WESTERN RESERVE CHRONICLE.

VOLUME 54—NO. 39. WARREN, OHIO, MAY 11, 1870. WHOLE NO. 2797.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

WESTERN RESERVE CHRONICLE Published every Wednesday morning, in Empire Block, Market St., Warren, Wm. Ritezel, Editor and Proprietor.

J. N. COWDERY, Attorney at Law, Hubbard, Ohio. [feb. 24, 1869-tf.

GEORGE P. HUNTER, Attorney at Law, Office in VanGorder Block, Market St., Warren, Ohio. [Feb. 23, 1870-tf.

C. C. McNUTT, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, Grainer, &c., King's Block, Main Street, Warren, Ohio. Jan. 5, 1870-1yr.

HARRIS' Western Reserve Cigar and Tobacco Manufactory, one door south of Post Office, Warren, O. (May 4-3m

L. SPEAR, M. D., Eclectic Physician and Surgeon, office over Freer & Smith's Grocery, Market Street, Warren, Ohio. Particular attention given to Chronic diseases.

DR. D. GIBBONS, Dentists, teeth extracted without pain; upper or lower sets of teeth for $12,00. Office over T. J. McLain & Son's Bank, Main St., Warren, Ohio. Jan. 5, 1870.-.

J. HARMON. C. T. METCALF.
HARMON & METCALF, Physicians, and Surgeons; Office on High Street at the stand formerly occupied by Dr. Harmon. Jan. 5 1870

JOHN HUTCHINS. W. T. SPEAR.
HUTCHINS & SPEAR, Attorneys at Law. Office in First National Bank Building, 2d story, front rooms, Warren O. Jan. 5, 1870-1y.

J. H. BRISCOE, Physician and Surgeon. Office over Park & Patch's store, Market Street. Residence, north side of Market Street, two doors east of Elm. Particular attention paid to Chronic diseases. Jan. 5, 1870-1yr.

DR. F. A. BIERCE, Homœpathic Physician and Surgeon, Office in Sutliff's Block, High Street.

J. VAUTROT. THAD. ACKLEY.
VAUTROT & ACKLEY, Successors to J. Vautrot & Co., Dealers in Watches, Jewelry and Diamonds, Market Street, Warren, Ohio. Jan. 5, 1870.

R. W. RATLIFF. H. H. MOSES.
RATLIFF & MOSES, Attorneys and Counsellers at Law. Office over the Exchange Bank of Freeman & Hunt, on Market St. Warren Ohio. [Jan. 5. 1870.

W. B. PORTER, Attorney at Law, Office in Iddings' Block, Market St., Warren, Ohio. [Jan. 5, 1870-1y.

M. C. & D. W. WOODWORTH, Physicians and Surgeons, office over E. H. Alison's Drug Store, Main Street, Warren, Ohio. Office hours from 8 to 9 a. m., and from 2 to 3 p. m. [Feb. 27, 1867.

N. B. TYLER, Manufacturer and Dealer in Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Cutlery Fishing Tackle, Gun Materials, Sporting Apparatus, Sewing Machines, &c., No. 8, Market St., Warren, Ohio. [Jan. 5, 1870-tf

A. E. LYMAN, Dentist. Office over the new Millinery Store of M. O. Messer, between Iddings & Morgan's and Freer & Smith's Store, Market St., Warren, Ohio.—Entrance at the CHRONICLE Office, up stairs. Jan. 5, 1870-tf

W. N. PORTER. W. F. PORTER.
W. N. & W. F. PORTER, Dealers in School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationary, Wall Papers, Periodicals, Pamphlets and Magazines, at the New York Book Store, Main Street, Warren, Ohio.

ALMON D. WEBB Notary Public, Fire and Life Insurance Agent; and Pension and Bounty Agent. Passage Tickets sold to and from, and money remitted to the old country, at the lowest current rates. Office in Webb's Block, Main Street, Warren, Ohio. Jan. 5 1870.

W. D. HALL. F. J. MACKEY.
HALL & MACKEY, Manufacturers of Harness and dealers in Saddlery Hardware, Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, Whips, Horse Blankets, Saddles and Fancy Saddlery, No. 8, Market Street, Warren, O. Jan. 5, 1870.

DR. F. MYERS, tenders his professional service to the people of Warren and vicinity, office front room, over Park & Chew's Store—Stiles block. Hours, from 10 to 12, a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.—Residence, corner of High and Chestnut Sts. Nov. 27, 1867-1y*

WHITTLESEY ADAMS, Fire and Life Insurance Agent, Warren, Ohio. Merchandize and other property insured in the best Companies, on favorable terms; Farm property, Isolated Dwellings, and their furniture insured for one, three and five years. Office in McCombs and Smith's block.

J. E. HUTCHINS, C. E. GLIDDEN, J. M. STULL.
HUTCHINS, GLIDDEN & STULL, Attorneys at Law, office over Smith & Turner's Store, corner of Main and Market Streets, Warren, Ohio. [Jan. 5, 1870-tf.

I. N. DAWSON, Mayor of the Incorporated Village of Warren, O., and also Justice of the Peace in and for said Village, attends to all business usually transacted by Justices of the Peace. Mayor's regular court every Monday morning from 8 to 12 o'clock Jan. 5, 1870.

IDDINGS & MORGAN, Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Carpets, Mattings and Floor Oil Cloths, window Shades and fixtures, Tea, Coffee, &c. They keep constantly on hand, a large and full assortment of goods in their line, of good quality and fashionable styles, and offer them for sale at the lowest prices in the market. Jan. 5, 1870.

ADOLPHUS GRETER, Dealer in Musical Merchandize of all descriptions, viz: Pianos, Organs, Melodeons, Violins, Guitars, Accordeons, Claronetts, Flutes, Fifes, Drums, Piano-spreads, Piano-stools, Sheet-music, Music-books, Violin Strings, Guitar Strings, &c., &c. Store in Webb's Block, over Porter's Book Store. [Jan. 5, 1870.

J. R. NELSON, Physician and Surgeon. Office at the old stand of Loy & Nelson, a few doors east of the First National Bank, Market Street, Warren, O. Having had 21 years experience in the practice, in company with Dr. Loy, during which time thousands of cases were treated by me, I would state that I will continue to give particular attention to all classes of diseases.—For the accommodation of persons from a distance, by cars or otherwise, I have arranged to be at my office at the following hours: From 7 to 10 o'clock, A. M.; from 3 to 8 o'clock, P. M. J. R. NELSON.
Dec. 29' 1869-1y.

UNION HOUSE,
HUBBARD, OHIO.
S. SHERMAN, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING recently leased the well known Union House, at the center of Hubbard, lately kept by Wm. Adams, I propose to keep a hotel that shall prove satisfactory to guests and the traveling public generally. The hotel has just been put in thorough repair and refurnished. Good Livery in connection with the Hotel. Terms reasonable.
Sept. 22, 1869-1yr*

EXCHANGE BANK
—OF—
FREEMAN & HUNT,
WARREN, OHIO.
DEALERS IN
Gold, Silver, Eastern Exchange, Uncurrent Bank Notes, and all kinds of
GOVERNMENT BONDS
Money received on Deposit. Collections and all business connected with Banking promptly attended to.
REVENUE STAMPS FOR SALE

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE
MEADVILLE, PA.

CALENDAR FOR 1869. Fall Term commences September 15, closes December 16. Winter Term of 1870 commences Jan. 4.

This Institution is situated in the beautiful City of MEADVILLE, healthful, easy of access, and furnished with all the appliance to be desired by the students pursuing a full classical or scientific course of study. Libraries, Cabinets and apparatus are unusually valuable and extensive.

THE BOARDING HALL,

With furnished rooms for 100 students, is managed on the *Co-Operative System*, so as to furnish board at the lowest possible rates.

☞ Classes commencing Latin and Algebra will be formed hereafter at the beginning of the Fall Term and Greek at the beginning of the Winter Term. Send for Catalogues.
JAS. MARVIN,
Sec'y of Faculty.
Aug. 25, 1869-1yr.

The Royal Chart.

IDDINGS & MORGAN have obtained the Agency of this celebrated system of dress cutting, and will *give* a Chart to each person who buys of them a dress pattern or dress goods of any kind to the amount of $5, and upwards, during the next sixty days, after which the Charts will be sold at $3 each. [March 2-tf.

KIT KARSON, his complete life; also Daniel Boone, great Hunting and Indian Books for boys, at ADAMS' Bookstore.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.
Abraham Power, et. al. vs. Jacob Hetrick, et. al. } In Trumbull Common Pleas, Civil Action.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Trumbull County, Ohio, in the above named case, to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and shall expose to public sale at the door of the Court House in the city of Warren, Ohio, on **Saturday, the 21st day of May, A. D., 1870**, between the hours of two and four o'clock p. m., of said day, the following real estate, situate in the county of Trumbull and State of Ohio, to-wit: In the township of Hubbard in said county and State, known as part of Lot No. seventeen (17) in the original survey of lots in said Hubbard Township, and bounded and described as follows: Bounded on the north by a public highway, on the west by a part of said Lot No. seventeen (17) now deeded to Jacob Shaffer; on the south by lands of the heirs of Aaron Wibler, dec'd, and on the east by a part of said Lot No. seventeen (17), owned by George Shaffer, being the east part of a lot of land deeded to said Jacob Hettrick by George Shaffer, by deed dated August 25, 1868, and containing in the part now conveyed, five acres of land, subject to the reserves in said Geo. Shaffer's deed. Appraised at ——. *Terms Cash.*
G. W. DICKINSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Warren, O., Apr. 20, 1870-5t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.
Jesse Veach. vs. Richard Ellks, et. al. } In Trumbull Common Pleas. *Civil Action.*

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Trumbull County, Ohio, in the above named case to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and shall expose to public sale, at the door of the Court House, in the city of Warren, of the Trumbull County, Ohio, on **Saturday, the 14th day of May, A. D. 1870**, between the hours of two and four o'clock, p. m. of said day, the following land and tenements, to-wit: Situate in the County of Trumbull, State of O., and in the town of Niles, in said county and State, and known as Lot No. three, (3) in block No. 2, in south Niles, and is the same land deeded by Joseph G. Butler, Jr. and Harretta V. Butler to Richard Ellks. Appraised at $1400,00. *Terms Cash.*
Terms Cash. G. W. DICKINSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Warren, O., Apr. 13, 1870-5t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.
Samuel Quinby vs. I. N. Dawson, et. al. } In Trumbull Common Pleas. Civil Action.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, of Trumbull Co., Ohio, in the above named case, to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and shall expose to public sale at the door of the Court House in the city of Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio, on **Saturday, the 14th day of May, A. D. 1870**, between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, p. m. of said day, the following real estate, in the county of Trumbull, and State of Ohio, to-wit: Situate in the city of Warren, in said County and State, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit: On the north by the south line of Canal St.; on the east by west side of Main St.; on the south by the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, and on the west by a line running north and south and parallel with Main Street, and running two feet from the east side of the two story frame ware house of Henry and Charles Smith. Appraised at $—— *Terms Cash.*
G. W. DICKINSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Warren, O., Apr. 13, 1870-5t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.
T. J. McLain & Son, vs. Wm. Anderson, et. al. } In Trumbull Common Pleas. Civil Action.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Trumbull County, Ohio, in the above named case, to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and shall expose to public sale at the door of the Court House, in the city of Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio, on **Saturday, the 14th day of May, A. D. 1870**, between the hours of one and three o'clock p. m. of said day, the following real estate situate in the County of Trumbull and State of Ohio, to-wit: In the township of Warren, and being part of Lot No. twenty-seven (27) of original survey of the township of Warren, in said county, and is designated and marked on a plat and survey made by Junius Dana, March 25th, 1853, as plat No. thirty-four (34), and contains 82-100 of an acre of land, and being also the same lot of land deeded by Samuel Quinby and wife, to William Anderson, under date of Nov. 28, 1868. Appraised at $—— Terms Cash. G. W. DICKINSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Warren O., April 13, 1870-5t.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.
Henry Ernest & Sons vs. Catharine M. Laughren, et. al. } In Trumbull Com. Pleas. *Civil Action.*

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Trumbull Co., Ohio, in the above named case, to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon and shall expose to public sale, at the door of the Court House, in Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio, on **Saturday, the 14th day of May, A. D. 1870**, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 1 o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following building and lease-hold interest of Catharine M. Laughren, situate in the County of Trumbull and State of Ohio, to-wit: Known as being part of Lot No. sixty-one (61) in the incorporated village of Niles, in said county, and being a strip on the north side of said Lot No. 61 of 20 feet in width, fronting on Main Street. Appraised at $200,00. *Terms Cash.* G. W. DICKINSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Warren, O., April 13, 1870-5t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.
Henry Ernst & Sons, vs. Jas. McDonald, et. al. } In Trumbull Common Pleas. *Civil Action.*

By virtue of on order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Trumbull Co., Ohio, in the above named case, to me directed and delivered, I have levied on and shall expose to public sale at the door of the Court House, in the city of Warren, Trumbull Co., Ohio, on **Saturday, the 21st day of May, A. D. 1870**, between the hours of one and three o'clock, p. m., of said day, the following real estate, in the County of Trumbull and State of Ohio, to-wit: Situate in the village of Mineral Ridge, Weathersfield township, Trumbull County, and State of Ohio, and bounded on the north by lands of William Davis; on the east by lands of Wm. Phillips; on the south by a lane or street running east and west from the highway leading from Niles to Mineral Ridge, and on the west by said highway. Said lot containing about three and one-half acres of land.
Appraised at $——. Terms Cash.
G. W. DICKINSON, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Warren, O., April 20, 1870-5t

BANKRUPTCY.

In the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of Ohio.

In the matter of Jas. G. Brooks, Bankrupt, In Bankruptcy. At Cleveland, in the said District, on the 27th day of April, A. D. 1870.

Northern District of Ohio, ss.

Take notice that a petition has been filed in said Court by Jas. G. Brooks, of Warren, in the County of Trumbull, in said District, duly declared a Bankrupt under the Act of Congress of March 2d, 1867, for a discharge, and a certificate thereof, from all his debts and other claims provable under said Act, and that the 27th day of May next, at 10 o'clock, a. m., is assigned for the hearing of the same, when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of the said Petition should not be granted. EARL BILL,
Clerk of the District Court.
To the creditors of said Bankrupt.
May 4, 1870-2t.

BOUNTY, BOUNTY.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS BOUNTY.

BY a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, recently rendered, all soldiers who enlisted between the 4th day of May, 1861, and the 22d day of July, 1861, for *two*, or *three* years, and were honorably discharged before the expiration of *two* years, who have not already received it, are now entitled to $100 bounty. The undersigned is prepared to collect such bounty.

Bring in your Discharge Certificates, and make the application at the Pension and Bounty Agency, in "Webb's Block," Main Street, Warren Ohio.
ALMON D. WEBB,
U. S. Claim Agent.
Warren, March 30, 1870-tf.

MRS. Z. H. EELLS,

AT ROOM No. 3, King's New Block, up stairs, Main St., Warren, Ohio, Manufacturer of Hoop Skirts, a great assortment on hand—any size or style made to order. Skirts altered and repaired on short notice. A full assortment of Corsets and Fancy Goods generally, at very low prices. Agent for the WILSON SEWING MACHINE, sold cheaper than any other Lock Stitch Machine. Thanking my former patrons, I would respectfully invite them and many more to call again.
Dec. 29, 1869-1y.

OFFICE OF THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE Co. 24 PUB. SQUARE, Clevel'd, O., Apr. 16, 1870.

WE would respectfully inform the citizens of Trumbull County that Mrs. E. B. Brown is the *only authorized Agent* for the sale of our Sewing Machines in Warren and vicinity. We also wish to inform the public that *no other person* living or doing business in Warren, has any right to represent himself as being an Agent of this company, in Warren, or Trumbull Co., as the entire territory is canvassed by Agents appointed directly from this office, and who alone have a right to sell our Machines therein. Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Co.
W. H. HAWKINS, Agent.
April 20, 1870-2m.*

NEW MILLINERY!
IN KINSMAN, OHIO.

MRS. Z. T. MATTHEWS, would respectfully announce to the ladies of Kinsman and surrounding, that she has lately received a new and complete stock of all kinds of goods usually found in a millinery establishment, consisting in part, of Bonnets, Hats, Laces, Trimmings, &c., and is prepared to do all work in her line on short notice and reasonable terms. Give her a call and convince yourselves.
April 27, 1870-4t*.

LOAN
of the
Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Co

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO

RAILROAD

Is completed and running from *RICHMOND, Va.* to the celebrated *WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, in West Va.*, 227 miles. It is being rapidly extended to the Ohio River, 200 miles further, making in all 427 miles.

In its progress Westward, it penetrates and opens up to market the *Wonderful Coal Deposits of the Kanawha Region in West Virginia.* And thus brings the superior and abundant Coals of that section into communication with the *Iron Ores of Virginia and Ohio*, and the *Western, South Western and Eastern markets.*

When completed it will connect the *superior harbor facilities of the Chesapeake Bay* with reliable navigation on the Ohio River, and thus with the *entire system of Railroad and Water transportation of the West and South West.*

It will make *short, easy, cheap and favorable route* from the *West to the sea*, and will command *a large share of the enormous freights* seeking transportation to the coast.

It will thus become one of the most *important, and profitable East and West Trunk Lines of Railroad* in the country, and command a trade of immense value.

The completed portion of the Road is doing a *profitable and Increasing Business*, and is fully equal in value to the whole amount of the mortgage upon the entire Line—($15,000,000.)

The loan of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, being a *First Mortgage upon the entire Line, property and equipments, worth when completed at least $30,000,000*, is therefore one of the most substantial, conservative, and reliable Railroad Loans ever offered in the market, and is peculiarly adapted to the wants of

INVESTORS and CAPITALISTS,

Who desire to make their investments with the most satisfactory assurance of *positive and undoubted Security.*

The Bonds are in denominations of

$1,000, $500 and $100,

and may be had COUPON or REGISTERED.

Interest Six per cent. per annum, payable MAY 1st and NOVEMBER 1st.

Principal and Interest payable in GOLD in the City of New York.

Price 90 *and accrued interest* in Currency, at which price they pay nearly *Seven per cent. in gold* on their cost.

All Government Bonds and other Securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange, received in exchange, at their full market value, and Bonds sent to all parts of the country, free of Express charges.

They can be obtained by ordering direct from us or through any responsible Bank or Banker in any part of the country.

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers.

Maps, Pamphlets and full Information furnished upon application in person or by mail.

May 4, 1870-10w.

WESTERN RESERVE
CARRIAGE FACTORY

THE proprietor desires to say to the public, that there can be seen at his Repository, on Liberty Street, a few rods south of First National Bank, the largest assortment of

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,

That he has ever exhibited and offered for sale in this market. His stock consists of *FAMILY CARRIAGES* and *SLIDE SEATS*, of various patterns. One horse Buggies of nearly every description, and all of which are of the very latest and most approved Eastern styles, which for quality of material, substantial workmanship and elegance of finish, cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the State. Having in successful operation a STEAM ENGINE with all the necessary machinery for manufacturing his Spokes, Hubs, Feloes, and everything that can be done advantageously by machinery.

Being a practical mechanic, superintending and overseeing all the various branches, he is prepared to furnish a vehicle in first rate style, for less money than any other manufacturer in the west.

Hacks, Pedler's Wagons, Coaches and Barouches. If not on hand, will be made to order, on short notice.

☞ Repairing, Trimming and Painting done with neatness and dispatch.

☞ All work done at my factory warranted

In addition to the above, I am prepared to furnish Carriage makers and others with the best quality of Turned Spokes, Bent Rims, Bows, Shafts, Poles, Seat-arms, Hubs, &c., at as low prices as at any other establishment.

Carriage-makers desiring to furnish their own timber, can get their Spokes and Hubs turned on short notice, and at fair prices.
Jan. 5, 1870. E. K. WISELL.

AUDITOR'S OFFICE, WARREN, TRUMBULL CO., O., April 5th, 1870.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Commissioners of Trumbull County intend to build two abutments, with wing walls and a wrought iron Bridge, across the Mahoning River at Leavittsburgh, in said county. Also, that the said Commissioners will be at the site of said bridge on Thursday, the 19th day of May, 1870, between the hours of 10 o'clock, a. m., and 3 o'clock, p. m., to receive proposals for furnishing materials, and building the masonry for said bridge. Also, that the said Commissioners will receive sealed proposals up to the first Monday in June, 1870, at the Auditor's office, for the erection of a wrought iron superstructure or bridge of 150 feet span, with 14 feet roadway inside the arches, at the above named place.

Plans for the masonry made known on the day of sale. The Commissioners reserving the right to accept or reject any or all of the bids received.
O. K. WOLCOTT,
E. A. REED,
I. B. PAYNE.
County Commissioners.
JAS. D. KENNEDY, County Auditor.
April 6, 1870-6w.

NOTICE.—Mary H. Christy and Harry A. Christy, residents of the State of Pennsylvania, are hereby notified that John S. Allen, Administrator of the estate of Eliza Christy, dec'd., has filed his petition in the Probate Court of Trumbull County, in the State of Ohio, alleging that the personal estate of decedent is insufficient to pay her debts and that she died seized of the following described lands, situate in Sec. No. 19, in the Township of Kinsman, in said Trumbull County, and bounded north and east by lands of Stephen Marvin; south by lands of John Williams, and west by the highway. Said petition is for the sale of said lands and will be for hearing on the 19th day of May, A. D., 1870.
JOHN S. ALLEN,
Adm'r of the estate of Eliza Christy.
April 20, 1870-4t.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—In pursuance of an order granted by the Probate Court, of Trumbull County, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction, on the 1st day of June, 1870, at 4 o'clock, p. m., upon the premises, the following described real estate, to-wit: Situate in the city of Warren, and known as being part of the south ½ of lot No. 23, in the town plat. Beginning at the south-west corner of lot No. 23; thence easterly sixty-six feet on South Street; thence northerly parallel with Liberty St., to the south side of the north half of said lot formerly occupied by Dr. Sylvanus Seeley; thence westerly on the line dividing said lot No. 23, to the east side of Liberty Street; thence southerly on the east side of Liberty St., to the place of beginning. Subject to the dower and homestead of Margaret Uhl, as the same has been assigned to her by the appraisers of the real estate of John Uhl, dec'd., in these proceedings. Appraised, subject to said dower and homestead, at $2,000. Terms of sale—cash.
DANIEL BISHOP, Adm'r,
May 4, 1870-4t. of John Uhl, dec'd.

THE CHRONICLE.

THE OLD REGIME.

O, the times will never be again
As they were when we were young;
When Scott was writing Waverleys,
And Moore and Byron sung;
When Harolds, Giaours and Carsons came
To charm us every year,
And Loves of Angels kissed Tom's cup,
While Wordsworth sipped small beer;

When Campbell drank of Helicon,
And didn't mix his liquor;
When Wilson's strong and steady light
Had not begun to flicker;
When Southey, climbing piles of books,
Mouthed Curses of Kehama,
And Coleridge in his dreams began
Strange oracles to stammer;

When Rogers sent his Memory,
Thus hoping to delight us,
Before he learned his mission was
To feed and invite us;
When James Montgomery's weak tea strains
Enchanted pious people,
Who didn't mind poetic haze,
If through it loomed a steeple;

When first reviewers learned to show
Their judgment without mercy;
When Blackwood was as young and lithe
As now he is old and pursy;
When Gifford, Jeffrey and their clan
Could fix an author's doom,
And Keats was taught how well they knew
To kill *a coup de plume.*

No women folk were rushing then
Up the Parnassian mount,
And seldom was a tea-cup dipped
In the Castalian fount;
Apollo kept no pursuivant
To cry out *Place aux Dames!*
In life's round game they held good hands,
And didn't strive for palms.

O, the world will never be again
What it was when we were young,
And shattered are the idols now
To which our boyhood clung;
Gone are the giants of those days
For whom our bays we twined,
And pigmies now kick up a dust
To show the "march of mind."

Correspondence of Chicago *Tribune.*

INDIANS AT THE CAPITOL.

Stories of White Refugees.

WASHINGTON, April 26.

If you ever come to this peculiar city, you will someday see, as you stroll along the avenue amongst the foreign legation people, the soldiers, and the office holders, a few persons of a red clay color, with stolid burning eyes, like coals of fire that burn without desire, and with a strong smell of whisky. They wear mixed clothes, a scrap of Mexican blanket over clerical cloth breeches, or a bright scarf, or a long blue flannel hood and robe, and they make the most hideous negroes saint-like by their reptilian contrast. These are the best civilized savages we have to show in all the United States. These are the trading, or ruling, or political Indians—big Indians—who have come to Washington on missions of lobbying, or complaining, or treaty-making, or sight-seeing, and they have fixed boarding places, where they sleep or grin out the day like a set of witches, or idols, or alligators. These effigies you will never meet in society, or in the pleasant parts of life and pleasure, yet they are the last visitors of some two and a half centuries of honored guests who have caroused, or envied, or received *bakskeesh* in the white men's capitals. Indians have been coming to Washington since it was first established, and one would think they had been the tutelar divinities of our State to see in what pictorial and monumental rank they are commemorated here. The Capitol building is an Indian museum; in the President's room, and by the wide marble stairways, the ugly busts of these heathens stare under their bronze war feathers; they keep the great clock of Congress, scowling down upon the deliberations; in the crypt where the bones of Washington were to lie, the "Dying Tecumseh" stretches his huge length, and Crawford has fastened him in the pediment, and put a nondescript presentment of his squaw on the peak of the dome. In the Congregational burying ground there are many Indians, who died of hospitality, amongst them a Mr. Push-me-tank, who has a marble monument on the chest of himself, which pathetically says:

"This Noble Friend of the White
Man, in his Dying Moments,
Raised Himself
UP
And Exclaimed,
In a Tone which Struck Pity
To the
Hard Heart of the
White Man,
'*Let the Big Guns be Fired over Me!*'"

But the great palace of the red man is in the Patent Office building. There a Special Commissioner, himself an Indian, has a pair of parlors, and a long suite of offices, and he is the Superintendent of the Indians of this country. His name is Eli Parker, and he is probably the first Indian who ever held so important an office. Being a sensible man, he probably regards his business as that of a wholesale undertaker—to smooth the way of the dying red man to extinction, and keep the Sairy Gamps—the Indian Agents—from drinking too much gin and gruel of the passing Mr. Lo. Let us see what this soldier and brave Col. Parker—this fat, yellow-skinned, grave gentleman—has to do.

HOW MANY INDIANS ARE THERE?

Col. Parker is the President's clerk and overseer of all the Indians in the country—in all 300,000, or the total population of Chicago. It is these few people who give us so much trouble. If they were collected in one reservation, they would not be as populous as the State of Vermont. But we are indebted to them, of our acknowledgment, more than twenty millions of dollars, and we are bankers of more than seven millions of dollars of their money. These ragamuffins of the plains and woods actually own about seven millions in cash, and many millions of acres of land. The chief business of the Indian office is to get possession of this money and these lands, together with the annuities of money voted to the Indians. The ostensible purpose of the office is to take care of the Indian property, but outside of the annual report of the Commissioner, nobody is practically concerned with this work. The present Commissioner, is, no doubt, in earnest, but he has merely clerical power, and the work of this country is antagonistic to the Indian's existence—not to speak of his purposes, if he has any. A democratic form of government is a worse enemy to a savage than a despotism—not only because a despotism is half savage itself, but because democracy assumes that every man must take care of himself, which the Indian has no disposition to do. The brains and power of the nation have been exercised for two centuries to solve the problem of how to save the Indian and yet civilize the land. The facts of the Indian office itself show that every attempt to preserve the Indian has been a series of condign failures, as great as if we had attempted to make an eagle or a panther human. The Indian office reports are the most worthless documents issued by any part of the federal government. Their figures are unreliable, and in many cases they are merely swindling circulars intended to deceive. Where they are responsible, they are without interest, for they make no attempt to deduce the social, economical, and episodical features of the various tribes; they are not indexed; and if they ever do show anything clearly, it is that the Indian has no history except as he is a shoal, a snag, or a quicksand in the stream of civilization.

At the close of the war, a joint special committee of Congress was sent traveling over the plains to note the situation of the tribes, and they reported that in New Mexico alone the Indians cost $4,000,000 a year, while General Sumner recommended that white people evacuate the whole territory to save the nation the expense. To the naturally ferocious and treacherous character of the Indian, is now added the despair of disease, the moral ruin wrought by rum, and the entire failure of any preaching or example to teach the vagabonds thrift.

"A feast to-day, and a huge drunk; then the *mania potu;* then a long winter of starvation and small-pox, and in the spring a war with the white man—this is the Indian character, as you see it," said Gen. Sheridan, recently, "What it may be as you don't see it, I leave distant people to tell. But as you do see it, that it is—incurable laziness, spasmodic gluttony and war!"

Gen. Pope recently said that not one Indian being in five was free from secondary syphillis. Whether contact with the white man did or did not make this misery, is not now the practical question. What can be done with this diseased gypsy—this shiftless maniac—this cumberer of the ground? He can no longer be protected in the reservations, unless the essential impulses of civilization be suppressed in the white settler. If we want to line the frontiers with a set of feeble, white-livered, and negative white people, let us keep up the cry of "Lo! the poor, inoffensive Indian." But a race of pioneers, with the instincts of the great nation behind them, will not stop to parley with these people upon the basis of the supposed Indian character. Like the Irishman who addressed the Frenchman:

"*Parlez vous Francais?*"
"*Oui.*"

The settler's next interrogatory will be: "Then lind me a gridiron! Take your chance! But, by our Democracy! with no more than myself."

The Quaker Indian policy has been pronounced a success by the present Commissioner, but other officials in the office say that it has been a failure throughout, and the Quaker observations and suggestions have been of the dullest and flattest description.

SOME INDIANS AND VICTIMS HERE.

There are many Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws here—many of them half-breeds—acting as stool-pigeons for railroad land grabbers. Some Indians are here also on a grand drunk and palaver, and also some whites, seeking to be compensated for Indian damages. Mix, the old Indian chief clerk, has been routed from his office, and he keeps a private claim agency near the General Post Office.

Amongst the queer people who have come here with claims against the Government, arising out of Indian affairs, is a Mrs. Mary Burns, of Nebraska. She is a buxom, middle-aged, rather cheerful woman, of Western and Irish extraction, and probably no woman alive has suffered as much who has yet as much pluck and business earnestness. Mrs. Burns, her children and husband, started some two years ago for the territory of Wyoming, with a good many cattle, sheep and horses, with farming stock, provisions, and all other appurtenances of pioneer agricultural life. They had not gone more than fifty miles across the naked prairie, out of sight of the habitation and marks of man, when they were pursued by a large band of Sioux who affected to be peaceable, but begged for a little food, on the ground of extreme hunger. Not deeming it prudent to refuse, the little party gave them from time to time parcels of meat and bread out of their little store. The more the Indians received, however, the more pertinacious they became; and seeing signs of impatience on the part of the Burns family, the Indians alleged that if they were given one "good square meal," they would go peacefully away and molest the family no more. The Burns family, glad upon these terms to be rid of their redskin parasites, stopped upon the prairie, killed a cow, and prepared a feast. While they were in the midst of the entertainment, the atrocious Indians suddenly killed all the males of the party, except the husband, who was fortunately just outside of the camp, and who escaped for the time being. One of the women, a sister of Mrs. Burns, made resistance, and was killed with a club by the gang. All the fiends, more than a hundred in number, beginning with the Chief, then outraged the middle-aged woman, and afterward compelled her to proceed with them westward. She was treated with the extremest brutality for many weeks, and, finally, making a futile effort to escape, her young baby was tortured to death in her presence. The indomitable woman, however, suffering with bruises, mutilations, and sorrows, did not despair, and at last she accomplished her purpose of escape. After suffering such hardships as history seldom relates, she reached the camps of civilization, almost naked, without a child or relative, and without a cent in the world. Here she is at the seat of government, a living example of ten thousand similar heroines whose adventures have almost faded from history, but who were the grandmothers of some of the best of us. How few of the nervous, exquisitely and magnificently dressed creatures who sit in the galleries of Congress, soothed by a smelling bottle, are aware that the hem of their garments is touched by a sister with such a record? Mrs. Burns, knowing of nobody else to whom she can appeal, has laid her claim, in a preparatory way, before Congress. Whatever equity there may be in the public Treasury compensating for her loss, it is certain that few women of our day have had such distress, and live, and need more.

INDIAN BOARDING HOUSE.

Turn from this outraged, brave, white creature—who had hoped to raise her baby to a softer and more comfortable state than her own hard one—to see gathered round the doors of a boarding house on Pennsylvania avenue, near Four and a Half street, the highest civilization of the heathens who did her this despite. There they sit, a set of broad-faced grinning pock-marked wretches, smoking cigars and smelling of bad whisky.—They are Indians, who have been permitted to come to Washington to press the claims of their tribes upon the Indian Bureau or upon Congress, and some of them, perhaps, have been brought here by land speculators and makers of bogus railways, that they may help to plunder their own tribes and guzzle, and smoke, and wallow like swine upon the proceeds till nature afflicts them with trichnia, or something consonate with the sort of flesh they are composed of. Now and then, you find one of these rascals of more sordid soul than the rest, if that were possible, who does not drink and spend his money, having made up his mind to grow rich, swindle his countrymen, and be the last red man of his region. What purpose in living such an exceptional miser can have it is not easy to say, as his only delights have been sacrificed to a sort of blind pelf, and as he has neither Christian nor heathen conceptions of the use of the latter part of life, it follows that, although he is a renegade Indian, he has not crossed the threshold of the Christian character. But whatever he or they may be, there they sit in arm-chairs under the shade trees, some wearing one boot and one moccisan, others enclosing one ankle in patent-leather and holding another naked and dirty, while perhaps one or two other very aged and sensual old monsters tie their chins up in blankets, and look to the passer-by like a face out of *delirium tremens.*—What part of such natures is a Quaker to lay hold of,—the viper part, or the idiot part. Yet still we reason, and weep and hope for more than galvanization for such raw morsels of human nature, and while the churches of the East resound with prayers for the poor persecuted Mr. Lo, poor Mrs. Burns goes about the lobbies of the Capitol, a stranger among the women of her race, and not a prayer nor a tear is dropped to the manes of her murdered family, nor to the brave lonely soul which supports her while she entreats justice.

FATHER BEESOM AND LAROOQUA.

When I first came to Washington, there was a little white-haired, dried up old white man, called Father Beesom—I think I have the name correctly—who had a great mission, the regeneration of all the Indian tribes, the complete redressing of their wrongs, even to the extent of giving them back the whole settled part of the United States—for Father Beesom in the heights of his enthusiasm declared that not one white man had a just title to a foot of land in the new world. It was all the property of the Indian, who had been robbed of it, and, if justice were done them, they ought to have it all back. Whoever Father Beesom might have been, whether an interesting old lunatic, or an itinerant beggar, at any rate, he carried about with him an Indian girl, whose name was Larooqua, and she belonged to the Penobscots, in Speaker Blaine's district. When Father Beesom gave a lecture on the white man's atrocity to the Indians, in some church or other, Larooqua diversified the entertainment by singing. She had a quaint fine voice and her songs were very popular. I heard her sing once in Philadelphia,—

"Oh! why should the white man wrong the man
Who never did harm to him?"

And, also,—

"Wild roved the Indian girl,
Bright Alferatta,
Where rolled the waters of
The blue Juniata."

The old missionary, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, told of the red man's suffering, and the Indian girl, singing of the happy past, of Logan and Pontiac, and King Philip and Tea Kettle, made a strong combination. But it came out that Madame Larooqua, as soon as the entertainment was done at the church, went straight to the slews and remained there until the next missionary entertainment.

I have often thought that this typified the prevailing Eastern sentiment and real condition of the Indian; a maudlin old humanitarian deceived by a thoroughly depraved type of human nature. There is no reason to expect that the Indian ever had more redeeming qualities than the Gipsy, and while the latter has been elevated into opera and romance by Verdi, and Scott, and George Barrow, the former has been put to gospel use, so that the same clergymen who read in a placid way how David and Gideon completely annihilated the Amalakites, Hirrites and Jebsites are willing to call the wrath of the Lord down upon General Sheridan if he shoots two Piegons, while twenty fresh scalps dangle about their knees.

A STORY OF A CHRISTIAN SON.

Among the Indian fighters whom we have amongst us is Colonel David Wilson, of Dubuque, Iowa, who commanded a regiment for two years in pursuit of various bands of Sioux on the Upper Missouri, from Yankton to Fort Buffington and Pembina. Wilson is a lawyer, born in Ohio, and long resident in California, but at present a practicing lawyer in Dubuque. He is a heavy-set, powerful man, of great courage, will and endurance, and during our war he raised a regiment for frontier service, and fought some decisive battles with large bands of Sioux. He told me an affecting story, a few days ago, which has not probably been published in any of your Western papers.

While he was organizing his regiment a young man of good family education, and address, yet in the first days of bright manhood, who was a teller in a bank, came to him with a letter of introduction. Colonel Wilson opened the letter, and found that the young man wished to be appointed Sergeant Major.

He looked up at the fine, sanguine countenance of the youth, and said: "You can have that place, as it is not yet filled; but I do not think that it will suit you. It is a non-commissioned office, and will give you little more chance than a private soldier.—You seem to be fitted for better work than this."

The young man replied: "I know what the office is, Colonel, but I want to see some service. I can come back and go into business again, but I want to go with you on this campaign."

"Very well," said the Colonel. "but you must put your affairs in shape at once, because I may be ordered to march at any time."

The regiment finally got fairly to work and moved on to Dakota, where, after a good deal of hard marching, and dull prairie-dog life, they finally struck some Indian trails. The Sergeant Major, though fresh from an office desk, recommended himself to his superiors, by his good temper, patience and pluck, and he was finally made Adjutant, to the gratification of all. He had a contempt for the Indian character, and no belief in Indian courage. Their howls, war paint, spears, scalp-taking, tattooing and ambushes seemed to him the cowardly subterfuges of a race without grit, and no man in the regiment was more unostentatiously anxious to come up with the savages. At length the scouts indicated that they were hard upon the band of Sioux, and Colonel Wilson, anxious that the Nebraska regiment, with which he was co-operating, should not get into action before him, was busy getting his men in line, and hurrying them forward. The Indians lay on some broken ground, and made their chief reliance upon a mound, which stood solitary in the midst of a deep gully. They struck the Indians at the edge of dark, in the light of a quiet afternoon, and after a furious onset, the troops of the two States completely routed the heathen, although at a severe loss.—They withdrew from the field when the route had been complete, and it was remarked that the Adjutant did not come in. After a time, one of the officers, with a grave face, walked into the Colonel's circle, and said in a whisper:

"Here is the Adjutant, Colonel, and I fear he is badly wounded"

They brought him in, laid him down upon the robes, and stripped him. The doctors examined him, spoke—aside to the Colonel—pronouncing his hours of remaining life to be few. It seems that at the beginning of the action, the Adjutant was mounted and galloped forward to take his place on the left line, when he beheld on the prairies some scattered buffalo robes, which he supposed had been abandoned by the Indians in their flight. As he spurred his horse over the pile of robes, it suddenly arose and revealed about twenty Indians, who first shot his horse, and then, as the Adjutant was thrown among them, they thrust their long steel spears through his back till they pierced his lungs. He had about twenty stabs in his body; but he sprang to his feet, and drawing his revolver, killed three of the greasy cowards upon the spot, so that the rest took to flight. Quite alone, and separated from the main body of the command, the poor boy fell there in his blood, and lay all night upon the naked ground, with scarcely a rag upon his back; for after he had swooned the Indians stripped him.

"Adjutant," said the Colonel, after a time, "the surgeon says you are very badly wounded; if you have any requests to leave, I think you had better make them now?"

The young fellow, who had borne himself like a veteran all the time, looked up, and said:

"Why, Colonel, you do not suppose that I will die?"

"Perhaps not, Adjutant," said Wilson, with gentleness; "but it is best for you to be prepared. You may live, but the doctors say it is not probable."

The young fellow looked up and said:

"Colonel, it is pretty hard for one so young as I am to die, but, if what you say be true, I suppose I must make ready."

He made his will, leaving everything to his mother, and then he told them to look in his baggage for a picture. It was that of the young lady to whom he was betrothed.

They propped him up on pillows, and he dictated a letter to his sweetheart, and then, having made every righteous disposition, he held the picture and a lock of bright hair in his hands, and quietly waited for the merciful cold touch of death to come.

The early dawn arose over the prairie, and there the young man sat, betwixt love and death. When the air changed, and his gashed lungs felt the first warm feeling of the milder wind, he had but time to kiss the dear image, and he died.

Many of his countrymen wept for the Yankton Sioux, but none for him; because some novel writers and preachers had shown that there could be plenty of heroism about the red scalpers, but none about the pale-faced bank clerk, riding in the van of his nation. GATH.

True Charity.

Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached to me in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught me one of the beautiful lessons which we should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day, the ladies' room dark and smoky; and the dozen women all looked cross, low spirited, or stupid. I felt all three; and thought, as I looked around, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable and uninteresting set.

Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out in the bitter storm again.—She turned presently, and poked about the room as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear, I am looking for the heatin' place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowhere."

"Here it is," and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now, ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry.

"Thanky, dear, this is proper comfortable aint it? I'm most frozen today, being lame and wimble; and not sellin' much, makes me sort o' downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea, and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman; and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur: "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comfortable such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea at this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a stream of sunshine. "Well, now, this is just lovely," added the poor creature, sipping away with a relish. "This does warm the cockles of my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thot' what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me, I did wish I had the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the face of a dozen women; and I think touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the woman with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wished to repair the first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-lacings, or colored soap; there was no gentleman present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But a simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it; and I think each traveler went on her way better for the half hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did; and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the cockles of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.

HOW DEXTER IS SHOD.—The *Turf, Field, and Farm* says: "Each shoe is carefully balanced. The surface which comes in contact with the ground slightly curves from heel to toe, so that when the horse is standing firm the principal weight is borne by the heel and center, no heavy pressure being left upon the toe. Just as a line drawn from the heel to the toe of a man's boot would demonstrate a slight curve, so is the natural curve given to each of Dexter's shoes. When a man walks, there is a rising sloaping action, from the heel to toe, and when a horse is trotting there is a rolling motion from the back to the front of the hoof. Acknowledging the principal to be correct, it stands to reason that a horse will gather more quickly and with less friction if, instead of the heel and toe being forced to the same level, the former is raised a little higher than the latter. To secure exact proportion to this curve, Mr. Bonner takes each shoe and places it on the smooth surface of a marble slab, and weighs it with a critical eye. In the toe of each shoe a slight excavation or sloping indenture is made for the purpose of giving firmness to the step of the horse. By the force of the concussion the soft earth is forced up into this excavation, so that in rising from heel to toe the shoe does not slip backward. This indenture must be carefully proportioned to the size and weight of the shoe, for otherwise it might create friction and prove a positive drawback instead of an assistant. This mode of shoeing has certainly worked well in Dexter's case, for the marvel is still a marvel, and all his recent performances, which have so much astonished the world, have been made in shoes constructed after the pattern described."

In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the way to heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany some say dish road is the best and some dat; but it dont make much difference vich road we dake, for ven we git dere dey never ask vich vay we come—and it's none of there pizness—*if our wheat is good!*"

THE TWO WORKERS.

Two workers in one field
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay;
With the same blue sky above,
The same green grass below,
One soul was full of love,
The other full of woe.

One leaped up with the light,
With the soaring of the lark,
One felt it ever night,
For his soul was ever dark;
One heart was hard as stone,
One heart was ever gay;
One worked with many a groan,
One whistled all the day.

One had a flower-clad cot
Beside a merry mill,
Wife and children near the spot
Made it sweeter, fairer still;
One a wretched hovel had,
Full of discord, dirt and din,
No wonder he seemed mad,
Wife and children starved within.

Still they worked in the same field,
Toiled on from day to day,
Both had the same hard labor,
Both had the same small pay;
But they worked not with one will,
The reason let me tell—
Lo! the one drank at the still,
And the other at the well.

The Education of the Negro.

Rapid as has been the change of public opinion, in this country, on every phase of the negro question—and we must remember that the hale gentleman of fifty was a stout boy of seventeen when William Lloyd Garrison was led through the streets of Boston, with a rope round his neck—in none has it been more rapid than at the South, on the education and suffrage of the black. Four years ago, school houses for the colored people were burnt down and the teachers everywhere assaulted; to-day, the Southern mind accepts both facts as inevitable necessities, and is already preparing to like them at some far-distant date. Even now it is willing to use them. The more advanced thinkers of the South recognize the fact that reliable, skilled labor is cheaper at a high price than unskilled and unreliable labor at a low. In his recent address before the National Teachers' Association, at Trenton, General Howard said that the teachers are now personally safe from assault; they are only ostracized from all white society. They must, in many cases, board with the blacks, and be recognized by them alone as acquaintances on the streets.

On one occasion, General Howard accompanied two of his fair teachers to church, and was shown a seat. The lady who occupied the pew, when she lifted up her eyes and beheld the intruders, immediately vacated the pew and retired in disgust to another part of the church! But all this bitterness is dying out, though but slowly. Occasionally a resident clergyman will straggle in to see if the "niggers" are really capable of learning. Washington and Georgetown give the same common school education to the blacks that they do to the whites. The city of Petersburg, in Virginia, has established a system of free schools for all children, without distinction of race. It receives aid from the Bureau, and from the Peabody Fund only to the extent of about one-fourth of the total expense. Astonishing as it may seem, the teachers in the city are mostly native Virginians. They have braved and broken down the unreasonable spirit of social ostracism which has hitherto awaited every one who should venture to instruct colored children. In all human probability, these Petersburg teachers are but the precursors of a great cloud of Southern teachers who are to devote themselves to teaching every one that will come to learn. In Columbus, Mississippi, where the school fund is derived from the rental of land given by the United States, the city authorities are now offering either to throw open the doors of their free academy to colored scholars—a proposition that would have led to the destruction of the building itself five years ago—or they will divide the money on a *pro rata* basis. From all parts of the South comes the same report—that in the midst of obloquy, of social ostracism, of Ku-Klux outrages, of deep and bitter prejudice, the Southern mind is slowly preparing to admit the black race into the educational arena, just as it has been found to admit him to the ballot.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

"Besenes" in Cincinnati---A Remarkable Contract.

The following is an accurate copy of a contract of partnership entered into between five partners in the "Frame Besenes:"

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10, 1869.

The undersigned are satisfite with this Contrackt under the firm ——& Co., Frame Besenes, 481 —— st., between —— and —— street.

Dach partner has to work to the profed to the Besenes, if he dount work to the profed to the Besenes he kan expeckt no watshes.

Sickness or Familie Besenes ar not enkluded, if he dount tant to his Besenes at al then he kan pusht out by majoryta out the Besenes, the other Patners got the first rite for to buy him out, or he has to put a order man in his plase. were them order Patners are satisfied with.

Each Patner can drou $15,00 watshes, if the Besenes erlau it, each Patner can drou so moutsh then the oder.

If a Patner git sick, he is titled to his fool watshes the first week; the oder time only half watshes, if the Besenes erlow it.

If a Patner die his Family can expeckt only the profid from the Besenes, or the Familie can sell the Stock to the oder Partners or to a oder man wore them oder Partners are satisfeit with.

No Patner can borrow money for his one person on the Besenes, the Beseness is not responsible for that money.

If a Patner gos Seicurde for somebody, the Besenes got noting to do with it.

If a Patner do out side Besenes, the Besenes has to pay it.

Each half Jahr the first of January and the first of Jury the Stock half to be count ob, and the Books are to be settiet.

Each Partner is intitlet to 7 Pro each Jahr on the Stock wot hie got more in the Besenes than the oder.

Signed by the five patners.

Notwithstanding the particularity with which the rights and duties of the Patners" are laid down in the instrument, its provisions were not observed, and a law-suit has been instituted.

Difference of Linen and Cotton Fibre.

It is often a matter of importance to the purchaser of goods to be able to distinguish between linen and cotton fibres in some more simple manner than by the infallible test of the microscope. This may be done by taking a tnread of the fabric in question, untwisting it slightly, and then pulling it apart, and examining the extremities where it has separated. If the thread be of cotton it will part very readily, and present at the extremity a frizzeled, branching, twisted appearence. The linen thread, on the other hand, generally tears off short, and the ends form a tuft, consisting of straight threads, not twisted together. By trying the experiment on known fabrics of linen and cotton an appreciation of the difference may be gained, so that it will always be possible to recognize the material under any circumstances.

One of the banners born by the colored men at their celebration in Louisville read: "We will live on hash before we will vote the Democratic ticket. "God made us men," was inscribed upon a wagon filled with women.

Newspaper Grumblers.

Grumbling about newspapers is as ancient as newspapers themselves. And notwithstanding the multiplication of these modern conveniences, and the sleepless efforts of publishers to adapt their papers to every variety of taste, and every shade of sentiment, affording, one, might think, ample opportunity to readers to suit themselves perfectly, yet there is still as much grumbling about newspapers as there ever was.

We suppose that it does not often occur to the grumblers, that possibly they themselves may be at fault, may be unreasonable, may expect many impossibilities, may be out of humor, may have a fit of indigestion or spleen, or may be stupid or unappreciative. It may never occur to them that the men who toil night and day to furnish them with the freshest news, and the greatest variety of information and entertainment, are mortal, and sometimes tire themselves, and get sleepy and cross, and stupid, and forgetful, and careless—and need, and deserve, too, some consideration and even sympathy from those for whom they unceasingly work.

Fault-finding readers do not consider that everything that is made by human brains and hands, must, of necessity, be imperfect, however strong the desire, and however earnest the effort may be to have it faultless. And, above all, they forget that a newspaper cannot be made for general circulation, and yet in everything, exactly suit any one person. A thoroughly good, enterprising paper is like a really well spread dinner table. It contains variety, as well as quantity; something for every taste, and enough of kind to satisfy any reasonable appetite. It is not expected that any guest at a *table d' hote* should eat of every dish provided. It is not supposed for a moment that every dish will be palatable to every guest, or agree with every one's digestion; but it is thought, and reasonably, too, that from the abundant bill of fare, every guest can select enough of what will be digestible and agreeable to make a substantial and satisfactory meal.

Just so it is with every well edited newspaper. No one man is expected to read everything in the paper, or to like everything if he reads it; but every man is expected to find enough that is good, and useful, and acceptable, and agreeable, in the ample columns spread out before him, to be a full equivalent for what the paper costs him; and if he happens to find in the *carte* an article which offends his taste, or is in opposition to his views, he has just to let that alone, and leave it for another whom it will just suit, and for whose taste it was gotten up. In choosing his paper, one should do just as he does in choosing his restaurant—he should select one whose general style suits him, and when his taste changes, or the character of the parlor deteriorates, he should change and try another, but never fret or vex his neighbors by grumbling or scolding about his daily paper, which, after all, is about as necessary to his comfort as his dinner.—*Boston Traveler.*

THE "FAT SHEEP."—Some twenty-five years ago, when I was pastor of a church in ——, I took occasion one evening to attend a social meeting in the church of that place. As is their custom on such occasions, one after another rose and gave his or her experience. After a time, a man in humble circumstances, small in stature, and with a very effeminate, squeaking voice, rose to give in a piece of his experience, which was done in the following manner:

"Brethren, I have been a member of this church for many years; I have seen hard times; my family has been much afflicted; but I have for the first time in my life to see my pastor or any of the trustees of this church cross the threshold of my door."

No sooner had he uttered this part of his experience, than he was suddenly interrupted by one of the trustees, an aged man, who rose and said in a firm, loud voice: "My dear brother, you must put the devil behind you." On *his* taking his seat, the pastor in charge quickly rose, and also replied to the little man, as follows: "My dear brother, you must remember that we shepherds are sent to the *lost* sheep of the tribe of Israel." Whereupon the little man rose again, and in answer, said, in a very loud tone: "Yes, and if I had been a *fat one*, you would have found me long ago."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than expressed.—*Lutheran Observer.*

SOLEMNITY OF DEMEANOR.—"For my own part—I say in all solemnity—I have lived to become sincerely suspicious of the piety of those who do not love pleasure in any form. I cannot trust the man who never laughs; that is always sedate; that has no apparent outlet for those natural springs of sportiveness and gaiety that are perennial to the human soul. I know that nature takes her revenge on such violence. I expect to find secret vices, malignant sins or horrid crimes springing up in this hot-bed of imprisoned air and imprisoned space; and, therefore, it gives me a sincere and moral gratification anywhere, and in any community, to see innocent pleasures and popular amusements resisting the religious bigotry that frowns so unwisely upon them. Anything is better than that dark, dead, unhapy social life—a prey to *ennui* and morbid excitement, which results from unmitigated puritanism, whose second crop is usually unbridled license and infamous folly."—*Dr. Bellows.*

The following from an exchange is a discription of an individual it would be handy to have in an office perhaps:

A fighting editor has been employed on this paper. He weighs 800 pounds. His wrists are the very tools of death; his hair is very short; his eyes are black; his boots are No 12. Oh, he is a monster, this fighting man of ours! He goes for men like an ant for green cheese. He was never thrashed. Oh, he is a whale! He ate seventeen cans of oysters at our office the other night and called for more. He is the heaviest instrument of total and eternal punishment on record! Come at us, ye lean and lank, overgrown specimens of humanity; spit on our boots if you dare; slide down our cellar doors if you can; and if our wallupus don't everlastingly go for you, then size and belt have nothing in them.

As the season for house cleaning is approaching, the following directions for cleaning paint may be of interest to our readers: "Provide a plate with the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry, then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which wash well with clean water, rubbing it dry with soft flannels. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor."

It is a very good thing for a girl to marry a doctor in good practice, for then she will not see enough of him to get tired of him, and at the wedding the bride will receive presents from all her husband's patients.