URBANA UNION.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

— BY THE —

URBANA UNION PRINTING CO.

OFFICE No. 20 North Main, 6 doors South of Court Street.

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No. 20 North Main-street.

URBANA UNION.

VOLUME X. NO. 8. URBANA, OHIO WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 474.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

1 square one week	$1,00
Each additional week	50
1 square three months	6,00
1 " six "	10,00
1 " one year	15,00
½ column, 3 months	18,00
½ " 6 "	30,00
½ " 1 year	40,00
⅓ column 3 months	30,00
⅓ " 6 "	40,00
⅓ " 1 year	60,00
¼ " 1 month	30,00
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¼ " 1 year	100,00
Local Notices, per line	15

POETRY.

Kisses.

Sweet rose,
Whose panting, passionate red
Love's trailing pinion in the sunrise clips,
'Till fainting, fainting with its scarlet tips,
Exhaling bliss, thou sinkest in thy bed,
All palpitating with delirious red—
Thou art my lady's lips.
I faint, I die in this
Delirium of bliss;
Ah! let my soul pour out itself a kiss
Upon my lady's lips!

Wild stars,
That glitter overhead,
While shadow floods Night walks o'er the wave,
Of many an ancient mariner the grave,
Ye light the single velvet-footed hour
Between me and my lady's trysting bower
With sweet, delightful dread!
I faint, I die in this
Delirium of bliss!
But look not ye upon the trysting kiss—
Its sweet delirious dread!

My Ain Countree.

I am far frae my hame an' I'm weary aften whiles,
For the langed-for hame-a-coming an' my Father's welcome smiles.
I'll ne'er be full content until my een do see
The golden gates o' Heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae,
But these sights an' these sonns will as nauthing be to me,
When I hear the angles singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King,
To his ain royal palace, his banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an wi' hearts running owre we shall see
The king in his beauty an' our ain' countree.

My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair,
His blood hath made me white, his hand shall dry mine ee,
When he brings me home at last to my ain countree.

Like a lairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless, lambs like me,
An' carries them himself to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me at what hour I dinna ken,
But he bids me still to watch, and ready aye to be,
To gang at my moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching aye an' singin' of my hame as I wait,
For the sonning of his footfa' this side the golden gate,
God gie his grace to ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

Anonymous.

BERTRAM AND ELIZABETH.

At a grand cathedral overlooking the Rhine there appeared a distinguished organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody, from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morning, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape-shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale, but strikingly handsome face, great, black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument, no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and sighed and clamored as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes.

When the music at length ceased, the sexton hastened to the stranger and asked:

'Pray, who are you, sir?'

'Do not ask my name,' he replied; 'I have heard that you were in want of an organist, and I have come here on trial.'

'You'll be sure to get the place,' exclaimed the sexton. 'Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone.'

No, no, you overrate me,' said the stranger, with a smile; then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again, and now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old pean, and the mysterious organist:

Looking upward full of grace,
Plays still from a happy place—
God's glory smote him in the face,

and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the melodies which swelled around him, he sat with his 'far-seeing' eyes fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a bright, young girl, with a wealth of golden hair, eyes like the violet's hue, and lips like wild cherries. This was the princess Elizabeth, and all eyes were turned towards her as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eye upon her and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The blood faded from her crimson cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, yearning look, and the melody lost its joyous notes, and once more wailed and sighed and clamored.

'By faith,' whispered the King to his daughter, 'this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding.'

The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who it was and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the services were over and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton til'l the vester hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. While he played a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a shrine. There she remained until the worshipers disappeared, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

'Madame, every body has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the door.'

'I am not ready to go yet,' was the reply; 'leave me—leave me!'

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, and his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she arose from the aisle, and, moving to the organ loft, paused beside the organist.

'Bertram!' she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess, who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet with its ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a gray serge robe and a long thick veil which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish face.

'Why are you here, Bertram?, asked the Princess.

'I came to bid you farewell; and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bell ringer, and having taken the seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter.'

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

'You are to be married on the morrow?'

'Yes,' sobbed the girl. 'Oh! Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to a living death.'

'Think of me,' rejoined the organist. 'Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be there. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give you up.'

'It is like rending my soul and body asunder to part with you,' said the girl. 'To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, go, and God bless you.'

She waved him from her, as if she would banish him while she had the power to do so; and he—how was it with him' He arose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell, left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor. At an early hour the cathedral was thrown open and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Flame colored flowers nodded by the wayside—flame-colored leaves came dashing down the trees and lay in heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries drooped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where the marriage was to be solemnized.

It was a bright pageant—far brighter than the entwined foliage and blossoms were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads and festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snowy palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ music, which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell—she trembled and would have fallen to the earth, had not a page supported her. A few minutes afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue stood the royal bride-groom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ loft, where she had expected that mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the altar stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the responses.

Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

'Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up.'

Trembling in every limb she obeyed. Why do those eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheeks?

Ah! though the King wore the royal purple and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the humble person, who had been employed to teach organ music, and taught her the lore of love.

'Elizabeth,' mumured the monarch, 'Bertram Hoffmar, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar (the Royal Free Mason) are one. Forgive my stratagem. I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret.'

While tears of joy rained from her blue eyes, the new-made queen returned her husband's fond kisses, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

"H. G."

'H. G., of the *Tribune*, I believe,' said I reaching out and taking his lily white hand, one Saturday mornin' at Chappaqua.

'Jes so,' said he politely; 'and this is H. G., of *Punchinello*. We're a helthy team at writing comic essays—eh, 'Squire?' And the hills, dales and barn yards resounded with our innercent prattle.

'My biziness, *Mr.* Greeley, is to see if you know as much about agricultural economy as you do about political economy. As I uste ter say to culprits who was being tried before me when I was Gustice of the Peece, you needn't say nothing that will criminate yourself.'

'Well, my learned friend,' said he, highly pleased at my happy way of puttin' things, 'foller me, and I'll show you what farmin' on scientific principles can do for a man.'

Arm in arm we sallied forth, as gay and festive as a pair of doves—Horris with his panterloons stuffed in boot legs, and the undersigned with his specturcals adjusted on his nose.

'Do you see that piece of land over yonder?' said he pointing to a strip of ten akers. 'That was a worthless swamp two years ago. For $15,000 I made it what it is, and to-day, I'm proud to say it, my farm is worth, $1,750 more, with that ten akers under cultivation, than it was before I drained it.'

'Horris,' said I, wishin' to humor him, 'as an economist, this shows your brains is in the right spot.'

He then took me in the garden, and showed me what his success in the sass biziness had been. 'Do you see that ten aker bed? Well, last fall I saw a lot of pie-plant growin' in a wild state. I said nothin' to nobody, but when it got ripe I saved the seed. This spring I planted that patch of ground with it, anticipatin' the biggest crop of pie timber in the State. And, sir, jest as sartin as this white hat was once new,' said he pintin' to his played out shappo, 'when that stuff grode to maturity, I sent down a cart load to the market, and it was all sent back with a note, statin' that burdock wasn't worth a cuss for pies. But,' said he, takin' me by the button-hole, 'no man can fool me agin on pie timber.'

He then showed me the remains of a young orchard. Said he, 'The borers got into the roots of them trees, which trees cost me within the last two years about $5,000. I tried all sorts of ways to get rid of 'em. I even set my hired man to readin' my articles on 'What I know of farmin' to 'em. At first they stopt up their ears with clay and wouldn't listen. So that dodge was played out. I then bought a lot of vitrol, and poured it around the roots of them trees, and I tell you, friend Green,' said he, as tickled as a boy with his first pair of new boots, 'it would have make you laff to see them borers mosey.'

'But,' said I, 'it killed them trees deader,n smelt.'

'Which don't amount to shucks so long as the cause of scientific farmin' is benefited, by showin' bugs that the superior critter man is too many meesles for the animal kingdom,' was his reply.

'Them trees over there,' said this distinguished farmer, 'was a present to me. They come marked *pine* trees. It was over three years since they was sot out and not a solitary *pine apple* have they yielded yet. I reckon it takes time for them to bear fruit,' sed he in his simplisity.

'Not only time,' sed I, 'but if you'd live through all eternity, you won't never see a darned apple on them trees.'

'But, 'Squire Green,' sed he, with a downcast look, 'H. Ward Beecher says pine apples grows on pine trees, and as long as brother B. spends all his salery in edicatin' himself for a farmer, he orto, know.'

'Brother Fiddlesticks,' sed I, a little riled at hearin' him cote H. W. B. as a farmist. 'Hank is a 4 hoss team at rasin' food for the sowl; but when you come to depen on such chaps to raise food and grub for the stumick—excuse me for sayin' it—it hain't H. Ward's fort, no more'n it is mine to ousting Nilsson for the beer.'

We entered his poultry yard.

'You're old peaches on raisin' fowl, I've been told,' sed I.

'Ko-rect,' sed he. 'Chickens is my best holt. Last spring I had a favorite hen—she was the specklest biped which ever wore feathers. One day I sot her on three hundred eggs. 'That hen done her level best and spread every feather, but she hadn't enough elasticity to cover so much territory at one settin.'

'Well, sir,' said he straitenin' his self up to full hite, 'science come to my aid. I got a feather bed and a glue pot and built out that hen's spreaders.'

'What, that hen didn't hatch all them eggs?'

'Not exactly,' was his reply; 'she would have hatched every egg—but—but—' and he broke down and burst into tears.

'But—why?' I asked, soothin' his pertubed spirrit.

'She had a good deal of pride, that hen did, she was terribly stuck up. Jest as she got settled down for a square old fashioned set, she was so proud of her position that, somehow, it struck in and killed her.'

We visited his barn, which was chock, full of farmin' tools. Sed he:

'It is allers a mystery to people how I make farmin' pay; but 'Squire, 'tween you and me, I reckon here's where I've got 'em. Where I loses in other branches I make it up heer. And everybody that invents a farmin' masheen sends me one, and I give them a puff. Every thirty days I gits up a bee, to which I invites the nabers.—With hammers we knock them masneens to pieces, and sir!' sed he, blowin, his bugle horn of liberty on his coat sleeve 'as the Roman mother once sed 'these are my treasures,' for sure's your born, the sales of old iron mor'n pays runnin' my farm, losses and all.'

The shades of nite was fallin' fast, so thankin' H. G. for postin' me on his farmin' nolidge. I left him with my mind fully made up that, with the Filosopher, the pen is a heap site mitier in his hand than a farm is, in which opinon any well-bred, on-prejudiced farmer will fall into.

Ewers, farminly,

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,
Lait Gustis of the Peece.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS

The Bell-Ringer of Wurtzburg.

The bell-ringer in the cathedral of Wurtzburg has perished under very singular circumstances. The church possesses a splendid clock, with ponderous and complicated works, while a pendulum of proportionate length vibrates to and fro with a dull and montonous "thud." Recently the clock needed cleaning, and the ringer was deputed to superintend the work, though he ruefully endeavored to be excused from the task. It seems that he never willingly approached the belfry, for certain unpleasant associations. About twenty years ago he killed his predecessor in office, accusing him of carrying on a criminal intrigue with his wife. When brought to trial he escaped the gallows owing to a deficiency of legal proof.

The patronage of one of the canons then procured him the appointment vacant through the death of his victim. Hence, it is said, arose his superstitions dread in connection with the belfry, which was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the murdered ringer. On the morning when the clock was to be cleaned it suddenly stopped, and the bell-ringer was nowhere to be found. A workman from the town was sent for, and ascended the tower, when he was horrified to find the pendulum and lower works dripping with blood. Upon searching further, the body of the bell-ringer was found entangled in the works, frightfully mangled and crushed. One supposition is, that he committed suicide by climbing up the pendulum and then pitching himself into the middle of the machinery of the clock.

But the wonder-loving gossips of the place, with a throughly German propensity for the horrible, declare that this guilty man, upon reaching the gloomy chamber wherein the works revolved, was horror-stricken by the apparition of his precessor sitting astride the great balance-wheel of the clock, and had been drawn into the works by a species of horrible fascination similar to that which the rattlesnake is said to exercise over its prey. There sat the spectre, rubbing his gory hands with hideous glee as the victim was slowly drawn in among the cogged wheels and ratchets of the machinery. An agonizing yell, a crushing of bones, and all was still! Such, according to the *Italie*, is the newest legend of the belfry of Wurtzburg.—*Exchange.*

End of the Earth.

Louisville, Ky., is just now excited over a strange prediction by a young German lady, Miss Carrie Clein, residing there. She claims to have been under the influence of spirits, or mysterious influences, at intervals for twelve years. She was thrown into a trance, she says, when seven years of age, and again when she was fourteen, lasting for seven months, during which she predicted the Franco-German war and its results. Recently she has been thrown into a similar state, and on Friday last made the following predictions in the presence of a reporter of the Louisville *Commercial*:

"In seven weeks from to-day (March 24th) a war sign will appear in the heavens, which will last fifteen weeks and then cease. This will be the forewarning of a terrible war between the whites and blacks in the United States. The first battle in the war of races will be fought in April, 1872, and the war will be brief, but terribly bloody. After this war has ceased three years, another war sign will appear in the heavens, indicating a renewal of the present war in Europe. This war will last about three years, and all Prussia will glorify. Nine years after this war ceases, another sign will appear in the heavens above the world, which will forewarn people all over the world of a religious war. This will be terrible, even unto one part as unto another of the whole face of the world. It will last nine years, and will temporarily cease for seven years, when beasts wearing seven horns, each of the form of a huge saber, will appear to the world in large numbers, and the people inhabiting the world will stand in fear. The oceans will become red, and no vessel can stand upon their face. Men will cease to write. Ten years after the appearance of this beast upon earth, a cross will appear upon the face of the sun, and although the people were surprised to see the moon cover the sun, they will be still more surprised when they see this. This cross will cover the sun for seventeen years, when God Almighty will destroy the earth. My friends take warning.—*Exchange.*

OUR SCRAP BOOK.

I.

Mercy.

When God, in His eternal council, conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to Him the three ministers who wait constantly upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them: 'Shall we make man?' Then said Justice: 'O, God make him not, for he will will trample upon the laws.' Truth made answer also: 'O, God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuary.' But Mercy, dropping upon her knees and looking up through her tears, exclaimed: 'O, God, make him. I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread.' Then God made man, and said to him: 'O, man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother.—*John J. Crittenden.*

II.

Salvation.

Now, there is nothing for God to find out about us. He knows all about you. When he took you, he took you knowing the uttermost. And you never will disappoint him, by being worse than he thought you would be. You never will sin where he did not expect you to sin. Your guilt never will be greater than he made up his mind to bear with and pardon when he took you. He took you as a mother takes her child. She thanks God for it, though she knows it will be vain and proud and selfish, and that it will have all the evils of temper that belongs to the race from which it comes. It is hers, and in spite of its faults she loves it with unspeakable love. And God clasps every soul that he once takes, and takes it for good or bad. The wedding between the soul and God is one thats knows no divorce, either here or hereafter.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

III.

Forgiveness.

Near the end of the seventeenth century, a Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian noblemen his prisoner, and treated him with the utmost barbarity. The slave—for such he was—was yoked with an ox and compelled to drag the plow. But the fortune of war changing, the Turk fell into the hands of the Hungarians, who said to their enslaved fellow-countryman, 'Now take your revenge upon your enemy.' This was in accordance with the customs of the age; and the Turk, supposing as a matter of course, that he would be tortured to death, had already swallowed poison, when a messenger came from his Christian slave, telling him to go in peace, for he had nothing to fear. The Moslem was so impressed with this heavenly spirit that he proclaimed with his dying breath: 'I will not die a Moslem, but I die a Christian; for there is no religion, but that of Chtist, which teaches forgiveness of injuries.'—*Exchange.*

IV.

Love.

Who is he, in youth or in maturity, or even in old age, who does not like to hear of those sensibilities which turn curled heads around at church, and send wonderful eyebeams across assemblies from one to one, never missing in the thickest crowd? The keen statist reckons by tens and hundreds; the genial man is interested in every slipper that comes into the assembly. The passion, alike everywhere, creeps under the snows of Scandinavia, under the fires of the equator, and swims in the seas of Polynesia. Love is as puissant a divinity in the Norse Edda as Camadeva in the red vault India, Eros in the Greek, or Cupid in the Latin heaven. And what is especially true of love is that it is a state of extreme impressionability; the lover has more sense and finer senses than others; his eye and ear are telegraphs: he reads omens on the flower, the cloud and face, and form and gesture, and reads them aright. In his surprise at the sudden and entire understanding that is between him and the loved person, it occurs to him that they might somehow meet independently of time and place. How delicious the belief that he could elude all guards, precautions ceremonies, means and delays, and hold instant and sempiternal communication! In solitude, in banishment, the hope returned, and the experiment was eagerly tried. The supernal powers seem to take his part. What was on his lips to say is uttered by his friend. When he went abroad, he met, by wonderful casualities, the one person he sought. If in his walk he chanced to look back, his friend was walking behind him. And it has happened that the artist has often drawn in his pictures, the face of the future wife he had not yet seen.—*Emerson.*

FASHION.

Summer cashmere is a novelty. It is a soft, all wool, twilled fabric of light quality, in broken plaids, checks, and cross bars. The selvedges are finished as fringe, to be used in trimming flounces and the over garments. It is six quarters wide, and $1,50 a yard. As many object to these self-fringed goods on account of their resemblance to the shawl suits that are now somewhat passed, the fringe can be dispensed with. At any rate, we know of no more beautiful fabric than this, especially for ladies' wrappers and for children's suits. The bright blue and white plaids are among the prettiest; and another stylish combination is black and white plaid with maroon bars between. Lower-priced cashmeres, slightly mixed with cotton, are $1,25 a yard.

All wool serges, as fine and soft as ladies' cloth and wool poplins, a full yard wide, are shown in the buff and brown shades, with a darker stripe and fringe on one edge, for $1, 10 a yard. Mixed with cotton, they are eighty cents.—Very lustrous mohairs in all the spring shades, and the heavier Palermo poplins with fine reps, are sixty-five cents a yard.

Batiste robes are plain cambrics, self-colored, with a stripe for bordering near the edges. They are thirty-five cents a yard, or about $4.25 the dress pattern. Linen lawns of palest unbleached buff or light gray are sold for twenty-five a yard. The furnishing houses sell suits of these, ready made, with postilion basque, the Worth overskirt, a lower skirt, trimmed with four or five narrow ruffles edged with guipure lace of the same shade, for $23. These are stylish and inexpensive suits, but the problem to be solved is, how shall they be washed? The buff linen lawns invariably have a pinkish hue after having been wet, and gray lawn is apt to be streaked and shaded.

The newest lace collar, called the Von Moltke, is pointed at the throat to be worn very low, has square outer corners, and grows narrow toward the neck. It resembles the shape of the Marie Antoinette collar.

A similar shaped collarette which ladies call regalia, is made of sheer white muslin in soft folds, edged with point duchesse lace. One of these, made to wear over a black velvet dress, is $23; simply trimmed with Valenciennes, they are $10 to $12. For light mourning, they are of white muslin, trimmed with very fine side pleating, edged with footing; price $4. Cuffs or folls for the wrist are made to match. Pale blue or mauve regalias of China crape or soft India silk, trimmed with white lace, are made for young ladies to wear over white or black dresses. They are new and very dressy.—*Harper's Bazar.*

POLITICS.

Presidential.

The Democratic journals, especially in the West, strongly condemn Senator Sumner's recent declaration that he should vote for the Ku-Klux bill, notwithstanding its objectionable features. No cry of centralism or imperialism, said Mr. Sumner, "could deter him. He was for the centralism of liberty and the imperialism of equal rights. Once the nation served slavery in the interest of State rights; now it must serve liberty even to the denial of State rights."

As our contemporaries everywhere observe, this involves a false and pernicious doctrine. Liberty can only be secured by law; and if we set aside the Constitution in the name of liberty in 1871, we may overthrow it in order to make a favorite candidate President by military power and a sham election in 1872.

This avowal seems to have put an end to all possibility of Mr. Sumner's being nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He is not the man on whom all parties can unite in a new era of general good feeling.—*New York Sun.*

State Sovereignty.

It is a familiar rule of construction of the Constitution of the Union that the sovereign powers vested in the State governments by their respective constitutions remain unaltered and unimpaired, except so far as they were granted to the government of the United States. That the intention of the framers of the Constitution in this respect might not be misunderstood, this rule of interpretation is expressly declared in the tenth article of the amendments, namely "The powers not delegated to the United States are reserved to the State, respectively, or to the people." The government of the United States, therefore, can claim no powers which are not granted to it by the Constitution, and the powers actually granted must be such as are *expressly given, or given by necessary implication.* The General Government and the States, although both exist within the same territorial limits, are separate and distinct sovereignties, acting separately and independently of each other, within their respective spheres. The former, in its appropriate sphere, is supreme; but the States, within the limits of their powers not granted, or in the language of the tenth amendment, "reserved," are as independent of the general government as that government within its sphere is independent of the States.—*From an Opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States, at the present Session.*

NECROLOGICAL.

Thalberg.

The death of Thalberg, the great pianist, has been announced by a cable dispatch. He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, January 7, 1812, and was the natural son of Count Dietrichstein. Famous as a pianist at the early age of fifteen, his career has been a long and brilliant one. In 1851 he produced an opera called *Florinde*, which failed. In 1845 he married a daughter of Lablache. Thalberg's tour in this country will long be remembered. The perfect finish, the faultless taste, and the wonderful execution displayed by him on the piano have never been excelled by any other pianist whom we have heard here.

Mason.

James Murray Mason, who died at Alexandria (Virginia) on Saturday last was probably best known to the younger men of to-day for his having, with Slidell, been seized on board the Trent while they were on their way to Europe as Confederate agents. He was born in Fairfax county, Virginia, in 1797; graduated at the University of Philadelphia, studied law, and received a license to practice in 1820. In 1828 he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates, and was twice re-elected. He was a presidential elector in 1833, and was a Representative in Congress for 1836 to 1839. In 1847 he was elected a Senator in Congress in the place of Senator Pennybacker, and re-elected in 1849, in which position he continued until 1861, having several sessions been chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations. When the war broke out, he went with the South, resigning his seat in the Senate. In October, 1851, he was sent to England as an agent to theon Cfederate government. He reached Havana in safety, but while on his way to England in the British steamer Trent he was seized by the United States war vessel San Jacinto, Captain Wilkes, and taken to Fort Warren, where he was confined. Lord Palmerston made a vigorous protest against this act as a violation of the international law, and after some delay both Mason and Slidell were delivered up to the British Government and went to England. The British Government refused to recognize them in any official character, and they went to Paris, where they remained until the close of the war when Mr. Mason returned to Virginia, where he has since lived in retirement.

EUGENIE, THE EX-EMPRESS.

During the last six months a plainly dressed, graceful lady, accompanied by three or four attendants, might have been met any day walking in the lanes in and about Chiselhurst. Few of those meeting her and failing to recognize a familiar face would have suspected that one short twelve months since she was an Empress and wife of the ruler over a great and powerful nation. With the resignation of royalty she has abandoned every appearance of state. Every Sunday she walks to the little Catholic chapel, whatever the weather may be, and it is the rarest thing in the world to see her riding in a carriage. Her attire is of the simplest, and she may sometimes be seen walking in a plain cotton dress. She neither visits nor receives visitors in any number, and, indeed, carries her seclusion so far that when solicited to be present at a concert of the neighborhood, given for the benefit of her distressed subjects of former years, she declined. For years the Empress has been the leader of fashion, and the last peculiarity of manner or dress, whether intentional or not, has been faithfully copied by every lady who pretends to belong in the slightest degree to the world of fashion. Even now her manner of walking, with the body slightly bent forward, and the small stick which she frequently carries, is imitated by the ladies of Chiselhurst, and a reflex of it may be traced far beyond that secluded district. The feelings of the inhabitants toward the Empress and the young Prince have, after the first curiosity, subsided into respect for her wish to keep herself quite private, and she now attracts no more attention than any ordinary lady. The only effect has been to bring down a few people from London on Sunday mornings, who visit the chapel for the purpose of gazing on royalty.—*Exchange.*

HOT:

A minister at Indianola went for a young blood who disturbed the devout worshippers of his congregation after this fashion: "Thank God, young man, the day is not far distant when you will be chained down to hell's brazen floor and the devil with his three pronged harpoon will pierce your reeking carcass, and pile the red hot cinders of black damnation upon you higher than the pyramids of Egypt, and fry out the pride of your heart to grease the gudgeons of hell with."

IS ANNA DICKINSON MARRIED:

This question has often been asked and as often denied, but during her recent visit to the city she distinctly stated to a man of this city, in the presence and hearing of another, that she had agreed to meet her husband at a certain hotel in this city. She is evidently concealing the fact of her marriage, but why?—*Syracuse Journal.*