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### Original Poetry.

For the Free Press.  
**To the Comet Donat.**  
Donat, thou majestic of the sky  
Ere wanderer tell me why,  
That of the hosts of heaven bright,  
Thy kind only fill the world with light.  
What thy mission to a world like ours?  
Thou dost wander, aided by what powers?  
Whence thy origin? why created?  
How long since it was dated?  
All things above, all things here below;  
Except these, specific used to show,  
Each form a link in creation's chain,  
Canst thou not a place in it maintain?  
Lives govern all that is shown,  
Even from God's footstool to his throne,  
Eccentric Comet, art thou a lone?  
Or canst thou claim our great God thy own?  
My wandring eye scans the space above,  
Beholds great power and works of love,  
Admires the worlds that round us roll,  
But who knows thy destiny, thy goal?  
Thy bright comets, what dost thou conceal,  
A world, that canst think, talk and feel?  
Or is there the place where Fairies dwell,  
And such spirits as no secrets tell?  
Donat, thou majestic of the sky,  
Ere wanderer tell me why,  
That in me so many secrets lie,  
Will fair science unfold them by and by?  
X. Y.  
Carrollton, O., Oct. 6, 1858.

### Caught on a Jury.

The following, which we have had told  
us a fact some time ago, may be beneficial  
to some gentleman who has a young un-  
suspecting wife.  
A certain man who lived about ten miles  
from K., was in the habit of going to  
town once a week and getting on a regular  
stage, and would not return until he had  
had time to "cool off," which was generally  
two or three days. His wife was ignorant  
of the cause of his staying out so long,  
and suffered greatly from anxiety about  
his welfare. When he would return of  
course his coaching wife would inquire  
what had been the matter with him, and  
the invariable reply was, "that he was  
caught on the jury and couldn't get off."  
Having gathered his corn and placed it  
in a large heap, he, according to custom,  
determined to call in his neighbors and  
have a real corn-shucking time. So he  
gave Ned, a faithful servant, a jug and an  
order to go to town and get a gallon of whisky—  
a very necessary article on such occasions.  
Ned mounted a mule and was  
soon in town, and equipped with the whisky,  
remounted to set out for home, all boys  
with the prospect of fun at shucking.  
When he had proceeded a few hundred  
yards from town he concluded to try the  
"stuff," and not satisfied with once, he kept  
trying until the turned round so fast that  
he turned off the mule, and then he went  
to sleep and the mule went to grazing.  
It was just before the break of day,  
and so dark he was unable to make any  
start towards home until light. As soon  
as his bewilderment had subsided so he  
could get the "point," he started with an  
empty jug, the whisky having run out,  
and afoot, for the mule had gone home.  
Of course he was contemplating the notion  
of a "two year old hickory" as he went on  
at the rate of two forty.  
Ned reached home about breakfast time  
and fetched up at the back door with a decidedly  
guilty countenance.  
"What in thunder have you been at,  
you black rascal," said his master.  
Ned, knowing his master's excuse to  
his wife when he got on a spree, determined  
to tell the truth if he died for it, and said:  
"Well, master, to tell the truth, I was  
ketch on the jury and couldn't get off."  
Nash, News.  
"Professor Cox," (a very appropriate  
use of this much abused title,) from  
time immemorial has been the "dust and  
saber" man in Williams College, Mass., editing  
his duties of sweeping and making  
fires the other labors of making up  
the beds of the students. The Professor  
was in his generation, and very much  
so in his own conceit, and is always ready  
with a rebuke and an opinion. The beds  
were at one time terribly infested with  
bugs, and one of the students said to him  
as he was turning his work—  
"Professor, nothing was made in vain;  
what were bed-bugs made for?"  
Quickly, quietly and aptly, the old fel-  
low answered:  
"To show us that we have heard no rest-  
ing place!"  
"Blasphemous old skin!" said a run-  
ner to a competitor, before a whole depot  
full of bystanders; I knew you when you  
used to hire your children to go to bed  
without their supper, and after they go to  
sleep you'd slip up and steal their pennies  
to hire 'em with again next night.  
"Boy, did you let off that gun?" ex-  
claimed an enraged school-master. "Yes,  
master." "Well, what do you think I will  
do to you?" "Why, let me off."  
"A lady fellow down South spells  
Tennessee after this fashion—10 ac. And  
spells Andrew Jackson thus—6-ru Jaxn.  
He will suit a primary school.  
"When you're whistling in a printing  
office, and they say, "blunder," don't  
you do it;  
"The world makes us talkers, but  
solitude makes us thinkers."  
"When you busy solemnity don't  
set a stone up over its grave."

# The Carrollton Free Press.

"THE UNION OF THE STATES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION."  
VOL. 26. CARROLLTON, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1858. NO. 41.

### Republicans, are you ready?

The election for State, Congressional and County officers is not far distant. The enemy are marshaling their forces, and hope to achieve a triumph over the Republican. They are using their usual weapons of destruction and falsehood. Republicans, are you ready to meet them? They have engaged to assist them actively in the campaign, the office holders of the National Administration—men who are paid from the public treasury—to malign the Republicans, and uphold the Buchanan-Lecompton Administration. They wish to triumph in Ohio now in order that they may again triumph with Buchanan in 1860. Shall they succeed?  
From every quarter of the State we daily receive the most cheering assurances that the Republicans are doing their whole duty. The union of the opponents of the Administration in Hamilton County, promises the election of two opposition members of Congress from the First and Second Districts in the place of the two Leocompton English traitors, Pendleton and Groesbeck, and a majority of at least three thousand in the county for the Republican State ticket. In other portions of South and South eastern Ohio, where the Republican fires have burned but faintly, we are greeted by a brilliant blaze of enthusiasm, which burns steadily, fighting with rays of hope the future of the cause.  
In the closely contested Congressional districts, the Knox district, the Toledo district, the Ross district, the Muskingum district, and the Seneca district, the Republicans are working as they never worked before, to elect their candidates.  
All the districts named, and in fact, nearly all the counties and districts in the State will give a largely increased Republican vote over that of last fall, if any dependence can be placed upon present indications. Let it not be said that our friends everywhere also are gaining, while we of this county and district are not holding our own. The Presidential contest always calls out a heavy vote, and at other times are apt to be larger than at any other time. There is not the same excitement to call out a heavy vote that existed then, but there are additional reasons why we should make our vote as large as possible. Within the past two years, the designs of the slavery oligarchy have been more boldly and fully developed. During that time the faithful defenders of freedom in Congress have fought many a battle and have won several signal triumphs.  
Our county ticket is not only unexceptionable, but it possesses rare positive merits and strength. The candidates are generally well known to the people, and aside from political considerations are entitled to a hearty and undivided support, on their individual merits. It is due to them, no less than to the principles they represent, that the Republicans of the county enter the contest with a determination to maintain the standard of the party. Let not that standard be lowered a single inch. Rather let it be raised higher.  
Republicans, are you ready? We have to contend against a wily and unscrupulous foe; but armed with the consciousness of a good cause—the cause of freedom and the rights of man—the cause which animates the breasts of the Fathers of the Republic in their contest with the powers of Despotism, let us go forward conquering and to conquer. Let every Republican do and conquer. Let him see to it that his neighbor's vote, and that they vote right, and a glorious victory will crown our exertions. Republicans, are you ready?—O. S. Journal.

### The Children Carried off in a Balloon

The Chicago Press of yesterday morning says:  
We are glad to be able to relieve the painful apprehensions of the public with regard to the fate of the children who were carried away in a balloon from Rome, some eighteen or twenty miles east of Centralia, on Friday evening last. A gentleman from Centralia informs us that the little wanderers were found in the top of a tree, the next morning, where the balloon lodged about twenty-eight miles southward of their starting point, by a farmer living in the vicinity, who at once took measures to relieve them from their perilous situation. The story of the eldest (a girl about eight years of age), was that the balloon passed over Centralia, where she saw and hallooed to the people, but was far off to be heard.  
In the course of the night her little brother (about four years of age) complained of cold, when, with the instinct of a mother, she wrapped him in her apron and held him in her arms to keep him warm. Fortunately she had some idea of the mode of relieving the balloon of its weight, and, pulling upon a rope connected with the valve, she was rejoiced to see that its effect was to lower it gradually towards the earth. The first point it touched was a tree, from which it was blown by the wind; then it came in contact with another tree, where it fortunately rested, and there the young wanderers were found. They had suffered somewhat from cold, and probably also from fright, but had received no serious injury from their perilous voyage.  
The news of their rescue was announced in one of the churches at Centralia on Sunday morning, and was received with heart felt joy and thankfulness by the whole congregation, as it will be by the public at large.

### Daring Exploit in the Mammoth Cave.

The Louisville Journal gives the following description of a descent into a hitherto unexplored abyss of frightful depth, at the supposed termination of the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave. The hero of the adventure, Mr. Wm. C. Peattie, son of the senior editor of the Journal, determined to solve the mystery, a few weeks since was lowered into the pit by means of a rope fastened around his body.  
We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally spears of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge, from which he was judged by appearances, two or three strokes less off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit was rushing down to the abyss, and, as he descended by the side of the falling waters and in the midst of the spray, he felt some apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about eighteen feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than was ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and white as virgin snow.  
Making heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length a ked them to pull him partly up, intending to stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit.  
Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach. The situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassible avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to mouth of the avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but not being able to swing himself into it, he re-fastened the rope around his body, re-fastened himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, but the rope, being ill-adjusted around his body gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril.  
When he was ninety feet from the mouth of the pit, and one hundred from the bottom away and swinging in mid air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon he learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued. To avoid him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top. He was as calm and self-possessed as upon his entrance, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Prof. Wright, from over exertion and excitement, fainted and remained for a time insensible.  
The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Malstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries.

### The Young Man's Course.

I saw him first at a social party. He took but one single glass of wine, and that in compliance with the request of a young lady with whom he conversed.  
I saw him next, when he supposed he was unobserved, taking a glass to satisfy the slight desire formed by his social indulgence. He thought there was no danger.  
I saw him again, with those of his own age, meeting at night to spend a short time in convivial amusement. He said it was only innocent merriment.  
I next met him in the evening, in the street, unable to reach home. I assisted him thither. He looked ashamed when we next met.  
I saw him next reeling in the street. A confused state of his countenance, and words of blasphemy was on his tongue. Shame was gone!  
I saw him yet once more. He was pale, cold, motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting place. In the small procession that followed, every head was cast down, and seemed to shake with unspoken sighs.  
His fathers gray hairs were going to the grave in sorrow. His mother wept to think that she had ever given birth to such a child.  
A French engineer was traveling upon an old Ohio steamboat. He observed to the captain:  
"But this engine is in very bad condition."  
"That's so was the reply."  
"And how long do you expect to run it?"  
"Till it bursts," was the cool reply.  
After the next landing place there was one Frenchman less on that boat.

### From the Pittsburgh Gazette. Memorable Declarations.

Let us not lose sight of the fact, that Mr. Buchanan and his fellow laborers in the great field of pro-Slavery Democracy, are endeavoring to fasten upon this country a new policy—one which shall make this a great Slave Republic. Republicans bear in mind the great fact that in voting for Andrew Burke or Thomas Williams you are voting for doctrines that until the present Administration no one except John C. Calhoun ever dared openly to defend—doctrines which send Slavery with the flag and the Constitution of the United States wherever they go. Had the Republicans in the press or on the stump, alleged, in 1860, that "Democracy" had any such schemes for extending Slavery as the Administration of Buchanan has disclosed, we had been laughed to scorn. Yet the President had not abandoned one single measure which he has initiated—not one. He finds it politic to keep a little dark, just at present. The principles which govern his Administration are unalterable we doubt not.  
Let us not forget the following from President Buchanan's letter to Prof. Silliman, Aug. 16th, 1857:  
"SLAVERY existed at that period (1838) and still exists IN KANSAS BY VIRTUE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. This point has at last been FINALLY DECIDED by the highest Tribunal (Judge Taney) known to our laws. How it could ever have been doubted is a MYSTERY."  
Or from his message.  
"It has been solemnly adjudged by the highest Judicial Tribunal that SLAVERY EXISTS IN KANSAS BY VIRTUE OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."  
"KANSAS IS THEREFORE AS MUCH OF A SLAVE STATE AS GEORGIA OR SOUTH CAROLINA."  
Or this, from the Scott decision:  
"The African race was 'so far inferior that they no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit.'"  
Or, turning from these official declarations look for a moment at the speeches of leading men, champions of the Democratic party. Read this:  
[From A. G. Brown's Speech (Mass.) July 11th 1857.]  
"I bend it from the President's (Buchanan's) own lips, that this thing of Squatter Sovereignty was one of the MOST DAMNABLE HERESIES THAT WAS EVER BROACHED in this or any other country, and that the will liable nothing undone to THROTTLE IT."  
[From Hon. L. M. Keitt's recent speech.]  
"The Democratic party he thought I sounded now than it had been for years. It was because THE SOUTH WAS NOW THE MAJORITY IN THAT PARTY, and had driven off from its numbers all the tainted, timid and feeble members out from the North. He would not predict but in his judgment, the Black Republicans would win the election in '60."  
"He went to Washington at the beginning of the last session resolved to oppose the Administration, but when he got there he found Mr. Buchanan upon the platform of the South. It was then he determined to sustain the President cordially and ungrudgingly."  
"With regard to Slavery, he thought it better protected under the government than it had been for thirty years. As to the future, he was for co-operation with the DEMOCRATIC PARTY. He would go into convention, go into caucus, seek to have an influence in it by ruling and controlling it."  
Remember, fellow Republicans that by an artful dodge, the Locofoco party of this country are endeavoring to procure your votes for men who will sustain the doctrines above set forth. Will you, can you, be bookwinded by such sordid cheat as they have attempted?

### From the Charleston (S. C.) News. A Slave Code For The Territories.

The Constitution confers upon Slavery the right to go there (to the Territories), as according to the Kansas Nebraska bill and the Dred Scott decision it does, then it also imposes the duty of protecting that right, and this cannot be done without positive Pro Slavery legislation and a FEDERAL SLAVE CODE FOR THE TERRITORIES.  
[From the New York Day Book.]  
Of course the people of a Territory, when they frame their State Constitution, may adopt or exclude "Slavery" but while they are a Territory, if they fail to protect property invested in the person or the property of the negro, they grossly violate equal rights, and therefore are not authorized to consider themselves Democrats. The whole question is resolved

### From the Richmond (Virginia) Enquirer. The right of property in slaves, in the States, is now placed, practically as well as legally, beyond the reach of Federal legislative encroachment.

But in the Territories the case is different. It is not sufficient that the decision of the Supreme Court prevents Congress and all its delegates from the prohibition of Slavery in a Territory. There must be positive legislative enactment; a civil and criminal code for the protection of slave property in the Territories ought to be provided. To a limited extent, this is already provided. In every Territory containing a majority of Pro-Slavery men, the power of the Territorial Legislature is all sufficient for the purpose. In other Territories, it is at least doubtful whether the Legislature will exercise this power, and there is no power elsewhere to compel such exercise. In such a case of omission, and under the present state of Federal legislation, much, if not all, must be depended upon the ability and efficiency of the President of the United States. He it is who appoints the Territorial Executive and Judiciary. It will be the duty of the President to hold both functionaries to a zealous performance of their several offices. Hence, we cordially unite with the Day Book in the assertion that the next Democratic nominee for the Presidency should be pledged to the protection of slave property in all the Territories.  
And we go further. It is very desirable that Congress should pass additional laws for the protection of slave property in the Territories. The present code of Federal legislation is insufficient for this purpose.

### Letter from Hon. J. R. Giddings to Hon. Gerrit Smith.

JEFFERSON, O., Sept. 28, 1858.  
HON. GERRIT SMITH:—The newspapers report that at a public meeting in Rochester, the following interrogatory was propounded to you: "Is not J. R. Giddings an abolitionist?" to which you responded:  
"He is a qualified abolitionist. The party which he represents does not seek the abolition of slavery. Nor does it go even for non-extension. It once said—no more slave States—Now it says—No more slave States—unless the people wish it. If Kansas or Utah wished to come in as slave States, the Republicans, as a party, would admit them."  
The Republican party was formed at Philadelphia in 1856, is a National party, and of course the same in all the States. It was founded upon certain defined truths; which were clearly expressed and most solemnly avowed. That vast convocation of patriots and philanthropists associated together upon two essential doctrines.—The first was expressed in the following language: We hold it to be a self-evident truth, that all are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—This was believed to express the foundation of man's political, moral, and religious rights in as comprehensive language as was ever put forth.  
But this abstract faith would be of little purpose unless some agent was specified and pointed out as the means by which these rights were to be secured and maintained. The Convention therefore proceeded to declare "That the primary object and ulterior design of our federal government were 'to secure enjoyment of these rights to all persons within its extensive jurisdiction.'"  
It was these doctrines which distinguished the Republican party from all other parties. Without these doctrines there is no Republican party. If they are abandoned the party must of course be dissolved.  
You assert that "it does not seek the abolition of slavery, nor does it go for its non-extension." Will you be so kind as to inform me through the "Cleveland Leader" if you please, when the Republican party abandoned its avowed faith?—When and by whom was this apostasy proclaimed?  
I entertain no doubt of your perfect sincerity, and I trust you will have as little of mine, when I ask you to answer at your earliest convenience through the DEMOCRATIC PARTY. He would go into convention, go into caucus, seek to have an influence in it by ruling and controlling it."  
Remember, fellow Republicans that by an artful dodge, the Locofoco party of this country are endeavoring to procure your votes for men who will sustain the doctrines above set forth. Will you, can you, be bookwinded by such sordid cheat as they have attempted?

### Death of the Richest man in New England.

Ebenezer Francis, Esq., died at his residence in Pemberton square at half past six o'clock this morning.  
The deceased was born at Beverly Mass. October 15, 1775, and at his death was therefore nearly eighty three years of age. He was the only son of Colonel Ebenezer Francis who was killed in the battle of Hubbardston, near Concord, July, 1777. He came to Boston in January, 1787 a poor boy, and obtained a situation in the counting room of the late Jonathan Haviland, with whom he was subsequently several years connected in business.  
"In a few years," says the Boston Journal, "Mr. Francis retired, the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. Francis took a store on Long Wharf, where he engaged in the foreign trade and became a large shipowner. He retired from mercantile business about twenty years ago, with a large fortune, but has greatly added to it since that

### Steamer Austria Burned at Sea. SIX HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

HALIFAX, Sept. 25.—The steamer burned at sea, proved to have been the Austria. Twelve of the survivors have arrived here. There were in all about six hundred souls on board the ill-fated steamer of which only sixty-seven were saved.  
The figures here, as described, correspond with that on the steamer Austria, which was an Austrian eagle. There is little doubt that the Austria is the ill-fated vessel. Among the cabin passengers were J. Bogel and wife, New Orleans; Anna Papers and three children, St. Louis; Maria Herker, ditto; and Wilhelm Struchel, Cincinnati.  
HALIFAX, Sept. 27.—The brig Letrus, arrived yesterday, with twelve of the sixty-seven survivors of the destruction of the steamer Austria, burned at sea on the 12th. A passenger reports that a little after two o'clock in the afternoon on the 12th, a dense volume of smoke burst from the after entrance to the steamer. The speed was instantly checked, and the vessel was immediately taken up to the mainmast, when the engine is supposed to have been suffocated. The fire spread and was instantly extinguished, traveling at with fearful rapidity.  
A boat was let down on the port side, and was instantly crushed, and another on the starboard side was swamped, from the number rushed into it. All the first cabin passengers were on the poop, except a few gentlemen who must have been smothered in the smoking room. Many of the second cabin passengers were also on the poop, but a number were shut up in the cabin by the fire, some were pulled up through the ventilator, but the great number perished in the flames.  
A woman was drawn up who said that six had already perished. Several men and women jumped into the sea by twos and threes. Some of the women were then already in flames; others hesitated till driven over at the last moment by the advancing flames. In half an hour not a soul was left on the poop deck. The French bark Captain Ernest Renaud, came alongside at five o'clock rescued forty passengers, who were chiefly taken off the bowport, but some were struggling in the water. At eight o'clock one of the boats came up with twenty-two persons, including the first and second officers, and subsequently four men were picked up, floating on a piece broken boat. The second officer was after ward rescued from the water, both he and the third officer were severely burnt. Many of the male passengers were frightfully hurt. Only six women were saved, three of whom were shockingly burnt. A Norwegian bark went alongside of the steamer the next morning and sent out a few persons. The bark Maurice had no communication with her.  
We have not yet ascertained the names of the saved.

### Second Dispatch.

The bark Maurice proceeded with the passengers on board of her Fayal.  
A passenger says that when the captain of the Austria heard of the fire he rushed on deck exclaiming: "We are all lost; let down the boats." The boats lowered were immediately swamped, and the Captain fell into the sea and was left far behind. The fire arose from culpable negligence while fumigating the steerage with burning tar, under the superintendence of the fourth officer.  
"Negro Equality" in a New View.  
The Cleveland Plaindealer speaking of the death of the Slave Dealer, says:  
"He appears before a JUDGE of Judges, who will recognize no rank or title or color as superior to his."  
Ah! Then if the "Judge of Judges" recognizes "no rank or title or color," is superior to the Negro's, on what ground is the Democratic position based, that he has "no rights which white men are bound to respect?" What becomes of the great Dred Scott decision of a Slaveholding Court, by which all pure Democrats are bound to swear?  
According to the Plaindealer, the Negro's "rank" places him among the nobles of God's immortal and accountable beings, his "title" is perfect to all the rights and privileges belonging to the most favored of his fellow creatures; and the "color" of his skin is as honorable and as clearly the seal of his Maker's favor and love as that of any other race.  
If this is not the doctrine of "Negro Equality," we cannot imagine what is. If, then, "no rank or title or color," is superior to the Negro's, it is pretty certain, that those Democrats who deny an "equality" with Africa, must be inferior to him! We have the Plaindealer's assurance that they are not "superior." If this is the ground on which the Democracy deny the doctrine of "Negro Equality," of course we have no more to say. They ought to be the best judges.  
The editor of the Plaindealer in the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Cuyahoga District, and it would seem that he was preparing to give Ed. Wade, "the Abolitionist," a pretty hard run. If the latter can "cut under" Gray in "Negro worship," his will exceed any doctrine heretofore preached, even in "benighted Ashabula."—Toledo Blade.

### The Hocking Sentinel.

Democrat organ, publishes a synopsis of Col. Forney's speech, and says:  
It was at Tarrytown that the son of Arnold was revealed by the arrest of Andrew during the Revolution. It is coincident that eighty years afterwards, the treasury of the President of our choice should be exposed at the same place.  
By the way, when is the Statesman going to publish Forney's speech?—Jan.  
Let not thy will roar, when thy power can't whisper.