ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

By James Reed. Independent in all things. $1 50 in Advance.

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JOB PRINTING.

of every description attended to on call, in the most tasteful manner.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

FARMERS' BANK OF ASHTABULA. OFFICE HOURS From 9 A. M. to 12 M. and From 1 to 3 P. M.

Physicians.

DR. J. C. HUBBARD, Ashtabula, O. 51

DR. M. KINGSLEY, Homeopathist, Kingsville, O. Having had several year's experience, he feels himself competent to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call. Office, Main street, nearly opposite of Esq. Rockwell. References—Homeopathic Medical Faculty Cleveland; Drs. Geo. Z. Noble, Dundee, N. Y.; O. E. Noble, Penn Yan, N. Y.; H. B. Dale, Fond du Lac, Wis. 537

O. P. M'DONALD, Physician and Surgeon located opposite John Mansfield's Clothing Store, Main street, Ashtabula, O. 573

A. BARRETT, Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, second floor Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 468

G. W. FOSTER, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Geneva, Ohio. 462

Attorneys.

SHERMAN & FARMER, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 471

CHARLES BOOTH,—Attorney and Counseller at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

W. B. CHAPMAN,—Attorney at Law—Justice of the Peace, Commissioner of Deeds for Michigan and Iowa. Office three doors east of the Tremont House Conneaut, O.

M. B. GARY, Attorney and Coun elor at law Seneca, O. All business entrusted him will be promptly attended to.

Hotels.

THE AMERICAN HOUSE, at the Depot has just been put in order, and being conveniently and pleasantly situated, with good accommodations for man and beast, is a good stopping place for travelers, or those from the interior having teams to be cared for while during a temporary absence by the Railroad. S. MOWRY, Proprietor. Ashtabula, July, 1860. 553

FISK HOUSE—Ashtabula, O.—E. G. Gleason, Proprietor. An Omnibus running to and from every train of cars. Also, a good livery-stable kept in connection with this house, to convey passengers to any point. 488

AMERICAN HOUSE—John Thompson—Jefferson, Ohio.

ASHTABULA HOUSE,—Robert C. Warmington, Ashtabula, O.

JEFFERSON HOUSE—S. McIntyre, Proprietor, Jefferson, Ohio 488

Merchants.

STEPHEN HALL—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Lasts and Shoe findings, and general Merchandise, 2 doors South of the Bank. 543

A. HENDRY, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Dye Stuffs, &c. Choice Family Groceries, including Teas, Coffees, &c. Patent Medicines. Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purposes. Physician's prescriptions carefully and promptly attended to. 514

PRENTICE & OSBORN, General Dealers in Provisions, Produce, and so forth, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 471

EDWARD H ROBERTS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ladies' Cloaks, Furs, Skirts, Corsets, Choice Groceries, Shelf Hardware, crockery, &c., &c., Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, O. 419

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., &c. next door South of Ashtabula House, Ashtabula, O. 16

J. P. ROBERTSON,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, and every other class of Goods usually looked for in a First Class Country Store. Courtesy and fair dealing are the inducements offered for a share of public favor. Main street, Ashtabula Ohio.

ROOT & MORRISON,—Dealers in Dry Goods Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Post Office Building Ashtabula. 419

GEORGE WILLARD,—Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, manufacturer of ready-made Clothing. Also, wholesale and retail dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron Steel, Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula.

WELLS & FAULKNER,—Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit and Flour, Ashtabula, Ohio. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the Lowest cash cost. 470

Watches, Jewelry, &c.

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, opposite the Fisk House, Ashtabula, O. 416—

Clothing.

L. WOLFF & CO. Dealer in Ready-made Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods. Ashtabula, O. 544

BRIGHAM & CO., Wholesale and retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c. Ashtabula. 419

Agents.

H. FASSETT, Agent for the Purchase, Sale, & Renting of Real Estate, Insura ce, Negotiating Loans, Collection of Debts, &c. Property sold for Commission only, and no sale no charge. A sale, direct or indirect, constitutes a commission. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, Notary Public. 470

Manufacturers.

GEORGE WILLARD, Manufacturer of Sash Blinds and Doors, on hand and made to order. Also, Planing, Matching, etc., done to order in the best possible manner, Ashtabula, O. 503

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY.—J. W. Wagner having purchased the Foundry of John B. Galpin, will keep on hand at favorable prices, stoves, Plows, Plow and Mill Castings, and sinks, & attend to repairing, and setting up stoves and Plows. Orders for Castings and most kinds of foundry work executed with promptness. Near the Sash Factory, Ashtabula, Ohio. 499

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Dealer in Hardware, Iron, Steel and Nails, Stoves, Tin Plate, Sheet Iron, Copper and Zinc, and manufacturer of Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper Ware, Fisk's Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 470

T. M'GUIRE, Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware. Strict attention paid to making, setting up and repairing Stoves, Stove-Pipe, Pumps and Lead Pipe, Eve-Troughs, Conductors, etc. Old Iron, Rags, Copper, Lead, etc., etc., taken in Exchange. Also—Sole Agent for the "*Brilliant Cook Stove*," with the latest improvements—3 doors South of the Fisk House Ashtabula, O. 48

B. TOWER & SON, Machinists—builders of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines, Saw, and other Mill Work, and Jobbing and Repairing done to order, on short notice, and in a workman-like manner, south Main st. Ashtabula. 570

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing and Matching and Scrowl-Sawing done on the shortest notice. Shop South side of the Methodist Church, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, and Manufacturer of and Dealer in Shingles, Lath, Fence Stuff, &c. &c. Planing, and Circular Sawing done to order. Elm street near the corner of Center street, Ashtabula. 416

OLMSTED & CROSBY, Iron Founder, and manufacturer & Dealer in Plows, Plow Castings, Mill Castings, &c. Most descriptions of Foundry Work done to order Ashtabula, Ohio. 99

SMITH & CARLISLE,—Manufacturers of Sole Upper and Harness Leather, and Dealers in French Calf, and Lining Skins. Cash paid for Hides and Skins. W. W. Smith. 543 F. W. Carlisle.

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano Stools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc Depot on Park street, Ashtabula. See advertisement. 416

J. E. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Books, Fine Stationery, Toys, and Fancy Articles, a his Bazaar and Curiosity store, next door north of the Fisk House. Main street, Ashtabula. 470

J. G. WRIGHT, Dealer in Millinery Goods Worked Collars and Sleeves, and Fancy Goods. Next door to the Fisk House. 470

Books.

M. G. DICK, Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer. Also, Dealer in Sheet-Music, Toys, and General Variety Goods, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 462

Furniture.

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of a Dealers in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also general Undertakers, and manufacturers of Coffins to order, Main street, North of South Publ c Square, Ashtabula. 419

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, steam establishment, North Main street, near the office of Drs. Farrington & Hall. Ashtabula, O. 41

Livery Stables

H. F. & J. C. CULVER, have removed to the Fisk House Stable, where they offer to the citizens of Ashtabula the use of the best equipped Livery Stable in Ashtabula County, at prices that range but just above the living standard. Call and see. Nov. 1, 1860. 567

Miscellaneous.

CHARLEY HARRIS, THE BARBER, is located under the Fisk House, where he is gathering golden opinions for the unequalled ease and comfort of his shaves, the luxury of his champooning, and the unsurpassed taste and fashion of his hair cutting. If you doubt it, give him a call. Ashtabula, Nov. 1, 1860. 567

D. S. WILLIAMS, Wholesale dealer in Straw Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Parasols, &c., 105 and 107 Chambers st., and 89 & 91 Reade st., New-York.

SAMUEL HUMPHREY is now offering Good Building Lots cheaper than ever, and at prices within the reach of almost every one. See advertisement. 530

TELEGRAPH OFFICE—Western Union is removed to the Drug Store of Hendry & Copeland, corner Main and Center Streets, three doors south of Fisk House J. M. ALLEN, Manager. 467

A. RAYMOND,—Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubbery, &c., Penfield, Monroe County, N York. Orders solicited.

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables. Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruits, Tomatoes, &c. East Ashtabula, Ohio. 43

W. R. ALLEN,—Book Binder—Books and Magazines bound in any style desired. Blank books made and ruled to order. Jefferson, O. 470

WILLARD & REEVES,—Dealers in Italian and Rutland Marble, Grave Stones, Monuments, Table Tops, &c., Ashtabula.

LIME.—I shall sell Lime at the Harbor for 25 cts per bushel. 480 J. W. HILL.

TIME TABLE OF THE

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD

Passenger Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.					GOING WEST.			
MAIL.	C. E.	Acm	N Ex	STATIONS	N Ex	Acm	MAIL.	D. E.
A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
9.25	4.05	4. 5	9.00	Cleveland,	4.38	9.10	1.46	4.20
10.26	5.02	5.54	10.01	Painesville	2.39	7.52	12.44	3.20
10.48		6.22		Madison,		7.23	12.19	
		6.28		Unionville,		7.15		
10.59		6.37		Geneva,		7.04	12.06	
P. M.		6.48		Saybrook,		6.51		
11.21	5.40	7.01	10.53	Ashtabula,	1.45	6.3"	11.47	2.24
11.33		7.17		Kingsville,		6.22	11.33	
11.48		7.35	11.17	Conneaut,		6.00	11.12	1.4
12.44	7.5		12.10	Erie.	1.18		10.00	12.50

Trains do not stop at Stations where the time is omitted in the above tables.

All through Trains going Westward, connect at Cleveland, with Trains for *Toledo, Chicago, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianopolis, &c.*

And all through Trains going Eastward, connect at Dunkirk with the Trains of N. Y. & E. R. R., and at Buffalo, with those of N. Y. Central, and Buffalo & N. Y. City Railroads, for *New York, Albany, Boston, Niagara Falls, &c., &c.*

A. C. HUBBARD, Station Agent.

Cleveland, 13, 1861.

Care for them Tenderly.

'Care for them tenderly,'
Send back our dead,
Who for their country's cause
Nobly have bled.
Send us our loved ones,
Who in Spring's bloom
First on the battle field,
First found their tomb.

'Care for them tenderly,'
Smooth from each brow,
Fair, o'er which loving hearts
Cannot pass now.
Straighten each manly form,
Close the dark eyes,
Clothe them in robes of white,
Fit for the skies.

Care for them tenderly,'
And as they come
Lower their much loved flag,
Muffle their drum.
Send up your prayers for them,
Let tear drops fall,
Scatter fresh laurel leaves
Meet for their pall.

'Care for them tenderly,'
Then shall be given
Mute thanks from broken hearts,
Blessings from Heaven.
Mercies unnumbered
Shall rest on the head.
Of those who shall tenderly
Care for the dead.

From the New York Independent

"The Old Dominion."

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Virginia is the oldest of the still surviving British colonies in North America—the only one that dates back to the lifetime of Shakespeare. It was by far the largest and most populous of the thirteen that unitedly threw off the domination of the mother county and achieved their independence by the Revolutionary War; and though it contributed far less to the success of that struggle, whether in men or means, than Massachusetts—less in proportion to its resources than any of its northern confederates—the world will not forget nor the public cease to be grateful to the state which gave to the cause of Independence the tongue of Patrick Henry, the pen of Jefferson, and the sword of Washington. And though, at a later period, Virginia herself turned her back on Washington, opposed his Administration, and rejected her chivalrous Gen. Morgan as a candidate for Congress because he still trusted in 'the old Chief,' ('old *horse*,' I believe was, Morgan's more familiar but less decorous expression,) the country will long hold in grateful remembrance the philosophy of her Madison and the judicial ability and purity of her Marshall.

The genius of her patriotic statesmen, combined with her material greatness and her central position, long secured to Virginia a leadership in the Union. The name and influence of her Washington were probably more powerful than those of any other in cementing that Union by means of the Federal Constitution. That Constitution was not adopted by her without a struggle was less vehement and its issue at all times less doubtful than in the kindred case of New York, or even in that of Massachusetts. And Virginia, which so gallantly aided in launching the bark which bore and still bears the fortunes of the Republic, was not ungenerously requited by her sisters. Of the first five Presidents, four were her honored sons; another of them gave consistency and dignity to our institutions by his long, illustrious career as Chief Justice; and a Virginian has held a place in nearly every Cabinet prior to the present. Alas that a line which began with Thomas Jefferson should end with John B. Floyd!

If power, and office, and political prestige, were the main elements of greatness in a commonwealth, Virginia should have remained to this day the foremost State in the Union. That they are not, her decline and fall attest. New York, which ranked fifth in 1790, has now more than double her population and treble her wealth; Ohio, which had not a civilized inhabitant when Great Britain acknowledged our independence, is now far ahead of her in every element of power; Illinois, which dates back barely forty years, has outstripped her in the race to greatness. Massachusetts, a mere speck beside her, surpasses Virginia to-day in wealth, in industry, in production, in freemen, and is only outnumbered by her through the process of counting as men for one purpose those whom she insists on regarding (and having *us* regard as chattels for another. The state whereof Washington and Jefferson were proud remains where they left it, its scenery as varied and romantic as ever, its area as magnificent, its undeveloped resources as vast, its climate as genial, its rivers as bounteous and beneficient; but its glory has departed, its empire has passed away.

What is the cause of its decay? Why is it that, when every year sees new pilgrims wending reverently to the Rock of Plymouth, and proud hearts annually gathered in almost every American city to do honor to 'Forefathers' Day,' no society commemorates the Landing at Jamestown, and hardly a footstep prints the grass which covers the site of that extinct village? Why is it that bounteous Nature refuses to harvest to the soil which was so fertile under Washington's enlightened culture, and that ruined houses and abandoned fields so thickly greet the traveler from Washington to Richmond?

Carlyle, in his Letter on International Copyright, suggests that Rob Roy's capital mistake was a supposition that he could obtain his beef cheaper by 'harrying' the Lowlands for cattle than by buying them for honest coin in the Grassmarket. A grave mistake, doubtless—but is there, in essence, any other? Is not every road to wealth or comfort but that of honest industry practically one with Rob Roy's?

To one who luxuriates in laziness and has no idea that the moral government of God extends to every act and thought, the device of Human Slavery naturally seems one of the happiest and most convenient which the wit of man ever contrived. To sit idly in the shade and watch another plow and hoe in the fierce sunshine—digging and striving not for his own profit but for that of the well-pleased denizen of the shade—to be nursed at the breast a sable 'mammy' whose own child is foredoomed by law to wait on his foster-brother through life, delving to support him in idleness and fairing coarsely to maintain him in luxury—what could be more agreeable than this, if life had no moral purpose and the universe no God? Then might iniquity be as profitable as it often seems convenient, and Virginia still first among states—as prosperous and powerful as in the days of her great departed.

A careful statistician computes that 'the Mother of States' *has, within the last half century, received more for her own flesh and blood than the full present value of her citizens' property, land and slaves included.* In other words, all the products of her past industry have been eaten up by her people, leaving only the proceeds of the annual sales of her children as the net result of her two hundred and fifty years' existence as a commonwealth. Instead of fitting out her emigrating progeny, like New England, with an education, and a religion, and some humble share of this world's goods, she has taken them to the auction block and sold them, putting the proceeds coolly into her pocket, and preparing to renew the process next year, or so fast, at least, as her human stock shall have become marketable. If the Father of Lies were not the poorest sort of paymaster, how rich she must have become long ago!

But he has served her as (in the long run) he serves all his devotees, and 1861 finds her poor, declining, heavily in debt, with an exhausted soil, an uneducated population, a disheartend industry, and a constantly declining weight in the councils of the Republic. Secession—Rebellion—a forcible disruption of the ties that bind her to the Union—an appeal from the sway of constitutional majorities to the law of the strongest—from Congresses and Supreme Courts to the red right arm—such is the desperate resort whereby Virginia seeks to retrieve her bankrupt fortunes. May He who is rich in mercy lead her by a way she has not known out from the land of darkness and bondage into the glorious light of perfect liberty, overruling her suicidal madness to her utter deliverance from all chronic oppression and injustice, causing her waste places to break forth into singing, and her wildernesses to blossom as the rose!

The Prospect of a Fight.

The farther we get along in this war the more it becomes apparent that if our troops engage the rebels at all, it will be because they can run fastest and when they have overtaken the foe after a sharp race. A detachment of our force advanced upon Grafton, one of the points in Virginia held by the secessionists, & as they approached, instead of resisting them, the rebels fled without firing a gun. Brave fellows, these scions of the F. F. V's! but, with all their boasted prowess and superiority, they exhibit, in an extremity, more fleetness than pluck. We fear that Gen. Scott has made a mistake in not enlisting more cavalry in this campaign, if he hopes to engage the enemy. Troops on horse-back may overtake the southern braves, but men on foot, loaded with the accoutrements of war, will stand a poor chance in the race that is set before them. It will be a sad disappointment, if the Northern boys are deprived of a good opportunity to show the 'chivalry' what kind of stuff they are made of, and a bitter day for the rebels when they meet the soldiers of the government face to face in hostile array. No better army ever entered the field in behalf of any cause, and none ever fought with a better will than inspires the defenders of the stars and stripes in this contest.

From the Michigan Farmer.

"Nobody's Business."

BY MRS. P. A. CROZIER.

'It's nobody's business whether I send my boys to school or not! They are my own and I have a right to do with them as I please!'

The speaker was a rough, uncouth-looking person, long, unbrushed hair, and uncut beard, with a countenanace that showed plainly how appropriate was the name he bore.

'No man has a right if he can avoid it, Mr. Hardman, to thrust upon society a family of uneducated children. They are a curse to any enlightened community.'

'Mr. Noble, not one of my father's children attended school more than six months; and, if I say it, there are no men in town who pay more taxes than Benjamin, John and Julius Hardman. Curse to the community! I wonder how these same schools that you talk about would be supported if their hardcarned dollars didn't pay half the teachers' wages every year. That grand school house too, that you pride yourself so much on, was half built out of our pockets.'

'But, Mr. Hardman, do you think the property of a nation should educate the people of a nation?'

'No, sir! It's unjust, its outrageously unjust, to make folks pay for educating other people's children. Let them as want a school support it.'

'But your family need it, as much as any other. You certainly must give those boys of yours a chance for learning. You will be held responsible if you don't'

'Who will hold me responsible? I ask to know. As I said before, its nobody's business!'

'Neighbor,' said Mr. Noble, 'what was your farm worth when you came here?'

'I paid twenty dollars an acre for it, all down in sold gold!'

'How long ago was that?'

'Fve years.'

'What would you ask for it now?'

'Why, as farms are selling, I suppose it would be worth about fifty dollars. I should not like to take less.'

'You have made no great improvements on it since you purchased.'

'No but the price of real estate has advanced wonderfully here since then. There's Jones who bought about the same time I did for $1,000, and he has just sold his farm for $2,000

'What has caused this increased value in real estate?'

'Well, you know the land around here wasn't thought to be worth anything a few years ago. It had been run awful hard, and folks thought a good crop of wheat could'nt be raised on it. When Mr. Harris bought that old farm of Lee's, nobody supposed he could make a living on it. But when he got in and turned under clover and brought up his land a little, and succeeded in raising twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, the rest of us began to think our farms might be made to raise better crops. So we followed up his plan and did as well as he did. Of course when we found we could raise something we set a high price on our land.'

'Harris is an intelligent man—why did he purchase this light worn land, in preference to that rich loam down the river where he talked of buying at first. Surely he could get rich faster there.'

'Yes, but he said the people down there had no enterprise; there wan't no schools there, and he wanted to live where he could send his children to school.'

'So the school facility of this neighborhood led him to settle here!

'Yes, and Messrs. Brown, Wells, Solimon, and a dozen others have come in here on the same account, and those who have sold seeing how things were going, have asked a great price for their farms, and got it too, and the rest of us, of course won't sell any lower than they have. Wilson offered me $40 an acre last week, but I told him there was no use talking; I shouldn't sell under $50.

Then it seems that the advance in the value of land may be referred primarily to the building of that new school house on that corner. An enterprising and intelligent class of farmers has been attracted here by it, and these same men understand the principles of agriculture, and restoring this barren soil to fertility. They are also building up a society which is ren-tering the neighborhood a still more desirable place of residence, and hence real estate is likely to advance in value more.

'I think so; catch me selling for forty dollars. It's all the land is really worth for farming, but farmers around me are selling for fifty, and I may as well have the benefit of the rise as any one.'

'You paid one hundred dollars tax towards building the school house!'

'One hundred dollars. It come hard tho' I tell you, neighbor Noble, to take a clear hundred out of my pile of wheat money. I paid it, but I'll never send a chick or a child to school."

'You're only wronging yourself, friend Hardman.'

'Wronging myself or not, I'll not submit to such injustice without a protest.'

'But the building of the school house and the consequent incoming of a better class of people, has doubled the value of your farm within four years. I don't think it was a very bad thing for you—not very unjust neighbor.'

Mr. Hardman was a little confused, but reassuring himself by the affirmation that he had helped to build the school house, and that was enough; that those who wanted the school house should support it; that rich men ought not to be obliged to educate other people's children.

'But,' said Mr. Noble 'suppose the school should be given up for lack of means to sustain it, would not real estate in the vicinity again decrease in value? People would reply. when interrogated with regard to the matter, that there were no schools there, that the neighborhood was gradually running down. The more intelligent if unable to effect a change, would sell out and leave, and those who remained would very likely find themselves in a few years, poor men again.'

'But come, Mr. Hardman,' he added 'go along to school with me—I was going to visit it this afternoon; perhaps you will feel more interest in it after you have spent a few hours there.'

'Spent a few hours there! No, sir! I can't waste my time in that way. I've got to go down to the village this afternoon. Rather expect a chance to trade off Billy. Wouldn't lose a good chance any how, can't think of winterin' on him again.'

'Can't you spare your boys to go this afternoon? There are to be some exercises in which I think they would be very much interested.'

'Got to dig potatoes; no, I don't want' em to get any school notions in their heads.

'I am sorry you feel so, Mr. Hardman. Your boys have capacities which if properly developed, would render them eminently successful in life. As they are going on, I see little that is plesaent in their future.'

"Mr. Noble, as I have said before, Iv'e been successful, an' my brothers has been successful; I reckon my boys will do as well. Tim can drive as sharp a bargain now as I can, and Joe wont be far behind. They'll make their way in life without any of your book larnin'—I'll take care o' that; and I don't ask of my neighbors to interfere with me in my plans. As I have said it's none of their business what I do with my own children. They're old enough to work now, and they've got to ern their own living'."

"I fear, neigbor, that you will sometime have reason to regret your present course of action," said Mr. Noble, turning sorowfully away.

Mr. Hartman was obstinate; and he had no further hope of influencing him to educate his children.

CHAPTER II.

"Jim and Joe Hardman both in State Prison! How does it happen?"

"Jim was committed as a burglar three years ago, and Joe was only sent there last week for horse stealing. He has been a hard case a long time though, and John is not much better."

'How are the other boys coming on?'

Bill ran away to sea a year ago, and has not been heard from, and I have just heard that Mr. Hardman has been obliged to settle up a large bill which Jack made at the tavern last winter. Prospect is that the old man will be obliged to disinherit the boy soon, or loose all his property. In fact I presume it will go soon any way, and he has taken to drinking himself, and some say to gambling also. He feels rather downhearted since his boys have turned out so badly, and I suspect he is trying to drown his troubles. I feel sorry for the old man, he always meant well.' 'Meant well, but certainly failed to do well. Had his children received the education which they should have had, his old age might have been blessed in their respectability and usefulness. As it is, his grey hairs will go down with sorrow to the grave.

A Quaker's Retaliation.

In a certain English parish a Quaker barber received some time ago a note for church rates, five shilling and sixpence. He called upon the clergyman of the parish and said:

"Pray, friend, what dost thou mean by this note?"

Mean! Why, it is for the church rate, don't you see?

"Yes, friend: but what is that for?"

"Why, for the repair of the church, and for the maintainance of public worship, to be shure?"

"Well, friend, but what have I to do with that? I don't attend thy church?"

"Oh, that don't signify; the church is always open, and it is your own fault if you don't come? Besides, it's the law, and you must pay."

'Friend, I take leave to tell thee that I think that a very unjust law that obliges me to pay a minister and a religion which I do not attend. Fare thee well.'

A few days afterwards, the barber, by way of straightening accounts with the parson, sent his reverence a note. 'Debtor to Timothy Salters, for shaving and hair cutting, five shillings and sixpence.' The receipt of this note by the parson very quickly brought him to the shop, in no good humor either.

'What do you mean by sending me this bill? You never cut my hair, nor shaved me in your life.'

'Nay, friend, but thou knowest my shop is always open, and it is thine own fault if thou dost not come to be shaved.'

The President and Gen. Scott.—A Washington letter says the President looks better than he did two months ago. The horrors of civil war are not so bad as the horrors of office seeking, and he stands Jeff Davis better than he did the army of applicants for custom houses and post-offices. Gen. Scott has recovered from his indisposition, and although suffering from a slight paralysis of the back, which makes it difficult for him to walk, his mind is as vigorous as ever, and he performs an amount of labor that might break down a younger man. There are constantly before his quarters about twenty horses, all saddled and ready for a start, and every few minutes couriers are going and coming with orders and reports. He does not seem to agree with those Southern men who, unsuccessful in bribing him, have turned round and declared he has lost his faculties. He said the other day to some friends—'This is my last campaign, gentlemen, and it shall be my best.'

The Ruling Passion is war!—Editors are not expected to publish much else than the progress of military preparation—the reports of conflicts and the marches and marshaling of armies. Farmers, Merchants, Mechanics, Professional Men, all are absorbed in the progress of the contest now raging between North and South. Every man, woman and child seems to feel the long impending crisis is now in a fearful manner testing the stability of the government, the strength of the Constitution, and, more important than all the *patriotism* of the people. The great North powerful in wealth, population, & the essential resources of grain and provisions, comes up to the defense of the inheritance bequeathed by their fathers, in solid phalanx, and lay upon the alter of their country, in almost prodical superabundance, millions of dollars for defence, backed by the stout hearts, the strong arms and indomitable wills of twenty millions of freemen.

Speech of Gen. Butler at Washington.

Maj. General Butler, while stopping at the National, received a complimentary serenade, at night, from his Massachusetts friends then in Washington. The music was by the Marine Band who never performed in better taste and spirit.

It having become known about town that Butler was at the National, crowds thronged there to see him, and his room was besieged by visitors until late in the night. Although much exhausted, he received them kindly and heartily. Some two thousand people collected in and about the hotel.

In response to the serenade and cheers of the crowd, Gen. Butler spoke as follows:

Fellow Citizens:—Your cheers for the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts are rightly bestowed Foremost in the rank of those who fought for the liberty of the country in the Revolution, were the men of Massachusetts. It is an historical fact to which I take pride in now referring, that in the Revolution, Massachusetts sent more men south of Mason and Dixon's Line to fight for the cause of the country, than all the Southern Colones put together; and in this second war, if war must come, to proclaim the Declaration of Independence anew, and as a necessary consequence establish the Union and the Constitution, Massachusetts will give, if necessary every man in her bo ders—aye, and women! [Cheers.] I trust I may be excused for speaking thus of Massachusetts; but I am confident there are many within the sound of my voice whose heart beats with proud memories of the old Commonwealth There is this difference, I will say, between our southern brothers and ourselves, that while we love our State with the true love of a son, we love the Union and the country with an equal devotion. [Loud and prolonged applause.] We place not "State's right" before, about, above or beyond the Union. [Cheers.] To us our country is first because it is our country, [three cheers] and our State is next and second, beause she is a part of our country and our State. [Renewed applause.] Our oath of allegiance to our country, and our oath of allegiance to our State, are interwreathed harmoniously, and never come in conflict or clash. He who does his duty to the Union does his duty to the State, and he who does his duty to th State does his duty the Union. —"one and inseparable, now and forever." [Applause.]

As I look upon this demonstration of yours, I believe it to be promoted by a love of the common cause, and our common country—a country so great and good; a Government so kind, so beneficient, that the hand from which we have only felt kindness is now for the first time raised for chastisement. [Applause.] Many things in a man's life may be worse than death. So to a Government there may be many things such as dishonor and disintegration, worse than the shedding of blood. [Cheers.] Our fathers purchased our liberty and our country at an immense cost of treasure and blood, and by the bright heavens above us, we will not part with them without first paying the original debt and interest to this date! [Loud cheers.] We have in our veins the same blood as they shed; we have the same power of indurence, the same love of liberty and law. We will hold as a brother him who stands by the Union; we will hold as an enemy him who would strike from its constellation a single star. [Applause.] But I hear some one say, "Shall we carry on this fratricidal war? Shall we shed our brother's blood and meet in arms our brothers of the South?" I would say, "As our fathers did not besitate to strike the mother country in the defense of our rights, so we should not hesitate to meet the brother as they did the mother." [Sensation.] If this unholy, this fratricidal war is forced upon us, I say, "Woe, woe to them who have made this necessity. Our hands are clean, our hearts are pure; but the Union must be preserved!"

Gen. Butler was interrupted here by an intense cheering. When silence was again restored, he continued:

At all hazard of money, and, if need be, every life this side the Artic regions, [Cheers.] If the 25,000 Northern soldiers who are here are cut off, in six weeks 50,000 will take your place; and if they die by fever, pestilence, or sword, a quarter of a million will take their place, till our army of the reserve will be women with their broomsticks to drive every enemy into the Gulf. [Cheers and laughter.] I have neither fear nor doubt of the issue. I feel only horror and dismay for those who made the war. God help them! we are here for our rights, for our country, for our flag. Our faces are set South, and there shall be no footstep backwards. [Immense applause]. He is mistaken who supposes we can be intimidated by threats or cajoled by compromises. The day of compromise is past.

The Government must be sustained, [cheers,] and when it is sustained we shall give everybody in the Union their rights under the Constitution, as we always have, and everybody outside the Union, the steel of the Union, till they shall come under the Union. [Cheers, and cries of "Good, go on."] It is impossible for me to go on speech-making; but if you will go home to your beds, and the Government will let me, I will go South fighting for the Union, and you will follow me.

Gen. Butler closed amid loud cheers; the band played some national airs, and "Home, Sweet Home," and after more cheers the crowd dispersed. Gen. Butler, on retiring to his room, was warmly congratulated by numerous friends.—*N. Y. Times.*

Slavery and the Laws of war.

Since some of our army officers have set up the rule that the right of property in men is so much more sacred than any other right of property that our loyal soldiers from the North must interfere to restore fugitives to rebels against the Government, even to those who have in their hands millions of property robbed from the government, the following extract from a speech made in the House of Representatives by John Quincy Adams, April 14th, 1842, on apprehended war with Mexico, will be found pertinent and interesting, and at this time when new questions, in the peculiarity of the times, are coming up from day to day, bearing upon this subject, will command attention:

I said that, as far as I could understand the resolutions proposed by the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Giddings,) there were some of them which I was ready to vote, and some which I must vote against; and, I will now tell this House, my constituents and the world of mankind, that the resolution against which I would have voted was that in which he declares that what are called slave states have the exclusive right of consultation on the subject of slavery. For that resolution I never would vote; because I believe that it is not just, and does not contain constitutional doctrine. I believe so long as the slave states are able to sustain their institution without going abroad, or call upon other parts of the Union to aid them or to act on the subject, so long I will consent never to interfere. But if they come to the Free States and say to them you must help us to keep down our slaves, you must aid us in an insurrection and civil war, then, I say, that with the call comes a full and plenary power to this House and to the Senate over the whole subject. It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is usually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and must carry it on according to the laws of war, and by the laws of war an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them.

This power in Congress has perhaps never been called into exercise under the present Constitution of the United States. But when the laws of war are in force, what, I ask, is one of those laws? It is this, that when a country is invaded, and two hostile armies are set in Martial array, *the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory.* Nor is this a mere theoretic statement. The history of South America shows that the doctrine has been carried into practical execution within the last thirty years. Slavery was abolished in Colombia, first by the Spanish General Morillo, and secondly by the American General Bolivar. It was abolished by virtue of a military command given at the head of the army, and its abolition continues to be law unto this day. It was abolished by the laws of war, and not by municipal enactments.

The power was exercised by military commanders, under instructions, of course, from their respective governments. Congress is now about passing a grant to refund to Gen. Jackson the amount of a certain fine imposed upon him by a judge, under the laws of the State of Louisiana. You are going to refund him the money with interest; and this you are going to do because the imposition of the fine was unjust. And why unjust? Because Gen. Jackson was acting under the laws of war, and because the moment you place a military commander in a district which is the theater of war, the laws of war apply to that district. I have a correspondence between Gen. Jackson and the Governor of Georgia, during the Seminole campaign, in which Gen. Jackson asserts that the principle that he as governor of a state within his (General Jackson's) military division had no right to give a military order, while he (General Jackson) was in the field. The Governor contested the power of Gen. Jackson, and said all he could for state rights; but Gen. Jackson had given an order, and that order was carried into effect, while the order of the Governor was suppressed. General Jackson had the right of the question.

I might furnish a thousand proofs to show that the pretensions of gentlemen to the sanctity of their municipal institutions, under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, whether servile, civil or foreign, are wholly unfounded, and that the laws of war do, in all such cases, take the precedence. I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that the military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions. Slavery among the rest Under that state of things, so far from its being true that the states where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the President of the U. States, but the commander of the army has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves.

I have given more in detail a principle I have asserted on this floor before now, and of which I have no more doubt than that you, sir, occupy that chair. I give it in its development, in order that any gentleman, from any part of the Union, may deny the truth of this position, if he thinks proper, and may maintain his denial, not by indignation, not by passion and fury, but by sound and sober reasoning from the laws of nations and the laws of war. If my position can be answered and refuted, I shall receive the refutation with pleasure. I shall be glad to listen to reason, aside, as I say, from indignation and passion. If, by the force of reasoning, my understanding can be convinced, I here pledge myself to recant what I have asserted.

Let my position be answered; let me be told, let my constituents be told, let the people of my state be told, (a state whose soil tolerates not the foot of a slave,) that they are bound by the Constitution to a long and toilsome march, under burning summer suns and a deadly southern clime, for the suppression of a servile war; that they are bound to leave their bodies to rot upon the sands of Carolina; to leave their wives widows, and their children orphans; that those who cannot march are bound to pour out their treasures, while their sons or brothers are pouring out their blood, to suppress a servile war, combined with a civil or a foreign war; and yet that there exists no power (beyond the limits of the slave state, where such war is raging,) to emancipate the slaves. Let this be proved, I say, I am open to conviction; but till that conviction comes, I put it forth, not as a dictate of feeling, but as a settled maxim of the laws of nations, that in such a case the military power supercedes the civil power.

The expedition into Virginia was admirably planned and carried out. The troops moved at the very hour indicated by Gen. Scott, and took the rebels completely by surprise. The invasion occured at such an early hour, that several rebel officers had not yet risen, and were captured in their beds.