ASHTABULA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

By JAMES REED. Independent in all things. $2 in Advance

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H. B. VAN NORMAN, M. D., Homeœopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office nearly opposite the residence of H. Fassett, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Residence nearly opposite the M. E. Church. OFFICE HOURS—From 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 2 P. M., and evening. 865

S. S. FARRINGTON, M. D., with S. H. Farrington, M. D. Physicians and Surgeons. 919

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS.

EDWARD H. FITCH, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Notary Public, Ashtabula, Ohio. Special attention given to the Settlement of Estates, and to Conveyancing and Collecting. Also to all matters arising under the Bankrupt Law. 918

WADE & WATKINS—Attorneys at Law, Jefferson, Ohio. Office in the Court House, for the present. D. S. WADE. 895 A. B. WATKINS.

F. A. PETTIBONE, Attorney at Law, Collector Conveyancer and Notary Public. Geneva, Ohio, Dec. 3, 1866. 885-y1

HENRY FASSETT, Agent Home Insurance Company, of New York (Capital, $2,000,000), and of Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Ct. Also, attends to writing of Deeds, Wills, &c. 869

SHERMAN, HALL & SHERMAN, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Asatabula, Ohio. 916
LABAN S. SHERMAN. THEO. HALL. FRANK H. SHERMAN.

J. R. COOK, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Notary Public, also Real Estate Agent, Main street, over Morrison & Ticknor's store, Ashtabula, O. 832

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

O. H. PITCH, Life, Fire and Marine Insurance, and Real Estate Agency, Fisk Block, Ashtabula, O. 686

SAMUEL W. HUMPHREY, Real Estate Dealer, continues to supply the market with Building Lots from his place at the Depot. Lots eligible and prices moderate. 19-813

HOTELS.

CLARENDON HOUSE,—A. H. Stockwell, Proprietor. Omnibuses run regularly from this house to and from every train, and a line of stages leaves its door for Jefferson and other interior points. 869

FISK HOUSE,—Ashtabula, Ohio.—H. Field, 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. 689

THOMPSON'S HOTEL.—J. C. THOMPSON, Proprietor, Jefferson, Ohio.

MERCHANTS.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano-Fortes, and Melodeons, Piano tools, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot—22 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. 416

STRONG & MANNING, Dealers in Bituminous Anthracite and Blacksmith's Coals, by the ton or car load, at Ashtabula station, or delivered in the Village, at the most favorable rates. 866

TYLER & CARLISLE, Dealers in Groceries, Domestic Dry Goods, &c. just opening at the old store of Stephen Hall, Main Street, which has been rebuilt and put in neat and tasteful order. 873

HERRICK & BROTHER, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Cutlery, Notions, &c., &c., Main, two doors North of Centre street, Ashtabula, O. 870

SMITH & GILKEY, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery and Glass-Ware, opposite Clarendon Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 870

W. REDHEAD, Dealer in Flour, Pork, Hams, Lard, and all kinds of Fish. Also, all kinds of Family Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery, Ale and Domestic Wines. 869

COLLINS & BROTHER, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Notions, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Iron, Stone China, &c., &c. Two doors north of Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio.
L. P. COLLINS. 869 J. W. COLLINS.

J. P. ROBERTSON, Dealer in every description of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Also, on hand a stock of Choice Family Groceries, Main street, corner of Centre, Ashtabula, O. 869

HORTON, FELLOWS & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, and General Dealers in Produce, Provisions, Flour, Corn, Fish, Salt, &c., Main street, Ashtabula, O. Goods delivered free of charge. 869

D. W. HASKELL & CO., Corner Spring and Main streets, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c., &c.
D. W. HASKELL. 853 J. W. HASKELL.

WELLS & BOOTH, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Butter and Cheese, Dried Fruit, Flour, and Groceries. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the lowest cash cost. Ashtabula, Ohio. 887

MORRISON & TICKNOR, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Hardware, Crockery, Books, Paints, Oils, &c., Ashtabula, O. 869

MANN & NOYES, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Hardware, Stoves and Tinware. Strict attention paid to all kinds of Tinner's Job Work. Corner of Center and Park streets, Ashtabula, Ohio. 869

DRUGGISTS.

CHARLES E. SWIFT—Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Perfumery and Fancy Articles, superior Teas, Coffee, Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Patent Medicines of every description, Paints, Dyes, Varnishes, Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Hair Restoratives, Hair Oils, &c. all of which will be sold at the lowest prices. Prescriptions prepared with suitable care. 895

H. A. HENDRY, Corner Main and Centre streets, Ashtabula, O., 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. 728

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crockery, Glass-Ware. Also, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hardware, Saddlery, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dyestuffs, &c., Main street, Ashtabula.

HARNESS MAKER.

W. H. WILLIAMSON, Saddler and Harness Maker, opposite Fisk Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio, has on hand, and makes to order, in the best manner, everything in his line. 869

P. C. FORD, Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Whips, &c., opposite Fisk House, Ashtabula, Ohio. 870

LUMBER-YARD.

SEYMOUR & GIDDINGS, Dealers in Pine and Domestic Lumber, Dressed or otherwise, Lath, Pine Shingles, &c. Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Fence Stuff, &c., Orders for Surfacing, Matching, Sawing, &c., promptly attended to. Ashtabula, Ohio.
WM. SEYMOUR. 858-6m A. C. GIDDINGS.

MANUFACTURERS.

A. D. STRONG, Manufacturer and Jobber in Hermetically Sealed Goods, Jelly, Cider, and Cider Vinegar, Ashtabula, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1866. 880

G. ZEILE & BRO., Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Leather in general demand in this market. Highest cash price paid for Hides and Skins.

Q. C. CULLEY, Manufacturer of Lath, Siding, Mouldings, Cheese Boxes, &c. Planing, Matching, and Scroll-Sawing, done on the shortest notice. Shop on Main street, opposite the Upper Park, Ashtabula, Ohio. 440

W. W. SMITH, Manufacturer and Dealer in all the different kinds of Leather in demand in this market, and Shoemaker's Findings. He is also engaged in the manufacture of Harnesses, of the light and tasteful, as well as the more substantial kinds, opposite Phœnix Foundry, Ashtabula. 870

T. S. LAY, Manufacturer and Dealer in Boots, Shoes, &c., Fisk Block, Main street, Ashtabula, O. 870

BOOK STORE.

E. G. DICK, Dealer in Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, Toys, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Sheet Music and Music Books. Agent for the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. 897

CLOTHIERS.

PIERCE & HALL, Dealers in Clothing, Hats, Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Ashtabula, O. 834

BRUCE, AMIDON & WAITE, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, &c., Ashtabula. 990

J. F. GIFFORD & CO., Merchant Tailors and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, &c., &c., Ashtabula. 829

BREWERS.

ROBERT FULLER,—Ashtabula Brewery,—Office and Brewery, on Bank Alley, (near Farmers' National Bank,) Ashtabula, Ohio. 870

RADFORD & KAIN, Brewers. Office and Brewery, in old M. E. Church, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 870

CABINET WARE.

DUCRO & BROTHER, Manufacturers of, and Dealers in Furniture of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also General Undertakers, and Manufacturers of Coffins to order. Main street, North of South Public Square, Ashtabula. 491

LINUS SAVAGE, Furniture Dealer and Manufacturer. Steam establishment, North Main street, near the office of Dr. Farrington, Ashtabula, Ohio. 451

D. W. GARY & Co. Dealers in all descriptions of Furniture, of both Eastern and Western make and styles at moderate prices, Clarendon Block, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 901

FOUNDRIES.

CROSBY & MONTIGLE, Iron Founders and Manufacturers and Dealers in Stoves of various kinds, Plows and Plow Castings, Mill Castings, and most descriptoins of foundry work. Spring St., Ashtabula. 760

P. J. RICE, Phœnix Foundry, Manufacturer of Stoves and Plows, and General Founder. Sugar Kettles, Mill and Plow Castings, Hollow Ware, and all other Castings made to order. Office Phœnix Foundry, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. 870

JEWELERS.

GEO. E. TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers of Silver Ware, Gilders and Silver Platers, 136 Champlain St., between Seneca and Ontario, Cleveland, Ohio. 994

G. W. DICKINSON, Jeweler. Repairing of all kinds of Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry. Shop, Clarendon Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 6—

J. S. ABBOTT, Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Engraving, Mending and Repairing done to order. Shop on Main street, Conneaut, Ohio. 838

HARDWARE, &c.

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't Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. 470

MILLINERY.

MISS WRIGHT & BRO., Dealers in Silks, Ribbons, Laces, Plumes, Flowers, Velvets, Straw and Silk Bonnets Hats, Ladies' Cups, Furs, Hoop Skirts, Corsets & Millinery goods generally. Ashtabula, O 871

DENTISTS.

S. D. HOWELLS, DENTIST, Jefferson, Ohio. Office in the Sentinel building. Filling and extracting done carefully. Upper or lower sets of teeth inserted for from $10 to $20. ALL WORK WARRANTED. 919

P. E. HALL, Dentist, Ashtabula, O., Office on the Hulbert Lot, nearly opposite the bank. 869

G. W. NELSON, Dentist, Ashtabula, Ohio. Office in Fisk Block. 869

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. T. H. HOPKINS, Music Teacher and Piano Tuner, Ashtabula, Ohio.

EMORY LUCE, Propagator and Dealer in Grape Vines, Green-House Bedding and Vegatable Plants. Persons about to plant Vineyards, will find it to their advantage to consult me on the selection of sites for Vineyards, Soils, *Kinds* of *Grapes*, best mode and time of Planting. Examine samples of Growing Vines, and compare prices. Ashtabula, Ohio.

PURE BRANDY made from Grape Wine, White Catawba and Blackberry Wines, for medicinal purposes, for sale on the North Ridge. JOHN PERKW.
Ashtabula, Jan. 1866. y-839

ERIE RAIL WAY.

GREAT BROAD GAUGE, DOUBLE-TRACK-ROUTE TO

New York, Boston, and New England Cities.

THIS Rail Way Extends from—
Dunkirk to New York, 460 miles;
Buffalo to New York, 423 miles;
Salamanca to New York, 415 miles
and is from 22 to 27 miles the shortest route.

All Trains run directly through to New York, 460 miles, without change of Coaches.

From and after April 29, 1867, trains will leave in connection with all Western lines, as follows:

From Dunkirk and Salamanca,
by New York time, from Union Depots:

7.30 A. M. Express Mail—from Dunkirk, (Sundays excepted)—stops at Salamanca 10.00 A. M. and connects at Hornellsville and Corning with the 8.00 A. M. Express Mail from Buffalo, and arrives in New York at 7.00 A. M.

2 35 P. M. Lightning Express—from Salamanca (Sundays excepted)—stops at Hornellsville, 5.35 P. M.—Supper—intersecting with the 2.20 P. M. train from Buffalo, and arrives in New York at 7.00 A. M.

4.15 P. M. N. York Night Express—from Dunkirk (Sundays excepted)—stops at Salamanca 6.55 P. M.; Olean 7.35 P. M.—supper—Turner's 9.56 A. M.—breakfast—and arrives in N. York at 12.30 P. M. connecting with Afternoon trains and steamers for Boston and New England cities.

From Buffalo—by New York Time, from Depot cor. Exchange and Michigan streets:

5.15 A. M. N. York Bay Express—(Sunday's excepted)—stops at Hornelsville 9.03 A. M. (bkft.) Susquehanna 2.17 P. M. (dine) Turner's 7.55 P. M. (sup.) and arrives in New York 10.30 P. M. Connects at Great Bend with Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, and at Jersey City with Midnight Express Train of New Jersey Railroad for Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

8.00 A. M. Express Mail—via Avon & Hornellsville—(Sundays excepted.)—Arrives in N. York at 7 A. M. Connects at Elmira with Northern Central Railway for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore Washington and points south.

2.20 P. M. Lightning Express—(Sundays excepted)—stops at Hornellsville 5.25 P. M. (supper) and arrives in New York 7.00 A. M. Connects at Jersey City with Morning Express Train of New Jersey Railroad for Baltimore and Washington, and at New York with Morning Express Train for Boston and New England Cities.

6.10 P. M. New York Night Express—Daily—stops at Portage 8.55 P. M.—supper—intersecting at Hornellsville with the 4.15 P. M. train from Dunkirk, and arrives in New York at 12.30 P. M.

11.20 P. M. Cincinnati Express—(Sundays excepted)—stops at Susquehanna 7.22 A. M. (bkft); Turner's 1.10 P. M. (dine) and arrives in New York at 3.25 P. M. Connects at Elmira with Northern Central Railway for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and points south; at Great Bend with Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad for Scranton, Trenton and Philadelphia, and at New York with Afternoon trains and steamers for Boston and New England Cities.

Only One Train East on Sunday, leaving Buffalo at 6.10 P. M. and reaching New York at 12.30 P. M.

Boston and New England Passengers, with their Baggage, are transferred *free of charge* in New York.

To pleasure travels the line of the Erie Railway presents many objects of interest, passing through the beautiful valleys of the Chemung, Susquehanna, Delaware and Ramapo rivers, an ever-changing panorama of nature's beauties commands attention.

The best ventilated and most luxurious sleeping coaches IN THE WORLD, accompany all night trains on this railway.

Baggage Checked Through—and Fare always as low as by any other route.

Ask for Tickets by Erie Railway.

To be obtained at all principal Ticket Offices in west or south-west. 896

H. RIDDLE, *Gen. Supt.* WM. R. BARR, *Gen. Pas. Agt.*

CLEVELAND AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD.

4 THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY.

On and after Monday, April 29, 1867, and until further Notice, Passenger Trains run as follows:

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Night Ex.	Mail & Acc.	Cin Express	Day Ex.	N. Y. Ex.
	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
Cleveland,	5 00	3 00	4 00	9 40	9 00
Euclid,	6 00	4 00	4 40	10 50	8 00
Wickliffe,	6 30	4 30	5 13	11 20	8 30
Willoughby,	6 51	4 51	5 39	11 51	8 57
Painesville,	7 12	5 12	6 00	12 34	9 26
Perry,	7 37	5 37	6 35	1 20	10 12
Madison,	7 57	5 57	7 05	1 54	10 44
Unionville,	8 12	6 12	7 25	2 24	11 14
Saybrook,	8 27	6 27	7 45	2 54	11 45
Ashtabula,	8 40	6 40	8 00	3 20	12 10
Kingsville,	8 57	6 57	8 21	3 50	12 40
Geneva,	9 11	7 11	8 40	4 20	1 10
Springfield,	9 23	7 23	8 57	4 47	1 35
Girard,	9 33	7 33	9 10	5 05	1 55
Fairview,	9 43	7 43	9 24	5 21	2 11
Swanville,	9 53	7 53	9 38	5 35	2 25
Erie,	10 10	8 10	9 59	5 55	2 45
Arrive Erie,	10 40	8 40	10 30	6 25	3 15
Leave	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Night Ex.	Mail & Acc.	Cin Express	Day Ex.	N. Y. Ex.
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.
Erie,	12 00	3 00	1 00	6 00	6 00
Swanville,	12 20	3 20	1 20	6 20	6 20
Fairview,	12 34	3 34	1 34	6 34	6 34
Girard,	12 46	3 46	1 46	6 46	6 46
Springfield,	12 56	3 56	1 56	6 56	6 56
Geneva,	1 08	4 08	2 08	7 08	7 08
Kingsville,	1 26	4 26	2 26	7 26	7 26
Ashtabula,	1 40	4 40	2 40	7 40	7 40
Saybrook,	1 57	4 57	2 57	7 57	7 57
Unionville,	2 12	5 12	3 12	8 12	8 12
Madison,	2 27	5 27	3 27	8 27	8 27
Perry,	2 42	5 42	3 42	8 42	8 42
Painesville,	3 00	6 00	4 00	9 00	9 00
Willoughby,	3 19	6 19	4 19	9 19	9 19
Wickliffe,	3 37	6 37	4 37	9 37	9 37
Euclid,	3 52	6 52	4 52	9 52	9 52
Cleveland,	4 05	7 05	5 05	9 55	10 05
STATIONS.	Night Ex.	Mail & Acc.	Cin Express	Day Ex.	N. Y. Ex.
	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.

Trains do not stop at stations where the time is omitted in the above table.

Second Class Cars run on all Through Trains.

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

And all through trains going Eastward, connect at Dunkirk with the trains of Erie Railway, and at Buffalo with those of N. Y. Central, and Erie Railways for New York, Albany, Boston, Niagara Falls, &c., &c.; and at Erie with trains on Philadelphia and Erie R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New York, &c.

New York Express East connects at Girard with trains on the Erie & Pittsburgh R. R. for Lincsville, Meadville, Jamestown, Greenville, &c., Pa.

H. NOTTINGHAM, Supt.

Supt's Office, Cleveland & Erie Railroad, }
Cleveland, O., April 29, 1867. }

BRICK MACHINES.—The subscriber offers for sale, on favorable terms, two of Hall's patent Brick Machines, the best patent for a hand machine in use, nearly new, and in good order and condition. GEORGE RUSSELL.
Ashtabula, May, 1, 1867. 905.

SELECT POETRY.

There must be Something Wrong.

BY ELIZA COOK.

When earth produces free and fair,
The golden waving corn;
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
And fleecy flocks are shorn;
While thousands move with aching head,
And sing this ceaseless song—
We starve! We die! Oh, give us bread!
There must be something wrong!

When wealth is wrought, as seasons roll,
From off the fruitful soil:
When luxury from pole to pole
Reaps fruits of human toil;
When from a thousand, *one* alone
In plenty rolls along,
The others only gnaw the bone—
There must be something wrong!

And when production never ends,
The earth is yielding ever
A copious harvest oft begins,
But distribution—never;
When toiling millions work to fill
The wealthy coffers strong—
When hands are crushed that work and till
There must be something wrong!

When poor men's tables waste away
To barrenness and drought,
There must be something in the way
That's worth the finding out;
With surfeits one great table bends
While numbers move along;
While scarce a crust their board extends,
There must be something wrong!

Then let the law give equal right
To wealthy and to poor;
Let Freedom crush the arm of Might—
We ask for nothing more.
Until this system is begun
The burden of our song
Must, and can be, this only one—
There must be something wrong!

A Churchyard Adventure.

One night after I had retired to bed, I heard some one ringing violently at the office bell. Dr. Colburn had gone some miles in the country to see a patient, so it fell to my lot as his student to answer the summons. I crept to the window and found a man before the door.

"What is it?" I asked.

"You must come and see Mr. Jenkins directly, he is very ill," replied the messenger.

"Very well, I will be there in a few minutes," I returned in no very good humor, for this Mr. Jenkins was an old patient of the doctor's, and an unprofitable one too; he had never paid a cent in his life. Besides which, he was a hard drinker and had had several attacks of *delirium tremens*. I thought it very probable I might be detained there all night, as he was usually very violent when suffering from these attacks. I dressed myself hurriedly, and slipping a bottle of laudanum into my pocket, (opium is the best remedy for *delirium tremens*) I made the best of my way to Mr. Jenkins dwelling.

He lived a short distance from town; and I confess some of my old superstitious feelings returned when I had left the lights of the town behind. I was not sorry when I stood before my patient's residence.

In reply to my summons, an elderly woman opened the door; the moment she saw me she exclaimed:

"Oh, Doctor, I am so glad you have come, for Mr. Jenkins is very bad indeed, worse than he has been yet."

I followed the woman up stairs and entered the patient's bed room. A terrible sight met my gaze. The invalid was a raving maniac. He was sitting upright in bed, his countenance expressing intense alarm. His eyes were rolling in his head, and appeared to be very much injected. His hands trembled and picked at the sheets with convulsive grasps. The moment he saw me he glared at me like a tiger about to spring upon his prey.

"Back! back!" he loudly cried, "I will not come! Will no one free me from this persecutor?"

"Hush!" whispered the woman, "it is the Doctor!"

"The Doctor!" he exclaimed, with a vacant stare. "Give me brandy—brandy, I say! The room is filled with serpents—they are hissing around the bed! Take them away! for God's sake take them away!"

I approached the bed and took hold of his hand.

"Your hand is ice—cold—cold!" said he, with a shudder. "Ah!" see that snake, it is coming here, keep it off!"

His raving increased, and he became very violent—requiring force to keep him in bed.—After a time his physical powers began to fail. Just before his existence terminated he raised himself in his bed, and in a hollow voice shrieked out:

"Fool that you are! I will haunt you after death!"

With these words he fell exhausted on the couch—a gurgling was heard in his throat—a convulsive spasm seized his limbs, and he was dead.

I returned home very much shocked with what I had seen. It was the first fatal case of *delirium tremens* I had ever beheld, and perhaps it would be impossible to find anything more appalling or horrifying to the feelings. The last words of the poor wretch made a deep impression on my mind, and I was haunted by them for several days.

About a week after this I was summoned to the chief hotel of the town to meet some college chums, who were on the road to Canada, and took advantage of passing through Burlington to spend the day with me.

I dined with them, and we passed what is called a jolly time—which means that we drank a great deal more wine than was good for us, and acted as ill become rational beings. In the course of the conversation, I related to my friends the particulars of Jenkins' death, dwelling especially on the evil effects of intemperance, at the same time that I was certainly not practicing what I preached.—By some turn of the conversation the subject of physical courage was introduced. The brandy had made me very eloquent.

"Well, for my part," I exclaimed, "I think it all nonsense for any one to be afraid. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to indulge in so debasing a passion."

One of my friends looked curiously at me, and replied:

"Whereabouts is that Jenkins buried?"

"In Mount Clare Cemetery."

"How far is that from the city?"

"About a mile."

"Well, old fellow, I will bet you the price of a champagne supper that you dare not go at 12 o'clock to-night, stick a pen knife in his grave and leave it there."

"Nonsense," I replied, "I should be robbing you."

"Will you take my bet?"

I was by this time in a state of demi-intoxication, and felt that I was equal to anything; therefore, without a moment's hesitation, I cried out "Done."

The moment the word had passed my lips I repented my foolish wager; but it was too late to retract. My friend looked at his watch, it was then half past eleven. It was therefore time I should set out. It was agreed that I was to go to the grave and wait there till the cemetery clock struck 12, with the last stroke I was to plunge my pen knife into the grave and leave it there.

I took another large tumbler of brandy and water to keep up my courage, and started off on my foolhardy excursion.

Until the last house of the town was passed I got along very well, but when I reached the dark road leading to the cemetery my heart began to fail me. I whistled to distract my attention, I sang, I called out, but the only answer I received was a dull echo. It was no use. I felt my courage fast oozing away, but shame made me proceed.

I forgot to say that it was a windy, blustering November night, and so dark I could scarcely see my hand before my face.

The moaning of the wind amongst the huge trees lining the road, did not tend to reanimate me. I plodded on in a state of miserable, abject fear.

At length I reached the cemetery gate and with a trembling hand swung open the massive porta'.

Jenkins' grave was at the farther end of the cemetery, and I had, as it were, to walk through a whole city of graves before I reached it. How I got there I know not, for by this time I was completely unmanned, and my legs trembled under me as if they were afflicted with palsy. All the horrible incidents I had ever read in romances came back to my mind in the most vivid manner. I could just trace the forms of the white tombstones which lay in my path. Twenty times I transformed them into spectres, and fancied they were advancing toward me. More than once I turned my back to fly from the accursed spot; but a more powerful feeling than fear prevented me—namely, the dread of derision.

At last I reached the spot where the drunkard was buried. I could distinctly detect the form of a newly made grave. pulled out my pen knife and held it in my hand, ready to plunge it into the grave when the clock should strike 12.

I do not know how long I waited; it appeared an age to me. All the time I was there the wind moaned and whistled round the old tombstones, as if interrogating me as to my business there.

Suddenly a sound vibrated through the air. I gave a start, and then, even in the midst of my fears, smiled at my folly. It was only the cemetery clock striking twelve. I waited until eleven strokes had been sounded, and while the last was still ringing I stooped down and plunged the pen knife deeply in the brown earth. I then attempted to rise, but great heavens! I was fixed—immovable. A hoarse sound of mocking laughter rang through the cemetery, as if it proceeded from some being deriding me.—Again I made the attempt—and again something held me back. I was dragged down—down, until I lay all my length on the grave; I felt the cold earth against my face. The laughter was repeated; it was now distinct and perceptible, and grated on my ears. Perspiration poured from my brow like water, my hands trembled, and there was such an oppression about my heart that it appeared as if it must cease to beat. The last words of the miserable wretch came forcibly into my mind—"Fool that you are, I will haunt you after death!" It was true then I was in his power, and spirits did revisit the earth.

While I lay down I no longer felt the invisible *thing* holding me. It must have relaxed its grasp. I began to reason with myself—could I have been deceived—was it simply a hallucination of my senses? As I asked myself these questions I began to gain a little courage.—I cautiously got upon my knees and the blood began to return to my cheek, for no hand held me back now.

I remained in this position a minute to collect my energies, and then made a movement to attain a standing posture—but oh! horror of horrors! the *thing* was holding me again. Yes—it was no dream—it was no hallucination—it was a palpable, stern reality. The drag was steady continuous—down—down again on the mound of earth which covered the body of the wretched drunkard. At this moment, too, the wind increased in violence; again the horrid laughter greeted my ear—it was even intensified in harshness.—I could hear no more. I shrieked aloud in agony, and made desperate efforts to get free; but it was all in vain. Exhausted nature could hold out no longer—my energies failed me, and I sank into a state of unconsciousness. * * * * *

How long I lay there I know not; but when I came to myself it was broad daylight. I made a movement to get up, but found I was held fast as before. The daylight, however, gave me courage, and I began to look around me. A single glance convinced me there was no visible spirit at work. I began to examine the ground, and the mystery was explained to me in a moment. When I had thrust my pen knife into the grave, I had also passed it through the lappel of my coat! The mocking laughter I had heard was also explained by a half broken branch hanging from a tree in the vicinity. The wind every now and then caught it in such a manner that it creaked and grated against the trunk of the tree.

I was thoroughly ashamed of myself for my fears, and rose up very much crestfallen. I made the best of my way home and the incident afforded me a lesson which I have never forgotten.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

NASBY.

The Negro being found not Available, Mr. Nasby and his followers Decide to go back on him—A Meeting, the effect which was Spoiled by Pollock, the Illinois Store-keeper and Joseph Bigler, late C. N. A.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS, }
Stalt uv Kentucky.) }
July 23, 1867 }

The speculation in wool, into which the Dimocracy uv the South embarkt some months ago, hez, I regret to say resultid disastrously. The nigger ain't fitted for co-operashen with the Dimocrisy. Instid uv hangin onto us like the ivy onto the oak, he diskivered that, in the South at least, he wuz really the oak and we the ivy; instid of lookin up to us, he contractid a disagreeable habit uv lookin down onto us. There wuz other reasons why he coodent be made available for our uses, and therefore, it was decided to go back onto the Afrikin, and to agin attempt his reduckshen to ez near his normal speer ez the abnormal condishen ov the times would admit. The directors uv the college met and changed the name uv the Institushen back to the "Southern Military & Classikle Institoot," and the Corners wuz itself agin.

Deekin Pogram lookt ez tho ten years hed bin lifted off him. "How pleasant 'tis," sed he, "to walk erect in front uv a nigger, and to pass em ez tho they wuz niggers! Oh, ef I cood only wallop one wunst more, methinks I could die happy!"

We hed a meetin last nite to consider this nigger question, which wood hev resultid in great good and hed a powerful influoence toward strengthenin the hands uv our bretherin in the North, who are fightin the heresy uv nigger suffrage hed it not bin for that irritashen Pollock, and that pest, Joe Bigler. I hed made my regler speech on the nigger and with much effect. I hed quoted from sumbody's quotation from Agassiz, wich demonstrated the radicle difference, there is atween the Afrikin and the proud Caucasshun; arguin from the length uv his leel and arm; the thickness uv his skull and so forth, that the nigger wuz totally unfit to exercise the rites uv free men.

I wuz applauded vociferously and by none more than by Pollock and Joe Bigler. Ez I took my seat and wuz a wipin the prespiration from my classikle brow feelin that I hed settled that question, Pollock riz and desired to say a few words and made a suggestion. Sed he:

"I have listened with interest to the elokent speeker and am happy to say I hev learned fax wich is new to me. I hev ever doubted the inferiority uv the nigger, them doubts are removed, previdin alluz, that the statements uv the speeker is troo, uv which I hev no doubt, ez the character uv the speeker is a suffishent guarantee for the trooth uv wichever he sez."

I bowed stately-like, with the air uv one to whom sich compliments wuz a every day affair, which they aint by no means, on the contrary quite the reverse.

But I want it demonstrated to the satisfackshen uv the most obtoose—I want rite here a measurement uv the average Afrikin and the average white man, that all the world may know the difference. I move that it be did.

I acceded. "Let it be done," said I, "that the vexed question may be settled forever."

Several niggers were askt to submit to the measurement, but all refused.—Finally Joe Bigler sed he saw Napoleon Johnson, a nigger wich wunst belonged to Deekin Pogram, in the audience.—"Napoleon," sed he, "will yoo contribbit yoorself to the great scienc uv ethnology? Aint yoo willin to let us use yon awhile to demonstrate the grate and growin trooth that your grandfather wuz a monkey? Step up Napoleon."

Napoleon, nothin dasht, stept up, and Pollock, Bascom, Bigler and I measured him with the follerin result:

Heighth	5 feet 8 inches.
Weight	150 lbs avoirdupois.
Length uv foot	12 inches.
Breadth uv foot	6 inches.
Length uv hand	6½ inches.
Breadth uv hand	11 inches.
Length uv bone from ankle to knee	4 inches.
Capacity uv skull, wich, bein the top or cap uv the vertrebral columb, so to speek, is accordin to Hippocrates, a trooe scientific Greek, and Hon. Wm. Munger, uv Ohio, a very Important bone for pretty much all the races	66 cubic inches.

"Now," sed Pollock, "let us examine the same way a average speciman uv the caucashen race ez he is found in this delectable spot. Will Issaker Gavitt be good enuff to step forrerd? I perpose to demonstrate the sooperiority uv the Caucashen with a two foot rule. Figgers wont lie. Step up Issaker."

Heighth	5 feet 8 inches.
Weight	150 lbs.
Length uv hand	7½ inches.
Breadth uv hand	3½ inches.
Length uv foot	11 inches.
Breadth uv foot	4½ inches.
Projectshen uv heel	1½ inches.
Length uv forearm	10 inches.
Length uv bone from ankle to knee	15 inches.
Capacity uv skull	97 cubic inches.

Pollock was delited! "Here," sed he, it is in a nut shell. Issaker hez a shorter and a more narrer hand, a shorter and narrerer foot, and his heel projecks less than the nigger's by 2½ inches! Good Lord, how I hev bin deseved! Wat errers I hev bin nussin! How kin a human being have intelleck whose heels projecks four inches? How rejoict am I that I am at last set rite on these important pints!"

I smiled benignantly onto him.

Bigler riz, "I, too," sed he, "am satisfied that the nigger is not wat we, who wuz disposed to consider him fit to exercise rites, supposed him to be. I held firm when the measurement uv his hands and arms wuz bein made, but the heel staggered me. Its clear that no one ken hev intellect whose leg isn't set on his foot better than that. I shel persoo this investigashen. Hevin now a start in pint—a heel, ez I may say, to stand on. I shel go on to prove the inferiority uv the nigger. With that heel for a fulcrum, I shel, with the lever uv trooth proceed to upset the fabrick uv nigger equality and carry confushen into Boston. I shel assoom that Napoleon is a average specimen uv the lower or unintellectool Afrikin type. Is it so?"

"It is! it is!" yelled we all, delited at the happy turn the thing wuz takin.

I shel also assoom that Issaker Gavitt is a average uv the higher or intellectoal Caucashen type. Is it so?"

"Certainly! Certainly!"

"Very well. Now quake Massachusetts. Napoleon kin you read?"

I saw the trap into which we hed fallen