

The Meigs County Telegraph.

62 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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T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroiy, O. Office in Edwards' Building.
A. E. McLAUGHLIN, P. M. STANBURY, BURNAP & STANBURY, Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office on Front Street, at the head of the street leading to the "Sugar Run Stone Bridge," Pomeroiy, O. 2-36-37.
SIMPSON & LASLEY, Attorneys & Counselors at Law and general collecting agents, Pomeroiy, O. Office in the Court House, 2-38-39.
HANN & EARHART, Attorneys at Law, Pomeroiy, O. All business entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention. 1-1.
THOMAS CARLETON, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office, Union Street, east side, two doors above T. J. Smith's Shoe Store, opposite the Reclamation House. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. 1-134.
KNOWLES & GROSVENOR, Attorneys at Law, Adams' Building, Pomeroiy, Ohio, will attend the several Courts of Meigs County, on all days of each term, on all business entrusted to their care. 1-135.
PHYSICIANS.
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UNITED STATES HOTEL.—M. A. Webster, Proprietor (formerly occupied by M. A. Webster) on square below the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroiy, O. By mutual consent, to accommodate both sides and best in the best manner, Mr. Webster has received a constantly increasing patronage. 2-25-26.
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A. L. STANBURY, Wholesale Grocer, Recler's Building, corner Front and Race Streets, Middleport, Ohio. Country Merchants and Retail Grocers are especially invited to call. 2-25-26.
ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer, First Store above Donnelly & Jennings, near the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroiy, O.—Country Merchants are respectfully requested to call and examine my stock of Groceries, as I am confident that I cannot be undersold. 1-29.
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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 Swedish mill rolls, steel and iron rollers, cast and shear steel, wagon boxes, trap-iron and kidney ore taken in exchange. 2-12.
STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomeroiy, near Carr's Inn. Sial R. Kye, Proprietor, Lumber sawed to order on short notice. Planing mill constantly and promptly running. 2-13.
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**PETER LAMBRECHT, Watchmaker & Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court street, below the new Banking House, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired on short notice. 1-11.
W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front street, below the Reclamation House, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in his line. 1-11.
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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. 1-13.
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McQUIGG & SMITH, Leather Dealers and Finisiers, Court street, 3 doors below the Bank, and opposite the new Banking House, Pomeroiy, O.
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SUGAR-RUN SALT Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace. 1-1.
POMEROY SALT Company. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. 1-1.
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F. E. HUMPHERY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank building, Pomeroiy. Job Work of all kinds, including shoeing, done with neatness and dispatch. 1-11.
PAINTERS—GLAZIERS.
F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lambrecht's Jewelry Store, west side of Court street, Pomeroiy, O. 1-11.
SADDLERY.
JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, Front Street, three doors below Court, Pomeroiy, will execute all work entrusted to his care, with neatness and dispatch. 1-12.
WAGON MAKING.
CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING by M. HARRIS, Front Street, first corner below the Rolling-Mill, Pomeroiy, O. All articles in his line of business manufactured at reasonable rates, and they are especially recommended for durability. 2-27.
**PETER GROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mulberry street, west side, three doors back Stone Bridge, Pomeroiy, Ohio. Manufacturer of Wagons, Rigging, Carriages, &c. All orders filled on short notice. 1-13.
DENTISTRY.
D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Summers' Building, first story, Railroad street, Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residences, if desired. 1-1****

Poetry.

LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.
Let us all help one another
And a heart of kindness show
As your kind's doing river—
In the best of life we rove;
For though rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast,
If we only pull together,
We can leave the storm at last.
Let us all help one another,
And in kindness's wintry day,
And in kindness's wintry day,
When bright fortune glides the way,
Hollow hearts will fawn and cling,
But when comes the time of stress,
Only true hearts comfort bring.

Miscellany.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

A SKETCH FOR HAZARD-SEEKERS.
BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

James Lanning was a mechanic—a young, honest man, whose highest ambition was to gain a comfortable home for himself and wife, and to be thought well of by his neighbors. He had built himself a house, and there still remained upon it a mortgage of five hundred dollars; but this sum he hoped to pay in a very few years if he only had his health. He had calculated exactly how long it would take him to clear off this incumbrance, and he went to work with his eyes open.

One evening, James came home to his supper more thoughtful than usual. His young wife noticed his manner, and she inquired its cause.
"What is it, James?" she kindly asked.
"Why, I never saw you look so sober before."
"Well, I'll tell you, Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner. "I have been thinking that I should buy a lottery ticket."
Hannah Lanning did not answer immediately. She looked down and smoothed the silken hair of her babe, which was clinging like a little robin in her arms, and the shades of her handsome features showed that she was taking time to think.

"How much will it cost?" she at length asked, looking half-timidly up into her husband's face.
"Twenty dollars," returned James, trying to assume a confidence which he did not feel.
"And have you made up your mind to buy it?"
"Well, I think I shall. What do you think about it?"
"If you should ask my advice, James, I should say, do not buy it."
"But why so?"
"For many reasons," returned the wife, in a trembling tone. She would not of her husband, and she shrank from giving him advice which he might not follow. "In the first place, I think the whole scheme of lotteries is a bad one; and then you have no money to rise."
"But just look at the prizes," said James, drawing a "scheme" from his pocket. "Here is one prize of twenty thousand dollars, another of ten thousand, and so on. Something tells me that if I buy a ticket I shall draw a large prize. And then just think, how easily I could pay all hands for my house, and perhaps have a good upsomery sum left."
The young man spoke with such earnestness and assurance, but he saw that there was a cloud upon his wife's brow.

"It seems to me that the chance of drawing a prize is very doubtful," said Hannah, as she took the scheme. "Here are many thousand tickets to be sold." The babe tried hard to snatch the paper, and Hannah laid it aside.
"I think I shall run the risk," resumed James, glancing, once more over the paper, and resting with a nervous longing upon the figures which represented the higher prizes. "There's Barney; he drew eight hundred dollars about a year ago."
"Yes, I know it," said Hannah, with more warmth than she had before manifested, "and what has become of the money? You know he has squandered it all away. Ah, James, money is of no use to our happiness unless we come honestly by it."
"Honestly!" repeated the young man. "Surely, there is nothing dishonest in drawing a prize at a lottery."
"I think there is," kindly, but emphatically, returned the wife. "All games of hazard, where money is at stake, are dishonest. Were you to draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars, you would rob a thousand men of twenty dollars each; or, at least, you would take from them money for which you returned them no equivalent. Is it not gambling in every sense of the word?"

"O, no; you look upon the matter in too strong a light."
"Perhaps, I do; but so it looks to me. What you may draw some one else must lose; and perhaps it may be some one who can afford the loss no better than you can. I wouldn't buy the ticket, James. Let us live on the products of our honest gains, and we shall be happier."
"James Lanning was uneasy. He had no answer for his wife's arguments; at least, no answer that could spring from his moral convictions, and he let the matter drop. But the young man could not drive the syren from his heart. All the next day his head was full of "prizes," and while he was at his work, he kept muttering over to himself, "Twenty thousand dollars! Ten thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars," and so on.

When he went home the next night, he was uneasy with the nervous anxiety into which he had thrown himself. The tempter had grasped him firmly, and whenever he thought of the lottery, he saw nothing but piles of gold and silver. In short, James Lanning had made up his mind that he would buy the ticket. He went to the little box where he had already a hundred and twenty dollars laid up toward paying off the mortgage upon his house. The lock clicked with a startling sound, and when he threw back the cover, he hesitated. He looked at his wife, and he saw that she was watching him.

"O, I'm sure I shall draw a prize," he said, with a faint, fading smile.
He took four half-eagles from the box, and put them into his pocket. His wife said nothing. She played with her babe to hide her sadness, for she did not wish to say more on the subject. She had seen that little pile of gold gradually accumulating, and both she and her husband had been happy in anticipating the day when the pretty cottage would be all their own. But when she saw those four pieces of gold taken away from the store, she felt a foreboding of evil. She might have spoken again against the movement, but she saw that her husband was sorely tender on the subject, and she left the affair to the hands of fate. A week elapsed from the time that James bought his ticket to the drawing of the lottery, and during that time the young man had not a moment of real enjoyment. He was alternating between hope and fear, and his mind was constantly on the stretch.

At length the day arrived. James went to the office, and found that the drawing had taken place, and that the list of prizes had been made out. He seized the list and turned away, so that those who stood around should not see this fact. He read the list through, and he searched for his number in vain. It was not there. He had drawn a blank! He left the office an unhappy man. Those twenty dollars which he had lost had been the saving of two months of hard labor, and he felt their loss most keenly.

When he returned home that night he told his wife that he had lost. She found no fault with him. She only kissed him, and told him that the lesson was a good one, even though it had been dearly bought.
But James Lanning was not satisfied. He brooded over his loss with a bitter spirit that he might yet draw a prize! He wished that he had not bought the first ticket, and he thought that if he could only get back his twenty dollars he would buy no more; but he could not rest under his loss. He was determined to make one more trial, and he did so. This time he purchased the ticket without his wife's knowledge. The result was the same as before. He drew a blank!

"Forty dollars!" was a sentence that dwelt faintly upon the young mechanic's lips. "O, I must draw a prize. I must make up what I have lost! Let me once do that, and I'll buy no more tickets."
Another twenty dollars was taken from the little bank, another ticket was bought, another blank was drawn! At the end of three months the little bank was empty, and James Lanning had the last ticket in his pocket. Ah, how earnestly he prayed that that ticket might draw the prize. He had become pale and care-worn, and his wife, poor, confiding soul, thought he only repined because he had lost twenty dollars. When she would try to cheer him he would laugh, and try to make the matter light.

"James," said his wife to him one day—it was the day before that on which the lottery was to be drawn in which he held the sixth ticket—"Mr. Rowse has been here to-day after his semi-annual interest. I told him you would see him to-morrow."
"Yes, I will," said James, in a faint tone. "Yes, to-morrow I shall pay him."
Young Lanning thought of the lottery, and of the prize. This was his sixth trial, and he felt sure that he should draw.
The morning came, and when James Lanning returned to his home at night he was penniless! All his golden visions had faded away, and he was left in darkness and misery.

"James, have you paid Mr. Rowse his interest yet?" asked Hannah.
The young man leaped his head upon his hands and groaned aloud.
"For Heaven's sake, James, what has happened?" cried the startled wife, springing to the side of her husband, and twining her arm about his neck.
The young man looked up with a wild, haggard expression. His lips were bloodless, and his features were all stricken with a death-like hue.
"What is it? O, what?" murmured Hannah.
"Go look in our box—our little bank!" groaned the poor man.
Hannah hastened away, and when she returned she bore the empty box in her hand.
"Robbed!" she gasped, as she sank tremblingly down by her husband's side.
"Yes, Hannah," whispered the husband, "I—I have robbed you."
The stricken wife gazed upon her husband with a vacant look, for at first she remembered his behavior for weeks back she remembered how he had murmured in his sleep of lotteries and tickets, of blanks and prizes, and gradually the truth broke in upon her.

"I have done it all, Hannah!" hoarsely whispered the condemned man, when he saw that his wife had guessed the truth.
"All, all has gone for lottery tickets!" the demon tempter lured me—he held up glittering gold in his hand, but he gave me none of it. O, I do not chide me! You know not what I have suffered—what hours of agony I have passed—and you cannot know how cold is my heart now. O, my wife, would to God I had listened to you! Five thousand dollars, and so on.

"Ah," calmly whispered the faithful wife, as she drew her hand across her husband's heated brow. "Mourning for what is lost. I will not chide thee. It is hard thus for you to lose your scanty earnings, but there might be many calamities worse than that. Courage, James, we will soon forget it."
"And Mr. Rowse will foreclose the mortgage. You will be homeless," murmured young Lanning, in broken accents.
"No; I will see him. I will get that all in sale in that quarter," added Hannah.
At that moment the door opened, and the countenance of the husband and wife met.

On the next day, at noon, Hannah Lanning gave her husband a receipt for fifteen dollars from Mr. Rowse.
"Here," said she, "the interest is paid. Now let us forget all that has passed, and commence again."
"But how—what has paid this?" asked James, gazing first upon the receipt, and then upon his wife.
"Never mind."
"Ay, but I must mind. Tell me, Hannah."
"Well, I have sold my gold watch."
"Sold it!"
"But I can buy it back again. The man will not part with it, if I want it. But I don't want it, James, till we are able—Perhaps I shall never want it. You must not chide me, for never did I derive one iota of the pleasure from its possession that I now feel in the result of its disposal."

James Lanning clasped his wife to his bosom, and he murmured a prayer, and in that prayer there was a pledge.
Two years passed away, and during that time James Lanning lost not a single day from his work. He was as punctual as the sun, and the result was sure.
It was late one Saturday evening when he came home. After supper he drew a paper from his pocket and laid it upon the table.
"There, Hannah," said he, while a noble pride beamed in every feature, "that is my mortgage. I've paid it—every cent. I've bought it with dollars, earned by the sweat of my brow. I am happy now."

Hannah Lanning saw that her husband had opened his arms, and she sat down upon his knee, and laid her head upon his shoulder.
"O, blessed moment!" she murmured.
"Yes, it is a blessed moment," responded the husband. "Do you remember, Hannah, the hour of bitterness that we saw two years ago?"
The wife shuddered, but she made no reply.
"Ah," continued the young man, "I have never forgotten that bitter lesson; and even now I tremble when I think how fatally I was deceived by the tempter that has lured thousands to destruction."
"But its terror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah, looking up with a smile.
"Its terror may be lost," resumed James, "but its lesson must never be forgotten. Ah, the luring lottery ticket has a dark side—a side which few see until they feel it."
"And are not all its sides dark?" softly asked the wife. "If there is any brightness about it, it is only the glare of the fatal ignis fatuus, which can only lead the wayward traveler into danger and disaster."
"You are right, my dear wife. You were right at first. Ah," he continued, as he drew the faithful being more closely to his bosom, "if husbands would obey the tender dictates of the loving wife, there would be far less misery in the world than there is now."

Silent Influences.
Silent influences are continually about us on every side, and they are quietly performing their mystic work. Unnoted, in secret the diligent task goes on, till the gigantic result in all the finished completeness of a master hand that never stumbles into the belief that a miracle is wrought. Noiselessly, with untiring vigilance, secret agents toil in nature's vast laboratory, and their grand and mighty achievements awaken our admiration and awe. Stealthily, silently has the mighty water changed its course, and where first but a glimpse of the silvery sheet could be caught, the foaming billows now roll and dance in their wild sports; and terra firma has arisen on the other side far beyond, where but a little ago, and the sheeny wave danced at our very feet. The workings of a power unseen spreads from the tiny acorn to the majestic oak. Atom by atom, grain by grain, rock against rock, pile the lofty mountains, whose cloud-curtained summits, clouded in eternal snows, pierce far heavenward, "where the eagle builds not his eye, and the startled chamois fears to climb." Within us, around us, on either hand silent influences toil on their mystic mission, unveiling the destinies of nations, solving the problems of worlds. Separated from childhood's hours and sterns, far out on the swelling tide, in a fierce conflict with raging storms, that ever assail the mariner on "life's tempestuous sea," the silent influences of a gently spoken precept in by-gone years comes to soothe and calm the troubled spirit, and to invite higher, and nobler aspirations. Well up perennial from the record of departed years, a word, a look, comes to us, when the lips that uttered the eye that gave, are closed and still, and the freed spirit beyond.

That stream whose narrow tide
The known and unknown worlds divide,
Leaves the hidden mysteries of ether,
And the hidden mysteries of earth.

Women in the Garden.
Much in these days is said about the sphere of woman. On the vexed question we have nothing to say. The culture of the soil, the body and the soul are our themes. Rich soils, healthy bodies, pure, cultivated souls, those are what we are aiming at. To this end we recommend that every country woman have a garden that she keep and dress with her own hands, or that she supervise and manage. The culture of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and garden produce is as delightful and profitable as anything which a woman can engage in. She may sprinkle her garden well with flowers. All the better for that. A snow-ball in this corner, a rose in that, a dahlia here, and a moss border there will not be out of place. Only let the substantial and useful constitute the chief part. A touch of the ornate, like a ribbon on a good bonnet, is not the least objectionable. In all families the women ought to practice botany. It is healthful, pleasing and useful. The principles of horticulture are the principles of botany put into practice. Farmers study agriculture, why should not their wives and daughters study horticulture? If any employment is feminine, it would seem that this is. If any is healthy, this must be. If any is pleasurable, none can be more so than this. A rich bed of strawberries, a bush of blackberries or currants, a border of flowers produced by one's own hand, what can well afford a more rational satisfaction? We say to all our country sisters, have a garden, if only a small one, and do your best with it. Plant it with what you think best, with a good variety, and see what you can do with it. What woman cannot raise beets, tomatoes, melons, onions, lettuce, and furnish her own table with them? What woman cannot plant a raspberry bush, or currant, or gooseberry, and tend it well? Come, good women, study your health, your usefulness and happiness, and your children's also.—Valley Farmer.

Neatness in Dress.
The neglect of the outward appearance indicates either a little mind, or a disregard to the opinion of our neighbors. One should always be neat and clean in person and dress, because this is an evidence of respectability. No lady who has any regard for herself, or any respect for the society in which she moves, will be slovenly in her appearance, or careless in her attire. It is true, there is danger in being too particular, but every lady is entitled to follow her own taste as to dress, provided she dresses suitably—that is, according to her age and circumstances.
The young of either sex, but particularly the female, ought to regard their external deportment and appearance as, to a certain extent, essential to character.
To dress simply, and without ostentation, is a mark of modesty; but, in endeavoring to avoid everything like display, young ladies, especially, should be careful not to fall into the opposite extreme—that of prudery. There is more sincerity, if there be less nicety, in the conduct of a really virtuous woman, than there is in that of a prudish one; and some degree of freedom, so far from being incompatible with the strictest virtue, is one of its principal privileges. If a lady is obliged to receive company en disablée it is a sign of good breeding if she appears perfectly at ease, and makes little or no apology for her appearance.

"Auried"—"Died."
Such is the brief announcement which comes to us with every morning's journal of the news. Marrying and giving in marriage. Dying and passing away. It is not an unnatural proximity, in which these records are found in all our papers. It is the proximity of nature, as proved by our daily observation. Here a friend enters into the holy alliance of matrimony. There some other friend or stranger is wedded to the death and the grave.
Last week, we sketched, in hasty outline, "The Bride"—this week we have written "The Burial." Would it were only a fancy sketch! Would that our friends might awaken from their sorrow and find it all a dream! Too true is it that the hand of the "Reaper whose name is Death," has plucked away another of earth's flowers to wear in his crown of triumph. Oh, how many such is he gathering every hour! Mary was a sweet child—a joyous presence, a radiant sunbeam in the atmosphere of home. It is not every daughter of fifteen years, of whom her parents can say that her aim was always to make others happy. A favorite among her school companions and young associates, Mary was always cheerful, always ready to sacrifice her own convenience to the good of others. So much the sterner was the decree of death—so much the harder for admiring and loving friends to lose her forever from their sight.

It was a brief illness by which her hold on life was loosened. A fortnight, and that terrible typhoid—days of restlessness and nights of pain—reason gone—intelligence lost—wasting, fainting—and the fearful crisis—death!
And the burial how sadly the funeral train went forth upon that day of weeping! At an hour when ten thousand were gathered at the domestic board, in unbroken circles, to celebrate the annual "Thanksgiving," this household, with pastor and friends assembled, went forth beneath the weeping sky, nature commingling her tears with theirs, to bear the withered flower to its autumn bed.
Such are life's lessons. "Married"—"Died." Joy—Sorrow. The "Bride"—the "Burial." The "Altar"—the "Grave!" And who shall dare to say, it is not better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting?

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Some Husbands Do So.
How? The habits with husbands, with regard to the treatment of their wives, are so various that the question can only be answered by individual specimens of each mode:
Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good bye, dear," in the tone of unweary love; and whether it be policy or fact, it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, provided always that the wives are appreciative and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over 60 years, and never left his home without the kiss, and the "good bye, dear."
Some husbands shake hands with their wives, and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down, and darting round the first corner.
Some husbands say only, "Well, wife, I am going," and start at the word "go," which comes to them from some back retreat.
Some husbands, before leaving home, ask very tenderly, "What would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his palate—and off he goes.
Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as is evinced by their turning round, at the last point of observation, and waving an adieu at the pleasant face, or faces, at the window.
Some husbands never say a word—rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere.
Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, apparently thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence.
Then, on returning—
Some husbands come home jolly and happy, untroubled by the world; some sulky and surly with its disappointments.
Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents.
Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in sleepless stupidity on the sofa till bed time.
Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tambling down stairs, or the house taking fire.
Depend upon it, says Dr. Spooner, that home is the happiest where kindness and interest and politeness and attention are the rule, on the part of the husband—and, of course, all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation fails in fooling there.—Boston Evening Post.

SAD SCENE IN A BROOKLYN COURT.
The New York Evening "Post" of Thursday says:
A handsome and respectably dressed woman was brought into Justice Cornwall's Court, Brooklyn, this morning, in a state of beastly intoxication. Wide in charge of the officers in the court she took a fit of delirium tremens, and the scene that ensued was heart-rending beyond description. Her shrieks were so terrible and agonizing that even the officers of the Court, used to such scenes, were visibly moved. We learned, from one of the officers of the Court, that this woman was the wife of an eminent physician, and had a short time since highly respected as an exemplary wife and mother, and had everything around her to make her life happy, but in an evil hour she yielded to the vice of intemperance, and since then has gone down, step by step, in her sad career. Her husband tried every means in his power to reclaim her, but without avail, and, as a final resort, was obliged to have her arrested and sent to the penitentiary.

FIGHT ON A HOUSE-TOP.
Two masons who were employed in building a chimney on top of a new house in Congress street got into a quarrel yesterday, in consequence of too free indulgence in intoxicating liquors. They maintained their precarious footing and carried on the dispute by holding to the half finished chimney, and striking at each other with twines over the top of it. This method of fighting being rather slow, one of them snatched up a brick, and heedless of consequences, hurled it at the other's head. The unfortunate individual who received this salute toppled over and rolled off the roof, while the victor coolly resumed his trowel, and added a few more bricks to the chimney. Hearing no noise below, his curiosity induced him to slide down to the eaves and look over, when his gaze was greeted by the sight of his late antagonist scrambling up a scaffold pole with vengeance in his eye, and no signs of a broken neck, whereupon he took to flight and slid down on the opposite side, believing his enemy invulnerable after undergoing such a tumble.—Detroit Free Press.

A New Jersey paper tells a good story of a young man engaged to be married. On the night of the occasion it chanced to rain terribly, and when the guests assembled they were astonished to find that the groom was not there. After waiting a long time, a committee of three were detailed to go over to his house and inquire what had happened. They found him thrashing in the barn, as if nothing at all important was on hand. They made known their errand. Jake dropped his flail and lifted up both hands, while his eyes and mouth became enlarged. He approached the door, and looking alternately at the clouds and the young men, exclaimed, "Goodness gracious, Bill! you don't really think it will go on, do you?"

"The Next Presidency."
Under this heading, the Providence "Journal," (dated by Mr. Anthony, the United States Senator from Rhode Island,) says:
We do not often indulge in Presidential speculations. We do not propose to do so at any great length, now. But the following facts will hardly be disputed. The following States can elect the President: Maine 8, New Hampshire 5, Vermont 5, Massachusetts 13, Rhode Island 4, Connecticut 6, New York 35, New Jersey 7, Pennsylvania 27, Ohio 23, Michigan 6, Wisconsin 5, Iowa 4, Minnesota 4. They give 185 electoral votes.
The following States at the last election have gone against the Administration. If we can nominate a candidate who will unite these States we shall elect him. Of all them, Pennsylvania and New Jersey are the only ones that are regarded as doubtful; and these are doubtful, but as against the Administration, but as in favor of the candidate who may be nominated on the other side. If a man is nominated who will occupy the same political position as the *State* candidates who have just been elected in Pennsylvania, the same position as the men who were elected in twenty-two out of the twenty-five Congressional districts, the same position as the candidate who received a majority of over 20,000 for Judge of the Supreme Court, we may reasonably suppose that he will secure the electoral vote of that State, and with it of New Jersey, which strongly sympathizes with Pennsylvania in the peculiar politics of that great State.
We suppose that a candidate acceptable to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and not offensive to the rest, to the other States that we have enumerated, would pretty surely be elected, unless a great change should take place, and in a direction opposite to the changes that are now going on. We say nothing in this calculation, of Illinois, which at the last election gave a popular majority, even against Mr. Douglas, who although immensely the strongest man of his party, succeeded only by the unequal apportionment which gave a majority of the Legislature to a minority of the people; we say nothing of Oregon, where the popular vote was so evenly divided as to leave the result no indication of the public sentiment on the presidential question; we say nothing of Indiana, where the Republican cause has been steadily gaining, and nothing of Delaware, where the Republican cause has been steadily losing, and nothing of such a candidate as we have indicated, nothing of Kansas, which will probably be in the election with three electoral votes.

THE Propeller Ohio, belonging to the American Transportation Company, was completely wrecked on Sunday morning last, by explosion of her boilers, when on her trip up to Buffalo to Cleveland. Her Captain, Nickerson, was picked up by the propeller Equator, of the Buffalo and Sandusky Line, and taken to Cleveland.
There were seventeen persons on board, all told. Of these, fifteen were saved.—The other two, Thomas Corvett, the second mate, and Michael Danagan, wheelman, are missing. The former was seen running after the explosion occurred. It is thought he got tangled in the wreck and went down. The wheelman was not seen after the accident.

Forty lashes on the bare back.—The Wilmington, (N. C.) " Herald" of November 3, says:
James H. Williams, of Tennessee, who it will be remembered, was arrested here a short time since, for picking the pocket of Jackson Reins, of Johnson county, of his pocket book, was tried yesterday, and found guilty. His honor, Judge Caldwell, sentenced him to receive forty lashes on the bare back; to be taken back to jail, there to remain until the December term, when he is to be brought out and a like number of lashes given him, after which, and paying costs of Court, he has liberty to depart. The first portion of the sentence was carried into effect this morning.

At a special gathering of the members of the New School Presbyterian General Assembly, Rev. James Ellis, of Cleveland, said that he remembered seeing in his travels a diminutive skull, evidently that of a child, preserved with great care. Upon asking, the guide informed him that it was the skull of St. Patrick. Passing along still further in the same place, he met with another skull, evidently that of a full-grown man. "Whose skull is this?" he asked. "That is the skull of St. Patrick," was the response. "But did you not tell me that the other was the skull of St. Patrick?" "Oh, yes, that was the skull of St. Patrick when he was a baby."

About a half dozen in our party, started one Sunday afternoon to walk to Vicksburg. At the Prentiss House parlor door there were several children playing in charge of their nurses. One of our party, Jim ———, called to one of them, who was playing with a cocoon nut: "Girl, do you know what they do with those things over in the swamp?" pointing to the Louisiana shore. "No," said she, with a look of earnest inquiry on her countenance. "Why," said he, "they plant them over there and raise monkeys, 'De Lawd!' she cried, "was you raised over de massa?"

A Mr. Moore, a merchant of Greensboro, Ala., fought a duel in the vicinity of Columbus, Miss., on the 8th inst., with Dr. Wyley, in which the latter was shot through the head and killed.
A duel was fought on Saturday the 8th inst., between Carter Randolph and Con. Childers, both of Greensboro, Ala., in which the latter was very dangerously wounded. The affair took place near the Mississippi line.</