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, OCT. 13, 1870. No. 8.

County Officials.

Common Pleas Judge, - WILLIAM REED.
Probate Judge, - - THOMAS ARMOR.
Prosecuting Attorney, - C. P. VOORHES.
County Clerk, - - JOHN S. OBER.
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.

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Railway Time Tables.

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GOING NORTH.

	Ex. & Mail.	Accom'dn.
Leave Millersburg,	5:37 A. M.	1:19 P. M.
" Fredericksburg,	5:51 "	2:06 "
" Apple Creek,	6:03 "	2:27 "
" Orrville,	7:00 "	3:20 "
" Marshallville,	7:17 "	4:02 "
" Akron,	8:10 "	5:37 "
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,	8:56 "	6:39 "
" Orrville,	9:23 "	6:54 "
" Apple Creek,	10:08 "	7:18 "
" Fredericksb'rg,	10:37 "	7:35 "
Arr. at Millersburg,	11:22 "	8:00 "

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 2:25 P. M., leaves daily.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Exp'ss.	Exp'ss.	Mail.	Exp'ss.
Pittsburg,	12.15A.M.	2.50P.M.	6.45A.M.	10.30A.M.
Rochester		3.56 "	8.20 "	11.35 "
Salem,	2.48 "	5.50 "	10.21 "	1.27P.M.
Alliance, arr	3.15 "	6.30 "	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,	4.35 "	8.18 "	1.25 "	3.50 "
Wooster,	5.00 "	8.45 "	2.01 "	4.20 "
Mansfield,	6.15 "	10.00 "	4.02 "	5.36 "
Crestline, arr	6.40 "	10.50 "	4.40 "	6.30 "
Crestline, d	7.00 "	11.05 "	6.00A.M.	6.50 "
Bucyrus,	7.39 "	11.39 "	6.28 "	7.32 "
Lima,	8.56 "	1.30A.M.	9.05 "	10.30 "
Ft Wayne, arr	10.35 "	3.35 "	11.35 "	12.40A.M.
Ft Wayne, d	10.40 "	3.40 "	11.50 "	12.50 "
Plymouth,	12.02P.M.	6.10 "	2.50P.M.	3.08 "
Chicago,	3.30 "	9.30 "	6.30 "	6.30 "

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Exp'ss.	Exp'ss.	Mail.	Exp'ss.
Chicago,	11.30A.M.	9.30P.M.	6.10A.M.	5.35P.M.
Plymouth,	1.50P.M.	1.50A.M.	9.50 "	9.05 "
Ft Wayne, arr	3.15 "	5.15 "	12.40P.M.	11.10 "
Ft Wayne, d	3.20 "	5.45 "	12.55 "	11.20 "
Lima,	4.40 "	8.05 "	3.15 "	1.30 "
Bucyrus,	6.15 "	10.42 "	5.50 "	3.52 "
Crestline, arr	6.40 "	11.15 "	6.30 "	4.20 "
Crestline, d	6.55 "	11.05P.M.	6.00A.M.	4.30 "
Mansfield,	7.16 "	12.34 "	6.42 "	5.00 "
Wooster,	8.23 "	2.01 "	8.05 "	6.22 "
Orrville,	8.42 "	2.27 "	8.37 "	6.45 "
Massillon,	9.06 "	3.05 "	9.35 "	7.17 "
Canton,	9.19 "	3.13 "	9.57 "	7.35 "
Alliance, arr	9.50 "	3.50 "	10.45 "	8.20 "
Alliance, d	9.55 "	3.55 "	11.00 "	8.40 "
Salem,	10.18 "	4.22 "	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.*

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ANNABEL LEE.

EDGAR A. POE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she loved with no other tho't
Than to love, and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came,
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know),
In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.
And so, all the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life, and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

John Ploughman's Talk.

ON KEEPING ONE'S EYES OPEN.

To get through this world a man must look about him, and even sleep with one eye open; for there are many baits for fishes, many nets for birds, and many traps for men. While foxes are so common we must not be geese. There is a very great difference in this matter among people of my acquaintance; many see more with one eye than others with two, and many have fine eyes and cannot see a jot. All heads are not sense-boxes. Some are so cunning that they suspect everybody, and so live all their lives in miserable fear of their neighbors; others are so simple that every knave takes them in, and makes his penny of them. One man tries to see through a brick wall, and hurts his eyes; while another finds out a hole in it, and sees as far as he pleases. Some work at the mouth of a furnace, and are never scorched; and others burn their hands at the fire when they only mean to warm them. Now, it is true that no one can give another experience, and we must all pick up wit for ourselves; yet I shall venture to give some of the homely cautions which have served my turn, and perhaps they may be of use to others as they have been to me.

Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue. When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within. Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet. Don't be fond of compliments; remember, "Thank you, pussy, and thank you, pussy," killed the cat. Don't believe in the man who talks most; for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers. By no means put yourself in another person's power; if you put your thumb between two grinders, they are very apt to bite. Drink nothing without seeing it; sign nothing without reading it, and make sure that it means no more than it says. Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads. In any business, never wade into water where you cannot see the bottom. Put on dependence upon the label of a bag; and count money after your own kin. See the sack opened before you buy what is in it; for he who trades in the dark asks to be cheated. Keep clear of the man who does not value his own character. Beware of every one who swears; he who would blaspheme his Maker would make no bones of lying or stealing. Beware of no man more than of yourself; we carry our worst enemies within us. When a new opinion or doctrine comes before you, do not bite till you know whether it is bread or a stone; and do not be sure that the gingerbread is good because of the gilt on it. Never shout holloa! till you are quite out of the wood; and don't cry fried fish till they are caught in the net. There's always time enough to boast—wait a little longer. Don't throw away dirty water till you have got clean; keep on at scraping the roads till you can get better work; for the poorest pay is better than none, and the humblest office is better than being out of employment. Always give up the road to bulls and madmen; and never fight with a coalheaver or contend with a base character; for they will be sure to blacken you.

"Neither trust nor contend,
Nor lay wagers, nor lend,
And you may depend
You'll have peace to your end."

I cannot say quite so much as that old rhyme does, for there's more than that wanted to give peace, but certainly it will help to it. Never ride a broken-kneed horse; the trader who has once been a fraudulent bankrupt is not the man for you to deal with. A rickety chair is a dangerous seat. Be shy of people who are over polite, and don't be too fast with those who are forward and rough. When you suspect a design in anything, be on your guard; set the trap as soon as you smell a rat, but mind you don't catch your own fingers in it. Have very little to do with a boaster, for his beer is all froth, and though he brags that all his goods, and even his copper kettles, are gold and silver, you will soon find out that a boaster and a liar are first cousins. Commit all your secrets to no man; trust in God with all your heart, but let your confidence in friends be weighed in the balances of prudence, seeing that men are but men, and all men are frail. Trust not great weights to slender threads. Yet be not evermore suspicious, for suspicion is a cowardly virtue at best. Men are not angels, remember that; but they are not devils, and it is too bad to think them so. One thing be sure of, never believe in any priest of any religion, for before a man could be bad enough to pretend to be a priest, he must have hardened his heart and blinded his conscience to the most horrible degree. Our governors imprison gipsies for telling fortunes, and yet they give fat livings to those vagabonds who deceive the people in much weightier things. "Bad company," said the thief, as he went to the gallows between the hangman and a priest; a very honest speech, and a very true word, though spoken in jest. It is the ignorance of fools which keeps the pot boiling for priests. May God clean this land of the plague of their presence, and make men wise enough to see through their crafty devices. Lastly, my advice to all is—remember that good wisdom is that which will turn out to be wise in the end; seek it, friends, and seek it at the hands of all teachers, the Lord Jesus.

Who Named the Colleges?

The *Yale Courant* says:

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who in 1638 left to the college £779 and a library of over 300 books.

Williams College was named after Colonel Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the old French war.

Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was President of the first Board of Trustees.

Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college, went into business, became very wealthy and endowed the college very largely.

Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia.

Bowdoin College was named after Governor Bowdoin, of Maine.

Yale College was named after Elthu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the college.

Colby University, formerly Waterville College, was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave $50,000 to the college in 1866.

Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was President of the Board of Trustees for a number of years.

Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

Gough's Apostrophe to Water.

The following most eloquent "Apostrophe to Water," by Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher, is used by John B. Gough, in his temperance lecture as argument. It is, indeed, a consecutive burst of the beautiful, thrilling and truthful passages, such as can rarely be found in such words:

"Look at this, ye sons of earth! Behold it! It is a beverage that was brewed by the hands of the Almighty Himself! Not in a simmering still of smoking fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded by the stench of sickening odors and rank corruption, does our Father in Heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water, but in the green glade and grassy dell, where the deer wander and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down in the valley, where the fountains murmur, and the rills sing, and high upon the mountain tops, where the storm clouds brood, and the thunders crash, and far away on the wide sea, where the hurricane howls music and the big waves roll the chorus sweeping the march of God, there he brews it—that beverage of health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; glimmering in the summer rain, shining in the ice germ, till the trees all seem to be turned into living jewels; spreading a living veil over the setting sun, or in white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataracts, sleeping in the glaciers, dancing in the hail showers; folding its curtain softly around the windy world, and weaving the many colored iris—whose warp is in the rain drops of earth—whose wool is in the sunbeams of heaven; all checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of reflection, still always it is beautiful—that blessed life water. No poison bubbles on the brink; its foam brings no sadness or murder.

OUR LATTER END.

A wise and due consideration of our latter end is neither to render us sad, melancholy, disconsolate, or unfit for the business and offices of life; but to make us watchful, vigilant, industrious, sober, cheerful, and thankful to that God who hath been pleased thus to make us serviceable to him, comfortable to ourselves, and profitable to others; and after all this, to take away the bitterness and sting of death, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The trial of William Norris at Mansfield, for the murder of his brother John, by striking him with a billet of wood on the head during a quarrel in August last, has just terminated with a verdict of not guilty.

One of the most active pickpockets at the State Fair at Springfield, was a pretty little dark-eyed English woman, who tampered with the affections and pockets of several gentlemen, and left before she could be called to account.

Gallantry saved a man's life in Bath county, Kentucky, the other day. Having taken refuge under a tree during a shower, he vacated the dry spot for a couple of young ladies, just in time to escape a thunderbolt which killed the one who took his position.

Tueson, the capital of Arizona, with a population of 2,500, has neither school, church nor minister.

Treves is the oldest town in Prussia. It was captured by Julius Cæsar before Christ was born, and made the capital of Gaul. It was in French hands in the last century, but was given back to Prussia in 1815.

W. H. Randolph, a descendant of John, who, before the war, was worth $1,000,000 in Virginia land and negroes, and lost all in his search for "Southern independence," was an aplicant for a bunk in a Bridgeport, Conn., police station the other night.

Out of the Wrong Pocket.

Mr. Taggard frowned as he observed the pile of bills by his plate, placed there by his prudent, economical wife, not without an anxious flutter at the heart in anticipation of the scene that invariably followed. He actually groaned as he read the sum total.

"There must be some mistake, Mary," he said, pushing back his plate, with a desperate air; "it is *absolutely impossible* for us to have used all these things in one month!"

"The bills are correct, John," was the meek response; "I looked them over myself."

"Then one thing is certain, provisions are either wasted—thrown out of the window, as it were—or *stolen!* Jane has relatives in the place, and I haven't the least doubt but that she supports them entirely out of what she steals!"

Mrs. Taggard's temper was evidently rising; there were two round crimson spots upon her cheeks, and she tapped her foot nervously upon the floor.

"I am neither wasteful nor extravagant, John. And as for Jane, I know her to be perfectly honest and trustworthy."

"It is evident that there is a leak *somewhere*, Mary; and it is your duty, as a wife, to find out where it is, and stop it. Our bills are *perfectly enormous;* and if this sort of thing goes on much longer, I shall be bankrupt!"

Mrs. Taggard remained silent, trying to choke down the indignant feelings that struggled for utterance.

"You will have to order some coal," she said, at last; "we have hardly sufficient for the day."

"Is there anything more, Mrs. Taggard?" inquired her husband, ironically.

"Yes; neither myself nor the children are decently or comfortably clothed; all need an entire new outfit."

"Go on, madam. As I am a man of unlimited means, if you have any other wants I hope you won't be at all backward about mentioning 'em."

"I don't intend to be," was the quiet, but spirited reply. "I wouldn't do for another what I do for you, for double my board and clothing. Both the parlor and sitting room need re-furnishing; every thing looks so faded and shabby, that I am ashamed to have any one call.—And the stairs need re-carpeting, the blinds and gate repaired, and the fence painted."

"That can't be all, Mrs. Taggard. Are you sure there isn't something else?"

"I don't think of anything just now, Mr. Taggard; though if there should be a few dollars over and above what these would cost, they won't come amiss. I should like to have a little change in my pocket, if only for the novelty of the thing. You needn't fear its being wasted."

Mr. Taggard was evidently not a little astonished at this sudden outbreak in his usually quiet and patient wife, but who, like most woman of that stamp, had considerable spirit when it was aroused.

"Now that you *are* through, Mrs. Taggard, perhaps you will let *me* say a word. Here is all the money I can spare you this month; so you can make the most of it."

Laying a roll of bills on the table, Mr. Taggard walked to the door; remarking, just before he closed it, "that he should leave town on the next train, to be absent about a week."

The revery into which Mrs. Taggard fell, as she listened to the sound of his retreating steps, was far from being a pleasant one. Aside from her natural vexation, she felt grieved and saddened by the change that had come over her once kind and indulgent husband. His mind seemed to be entirely filled with the greed of gain, the desire to amass money—not for the sake of the good it might enable him to enjoy, or confer, but for the mere pleasure of hoarding it. And this miserly feeling grew upon him daily, until he seemed to grudge his family the common comforts of life. And yet Mrs. Taggaad knew that he was not only in receipt of a comfortable income from his business, but had laid by a surplus, yearly ever since their marriage.

She taxed her ingenuity to save in every possible way, but when the monthly bills were presented the same scene was enacted, only it grew worse and worse.

And this penuriousness extended to himself. He grudged himself, as well as wife and children, clothing suitable to his means and station. and went about looking so rusty and shabby that Mrs. Taggard often felt ashamed of him, inwardly wondering if he could be the same man who had wooed and won her.

With a heavy sigh Mrs. Taggard took up the roll of bills upon the table, hoping to find enough to pay what was already due—she did not look for more.

An ejaculation of astonishment burst from her lips as she unrolled the paper in which it was folded. It contained $500 in bills, and a check for $500 more.

With a look of quiet determination in her eyes, Mrs. Taggard arose to her feet. "The family should now have some of the comforts to which they were entitled, if they never did again."

First she settled every bill; a heavy weight being lifted from her heart as she did so; besides getting a fresh supply of fuel and other comforts. Her next move was to order new furniture for the sitting-room and parlor, have the hall re carpeted and papered, the broken door-step mended, and the fence and blinds painted and repaired. She then took the children out, and got them new garments from hats to shoes. She bought herself three new dresses; a neat gingham for morning wear, a delaine for after noons, and something nicer for best. And before going home she took the children into a toy-shop; delighted the boy with the skates he had so often asked for, and giving the girl the chief wish of *her* heart, a doll and doll's wardrobe—not forgetting some blocks for the baby. For like a wise as well as a kind mother, Mr. Taggard desired to make their childhood a happy one; something to look back upon with pleasure through their whole after life. Neither was John forgotten; by the aid of some old garments, for a pattern, she got him an entire new suit, together with stuff for dressing-gown and slippers.

The day on which Mrs. Taggard expected her husband's return was a very busy one; but at last the carpets were down, the paper hung, and every thing in "apple-pie order."

He was expected on the five o'clock train, and Mrs. Taggard set the children. attired in their pretty new dresses, at the window to "watch for papa," while she went below to assist Jane in preparing something extra for supper. She had just returned when Mr. Taggard was seen approaching the house.

It looked so different from what it did when he left, that he stared at it in amazement, and would have hesitated about entering, had it not been for the name on the newly burnished door plate. But he was still more astonished when he entered.

"Am I in my own house, or somebody's else?" he ejaculated, as he looked around the bright and pleasant room.

"It is the new furniture I have been buying," said his wife, smiling. "How do you like it?"

"Have you been running me in debt, Mary?"

"Not in the least, John; it was all bought with the money you so generously left me when you went away."

Mr. Taggard clapped his hand into one of his pockets.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed in an agitated tone and manner, "*I gave it to you out of the wrong pocket!*"

Mrs. Taggard did not look at all astonished or disturbed at this announcement; on the contrary, her countenance wore a very smiling and tranquil aspect.

"You don't mean to say you've spent it?" inquired Mr. Taggard, desperately.

"Why, what else should I do with it, John? You told me to make the most of it; and I rather think I have."

"I am a ruined man!" groaned Mr. Taggard.

"Not a bit of it, my dear husband," said his wife, cheerfully; "you wouldn't be ruined if you had given me twice that amount. Besides, I have saved enough for our housekeeping expenses, for three months at least. I think you had better give me an allowance for that purpose in future; it will save us both much annoyance."

The children, who had been led to consider what their mother had bought them as "presents from papa," now crowded eagerly around him.

Mr. Taggard loved his children, and it would be difficult for any one having the kind and tender heart that he really possessed, to turn away from the innocent smiles and caresses that were lavished upon him.

And when his wife approached with the dressing gown and slippers, he not only allowed her to induct him into them, but returned the loving caress with which she assured him "that he looked as young and handsome as ever."

It was a smiling group that gathered round the cheerful supper-table. And as Mr. Taggard glanced from the gleeful children to the smiling face of his wife, who certainly looked ten years younger, attired in her new and becoming dress, he came to the conclusion that though it might cost something to make his family comfortable, on the whole, to use a common but expressive phrase, "it paid."

We do not mean to say that Mr. Taggard was entirely cured; a passion so strong is not so easily eradicated. But when the old miserly feeling came over him, and he began to dole out grudgingly the means with which to make his family comfortable, his wife would laughingly say: "You are taking it out of the wrong pocket, John!"—words which seemed to have a magical effect upon both heart and purse-strings.

"Let us take comfort as we go along," she would often say, as she laid her cheek lovingly to his; "nor grudge our children the innocent pleasures natural to youth, for the purpose of laying up for them the wealth that is, too often, a curse rather than a blessing."—*Hours at Home.*

Muscle Against Steam.

Two young men from the country called in at a Detroit foundry, a few days ago to get a piece of casting for some farm machinery. The employees were absent at their dinner, with the exception of the engineer, who was oiling up his engine for the afternoon's work. It was running at low speed, and pumping water into the boiler. The country cousins looked with interest at its motions and the slow revolution of the large fly-wheel, and fell into a discussion as to the relative power of steam and human muscle. One of them finally offered to bet a dollar that he could "grab" the huge wheel and hold it. He stepped up to the engineer and asked permission to try it, which was readily granted, and taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, braced himself for the effort. Watching carefully until the right stroke came around, with a rush to encourage himself he clutched it. He didn't exactly stop the wheel—in fact, he went over it without stopping and was discharged in a parabolic orbit through space, coming down in a sand heap, in the further part of the foundry. He was picked up a thoroughly disgusted man, and so lame that he was obliged to climb into his wagon at the back end, quite satisfied, however, that steam was too much for him.

It is said that the only public building in Paris where the Imperial arms have been allowed to remain is the Morgue.

General Von Doring, who fell in one of the battles before Metz, leaves in his will, dated the 19th of July of the present year, a sum of 2,000 thalers (about $1,500) to be distributed among the poor of Paris on the day when the Emperor Napoleon should be dethroned; and 2,500 thalers to the poor of Berlin, which they shall receive on the day the Prussians re-enter Berlin as victors.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby Having Addressed Circulars to the Various States of the Union, Receives Answers, which He Gives to the World.

MASTEN'S CORNERS, MISXILION HUNDRED, in the State uv Delaware, Sept. 1, 1870.

Some weeks sence I addrest a cirkler letter to a large number ot leadin, workin Dimocrats in the various States, askin:

1. Wat iz the prospex uv the Dimocrisy uv yoor State?

2. Success this fall wood enshoor us succes in the Presidenchal struggle uv 1872. Wat important politikle changes do yoo expect in case we succeed?

3. Give breefly, yoor idee uv the distinctive principles uv the Dimocrisy, and wat we shel acheeve by success.

To these cirklers I received a great many ansers, uv which the followin is average samples:

FROM NEW YORK.

We hope to succeed in carryin the State, though emigrahen hez fallen off, wich cuts down our vote somewhat. We shel hav to make up that deficiency by extraordinary repeetin. We want the Federal offises, for there aint enuff uv city and State posishens to go around. It is an alarmin fact that there is today in the city uv Noo York twenty-one thousand Irish Democrats who hev neither a offis nor a contract, and sum uv these hev bin here three years. We shel make the fite here on the corrupshen uv the Administration. In case we succeed in oustin the Abilishnists, uv course either Ben or Fernandy Wood must hev the Treasury Department, and Tweed or Sweeney must be Collector, ez they hev at leest a thousand each uv men who hev stood by em, to whom they hev promised places who hev never got nothin. We shel demand a distinktive change in the Postoffises, and the abrogashen uv everything done by the Aylishnists sence 1861.

FROM OHIO.

We hope to succeed in Ohio. We shel make a fite on the corrupshen uv the Administration, and shel put onto the stump every ene of Bukannon's offis-holders who hez escaped delirium tremens. We hope to hev sich men ez Vallandygum in the Senit uv the Yoonited States, in the place uv Sherman, to make laws, and sich a man ez Breckinridge in the Presidenshel chair, to execoot em. Our distinktive principles is Postoffises and the abrogashen uv everything done by the Ablishnists sence 1861.

FROM INGEANY.

We hope to succeed in Ingeany. We yern to see sich a man ex Voorhees in the place uv Morton, and we hev thousands of Dimocrats wich did good servis ez Knites of the Golden Cirkle, who are languishid in obskoority. We want the Postoffises, and we partikerly desire the abrogashen uv everything done by the Ablishnists sence 1861.

FROM MISSOURY.

The Ablishnists is an inkubus on us wich we hope to remove this fall. The heft uv us wuz in Price's army, but we demand the rite to vote and to hold Postoffishs, and the reduckshen uv the nigger to his normal speer; in short, the abrogashun uv everything done by the Ablishnists sence 1861.

FROM KENTUCKY.

We kin carry Kentucky and spare 10,000 voters to help Injeany, for thank the Lord the nigger cant vote here. We insist on the restoration uv the patriarkle system uv slavery; we insist on the restoration to us uv sich uv our niggers ez are livin, and payment with interest for sich ez are dead; we insist also onto the repeal uv all the amendments bearing anto the nigger; in short, we demand the Postoffises and the abrogashen uv everything done by the Ablishnists sence 1861.

The Illinois Dimocricy demanded Free Trade and the Postoffises, and the abrogashen uv everything done by the Ablishnists since 1861; the Pennsylvania Dimocrasy demanded a high pertective tariff, the Postoffises and the abrogashen uv everything done by the Ablishnists sence 1861, and so likewise was the Noo England States.

The Dimocrisy uv the other Southern States had various points of policy wich they differed on much, but they all agreed fully on the two, namely: the Postoffises and the abrogashen uv everything done by the Ablishnists sence 1861.

Wood, O, wood that we cood hev that success! Wood that I cood wunst more see the bar-room at Willard's filled with Dimocratic members, a Democratic President in the White House, Dimocratic Contractors, Dimocratic Postmasters and Dimocratic Custom Houses! Wood that the good old times uv Floyd, and Cobb and Toucey cood come agin. With wat stern delite we wood, if we hed a majority in Congress and a President who wooldent veto our bills, go at the legislashen uv the last ten years, and wipe it all out at one stroke. Oh, wat a humiliashen it wood be to the Ablishnists to hev power put into our hands to rebook em by undoin all their work!

Will the people give us this power? I hope and pray they may, for the Lord knows we want it bad enough.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Wich wuz Postmaster.

Are the changing seasons getting hotter as they roll? It makes one shudder to remember that early last spring an alligator was caught in the Thames, and a hippopotamus appeared in the Seine. And now an astronomer comes out with the appalling intelligence that the earth is swinging gradually nearer and nearer to the sun; and that "planet after planet, age by age, will creep into the sun, and not one can escape its fiery end."

The first French gun taken in the war was by a sergeant of the Prussian Fifth Rifles of Gorlitz. The rewards received consisted of five hundred thalers, offered by the Cologne *Gazette*, twenty thalers offered by the town of Carlsruhe, sixty thalers offered by a merchant of Breslau, and one hundred thalers offered by a counseller of Posen—altogether about $500.

THE RIVAL OF NIAGARA.

The Great Cataract in South America—Nearly Eight Hundred Feet Fall—A Columc of Snow White Foam.

In the month of April last, a waterfall of most unusual hight was discovered on the Potaro, a tributary of the Essequebo River, by Mr. C. B. Brown of the Geological Survey of British Guiana. Being short of provisions, and at a great distance from his boats, Mr. Brown was not able to devote more than a couple of hours to the examination of the falls, which, by hasty barometrical observations, he found to be nearly 900 feet in hight, the breadth of the river at the top of the falls being 100 yards and its depth 15 feet. On his return to Georgetown, in consequence of the strong desire expressed by the community that a cureful survey should be made of the falls without delay. Mr. Brown was instructed by the Governor to proceed at once to the falls for that purpose, accompanied by Sir G. Young, Mr. Charles Mitchell, and Mr. King. The result of their journey is embodied in the inclosed article, published in a Demerara paper of the 3d inst., which, perhaps, you will deem of sufficient interest to insert in the columns of your widely circulated journal.

Sir George Young gives the following detailed description of the cataract to a Georgetown paper:

Although I am anxious that Mr. Brown, as a discoverer of the Great Kaiteteur Fall, and the director to the successful expedition which we were permitted to accompany, should have the telling of his own story, yet I can understand that his friends in Georgetown will be anxious to hear at once of his success. The Fall has a clear descent, according to barometrical observations taken simultaneously by Mr. Brown at the bottom, and by my colleague, Mr. Mitchell, at the top, of 750 feet. Above the Potaro glides smoothly in a slight depression of the table of conglomerate sandstone, and disappears over the edge in a body which we estimated at 80 yards in width, and of depth uncertain in the center, but shallowing rapidly toward either bank. When Mr. Brown discovered the Fall in April, the rocky channel was completely covered, and the stream must have had a width of at least 100 yards. At present it is diminishing in volume, and, as the Indians assured us, will continue to do so till October, when only the central and deeper portion, about one-third of the whole, will remain. The best time, therefore, for a visit is in Spring, at the end of what appears to be the rainy season of this elevated tract.

As we saw the Fall I cannot imagine anything more beautiful. The central portion, which is never dry, forms a small horseshoe or reentering angle, and the water in this part preserves its consistency for a short distance from the ledge. But everywhere else, and here also, at a few