THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

VOL. 1. RAVENNA, O. THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1869. NO. 42.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS.

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY.

S. D. HARRIS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Per year, in advance	$2 00
If not paid in advance	2 50
Six months, in advance	1 00

☞ The PRESS circulates free of postage within the limits of Portage county.

☞ Advertisements in Special Notice Column, or leaded, or in double column, or rule and figure work, will be charged fifty per cent. additional.

Rates of Advertising

One square, one insertion	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion	50
Business and Editorial Notices, per line	20
One square, one year	8 00
One column, one year	85 00
One column, six months	45 00
One column, three months	25 00
Half column one year	45 00
Half column, six months	25 00
Half column, three months	15 00
One-quarter column, one year	25 00

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Probate Judge—JACOB V. MELL.
Prosecuting Attorney—E. L. WEBBER.
County Auditor—WILLIAM GRINNELL.
County Treasurer—GUSTAVUS P. REED.
Clerk of Courts—ANDREW JACKSON.
Sheriff—OTIS B. PAINE.
RECORDER—G. W. BARRETT.
County Commissioners—HENRY J. NOBLE, PERRY P. DAWLEY, JOS. C. CONRAD.
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Surveyor—CHARLES J. GILLIS.
Directors of County Infirmary—S. C. BEATTY, GUIAN CLEMENTS and L. C. DONOW.

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Business Cards.

C. BEN. FRANKLIN,
Licensed Auctioneer, Ravenna, O. Leave all orders at the Office of "The Democratic Press," stating the day on which the sale is to take place. Terms, &c., may be obtained at the same place. 20-tf

L. V. BIERCE. W. B. THOMAS.
BIERCE & THOMAS,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Empire Building. 41-1y.

F. O. WADSWORTH,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office in Phenix Block, over store of Beecher & Seymour, Ravenna, Ohio. May 27, 1869, 39-1y.

HENRY C. RANNEY. EDWARD P. HATFIELD
RANNEY & HATFIELD,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office over the First National Bank. Sep3, '68, 1y.

E. B. TAYLOR. J. D. HORTON.
TAYLOR & HORTON.
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Phenix Block, over Second National Bank. May 6, 1869, 36-1y.

H. H. WILLARD. A. J. DYER.
WILLARD & DYER,
Attorneys at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in South-east corner Empire Building, up stairs. Sept. 3, 1868, 1y.

EDGAR W. MAXSON,
Attorney at Law, Notary and Insurance Agent. Collections and all other business of the profession, promptly attended to. Office, east end of Buckeye Block, Garrettsville, Ohio. Sept17 1y.

M. STUART,
Attorney at Law, Ravenna, Ohio. Office in East Energy Phenix (Brick) Block. Dec. 6, 1868, 1y.

S. D. NORTON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, will attend promptly to all business in his profession. Office in Phenix Block, over A. H. Waide's Jewelry Store, Ravenna, Ohio. Sep3 1868, 1y.

ANSON W. BEMAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Notary. Office, east end Phenix Block, (over Beckley's Stove and Tin Shop,) Ravenna, O. Collections promptly made. Sep23, 1868, 1y.

D. L. ROCKWELL,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Deuel Block, Kent, Ohio. Dec. 10, 1868, 1y.

GEORGE SADLER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Ravenna, Ohio—Office with W. B. Thomas, Esq., Empire Block. Residence on Walnut, second door south of Main Street. 39-tf.

DR. A. M. POWERS,
Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Rootstown, Portage County, Ohio. Chronic and Private diseases treated successfully. OFFICE—Next door south of Green & Barlow's Store. Dec. 31, 1868, 1y.

A. BELDING, M. D. C. G. STEDMAN, M. D.
BELDING & STEDMAN,
Physicians and Surgeons. Office over Belding & Brother's Drug Store, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Dr. Belding's residence first dwelling north of Empire Building. Dr. Stedman's residence second dwelling west of Gillette House. Nov. 19, 1868, 1y.

JOSEPH WAGGONER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon, Office in Empire Building, corner of Main and Chestnut Sts. Residence on Van Buren Street, first House east of Union School. Ravenna, O., Sept. 17, 1868, 1y.

DR. A. W. ALCORN,
Physician and Surgeon. OFFICE—Main St., one door west of Elm Block. Ravenna, Sept. 10, 1868, 1y*.

POE & BROTHER,
Druggists and Apothecaries, Main Street, Ravenna, O. Sep. 11

WEDDELL HOUSE,
Cleveland Ohio. $2.50 per day. R. A. GILLETT & Co., Proprietors. Dec. 3, 1868, 1y.

T. L. PARSONS,
Dealer in Green and Dry Groceries, Teas, Coffee, Sugar, Canned Fruits of all kinds, Hams, Lard, Dried Beef, Salt, &c., &c. No. 5, Phenix Block, Ravenna, Ohio. June 10th, 1868, 49-1y.

S. O. MASON. E. W. SMITH.
(late firm Bishop, Mason & Co.)
MASON, SMITH & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers, in Wines and Liquors, No. 89 Water Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Nov. 5, 1868, 1y.

PETER FLATH. WM. L. POE.
FLATH & POE,
Clothiers and Merchant Tailors, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods. Poe's Building, Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Oct. 15, 1868, 1y.

C. S. STARR,
Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., Main Street, Ravenna, Ohio. Feb. 11, 1869, 24-1y.

CHAS. W. COE. JOHN MERRIAM. GEO. BUEL
COE, MERRIAM & CO.,
PROPRIETORS OF
Commercial Elevators,
Storage & General Commission Merchants,
BRICK WAREHOUSE,
180 to 206 River Street and Dock,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Nov 27, 1869, 39-10w.

NEW GOODS AT Mrs. Hasbrouck's.

Just received an entire new supply of Goods, consisting of

BONNETS,
HATS
AND FLOWERS,
the latest styles.
SUN HATS, the cheapest in town.
STAMPING, for Braiding, Pinking and Fluting, done to order.
Latest Styles DRESS PATTERNS.
DRESS CUTTING and MAKING on short notice, and warranted to fit.
Please give us a call, we will do as well or better than any other house in town.
Remember the Place,
EMPIRE BUILDING,
Cor. Main and Chestnut St.,
Opposite the Court House,
Ravenna, Ohio.
June 10, 1869, 41-2w. A. C. HASBROUCK.

E. R. Wait's Advertisements.

CAUTION!

AMERICAN WATCHES

Are more extensively counterfeited at the present time than ever before.

Their splendid time keeping qualities have induced many unprincipled dealers to import worthless imitations of all the various styles.—Therefore those wishing to purchase the genuine watch should buy only of reliable Local Agents. We have now a full line of all the different styles in Gold and Silver which for finish and price are more desirable than anything before offered in the market.

We are selling a Heavy Hunting Gold cased

GEFT'S WATCH AT ONLY $75

LADIES GOLD WATCHES,

At equally low prices. We are selling fine Full Jewelled Hunting Cases at 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90 and $100.

STEM WINDING WATCH.

A new thing and a good thing. Call and see them at E. R. WAIT'L

PAUL BRETON WATCH

Is equal to any watch of American or European manufacture. We have the exclusive agency for the county, and guarantee them to give satisfaction in every particular.

The Celebrated
Oreide and Aluminum Watches
Are not quite EQUAL TO GOLD, but cost much less. You can buy them at about one-half New York price, and have the choice of style; or we will send them by express on receipt of the price. 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, $24. All good time-keepers. In fact, if you want anything in the way of a watch, call and get posted as to style and prices, as we are sure we can suit you from $5 to $500.

SILVER GOODS.

In Silver Ware we have all the new styles, many never before offered to the people of Portage county. We have all the patterns of

SOLID SILVER SPOONS,

Forks, Knives, Ladles, &c. A great variety of Sets and Pins suitable for

Holiday or Wedding Presents,

Which we offer at very attractive prices.

SILVER HOLLOW WARE,

Tea Sets, Castors, Baskets, Ice pitchers, Cups, Goblets, Wine Stands, Waiters, Butter Dishes, Fruit Stands, &c. Also, an endless variety of Forks, Spoons, Knives, &c., all of which are made by the best establishment in the country and warranted to be treble-plated, with full weight of silver, on the best Alabata and White Metal. Our prices are very low for the quality of our goods. We do not sell *treble plated Spoons* for $1 25, but do not propose to be undersold by any establishment in Ohio.

Call and see, at E. R. WAIT'S.

COMMUNION SETS.

We have some fine sets of the best manufacture, and will furnish any society in the county with Communion Service at wholesale prices.

CLOCKS, CLOCKS, CLOCKS.

Those who cannot afford to wear a watch can *easily carry a $2 30 Clock.*

GOLD PENS, GOLD PENS.

We have a large stock of fine goods, and sell them as cheap as the cheapest.

SPECTACLES, SPECTACLES.

We are the only agents for the celebrated Dancashire Lens. Call and try them.

POCKET BOOKS,
POCKET KNIVES,
RAZORS.
In great variety, very cheap

In Fine Jewelry,

We have all the new styles, Setts, Pins, rings, &c., our goods are too well known throughout the country to need any lengthy recommendation. As heretofore, they are fully warranted as represented and recommended.

A NEW THING.

Any one who has been in the Jewelry trade a few years will readily understand the impossibility of always getting what you bargain for when purchasing goods from Eastern manufacturers and importers. Having experienced much difficulty in this way, we have established in Ravenna the manufacture of certain styles of goods, and are now getting out

RINGS, CHAINS, &c.,

of style and finish equal to any eastern work, which we can guarantee equal to coin, and which will compare favorably in price with anything in the market.

Wholesale price list furnished on application.

CALL AND BUY A CHAIN AT
E. R. WAIT'S.

Repairing and Engraving

We have several first class workmen, and all the new and improved machinery and tools for doing work in the best style known to the trade. All work entrusted to our care shall be done promptly and in the best manner. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all.

E. R. WAIT.

Ravenna, Dec. 10, 1868.

WHITE LIME.

I have for sale at my store, White Lime at the following prices:

TEN BARREL LOTS, $1.50 per barrel.
SINGLE BARREL, $1.60.
BY THE BUSHEL, 45c.

Akron Land Plaster,

The best in market, at $12,00 per Ton. Als

Hungarian Grass Seed,

BUCKWHEAT, for seed,
DRAIN TILE, 3, 4 and 5 inch,
WHIPS, at low prices to close out,
WILLOW BASKETS, at cost,

WALL PAPER,

The best assortment in town, at very low prices,

FLOUR,
CORN MEAL,
OAT MEAL,
GRAHAM FLOUR
AND
MILL FEED,

GRAINS

of the best quality, at low prices,

PORK AND LARD

by the barrel and retail

B. LITTLE.

NOTICE.—Wishing to close my business in Ravenna, I offer my Store and Lot for sale. Also, my Stock in trade. A better opportunity for a young man to engage in business, cannot be found.

B. LITTLE.

Ravenna, May 6, 1869, 36-tf.

Soap! Soap!!

The subscriber is manufacturing, at Campbellsports, a first rate article of

SOFT SOAP,

which he will deliver to those in want of the same at reasonable rates, by the gallon or barrel.

Greese and wood ashes taken in exchange for Soap.

All orders left at Beckley's Stove and Tin Store, will receive prompt attention.

EDGAR C. CAMPBELL.

Campbellsport, April 24, 1869, 35-1y.

Farm for Sale.

A very desirable farm of eighty acres, located on the town line of Ravenna and Roots town. A good barn on the premises, and plenty of young fruit trees in good growing condition. Also, four acres of pasture land situated on north Chestnut street, in the village of Ravenna, just the thing for a man wishing a place to pasture a cow or two. For terms and a particular description of the premises offered for sale, enquire at the office of

RANNEY & HATFIELD.

May 13, 1869, 37-tf.

C. S. COTTER.

Silver and Brass Plater,

BELL-HANGER, LOCK-SMITH
AND KEY-FITTER,
Chestnut St., south of Main,
RAVENNA, OHIO.
ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.
All kinds of Jobbing done on Short Notice.

Ravenna Sept. 10, 1869, 1y.

LITTLE FEET AND LITTLE HANDS.

BY GLEEN HERBERT.

Little feet and little hands,
Busy all the day,
Never staying in your playing
Long upon the way,
Little knowing whither going,
Come to me, I pray!
Bring the sweetness, in its fleetness,
Of the early flowers,
All the blessings and caressings
Of your sunny hours!

Little feet and little hands,
What awaits for you?
Sad to-morrows with their sorrows?
Clouds, or skies of blue?
Will the pleasures come, with treasures
Ever glad and new?
Never tarry feet that carry
Little ones along,
May they bear the darlings where the
Air is full of song!

Little feet and little hands,
Ye are wondrous fair!
Ye are straying in your playing
From a balmy air
Gently blowing, never knowing
Any thought of care,
To its breezes, if it pleases
Him who guides our way,
May you wander, over yonder
Where they ever play,
And no sailing or beguiling
Woo again to stray!

The Three Warnings.

It was in the days of our grandmothers, when there were brick ovens in the land, that Mr. Hubbard bought his house; and bought it very much against his wife's will. It was a lonely house and reported to be haunted. It was next to the grave yard, which, though unused, was not cheerful, and which had likewise the reputation of a ghost. However, Mr. Hubbard did not believe in ghosts, and was too cheerful to be depressed by warnings, and never intended to be lonely.

"Mrs. Hubbard," he said, when his wife shook her head over the purchase, "I got it cheap, and it is a good one. You will like it when you get there. If you don't why then talk."

So the house was bought, and into it the family went. There was scarcely a chance for a ghost to show his face amid such a family of boys and girls. Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard counted ten of them and noisy ones.

Having expostulated and spoken out her mind as to the house, Mrs. Hubbard gave up the point. She scrubbed and scoured, tacked down carpets and put up curtains, and owned that it was pretty. As not a ghost appeared for a week, she made up her mind that there were no such inhabitants; she even began not to mind the tombstones. So the house got to rights at last, and baking day came about. In the press of business, they had a great deal of baker's bread, and were now tired of it.

Mrs. Hubbard never enjoyed setting a batch of bread to rise as she did that which was to be eaten for the first time in the new house.

"For I can not get up an appetite for stuff that nobody knows who had the making of," said Mrs. Hubbard, "and puffy and alumy besides."

So into the oven went the bread, and out it came at the proper time, even and brown and beautiful as loaves could be. Mrs. Hubbard turned them up on their sides as she drew them forth, and they stood in the long bread-tray, glorious proofs of her skill and the excellence of the oven, when Tommy Hubbard bounded in. Tommy was four; and, when at that age we are prone to believe that anything will bear our weight. Tommy, therefore, anxious to inspect the newly-made bread, swung himself off his feet by clutching the edge of the bread tray, and over it came, loaves and Tommy and all.

Mrs. Hubbard flew to the rescue and picked up the loaves. All were dusted and put in the tray again but one. That lay bottom upwards under the table.

"A bothering child, to give me so much trouble!" she said, as she crowded under the table to get it.—"A—O—ah dear, dear, dear, dear—oh my—"

And there on the floor sat Mrs. Hubbard, screaming, wringing her hands and shaking her head. The children screamed in concert. Mr. Hubbard rushed in from the garden where he was at work.

"What's the matter, mother?" he gasped.

Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bottom of the loaf lying in her lap.

"Look there and see!" she said, "it is a warning, William; I am going to be taken from them all."

And he looked; and he saw a death's head and cross-bones, as plainly engraved as they possibly could be.

"It's an accident," said Mr. Hubbard. "Such queer pranks do come, you know."

But Mrs. Hubbard was in a troubled state of mind, as was but natural.

"The stories about the haunted house were true," she said; "and the spirits have marked the loaf. I am afraid it is a warning."

And the loaf was put aside, for even Mr. Hubbard did not dare to eat any of it,

Mrs. Hubbard got over her fright at last, but the news of the awfully marked loaf spread through R——, and the people came to Hubbard's all the week to look at it. It was a death's head and cross-bones certainly; every one saw that at a glance, but as to its meaning, people differed. Some believed that it was a warning of approaching death; some thought that the spirits wanted to frighten the Hubbard's away, and get possession of the house again all to themselves. This latter supposition inspired Mrs. Hubbard with courage; finally, being a brave woman, she adopted the belief, and when another baking arrived, put her loaves in the oven, once more prepared for cross-bones, and not to be frightened by them. The loaves baked as before. They came out brown and crusty, as Mrs. Hubbard turned each in her hands. There were no cross-bones visible, but on the last were sundry characters or letters. What, no one could tell, until there dropped in for a chat a certain printer in the neighborhood, used to reading things backward.

"By George," said he, "that is curious. That *is* curious—r-e-s-u-r-g-a-n resurgam;—that is what is on the loaf, resurgam."

"It is what they put on tombs, isn't it?" asked poor Mrs. Hubbard, faintly.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Hubbard, being obliged to admit it, "But it is not so bad as cross-bones and skulls."

Mrs. Hubbard shook her head.

"It's even solemner," said the little woman, who was not as good a linguist as bread-maker, I feel confident, William, that I shall soon be resurgamed, and what will these dear little children do then!"

And now the second loaf was before her, marked even more awfully than the first. Mrs. Hubbard grew really pale and thin and lost all her cheerfulness.

"I have a presentment," she said, over and over again, "that the third baking will decide who the warning belongs to: I believe it is meant for me, and time will show. Don't you see how thin I am growing?"

And though Mr. Hubbard laughed, he also began to be troubled. The third baking day was one of gloom. Solemnly, as at a funeral, the family assembled to assist the drawing. Five loaves came out markless; but one remained.

Mrs. Hubbard's hand trembled; but she drew it forth; she laid it on the tray she turned it softly about. At last she exposed the lower surface.—On it were letters printed backward, plain enough to read this time, and arranged thus:

"Died April 2nd,
lamented by
her large family."

"It is me," cried Mrs. Hubbard, "I am to go to-morrow. This is the first. I do feel faint. Yes, I do. It is awful, and so sudden."

And Mrs. Hubbard fainted away in the arms of the most terrified of men and husbands.

The children screamed, the cat mewed, the dog barked. The oldest boy ran for the doctor. People flocked to the Hubbards'. The loaf was examined. Yes, there was Mrs. Hubbard's warning—her call to quit this world.

She lay in bed, bidding good-bye to her family and friends, her strength going fast. She read her Bible, tried not to grieve too much. The clergyman prayed with her. Nobody doubted her end was at hand, for people were very superstitious in those days.

They had been up all night with good Mrs. Hubbard, and dawn was breaking and with it she was sure she must go, when, clattering over the road and up to the door came a horse, and on the horse came a man, who alighted. He rattled at the knocker and rushed in. Up the stairs he went to Mrs. Hubbard's room, and bolted into it.

Every one stared at him as he took off his hat.

"Parding," said he, breathlessly, "I heard Mrs. Hubbard was a dying—and she'd warnings on her bakings.—I came over to explain. You see I was sexton of the church here a few years ago, and I know all about it.—You needn't die for fear just yet, Mrs. Hubbard, for it is neither spirits nor devils about; nor yet warnings.—What marks the loaves is old Mrs. Einkle's tombstone. I took it for an oven bottom, seeing there were no survivors, and bricks were dear. The last folks before you didn't get them printed off on their loaves, because they used tins; and we got used to the marks ourselves. Cross-bones and skulls we put up with, and never thought of caring for the resurgum.—So you see how it is, and I am sorry you've been scared."

Nobody said a word. The minister shut his book. The doctor walked up to the window. There was a deadly silence. Mrs. Hubbard set up in bed.

"William," said she to her husband, "the first thing you do, get a new bottom to that oven."

And the tone assured the assemblage of anxious friends that Mrs. Hubbard was not going to die just yet,

Indeed, she came down the very next day. And when the oven had been reconstructed, the first thing she did was to give invitations for a large tea-drinking, on which occasion the loaves came out right.

"THE Manchester *News*" (England) gives an account of a remarkable case of suspended animation. A Miss Addison lay in a state of unconsciousness for twenty-five weeks, during all of which time she did not take a particle of food, and for sixteen weeks her lips were not even moist.—Her body was reduced to a mere skeleton. After this long period she recovered her consciousness, commenced talking and eating, and is in a fair way of recovery.

THE WAY THEY CARRY ELECTIONS.—By order of the Secretary of the Navy several master workmen who were on the citizens ticket for petty municipal offices in Washington, were removed on Thursday last. It is announced that no workmen are to be retained in the navy-yard who vote the Democratic ticket.

"Bob" said a young fellow at a fancy fair, "you are missing all the sights on this side." "Never mind, Bill," retorted Bob, "I'm sighting all the misses on the other."

WHEN men speak ill of you, says Burke, live so that nobody will believe them.

A GHOSTLY VISITOR—A ROMANTIC HOTEL INCIDENT.

The Springfield *Republican* tells the following supernatural story; "A very curious case of spectral visitation occurred a few days since to the occupant of a chamber in one of our city hotels—a hotel which certainly has not previously made any pretensions to being haunted, and none of whose guests, permanent or transient, have ever before been heard to complain of company from the other world. The gentleman to whom the adventure occurred is a well-known resident of this city, whose words are fully entitled to credence. He has occupied the chamber in which he saw the spectre for some months. It is inaccessible save by one door, which he asserts was securely locked on the night in question. The window could not be reached, save by a winged being, from the outside and as he found the blinds fastened after the spectre disappeared, he feels entirely sure that he was the victim of no practical joke. He arrived at mid-night from a neighboring city, where he had been engaged in business all day, and went straight to his room and to bed, without turning out the gas, as he desired to read one or two letters that had arrived during his absence. Having finished those he turned the gas flame almost out, leaving a tiny jet like the ray of a star athwart the darkness; and lost himself in sleep. He awoke suddenly just as the city hall bell was striking two, and feeling cold pulled the clothing more carefully around his person. As he half rose to do this he became conscious of a presence, and an instinct feeling of fear overcame him. Near the foot of the bed was a tall, slender, indefinite form, like a "pillar of cloud," which advanced quietly toward him. It had no human shape, was noiseless, but as it advanced, the gentleman grew deathly cold, felt overpowered, and desired to cry out. He was broad awake—he knew that; but he could not stir. He thought of poetical illusions and wondered if this was one; but think, whatever it was, advanced slowly to the head of the bed, and the chill around him became frightful. His blood was congealing; he felt that he must do something or die. Summoning all his courage, he instantly rose, trembling in every limb, and walked to the shape. It stood between him and the gas jet, distinct now—an outline gradually developing into human proportions. Each second added to its development. He walked directly through it, caught at the gas pipe, turned on the full flame, and saw nothing! But he is firmly convinced that had he remained in bed he would have been found dead there the next morning, as the approach of the spectre gradually absorbed into his life.—He is a cold-blooded man and not a believer in spiritualism; but he is most positively sure he has seen a ghost—and rejects all theories of night-mare, nervousness and illusion as ridiculous. There are many ghost stories, but this one has the advantage of being true, if any human testimony is to be believed.

A NOVEL LIBLE SUIT—AN ATTORNEY SUES TWELNE JURYMEN.

[From the San Francisco Times, May 27.]

A. G. Waterhouse brought suit in the Twelfth District Court, yesterday, against William Dwyer *et al.*, for $20-000 damages for libel. The plaintiff sets forth that Dwyer and the eleven other defendants, all jurors, in giving a verdict against James Garnett as guilty of felony, coupled with said verdict a recommendation that the District Attorney procure an indictment against the plaintiff Waterhouse thereby, as is alledged, charging plaintiff with said felony. The proceeding of the jury in the above case, which was tried in Sacramento, was very unusual, and the settlement of this novel lible suit will be watched with interest. About one year ago a difficulty arose between James Garnett and and John S. Barrett, about a block of land lying in the eastern part of the city of Sacramento. Each held conflicting titles to certain portions of the block. A settlement was agreed upon between them, but in some way or other Garnett made a deed of certain interests which as was alleged, he had already deeded away. Barrett carried the matter before the Grand Jury and Garnett was indicted for felony in selling the same property a second time. When the case came up for trial, Garnett proved that he had acted throughout in accordance with the advice of his attorneys, Babcock and Waterhouse. Garnett's previous reputation had been good, and that fact may possibly, to some extent, have affected the case. A verdict of guilty was returned, accompanied by an expression of regret that it was not in the power of the jury to return a similar verdict against the attorneys. The jury also recommended the District Attorney to procure an indictment against them. Garnett was sentenced to the State Prison and served out five or six months of a term of several years. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, and Garnett was set at liberty by that tribunal. Under these circumstances the present suit commenced.

Two spendthrift young men were discussing the character of a close-fisted uncle. "Well," said one, "if his heart ever falls into his stomach, it is hard enough to give him dyspepsia."

"REMEMBER who you are talking to sir!" said an indignant parent to his fractious boy, "I am your father, sir." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said young impertinence; 'taint me!"

"What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?" "Oh, any paradox church where the Gospel is dispensed with."

THE WAILING OF THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

The Jews in Jerusalem have purchased the right of the Turkish Government to assemble every Friday afternoon, near one side of the Mosque of Omar, against a supposed portion of their ancient Temple, and there to lament and weep over their fallen city and faded glories.

Men, women and children, there assemble, all coming with Bible in hand and dressed in their best suit. The men wear a kind of long dressing gowns made of broadcloth or merino, or calico, of various colors, having the edges trimmed with fur; and upon their heads they wear caps turbaned also with fur. The hair is cut short behind the ears, but hangs in long curls in front. The better class of women are clothed in a white loose dress and shawl.

As they approach the place of weeping they usually lean first, for a short time, with their heads against the wall, but soon begin to swing their bodies back and forth, wringing their hands, while a priest or patriarch leads off in reading selections from the Prophets in most wailing tones.

At certain periods all voices join in the cry, tears run down their faces, and they seem to be moved by the most agonizing sorrow. Old men and women were there with whitened locks and feeble step and they bowed and wept in deepest grief. Little children, too, were there, their eyes moistened and voices trembling as they joined in the heart-touching lamentations.

No looker-on can doubt but there is sincerity in this service. The Jews feel that Jehovah hears their cries and prayers, and according to prophecy, will restore to them, after long seasons of bitter wailings, their lost glories; gathering together all the scattered children of Isreal, and henceforth permit them to live and die in the Holy City, and be buried among the graves of their fathers.

This practice is said to have been continued from the twelfth century, and perhaps from an earlier period. By the Emperor Adrian the Jews were driven from the city. During the reign of Constantine they were allowed to approach only near enough to see it; but at length they succeeded in purchasing the privilege of entering it once a year to weep, and at present they are allowed this privilege every Friday.

Congress and Repudiation.

Republican newspapers have been driven to the admission that the purchase of bonds by the Government at less than par is a repudiation of the doctrine that they can only be lawfully and honestly paid in gold, at a hundred cents on a dollar.

The New York *Times*, commenting on an article in this newspaper, pressing the point above referred to, says:

"The Government while openly *bulling* the bonds, makes itself a party in their depreciation. It redeems its bonds at about eighty-five cents on the dollar, instead of at par, and so obliterates the distinction of principle which has heretofore separated Republicans from repudiators. For, if it is proper to take up a million of bonds which the Government promised to pay in coin with $850,000 in gold, it is manifest that the line drawn between the Pendletonians and the *Tribune* is one of degree merely, not of principle."

Let this plain and unequivocal admission be remembered, and let it also be remembered that Mr. Boutwell, in the purchase of the bonds, is acting under the express command of a Republican Congress. The law providing for a sinking fund directs him to "purchase" bonds, and that law has never been repealed. It was fresh in the memory of Congress when the Public Credit bill was passed, and the latter was so ingeniously worded as not to interfere with the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to buy in the Government indebtedness. The question came up in a discussion in which Senators Morton, Fessenden and Conkling took part, only a few days after the passage of the Public Credit bill,

Let us consider the duplicity, and humbug, and thimblerig, of Congress in this business. It passed a resolution pretending to assert the inviolability of the national faith, and pretending to pledge the Government to the payment of all its indebtedness in gold. At the same time, it knew that by a law of Congress, then and now in force, the Secretary of the Treasury was expressly commanded to do what the resolution said should not be done and what the resolution declared, in effect, would be a violation of the national faith, and the resolution was, purposely and carefully, so worded as to interfere with the command of the law.

Our Congresses, of late years, have done many acts worse than this, but the history of legislation may be searched in vain for an instance of more wretched hypocrisy and duplicity. And now the men who did it gabble of national honor and the sacredness of the obligations of the Government.—*Chicago Times.*

A JOKE ON CHILLS.—A darkey, suffering from a severe attack of the chills, was observed in the streets of Louisville. His teeth were chattering like a reaper under full headway. He was eating a watermelon on the curbstone, and some one told him that eating it would give him the chills. He looked up with his mouth half full, and a slice in each hand, and shivered out, "Dis is de way I tuck de chills, eatin dese tings. I got de chills on me now, boss; and likes watermelons better'n I dose de chills kase dere ain't no danger ob it makin' me shake wus'n I duz. I'll eat dis'n if I dies afore I gets to de rines."

"Preaching rinks" is an irreverent Western term for churches.

SENATOR SPRAGUE.

His Speech in Newark, New Jersey, June 7, 1869.

FELLOW CITIZENS: You are from New Jersey and I am from New England. I have in presenting myself to you no man's interest in view. I am for the people of this country for one reason, and that is, that by and through the people of the country the nation is great. I have come from my home late to meet you, and to apologize for that lateness and for the shortness of my address here to-night, because on to-morrow it is my expectation to give you those utterances which I believe is for your benefit, and for the benefit of the nation. [Applause.]—I stand here simply as the advocate of those interests which will contribute to the nation's advancement. I stand here in the advocacy of any special interest tending in that direction. Why do I stand before you or before any portion of the American people in the advocacy of peculiar views? I do so because I have assumed the high prerogative of a Senator of the United States voluntarily.

MISMANAGEMENT OF WORKINGMEN.

I have assumed high duties and obligations, and in assuming them I have sworn to discharge my duty regardless of consequences. And in the discharge of that duty I have in the investigation of your affairs come to the conclusion that they are mismanaged—from ignorance, or from willfulness, I care not which. Each is equally criminal in its way. I have come to the conclusion that the great interests of this country are jeopardized and in danger, and I have sworn to show the people wherein those interests are jeopardized and in danger. And in the consideration of these subjects, I have brought into these considerations the progress of other people as favorably situated as you yourselves are.

THE SENATOR'S SOUTHERN TRIP.

It has been my fortune recently to travel over the greater portion of the Southern States, and to associate with the Southern people. They, as well as you, are deeply anxious concerning their fate, as well as the fate of republican institutions. They believe that they are at this time under a greater trial than ever before, even when they themselves were antagonizing themselves against the form and power of the Government of the United States. I have asked them to place themselves upon common ground with us, and that is upon that ground which will contribute most to the material advancement and prosperity of the people of the North and South.

THE FATE OF THE NATION.

I work in that direction because, as an American citizen, I do not desire, and if my voice has any effect, I will not permit, that we shall be any but the foremost nation in civilization.

But, my friends, when I examine the position, the character and the progress of the nations which are foremost with us in civilization, I am not encouraged as to our own position.—And it is for that reason alone that I have come before you, and I raise my voice every where in deep anxiety concerning the fate of the nation.—The fate of this nation, it may not be strange in your reflections personal to yourselves that the nation itself should be considered when there is deep and anxious concern touching the living of each individual. Bear in mind with all this that I do not come before you for your votes, I do not come before you for any consideration touching me personally. I stand here advocating a plan that will give prosperity to the individual, through him to the nation, and more than all else will give, or rather you will give by your strength, perpetuity to the present republican form of government. [Applause.] When I say to you that notwithstanding the great war that you have just finished, that in my judgment that form of government is more in jeopardy to-day than at any time since it began to exist. I do not say that as any idle expression or idle word.

When the American citizen is unable to speak his impressions then goes liberty; their freedom is not worth a snap. Whether it is here or elsewhere, whether it is in the presence of power or in the presence of weakness, no matter where it is, let the voice speak the impressions of the heart and the mind; and when that does not meet a response, or when that meets opposition, your liberties are beginning to wane. I thank you, my friends, for your attention. I am sorry that I delayed you as long as I did, but you came to hear me because you are interested, as every American citizen is interested in the subject matter which affects the interests of the country, and I need not make any apology to you, because I am but an American citizen, and I stand here desiring simply that I may be proud of my nativity. Good night. [Continued cheering.]

AN inquisitive urchin, the other day while reciting a lesson from the Sermon on the Mount, broke out:—"Mother, did Jesus get $2,000 a year for preaching?" "No, my child, he did not take anything." "Why didn't they pay him?" "Because he refused to preach politics. The devil offered him a big salary to do it, but he would not accept the call. The devil took him up on a high mountain, and offered him a kingdom if he would join church and state."

A Dutchman, in describing a span of horses which he had lost, said, "Dey wash very mooch like, 'specially the off one—looks so much like poth I could not tell toder from which; when I went after one I always caught the odder; an I whipped de one most dead because de oder kicked at me."

A FORTUNE IN THE ROUGH—$300,000 DIAMOND.

A few days ago a gentleman came up the river on the steamer New Boston, who privately exhibited to the officers of that packet a diamond in the rough, which in its unpolished state, is supposed to be worth somewhere in the vicinity of $300,000. It is further supposed to be the second or third diamond in size in the world. It is about the size of a walnut, perfectly transparent, it has the power of magnifying to the same extent as a first quality glass. The lucky possessor found it at his home in the gold mining districts of Nova Scotia, and also stated that he had found one or two small ones, one of which he sold for $12,000 in its rough state. To convince the officers of the boat, he produced files of Nova Scotia papers containing accounts of the finding of the diamond, minute descriptions of the same, description of the finder, and other evidence indisputable to be questioned. He also showed letters from prominent New York jewelers, who had examined the prize, one of which was from the house of Ball, Black & Co. He is going to Iowa to see about some landed investments, with a view of some day locating there. He proposes to have the diamond polished, and sell it to some crowned head if possible. For the benefit of the ladies we will state that we don't know whether he is married or not.

There is no "cave" in this story.—*Rock Island Argus.*

REMARKABLE ENCOUNTER.—A story comes from Bodega Bay, California, of a terrible battle between a sperm whale and a number of swordfish, which resulted in the defeat of the whale. The fight was witnessed by a farmer plowing in his field near the coast, only a few miles north of the "Golden Gate." The sea was smooth, and the first indication of the conflict was a commotion in the water nearly a mile from shore, but as the combatants rapidly approached the land, their movements became distinctly visible. The swordfish were five in number; the whale, though displaying great activity, was no match for them In making their thrusts into the sides of the whale, the swordfish kept clear of his tail, one blow from which would have been fatal to either of them. With maddened fury the whale struck right and left, then dived to escape his tormentors, but they followed quickly, and soon brought him to the surface. Blood was seen spurting from deep gashes in his sides. The contest lasted nearly an hour, when the whale, with a mighty effort, flung himself upon some low rocks and soon died. Many persons from the neighboring village of Petaluma went out to view the carcass. It was fifty or sixty feet in length, and there were gashes two feet deep and six feet long in its sides.

TASTE NOT.—Drink! Young man, did you ever stop to think how that word sounds? Did you ever think what misery you brought upon your friends, when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk? Dr