# Meigs County Telegraph.

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

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

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## Meigs County Telegraph.

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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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## Poetry.

THE DOG THAT GOES IN FOR THE RIGHT.

BY REV. J. G. HATCH.

Now that your upper and bottom dog,
And your outside dog in the fight,
Have each had their part—let me be heard,
For the dog that goes in for the right.

When a little dog by a big one is wronged,
He goes in—with all his might—
For the little dog or lose or win,
Does the dog that goes in for the right.

He may, for a time, be a bottom dog,
But he knows, by an instinct bright,
That the dog that will come out a top in the end,
Is the dog that goes in for the right.

He loves his ease, and he loves his bone,
But he's not so selfish, quite,
As to care for no other dog but himself!
Not the dog that goes in for the right.

He will die, sometime, and then you must know,
Having fought, while he lived, a good fight,
He will go, without fail, where the good dogs go,
Will the dog that goes in for the right.

So here's a bumper, with health and success,
To the dog that's my heart's delight,
The noble dog—the generous dog—
The dog that goes in for the right!

## Miscellany.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

## THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY CARRIE E. FAIRFIELD.

It was Margaret Walters' wedding day. The western sun shed a flood of radiance into her boudoir, lighting up with magic glow her dark, queenly beauty, and weaving a circlet of golden rays around her rich, black hair. It was her last hour in that dear, familiar room; the sacred shade in which she had cherished her girlish fancies, the hallowed temple wherein the first fond, pure dreams of maidenhood had descended to her soul. What glowing hopes had been nurtured in that calm solitude! what thrilling visions of future bliss had shed their halo within its walls! But now the Past was consecrated by them, and the near, the dawning Future, would transfer her to new and untried scenes.

Margaret was beautiful; the adulation of many worshipers had been murmured in her ears, but she possessed a pure, strong, womanly soul, which flattery could not taint with its poison. A proud but loving heart beat in her bosom, and it had been fearlessly surrendered at the earnest, passionate suit of Harry St. Legere.

Hither o the anticipations of her youthful, buoyant nature had been o unclouded happiness, but as the hour drew near which was to consign her future to the keeping of another, what wonder that her head was bowed upon her hand in serious and unwonted reflection?

There came a quick step in the hall, and a hasty knock upon the door. She drew her cashmere wrapper more closely about her, brushed back the heavy masses of half-dishevelled hair which had fallen over her face, and almost before she could reply, the door opened and her lover entered.

"My queen, my bride, my own Margaret!" was his fond, earnest greeting.

An unwonted glow illuminated her dark eyes, and a radiant smile rippled over her beautiful countenance.

"I am glad you have come, Harry," she murmured. "I was just wishing for you. I want to talk to you a little while."

"An hour if you choose, so you don't delay that precious moment which is to make you wholly, altogether mine."

She responded to his enthusiasm with a soft, tremulous sigh, and with an almost tearful smile, she murmured, "Harry, you are sure, *very* sure you love me?"

"Love you, my luv-queen! Why, don't you *know* that I *worship* you; that I am your captive slave; that I would die for you?"

"Ah, Harry, you are so enthusiastic," she said, yet smiling with joy at his earnestness. "But are you sure it will last?—Will you *always* love me with the fond devotion of this hour?"

"Have I not sworn it, Margaret? But what black cloud has intervened its shadow between me and my love. I came here with a bounding pulse thinking to find you impatient for me, waiting to welcome me with bride-like tenderness, and instead you are a weeping Niobe; who has saddened you so, my Margaret, my pearl?"

"It is wrong, Harry, for me to distress you with my weakness; but I cannot restrain this feeling of uneasiness. Life seems such a real, earnest thing, in the light of this great change; love looks to me of more moment than ever before.—Think what I am to do—to leave my parents, my happy home, all the fond and true affection which has hitherto encompassed my life, and place my whole being and happiness in your sole care and keeping."

"Well, Margaret, do you falter? Is your trust in me less than it was yesterday?"

"No, Harry, I only realize more perfectly than ever before the weightiness of the responsibility. O, if you were ever to weary of me, ever to grow cold or indifferent to me, as so many husbands do, it would break my heart."

"Never fear, Margaret," was the gay reply. "Keep your sweet face undisfigured by those odious tears, and I shall always be your bounden thrall. You do not know how I worship your wonderful, bewildering beauty, Margaret, or you could never doubt me."

"Is that the reason you never like to see me in tears?" she asked.

"Yes; and these tears are especially displeasing to me, because they are caused by your unloyal distrust. However, I suppose all women are more or less weak and nervous at such a time. Is it not so, my pet? Once fairly launched upon the smooth sea of matrimony, we shall bid adieu to these April skies."

Margaret had not spoken all her fears to her lover; his joyous mood invited to no deeper confidence; so she put back the weight of chilling doubts which still oppressed her, and calling up her sweetest smiles, she spoke cheerfully of their future, and bade him forget that she had ever entertained a fear.

"Ah, now my brilliant star of love begins to shine out from the encircling vapors! Let the gentle zephyrs disperse them, my darling, and when I return to claim my bride, let me find her radiant in her own unapproachable loveliness."—And with one long kiss, which had the warmth if not the calmness of sincerity, he left her.

"Dear Harry!" she murmured, as the door closed; "he is so enthusiastic—his spirits are so airy! Shall I ever be able to realize all his unbounded anticipations?"

Harry had been a gay youth—a worshiper at various shrines long ere he had seen Margaret Walters. That he had been twice before engaged, she was well aware; and from his own confession, she had a dim consciousness not only that his impulses were wayward and inconsistent, but that his standard of wifely perfection was raised to an almost airy height, and that any failure to reach it would be very likely to be visited with the severe punishment of indifference and neglect. Was it any wonder that even her perfect and unfaltering devotion was dimmed by a shadow of self-distrust?

But her bridesmaids entered—a bevy of prattling, excited girls, intent upon the festal decorations—and her sober thoughts were banished by the array of bridal finery which was spread out before her. An hour later, Harry knocked again at the door, and this time she met him with glowing, happy smiles.

"Isn't she beautiful? isn't she superb?" was the cry of the excited maidens, as Harry stood regarding her with fervent admiration.

"She is more than beautiful; she is divine!" was his earnest exclamation.

"Is it my beauty, then, that he worships?" thought Margaret, sadly. "O, frail, frail tenure, by which to hold so wayward a heart!"

But his glance was so fond, so fervent, the pressure of his hand so re-assuring, and above all, *she loved him so*, that she resolutely dispelled the doubt, and taking his proffered arm, descended to the drawing-room.

A crowd of admiring guests echoed the praises of her beauty; but the rosy blush which gleamed through the mist of the bridal veil, was not the blush of gratified vanity, a purer, holier feeling warmed her heart, and sent the delicate current in sparkling eddies to her face. The vows were spoken, the marriage blessing pronounced, and Harry St. Legere pressed his lips to those of his happy, unresisting bride.

Two years had passed, and Margaret was a mother now. A dim night-lamp, burning in her nursery-chamber, revealed the still proud and beautiful woman bending fondly and tenderly over the snowy nest which held her darling treasure. Hot tears were falling fast over its innocent, sleeping face and with frantic anguish the mother pressed the baby-form to her aching heart.

For the first six months after marriage, Harry had been as tender and devoted as the most exacting affection could desire; then a slight coolness became apparent in his manner, but Margaret thought, "The husband has a more constant drain upon his love than the suitor, one must not expect him to be punctilious in little things;" and with true womanly magnanimity, she redoubled her quiet, unobtrusive endeavors to please him, and render his home worthy to be still the sacred temple of his affections. But strive as she might, she could not disguise the too apparent fact that his interests and affections were gradually becoming alienated, and his fancy beginning to roam. Sorrowfully she consulted her mirror to know if her personal attractions were decaying, and turned away to weep bitter, bitter tears. Still a warm hope lingered in her heart; there would come a time surely when this cruel injustice would be repaired, and with the birth of her babe, her heart leaped up to meet the longed-for endearments of her husband's love. Her expectations were partly realized. Holding his fair boy in his arms, and looking upon the pale, suffering, but still beautiful face of its mother, Harry would have been less than human if his heart had not thrilled with something of the old-time tenderness.

But even this was transient. Margaret's health was delicate, and her motherly cares confined her much at home, and Harry, gay rover that he was, could not deprive himself of society for her sake. With noble self-sacrifice, she bade him leave her if it was his pleasure, and waited his coming many a weary night to welcome him with a smile. But that day the idle word of a chance caller had sped like an envenomed arrow to the heart.

"Have you seen the beautiful Miss Morgan yet?" inquired Miss Ashley, a young lady who had been in other days a disappointed rival of Margaret. "She is perfectly superb, just in your old style precisely; only all the gentlemen say she is the most faultlessly beautiful creature that ever strayed from Paradise. I heard Mr. St. Legere say last evening that she was certainly from the seventh heaven of the prophet, for such magnificently regal beauty could belong only to a houri. You know he is always so extravagant in his praise. Fortunately his enthusiasm soon expends itself."

Margaret resolutely subdued the rising in her throat, and replied, calmly, "I have not even heard of Miss Morgan. Pray, who is she?"

"Not heard of her? Is it possible! but then you go out so little. Your devotion to home is really astonishing. Miss Morgan is a Washington belle of three seasons standing; rather haughty and a little dashing in her manners, but then some men are so captivated by such things, you know; and she really is superb, and her taste is so faultlessly exquisite. You may well be proud of your husband, I assure you, for he has distanced all his unmarried competitors, and is the constant satellite of this reigning star."

It was not an angry jealousy that burned in Margaret's heart, and lighted the hectic glow upon her cheek, but the deep, cruel, pain of lacerated affection. Her pride sustained her till Miss Ashley left, and then throwing herself upon her bed, she wept a flood of burning tears. Rising at length, half-wild with the anguish at her heart, she dressed herself, and drawing a thick veil over her face, went out for a walk. Her's was not the step of a pleasure-seeker, but the firm, rapid tread of one who seeks forgetfulness in the excitement of action.

Scarce knowing whither her steps were bent, she entered Union Park. The day was bright; nurses were out with their charges, and the air resounded with the merry voices of happy, careless children. Glittering equipages dashed by upon the street, and the mingled hum of the passing multitude drifted over the solitude of the park like the strong voice of the surging sea. But Margaret's senses were locked in oblivion of all around her; her husband, and he alone, filled all her thoughts. Bitterly she recalled the scene in her boudoir, on the night of her marriage, counted over one by one all those fond promises, bethought herself of all the tenderness of their early wedded life, and asked herself with a low, despairing heart-cry, would those scenes never return to her? Must she live on in her gloomy, joyless life, without one ray of real love from that heart which had sworn to cherish and protect her while life should last?

She had crossed the park, and was nearing its opposite boundary, when a voice, *that* voice whose lightest tone had still power to thrill her deepest emotions, fell on her ear. Looking up, she saw upon the open street a couple of equestrians.—Harry, *her* Harry, mounted on a dark bay steed, his blue eyes flashing with such a light as she had not seen in them for months, and his proudest smile outbeaming from his handsome face, rode by the side of a magnificent—yes she was a magnificently beautiful woman. Her form was faultless, her carriage superb, and the drooping plumes of her riding-hat shaded a face of exquisite proportions. Her silver voice rang out in a clear and merry laugh, as touching her mettled steed with her silver-mounted whip, she challenged her companion to a race, and they started off upon an animated trot.

Poor Margaret! she clutched the iron railing for support, and gasped, a faint, deathly gasp, for breath. But her strength returned, and with it her pride rallied.

"This is too much!" she said. "I have borne a great deal, patiently, but this is the one drop which overflows the cup.—He never loved me—he never had the power to love, his wayward, fickle heart knows not the meaning of the term. I can live with him no longer. His caresses, once so dearly prized, would be repulsive now; I shrink from him as from a serpent's coil. My father's house is yet open to me, I will seek it this day; not another night will I pass under the roof of one who has so foully wronged me."

She hurried home, packed her wardrobe and her jewels, and the few gifts of friends which she especially prized, put on her traveling dress, and then for the first time since in golden twilight she had entered the house, sat down to calm her troubled thoughts. Her lips were firmly compressed, a wild, lurid light burned in her eyes, and a stranger might have taken her anguished look for the frenzy of a maniac.

Her child still slept on, but the time had come when she must waken and dress him for his journey. Taking a night-lamp in her hand, she crept softly into the nursery, and bent with motherly solicitude over his rosy slumbers.

"Dear Harry! dear, dear child!" she murmured. The babe smiled his father's smile, and she caught him in her arms, pressed him to her bosom, and passionately kissed his glowing cheek.—Softly she cooed to him in that broken speech which mother-lips so quickly learn; her heart melted beneath the warm touch of his baby fingers, tears flowed over her burning cheeks, and for his sweet sake she resolved still to live, still to suffer for the being who had dowried her with such happiness.

"He is the father of my babe," she murmured, "I cannot, cannot leave him."

The night now was wearing away apace. Since morning she had not seen Harry.—She held the babe to her bosom, fed his sweet young life from her own veins, and laid him smiling back again to his unconscious slumbers; and unable yet to overcome her clinging tenderness, she laid down beside him, pressed his rosy cheek to hers, and fell into a troubled sleep.—The full moon rose and looked in upon her, and the nurse came in, and peeping softly over the couch, tripped out upon some errand of her own, yet still Margaret slept on.

At ten o'clock there came a ring at the door-bell, then a heavy burden was brought into the hall; quietly, with hushed tread, they bore it up the stairway and laid it carefully upon Margaret's bed.

"My wife, my Margaret, where is she?" moaned the wounded man.

No one knew; but his attending physician, noticing a folded note upon the dressing-table, opened it by Harry's orders and read:

"HARRY ST. LEGERE:—Why I have left you your own heart will best inform you. The love you vowed was mine, and mine forever, being transferred to another, you have no longer any need of me in your home; therefore I and my babe have sought a refuge elsewhere.

"YOUR INJURED WIFE."

Her closets and drawers being searched, were found empty, and Harry, convinced at last of his loss, turned his face to the wall and moaned. A quick fever flushed his whole system, and he became delirious. It was midnight when the nurse returned, and hastening to her charge, woke her mistress, who till then had slumbered in peaceful unconsciousness, and told her the strange story of her husband's misfortune. The physician still sat by Harry's bedside, when Margaret, frightened and ghastly pale, entered her own room.

"Harry, Harry!" she exclaimed; "my husband, speak to me!"

"He is delirious," said the physician severely; "your tenderness has come too late, madam."

"I never had aught but tenderness for him," said Margaret, wonderingly, as she met the sternly rebuking glance of his eye. "I have loved him as I love my own life; I would die for him this moment."

Dr. Long held up to her the note which had been found upon her table.—The sudden flushing of her countenance seemed to him proof of her guilt; but comprehending at last the mistake into which he had fallen, she sat down calmly by him, and revealed to him the whole sorrowful story.

"Do you think he will live, doctor?" she exclaimed, earnestly, at the close.—"There is no grief so bitter as to lose him altogether."

"Time only will determine. He was thrown from his horse, and his skull is badly fractured. Careful nursing, however, may restore him."

Margaret took her place by her husband's bedside, releasing Dr. Long, who retired to an adjoining chamber. The sick man moaned and turned restlessly upon his couch, muttering fragments of delirious speech. Anxiously was Margaret's ear strained to catch his lightest whisper; sometimes he murmured her own name, and seemed to be recalling the days of their courtship, and the tenderness of former times; again he was wandering in desolate wilds in search of his lost wife, and crying loudly, "My Margaret, my pearl, my lily-queen! has any one seen her? O, my wife, she is dead! she is lost!"—But never once did the name of Eleanor Morgan pass his lips. Tenderly and carefully she watched by his bedside three long days; no other hand administered his medicines, or smoothed his fevered pillow; no other touch but her's cooled his burning brow; no voice but her's answered his piteous cries. At last he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. O, how almost breathlessly the anxious and and remorseful wife watched lest the slightest breath might distract him. Toward morning he opened his eyes, and looked faintly yet earnestly about him. Margaret sat by his head, faintly concealed by the curtains, and it was a moment before he saw her.

"Margaret," he exclaimed, at length, "my wife; there, you have not left me; it was a dream, a cruel nightmare—tell me it was."

"I have never left you, my husband. I am still as ever your true and devoted wife."

"But was there not a note? Did not some one say, 'I and my babe have sought a refuge elsewhere?' How was it Margaret? do not deceive me."

"You have been very ill, my husband," was her tender, tearful answer. "You have been delirious, and had many strange fancies; but you are better now. You must not talk, however, or disturb yourself about anything. Be assured that I am still your own true Margaret—yours as dearly and tenderly as on the day we were married;" and she laid her face beside his on the pillow, and soothed him, as one might soothe an ailing child.

"O, Margaret, my love, my light!" he murmured, "I believe earth has not another like you. I love you this hour as I never loved you before."

Harry's wandering heart at last was fixed, never more to roam. During his long and tedious recovery, Margaret's love and patience were untiring, and he appreciated, as he had never done before, the true womanly soul that inspired her.

"Margaret, darling," he said to her one day, "I always loved you differently from any other woman I ever knew. I never saw another woman whom I would have married, and I never for one instant regretted having married you; but never, until the moment when (in my delirium it must have been, though it comes terribly real to me even yet) I thought you had left me; had left me because of my coldness and indifference, my criminal neglect of you, and my foolish attentions to others, O, my darling, God spare me from ever again experiencing the agony of that moment!"

Then kindly and carefully she told him all; of Miss Ashley's call, of her subsequent walk, of her hasty determination, and how it had been prevented. Tears came into his eyes as he listened.

"And you have suffered all this for my wicked folly, Margaret. It shall never be again. Your face, faded and worn by your ceaseless care for me, is more beautiful to my eyes than it ever was in the days of your girlhood; it would make no difference to me now, if you were plainer than the plainest. I love your noble, generous soul, your sweet womanly truth, with such a love as no form of mere physical beauty, however perfect, can elicit.—Can you forgive me Margaret?"

The reader can fancy her reply.

"Harry," she said, a few minutes afterward, "I always distrusted your admiration of my beauty; not that I doubted its sincerity, but it was so frail a tie; now I feel that we are united by a bond which is stronger than death."

The remorse which Margaret felt for that one fearful dereliction from duty, impressed itself stongly upon her memory. Harry's waywardness, though subdued, was not annihilated; and if in any of the petty trials which afterward darkened her path, she felt tempted to use hasty or summary measures, the remembrance of that fearful night rose before her, with its lesson of patient, long-enduring, long-forbearing love.

### Little Minds.

If you wish to measure and obtain a right estimate of any individual's mental caliber observe closely how he is affected by little things. If he is fussy and fidgety, greatly annoyed or elated by trifles, be sure his mind is of the smallest. If he calmly stands aside to let the small torrents pass, and is not discomposed by their touch, do not argue that he is only dull or insensible. It is one of the properties of great minds that they readily withstand slight shocks and small assaults.

"Little minds are too much hurt by little things. Great minds perceive them all, and are not touched by them."

Yet do not despise those whose intellectual power fails them in the contemplation of expanded themes. All are not born great, few achieve greatness, and the mass of mankind are in no wise distinguished for greatness of mind. Little people naturally busy themselves with small occupations, small thoughts, narrow ideas. It is the little minds that longest harbor prejudices. They are the true conservatives, for their mental vision has no magnifying power and cannot see beyond its own limited field of sight. They hold fast by recognized facts, and so balance the tendency of large minds to fly off from the safe centre.

THE DANGER OF BEING TOO SMART.—We cannot forbear making another extract from Col. Dumont's address before the Julia Dumont Society, in Brookville College. In speaking of the danger in being too smart, he says:

"Let no one be vain, or proud, or lifted up, on account of a precarious intellect; the hot-bed plant sometimes ceases to flourish, withers, fades, and dies when exposed to the atmosphere of nature. It is dangerous to be too smart—to rely too much upon our powers, and too little upon our industry and labors. Life is a long journey, and it is wisdom to see as far as we may the end from the beginning, and to shape our course rather in view of aggregate and ultimate than present and temporary advantages. An intellect may sparkle for a time with its own inherent brightness, but unless supplied with nutritious food, premature decay ensues; its fires wax dim, and finally go out. When nature has been lavish in bestowing, we prove ourselves wicked, unwise, and ungrateful not to cultivate. We excite hopes that are never realized, and expectations that are doomed to bitter disappointment."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—This is a lesson that cannot be too early nor too earnestly impressed upon the mind. Meddling is one of the greatest of curses; and we have sometimes thought that this must be the "original sin" for ever since the meddling of the serpent with Eve, and of the first pair with what they were told not to, misery has followed in the footsteps of mankind. Meddling has produced ill feeling, confusion and disaster in all ages; and especially against this offense did Jesus of Nazareth warn the world.—He rebuked the Pharisees by bidding them pluck the mote out their own eyes, to judge not lest they be judged; calling them the blind leaders of the blind, and always inculcating the lesson of forgiveness and charity. "Mind your own business," deserves to become the twelfth commandment, as the fulfillment of it by all men could not fail to lead to peace and harmony on earth. The truth of this is everyday manifested in all the affairs of life—that is, in a negative way, by showing that its opposite—meddling—breeds disaster.

HEAVY VERDICT.—Johnson Cole "set up" with Miss Mary Conrad for a considerable period, during those long evenings and summer walks Johnson said and promised many things, which he afterward forgot. Among other things, he told Mary that she should be Mrs. Cole, but he failed to redeem the promise.—Mary therefore brought suit in Peoria (Ill.) County, but the case was removed to Stark County. The case was learnedly and pathetically argued and debated.—Mary claimed $10,000 damages, but the jury *only* gave her a verdict for $3,300; and the best of the case is that Cole is fully able to pay the judgment. Miss Mary is now going to "set up" by herself and *for* herself!

THE PEW SYSTEM.—We see by the London correspondent of the "Churchman," that a pretty effective war is making upon what is called the "Pew System," in all the churches of the Establishment of England. The object of the war is to demolish the pews altogether, so that rich and poor may meet together, all on the same level, without distinction. The revenue lost in pew rents it is proposed to make good by voluntary contributions.—We are not sure that this is not a genuine "reform." There were no pews nor anything of the sort in the days of primitive Christianity.

☞ Horace Greeley returned last night in the *Moses Taylor* from California, after a visit of four weeks in that State. Bayard Taylor, who, with his wife, arrived in San Francisco on the 23d of August, is lecturing successfully there.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

### "Worms" on the Face

An English editor informs a correspondent—who signs himself "A Troubled One"—as follows:

Little black specks are occasionally observed upon the nose and forehead of some individuals. These specks, when they exist in any number, are a cause of much unsightliness. They are minute corks, if we may use the term, of coagulated lymph, which close the orifices of some of the pores or exhalent vessels of the skin. On the skin, immediately adjacent to them, being pressed with the finger nails, these bits of coagulated lymph will come from it in a vermicular form. They are vulgarly called "flesh-worms," many persons fancying them to be living creatures.—These may be got rid of, and prevented from returning by washing with tepid water, by proper friction with a towel, and by the application of a little cold cream. The longer these little piles are permitted to remain in the skin, more firmly they become fixed; and after a time, when they lose their moisture, they are converted into little bony spines, as dense as bristles, and having much of that character.

They should be thoroughly but cautiously squeezed, says another author, and on retiring to rest, a paste should be applied to the part affected. Recipe for the paste: Take one ounce of powdered bitter almonds, and one ounce of barley flour, and enough honey to make the above ingredients into paste. There is another and a still more simple remedy which you may perfer. Bathe the spots several times a day with luke-warm water and a sponge, rubbing the sponge over a piece of yellow soap. There is a healing power in soap distinct from its cleansing properties.

EXCELLENT ADVICE.—William Cobbett was an industrious, self-educated man, whose knowledge of writing and even the art of thinking deeply, were acquired when a private in the British Army.—When he was nineteen years old he could neither read nor write. But he went to work dilligently, and mastered the rudiments of the English language, unaided and alone. He practised the art of putting his thoughts on paper, and thus framed his style of composition, in the school of adversity. His is the style that swayed the mind of Great Britain on many momentous topics, as no pen had ever swayed it before.

His advice to young men was thus:—"If any young man wishes to know the grand secret relative to the performance of such wondrous labor, it is told him in a few words—be abstinent, be sober, go to bed at eight o'clock and get up at four—the last two being of still more importance than the two former. A full half of all that I have written, has been written before ten o'clock in the day, so that I have had as much leisure as any man that I ever knew anything of. If young men will but set about the thing in earnest, let them not fear of success; they will soon find that it is disagreeable to set up, or to rise late. Literary coxcombs talk of 'consuming the midnight oil.'—No oil, and a very small portion of candles, have I ever consumed, and I am convinced that no writing is so good as that which comes from the light of the sun."

THE MIND, AND NOT MONEY.—There is very little honest independence in this world. We all worship distinction. We all do homage to wealth and authority. Knowing as well as we do the nature of human imperfections, we still worship the symbol of power, as if its possessor must have something in him of divinity—as if he must be akin to godhead because he grasps the sceptre. If "my lord" addresses a fellow-creature in humble life in ordinary language, how we stare at his condescension! Do we expect diamonds and pearls to drop from his lips instead of words? Do we expect him to use a species of sublime diction to express his wants, not to be found in the common vocabulary? And if a man of enormous wealth in this country but bow to you, how exalted you feel in your own estimation! Yet, does his wealth make him a better man than you? Does his recognition elevate your moral nature? No; it is the toadyism of the age. It is the mean, groveling, self abasing spirit of Mammon that exercises the emotion. How ashamed an American should be of indulging in such degrading feelings! Get rid of them!—Spurn such an unworthy sentiment. Intellect should be king in this republic, and not cash. The mind should be, of right, the sovereign, and not money. Away with all ignoble principles!

☞ A correspondent of the Richmond "Enquirer" says of Powers' Greek Slave, that it "needs neither comment or eulogy; its graces and elegance *have gone far to do away the prejudices of our Northern brethren, and reconcile them to slavery*, in at least one of its phases." This is a very interesting announcement. The phase of slavery to which the Northern brethren have been reconciled, is probably that slavery is right without regard to the color or capacities of the race enslaved. The Greek slaves' complexion is certainly one against which we are not called upon to conquer any prejudices.—*Cin. Com.*

A QUEER KIND OF COD FISH.—A few days since a freight car on the Illinois Central Railroad, when the train was within about eight miles of Kankakee, was discovered to be on fire. The train was run to that city, when the fire was extinguished. Upon an examination of the damages it was found that among the freight seriously damaged was a box marked *cod fish*, but on removing it the box was so badly burned that it fell in pieces, when it was found to contain, not cod fish, but other property, among which were two keys of powder.