

By James Reed.

Independent in all things.

\$1 50 in Advance.

VOLUME XI. NO. 28.

ASHTABULA, O., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 14, 1860.

WHOLE NUMBER 551.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Two Dollars per annum...

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

DR. J. C. HUBBARD, Ashtabula, O. 510

DR. M. KINGSLEY, Homeopathic, Kingsley, O. 419

KELLOGG & WADE, Attorneys at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

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

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

W. B. CHAPMAN, Attorney at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

CHAFFEE & WOODBURY, Attorneys, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

JFFERSON HOUSE—S. McINTYRE, Proprietor, Jefferson, Ohio. 408

AMERICAN HOUSE—John Thompson, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

STEPHEN HALL, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats and Caps, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

A. HENDRY, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

O. GILLET, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

PRENTICE, SMITH & COMPANY, General Dealers in Provision, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

S. BENHAM, Jr., Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

EDWARD H. ROBERTS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

TYLER & COLLINS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

J. P. ROBERTSON, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

ROOT & MORRISON, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

J. G. WRIGHT, Dealer in Millinery Goods, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

WELLS & FAULKNER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

A. BARRETT, Mechanical and Surgical Dentist, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

G. W. FOSTER, Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

B. BECKWITH, Surgical and Mechanical Dentist, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler, Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

L. WOLFF & CO., Dealer in Ready-made Clothing and Gent's Furnishing Goods, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

M. G. DICK, Bookkeeper, Stationer and News Dealer, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

J. H. CHAPMAN, Dealer in Musical Merchandise, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of a Dealers in Furniture, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

LINUS SAYAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

A. BLAKELY—Livery and Sale Stable, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

D. S. WILLIAMS, Wholesale Dealer in Straw Goods, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

G. V. BRISCOE, House, Carriage, Sign and Harness Maker, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

W. R. ALLEN—Book Binder—Books and Magazines bound in any style desired, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

WILLARD & REVES—Dealers in Italian and French Goods, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

LIME—I shall sell Lime at the Harbor for 25 cts per bushel, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Ashtabula P. O.—Closing of Mails. On and after Monday, April 9, 1860, Mails will close as follows: Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD. Passenger Trains will run as follows: Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

For the Telegraph. Trust in God. BY MR. CLARA CURE. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Through thy feet press the thorns at each step. And the heavens grow dark o'er thy head; Though the cup that is pressed to thy lip, Hold the ashes of joys that are dead, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

O, think that thy pathway so drear, May lead to that better abode; That the griefs thou may'st suffer while here, May fit thee to dwell with thy God; Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

For the eyes which have shed bitter tears, Shall look on the brightness above; And the memory of sorrowful years, Be lost in the fullness of love. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

A Picture of Rome. BY HARRIET REEDER STOW. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

I have been many weeks in this sad old city—sad, sombre it must always be with its mouldering ruins—its wide surrounding Campagna—and its dark-eyed, poetic looking people, who even dirt and rags cannot make vulgar or commonplace. I went to the top of the Capitol the other morning. It was a clear, lovely day, and we stood in the little stone balcony of the crowning tower, the *castelo* counted out to us the seven hills of Rome—now scarcely to be distinguished, covered with buildings. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

PHENIX FOUNDRY—J. W. WAGNER, having purchased the Foundry of JOHN B. GALPIN, will keep on hand at favorable prices, stoves, pumps, and all kinds of machinery, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

GEORGE C. HUBBARD, Dealer in Hardware, Iron, Steel and Nails, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

M. GUILLE, Manufacturer of Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

E. TOWER & SON, Machinists—builders of Stationary and Portable Steam Engines, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Q. C. OULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Shingles, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

A. S. ABBOTT, Lumber Dresser, Saw and Manufacturer of Lumber, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

OLMSTED & CROSBY, Iron Founder, and Manufacturer of Cast Iron, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

SMITH & CARLISLE, Manufacturers of Carriage and Harness, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

GEORGE HAJI, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Musical Instruments, Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Some awful doom, some spell of sinister enchantment, made the air preternaturally heavy, as one sometimes feels it before a thunder storm. From the Capitol one looks down at the broken columns of the Forum far below at one's feet, and the endless train of workmen digging all day among the ruins, and wheeling their barrows in a slow line toward the Coliseum, seems a sort of spectral procession—so lifelessly they work, so slowly they move, their ragged old cloaks still thrown over their shoulders in ghostly suggestion of the old Roman toga. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The coloring that invests the whole landscape of Rome is of that wondrous brightness, that golden richness of tone, which almost reconciles one to the want of freshness and green, and of that vivacious motion which pervades an English or American landscape. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The peculiar orange-colored lichen which clings to buildings here gives a golden tone every roof, and the air shimmers at every hour of the day with fluttering prismatic lights and warm shadows. Even the black obelisk of the cypress and the umbrella-shaped stone pine have their opalescent changings of purple, lilac, and gold, as morning or evening floods them with light. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

One does not wonder that artists fall in love with old Rome—the mistress of enchantments—and that they say to her, in dirt, in rags, in filth, in ignominy, 'Thou art my mistress. I would not change thee for the cleanest and sweetest good housewife in the world.' One only wants to drop humanity out of their calculation, to live merely in the artistic and picturesque, to feel thus themselves. One feels the enchantment working—the weird old syllable upon one. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

But let us come down from our airy perch on the Capitol, and descend boldly into the Forum below. Fifteen feet below the level of modern Rome it lies—a wreck of columns and temples—the pavement of the old Sacred Way going through it, under the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. Here one may see the old foundations laid in the time of republican Rome, some three thousand years ago. In a sunny spring day, when the wind above is blowing the dust in your eyes, as I am sorry to say March winds always do whether in Rome or Andover, it is quite a sheltered place to walk in, this crumbling old Forum. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

One is admitted through a rude door at the side, kept by a janitor, who expects two pails for his pains, and then it is all before you. You can scramble about among the old ruins, finding here a shattered bit of inscription, there an overturned capital of a Corinthian column—picking up here and there bits of porphyry, serpentine, oriental granite, rosso antico, and African marble. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'Birds chitter and sing and dive and soar among the tops of the old pillars. You climb up old stairways leading to nothing, and find your way under vaulted arches, where the damp walls are green and waiting with tremulous maiden-hair. Antiquarians quarrel over this Forum, and exercise their ingenuity in rebuilding it, one way or that. To me the matter is of small account—whether this temple was of Jupiter or Saturn—whether it extended ten feet this way or that—whether this bit of pavement is of this or that era—is all one to me. I have no objection to him who settles it; if any one knows, I am glad of it—but the enjoyment to me is far greater to let it all rest in a vague generality. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Here and hereabouts was the Forum. Here without dispute we see the general ground over which this old energetic, poetic, yet practical, race lived and moved when they were a history and made laws and institutions which have shaped even our present selves—without which we could not have been what we are. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Take out of our language every Latin word—out of our present stock of thought every one born from the institutions of Rome—and what a curious remainder there would be! The Romans were utilitarians—materialists—much like the Anglo-Saxon, and yet they were poets. It is the anti-matter and poetic part of them that has sharpened the edge by which they have driven their history firm into human sympathy and consciousness. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

What makes Roman history so full of interest to a child? What, but the multitude of romances of pathos, and feeling, and heroic sacrifice, that gem it like stars? Quintus Curtius springing heroically all with one bound into the abyss, when he or his country must perish; Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Virginius stabbing his best beloved for honor's sake; Mutius Scaevola burning off his right hand in the fire; Regulus, the slave of honor, retreating to torture and to death for truth spoken to his country. Stories such as these it is that breathe and burn yet; such as these enchain these old stones, and make this waiting maiden-hair, that clothes the deserted arches, seem unlike that shade of an Andover forest. It is this life spirit that haunts this place, makes it so lovely to be here, and to wander about peacefully among the ruins; but this all takes light before the measuring tools of the antiquarian. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

I protest, too, against all modern histories of Rome that intermeddle with the dear old historic legends. Because a German professor has nothing to do but build up a new historic theory, shall we give up Romulus and Remus and the she-wolf, most revered of quadrupeds? If these things were not true, they ought to have been, and one must hold on to them. For my part I clasp my Rollin to my heart, and say, as the Duke of Wellington did, when a certain officer pretended that his resignation of office was a mistake, 'There is no mistake, and there shall be none. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Histories have their fashions. In one century it is all the mode to abuse an author; the world takes the ball in its mouth, and runs off with it like a frisky young puppy—out the next age comes; and in 'twelve years change *tuus* comes; the old history is on its feet again. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Herodotus was pleasantly called the father of lies. Now he bids fair to be the standard of truth; and in the faith I quietly enjoy my Forum by the light of a small abridgment of Goldsmith's Rome, helped on by Macaulay's Lays, which, like everything he ever wrote, give more graphic and better historic ideas in a glowing phrase than whole volumes of tedious details of the most creeping antiquarian. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Signor Von Blitz was a humorous gentleman, who had the power of ventriloquism. Traveling in the southern country, he meets a slave and asks him something about the hotel, then in sight, kept by Mr. Billy Lemond. Quash, (the slave,) is singing, 'Long time ago,' when the traveler accuses him, and after a question or two, thus inquires: 'Well Quash, what kind of a person is Mr. Lemond?' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'Oh he nice man—monsons nice man, emperant gentleman in fine style, and I take care uv de horses. I belongs to him, and though I say it, massa Bill mighty clobber man. He funny man, too, tell a heap o' stories 'bout ghouss and spirits, utt hearp-standin' he fraid on 'em himself, too, my opinion.' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'I fraid of ghouss, eh,' said the traveler musing. 'Well, go ahead Quash—as it is getting late, I will stop with Mr. Lemond to-night.' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'Yes, sah; gee up hos hobbin' go along, lively!' and setting off at a brisk trot, he was followed by the traveler, the musical Quash again broke out in, 'Gwine down to Shihbone Alley.' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'The burden of long time ago,' was taken up by one apparently in an adjoining cornfield, which occasioned Quash to pick up his ears with surprise; however he continued with 'Long time ago.' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

And the same voice resounded again from the field. 'Who dat?' said the astonished negro, suddenly checking his horse and looking round on every side for the cause of his surprise. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'Oh never mind; drive ahead, snowball, its some of your master's spirits I suppose.' Quash, in a very thoughtful mood, led the way to the tavern without another word. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Halting before the door, the stranger was soon waited on by the obliging Mr. Lemond, a bustling talkative gentleman, who greeted his customers with—'Light, sir, light, here John! Quash I never mind your umbrella, sir, light, here John! Quash, take off that chair box, come air, and carry his horse to the stable—do you prefer him to stand on a dirt floor?' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'If you please sir, He is rather particular about his lodgings.' 'Carry him to the lower stable, Quash, and attend to him well, I always like to see a horse well tended, and this noble critter too,' continued the landlord clapping him on the back. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'Take care, will you?' said the horse. 'What the deuce?' said the landlord, starting back. 'None of your familiarity!' said the horse, looking spitefully round at the astonished tavern-keeper. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'Silence, Belzebub!' said the traveler caressing the animal; and turning to the landlord observed 'you must excuse him, sir; he is rather an aristocratic horse, the effect of education sir.' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'He is a witch sir.' 'Who ha Belzebub! I lose those traces Quash. What are you staring at? He'll not eat you.' 'Come, landlord,' said Belzebub, 'I want my oats.' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Quash scattered—the landlord backed up into the porch—and the traveler was fain to jump into his vehicle and drive round in search of the stable himself. Having succeeded as to his horse, he returned to the tavern. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Apnon, supper came on. The eggs had appeared chicken in them—the landlord, confused at such a mortifying circumstance, promised the traveler amends from a cold pig, which as he inserted the carving knife into it, uttered a piercing squeal, which was responded to by a louder one from the landlord. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Down went the knife and fork! and the perspiration began to grow in large drops upon the forehead, as he looked fearfully at the grunter; his attention was taken, however by a voice from without calling out: 'Hillo, house! landlord!' Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

'Aye, coming gentlemen—more travelers—do help yourself, sir.' 'Coming, gentlemen; here John, a light, bring a light to the door, Sally wait on the gentleman, and out the landlord bawled, followed by John with lights but soon returned with looks of disappointment—he declared there was no living being without. The voice called again—and the landlord, after going, returned the second time, declaring his belief that the whole plantation was haunted that night by evil spirits. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

That night, rumor says, Mr. Billy Lemond slept with the bible under his head, and kept a candle burning in his room till morning, and those who pass there to this day, upon close peeping over the door heels of horse shoes peeping over the door, and assigns the reason, by describing the discolored 'fast men,' that is they live fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness while others are in the glory of life. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Why Don't you Marry? Dear Robert, we have been good friends from youth to lusty prime, and you have lent me sage advice, and in prose full may a true—Which small account I now propose To liquidate in rhyme. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The world is full of waiting girls, And you are in the wrong, Who ought to tend a turpentine gate, Without a chance to swing, And never hear a marriage bell Till he a belle shall ring. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Sleeping Together. If a man were to see a quarter of an inch of worm put in his cup of coffee, he could not drink it, because he knows that the whole cup would be impregnated. If a very small amount of some virulent poison be introduced into a glass of water, the drinking of it might not produce instant death, but that would not prove that it was not hurtful, only that there was not enough of it to cause a destructive result immediately. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

We sicken at the thought of taking the breath of another the moment it leaves the mouth, but that breath mingles with the air about the bed in which two persons lay; and it is re-breathed, but not the less offensive is it in reality on account of the diffusion, except that it is not taken in its concentrated form, but each breath makes it more concentrated. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

One sleeper corrupts the atmosphere of the room by his own breathing, but when two persons are breathing at the same time, twelve or fourteen times in each minute, each flinate extracting all the nutriment from a gallon of air, the deterioration must be rapid indeed, especially in a small and close room. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

A bird cannot live without a large supply of pure air. A canary bird hung up to a curtain bedstead where two persons slept, died before morning. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Many infants are found dead in bed, and it is attributed to having been overlaid by the parents; but the idea that any person could lay still for a moment on a baby or anything else of the same size, is absurd; Death was caused for the want of pure air. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Besides, emanations, aerial and more or less solid, are thrown out from every person—thrown out by the process of nature, because no longer fit for life purposes, because they are dead and corrupt—but if breathed into another body, it is just as obnoxious as if we took into our mouths the matter of a sore or any other excretion. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The most destructive typhoid and putrid fevers are known to arise directly from a number of persons living in the same small room. Those who can afford it should, therefore, arrange to have each member of the family sleep in a separate bed. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

If persons must sleep in the same bed, they should be about the same age, and in good health. If the health be much unequal, both will suffer, but the healthier one the most—the invalid suffering for want of entirely pure air. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

So many cases are mentioned in standing medical works where healthy, robust infants and large children have dwindled away and died in a few months, from sleeping with grandparents, or other old persons that it is useless to cite special instances in proof.—Hall's Journal of Health. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The success of that party whose exponent is Mr. Lincoln would be hazardous to the peace if not the continuance of the Union. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

It would puzzle any one to prove that Mr. Lincoln's election would be "hazardous to the peace or continuance of the Union." The Republican party proposes no infringement upon the rights of any section. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

There is not an article in its creed which is not in entire harmony with the Constitution and with the doctrines of the Fathers. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

What is here heretical or oppressive in the principle of Freedom in the Territories? Not a man lived in the revolutionary era, nor for a generation afterwards, who sanctioned the idea that Slavery was an institution to be extended. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

The problem with them was how to wipe it out, and their prayer was for its extermination, not for its expansion. In this direction, Washington and Jefferson went as far, if not farther, than Lincoln or Seward; and the Republicans of 1798 were far more emphatic, in their words and works, than the Republicans of 1860. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

In insisting, therefore, upon FREE TERRITORIES for FREE MEN, we are only treading "in the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors," and trying to bear up the banner which they first gave to the breeze. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Is there anything "worthy of death or of bonds" in the doctrine that the People have the sovereign right to elect whom they please as their Chief Magistrate? We know very well that a great many very foolish men have threatened to dissolve the Union if a Republican should reach that distinction. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

But no one of sound mind pays any attention to these threats. They are so absurd and unreasonable—they so clearly emanate from men who have neither the courage nor the power to carry them out—that they have not, and will not have the weight of a feather in determining the conduct or the vote of a single elector. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

So little "hazard" is there to the Union from the happening of the event these Fire-Eaters deprecate, that a policy of insurance could be had against its happening, at rates so low that they could easily be paid from the proceeds of an exhausted tobacco plantation. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

places as belonging to them by right, and General Government has lent itself to the bad work of fostering the aristocracy inherent in the slave system, to the great wrong, if not to the material injury of the free people of the North. It may be greatly doubted whether it is of any real advantage to any section, or to any people, to be made the recipients of Government patronage. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

But it is humiliating, and a violation of right and justice, for any section of the Union to be deliberately discriminated against, as the North always has been. If by adopting this new rule, a few of the steady appendages of the "First Families" of Virginia, and of some other southern states, may have to fall back into the ranks of honest labor, it does not follow that the Union will be endangered. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

If Mr. Lincoln should—as it is falsely alleged he would—attempt to interfere with the rights or institutions of the states, then he would "hazard the peace and continuance of the Union." But he will do no such thing. The Republican party proposes nothing of the kind. It never did, nor did ever any of its statesmen. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Republicans, to the fullest extent, recognize the sovereignty of the states; and slavery in the states would be as secure under Abraham Lincoln as under Stephen A. Douglas. This his well-knowers as well as we do. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

But they deny it to justify the threats made to do what the "Dough-Faces" may have done should Mr. Lincoln be elected. But Mr. Lincoln will be elected; and what is threatened will not be done. The integrity of the Union will be safe in his hands; and the only dissolution that will follow his election will be the dissolution of the co-partnership which has unjustly existed, for thirty years, between the General Government and the Slave Power. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Albany Journal. Buried City and its Treasures. The New Granada grave excitement having pretty well died out, the restless treasure seekers have taken it into their heads that the old city of Fort Royal, which was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1592, and over which now dash the waters of the Bay of Kingston, Jamaica, if its deluged secrets were explored, would pay the risk and trouble and expense with untold gold. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Such an expedition is projected and with marine armor, it is in the range of modern possibilities that it will result in something practical. When the city was sunken it was large, and populous, well built, and wealthy, and when the earth opened and the waves engulfed it, it became the coffin of thousands, and its ruins, yet to be seen in a clear, sunny day, as the vessel glides over the smooth waters of the bay and over the house tops and streets of the once gay metropolis of the island, many of its ruins having yet remained the action of its waves and wear of time, there can be no doubt that great wealth lies buried, and it is probably accessible to the approach of a few artists and adventurers. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

More improbable expeditions have been started, resulting in some instances with success. Sir Charles Napier's Estimate of Military Glory.—Nineteen long letters from Lord Elyborough 1. He has made me Governor of Seinde, with additional pay; and he has ordered the captured guns to be cast into a triumphal column, with our name. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

I wish he would let me go back to my wife and girls, it would be more to me than pay, glory, and honors. This is glory is it? Yes. Nine princes have surrounded their swords to me on the field of battle, and their kingdoms have been conquered by me, and attached to my own country. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Well, all the glory that can be desired is mine, and I care so little for it, that, the moment I can, all shall be resigned, to live quietly with my wife and girls; no honor or riches repays me for absence from them. Ashtabula, Ohio. 419

Otherwise, this sort of life is life to me; it is agreeable, as it may enable me to do good to these poor people. Oh! if I can do any good thing