Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor. "Independent in All Things—Neutral in Nothing." T. A. PLANTS, A. E. McLAUGHLIN, Publishers.

VOLUME V. POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1862. NUMBER 3

Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS.
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, O. Office in Edward's Building.

W. SIMPSON. G. P. SIMPSON.
N. & G. P. SIMPSON.
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio. Office, in Swallow's Building, one door below O. Branch & Co's. [4-21-1y]

T. W. HAMPTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Kygerville, Gallia County, Ohio. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. [4-12-1y]

S. A. BURNAP. P. B. STANBERY.
BURNAP & STANBERY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office on Front street, at the head of Steamboat Landing, a few doors east of the Gibson House, Pomeroy, O 2-38-1y

S. S. KNOWLES. C. H. GROSVENOR.
KNOWLES & GROSVENOR,
Attorneys at Law, Athens, Athens County, O., will attend the several Courts of Meigs County, on the first day of each term. Office at the "Gibson House." 2-16-1y

MARTIN HAYS,
Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O., will promptly attend to all business that may be entrusted to his care, in the several State Courts of Ohio, and in the U. S. Court for the Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio. 3-3

W. R. GOLDEN. L. S. TOWNSEND.
GOLDEN & TOWNSEND.
Attorneys at Law. W. R. Golden's Office in Athens, O., and L. S. Townsend's in Pageville, Meigs Co., O. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims, and other business entrusted to them. 2-46-1y

E. HUTTON,
County Surveyor, and Attorney at Law. Office in the Court House, Pomeroy, Ohio. 4-3

H. G. DANIEL. WM. P. RATHBURN.
DANIEL & RATHBURN,
Bankers, corner Court and Second streets, Pomeroy, O. [4-4]

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 street, below the "Remington House," Pomeroy. Particular attention paid to repairing all articles in my line. 1-1

T. WHITESIDE,
Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes, three doors above stone bridge. The best of work, for Ladies and Gentlemen, made to order.

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

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. G. W. COOPER, Sec'y.

ISAAC FALLER,
Clothier, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer, first store above C. E. Donnally'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

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

M. BLAETNER,
Carriage & Wagon Manufacturer, 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

F. E. HUMPHREY,
Blacksmith, back of the Bank Building, Pomeroy, O. Farming Tools, Shovel Plows, Mattocks, Hoes, &c., on hand and made to order. Horse Shoeing and all kinds of Job Work done to order Jan. 3.—3-1

RICHD. STEWARD. JOHN P. GILLILAN.
STEWARD & GILLILAN.
This firm have located in the old stand of B. F. Stivers, on Front Street, a few doors below Nye's Saw-Mill. Horse-shoeing, Ironing Wagons and Buggies, and all kinds of jobbing work done in a satisfactory manner, at moderate rates. [3-31-1y.]

FRANK COOPER,
Stone Mason & Bricklayer. Residence in John Lance's Building, near the Catholic Church. Dressed and Rubble stone work executed in the best manner: also, Bricklaying Cementing, &c., done at reasonable prices. Work warranted. [3-24-1y]

DR. A. CAMPBELL EARLY,
Operative and Mechanical Dentist, Gallipolis, O.—Dr. E. has had long experience in the Dental profession, and feels confident that he can give satisfaction to those who need his professional services. All work warranted.
Dr. E. may be found at the Gibson House, Pomeroy, on the 1st of each month. Will visit patients at their homes if they wish it. 45-1y

CHINA, GLASS AND
QUEENSWARE.
WE invite the attention of buyers, to our large and well assorted stock of Ware—now on hand, to which we will receive additions during the spring.
We have no hesitancy in saying that we will, and do sell, good styles and qualities of ware lower than they are sold in any other Western market.
All orders carefully selected and well packed. We solicit an examination of our stock.
PURSELL & GORDON,
12-1y. Front street, Portsmouth, O.

FAMILY GROCERIES AND
BOAT STORES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
E. C. PADEN,
(Successor to Patten & Smith,)
Designing to continue the
GROCERY BUSINESS
In all its departments, respectfully invites the attention of this community to my present stock of
FRESH GROCERIES,
To which will constantly be added new supplies, as the demands of trade may require.
Country merchants will do well by giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.
My stock comprises Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Tobacco, Cigars, Hams, Codfish, Mackerel, Halibut, Confectionaries, Willow Baskets, a large lot of Matches, &c., and all the nick-nacks usually kept in such establishments.
Country Produce wanted, for which the highest market price will be paid.
I also purpose doing a
COMMISSION BUSINESS.
My Establishment is on Front Street, under the "Gibson House," Pomeroy, O.
Nov. 7, 1861—4-45-tf

IRON STORE.
KEEP constantly on hand, a general assortment of all kinds of Iron.
For sale, wholesale and retail, at Pomeroy Rolling Mill Warehouse.
4-32-3m WM. LONG, Ag't.

Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.
PUBLISHED BY
T. A. PLANTS & CO.
Office in first story of "EDWARDS' BUILDING," near the "Sugar Run Stone Bridge" Pomeroy, Ohio.

All Business of the Firm Transacted by
A. E. McLAUGHLIN, Business Manager.
To whom all applications for Subscription, Advertising and Job Work should be made, at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
If paid within the year, : : : : : : : $1.50
If not paid within the year, : : : : : : 2.00
The paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Time.	1w	2w	3w	6m	9m	1yr
One square (2 lines)	1 00	1 75	2 00	3 00	5 00	8 00
Two squares,	2 00	3 25	4 50	6 00	8 00	14 00
One-fourth column	5 00	7 00	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00
One-half column	7 50	9 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	25 00
Three-fourths do.	10 00	12 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	35 00
One column,	12 00	15 00	18 00	25 00	35 00	40 00

Legal advertisements charged at rates allowed by law, from which 15 per cent. will be deducted for advance payment.
Casual or transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Advertisements not having the number of insertions marked on copy, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers can continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they settle their bill, and order the paper discontinued.
4. If any subscriber removes to another place without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, the subscriber is held responsible.
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TELEGRAPH JOB OFFICE
In connection with our Newspaper Establishment, we have a complete Job Office. We are therefore prepared to execute
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL JOB WORK,
Such as Posters, Programmes, Bills of Lading, Bill Heads, Business and Visiting Cards, Blanks, &c. at
City Prices.
We call the special attention of this community to the above proposition, and desire an investigation of our work and prices.
T. A. PLANTS & Co.

A. SEEBOHM,
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY.
DEALER IN OILS, PAINTS, BRUSHES, Varnishes, Dyestuffs, Perfumery, and Fancy Articles,
Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio.
Prescriptions carefully put up. Jan. 9.—2-2.

The Cheapest Store in Town!
Corner Front and Sycamore Streets, POMEROY, OHIO.
SIMON SILVERMAN,
Wholesale and retail Dealer in
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS & NOTIONS,
CLOTHING, DRY GOODS,
AND GROCERIES,
Invites the public to his splendid stock, which he has recently received. It is unnecessary to particularize, but I will say that my stock is well selected and will be sold at prices unequalled. Jan. 24, 1860.—3-4-tf.

Grant & Co.,
HAVING formed a partnership under the above name, and having purchased the "Crystal Mill," in Middleport, design running it regularly from this time. We will pay the
Highest Market Price for Wheat,
and other Grains, and hope by strict attention to business to merit and receive a good patronage.
April 10, 1861.—tf GRANT & CO.

J. F. TOWELL,
Front Street, Portsmouth, Ohio,
Has in Store a Good Stock of
DRY GOODS HATS AND
NOTIONS.
To which he invites the attention of the trade.
In consequence of the General shortening of credit throughout the country, the undersigned has reduced his business to a
CASH STANDARD.
But in special cases a short credit will be extended. In adopting this rule during the pending troubles he intends to be as liberal as he can with his customers and friends.
4-4-1y. J. F. TOWELL.

J. W. G. STACKPOLE,
POMEROY, O.,
MANUFACTURES to order, of the best material and workmanship,
Stationary Steam Engines,
Saw and Grist Mill Cranks, Spindles, Gudgeons, Shafting Pulleys, Spur & Bevel Wheels, &c., &c.
Also Iron and Brass Castings, Forgings for Coal and Salt Works, and heavy Trip Hammer Forgings.
Plows, Plow Points, Wagon Boxes and Hollow ware constantly on hand.
Repairing for Steamboats and Mills done at short notice.
O r 12 1860.—40-tf.

A. KOHL,
Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrellas. He holds himself in readiness to make Umbrellas to order, or repair old ones in the most substantial manner He will also buy worn-out Umbrellas at liberal prices. Shop on Linn street, north of Smith's Shoe Store.
He would also inform the public that he prepares a SALVE, which he will warrant equal to any in use, for the cure of Felons, Catarrhs, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Cuts, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Rheumatism, White Swellings, and many other diseases of the kind. Price. 25 cents per Box. Jan. 3, 1860.—3-1tf-

PLANING MILL, NO. 1.
JOHN S. DAVIS,
OF the Sugar Run Planing Mill, has a large assortment of lumber, either rough or planed, on hand, which will be sold as low as any other establishment can afford to. As he is a practical mechanic, he will guarantee that his work will be executed in a manner to suit purchasers, and prices shall correspond to the quality of the material.
All orders addressed to JOHN S. DAVIS, Box No. 75, P. O., Pomeroy, or Montgomery & Hoadley, Wharf-boat, Pomeroy, will be promptly attended to. [may 22, 1860.—3-20-y]

L. D. MOORE,
Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer,
Middleport, O.,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND, AND will manufacture to order, all of the various articles usually manufactured in such establishments. He calls particular attention to his Harness making, and "defies the world" on fancy mounted double or single Harness. Do not fail to give me a call, in my shop on Rutland street, at the head of First street, in Holt's Building, up stairs. Cash paid for all kinds of Hides, Skins, &c., at the highest market price. June 21, '60.—25-1y

Poetry.

MEN OF LABOR.

BY C. D. STUART.

Men of Labor! ho! the battle
Calls to action, calls to arms;
Shall your toil be free or fettered,
In your workshops, on your farms?
Plow, and loom, and ringing anvil,
Trowel, hammer, spade, and hod—
Shall they bear the curse of bondage,
Or the freedom born of God?

Lo! 'tis yours to give the answer;
Yours to say if Slavery's right—
Wider, o'er this fair Republic,
Shall extend its awful blight—
Blight to speech, and soil, and labor,
Blight to all that lifts and saves
Freemen—sovereigns in their freedom—
From the grade and fate of slaves!

Shall the taskman's human chattel
Here, or over Western plains—
Marching, "like dumb-driven cattle,
To the music of his chains"—
Further curse the land your fathers
Won for freedom with their blood?
Further, thrice accursed slavery!
Sweep and whelm you with its flood?

Men of labor, shall your labor
Be degraded everywhere?
Further shall the taskman's chattel
Three-fifths your franchise share?
Further shall this cloud of bondage
Yonder go, or hither come?
On Free Soil, or in Free Senates,
Further strike your Free Speech dumb!

Men of Labor, if for Freedom
Lo! the hour has come at length,
When your hearths, and soil, and altars,
To the battle call your strength:
Yours the deepest stake and peril,
Yours to say if gyve or chain
Further shall degrade your manhood,
Further Freedom's altars stain!

"IF."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"If I could only live my life over again," said the old man as he plunged his hands into his deep coat pockets, and looked up at the office ceiling with a sigh; "it should be a very different life from what it has been. I wouldn't give all the joy of my youth, all the strength of my manhood, to getting rich—catch me! I'd have some good out of life and do some, too, instead of toiling early and late, taxing my brain, and wearing my nerves over railroad dividends, and bank stock, over investments, in lead and coal mines, over real estate that is to come down here and get up there. No, it is not the three score years that are on my head which has bleached my hair, and wrinkled my forehead so; it's the wear and tear of watching the market, and forestalling changes, and looking out for the right moment to come down with a bargain. I overheard one man say to another; as I got into the omnibus last night—'There goes old Grainger—good for a million and a half—lucky dog!' and I said to myself, 'Are you a lucky dog, Tom Grainger? No! Of all men you are the most unlucky one. You've paid down your youth, your manhood, your health, your peace of mind, every faculty God gave you to live, and to enjoy—you've paid it all down for this million and a half of dollars, and it's a poor bargain, after all!'"

"It don't do any good to fume and fret now; but if I could live my life over again, I'd never stand where I do this day; I'd lay up some better treasures for my old age than a million and a half of money. I'd lay up treasures of blessed memories—of some good done to others—of human hearts made happier—of human souls comforted, and rejoiced because of me! If I could only live my life over again!" and the old man settled farther back in his chair and groaned heavily as he looked back over the years of his past—barren, and cold, and unclothed, as they rose up before him.

And yet he clutched his million and a half and carried it with him to the last hour of his life. He didn't rise up that day and go out, and find the widow and the fatherless, and gladden their hearts with a part of the wealth which he did not need. It was not too late then to set about doing good. In the ten years more of life which God had appointed him, he might have scattered blessings, many and bountiful as summer showers; and the cold and barren day might have been crowned with a sunset so radient and glorious that it would have half redeemed the faded morning—the wasted noon!

But the old fashion and the old habits held him in iron bondage still, and the rich old man went down to his grave with his aimless, unfruitful, querulous "if."

"If I'd never begin this sort of life I'd never live it for a day," murmurs the fashionable wife and mother, as she walks up and down her elegant parlors, swinging the tassels of her morning robe betwixt her jeweled fingers; and the weary, dissatisfied expression of her face tells its own story of the tired, restless heart beneath it. "I know well enough it's a miserable, wasted life we're all leading—that this dressing and going to parties, and giving them—that this constant striving to be 'stylish,' and keep one's position, is a foolish and sinful thing. I'm sick and ashamed of it. It's ruining our children. It will make spendthrifts of our boys, and silly fashionable dolls of our girls. If we had never begun this foolish plan of keeping up with our neighbors, or if I could only go back ten years in my life! But there's no way of getting out of it now. All our acquaintances would stare at us, and the children would be perfectly miserable; and the only way to effect any change is to go off and bury ourselves in the country, away from all influences and stimulants of our present life; and that can't be thought of. I wish I knew what to do, or where to turn. If I had only commenced differently!"

And the wife and mother wrung her hands, and the charges, and the children committed to her, for good or for evil, went on in the ways of folly and vanity, for good impulses never bring forth good fruits, unless they *harden into fixed principles of action*; and what rudder to the human soul adrift on the wild and stormy waters of life is an aimless and purposeless *if?*

"If" says the young man full of dreams and ardor, "I could only have some grand heroic career! If I could only do something to benefit my race, and send my name spinning down to future ages, great and honorable, a benefactor to humanity, a blessing to my age! If I could only see a blessing before me!"

And alas! the youth does not look upon that sweet and tender Face which shines down to us across the slumbering centuries, that Face which, though it came on earth to be the one Hope and Healer of our humanity, sought no high and honorable station amongst men, but won its crown of thorns, and was lifted up only upon Calvary.

"If I only had something to do," says the young girl in the first blossoming years of her womanhood, "I should love to crown my life with all which poets and good men say is sweet and noble, and tender in woman; but dear me—there is nothing I can find here, and now in my quiet home, and in every day life, to do good, or for blessing to others!"

And in the shelter of that young girl's "quiet home" where father and mether, brothers, and sisters, upon whose hearts her loving deeds would fall, as the summer sunshine falls upon the earth, welcoming the birds, calling to the flowers.

All around her were souls who needed hourly her councils and administrations of tenderness, and yet she turned away from the sunshine, though lowly duties of the present, and whispered to the future her plaintive, dissatisfied "if."

Ah, reader, these "if's" never accomplish anything! Weak mourning over the past, plaintive regrets for its lost opportunities and wasted hours, never make one better.

And remember, the only way in which you can prove to God the sincerety of your regrets for the past, is to improve the present.

No matter how late it is, nor what you have lost! So long as an hour of life remains to you, so long you have something to do! Turn steadfastly to the work that lies at hand, no matter how small it may be! If you do it in the right spirit it is grand, noble, glorious, and shall be the loom weaving its wedding garment for your soul, in the day when it shall go into the marriage supper of the Lord.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

FASCINATION OF THE SNAKE.

The following story is authenticated by Samuel Beach, a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey, who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance on a large black snake; upon which one of them, an inquisitive imp, immediately resolved to ascertain by experiment whether the snake, so celebrated for its powers, would charm or fascinate him. He requested his companion to take up a stick and keep a good eye on the snake, to prevent evil consequences, while he made a trial of its powers.

This—says Mr. Beech—the other agreed to, when the first advanced a few steps nearer the snake and made a stand, looking steadily on him. When the snake observed him in that situation he raised his head with a quick motion, and the lad says at that instant there appeared something to flash in his eyes, which he could compare to nothing more similar than the rays of light thrown from a glass or mirror, when turned in the sunshine. He said it dazzled his eyes; at the same time the colors appeared very beautiful and were in large rings, circles or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him everywhere else, and his head began to dizzy, much like being over swift running water. He then says he thought he would go from the snake; as it was dark everywhere but in the circle, he was afraid of treading anywhere else; and as they still grew less in circumference, he could not see where to step; but as the dizziness in his head still increased, he tried to call his comrade for help, but could not speak; it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer the center.

His comrade who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left, and at every turn approach nearer the snake, making a strange groaning noise, not unlike a person in a fit of the nightmare, could stand still no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake, which was of the largest size. He that had been charmed, was much terrified and in a tremor; his shirt was in a few minutes wet with prespiration; he complained much of dizziness in his head, attended with pain, and appeared in a melancholy, stupid condition for several days.

A Timely Reproof.

Humor and sharp wit are never put to better use than in answering a fool according to his folly, and we could wish that reproofs like the following were more frequent:

Some five or six years ago, in one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey, there was a young naval officer, who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not but hear every time he swore. At first she bore it with perfect equanimity; then, as it continued, and rather increased in the shocking character of his imprecations, she began to grow fidgetty, and her eyes flashed. We knew a bolt would soon be shot, and that it would *strike* him. It came direct.

"Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?" "Yes," was the answer, in a half unconscious, but slightly sneering tone.

"Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you would greatly oblige *me*, and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you would do it in Hebrew."

I watched him. It had hit. His color came and went—now red, now white. He looked at the young lady, then at his boots, then at the ceiling of the car; but he did not swear any more, either in Hebrew or English, and he probabl remembered that young lady.

Patriarchal Institutions.

Here is an account of the working of slavery in a letter from Beaufort:

In a late visit I made to Dr. Elliott's plantation on Hilton Head, I found a group of six straight-haired, bright-looking mulatto children, seated around the door step of one of the negro cabins, eating ravenously, the boiled sweet potatoes which a decrepid old man was distributing among them, with apparently great solicitude.

The little ones were neatly dressed, which is an exception to the rule, and they were otherwise more attractive than any I had yet seen. I inquired into their history, which at once affords an illustration of a slaveholder's morality and his brother's honesty. "Oh, no, sah! Dese are massa's children," said the old man in reply to my question as to whether he was their grandfather. "Dere mudder name Rose; he lib wid her as he wife, and when he die, some time ago, he make her and de children free." Then he told me that Rose had gone over to Gen. Viele's camp to do washing for the officers; and that she had come with herself and family to the Yankees to escape being sold into slavery by her master's relations. I could not fully understand all that the old man said, but I heard enough to determine me to learn Rose's story from herself, if possible. Yesterday, therefore, I was at Gen. Viele's quarters, and made inquiries after Rose. She was not there, but I was introduced to a young man named Israel, who gave me an intelligible history of Rose and her children. He said that he and Rose belonged to the same master. His name was James Garrard, and his plantation was 4½ miles from Bluffton. It was well stocked with cattle, and some "fifty head of niggers." Mr. Garrard, about eleven years since, wanted to marry a fine lady, but she "kicked him" (Israel's word for rejected) and, in spite, he took Rose to live with him. He bought her in Savannah, expressly for the purpose. "I went with him for her in de buggy," said Israel, and 'fore he pay for she, he bring her home and try if she good cook and make pastry. He find she good stirrin' woman, and he keep her." He added that Garrard had several children by her—two boys and five girls—the oldest of which, a girl about ten years of age, was then living in Savannah. Over a year ago Garrard died, leaving a will which called for the sale of his entire real estate, slaves, cattle, and other property, excepting Rose and his own children, who were manumitted. Out of the proceeds of the sale of the property a home was to be purchased for Rose and her young family, and the balance of the funds was to be placed at interest, of which she was to receive one thousand dollars a year for the support of herself and children, and the remainder was bequeathed to his brother-in-law, Elliott Garrard, of Savannah.

This disposition of the property did not suit Elliott Garrard's views, and he has interposed obstacles to carrying out the provisions of the will. Rose, meantime, has been living on the plantation, where matters have remained comparatively the same as when James Garrard died. After our forces had taken Hilton Head, and when the people of Savannah were in a "big scare," Elliott Garrard went to Rose and wanted her to retreat into the country, somewhere in Barnwell district, but she dreaded that he might sell her, and refused to go. Next day she abandoned her home, took her family, and sought Yankee protection. I am told by those who know Rose, that she is a fine looking, intelligent woman. She is very black, but her figure is perfect, and in her neat mourning dress and bonnet, unless her face is seen, she might be mistaken for as haughty a dame as South Carolina can produce. Her chief attraction, however, is her conversation, which is marked by intelligence respecting the objects of the war, and many other subjects connected with it. She speaks understandingly of her own affairs, the injustice of the executors of the will, and her intention of going North, where her children may have a chance in life, as soon as she can get her other child from Savannah.

In speaking to Israel yesterday, I am afraid I made him uncomfortable for the rest of the day. Said I,

"Do you like stopping here better than on the plantation?"

"Oh! yes, sir," he said promptly.

"What will you do when the soldiers leave here?"

At this question, the look of surprise which passed over Israel's face was irresistibly droll. He finally replied:

"I'd go wi' 'em."

"But suppose they won't let you?" I said.

"Den I jump into de boat."

"Ah!" I answered, "they might put you out again.

It was evident that no such contingency had presented itself to his mind before. He simply ejaculated, with great emphasis, as if overwhelmed with astonishment and fear at the bare idea,

"Christ Almighty!"

I asked him what he was afraid of, and he replied, if "Massa Elliott Garrard catch me, might as well be dead—he kill me, certain." I reassured him of his safety before we parted.

To Mary in—Crinoline.

I am thinking of the time, Mary, when sitting by thy side, and shelling beans, I gazed on thee, and felt a wondrous pride. In silence leaned we o'er the pan, and neither spoke a word, but the rattling of the beans, Mary, was all the sound we heard. Thy auburn curls hung down, Mary, and kissed thy lily cheek, thy azure eyes, half filled with tears, bespoke a spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was then, had ne'er before occurred, when the rattling of the beans, Mary, was all the sound we heard. I thought it was not wrong, Mary, so leaning o'er the dish, as you snatched up a handful of beans I snatched a nectard kiss. And suddenly there came a shower, as I neither saw nor stirred, but the rattling of the beans, Mary, was all the sound I heard.

"Pray, Miss C.," said a gentleman the other evening, "why are ladies so fond of officers?" "How stupid!" replied she. "Is it not natural that a lady should like a good offer sir?"

From the American Agriculturist.

JANUARY.

"'Tis then the time from hoarding cribs to feed
The ox laborious, and the noble steed;
'Tis then the time to tend the bleating fold,
To strew with litter, and to fence from cold,
The cattle fed, the fuel piled within,
At setting day the blissful hours begin;
'Tis then, sole owner of his little cot,
The farmer feels his independent lot;
Hears with the crackling blaze that lights the wall,
The voice of gladness and of nature call;
Beholds his children play, their mother smile,
And tastes with them the fruit of Summer's toil."
HUMPHREYS.

The new year will, we trust, open not so badly, as some anticipated. There has, indeed, been calamity among merchants, some failures, and a great taking in of sail all around, some distress and short work among manufacturers in the early part of the year, but good prospects at the close. We shall always be a trading people, doubtless, but henceforth, we are to make more of our own goods. The debt being incurred by the war indicates a high tariff for many years to come. Almost everything raised upon the farm has ruled lower, but the demand has been steady, and the pay fair, especially for grain. Immense quantities of European gold have come into the country—more, probably, than ever flowed hither in a single year before, and it is now lining the farmer's pocket. He has the metal in his purse, and with many it is entirely a new sensation. The farmer was never more encouraged in his work. Manufacturers will be brisk supplying the hungry market, when the war is over, and that will make a brisk demand for all the farmer's crops near home. The world must have breadstuffs, fruits, beef, pork, cheese, and butter, and while grass grows and water runs, farmers can raise them.

Farmer Hardy is meditating upon these things, as he sits by his Winter fire, after the day's work is done. You see the blaze of his hickory wood, the lamp upon his table, the pile of agricultural books and papers, the pen and inkstand, and the cat purring and dozing at his feet. Like a sensible man, he does not keep dogs—does not believe in them—but believes in sheep. You see he looks amazingly comfortable, though a snow storm is raging without. What does he care. He is PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN for next season. You see farmer Hardy is a middle aged man, and has a good deal of experience in cultivating the soil. He has a great many proverbs at his tongue's end, and you cannot talk with him five minutes without hearing some of these pithy sayings. One of these is, "*take time by the forelock.*" He is doing that now, and making all his arrangements for the whole year. He has learned that he can raise better crops, and make money faster, by laying out his work beforehand. He finds that his brain work by lamp light pays well in connection with the work of the muscles in the corn field, or in the meadow. He has a map of his farm, with every fence, gate-way, pond hole, muck swamp, orchard, and woodland laid down. He knows the enemies he has to contend with—rocks, water, brush, weeds, vermin, and how to marshal his forces, so as to overcome them. He is getting his guns and ammunition ready, and drilling his forces for the great struggle next Spring and Summer. This planning decides between profit and loss, defeat and victory, in the year's operations.

He has no fields that are growing poorer, and running out. He enlarges his plans a little every year, and finds that the soil honors all drafts that he makes upon it. Another of his pithy sayings is, "*more manure,*" and you will find he has planned to make seven hundred loads this year. He wants five hundred for his hoed crops, and two hundred to spread upon his grass land in the Fall and Winter. He will make one hundred in the sty, two hundred in compost heaps out where he is to plant corn, and four hundred in his barn cellar and yard. This involves the carting of a good deal of muck and pet, of which he has always on hand a large quantity, dug a year before. When the ground is frozen, and the wheeling is good, his teams are all busy with the carting.—When it rains or snows he has always work on hand in the barn cellar, or under the sheds, spreading muck and making compost. He hires his laborers by the year, so that they are never out of a job, and have no time to learn bad habits at the store or tavern. There is no difficulty with him in planning profitable work all the while.

He has been increasing the quantity of manure to the acre for several years, and finds he has not reached the limit of profit at fifty loads to the acre. He began with twenty loads, and finds that his corn costs less per bushel with fifty loads, than with twenty. Having five hundred loads of manure for plowed land, he will plant only ten acres to corn, but will get about eighty bushels to the acre.

Farmer Hardy has waked up to the value of roots, the last two years, and he has laid out two acres for field beets and carrots. Cattle do much better upon a variety of food, and a few roots every day give a relish to everything else, and help digestion. He will tell you "*the proof of the pudding is in the eating,*" and point to his cattle as standing arguments in favor of root culture. Tell him that roots are "nothing but water," and he will answer you, "they are beef, veal, milk, butter, and cheese."

He not only goes in for manure and roots, but for draining land now useless. He has been draining swales and wet land for ten years, and has now several miles of tiles and stone drains earning money for him under ground. He finds nothing like them to rout the enemy, water, and to make manure tell. His Winter grain is not winter-killed, on drained fields, and the grass is much heavier, and lasts longer. He is marking another field for drainage this year.

Another of his proverbs is, "*like produces like,*" and you will find he is making out a list of seeds now, for the field and garden. He knows what he has saved pure, and what he must buy, to get the best results from the season's campaign. He carries this maxim into his stock, and by judicious selection, he [illegible] cent. to the annual yield of his cows, in butter and cheese. He has improved breeds of cattle, cows, sheep and oxen, pigs and poultry. He takes prizes at the fairs, and feels comfortable.

Farmer Hardy, with his planning and thinking these stormy winter nights, is a thriving, happy man. He never has a bit of the blues, for he knows just how he stands with the world, and how much he adds to his capital every year. He is not scared by gloomy prospects in the future, poor crops, winter-kill, cattle disease, or heavy taxes for the war. He knows that he makes his campaigning pay against rocks, weeds, water, brush, and other foes, and has no doubt that Uncle Sam is smart enough to vanquish all his enemies, and gain money and muscle by the exercise. With these comfortable convictions for himself and his country, he is likely to have the HAPPY NEW YEAR, with which we cordially salute all our readers.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

At the battle near Springfield, Mo., Capt. Clayton, of the 1st Kansas volunteers, became seperated with his company from the rest of the regiment, and they were approached by a regiment uniformed almost precisely like the Iowa First. Capt. Clayton aligned the company along with the regiment, the latter being evidently as much mistaken as were our boys, and just as he had completed the alignment the quick eye of the officer now noticed a small stripe of red cloth on the shoulders of all the privates, and knew at once he was with enemies. With the greatest coolness he gave the order, "Right oblique, march; you are crowding to much upon this regiment."

The order was obeyed, and by this manœuvre the company soon placed some fifty yards between itself and the rebel regiment, when the adjutant of the latter rode in front. Before he could speak, Capt. Clayton asked him, "What regiment is that?" and received answer, that "it was the 5th regiment, Missouri Volunteers, under Colonel Clarkson, and was fighting on the side of Claib Jackson. Capt. Clayton immediately seized the adjutant by the collar and threw him to the ground; threatening to kill him unless he gave orders not to fire upon the Kansas. The rebel was "game," and instead of doing as requested, gave orders for fire to be opened. As he did so the adjutant was killed by a bullet from Capt. Clayton's revolver. The company succeeded in getting back to their own lines with the loss of only three or four men.

To Let.

There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty—all to let.

There are heads to let; to any new things, to isms, ologies, and ists; heads without a tenant.

There are hands to let. Hands plump and fair; hands lean and brown. Those to love, these to labor; these for rags, and those for rings.

There are consciences to let; elastic and accommodating, caoutchouc; at five per cent. a month, sixty per cent. a year. To let on bond and mortgage, and a pound of flesh.

And so it goes from soul to souls; almost everything to let, almost every thing with its price; everything in the market but griefs. *They* are never quoted, never at a premium, never "to let."

The Christain Soldier.

On the Sunday morning on which the battle of Lake Champlain was fought, the British commodore sent a man to the masthead to see what the Americans were doing on Commodore McDonough's ship. The look-out told him that they were gathered about the mainmast, and seemed to be at prayer. "Ah," said Commodore Downie, "that looks well for them, but bad for us."—And so it proved, for at the very first shot from the American ship, which was a chain-shot, the British commodore was cut in two and killed in a moment. Commodore McDonough was a man of prayer, and brave as a lion in battle. He died as he lived, a simple-hearted earnest Christian.

Irish Wit.

In a jolly company, each one was asked a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit, or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was, "How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole, without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave up, Pat said: "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the party exclaimed, "But how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "that's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" said an Illinois magistrate to the masculine of a couple who stood up before him. "Wall, squire," was the reply, "you must be a green un to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think I'd be such a plaguy fool as to go to the bar hunt, and take this gal from the quiltin' frolic, if I was not conscriptiously certain, and determined to have her? Drive on with your biziness."

A Cockney at Sea.

"I say, Mr. Pilot ain't you going to start soon?" said a cockney on board a steamer lying to during a fog—"As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight overhead now," said the cockney. "Oh, yes," replied the captain, "but we are not going that way."

A vender of hoop skirts was recently extolling his wares in the presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the shopman. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag; "she should be *within* it."

Not long since a premium was offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation, and the latter word by mistake of the printer, having been changed to "irritation," a farmer sent his wife to gain the prize.

AGRICULTURAL.

FARMING CAREFULLY.

Some amateur farmers are very apt to imagine that farming is a very simple business, that requires no reflection, and not the same assiduous attention as other business. They take a romantic view of the subject, drawn from some pictures of Arcadian life, and embracing very little of the practical life of a farmer.

Farming is a business that requires pains taking and prompt attention. Negligence or want of industry will be attended with certain failure. Half doing the thing will certainly be attended with loss of both time and money. People must not sit in their houses and expect their trees to grow apples of gold.

A man should carefully consider the effect of thoroughly breaking his ground. The manner of treating it, in the way of a dressing, and the crops best adapted to the nature of the soil, its being new or old. After t is, he should pursue his system; he should work at it as steadily and systematically as at any other business, and then he will have sure and ample returns. In fact, he will acquire an independence. He will have a farm which is always a certain resource. There is no location in the world, nor any soil which pays better for good farming than this. A farmer is nearly always certain of a good return and at fair prices; but to expect crops without farming, will certainly never produce them, as it is quite as impracticable in this country as any other.

Careful farming has also an important result in raising the value of land.—Where it is well broken up and farmed agriculturally, it always improves in value; and where it is not well improved, it deteriorates in value. Ground in a good condition will always meet with an immediate sale at high price, because it pays; whereas, a poor farm is difficult to sell. We think that any person, upon reflection, will perceive the great advantage of improving his land well.

COMFORTS FOR COWS.

Now that the cold season is upon us, let the cows, especially the milk-givers, have all needful attention. They should be well housed and well fed. The stables should be just moderately warm, well ventilated, clean, and provided with suitable bedding. Aside from the mere matter of food and drink, the animals should be kept comfortable.

Then, as to fodder; part of this, of course, should be straw, and hay, and corn-stalks; but to expect cows to give much milk on such lean fare, is folly.—Favor them with messes of chopped roots, of cut straw, or stalks mixed with meal of some kind. A favorite mess for cattle, with a friend of ours, is this: Cut up hay, or straw, or stalks, in pieces not