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PROPRIETORS.

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The Little Frock and Shoes.
A little frock but slightly worn,
Of blue and white delaine,
With edging round the neck and sleeves,
Lay folded neat and plain;
Beside a little pair of shoes,
With here and there a flaw,
Lay half concealed among the things
In mother's bureau drawer.

Summer had passed away from earth,
With its sweetest ties;
The birds had left their summer haunts,
For more congenial skies;
The twilight breezes softly played
Among the downy flowers;
An angel left his home on high,
To gather flowers for Heaven.

The angel near and nearer came,
Where sister, sick, did lie;
Then gently fanned her faded cheek,
And pointed to the sky.
The morning came upon the bed,
The Autumn wind blew free--
The angel moved his silver wings,
And whispered, "Come with me."

We gathered round her dying bed,
With hearts to weep and pray;
And now among the stars as it was,
When sister went away.
No bitter tears had she to weep,
No sighs to be forgiven;
But closed her little eyes in sleep,
To open them in Heaven.

We laid her in the earth's green breast,
Down by the village green;
Where gently sleeps the dewy grass,
And summer flowers are seen;
And often when dear mother goes
To get her things to use,
I see her drop a silent tear,
On sister's frock and shoes.

THE OLD HOME.
BY E. N. H.

The withered leaves fell thick and fast upon the willow path that led me to my childhood's home--the old stepping-stones, the shady trees and crystal fountains were there. I found my favorite willow path unchanged; the water trickled down the stones as it was wont to do of yore. On I passed over the old bridge up the hill through the gate, each step bringing up vivid memories of the past. Nature is as beautiful as in my childhood days, but I, alas, am changed! Years have gone by and left their traces on my brow; and now, with feeble steps and slow, onward I go to gaze upon the spot that gave me birth. No familiar faces greet me, no kind hands are stretched to welcome me. O for some quiet spot in which to weep the bitter, burning tears that well up from the fountain of an aching heart! What visions crowd upon me here! Each step I take is treading on the past. Faint shadows of loved forms glide these halls, their memory coming to me like pleasant dream. Here, in the old kitchen, by the fireside, our joyous group were wont to gather at eventide. What pleasing memories linger here! The hours of toil and weariness have fled, and only cheerful looks and laughing faces are thought of now. Here in the parlor, day after day, the Holy Word was read, and the song of thanksgiving and the voice of prayer were heard. There is our father's place and here our mother's chair was wont to stand. Here, in years gone by, holy vows were spoken; and here, O yes, I well remember where the sainted dead were laid, and mourners gathered round to weep and take a last adieu. And now I come, a pilgrim and alone, and find each cherished spot desecrated by strangers' tread; and I must wander forth and tread my childhood's haunts again, and breathe the pure fresh air, and drink in strength to bear the changes time has wrought. The old seat beneath the shady tree is gone; the garden spot looks wild and desolate, wild grass is tangled through the bushes, and where my flowers were wont to bloom rank onions grow. The barn is full of sweet corn, but hay and clover. I open the little gate and wander on over the wide fields, and gaze upon the far-off blue hills that bound my home; there, where the shadows used to fall, they linger still, and the deep blue of the mountains mingles with the cloudy sky. These old wood-crowned hills, how I have loved them, when they bounded in my world of hope and love; and how I love them still, and ever shall till memory fail. But where are they, the loving and beloved, that were around me then? Some, like me, are wanderers--some amid the wilderness, some on the briny deep, and in prairie land far away; and some of the beloved ones sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Alone I sit in the old seat in the little meeting-house; and wander through the long weeds that grow among the tomb--all, all is desolate. Alone, and with the dead! But even here I may not weep in peace; strange eyes must watch my bitter grief; sadly I wander on, in vain I seek one little grave to pluck a blossom there. But yet I sit low next to those who have no hope. In the better land, in my unchanging home, I shall find my lost again. Farewell, my long-loved home, I am bidding thee a last adieu.

Yes, my heart is almost breaking,
While a last adieu I'm taking,
How my heart with anguish swells!
While the birds are sweetly singing,
And the echoes wildly ringing,
Through the woods and sunny dells.

Where the murmuring streamlet flows,
And the wild wind gently blows
Through the branches of the trees;
Then, in days of grief and sadness,
Without fear of grief or sadness,
I have listened to the breeze--

Listened while it swept around me,
With a breath that ever bound me,
Still rejoicing to be glad;
Glad the future ever beameth,
With a light that brightly gleameth,
How can youth and hope be sad?

Hope, bright hope, thou hast departed,
Here I wander broken-hearted,
Sad and dreary and alone;
There is not one voice in gladness
Cometh now to break the sadness,
Now with the music of its tone.

Hope, with all I loved and cherished,
From thy dear old haunts has perished,
And I may not linger here--
May not stay to dream of changes,
Which the true, fond heart prizes,
From the friends it once held dear.

Why, then, should I linger longer?
Even though thy ties were stronger,
Must surely break the spell.
One last look, and then I leave thee;
Yes, although it deeply grieves me,
I must say a last farewell.

Why may we expect dry times in Washington after the Fourth of March? Because there will be a Sucker in the White House.

THE DEACON'S DILEMMA;
OR,
The Use of the Beautiful.

Deacon Tilden had the squarest, neatest white house that ever showed its keen angles from the dusky clumps of old lilac bushes. In front of it stood, on each side of the doorway, two thrifty cherry trees, which bore a bushel each every year. Excepting the aforementioned lilac trees, there was not a flower or shrub round the place. Rose bushes the Deacon thought rotted the house, and the honeysuckle which his wife painted to train over the porch was torn down when the painters came, and, on the whole, the Deacon said, "What was the use of putting it up so long as it did not bear any thing?"

By the side of the house was a thrifty, well-kept garden, with plenty of currant bushes, gooseberry bushes and quince trees--and the beets and carrots and onions were the pride of the Deacon's heart; but, as he often proudly said, "every thing was for use"--there was nothing fancy about it. His wife put in timorously one season for a flower border--Mrs. Jenks had given her a petunia, and Mr. Simpkins had brought her a package of flower seeds from New York--and so a bed was laid out. But thrifty Deacon soon found that the weeding of it took time that Mrs. Tilden might give to her dairy, and so it really troubled his conscience. The next spring he turned it into his corn field, and when his wife mildly intimated her disappointment, said placidly, "After all, 'twas a thing of no use, and took time"--and Mrs. Tilden, being a meek woman, and one of the kind of saints who always suppose themselves miserable sinners, specially confessed her sin of being inwardsly vexed about the incident in her prayers that night, and prayed that her eyes might be turned off from beholding vanity, and that she might be quickened in the way of minding her word.

The front parlor of the Deacon's house was the most fragrant of neatness that ever encouraged the eyes and heart of a visitor. The four brick walls were gilded with any engraving or painting, or of any adornment but an ordinary wall paper and a framed copy of the Declaration of Independence. On each of the three sides stood four chairs--under the looking-glass was a shining mahogany table, with large Bible and an almanac on it--and a pair of gold, glistening brass andirons illustrated the fire-place. The mantelshelf above had a pair of bright brass candlesticks with a pair of snuffers between--and that was all. The Deacon liked it--it was plain and simple--no nonsense about it--every thing for use and nothing for show--it suited him. His wife sometimes sighed and looked round, when she was sewing, as if she wanted something, and then sang in the good old psalm--

"From vanity turn my eyes;
Let no corrupt desire
Or ostentatious desire
Within the heart of mine."

The corrupt design to which this estimable nation had been tempted had been the purchase of a pair of Parian flower vases, whose beauty had struck her heart when she went with her butter and eggs to the neighboring city--but recollecting herself in time, she had resolutely shut her eyes to the allurements, and spent the money usefully in buying loaf sugar.

For it is to be remembered that the Deacon was fond of good eating, and prided himself on the bounties of his wife's table. Few women knew better how to set one--and the snowy bread, golden butter, clear preserves and jellies, were themes of admiration at all the tea tables in the land. The Deacon did not mind a few cents in a pound more for a nicer ham, and would now and then bring in a treat of oysters from the city when they were dear. These were comforts, he said--one must stretch a point for the comforts of life.

The Deacon must not be mistaken for a tyrannical man or a bad husband. When he quietly put his wife's flower patch into his corn field, he thought he had done her a service by curing her of an absurd notion for things that took time and made trouble, and were of no use; and she, dear soul, never had breathed a dissent to any course of his long enough to let him know she heard. He laughed in his sleeve often when he saw her so tranquilly knitting or shirt making at those times she had been wont to give to her poor little contraband pleasures. As for the flower vases, they were repented of--and Mrs. Tilden put a handful of spring anemones into a crocked pitcher and set it on her kitchen table, till the Deacon tossed them out of the window--"the couldn't bear to see weeds growing round."

The poor little woman had a kind of chronic heart sickness, like the pining of a teething child, but she never knew exactly what she wanted. If she ever was sick, no man could be kinder than the Deacon. He has been known to harness in all haste and rush to the neighboring town at four o'clock in the morning, that he might bring her some delicacies she had a fancy for--for that he could see the use of; but he could not sympathize in her craving desire to see Powers's Greek Slave, which was exhibiting in the want of stum images?" he wanted to know. He thought the Scripture put that thing down--"Eyes have they, but they see not--ears have they, but they hear not, neither seek they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them." There was the Deacon's opinion of the arts; and Mrs. Deacon only sighed, and wished she could see it, that was all.

But it came to pass that the Deacon's eldest son went to live in New York, and from that time strange changes began to appear in the family that the Deacon didn't like; but as Jethro was a smart, driving lad, and making money at a great pace, he at first said nothing. But on his mother's birthday, down he came and brought a box for his mother, which, being unpacked, contained a Parian statuette of Paul and Virginia--a lovely, simple little group as ever told its story in clay.

Every body was soon standing round it in open-mouthed admiration, and poor Mrs. Tilden wiped her eyes more than once as she looked on it. It seemed a vision of beauty in the desolate neatness of the best room.

"Very pretty, I s'pose," said the Deacon, doubtfully--for like most fathers of spirited twenty-three year olders, he began to feel a little in awe of his son--"but dear me, what a sight of money to give for a thing that after all is of no use!"

"I think," said Jethro, looking at his mother's sufficed eyes, "it is one of the most useful things that has been brought into the house this many a day."

"I don't see how you're going to make that out," said the Deacon, looking apprehensively at the young Wisdom that had risen in his household.

"What will you wager me, father, that I will prove out of your mouth that this statuette is as useful as your cart and oxen?"

"I know you've got a great way of coming round folks, and twitting them up before they fairly know where they are; but I'll stan' you on this question, any way." And the Deacon put his yellow silk bandanna over his bald head, and took up his position in the window seat.

"Well now, father, what is the use of your cart and oxen?"

"Why, I could not work the farm without them, and you'd all have nothing to eat, drink or wear?"

"Well, and what is the use of our eating, drinking and wearing?"

"Use? why, we could not keep alive without it."

"And what is the use of our keeping alive?"

"The use of our keeping alive?"

"Yes, to be sure, why do we try and strive and twist and turn to keep alive, and what's the use of living?"

"Living--why, we want to live; we enjoy living--all creatures do--dogs and cats and every kind of beast. Life is sweet."

"The use of living, then, is that we enjoy it?"

"Yes." "Well, we all enjoy this statuette, so that there is the same value to that that there is in living; and if your own and carts and food and clothes, and all that you call necessary things, have no value except to keep in life, and life has no value except enjoyment, then this statuette is a short cut to the great thing for which your farm and every thing else is designed. You do not enjoy your cart for what it is, but because of its use to get food and clothes--and food and clothes we value for the enjoyment they give. But a statuette or a picture, or any beautiful thing, gives enjoyment at once. We enjoy it the minute we see it--for itself, and not for any use we mean to make of it. So that strikes the great end of life quicker than any thing else, don't it? Hey, father, haven't I got my case?"

"I believe the pigs are getting into the garden," said the Deacon, rushing out of the front door.

But to his wife he said before going to bed, "Isn't it amazing the way Jethro can talk? I couldn't do it myself, but I had in me though if I had his advantages. Jethro is a chip of the old block."--Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the Independent.

The Duel and the Settlement.
The public is pretty nearly tired of talking and hearing of the duel, and of the thousand rumors that have distorted it into all manner of absurdities, but as a careful chronicler of passing events, we must record the conclusion, as we have the progress of the affair. The Cincinnati Gazette of yesterday, contains a full account of it, from which we condense the material portion:

Passing over the wet morning, and the weary hunt for the battle ground, we came to the scene, when the parties arrived on the ground. By the time we had all reached the appointed place, with the scouts and stragglers who had fallen into line on the road, (every cabin and shanty contributing its quota, and Newport being prettily well represented,) the audience had swollen to about one hundred, a liberal sprinkling of whom were neighboring "agriculturalists" and persons engaged in breaking stone on the road, mostly in their shirt sleeves. No objection was made to their presence, as they were evidently too numerous and determined to hold their position, to undertake to disperse.

The place selected was on the bank of the Ohio, above "California," and up a "hollow" a short distance from the road. The crowd all stopped in front of a cabin nearby, where, between the blazing fire inside and the firing up done outside from black bottles, they took ample precautions against colds and rheumatism.

Moody and his party having been misled as to the place, had not arrived when we got there, although they had started first in the morning, but very soon thereafter made their appearance. Something had been forgotten by them too, however, and in driving back to town in hot haste to attend to it, Moody's second ran into a stump, the result of which was a beautiful drive over the dash board, head foremost, into the soil; but the softness thereof prevented any other damage than the soiling of his wardrobe and complexion.

And, as if everything was determined to go wrong whether or no, just at this stage of the affair two other *faux pas* were discovered. In the hurry of leaving Jethro's tavern, one of Hoffman's party had forgotten their rifles, and, as if to offset this, Moody's surgeon had not yet arrived, having, as we afterwards learned, been misdirected, like the others, as to the ground. A messenger was immediately dispatched to scour the country for him, and another after the missing rifles. There were a couple of rifles on hands, but for some reason or other it was deemed requisite to have a relay.

In the meantime, as is usual in such cases, a last effort was set on foot to bring about an adjustment. While this was going on, Hoffman lounged around, chatting freely with friends and strangers, and Moody stood on the bridge over the run, a few yards below, engaged in conversation with his friends, and exhibiting so little evidence of concern that no one could have picked him out from the most casual spectator. He was reserved and uncommunicative to strangers, his confidences being almost entirely with those he knew, and with the parties engaged in the affair. If the principals expected to fight--and we are quite sure the seconds and advisers fully expected it when they went on the ground--this certainly displayed great nerve and self-possession. The report started by some persons, after the affair was over, that Moody displayed trepidation, is the very reverse of the fact. There was not a spectator on the ground cooler and more collected than he was, and while his demeanor was modest, reserved, and perfectly free from ostentation, the indications of firmness, determination and pluck were unmistakable.

The second of Moody was George P. Buell, of this city, and of Hoffman Col. Walker, of Indiana; Moody's surgeon, Dr. Duke, of Covington; Hoffman, Dr. Fries, of Cincinnati. The weapons were short, heavy rifles; the distance to be seventy-five yards the first fire, and after that sixty yards. Hoffman's brother, and his uncle, Cyrus L. Dunham, of Indiana, were present, the latter gentleman having come for the purpose of

endeavoring to reconcile the difficulty between the parties.

Mr. Moody's surgeon shortly made his appearance, and every thing was in readiness awaiting the result of the final negotiation between their respective friends.

But it so happened in this as in many other "last chances," that negotiation on the field proved successful after all previous efforts had failed. It had been claimed on the day before that Mr. Buell's views stood in the way of a settlement, which several advisers had decided would be honorable to both parties, and a strong appeal having been made to him not to insist upon the position he had taken in opposition to the result, he concluded to withdraw, and Col. Milroy of Indiana took his place, and the matter was then negotiated between the seconds and Col. Jones and W. G. Terrell, of Newport, who had taken an active interest from the start in effecting an adjustment. They soon agreed upon a plan of settlement; the correspondence to be published as a vindication to both parties. What the terms were we did not learn, but as the correspondence will probably reach us in time for this issue, it will explain itself.

Upon the result becoming known, "grim visage" was smoothed, his wrinkled front, "not so divers and sundry persons in the crowd. Some pretty hard swearing followed the announcement; not very loud to be sure, but deep and emphatic. They had been up all night, paid extra carriage hire and toll, got soaked through and through with the rain, seriously damaged their wardrobes, and all to see the thing settled without a shot. They thought a compromise without a shot was intensely stupid, and swore the belligerents ought to have been allowed to take one pop at each other anyhow. Grimly they turned their faces homeward--chopfallen, out of sorts, dripping with rain and mud, and generally disgusted. The only regret expressed by the writer of this, was in the spoiling of his "Sunday-go-to-meeting" which he unfortunately had not time to change before starting--in his ardent endeavors to serve the public. The next day he attends, he will go in duck-hunting costume.

While on their return to Newport, the principals were arrested by the Sheriff, and held to bail in the sum of \$1,000 each for their appearance for trial one week to-morrow.

The correspondence from the beginning to the end of the affair follows this narrative in the Gazette, but we have no space for it, and the adjustment on the field was made by a complete assurance of it to start with, it is not material to an understanding of the attitude of the parties in the reconciliation. The following is sufficient on this, the main point:

MILROY RES. CALK. Ky., Monday, 7:40 A. M., Feb. 11.

GENTLEMEN--Your principals are now upon the ground, and the hostile meeting agreed upon immediately impending. Feeling it our duty to present bloodshed, if possible, the undersigned to their mediation. Will you consent to a suspension of proceedings, and permit us to examine the grounds of controversy, and ascertain if an amicable arrangement of the difficulty is practicable. General Lytle, who joined with us in a similar request last evening, is unavoidably absent.

Respectfully,
THOS. L. JONES,
W. G. TERRELL.

Col. JOHN C. WALKER,
Geo. P. BELL, Esq.

This proposition was accepted in the following terms:

I accept the above proposition. I desire to say here, in justice to myself, that, as I was last evening, where I could not confer with my principal upon a similar offer was made, I felt compelled to decline it.

GEORGE P. BELL.

The above proposals having been accepted to by Mr. Buell, I, as the friend of Mr. Hoffman, do not feel at liberty to decline it.

J. C. WALKER.

The correspondence was thereupon placed in the hands of Col. Jones and Mr. Terrell. They first proposed that all the correspondence should be withdrawn, and that proceedings should begin at once, and in a different mode from that which had been proposed; but this proposition was declined. At this juncture, Mr. Buell announced his resignation as Mr. Moody's official friend, on the ground that his former connection with the matter, with the views entertained by him, would probably embarrass negotiations for a peaceable adjustment of the difficulty. Col. Milroy was substituted in his stead. A considerable time was then occupied with hearing verbal explanations of points not fully set forth in the correspondence, when the mediators drew up the following paper, and submitted it to the friends of the parties as a basis of settlement.

TERMS OF SETTLEMENT.
From an examination of the correspondence between Hon. Horace Hoffman and Hon. G. C. Moody, submitted to us, and from other sources of information, we understand the grounds of controversy to be as follows: In the course of debate, in the Indiana House of Representatives, Mr. Moody was understood to reflect upon the memory of the late Gov. Willard, a political and warm personal friend of Mr. Hoffman, in connection with the location of the County Seat of Newton County; and, subsequently, in debate, he charged Mr. Hoffman, by implication, with being a traitor to his country; and that Mr. Hoffman, in reply, used the language which furnishes the ground of the pending affair.

A charge that Moody was implicated in certain fraudulent land speculations has been withdrawn in the correspondence.

It is our opinion that Mr. Moody should first declare that he did not mean to charge the late Gov. Willard with corruption, and if so understood, he entirely disclaims it; and that the charge of being a traitor, which Mr. Hoffman conceived was applied to him, by implication, was hastily spoken and not seriously intended to convey the full force of that term, and that he has no hesitation in withdrawing it. And then Mr. Hoffman should withdraw the offensive language complained of.

THOS. L. JONES,
W. G. TERRELL.

The terms of settlement contained in the above proposition are agreed to by us.

R. H. MILROY,
In behalf of G. C. Moody.
J. C. WALKER,
In behalf of Horace Hoffman.

From all this it appears that the settlement made after so much time, excitement and difficulty, is precisely that which could and should have been made at the start. Moody agreed to withdraw some offensive allusions to Gov. Willard, and to admit that an allusion to Mr. Hoff-

man might justify an offensive inference beyond his real meaning, all of which he could easily do, without doing more than cooling the excited language of a debate to a sober statement. Then Mr. Hoffman agreed to withdraw all the language which led to the difficulty. And so it ended. Mr. Moody's language did not seem to us to warrant the fierce personal assault made upon him by Mr. Hoffman, particularly as the language was meant in a political and not a personal sense, and as similar and even harsher language had been used by others to whom Mr. Hoffman was not retort, or more that contained any insulting language, but if Mr. Hoffman deemed it worthy of such a return he is of course entirely consistent in detecting its withdrawal a justification of his own retraction. With our view of the provocation the exchange of retractions appears to be slightly unequal. But the settlement reflects far more credit on the parties, even if made in the face of the "twenty pound rifles," than a fight could do, but it is much to be regretted that it wasn't made before any numerous for rifles had issued. The record shows that but for the interference of the Kentuckians there would have been a fight, and this fact may satisfy both parties and their friends, that there is no suspicion of fear in the settlement.

The report that Moody had declined to fight after reaching the ground, which was said to have been sent here on Monday by one of the friends of Hoffman, was a gross misstatement of the facts, as the above account shows.

It is not long since authors and poets started in garrets, while butchers and brewers had the gut and apron--that was what alluded them respectively. It is much changed now--and authors in some places outrank bakers and brewers. There is yet a great preponderance of stomach over brain with some people--of course not in this town, though.

It is frequently the case that a man taking a simple weekly or two, or perhaps but a dollar monthly, or a ten cent Sunday school paper, can't afford to take any more papers, it costs so much to live, he must curtail, when if he would take some of his *cars* just behind his ears, or forego his tobacco and cigars, or his beer or whiskey, or frolics or shows, he would have money enough, perhaps, to buy forty papers.

Men with hands to work, and heads with a spoonful of brains, ought not to make such pitiable excuses, when papers can be had almost for the price of grubs and lampblack. The idea of a family growing up now--days without the educating influences of the daily history of the times, is horrible. While on this point, the following dialogue comes well into play:

Publisher--Well, friend, my office expenses are large, and I am short to-day, can you render me some assistance?
Subscriber--Well, sir, how much is my bill?
P--It is now six dollars.S--I want to know! It's a good paper, and I ought to have been paid before.P--If you can assist me now, we'll say nothing of the past. It will be a great favor to me at the present time.S--I can't do anything for you; I have no money.P--But I need it very much; I have obligations which I must meet, and I trust you will make a little extra effort to assist me.S--I am sorry that I cannot, but it takes every cent I can earn to live--

P--And to buy cigars, you should add, as I see you frequently smoking.S--They don't cost much.P--More perhaps than you are aware. How many do you smoke in a day?
S--Not generally more than three.P--What do they cost apiece?
S--Only three cents--that's nothing.P--Nothing, is it? Three cigars at three cents apiece, nine cents per day, \$32.85 per year. Do you call that nothing?
S--Is that so? Well, who would have thought it?P--You pay more than thirty dollars a year for cigars, and have no money to pay your paper bill, not even two dollars to pay the publisher for a valuable paper. Now, friend, is this right?
S--No, sir, and (throwing away his cigar) I'll never smoke another till my paper bills are paid.P--I hope not then, sir.S--I hope not too; at any rate your bill shall be paid next week.P--All right, sir, success to you. I must hasten to see those who can assist me now.Good day, sir.S--Permit me to thank you for calling my attention to the subject in the manner you have. I never thought of it so before.P--If every one thought of it as you do now, more paper bills would be paid, and fewer cigars smoked.S--You're right, and there is one man who will be profited by what you have said, and I wish that you would publish this conversation, that others may be profited who have not heard it.P--I will do so. Good day, sir.From the Indianapolis Journal, 15th inst.

Hon. Horace Hoffman.

This gentleman, in his session speech made the other day in the Legislature, made the following plea for the extension of Slavery into our Territories:

"For twenty-five years our ears have been filled with cries of commiseration for the black man. Go to the streets of your own Indianapolis, Chicago, Philadelphia, or New York, in the depth of winter, see the poor white children there shivering and starving; yes, and stealing a miserable crust from the tombs of New York, that they may get a shelter and something to eat. So it is that thousands upon thousands in our own cities pine in want, misery and wretchedness. Go, sir, to my own town, and see there what I have seen. When in depths of mid winter the factories were frozen up, or closed, and no work to do, you might see the child, from eight to fourteen, upon the streets begging for work, that he might earn enough to keep body and soul together."

Wherefore Mr. Hoffman would argue that Slavery is right and ought to be allowed to go into our Territories. Because the poor children of Indianapolis, Chicago, Philadelphia, or New York, in the depth of winter, steal pittance that the officers may lock them up in their jails, there they ought to be sold into Slavery, where their masters will care for them.

Is not this your argument, Mr. Hoffman? If not, then why bring into your speech the poor white children of your own town?

There are poor children, Mr. Hoffman, in all countries, whether free or slave! It is a fact that vagabond fathers will beggarly children. Slavery or no Slavery. But the poor white children of Indianapolis, or your own town, do not spring from Freedom and Free Institutions, as do the Sand-Hillers and big bellied dirt-eaters of South Carolina and Georgia, from Slavery.

Please no among the white laborers of the South, Mr. Hoffman, before making your