Holmes County Republican.

A Political and Family Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Holmes County, and Local and General Intelligence.

VOL. I. MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, O., THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1870. No. 1.

County Officials.

Common Pleas Judge,	WILLIAM REED.
Probate Judge,	THOMAS ARMOR.
Prosecuting Attorney,	C. F. VOORHES.
County Clerk,	JOHN S. ORR.
Sheriff,	JAMES S. MCCOMB.
Auditor,	JOSEPH H. NEWTON.
Treasurer,	JACOB CHERRYHOLMES.
Recorder,	GEORGE L. COOK.
Commissioners,	JESSE A. HARRIS, JACOB FISHER, DAN'L BAUGHMAN.
Surveyor,	JOSHUA SPONAGLE.
Coroner,	HENRY SHAFFER.
Infirmary Directors,	LUELLEN ALLISON, JOHN SHARP, LOUIS MAYER.

Church Directory.

U. P. CHURCH,

REV. W. M. GIBSON, PASTOR. HOURS FOR Service at 11½ o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school at 10½ o'clock, A. M. Prayer meeting Thursday evenings at 7½ o'clock.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. A. S. MILHOLLAND, PASTOR. MORNing service at 11 o'clock. Sabbath school 10½ o'clock. Evening service 7½ o'clock.—Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

DISCIPLE CHURCH,

ELDER WM. SHARP, PASTOR. HOURS for service 11 o'clock, P. M. Sabbath school 9 o'clock. Evening service 7½ o'clock.—Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7½ o'clock.

Railway Time Tables.

Cleveland, Mt. Vernon & Delawawe R. R.

GOING NORTH.

	Ex. & Mail.	Accom'dn
Leave Millersburg,	5:37 A. M.	1:19 P. M.
" Fredericksburg,	5:51 "	2:06 "
" Apple Creek,	6:21 "	2:27 "
" Orrville,	7:03 "	3:29 "
" Marshallville,	7:17 "	4:02 "
" Akron,	8:10 "	5:27 "
Arr. at Cleveland,	10:10 "	9:20 "

GOING SOUTH.

	Ex. & Mail,	Accom'dn.
Leave Cleveland,		3:45 P. M.
" Akron,	7:20 A. M.	5:37 "
" Marshallville,	8:58 "	6:39 "
" Orrville,	9:23 "	6:54 "
" Apple Creek,	10:08 "	7:18 "
" Fredericksb'rg,	10:37 "	7:35 "
Arr. at Millersburg,	11:22 "	8:01 "

R. C. HURD, *President.*
G. A. JONES, *Superintendent.*

Pittsburg, Ft. Wayne & Chicago R. R.

☞On and after June 12th, 1870, trains will leave stations daily, Sundays excepted, as follows: (Train leaving Chicago at 5:35 P. M. leaves daily.) (Trains leaving Pittsburg at 2:55 P. M., leaves daily.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Exp'ss.	Exp'ss.	Mail.	Exp'ss.
Pittsburg,	12.15A.M.	2.55P.M.	6.45A.M.	10.30A.M.
Rochester		3.58 "	8.20 "	11.35 "
Salem,	2.48 "	5.50 "	10.21 "	1.27P.M.
Alliance, ar	3.15 "	6.20 "	10.55 "	2.00 "
Alliance, d	3.20 "	6.40 "	11.15 "	2.20 "
Canton,	3.55 "	7.24 "	12.15P.M.	2.57 "
Massillon,	4.11 "	7.44 "	12.40 "	3.15 "
Orrville,	4.39 "	8.18 "	1.25 "	3.50 "
Wooster,	5.00 "	8.45 "	2.01 "	4.20 "
Mansfield,	6.15 "	10.20 "	4.02 "	5.58 "
Crestline ar	6.40 "	10.50 "	4.40 "	6.30 "
Crestline d	7.00 "	11.05 "	6.00A.M.	6.50 "
Bucyrus,	7.20 "	11.29 "	6.28 "	7.33 "
Lima,	8.56 "	1.30A.M.	9.05 "	10.20 "
FtWayne a	10.35 "	3.35 "	11.35 "	12.40A.M.
FtWayne d	10.40 "	3.40 "	11.50 "	12.50 "
Plymouth,	12.40P.M.	6.10 "	2.50P.M.	3.08 "
Chicago,	3.20 "	9.20 "	6.30 "	6.20 "

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Exp'ss.	Exp'ss.	Mail.	Exp'ss.
Chicago,	11.20A.M.	9.20P.M.	6.10A.M.	5.35P.M.
Plymouth,	1.50P.M.	1.50A.M.	9.50 "	9.05 "
FtWayne ar	3.15 "	5.15 "	12.40P.M.	11.10 "
FtWayne d	3.20 "	5.45 "	12.55 "	11.20 "
Lima,	4.40 "	8.05 "	3.15 "	1.39 "
Bucyrus,	6.15 "	10.45 "	5.50 "	3.52 "
Crestline ar	6.40 "	11.15 "	6.20 "	4.20 "
Crestline d	6.55 "	12.05P.M.	6.00A.M.	4.30 "
Mansfield,	7.16 "	12.34 "	6.42 "	5.00 "
Wooster,	8.23 "	2.01 "	8.25 "	6.23 "
Orrville,	8.42 "	2.27 "	8.57 "	6.45 "
Massillon,	9.06 "	2.58 "	9.35 "	7.17 "
Canton,	9.19 "	3.13 "	9.57 "	7.35 "
Alliance, ar	9.50 "	3.50 "	10.45 "	8.20 "
Alliance, d	9.55 "	3.55 "	11.00 "	8.40 "
Salem,	10.18 "	4.23 "	11.40 "	9.08 "
Rochester,		6.02 "	2.05P.M.	10.52 "
Pittsburgh,	12.30A.M.	7.05 "	3.15 "	11.55 "

F. R. MYERS, *Gen. Ticket Agent.*

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Physicians.

W. M. ROSS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MILLERSburg, Ohio. Office—First door West of Corner formerly occupied by Mulvane. Residence, second door south of T. B. Raiff's corner. Office days, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. 1tf

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office and Residence, at South part of Washington Street. 1tf

J. POMERENE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office—On Main St., 4 doors East of the Bank. Office hours—Wednesdays, from 1 to 5 o'clock P. M., and on Saturdays from 9 o'clock A. M., to 3 o'clock P. M. 1tf

R. H. VORHES, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MILLERSBURG, Ohio. Office with Dr. Pomerene. 1m6

P. P. POMERENE,
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Dentists.

T. L. PIERCE,
PRACTICAL & OPERATIVE DENTIST, UPstairs in Herzer's Building, opposite the Book Store. All work executed in the best possible manner, and warranted to give the best satisfaction. 1tf

W. R. POMEROY,
MECHANICAL & OPERATIVE DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two doors West of Commercial Block. 1tf

Attorneys.

L. R. HOAGLAND. H. D. M'DOWELL.
HOAGLAND & McDOWELL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MILLERSBURG, O. Office—Second floor in McDowell's building, west of the Court House. 1tf

A. J. BELL,
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EMPIRE HOUSE,
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BUTLER HOUSE,
WEST END MAIN STREET, MILLERSburg, Ohio, JOSEPH BUTLER, Proprietor. This House is in good order, and its guests will be well cared for. 1tf

Miscellaneous.

ROBERT LONG, B. C. BROWN. } { J. CHERRYHOLMES, W. M. GIBSON.
LONG, BROWN & CO.,
BANKERS,
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1y1

HENRY HERZER.] [BALDWIN HERZER.
H. & B. HERZER,
Produce and Commission Merchants,
DEALERS IN
Flour, Grain and Mill Stuffs,
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WHITE & WATER
LIME &c.,
And Purchaser of
WHEAT, RYE,
CORN, OATS,
WOOL, DRIED FRUIT,
BUTTER, EGGS, &C.
At the Red Warehouse,
Millersburg, - - - Ohio.

Cheap Glassware!
RETAILING AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
MUST BE SOLD!
War in Europe nothing to do with it.
1m3 At the BOOK STORE.

THE LOVE KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied her golden ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
 Did she catch her lovely floating hair;
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
 Where the wind comes blowing merry, chill,
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
 All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing she tied them in,
 Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
 Of the pinkiest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
 That ever imprisoned a romping curl.
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
 Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
 Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down and played
 The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As tying her bonnet under her chin,
 She tied a young man's heart within.

O, western wind, do you think it was fair
 To play such tricks with her floating hair,
To gladly, gleefully do your best
 To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in
 And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O, Ellery Vane! you little thought,
 An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
 After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
 As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

Life and Scenery on the Missouri River.

BY JOHN JOURNEYMAN.

Ho, for the mountains!

The war was over, and with shattered health I found myself in the city of St. Louis without home or family ties. I had been working in one of the Government shops until prostrated by illness, which left me too weak and debilitated to undertake any exertion, and my physician told me that my only chance for regaining strength was to get out of the city, get fresh air, change of scene, climate, etc.

One evening I sat by the window of my kind landlady's little parlor, where her motherly hand had arranged pillows and footstool for my comfort; and was looking out upon the busy throng passing and repassing in the hurrying streets, and thinking how impossible it was for me to follow the doctor's advice, when a quick, eager step on the stairs announced the arrival of my landlady's son—a fine fellow who worked in the same shop where I had been employed.

"Hurrah! Uncle John," said he as he he entered, "I'm off for the mountains." Involuntarily I glanced through the open door where his mother was laying the little snowy cloth on the little supper table, and saw by the quick look and listening pause, that she overheard his exclamation. I knew how it had been her bugbear—this fear that her Charlie "would take it into his head to go off there among the Indians;" so I held up a warning finger. He understood at once, and said no more, until we were seated around the table. Then he told us how there had been a requisition made by Government for a number of men, supplies, tools, ammunition, etc., to be sent up the Missouri to establish posts far up in Montana Territory. Some 40 or 50 steamers had been chartered to take them up there, and they were to have $100 per month and transportation. He said they proposed to hire none but those who had served in the Union army; and he had been one of the first selected, and was of course eager to go. His mother could not at first be reconciled, but his boyish enthusiasm was irresistible, and she, as well as I, was smiling at his glowing anticipations.

"Can't I get a chance in too?"—said I at length.

"Why, yes," he replied, "if you were only well enough; in fact, if you had only been in the shop to-day, I have no doubt you would have been chosen foreman of the gang. But you are not in earnest, are you?"

"Certainly I am. The doctor says I must get away from here, and how better than at "Uncle Sam's" expense?"

"Very well, then," he answered; "I'll speak for you a place to-morrow."

The new impulse given me by this unexpected prospect, seemed to renew life and ambition. I scarcely thought of the hardships or perils of the adventure, and my place was soon secured and contract made with Government for one year's service at $100 per month, rations and transportation included to and from the point where my services were required. I give these particulars here because I shall have occasion by-and-by to say something as to how the bargain was fulfilled on their part.

The few days before starting were soon over, and I stood on the "levee" awaiting departure and meanwhile taking a look at the varied and exciting scene before me. The long line of steamers lying along the wharf and out in the channel one behind the other, had large sheets of canvass stretched across their bows, on which were painted, in huge letters, their respective destination and intermediate stopping points; so that any one wishing to go up the river, had only to cast his eye along the line of vessels to know on which to embark.

The "levee" was piled with goods and merchandise of various description—such as Government thought necessary for the fitting out of such an expedition, and swarming with such a motley crowd of human and four footed animals, as few Atlantic cities could boast of. Loads of bacon, barrels of flour, kegs of whisky, bales of hay, arms of ammunition, machinery for mills to be built along the route, commissary, and quartermaster's stores, etc, were being taken on board the different vessels; while the melodious braying of droves of mules, as they were driven on board, together with the usual amount of hallooing, running, gesturing, and swearing, which are found so necessary on such occasions, added to the general uproar. Making my way to the boat on which we were to take passage, I went on board. She was a "stern-wheeler" of over 300 tonage capacity with powerful engine and machinery, but much too unwieldy for the navigation of such a stream as the Missouri, as was afterward learned to our cost.

Her cabin accommodations were quite limited, and such as they were, the inhabitants, were altogether too numerous to make it pleasant for new comers, unless they happened to be of the same persuasion; their presence, however, was not so apparent to me on taking my first survey, as it afterward became, and I went on deck quite well satisfied with my inspection, and taking a stool, sat down near the rail, to watch the crowd, and also for the coming of Charlie, about whom I began to feel a little anxious, as the time was already up, and they were only awaiting the arrival of the head pilot, to push off.

Presently I saw making toward the steamer, a dray-load of household goods, consisting of a barrel or so of flour, some bacon, and bedding, a "chest" and one or two chairs, with various other commodities, which indicated the Irish character of the load, and which was further proved by the appearance of the mistress herself, who was seated in serene contentment upon her treasures—a pleasant and round-faced old lady, short and stout, a white-frilled cap upon her head, and 'kerchief crossed about her shoulders.

By her side walked her "liege lord," pipe in mouth and evidently having imbibed a little of the "over-joyful" in honor of the occasion.—He was stiff-backed from head to hips, in consequence of a former injury—and this peculiarity gave an indescribable oddity to his gait and general appearance, as he lunged along, his tall form thrown slightly forward, and head raised, while the lids worked back and forth over his small eyes in a way which gave any one small chance of observing his features. He evidently meant to take along with him all his earthly possessions, and had commenced unloading them, when the "Mate" a blustering representative of southern chivalry, strode over the gang-plank and demanded what he was about.

"Sure, its goin' to Montana I am, in the Governmint service! Pat Coffee's my name, yer honor."

"The d——l it is, eh? Well, don't you know you can't take along all this trash?"

"An' if that's what ye calls my old woman and the like, the Governmint may jist do without me, for never a step will I go except they do."

"Well, we can't carry your rubbish for nothing, and board her too."

"And who axed yer to, indade," replied Pat, "we're willing to look after ourselves and pay for our rubbish as yer calls it."

Finding he could be neither scared nor driven, a bargain was concluded with him, by which they were to board themselves in consideration of their freight being taken, and they proceeded to domesticate themselves on the lower deck back of the engine and between the mules and blacksmith's forge, where a "wagon body" served for a bed, and the bales of hay and boxes of freight for partitions.

As the mate came up stairs, he remembered with a laugh, that women were altogether too scarce in Montana to refuse a good chance of taking one along.

I had been so much interested in what was going on, that Charley was forgotten at the time, but just then I saw him hurrying around a corner and putting his handkerchief away from his face in a way that made me suspect a recent parting with his mother.

As he came in sight of the boat, however, he brightened up and walked rapidly on until he came opposite one of those "saloons," which seem as much a part of the accompaniments of these places as the planks in the platform, or the drays for carrying away freight, and where many a poor degenerate son of Adam spends the last cent of his hard earned wages, and perhaps loses his life in a drunken brawl, before he has even looked in the faces of those who have perhaps been awaiting him in his lonely home.

But, as I was saying, Charley paused as he came opposite the door of this place, and then drawing his revolver stepped quickly upon the threshold, and stood with hand upon the latch, leveling it at some unseen object inside, while almost at the same instant two men came rushing out and made good use of their feet in getting over the space between them and the boat. As soon as they were at a safe distance, he slowly stepped backward still holding his revolver in position, until he gained the sidewalk; then closing the door after him, he came on at an easy pace over the gang plank and up on deck to where I was sitting. As soon as he reached me, I inquired what was the trouble.

"Why," said he, "as I came by, the landlord in there had just drawn his revolver on those fellows, and as I knew they were our men, I thought he had better let them alone."

"Well, you had better look out how you get into scrapes," said I; those are two of the meanest little rascals in our company, and you may wish you had left the landlord to take care of them, before you are done with them." He made no reply, but walked off, whistling a lively tune, with no thought of the cool daring he had just shown.

"Ah," thought I, 'that's the stuff of which soldiers and pioneers are made but if that boy don't lose his scalp before we get back, I'm mistaken, unless he's more prudent; and I began secretly to fear that the promise I had made his mother—to look after him—would not be easy of fulfillment.

My reflections were soon interrupted by the arrival of the head-pilot—a large, raw-boned, eagle-eyed rough specimen of humanity—who walked over the plank and took his place at the wheel, with the air of a man who knows his importance, and expects to be treated accordingly.

Immediately after him came the chief engineer—burly, red-faced, and self-important (one could almost smell the brandy when he came in sight); and as he came along side—coat over his arm, and cigar leading the way—he caught sight of us on deck, and called out to the Captain: "Say, Cap., got any darned Yankees aboard?"

Now, as I have said, the war was just over, the echo of the last battle had scarcely died away, and the "soreness" was not yet gone from the hearts of either Northerners or Southerners. We knew when he said "Yankees" he meant "Union" men, and the look which passed from one to the other, said plainer than words, that he would be a marked man, and many were the resolves that he should be made to swallow his words before he had done with us.

The gang-plank was now drawn up, all hands ordered to their posts, the steam turned on, and soon the wheel began to revolve, and the steamer after halting at a coal barge and taking on a supply, steered boldly out for the middle channel, and was soon putting the waves behind her in a way which was pleasant to behold; and as she sturdily grappled with the current, the captain turned to the mate with a shrug of satisfaction. "She rides like a duck," said he; "she'll take us through."

A last look at the receding city was soon taken, as the river swept round in one of the curves by which it winds its way through the "great valley of the Mississippi," now close at the base of the table-land on the one side, then passing gracefully over quite to the cliffs on the other—like some "ball-room beau" who, after paying his compliments to some stately beauty, bows himself politely off, to give the same homage to a rival belle.

The rich bottom lands which lie along the river—first on the one side, and then on the other—are overflowed at the time of great freshets, and were now almost on a level with the water. They are thickly covered with shrubs, a rank undergrowth coming quite to the water's edge, while further back were the large oaks and button wood trees.

As I sat watching the swiftly passing banks, and fancying to myself what must have been the scene when all this valley was filled with a foaming, roaring torrent, as it must have been, my thoughts were brought back to the present by the steward's call to supper, and as he led the way, he kindly endeavored to prepare us for the future, by saying that as the boat had on board more passengers than she was intended to carry, we would find ourselves somewhat crowded. "But," said he, as he ushered us into a room some 12 by 16 feet in size, most of which was filled by the table, "we will do the best we can for you, gentlemen."

Of course, all could not sit down at once, but by filling and refilling the table several times, all were at last served, and we went out again on deck to find ourselves opposite what looked like a swampy bayou or deep curve in the river; but after passing quite to the upper side of the opening, the steamer came slowly around and passing over the quiet water above the current, we soon saw by the thick, muddy waves, foaming and tossing in our wake, that we had fairly entered the mouth of the Missouri.

Here grow in abundance those beautiful willows, which are so useful in the making of baby carriages, baskets, and the like, their straight, smooth stems appearing above the surface of the water and closely fringing the banks, some reaching the hight of a small tree, and others with their leaves and branches trailing on the water.

The twilight was now deepening around us, and the shadows fell darkly over the river, while the only sounds were the notes of the "frog orchestra" as they tuned up for their evening concert. Or the "buhrr" of the solemn night-hawk, which was the death-note of the poor fly as he swept down to secure him for his evening meal.

"Hang me, but this looks inviting!" said some one at my elbow, and I looked up at Charley's doleful face, from which the ambition seemed suddenly to have vanished, as he looked vainly around for some cheering feature in the prospect before us.

"What, home-sick already? Wish you were sitting at the little table with mother's kind face smiling across at you? Or is there some other cosy little room where there has been wont to be 'a light in the window for thee?'"

"Now, hush up, Uncle John, or I shall get angry," said he, sitting down beside me, while the sparkle in his eyes told that I had—as I wished—succeeded in bringing his spirits up to their usual level.

Darkness had now settled over us, shutting out the somber view, and we beguiled the time with conversation, until the light twinkling through the gloom, and the occasional neigh of a horse or lowing of a cow, indicated that we were approaching the region of the farming lands of Missouri.

It was now time to think of looking after our accommodations for the night, and we made our way to the cabin, where it was found upon investigation that there was just a passenger and a half to each berth or bunk! but for the sake of a more convenient division we concluded to call it three passengers for two berths, as we thought the two halves would prefer taking a turn on the floor as a united whole, rather than to be divided between the berths for the sake of a better bed!

Having cast lots for the occupation of the bunk, we proceeded to retire in a very systematic manner; for as the floor space was too narrow to allow the berths to be reached except over the bodies of those on the floor, the latter were obliged to wait, unless they chose to serve as footstools for their more fortunate companions. All were at last as rest, however, and stillness pervaded the little cabin, broken only by the sonorous breathing of the sleepers.

The Mothers of Great Men.

It appears to be very important to success in science that a man should have an able mother. I believe the reason to be, that a child so circumstanced has the good fortune to be delivered from the ordinary narrowing, partisan influences of home education. Our race is essentially slavish; it is the nature of all of us to believe blindly in what we love, rather than in that which we think most wise. We are indignant when others pry into our idols, and criticise them with impunity, just as a savage flies to arms when a missionary picks his fetish to pieces. Women are far more strongly influenced by these feelings than men; they are blinder partisans and more servile followers of custom. Happy are they whose mothers did not intensify their naturally slavish dispositions in childhood, by the frequent use of phrases such as, "Do not ask questions about this or that, for it is wrong to doubt;" but who showed them, by practice and teaching, that inquiry may be absolutely free without being irreverent, that reverence for truth is the parent of free inquiry, and that indifference or insincerity in the search after truth is one of the most degrading of sins. It is clear that a child brought up under the influences I have described is far more likely to succeed as a scientific man than one who was reared under the curb of dogmatic authority. Of two men with equal abilities, the one who had a truth-loving mother would be the more likely to follow the career of science; while the other, if bred up under extremely narrowing circumstances, would become as gifted children in China, nothing better than a student and professor of some dead literature.

The Bright Side.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it was not the dwelling of some poor man." This is the true spirit of cheerfulness and submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.

Newspaper Influence.

The Rev. De Witt Talmadge, in a recent Philadelphia lecture, said of the press: "I now declare that I consider the newspapers to be the grand agency by which the gospel is preached, ignorance is cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated the world raised, heaven rejoiced, and God be glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, 'Lazarus, come forth!' and to the retreating surges of darkness, 'Let there be light.'"

Pretty Women.

After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women?—Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing a woman's work in the world, not making speeches, nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forsworn the pursuit of beauty altogether. Does he seek it for himself, he is guessed to be frivolous, he is assumed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In a society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis but that of a model or a guardsman. But woman does for mankind what man has ceased to do. Her aim from very childhood is to be beautiful.—Even as a school-girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arm, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch, with a silent interest, the mysterious reveries of the maiden; she is dreaming of a coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen. Insensibly, she becomes an artist, her room a studio, her glass an academy. The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raphael over his canvas, of Michael Angelo before his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and the loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any great art-creation, the result of patience, of hope, of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings. Woman is never perfect, never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of her cheek; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Care plows its lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by. But woman is still true to her ideal. She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal fresh victories even in her defeat.—She invents new conceptions of womanly grace; she rallies at thirty, and fronts us with the beauty of manhood; she makes a last stand at sixty, with the beauty of age.—She falls, like Cæsar, wrapping her mantle round her—"buried in woolen! 'twould a saint provoke!" Death listens pitifully to the longings of a life-time, and the wrinkled face smiles back its last cold smiles with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

Safety Petroleum Lamp.

A new lamp for burning petroleum has recently been introduced in Germany, which is said to have many important peculiarities. The essential feature of the lamp consists in a reservoir of water in the upper portion nearest the flame, so that the body of the oil is not exposed to the burning wick. The petroleum is in a reservoir below, and the pressure of the water forces it, drop by drop, up through a tube to the wick, supplying it exactly in proportion to the rapidity of combustion. The arrangement of the lamp is such that, if overturned by any accident, the water overflows the burning wick and puts out the flame immediately. It is claimed that when filled with two pounds of petroleum, and having a wick three-fourths of an inch in width, it will burn from sixty to eighty hours; consequently, needing to be filled only once in from ten to fourteen days. Another alleged advantage is that the wick can be turned down very low without emitting any of that offensive smell which always characterizes the ordinary petroleum lamps under similar circumstances.

A Murderous Sea Flower.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color.—These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight?

But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have other uses besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large open mouth which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling; and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more.

Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

—The tonnage of American vessels engaged in the whale-fishery is gradually decreasing.

Kid gloves, of good quality, are now sold in Paris for thirty cents and in New York for fifty cents.

A Beautiful Love Story.

The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families of France, became engaged, after a long courtship, to a lady his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty.—Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopool; so he girded on his saber, and at the head of his regiment marched on to the battle-field. During the Count's absence it happened that his beautiful affianced had the small-pox; and hovering between life and death, she recovered, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed, in her case, the most virulent character, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

A year passed away, when one day the Count, immediately on his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed the suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, very closely muffled in a vail. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but, stepping aside, she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrow, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as raising his hand above, he exclaimed: "It is God's work! I am blind!" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is unnecessary to add that their marriage was shortly solemnized. It is said that at this day may be often seen at the Emperor's receptions an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely vailed, and they seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.

Pulpit Eccentricities.

Some preachers of the sensational school select texts that shall be remembered for their singularity. Thus in March, 1868, Rev. G. W. Condor preached from the words, "Aha! Aha!" On February 3, 1861, from All Saints, Margaret street, London, Dr. Wolf preached from the old word "Saul!" (Acts ix. 1.) Rowland Hill once preached from the words "Old cast clouts and rotten rags!" (Jer. xxxviii. 2), and on another occasion from the words, "I can do all things," beginning his sermon by a flat denial of the Apostle's proposition. In the same style was Sterne's exordium, when he preached from the text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," and exclaimed, "that I deny!" This secured the attention of his hearers; and, for a like purpose, Cecil commenced a sermon by saying, "A man was hanged at Tyburn this morning"

Whitfield gave out his text, then paused and shouted "Fire! fire! fire!" as a prelude to his discourse on eternal punishment. Rowland imitated this by crying "Matches! matches!" but he excused himself for what he termed out-of-the-way texts and out-of-the-way observations because he preached to out-of-the-way sinners. It is said that he called his Whapping hearers whapping sinners. "Hang the law and the prophets!" was the mutilated text of a celebrated Scotch divine, who began his sermon thus: "So says practice; the profession says otherwise."

A Shrewsbury dissenting minister preached a funeral sermon for the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, from the combined texts, "A man sent from God, whose name was John. I saw the Angel fly in the midst of heaven. James, the servant of God." "There is no fool like the fool-hardy," was the text of the Rev. Dr. William, who had a quarrel with a parishioner named Hardy. "Adam, where art thou?" was the text of the probation sermon of Mr. Low, who, with a Mr. Adam, was a candidate for lectureship; "Lo, here I am!" was the responsive text of his rival, Mr. Adam. Mr. Joseph, curate of the Isle of Man, reminded the Lord-Lieutenant Butler, Duke of Ormond, of his forgotten promise to assist him with the preferment, by preaching before him the text, "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgat him."

—Jean Paul Richter says that concerning nothing do we come more to false conclusions and make more false steps than that concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are those who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break out into tears which oppress them; who pay for a day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear and mistless day surely foretells rain.

A popular vessel—Courtship.
Minor Items—The little folks.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty dear is dear to me,
 A hare with downy hair,
A hart with all my heart,
 But bearly bear a bear.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
 To have a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake,
 And tears away the tares,
All rays raise thyme, time raises all;
 And through the whole, hole ware,
A writ in writing 'right,' may write
 It "wright," and still be wrong,
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"
 And don't to write belong.
Beer often brings a bier to man,
 Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us ail
 As well as some other things.
The person lies who says he lies
 When he is not reclining,
And when consumptive folks decline
 They all decline declining.
A quail don't quail before a storm;
 A bough will bow before it;
We can not rein the rain at all;
 No earthly powers reign o'er it.
The dyer dies awhile, then dies;
 To dye he's always trying,
Until upon his dying bed,
 He thinks no more of dyeing.
A son of Mars mars many a sun;
 All deys must have their days,
And every knight should pray each night
 To Him who weighs his ways.
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat
 To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
 Else one can not be won.
A lass alas! is sometimes false;
 Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste—
 Though stay'd she is not staid.
The springs spring forth spring, and shoot,
 Shoot forward, one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
 The leaves to fall in fall.
I would a story here commence,
 But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
 The tail end of our tale.

Antiquity of the Umbrella.

Umbrellas are an older invention than some writers would have us suppose. Even the usually entertained notion that Jonas Hanway introduced the umbrella into England in the year 1722, is proved to be false by evidence that can be cited. Ben Johnson refers to it by name in a comedy produced in 1616; and so do Beaumont and Fletcher, in "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife." Swift, in the Tattler of October 17, 1710, says, in "The City Shower,"—

"The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides."

The following couplet also occurs in a poem written by Gay, in 1712:

"Housewives underneath th' umbrella's oily shed
Safe through the wet in clinking pattens tread."

It is probable that Hanway was the first man seen carrying an umbrella in London.

At Persepolis, in Persia, are some sculptures supposed to be as early as the time of Alexander the Great, and on one of these is represented a chief or king, over whose head some servants are holding an umbrella. At Takhti-Bostan are other sculptures, one of which is a king witnessing a bear hunt, attended by an umbrella bearer. Recent discoveries at Ninevah show that the umbrella was in use there, it being common to the sculpturings, but always represented open. The same is to be seen upon the celebrated Hamilton vases preserved in the British Museum. In many Chinese drawings ladies are attended by servants holding umbrellas over their heads.

Loubre who went to Siam as envoy from the King of France, describes the use of Umbrellas as being governed by curious regulations. Those umbrellas resembling ours are used principally by the officers of state; while those several tiers in height, as if two or more umbrellas were fixed on one stick, are reserved for the King alone. In Ava, a country adjacent to Siam, the King designates himself, among other titles, as "Lord of the Ebbing and Flowing Tide, King of the White Elephant, and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas." This last title, although ridiculous to us, is supposed to relate to twenty-four states or provinces combined under the rule of the King, the umbrella being especially a royal emblem in Ava. The umbrella is also the distinguishing sign of sovereignty in Morocco.

The French name PARAPLUIE and the German name REGENSCHIRM, express the rain-shielding use of the invention; but we have no name in English equally as consistent, for "umbrella" means simply "a little shade."

—At the restaurant of a wealthy and jolly old caterer in Hamburgh, Germany, a gourmand who had not a shilling in his pocket feasted sumptuously on all the delicacies the bill of fare afforded. When he had finished his repast and also drank his bottle of Rudesheimer, he quietly said to the landlord: "I have no money to pay your bill, my friend; but if you will let me do so, I will give you a piece of advice that is worth more than money." The landlord, though taken aback at the cool effrontery of his impecunious guest, laughed and said to him, "Well, sir, if you have no money to pay for what you have eaten and drank, let us have your valuable advice." "All right," replied the stranger. "Now listen: If you should ever be sent to the penitentiary, and have there to walk on the treadmill, always be shure to choose the left side. You will find it much easier."

—In Washington, when Prince Arthur was there, the English butlers and coachmen, resident in the city, gave a supper to the Prince's servants. One of the speeches was made by his favorite valet, who was enthusiastic in his praise of the United States as compared to Canada. "'Ow his it," he asked, "that Henglishmen want to 'av hany thing to do with such a blarsted cold place, where the people are French, hand the beer's as weak as water."

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GLEANINGS.

Ocean lumber—The seaboard.

A cobbler has a sole purpose in life.

A Philadelphia lady takes care of 1,100 flower pots in and about her house.

"To-night you git or dangle," is the notice served on the thugs of Wyoming.

A Providence undertaker has a pleasant habit of sending his card to all the sick persons he can hear of.

The most direct way to determine horse power is to stand behind a horse and tickle his legs with a brier.

New Hampshire takes the premium for early marriages. The census there shows that a lady aged thirty has a son twenty-eight years old.

Prominent women leaders complain that it is impossible to prevent free love ideas from obtruding themselves in some shape in the suffrage conventions.

A Wisconsin census taker has come across an old colored woman, 107 years of age, who declared that she had worn herself out working for the white folks, but hoped by a few years of quiet to "outgrow it." Her youngest child, a girl, is now living, and is fifty-one years of age.

A nervous Ohio householder was waked up the other night by an alarm of burglars, got out his gun, fired from the window and ruined a pair of his best trousers that were flapping on a clothes line.

That was an economical individual in the country who, on being questioned as to the remarkable bearing properties of his grape vine, said he "hadn't teched it since he put the old man under it last spring."

A Missourian offered $75 for the privilege of acting as hangman at a recent execution. He owed the man a grudge, and wanted to take this last opportunity of dropping the subject.

"Charlie," said grandma, reprovingly, "your portion will be the burning lake at last, if you go on telling so many stories." "Oh, no, grandma, I couldn't stand it." "But you will be made to stand it, my boy."—"Oh, well, grandma, if I can stand it, it's all right.

A lawyer in Connecticut, not remarkable for his cleanliness of person, appeared at a party with a rose in his button hole. "Where do you suppose it came from?" said he to a brother lawyer who was admiring it. The latter looked up and down the entire length of the questioner, and with great deliberation responded; "Well, I suppose it grew there."

—The Mouth of the Mississippi can be opened for $500,000, which is a good mouthfull for any one.

—George Peabody used to say that he did not attempt to relieve pauperism, but to prevent it.

—The advice of a Pennsylvania suicide to his brother was: "Willie, don't go with the fellows who have more money to spend than you have."

—Complaints of the dullness of business are almost always in order. But when a Connecticut man grumbles because of the dullness in the business of manufacturing coffin trimmings, he runs the thing into the ground.

"This is capital ale," said an old toper; "see how long it keeps its head!" "Aye," said a bystander "but consider how soon it takes away yours."

—A country deacon went home, one evening, and complained to his wife that he had been abused down at the store shamefully. One of the neighbors, he said, called him a liar. Her eyes flashed with indignation. "Why didn't you tell him to prove it?" she exclaimed. That's the very thing—that's the trouble!" replied the husband; "that's what I did do; I told him to prove it—and he did prove it."

—Mrs. Partington has been sick and being inspired expressed her feelings in the following language: "La, me! here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First, I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflamation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There's no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick."

—William Lacy, jr., son of William Lacy, commercial editor of the Albany Argus, died a few days ago, and a POST-MORTUM examination revealed that a gland or cartilage, the size of a large egg, had been gradually forming on the back part of the neck, which, pressing forward toward the windpipe, at last produced suffocation. His suffering before death is said to have been intense. The case is said to have been remarkable, nothing like it ever having been known before to the medical profession of Albany.

—There is no other spoken language so cheap and expressive by telegraph as the English. So the electric wires are becoming teachers of our mother tongue in foreign countries. The same amount of information can be transmitted in fewer English words than French, German, Italian, or any other European language. In Germany, and Holland especialy, it is coming to be a common thing to see telegrams in English, to save expense and insure precision.