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CONSTANT READER.

BY PAMELAS MIX. The overworked scribe of the "Mudville Gazette," sat wondering—moneysless wight—

BLIGHTED HEART.

Sad Love History of a Beautiful Kentucky Girl. [Dallas (Texas) Commercial.] One of the most mournful sights we ever saw, and one of the most touching incidents that ever fell to our lot to witness, took place the other night at Dennison.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

Fifty Cans of Powder Exploded while Being Opened. [San Francisco Examiner.] A Camptonville correspondent furnishes the Marysville Appeal the following: About nine o'clock Saturday morning, while the miners in Winselmann & Co.'s diggings were preparing for one of those blasts in the high banks, fifty kegs of powder exploded by accident outside, while the iron cans were being opened, injuring fatally one of the men named Jurgen Horwege, who, at the time was engaged in opening them.

In a Lion's Den.

Old Liek, who lost his life here on Saturday, at the hands of the Basen brothers, has been in numerous tight places during his eventful and checkered life. The younger Robinson who was managing the show, related the particulars of a frightful scrape old Liek got into once during the term of several years he traveled with his father's show. It was in Texas. Liek had got into trouble with a body of ruffians, who had come to the show at we think, Austin. Furious with anger and whisky, they set upon him with revolver and bowie-knife. The case was hopeless but in flight and successfully eluding pursuit. Luckily he escaped the first onset, and threw them off the track for a moment. He could hear their howls and vengeful threats. Time was precious, and a desperate deed for safety had to be done quickly. He approached the keeper of the lion's cage, and upon peril of his life, bade him deliver him instantly the key. Liek unlocked the door, and entered, seeking the safety inside the lion's den he well knew was not outside. The ruse successfully threw him off the scent. He rode in the lion's cage seventeen miles, and the noble brute—nobler than the human brutes who pursued—treated him with kind indifference. It is doubtless the only instance on record wherein mortal sought, and obtained safety from his infuriate fellows by taking refuge in a lion's den.—Meriden (Miss.) Mercury.

Will the President Answer Congress?

Congress understands its business too well to waste valuable time in proclaiming abstractions and platitudes in the form of resolutions. Its worst folly has never taken such shape as this: "Resolved, to be virtuous is to be happy." "Resolved that economy is wealth." Yet the House might just as well have passed any of these resolutions as have adopted the anti-third-term resolution of December 15, if it simply intended the latter to be the utterance of an abstract opinion upon the republican government. The House declared then, by the decisive vote of 232 yeas to 18 nays, that "the president established by Washington and other Presidents of the United States in retiring from the Presidential office after their second terms has become by universal concurrence a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions."

A New Flying Machine.

A new flying machine was tested in England the other day, under the superintendence of Mr. Simons, the inventor. The apparatus is constructed to rise by means of the wind alone, to any required height, and to take up one or more persons, so as to enable them to extend their view over a large extent of country. It is constructed of light but strong canvas, something in the shape of a gigantic umbrella with four arms, on which canvas is stretched, a pole answering to an umbrella handle passing through the centre, to which the four arms are fastened, the whole being further strengthened by means of iron wires. Its weight is about one hundred pounds. Owing, perhaps, to the being but a slight wind blowing, the experimental trial ended in failure. The machine was raised much in the same way as a kite; a number of the Royal Engineers dragging it along at a run by means of a long rope—logs of sand being used as ballasts, and to represent the person supposed to be carried.—After attaining an altitude of about one hundred feet, it suddenly came to the ground with a crash, breaking away some portions, and suffering other damage.

Moody and Sankey "In Brief."

The following synopsis of the lives of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, may prove of interest: Mr. D. L. Moody was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, in 1837. His parents were Unitarians, but going to Boston when eighteen years of age, he entered Dr. Kirk's Congregational Church, where he was converted and soon united with that church. In 1856 he removed to Chicago, and obtained a position as salesman in a shoe store. He at once got into Christian work, and organized the North Market Hall Mission School, in one of the most destitute and forbidding parts of the city. So successful was he in his Christian enterprises that he gave up his situation, and since that time he has given all his time and energy to Christian work. He has never asked for or received any salary for his work—trusting to the Lord for the supply of his daily wants. Mr. Moody was elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and has been a prominent worker in that organization. To his efforts the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago owes its building, one of the first in the country. In 1871 his house and church, and the Association building, as well as the houses of most of those connected with his mission, were destroyed in the great fire. At once he went to work relieving the wants of the needy and a large sum of money was raised by his efforts, after the excitement all over the country incident to the fire, had subsided. The Christian activity now so marked all over the West and Northwest, is largely due to the influence of Mr. Moody. Mr. Ira D. Sankey was born in Edinburg, Penn., in 1840. He was converted and united with the church when quite young. His first Christian effort was singing in connection with church and Sunday-school work. Removing to New Castle, he engaged in Association work, and was elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association of that place. Attending a Christian Association Convention of the State of Pennsylvania, his clear, ringing voice won the hearts of the delegates, and resulted in his making a tour of visitation to the Association of the State. Shortly afterward he attended an International Convention of the Christian Association, at Indianapolis, where Mr. Moody heard him singing at an open air meeting, and arranged with him to go to Chicago and assist him in his association and mission work, since that time the two have always gone together, one singing while the other preached the gospel. Mr. Sankey's voice is a full, soft baritone one, improved by careful training. He is simple in his style, free from all attempts at display or effort, and by their sweetness and pathos his songs are irresistible.

Where our Paper Money Comes From, and how it is Made.

The general public, while capable of recognizing any flaws in the impress of bank notes or fractional currency, knows very little of the care exercised by the government in protecting itself against their fraudulent use, or of the many safeguards thrown around the various stages which greenbacks undergo before they are placed in circulation. Every possible contingency is so surrounded by strict enactments, and so much red tape is necessary that the expense of printing Treasury notes is enormous. In the first place, the manufacture of the peculiar paper used is supervised by government inspectors, against whose integrity numberless checks and counter checks have been devised and are strictly enforced. In the next stage, printing the backs of notes, the closest supervision is exercised, and the strictest account required. For instance, in printing the backs of fifty cent notes, which work is done by the Philadelphia Bank Note Company, in the United States Appraisers' building, on Second street, above Walnut, the sheets are counted at least eight times, and a register is kept of each count. In this establishment over forty presses are continually employed in printing the backs of notes required to replace a worn out currency. The paper is received in sheets of sufficient size to take an impression from plates on which sixteen engravings of the note have been made. The number sent in the package from the paper factory is not stated, as the box is sealed with the government stamp. A re-

Jail Delivery.

Yesterday morning when our jailer got up he discovered that eight of his boarders had taken French leave.—They were all negroes—seven of them Midway negroes, viz: Charles Robinson, Henry Curd, Jeff. Riley, Hiram Ross, John Anderson, Wash. Anderson and Charles Anderson, all charged with grand larceny, and one Martinsville negro, Cyrus Davis, charged with attempted rape. They were all confined in one of the new cells, and effected their escape by cutting the rivets of one of the walls of the cells.—The work was done, in the southwest corner next to the floor and between the first and second plates of the wall. The rivets were cut for a distance of about two and a half or three feet along the floor, and about the same distance on the up seam. The corner of the plate was then prized outward sufficiently to permit their bodies to pass through, they using for this purpose a bench which was part of the furniture of their cell. Once outside the cell it was the work of but a few moments to make a hole through the outer brick wall, which they did just under the window. They must have been at work some time, and it is believed that they must have stolen a cold chisel from the workmen when they were last at work in the jail putting up a door between the old and the new part.—The prisoners in the other part of the jail say they did not hear any unusual noise, but that the negroes had for some time been keeping up a good deal of fuss, by knocking and beating the drum on the side of the cell, &c., and we presume they had been resorting to this kind of means to drown the noise they were making cutting the rivets. Most of them are bad characters, and if we get permanently rid of them we shall not mourn their departure.

Country Clergyman.

A country clergyman who had been accustomed to minister to the spiritual needs of a congregation in the backwoods, was called to occupy the pulpit of an absent metropolitan brother.—The day was excessively hot, and his sermon exceedingly long, he made his preparations accordingly. He first removed his cravat, and then his collar and cuffs, and then his coat, and was proceeding to get rid of his vest, when there was a stir among the worshippers, and one of them, rising, said, in a deep deliberate voice, "I don't know what may be the brother's intention, but perhaps it might as well be understood, before he goes any further, that this isn't a bath house." He preached with his vest on.

Hon. James B. Beck.

[From the Frankfort Yeoman.] James B. Beck was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 13th day of February, 1822, and is therefore in his fifty-fourth year. He received an academic education, and came to the United States at the age of sixteen.—His father emigrated to New York and was long a substantial farmer in that State, where he died a few years ago. He had designed his son for mercantile pursuits, but this did not suit his taste, and he came west at an early age to seek his fortune, and selected Lexington, Ky., for his future home. The law was his choice, but, thrown upon his own resources, he labored upon a farm until, by diligent study at night, he fitted himself to enter the law school of the Transylvania University. Here he graduated March 1st, 1846, and shortly after began the practice of the law in Lexington. The bar of the city was one of the ablest in the State, and he was strongly inclined to seek a field with less competition, but was dissuaded by Gen. Breckinridge, who, early attracted in friendship to him, urged him to remain in Lexington, and proffered him the use of his library. From this early period was dated the intimacy which eight years afterwards led to their law partnership, and which was severed only by death. Mr. Beck devoted himself assiduously to his profession, and rose to distinction at the bar before he ever consented to mingle actively in politics.—His first race for any office was in 1861, when he ran as the Democratic candidate for State Senator from the district composed of the counties of Fayette and Scott, and was defeated by ex-Governor Jas. F. Robinson, of the latter county, by a small majority. In 1867, Mr. Beck was elected to the 4th Congress from the Ashland district. The temper of the Republican majority in that body was bitterly proscriptionist, and he, with the Democratic delegation from Kentucky, were kept out of their seats for several months after the meeting of Congress. He was assigned to no important regular committee, but was placed on the Reconstruction Committee. Some of the ablest of the Radical members were on it, and it was expected, doubtless, that, being a new and untried Representative, he would be unable to render any aid to his party. But the occasion brought into play his remarkable energy, application and research; and it is not extravagant to say that to his exposures of the usurpations and wrongs done and contemplated by the party in power, the Democracy owed its first impetus to the success which has since marked its history. The subsequent career of Mr. Beck is too familiar to require extended reference. He was re-elected to the 41st, 42d, and 43d Congress, and proved himself one of the most laborious and efficient members—being able to say, in regard to almost every session, that he never missed a single vote, or was absent from a single committee meeting. His services as a member of the committee on Ways and Means and Appropriations were especially conspicuous; and long before his retirement from Congress, he was the recognized leader of his party on the floor. Had he yielded to the wishes of his friends, and consented to a re-election to the present Congress, there can be no question but that he would have been elected its Speaker. In the prime and vigor of mature intellectual and physical manhood, the future which lies before him cannot but be fraught with increased honor to his name and usefulness to his State and country.

The Editor of the Ohio Statesman.

The editor of the Ohio Statesman says "more villainy is afoot." We suppose the editor has lost his horse. A tie vote—When both parties say yes, and the preacher ties the knot.