Holmes County Republican.

J. Caskey, Editor and Proprietor. | Office—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson. | Terms:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

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The Republican

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

BY J. CASKEY,

WASHINGTON STREET, THIRD DOOR SOUTH OF JACKSON

MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Mail Subscribers—*in advance*..... $1.50
Paid within the year..... 2.00
After the year expires..... 2.50

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2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher can continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

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Do 6 do do 5.00
Do 12 do do 8.00
Fourth column, 1 yr, changeable quarterly 20.00
Half column do do do 30.00

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Business Cards.

JOHN W. VORHES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.

OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store, up stairs.
April 22, 1858—v2n35y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.

Respectfully informs the public that he has located himself in the above village, for the practice of his profession.

☞ OFFICE four doors west of Reed's corner. Aug 4, 1859—v3n50tf.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
Millersburg, Ohio.

IS NOW PREPARED to furnish to order all the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to an entire set. ☞ Office, as usual, on Clay street.
June 9, 1859—42

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.

THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully tenders his professional services to the public. Office in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—v2n34tf.

DR. EBRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.

Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the Empire House.

☞ Residence on Clay Street, opposite the Presbyterian Church.

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING
Of all Descriptions,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHIGTON STS.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

STORRS & LAKE,
DENTISTS,
Wooster & Millersburg.

DR. M. E. STORRS,
DENTIST,
Millersburg, O.
Office over J E. Kochs Store Room.
Dec. 1, 1859.

CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
Books & Stationery,
MILLERSBURG, O.

PLAIN & FANCY
JOB PRINTING
Of all kinds, neatly executed
AT THIS OFFICE.

BAKER & WHOLF,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE AND WATER LIME.
PURCHASERS OF
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
ALSO,
Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow and all kinds of Dried Fruits.
WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856—4tf.

EAGLE BLACKSMITH SHOP!
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.
JOHN JORDAN,

HAS opened a new Blacksmith Shop on Mad Anthony Street, west side, a short distance north of Cherryholmes' Store, where he is fully prepared to do all work in his line of business on a short notice, at reasonable prices and in a

Workmanlike Manner.

All who want their work well done and at reasonable prices, should call at Jordon's shop. He shoes horses for one dollar cash, and does other work proportionately low. JOHN JORDON.
Millersburg, Aug. 11, 1859—51

Poetry.

For the Republican.

SCENE IN A CHURCYARD.

BY E. E.

Calmly, peacefully they slumber,
Those who die.
Death still adding to their number—
There they lie.

Rich and poor alike have ended
Their career,
And together now are resting
Quiet here.

Lo, beneath you drooping willow
Beauty sleeps,
And affection pure and holy
O'er her weeps.

Yes, the form that weeps above her
Bending low,
Is the pale grief-stricken mother,
In her woe.

She has left her lovely dwelling
Sad and drear;
And has sought the churchyard lonely
Without fear.

Every tear that now is falling
On that dust—
God beholds, grief-stricken mother—
In Him trust.

One whose hopes have oft been blighted
Weeps with thee.
For the loved ones of her bosom
Bitterly.

And amid this death-like stillness
Still I hear
Voices sweetly that oft have spoken,
In mine ear.

Lovely forms before my vision
Seem to glide,
Forms that long ago had perished
At my side.

But the shades of evening gather
Mourner go,
To the loved ones that are left thee,
Calm thy woe.

Miscellaneous.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

SIMPSON REVIVED; A TALE.

BY L. A. WILMER.

Mr. Edward P. Simpson was a citizen of Philalphia, who was not very remarkable for any quality, good or bad, except a disposition to overrate his own value and importance. Some crusty moralist checks presumption of great men with the remark, that the death or absence of any individual, however big he may be in his own estimation, will not produce any perceptible chasm in society. As soon as one fellow is gone, another will be found to fill his place—after a fashion at least; and so the public is scarcely ever sensible of its loss.

But as Mr. Neddy Simpson, if he had every heard of this theory of place-filling, he did not believe in it. His vanity assured him that the absence of M. E. Simpson from his usual sphere of action would arrest the motions of the social machine as certainly as the withdrawal of the balance wheel or lever would stop the movements of a watch. On this score he felt so well satisfied that he determined to amuse himself by applying a practical test. Full of this grand idea, he bought a pair of skates, to be used in the experiment, and informed his wife that he was going to recreate himself on the glassy surface of the Schuylkill.

"If I do not return before five o'clock P. M.," said he, "you may conclude I have broken in, and perished miserably under the ice. But do not concern yourself, my love, about the recovery of my body, for it will please me as well to remain at the bottom of the river as to be regularly inhumed in a cemetery; for it is a mere matter of taste whether we choose to be eaten by worms or catfish. Besides, if I am permitted to take my last nap under the water, we shall avoid the trouble and expense of a funeral, and no grave-stone or monument will be required. And so, on the score of economy," continued Mr. Simpson, "this mode of dying and sepulture appears to be the most eligible. In answer to the inquiries of my friends, you may make them acquainted with my melancholy fate; but let them know, at the same time, it was my last request that no extravagant demonstrations of grief should be made on account of my untimely decease. Finally, my dear wife, I would recommend you to have a suitable notice of my death inserted in some of public papers, with an illusion to my undeniable worth, and a few words of consolation addressed to the large circle of my acquaintances."

His weeping partner promised obedience to all these directions, and Mr. Simpson, after taking leave of her in a very affecting style, and kissing the children all round, left the house. But instead of going to skate on the Schuylkill, according to his pretended design, he borrowed a gun and went on a sporting excursion into Maryland,—frightened the ducks on Elk river, and accidentally killed two or three of them—often chuckling to himself when he tho't of the desolation which his absence and supposed decease had occasioned in Philadelphia.

Meanwhile, as he did not return at the appointed time, his wife presumed that he had gone make geological researches at the bed of the river, and according to his previous instructions, she let the matter pass over rather quietly, making no effort to recover the body, and not disturbing her neighbors with any obstreperous lamentations. She merely answered inquiries by informing them that her husband had been drowned, and a notice of his "sudden death" was inserted in several newspapers. Simpson himself was gratified at the sight of the obituary paragraph which appeared in a Philadelphia journal that happened to find its way to Maryland. The funeral notice dclared that "in the death of that estimable man society had sustained an irreparable loss," and the exulting absentee was perhaps the only reader who accepted this declaration in its literal sense.

After an absence of two weeks, Mr. Simpson considered it advisable to return and relieve the agonizing grief of his wife and friends. As soon as he arrived in the city, he went to the tailoring establishment, where, as a cutter-out of coats and pantaloons, he had occupied a pleasant and profitable situation for five years; but, to his great concern, he found that another "cutter-out" had cut *him* out; for the clothing store had found a good substitute for Mr. Simpson the very day after the latter was reported among the missing.

In a very sorrowful and subdued tone of mind, Mr. Simpson repaired to his own dwelling. His wife met him at the door with a shriek which was not one of joyful surprise.

"What have you done you wicked man," cried she, "by making such trouble,—pretending to be dead and then coming back again!"

"What trouble have I made?" inquired Mr. Simpson.

"Trouble enough," said she. "I was sure you was gone for good, and I've been making a solemn promise to marry Mr. Peter Watson, the boss tailor!"

Now thoroughly convinced that the world could do without him, Simpson sneaked about like a sensitive ghost, which feels itself out of place in human society, and has consideration enough to keep as much out of view as possible. To him it appeared that community questioned his right to be seen above ground after he had been registered among the dead by the most reliable public journals, In short, while he walked the earth, he felt like an intruder; all eyes were turned coldly upon him, and his situation became every day more and more uncomfortable. His form became emaciated and his countenance cadaverous; his vanity had received a fatal wound, and existence, with him, was no longer tolerable.

During one year after his return to life, his specter-like figure was occasionally seen gliding along in some by-street of the city. Another winter came, and the skaters exercised themselves once more on the glazed surface of the Schuylkill. One morning a hat and great coat were found on the ice near an "air hole," and the articles were soon identified as the property of Mr. Simpson Some of his friends laughed, and others were indignant at his presumption in attempting to deceive them once and again by the very same trick. The newspaper reporters took notice of the fact, and advised him in print to come from his hiding place and amuse himself in more legitimate manner. Only two persons believed that he had now disposed of himself in earnest, and these were his bereaved wife and the boss tailor, Mr. Watson. To convince the world that they had a better opinion of Mr. Simpson that to suppose that he would play the impostor twice in precisely the same way, the widow and Mr. Watson made a speedy arrangement, and were united in wedlock only two months after Simpson's second disappearance.

The majority was right in this instance, as it is supposed to be by us good republicans in all cases. According to general expectation, Simpson *did* come to light again. On the first of April (All Fools' Day) the river, having thrown off its icy fetters and beginning to run freely, exhibited all that remained of poor Simpson, floating on the surface of the water, five miles below the city. His body was decently interred by his former consort, (now Mrs. Watson,) who, together with her husband, the boss tailor, were so grateful to the missing man for not coming back alive the second time, that they erected a handsome monument to his memory, and spoke of him with the greatest respect and kindness ever afterwards.

A Statesman.

When Douglas undertook to get a recognition as a democrat by assailing Mr. Seward after his speech last week, he charged that the opposition to the democracy were responsible for the slavery agitation that was caused by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, because they refused to extend that line to the Pacific in 1850, which he voted for. So, in 1854 Mr. Douglas brought in a bill to repeal the Missouri compromise as unconstitutional, because he had not been able to extend it to the Pacific. Not succeeding in extending a congressional prohibition of slavery, he found not only that it was unconstitutional, but that those who voted against extending an unconstitutional measure, were guilty of all the slavery agitation consequent upon its repeal. This is a fair specimen of the wise and statesmanlike view that Mr. Douglas takes of all political questions. If the nomination of such a man is necessary to the salvation of the party, what must be the character of the party?—*State Journal.*

ABLE TO HOLD HIS OATS.—A little affair happened the other day, not a thousand miles from this place, which is too good to be lost, Mr. A. called on one of our farmers and asked him the price of oats, and was informed that they were worth thirty-five cents per bushel. He agreed to pay forty cents on condition that he should be permitted to *tramp* them in the half bushel. To secure the bargain he paid for twelve bushels, and the next day took his wagon and went after them. The farmer filled the half bushel, after which Mr. A. got in and gave them a most vigorous tramping, contracting their proportions considerably. The farmer thereupon emptied the oats into the bag without filling up the measure. Mr. A. raved, put it was no use; tha farmer had complied with his part of the agreement, and, as an evidence, told Mr. A. after he had measured the oats, he might tramp them all day.—*Harrisbnry Patriot.*

ALMOST TOO LARGE TO SWALLOW.—A late number of the Sturgis (Mich.) *Republican* informs us that a piece of extraordinary good luck has fallen to the lot of a Mrs. E. B. Day, of that village. This lady has heretofere, been in moderate circumstances, yet she has—so the story goes—inherited, as an heir of the late Sir Francis Drake, the enormous amount of *Forty-eight millions of dollars.* Not the least fortunate circumstance in the case is, the lady is a widow. Who bids first?

Beneath these stones
Repose the bones
Of Theodocious Grim,
Who took his beer
From year to year,
Until his *bier* took him.

Narrative of John Doy, of Lawrence, Kansas.

The escape of Dr. Doy from confinement in a Missouri prison, where he had for four months been confined under a false charge of inducing slaves to run away, together with a sketch of his previous history in Kansas as one of the pioneer settlers, is related in a pamphlet of one hundred and thirty pages. It is "a plain, unvarnished tale" of the brutalizing effects of slavery upon a large number of our white population as well as the negro race. Dr. Doy does not attempt to create any excitement, or appear to write under the influence of feelings that might readily be pardoned under such circumstances. We give a few extracts illustrative of the interstate slave-trade.

"A day or two after, another slave trader, of the firm of White, Williams & Co., of Weston, quite extensive dealers in human flesh, but, I belive, as kind and humane as men can possibly be in that trade, brought in a fine specimen of a man, twenty-five years old, strong, muscular and intelligent, a blacksmith by trade, for whom eighteen hundred dollars had been paid. His name was George, and he was from Newmarket, where he had been working two years for a man who had never given him a dime for his services, he having paid for his clothing during that time by working on Sundays and holidays.

This trader took the handcuffs from George when he got him into the jail, and reproved him for a remark he had made to his former master, which he said displayed a very improper and unchristian feeling. It was, "I hope to meet you at the bar of a just God, before you are sent to hell."

Very early one morning a yellow man was brought in, who said he had been kidnapped from Kansas in the night. As he stood weeping, the picture of despair, with his wrists handcuffed across each other, he said to the man who brought him, and who, it seems, had bought him of the kidnappers, "I told you I was free; and I am, or ought to be, as free as you are. I've got my free papers in my pocket."

Without a word, the trader put his hand into the poor man's pocket, and pulled out a tin case five or six inches long, opened it by removing the lid, took out the papers which proved that he was entitled to his freedom, read them, tore them up and drew them into the stove. And that MAN was driven off south that very night with a gang of slaves.

Some of the slaves brought in from the neighboring plantations told me that the slaves in Platte county were whiter than anywhere else, and, consequently, more sensitive and wretched; that both men and women were worked harder in the hempfields; were whiped oftener and for less cause; that less regard was paid to the separation of families, and that they had the fear of being sold South more constantly put before their eyes than in any other State. And this was told me by old slaves who had been in more States than one.

In the afternoon, before one of these gangs was sent off, a very dark woman was brought in with quite a light-colored baby. One of the traders asked the owner, likewise a trader, what he was going to to do with the brat. "D——d if I know," was the reply. "I'm bothered to know what to do with it.

"We can't take it in the wagons and have it squalling all the way."

"Here," said the owner to an inhabitant of Platte City, who just then came in with a boy for sale, "don't you want this thing! You may have it for twenty-five dollars. D——n it." he continued, snatching from its mother's arms by the shoulder and hefting it, "it weighs twenty-five pounds! Will you take it!"

"Yes."

"Take it now."

And the child was carried off amid the heart-rending shrieks and pleadings of the agonized mother.

When the slaves were brought to the jail and learned what was to be their fate, often entirely unsuspected by them, the men would beg the traders to allow them to see their wives and chidren before leaving.—The traders invariably promised to gratify them; their wives and children should come to the jail to-morrow or the next day; but as invariably that morrow never came to the poor, despairingy fathers and husbands. They were generally driven off in the night, and no opportunity was allowed them to bid farewell to those whom they held dear, and whom they might never hope to see again witnessing such a scene of suffering and anguish as always attends the departure of a slave coffle for the South!

The following is the account given of his final escape from Kansas City jail:

About 12 o'clock in the midst of a storm, as we were still watching at the grated window, we heard a loud knocking at the jail door, which we could not see, and after a while the jailer's voice from the window, asking, "Who's there? what do you want?"

"We're from Andrew county, and we've got a prisoner we want to put into jail for safe keeping. Come down quick," was the answer.

"Who is he?"

"A notorious horse thief."

"Have you got a warrant?"

"No; but it's all right."

"I can't take a man in without authority."

"If you don't it'll be too bad; for he is a desperate character, and we've had hard work to catch him. We'll satisfy you in the morning that all's right."

The jailer then went down and let them in, and—as I was afterwards told—when they were inside, said again: "I don't like to take a man in without a warrant;" and turning to the supposed horse thief: "What do you say? Do you think they'll be able to convict you?' 'No, they won't,' replied the thief, "to be sure they found the horse in my possession, but they can't prove I stole him." "Well," said the jailer, "if they found the horse in your possession, I guess they're right enough, and I'll lock you up."

Soon we heard steps on the stairs, and hurried into bed, dressed as we were covering ourselves with the bedclothes.

The outdoor of our cell was opened and looking out the corner of my eyes without moving my head, I could see the jailer, and the horse-thief with his hands tied and held tightly by two men, while another was visible a little behind. There was quite a parley at the door, and the horse-thief seemed to draw back. Then the jailer unlocked and opened the iron grating and ordered him in. The thief saill drew back, and said, I won't be put in with niggers."

"Oh! we don't keep niggers here," replied the jailer, "they're down below."

"Have you got old Doy, the abolitionist in here?" asked one of the men still keeping hold of the horse-thief and pressing forward as if curious to see me.

"Doctor Doy is here,"answered the jailer.

"That's the man we come for,"exclaimed one. The other said, "Friend we have deceived thee until now, but it was necessary for our purpose. We have not come to put a man in prison but to take one out of it who is unjustly confined." At the same time the horse-thief freed his wrists from his bonds, which were suddenly metamorphosed into a slung-shot, the ball of which he had concealed in his hand, and sprang forward.

An Oily Letter from the Oil Springs.

As the Oil Springs in Trumbull county, Ohio, are exciting a great deal of interest, we prevailed upon the Fat Contributor to go down there last week, in order that we might furnish our readers with an authentic account of its locality. We have received the following unetunous letter:

DEAR REGISTER:—Everything about here is so greasy and oily it is with extreme difficulty that I can write at all. My pen slips out of my fingers; there is an oily scum on the ink; the paper is fairly transparent, and I slosh around in my chair in a demned unpleasant manner. Patience and perseverance (sweet oil is unnecessary here,) will, however, overcome many obstacles.

AN OILY TRACK.

I arrived here at a very late hour last night, on an oil train, and might as well have come on *train oil*, as we were 16 hours behind time. All trains are behind time here, I learn, owing to the accumulation of oil on the track at this end of the road. The oil fries out of the ground and lubricates the rails for great distance. We should'nt arrived here at all if the passengers had'nt got out and sprinkled the track with cigar ashes.

I slipped out of bed (nobody "arises" here; we all slip in bed and slip out,) at an early hour this morning and began my investigations. I found a section embracing fourteen thousand acres of land chuck full of oil springs.

HOW THE WOMEN FRY DOUGH-NUTS.

Drilling is unnecessary here, as the oil boils up in springs, sometimes to the height of twenty-five feet, and is caught in tin pails as it comes down. On a hot day, I am told it is no unusual thing to see women frying dough-nuts out of these jets of oil. The balls of dough are dropped into these jets, where they are allowed to toss about like corks in a fountain, until they are fried by the heat of the sun.

SLIPPERY ELM.

The only species of tree which abounds here is the *slippery* elm. These trees are so slippery a squirrel can't climb them without dipping his paws in Spalding's Prepared Glue a small bottle of which he always carries about his neck. There are a few maple trees here but no sugar is made, as nothing but oil runs out when they are tapped.

A RIVER OF OIL.

There is one considerable sized creek running through Trumbull county which is all oil. It was discovered a short time ago in a singular manner. Three boys went bathing and when they came out were so greasy they couldn't stay in their clothes As fast as they slipped them on they slipped off again, and one of the lads in a heedless moment narrowly escaped slipping out of his skin. On reaching home their parents being exceeding frugal, wrung them out and extracted about *fourteen gallons of pure oil from the three boys!* Fact.—A company are erecting a large candle factory on the banks of this river, preparing to dip candles in it.

AMUSEMENTS.

The principal amusements here are climbing greased poles and catching oiled pigs, the necessary applicances being constantly on hand. Sliding down hill is popular during the summer months. This is effected without sleds, on hill of solid tallow just behind the tavern. As I write, laughter rich and gushing is wafted to my window from a number of the beauties of "Bowers' Corners," as they sweetly *dissolve* down the sides of that melting slope.

GREASED LIGHTNING

There was a thunder storm this afternoon and as the eclectric fluid ran down one of those slippery elms, I told you of I was treated to my first view of "greased lightning." It is quite common here they say. Thunder is divested of all its harsh intonatons by the minute particles of oil which fill the air and grease the wheels of Jove's noisy chariot.

If any of your readers think I have "cut it fat" in this letter let them visit the Oil Springs and see for themselves.

Yours truly,
FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

—*Sandusky Register.*

Dumas is very fond on gala days, of wearing some dozen or more decorations consisting of ribbons or crosses. A friend recently protested—

"Why, Dumas, you look stupid—you're a walking rainbow with these ribbons, which are the color"—

"Of the grapes we read of in the fable interrupted Dumas.

The friend vamosed.

The First duty of Government.

It used to be thought the proudest boast of a State, republican or despotic, that its ægis protected the meanest of its subjects. It seems now to be regarded as the great end of democracy to narrow the circle of government protection, making it a privilege, instead of a right, excluding the inferior classes from the government protection and creating a privileged class. Thus we find the meanest democracy and the meanest despotism striving for the same end.

The action of the democratic party in the legislature, on the provision to prosecute the claim of the Polly negroes to liberty, is a specimen of this as well as of the disposition of the Ohio democracy to go lower in their servility to slavery than any slave-holders ask. In 1850 seven children and one grandchild of Peyton Polly, a free colored citizen of Lawrence county Ohio, were kidnapped and taken into slavery. Under a resolution of the legislature Governor Wood took prompt measures to reclaim them.

The authorities of Kentucky furnished every facility for prosecuting the matter, and four of these persons who were taken into that State, were reclaimed by due course of law. But four of these were taken into Virginia, and the agents of Ohio found nothing but obstructions thrown in their way by the people of that State, and four of the citizens of Ohio, known to be free-born, and whose right to freedom has been established in the Courts of a slave State, are known to have been kidnapped from the State, and to be now wearying out their lives in slavery.

The resolution to prosecute the right of these persons to freedom was opposed in the Senate by every democratic Senator present, except Judge Key, of Cincinnati, and it is doubtful if his democratic purity will not be regarded as doubtful after such a vote. It was also, we regret to say, voted against by one Republican Senator.

But a short time ago all these democratic Senators thought it necessary to provide a ten year's penalty in the Penitentiary, to prevent the citizens of Ohio from invading the slave States, to interfere with slavery. Their opposition to any measures to protect the free citizens of Ohio from slavery shows how much more precious is slavery than freedom in their eyes, even the slavery of our own free citizens. It shows too, how utterly negro worship can divest persons of their manhood.

Really there are no pretentions of the slave-holders that require this. They are, like the well meaning person at the camp meeting who "had the power" under a mistaken idea that Whitfield was preaching, rolling in the dirt for nothing. The South generally would punish kidnapping as stringently as the North. The attempts to enslave the free negroes in several of the slave States, the past winter—a milder form of kidnapping, and under color of law—have elicited eloquent denunciations of their wrong and outrage from the slave holders themselves; and, so far, the attempts have all failed; yet, while this is occurring in slave States, in the midst of all the slavery fanaticism growing out of the alarm caused by a recent event, we find in the free State of Ohio, legislators so frightened from their propriety, and so utterly abject in their servility to slavery, that they dare not assert the right of free born citizens of Ohio to liberty, nor provide penalties against their being kidnapped, nor bring a suit in the courts of a slave State to rescue them.

Certainly such a state of degradation is a much better qualification for slavery than any admixture in the complexion, however dark. Slaves, contented in their condition, have always been the best defense of the institution. It is almost impossible to make it appear a wrong to those who have only observed it in such circumstances. So would kidnapping be in Ohio, if only they were exposed who have become so subdued in spirit that they dare not provide for the protection of our own citizens.

Yet, while democratic legislators in Ohio refuse to provide against the enslaving of our own citizens, the government of the United States is keeping a fleet on the coast of Africa, at a great expense of lives and money, to prevent the people of Africa from being seized and carried into slavery; so much more precious is the liberty of the wild inhabitants of Africa than that of people born on our own soil.

Perhaps, in justice to Ohio democracy, it ought to be mentioned that all the democratic delegation in Congress, except the Cincinnati members, did oppose a resolution in the House last winter, declaring it the duty of government to use all proper means to suppress the African slave trade. Brother Cox called it a bombshell thrown into the House. So suppose it is a bombshell in Ohio to protect our own citizens. In order to be consistent, the democracy and the Republican Senator should cry aloud and spare not, against our African squadron, as a reflection on the institution of the South.

A few years ago the whole country went into spasms of admiration because a commander of a United States vessel interfered, in a hostile attitude, to rescue from Austrian officials an Austian political offender who had merely declared his intention to become an American citizen and had then exposed himself to seizure and who, after our country had assumed an attitude of war with a powerful nation, for his rescue, proved to be a troublesome, ungrateful person, and abused our officers because they would not place him on Austrian territory, and there undertake to defend him as an American citizen. The country apotheosized the officer and the vessel and the man who had been the means for exhibiting the care and the force with which this government extends its protection to those having the slightest claim upon it. The world was asked to admire this feat of the greatest republic; and a parallel was drawn between this and the declaration of the stout old Protector who first established in England the principal that government protection was a right, not a privilege—that the name of Englishman should protect the meanest subject throughout the world.

Having achieved this exalted eminence in the eyes of the world, democracy is now on the other tack, trying to find how large a class can be excluded from government protection, and from any human rights; creating a privileged class which becomes ennobled in proportion to the graduation it can heap on inferior races; and looking for the highest develoment of Democratic institutions in depriving some portions of mankind of any rights.

Magnanimity towards the weak and helpless is an element of animal nature, absolutely necessary to the existence of any living thing, from the lowest brute up to the highest.

How encouraging must be the prospect of human progress toward perfection, if, of all the animal races, mankind alone are to discard all magnanimity and kindness and protection towards inferiors, and ferocity and oppression are to be regarded as the only thing left of democracy; and some others, who cannot look the principles on which they were elected in the face without trembling, seem to think they can balance the account and make it all right and conservative by kicking at the negro, at every convenient opportunity, to show that they are not instigated by humanity, or magnanimity, or regard for rights, or any of those radical motives.

Thus, also, in the United States Senate, when a sovereign State comes up for admission into the Union, making one more effort to be permitted to exercise that popular sovereignty which she has enjoyed so largely hitherto that it is proposed to elect Douglas President to reward him for inventing so great a principle, the great champion of popular sovereignty can see no consideration in the great speech advocating her admission but a suspicion of negro equality, which he scents in a quotation from the Declaration of Independence; he dared not declare himself either for or against the admission of a free State, but rolled himself like a dog in the dirt, to please his Southern masters, by smelling negro equality in the Declaration of Independence, and by declaring that its authors intended it only for white men; so much more humble does slavery make its white subjects in the free States, than its black slaves at home.—*State Journal.*

An Adventure with a Camanche.

A lieutenant cavalry, writing to a lady relative in Washington City, from the Texas frontier, relates the particulars of a hazardous adventure with a Camanche Indian a few weeks since which was much after the character of the old border Boone adventures. He says:

"Finding their trail I pushed on and followed it rapidly all day, until it became too dark to see any longer, when I encamped for the night, having been seventeen hours in the saddle, and ridden about sixty miles.

"At day break next morning I was again upon the trail, and about half-past eleven A. M., saw two Indians driving quickly before them a herd of some twenty odd animals. I halted my men where I could not be seen, and ordered them to throw away any extra article of weight, then taking a fast gallop, was within three hundred yards of them before I was seen. Giving the command, 'Charge,' I was soon upon them.

"One threw himself from his horse, and ran for some woods close by, but was soon killed by some of the men; the other, mounted on a fleet horse, pressed him at his topmost speed across the prairie, shouting and yelling his war-whoop as he ran. Calling to the men, I let 'Min-ne-ha-ha' out but he reached an adjoining wood, unharmed by the bullets that whistled after him.

"Having thus lost sight of the Indian, I was obliged to follow his horse's track, which led me into a number of hills separated by deep and crooked ravines, covered with a close growth of cedar. Dismounting, the Indian had concealed his pony in one of those ravines, and attempted to make his escape on foot, but I dismounted and followed his moccasin track, and finally came to a little precipice, down which I saw his red blanket, which he had dropped. Clambering down that I picked up and examined his blanket. I was then within six feet of him, and did not know it. Seeing where he had jumped down another little descent by a ledge of rocks, I jumped down also, and in an instant he sprang upon me, leaping high in the air and lighting with his breast upon my head.—He had an arrow in his bow, the sharp point of which he placed against my breast, but just as he shot, I sprang one side, and the arrow passed through the sleeve of my coat. Grappling with him, I wrenched his bow out of his hands, and taking my pistol belabored him across the head and eyes. Finding, however, that I could not get a chance to cock my revolver, I dropped it, and seizing him with both hands near the waist, raised him high above the ground and tripped him, and fell with my whole weight upon him; but then I was in a quandary. Fortunately, just then one of my men came up and assisted in holding him until I could get my pirtol, when I soon sent him to his 'happy hunting ground' to rejoin his companions."

SEVERAL MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.—Between Orleans and Nevers, and not far from Cosne, on the Loire river, in France, lies the village of La Celle. In this village, standing at some distance from any other building, is the Giraffe Hotel, the proprietor of which acquired wealth very rapidly, and, to the villagers, most unaccountably. Recently a railroad was projected to run through La Celle, and "mine host" of Giraffe offered to have that part of the road which was to pass over a tract of land in his vicinity made at his own expense. This disinterested offer was not accepted, but laborers at once placed upon the spot, who, in the excavation necessary to make the proper grade, exhumed no less than twenty-five human bodies, some of which were recognized as those of merchants and travellers who had mysteriously disappeared after remaining for a night at the "Giraffe."