RANDOLPH COUNTY JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to Literature, Education, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Local and Foreign News, the Arts and Sciences, Politics, Commercial and General Intelligence

NEW SERIES. WINCHESTER, RANDOLPH COUNTY, INDIANA: THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1859. VOL. 2—NO. 23

Randolph County Journal

IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

BY B. F. DIGGS,

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

OUR TERMS.

For Twelve Months, in advance,.... $1,50

☞ All papers discontinued when the time subscribed for expires.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square 10 lines one insertion,....$1,00
Each additional insertion,..... 25
Quarter column one year,.....25,00
Half " " " 35,00
One " " " 55,00

☞ Legal advertisements must be paid for in advance

☞ Unless a particular time is specified, when handed in, advertisements will be published until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

Business Directory.

TIME TABLE.

Trains pass Winchester going west as follows:

Express Mail at.....1.45 P. M.
Day Express.....8.52 P. M.
Night Express.....6.30 A. M.
Local Freight and Accommod'on.5.40 A. M.
Express Freight,.....1.50 A. M.

Trains going east—

Morning Express.....7.20 A. M.
Mail Train.....1.16 P. M.
Night Express.....12.12 A. M.
Local Freight and Accommo'on .8.52 P. M.
Stock Express.....11.22 P. M.

J. W. WILLIAMSON, AGENT.

CAREY S. GOODRICH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office 1st Floor in New Jail Building.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Strict attention given to the security and collection of claims.

J. B. GOODRICH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office Up Stairs in the New Jail,
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Especial attention given to the securing and collection of claims.

SILAS COLGROVE,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
West Public Square, Winchester, Ind.
Will promptly and diligently attend to all business entrusted to his care.

T. M. BROWNE.] [J. J. CHENEY.
BROWNE & CHENEY,
Attorneys at Law,
Office in the new Jail Building.
Give especial attention to the collection and security of claims.

W. A. PEELLE.] [E. L. WATSON.
PEELLE & WATSON,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law
Office in the new Jail Building.
Will practice in the Circuit Courts, the Supreme Court and the U. S. Court, for the District of Indiana.

W. P. FISHBACK,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public
OFFICE No. 70 E. WASHINGTON ST.,
E. of Odd Fellows' Hall, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dr. D. FERGUSON,
Office at his old stand, cor Main & South St.
Where he may at all times be found unless professionally engaged.

THOS. WARD,
HARDWARE MERCHANT,
Washington st., north of the Public Square.

ROUTH & BROTHER,
RETAIL MERCHANTS,
Cor. Main & Franklin Sts., Winchester, Ind.

W. B. PIERCE,
DRUGGIST,
East Public Square, under Journal Office.

CARTER & HULL,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES & BUGGIES,
On Franklin St., south side, west Meridian.

N. H. WARD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Saddles and Harness,
Shop north Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

John B. Crowley, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Can be found at present at his residence on Franklin street, West of the Public Square.

DR. GEO. O. JONES,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office East part of town,
HUNTSVILLE, IND.
☞ He will always be found at his office unless professionally engaged.

Dr. J. E. BEVERLY,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence in west front of Public Square, immediately west of court house,
Winchester, Ind.

M. A. REEDER,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
Shop on Washington St.,
Opposite the Aker House, Winchester, Ind.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
JOHN T. WATSON,.....PROPRIETOR,
SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF
Sixth and Walnut Streets,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
☞ Board $1 per day.

PALMER HOUSE,
J. D. CARMICHAEL,...Proprietor,
Cor. Washington and Illinois Sts.,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
☞ Fare reduced to $1 50 per day.

PHILLIPS HOUSE,
DAYTON, OHIO.
J. R. HUBBELL,.....Proprietor.
Re-opened September 1, 1857.

C. F. HALL,
SEAL ENGRAVER,
14 West Fourth St.,
CINCINNATI, O.

CITY HOTEL,
J. H. KIRTLEY,.....PROPRIETOR,
South side of Main st., bet. Marion and Franklin, Richmond, Ind. [mar31]

YOUNG & POMEROY,
Importers and wholesale dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
HARDWARE,
No. 15 Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I. O. O. F. Meets every Thursday evening at 6½ o'clock, at their new Hall, on the Public Square

I. O. of G. T. of Winchester, meets every Monday evening of each week at their Hall, on the corner of Main and Washington Streets.

RANDOLPH DIVISION No. 26, Sons of Temperance of Winchester, meets every Tuesday evening of each week, at the Temperance Hall, on the corner of Main and Washington Streets.

God's World is Worthy Better Men.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Behold! an idle tale they tell,
And who shall blame their telling it?
The rogues have got their cant to sell,
The world pays well for selling it!
They say the world's a desert drear,—
Still plagued with Egypt's blindness!
That we were sent to suffer here,—
What! by a God of kindness?
That since the world has gone astray,
It must be so for ever,
And we should stand still, and obey
Its Desolators. Never!
We'll labor for the better time,
With all our might of Press and Pen;
Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,
God's world is worthy better men.

With Paradise the world began,
A world of love and gladness:
Its beauty may be marr'd by man
With all his crime and madness.
Yet 'tis a brave world still. Love brings
A sunshine for the dreary;
With all our strife, sweet Rest hath wings
To fold o'er hearts a-weary.
The Sun in glory, like a God,
To-day climbs up heaven's bosom,
The flowers upon the jewell'd sod
In sweet love-lessons blossom,
As radiant of immortal youth
And beauty, as in Eden; then
Believe me, 'tis a noble truth,
God's world is worthy better men.

O! they are bold, knaves over-bold,
Who say we are doom'd to anguish:
That men in God's own image soul'd,
Like hell-bound slaves, must languish.
Probe Nature's heart to its red core,
There's more of good than evil;
And man, down-trampled man, is more
Of Angel than of Devil.
Prepare to die? *Prepare to live!*
We know not what is living:
And let us for the world's good give,
As God is ever giving.
Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth and Time,
To win the primal age again;
Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,
God's world is worthy better men.

Deeds and Words.

When e'er a noble deed is wrought,
When e'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

[LONGFELLOW.

[From the Parkersburg (Va.) News.]

AN INTERESTING BRIDAL TRIP!

The train from Grafton, due here at 11:40, A. M., under the management of that gentlemanly, amiable, popular and efficient conductor, Capt. Scott, a few days since stopped at one of the way stations, to take on a couple newly married. Both were young, and both were verdant; having been raised in the wilds of Western Virginia, neither of them had ever been fifty miles away from home. They had heard of railways, locomotives, steamboats and hotels, but had never experienced the comforts of any of the afore-mentioned institutions. Jeems and Lize had determined on this, the most important event in their lives, to visit the city and see the world, particularly that portion of it known as Parkersburg. No wonder that they were amazed and delighted when the locomotive, steaming and snorting, with the train of beautiful crimson cars following it, came in sight.

"Those your trunks," said the baggage master.

"Well, I sorter calkilate them's em," said Jeems.

The trunks (a spotted hair trunk and a very old fashioned valise) were soon in the baggage car, followed by Lize and Jeems.

"I'll be darned ef railroads aint a fine thing," said Jeems, seating himself on his luggage and carefully holding up the tails of his light bodied blue, adorned with resplendent metal buttons, out of the dust. "Lize, set here by me."

"Come out of that," said the baggage-man; "you are in the wrong car."

"The h—l I am! D'ye 'spose I don't know what I'm 'bout? These is my traps, and I kalkilate to stay where they ar. Keep quiet, Lize; they say we've got to fight our way through the world anyhow, and if that chap with the cap on wants anything, why, I'm his man. Don't want any of yer foolin' round me."

Here the Captain interposed and explained matters, insomuch that Jeems consented to leave his traps and follow the Captain. What was his delight when he surveyed the magnificence of the first class passenger car, into which he was ushered. His imagination had never, in its wildest flight, pictured anything half so gorgeous. He was aroused from the contemplation of the splendor around him by the shriek of the iron horse.

"Jee whillikens! what in the thunder's that?" exclaimed Jeems.

"That's the horse squeeling when they punch him in the ribs with a pitchfork to make him go along," said a sleepy looking individual, just behind him.

"Look here, stranger," said Jeems, "I 'low you think I am a durned fool, maybe I am, but there's some things I know, and *one* of 'em is, you'll get your mouth broke, ef you don't keep it shet. I don't say much"—just at this moment they found themselves in Egyptian darkness, and then was heard a screrm, almost equal to that of the engine, from Lize, as she threw her arms around the neck of Jeems.

"I know it! I know it," exclaimed the sleepy looking individual; "we're all lost, every mother's son of us.—We can just prepare now to make the acquaintance of the gentleman in black who tends the big fire below."

"O Lord Jeems, what will become of us? I felt skeery about getting on the outlandish thing at first."

"Keep quiet, Lize! hollerin' won't do any good now. Ef you know any prayer, now's your time to say it for both of us."

"What's the matter here?" said the astonished Conductor, coming up as the train emerged once more into light.

"That's just what I'd like to know," said Jeems, when he saw that Lize and himself were still alive.

"We've just passed through Eaton's tunnel," replied our polite Captain.—"How far are you going?"

"Well, I reckon we'll stop at Parkersburg."

"Show your tickets, if you please, sir."

"Sertinly; Lize, you got some with you?—let this gentleamn look at 'em."

Lize drew a piece of whithe paper from her reticule, and, with a smile, handed it to our friend, the Captain, who read:

THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

"What's this?" said the Captain.

"Why that's one of the tickets to our weddin', that's what you asked for, haint it?" asked the somewhat surprised Jeems.

"Whaw! haw! haw! haw! haw!" was the discordant sound that arose from the seat of the sleepy looking individual.

A bland smile passed over the face of the Captain as he explained his meaning to our verdant friend. He had no ticket, but willingly paid his fare, and the train sped on towards its destination. But wonders did not cease here—presently our pert newsboy, entered the car, and, stepping up to Jeems, he rsked—

"Have a Sun, sir."

"Wal, I kalkilate if I have my way about it, the fust *one* will be a son, sartin," said Jeems. Lize blushed.

"Don't count your chickens afore they're hatched," said Biily, as he hastened on to the next car.

In due time the train stopped at the big depot, in this city. Amid confusion of strange noise, and a Babel of discordant voices, our friends landed on the platform.

"Buss, sah? Buss, sah? free for the United States!" said the sable porter of aur up town house. "Lady, take a buss?"

"Wal, I rather 'spose she won't from anybody but me—reckon I'm able to do all in that line she wants, and more too."

"Go to the Swann House, sah?—right crost de street—best house in the city. This way, sah!—any baggage?—have it sent to your room in a few minutes."

In a short time Jeems and his bride found themselves in one of those comfortable rooms on the second floor of that well ordered establishment the Swann House. The baggage was sent up with the usual promptness, and our friends were soon making their toilet for dinner. Jeems had his coat and boots off in a jiffy and Lize's hair fell gracefully over her shoulders.

"That's a duced purty *torsel*," said Jeems, eyeing the bell cord; "wonder what it's fur?" catching hold of it; "look, it works up there on some sort of thingumbob. I'd like to have that torsel to put on my horse's head, on next muster day; see how it works," said he, giving it a pull.

Presently the door opened, and the sable face of one of Afric's sons was thrust into the room, with the inquiry of:

"Ring, sah?"

"Ring! Ring what? you black ape! Ef you don't quit looking at my wife, and make yourself scarce, I'll *wring* your head off."

"Stop a minit," said Lize, "what's the name of the man that keeps this tavern?"

"Mr. Conly, marm."

"Well, tell his lady that she needn't go to any extra fixin's on our account, for we're plain people," said the amiable bride.

"As they used to say in our debatin' society," interrupted Jeems, "I'll amend that motion by sayin' you can tell 'em to give us the best they've got. I'm able to pay for it, and dont keer fur expenses."

"Tee hee! Tee hee!" was the audible response from the sable gent, as he hurried down stairs.

Dinner came, and was dispatched with a relish. Jeems and his bride took a stroll over the city, seeing the lions and other sights, until supper time, which being over they retired to their room. The gas was lit by the servant, who received a bright quarter for his services. Jeems was the last in bed, and according to the rule in such cases, had to put out the light, which he did with a blast from his lungs.

The noise in the street had died away, and quiet reigned in the Swann House. The young man on the watch dozed in his chair. The clerk, (rather corpulent,) was about to retire, when he thought he smelt gas. Some one came down stairs and said he smelt gas. The guests (some of them) woke up and smelt gas. Much against his will the clerk proceeded to find where the leak was. It seemed stonger in the neighborhood of the room occupied by the bride and groom. Clerk concluded to knock at the door of their room.

"Who's there," came from the inside.

"Open the door, the gas is escaping.

"Gas! what gas? said Jeems, opening the door.

"Why, here in this room. How did you put your light out?"

"Blew it out of course."

"You played h—l." Our amiable clerk came very near saying a bad word but remembering that there was a lady in the case, or rather in the bed, he checked his rising temper and having lit the gas, proceeded to show Jeems the mystery of its burning as follows:

"You see this little thing here?—Well, when you want to put it out, you give it a turn this way, and when you want to make it lighter you give it a turn this way. Serious consequences might have resulted if it had not been discovered. Now be careful next time."

"Much obliged. But how the devil did I know the durned stuff was escaping?" responded Jeems.

"Didn't you smell it?" asked the clerk.

"'Pears to me I did smell it;" says Jeems, "but Lize, I'll be durned ef I didn't think it was you, kase I never slept with a woman afore."

"Well, Jeems, I thought it was you smelt that way all the time. I was jest a wunderin' ef all men smelt that way. It 'peared strange, but then I don't know nothing' about it," was the response of Lize, as she turned over for a nap.

The red in our clerk's face grew smilingly redder as it reflected the light from the burning jet, and a roughish twinkle lurked in the corner of his eyes, as he turned off the gas and all was dark, and our friends were left alone in their glory. A sound of suppressed mirth was heard in the reading room for a few minutes, and then all was still.

Dr. Beecher on the Liquor Traffic.

The traffic in ardent spirits is wrong, and should be abandoned as a great national evil. The amount of suffering and morality, inseparable from the commerce in ardent spirits, renders them an unlawful article of trade. The commerce in ardent spirits, which produces no good, and produces a certain and an immense amount of evil, must be regarded as an unlawful commerce and ought upon every principle of humanity, patriotism, conscience and religion, to be abandoned and proscribed. It seems to be a manifest violation of the command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and of various other evangelical precepts. No man can act in the spirit of impartial love to his neighbor, who, for his own personal emolument, inflicts on him great and irreparable evil; for love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Love will not burn a neighbor's house, or poison his food, or blast his reputation, or destroy his soul. But the commerce in ardent spirits does all this inevitably and often. Property, reputation, health, life and salvation fall before it.

The direct infliction of what is done indirectly, would subject a man to the ignominy of a public execution. It is scarcely a palliation of this evil, that no man is destroyed maliciously, or with any direct intent to kill; for the certainty of evil is as great as if waters were poisoned which some persons would surely drink, or as if a man should fire in the dark upon masses of human beings, where it must be certain that death would be the consequence to some.

Can it be denied that the commerce in ardent spirits makes a fearful havoc of property, morals and life? Does it not shed blood as really as the sword, and more blood than is shed by war? In this point none are better witnesses than physicians, and according to their testimony, intemperance is one of the surest destroyers of virtue, health and life.

The consideration, that those to whose injury we are accessory by the sale of ardent spirits, are destroyed also by the pervision of their own free agency—and that the evil is silent, and slow paced in its march—doubtles subtracts, in no small degree, from the keen sense of accountability and crime, which would attend the administration of arsenic, or the taking of life by the pistol, or the dagger—as does also the consideration that although we may withhold the cup, yet from some other source the deleterious portion will be obtained.

But all this alters not the case. He who deliberately assists his neighbor to destroy his life, is not guiltless because his neighbor is a free agent and is also guilty; and he is accessory to the crime though twenty other persons might have been ready to commit the same sin if he had not done it. Who would sell arsenic to his neighbors, to destroy himself, because he could obtain it elsewhere? Who would sell a dagger for the known purpose of assassination, because if it were refused, it could be purchased in another place? We are accountable for our own wrong doing, and liable to punishment at the hand of God, as really as if it had been certain that no one would have done the deed if we did not. The ungodliness in time, and the everlasting ruin in eternity, inseparable from the commerce in ardent spirits, proscribe it as an unlawful article of traffic. Who can estimate the hatred of God, of his word and worship, and of his people, which it occasions? or number the oaths or blasphemies it causes to be uttered? or the violations of the Sabbath, the impurities and indecencies, violence and wrong doing, which it originates? How many thousands does it detain every Sabbath-day from the house of God—cutting them off from the means of grace and hardening them against their efficacy! How broad is the road which intemperance alone opens to hell, and how thronged with travelers!

Here is an article of commerce spread over the land, whose effect is evil only, and that continually, and which increases an hundred-fold the energies of human depravity, and the hopeless victims of future punishment. Drunkenness is a sin which excludes from Heaven. The commerce in ardent spirits, therefore, productive only of evil in time, fits for destruction and turns into hell, multitudes which no men can number.

I am aware that, in the din of business, and the eager thirst for gain, the consequences of our conduct upon our views, and the future destiny of our fellow men, are not apt to be realized, or to modify our course.

But has not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and of that which is to come? And can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars, and widows, and orphans, and crimes; which peoples the graveyard with premature mortality, and the world of wo with the victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the victim, and put an end to the traffic in ardent spirits. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stones from the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam out of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house?—and who would live in it? What if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upwards, through all the halls and chambers, bablings, and contentions, and voices, and groans, and shrieks, and wailings, were heard, day and night? What if the cold blood oozed out, and stood in drops upon the walls, and, by preternatural art, all the ghastly skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building—who would rear such a building? What if, at eventide, and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance were dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received their bane—following the track of the ship engaged in the commerce—walking upon the waves—flitting athwart the deck—sitting upon the rigging—and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans, and loud laments, and wailings! Who would attend such stores? Who would labor in such distilleries? Who would navigate such ships?

Oh, were the sky over our head one great whispering gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and wo which intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us, from beneath, the wailings of the damned, whom the commerce in ardent spirits had sent thither—these tremedous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation.

But these evils are as real as if the stone did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it; as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall; as real as if the ghostly forms of departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries, and, with unearthly voices, screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailings of dispair to come up from beneath.

Humboldt's Funeral—Speech of Gov. Wright.

The Berlin correspondent of the N. Y. Herald sends the following account of the funeral of Humboldt, and Gov. Wright's speech before the Geographical Society in regard to it. The Governor appears to be improving in his rhetoric among the savans of Berlin, for his remarks are excellent in tone and feeling and expression:

"The funeral of Alexander Von Humboldt took place yesterday morning with all the solemnity due to the obsequies of so illustrious a man.—The procession moved from his modest dwelling in the Oranienburg strasse which such of your readers as have passed through Berlin, will undoubtedly reccollect, along the Friedrichs strasse and the Lindus to the Dome or Cathedral, the burial place of the Kings of Prussia. The coffin was followed by the nephews and great neghews of the deceased, the Ministers of State, and the *corps diplomatique*, immediately after whom came the American residents in Berlin, about twenty in number, to whom the post of honor was assigned, and who appeared in deep mourning, with black scarfs around their arms. They were succeeded by deputations from both Houses of the Legislature, the Academies of Science and Arts, the University, and Schools, the Municipal Council of Berlin, and numerous other corporations and societies; and a dense crowd of spectators lined the streets through which they passed. The shops were closed and all business suspended, the whole population joining in this tribute of respect to the greatest man that city has ever produced. At the cathedral the *cortege* was received by the Prince Regent, and several other members of the family, and by the Superintendent General, Dr. Hoffman, who read the funeral service in a highly impressive manner, and after singing the famous German hymn, "Jesus my trust," the swelling tones of which rose grandly through the air from the lips of the assembled thousands, the immense multitude dispersed in profound silence and with countenances full of serious and sober thought, to their respective habitations. In the evening the remains of the illustrious dead were conveyed to his family seat at Tegal, about four miles from this city, where they will repose by the side of his brother William, and where future ages will no doubt witness many a pious prilgrimage to the tomb of one whose name will not die until science itself is no more.

"On Saturday, at the meeting of the Geographical Society, an institution founded under the auspices of Humboldt, and which has always been favored with his especial patronage, Professor Ritter, the distinguished author of the "Allgemeine Erd Kunde," pronounced a brief eulogium on the transcendant services he has rendered to geography and natural history. After M. Ritter had concluded, Gov. Wright begged to unite his sympathies with his German brethren on this occasion. "We ask," he said, "to mingle our tears with yours at the loss of the greatest of earth's sons.—The great, good and beloved Humboldt's memory we shall ever cherish and the news of his death will be received throughout every portion of North America, and by all classes of our people, with the deepest emotions of regret. He belonged to no country, and his age is not counted by years. Truly he has lived many centuries—long centuries in thought and knowledge. From his uniform kindness to all Americans, his association with our institutions in their infancy, and the sincere interest he ever manifested in our success, we almost feel he was one of us.

"'Two months ago, mingling with twenty of our countrymen, on the anniversary of the father of our country, with the folds of the glorious banner of our United Republic—the stars and stripes—encircling his venerable brow, he said, "I am half an American."—More than fifty years ago he was the friend and associate of Jefferson, Hamilton and Madison, and those who laid the foundations of our great and happy Union. He well understood the principles of our government, and from that day until his death he watched with deepest interest every step in our progress. Baron Von Humboldt believed in progress, in the elevation of humanity, and in the improvement of the social and political condition of man. He had faith that a brighter day of knowledge, of liberty and virtue was yet in store for the human race. The intelligent sun of two hemispheres has gone down, and we weep the loss of the King of the vast realm of Knowledge."

"The death of Humboldt will be a severe blow to the King, who has always been much attached to him, and great caution will have to be observed in breaking it to the unfortunate Prince whose minds is now so enfeebled that the slightest agitation is sufficient to upset him."

Persecutions of the Methodists in Texas.

[From the Central (St. Louis) Christian Advocate.]

Our readers have been duly and fully advised of the alarming state of things on our Southern border. The terrible storm has been brewing for several months. The Central Advocate has often been arrested and suppressed by officious postmasters and other hirelings of oppression. Our ministers and members have been narrowly watched by vigilance committees and pro-slavery spies in general. At the late session of the Arkansas Conference, held in Texas, a mob was gathered and set upon Bishop Janes and the worshipping congregation on the Sabbath day. Of this shameful affair, and those who figured prominently in it, a full account is in our paper. Since the adjournment, the storm cloud has thickened. The most violent measures are being adopted against our preachers and people, in conformity with the advice of the Texas Advocate, for their extirpation from the State. Our poor brethren are hunted down like beasts of the forest. They are threatened with death if they dare to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A number of our preachers have been compelled to flee for their lives. Others remain, endeavoring to keep the little flock together, but go on with their very lives in their hands.

The Rev. Wm. Butt, presiding elder of Texas District, is en route for his field of labor, but a terrible reception seems to await him. A friend, writing to us, says:

"Father Rewley has gone to his circuit, but it is doubtful whether he ever returns to his family again; for as the bloodhounds howl for the blood of the fugitive slave, even so do these fiends of oppression thirst for his blood."

What a spectacle is here. An aged minister of our Lord Jesus Christ, of unblamable life, who has served, for a number of years, as presiding elder, in Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, who served as representative in the last General Conference, and who, for many years, has proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ upon the frontier, that he is to be hunted down and murdered without the slightest provocation, except that of being a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church on slave territory. What the result of this awful onslaught is to be, God alone can foresee. That our friends, our Christian brothers and sisters, there are exposed hourly to the tortures of martyrdom, is now placed beyond dispute. When we read the letter of our friend, our soul was filled with grief and sympathy. We ask the Church—the *entire Church*—to join us in earnest, importunate prayer, for our suffering brothers and sisters and their bitter persecutors.

Would it not be well for our Bishops to announce a day of fasting and prayer for our suffering brethren? Might we not memorialize the Governor of Texas to protect our people? If this is not sufficient, let us take some further steps to secure the recognition of the rights of our people as American citizens, and as law abiding Christians?

We merely suggest these thoughts for the consideration of our churches at large.

Perhaps it would be better to address the Governors of the several States, asking their official and fraternal interposition through the Governor of Texas, for our protection. Surely we shall not be denied the common rights of American citizens.

Frederick Douglas on Wm. Jay.

Frederick Douglas delivered an address on the life and character of Wm. Jay, at the Shiloh Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, in the course of which he said:

"Only one qualification would I mention of the memory of a man so honored that it confers honor upon those who seek to honor it. It is this. I, and you my friends, wear that hated complexion which he never hated.—I have worn the galling chains which he labored to break. Who but the black man should weep when the blackman's friend is no more? While other rights may be denied us, while we may not share in building tombs to great men, surely no man will shut out from us the offices of love and gratitude. Of one thing we may feel assured that whatever may be thought of our meeting in the worlds about us, that pure spirit which did not disdain us when on earth will look down from its celestial abode with favor; and we will not refuse the only offering that a fettered people have to bring. The Press, the Pulpit and the Bar have made honorable mention of his death. Religion has dropped a tear upon his grave. The Society to which we belonged has summoned the eloquence of the Rev. George B. Cheever to tell his worth. In this procession who have a better right to join then we? His mightiest works were for us, and we have a right to cherish his memory as our best legacy. The name of Mr. Jay will hereafter be associated with Wilberforce and Clarkson. To them it was granted to see the result of their toils, to see Britain so free that not a slave can breathe on her soil and be a slave. Not thus with our friend. He saw the great cause of emancipation advancing in importance so as to fully justify his prophesy of its final success. He died an honest man—an honest Abolitionist."

Smoking a Cause of Insanity.

The terrible ravages which tobacco is making on the bodies and minds of the young, seems to be attracting the attention of medical men in various parts of the world. The Dispatch says:

"In a pamphlet just issued by Dr. Seymour, of London, on Private Lunatic Asylums, and the causes of insanity of late years, the Doctor denounces with emphasis as one of the producing causes the practice of immoderate smoking indulged in by boys and young men at the Universities and "larger schools now called colleges." He says that youths in their teens smoke forty or fifty cigars daily, and that boys twelve years of age may be seen early in the morning walking the streets with cigars in their mouths. The Doctor's remarks are as applicable to the youths of this country as to those of England. No one conversant with disease can doubt that excessive smoking, especially in the case of young people, must be highly injurious to both mind and body. Its effect is to depress the circulation—the heart becomes weak, irregular in its action, and the pulse is scarcely to be felt.—The victim becomes irresolute and nervous, his appetite fails, and his mind fills with imaginary evils.—This may continue for years, but at length the smoker dies, often suddenly; then examination has shown that the muscular structure of the heart is imperfect in its action; the left side is thin, and in some cases, in which sudden death has occurred, there has been found little more than a strip of muscular fiber left on that side. The question of restraining boys from smoking is rather a difficult one to deal with, but the grave interests at stake seem to demand that some action should be taken in the premises."

Rights of Married Women—And the Wills of Rich Men.

The Cleveland Herald makes the following very just comments upon the rights of married women:

"Talk about a man having a right to do what he will with his own! A husband's property is as he is. She, if not directly, at least indirectly, has been as influential in accumulating that property as the husband has, and certainly has had it in her power, had she so chosen, to have kept him a beggar all his life. If the words of cheer, when the horizon looks dark; if the words of caution, when speculation is rife; if the words of hope, when calamity comes; if the words of prudence, when prosperity comes, could be measured by dollars and cents, every husband would lay the bulk of his fortune at the feet of his wife, as an act of naked justice, for her instrumentality in shaping his pecuniary destiny. It is downright cruelty to provide in profusion for a wife's wants during coverture, and—through thoghtlessness or recklessness—leave her at the husband's death in poverty. It is the height of meanness in a man who dies rich, to attempt to hamper his widow so that she shall not have an abundance, and have it, too, absolutely her own, to do with it what she sees fit. Married women have too few "rights" while their husbands are living, and assuredly husbands should not seek to reach out of their graves to control their widows."

☞ 'You would be very pretty indeed,' said a gentleman patronizingly to a young lady, 'if your eyes were only larger.'

'My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't *fill them*.'