ov mi mind, thare wood be no such A thing es a paper in our united states."

The above piece of composition is "proof positive" that newspapers are of no use, and that they should at once be suppressed.

Child Mangled by a Dog.—On Saturday afternoon a little five year old son of a Mr. Davis, living near Washington, in this county, was attacked by a large bull dog, belonging to a butcher, and so horribly mangled that he cannot recover. The face of the child was seized by the dog, and it required the utmost exertions of two or three men to pull him off, when he tore with him the one half of the child's face. The brute was immediately shot.—*Statesman.*