PRINTING HOUSE.

THE

Urbana Union

IS PUBLISHED EVERY

WEDNESDAY,

—AT—

No. 20 North Main Street,

Urbana, Ohio.

TERMS: $1.50 per year.
Payable in Advance.

RULES.

Obituaries, to insure their insertion, should be very brief.

II. We have made it a rule not to sell single copies of the URBANA UNION. Parties wishing to read this paper must subscribe for it.

III. Parties wishing to have illustrated advertisements inserted in the URBANA UNION must pay two prices for the space occupied by the wood-cuts.

IV. Where the parties are responsible, we will not discontinue their paper when the time of subscription has expired, unless notified.

V. No communication will be inserted unless the name of a responsible person be given to the publisher. Manuscripteent to this office are to be considered the property of the publisher, and not liable to be returned, except at publisher's option.

VI. We aim to make the URBANA UNION a medium of notable events transpiring in all parts of the County, and to that end would thank our friends in the different townships to forward to us any items that may be of interest in their neighborhoods. Send in facts, in brief, if you choose, and we will "dress them up" for publication.

VII. We have been informed that it is understood by the public that the URBANA UNION does not admit communications from correspondents. We therefore say that the admission of communications depends upon the nature of them. We will insert communications which are short, pointed, spicy, and useful to the public, and shall at all times be glad to receive such. We do not admit articles of a merely personal nature, and particularly when they relate to matters which have not appeared in this paper.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be inserted in the URBANA UNION at the following rates.—No deviations.

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
¼ column 3 months	30,00
¼ " 6 "	40,00
¼ " 1 year	60,00
⅛ " 1 month	30,00
⅛ " 3 "	40,00
⅛ " 6 "	60,00
⅛ " 1 year	100,00

Local Notices, 15per line

THE

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JOB OFFICE.

WE ARE PREPARED WITH THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF TYPES, THE BEST STOCK OF PAPERS AND CARDS,

AND BEST WORKMEN,

To do all kinds of Book and Job Work, in the best manner, on shortest notice, at the very lowest prices.

ADDRESS,

UNION PRINTING CO.,

URBANA, OHIO.

URBANA UNION.

VOLUME X. NO. 26. URBANA, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1871. WHOLE NUMBER 492

Our Directory.

SYMBOLIC MASONRY.
Regular Communications of Harmony Lodge, No. 8, F. & A. M. meet Thursday evening, on or before each Full Moon.
JNO. T. ZOMBRO, W. M.
HORACE KELLOGG, Sec'y.

CAPITULAO MASONRY.
Urbana Chapter, No. 54, of Royal Arch Masons, Meet Monday evening, on or before each Full Moon.
S. CHANCE, M. E. H. P.
W. L. STEWART, Sec'y.

CHIVALRIC MASONRY.
Raper Commandery, No. 19, meet on the 1st and 3d Tuesday evenings of each month.
JUSTUS S. WILSON, E. C.
S. P. TALBOTT, Rec.

I. O. O. F.
Urbana Lodge, No. 46, meets Friday evenings.
Champaign Encampment, No. 29, meets 2nd and 4th Monday evenings.

I. O. R. M.
Mannoda Tribe, No. 31, meet every Tuesday evening, in third Story of Weaver's building—Northeast cor. of Public Square.

YOUNG AMERICA FIRE CO., NO. 1.
Meet first Wednesday evening in each month at their Hall over Lem. Weavers Hardware Store.
L. C. HOVEY, Pres't.
JAMES MURPHY, Sec'y.

MOLUNKEE FIRE CO., NO. 2.
Meet second Tuesday evening in each month, at their Hall in rear of Court House.
F. F. GANSON, Pres't.
HORACE G. HAPPERSETT, Sec'y.

RESCUE HOOK AND LADDER CO., NO. 1.
Meet first Wednesday evening in each month, at their Hall in Kauffman & Nelson's Gothic Block.
ROYAL J. WINDER, Foreman.
GEORGE F PENCE, Sec'y.

Church Directory

1st PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—West Court Street.—Rev. J. A. P. McGaw, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 11, A. M., 7½, P. M.
Sabbath School at 2, P. M.
Lecture and Social Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

EV. LUTHERAN CHURCH.—South-east corner Court and Walnut Streets. Rev. A. J. Imhoff, Pastor.—Services every other Sabbath. Hours: 11, A. M., 7, P. M.
Sabbath School every Sabbath 2:15 P. M.

1ST METH. E. CHURCH.—South-west corner Church and North Main Streets. Rev. —— Stephenson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 11, A. M., 7, P. M.
Sabbath School at 2½, P. M.
General Class Meeting, Monday evening, at 7, o'clock.
Regular Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at 7, o'clock.

2D METH CHURCH.—East Water Street. Rev. —— Fungerson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 11, A. M., 7½, P. M.
Sabbath School at 2, P. M.
General Class Meeting, Sundays at 9 A. M. Young Men's Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening at 2nd Church building, opposite Market House.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, at Church.

BAPTIST CHURCH.—East Court Street. Rev. I. N. Clark, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hours: 11 A. M., 7, P. M.
Sabbath School at 9, A. M.
Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Corner Scioto and Reuben streets. Rev. W. M. Probasco, Rector. Services every Sabbath. Hours; 11, a. m., 7½, p. m.

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH—SWEDENBORGIAN.—North west corner South Main and Reynolds streets. Rev. Frank Sewall, Pastor. Services every Sabbath. Hour: 11, a. m.
Sabbath School at 3 p. m.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—John Street. Rev. J. A. Kearney, Priest. Services every Sabbath. Hour: 11 a. m.

ASSOCIATE REFORMED CHURCH.—West Market St. Rev. H. H. Thompson, Pastor. Services every Sabbath, Hours: 11 a. m.

Official Directory.

COUNTY.

Member of Congress	J. F. McKinney
Common Pleas Judge	Ichabod Corwin.
Senator	A P Howard.
Representative	R C Fulton.
Probate Judge	A F Vance.
Clerk Common Pleas	V Horr.
Prosecuting Attorney	W R Warnock.
Auditor	J Fitzpatrick.
Treasurer	W H Baxter.
Sheriff	T McConnell.
Recorder	J Kiser.
Surveyor	Lucius Taylor.
Coroner	Dr W Houston.
Commissioners	Daniel Blose
	T P Woods, Z A Sayers. Regular meetings, 1st Mondays March, June, Sept, and Dec.
Infirmary Directors	G. Ellis,
	W D Knight, Sam'l Williams.
Auctioneer	T J O'Roark.

TOWNSHIP

Trustees	R H Cheetham,
	T M Todd, C F Colwell.
Treasurer	T H Berry.
Clerk	D W Todd.
J P's	N Rhoads,
	W A Humes Ed B McGeary, L Adams.
Constables	J C Jones,
	S H Roach, J W Evans. THOMAS JEFFERSON FORD!

CITY

Mayor	L H Long.
Marshal	Robert Miller.
Police	Levi Shyrigh
City Council	R H Cheetham, C H Gunson,
	Dr J H Ayers, D Powers, P B Ross, H H Thompson.
City Clerk	L C Hovey
Street Commissioner	J. Deuel.
Board of Education	J H Ayers, Pres. A C Deuel, Clerk, J H P Stone, H H Thompson, Dr H C Pearce.

TIME TABLES.

These tables are given for the benefit of our readers, with the date of the last corrections as furnished by the Rail Roads.

CINCINNATI, SANDUSKY & CLEVELAND R. R.
(MAD RIVER & LAKE ERIE.)
Corrected May 15, 1871.

PASSING SOUTH.

Mail and Express, daily, except Sunday	1,31 P. M.
Night Express, daily, except Mondays	2,14 A. M.
Bellefontaine Accommodation	4,18 A. M.

Night Express goes South Sunday instead of Monday morning.

PASSING NORTH.

Cleveland Mail No. 6	11,10 A. M.
Express No. 10	2,18 A. M.
Bellefontaine Accommodation	8,45 P. M.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis R'y
(PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.)
Corrected May 15, 1871.

GOING WEST.

No. 6, Fast Line.... 11:08 A. M., stops at all stations
No. 8, Express..... 8:00 P. M., " " " "
No. 10, Express..... 8:42 P. M., " " R. R. crossings.
No. 12, Way Freight 12:00 M.

GOING EAST.

No. 1, Fast Line... 8:33 A. M., stops at R. R. Crossings only.
No. 7, Express..... 1:11 A. M., stops at all stations.
No. 9, Express..... 7:07 A. M., " " " "
No. 11, Way Freight 12:10 P. M.

The Pitts. & N. York Express runs daily, all other trains daily Sundays excepted.

ERIE RAILWAY.
Corrected May 15, 1871.

GOING WEST.

No. 1 Mail	11.12 A. M.
No. 5 Express	5.03 P. M.
No. 3 Express	9.22 A. M.
No. 39 Way Freight Accommodation	9.40 A. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 8 Mail	7.45 A. M.
No. 2 Express	5.03 P. M.
No. 12 Express	1.55 A. M.
No. 38 Way Freight Accommodation	11.30 A. M.

DIRECTORY.

JOHN H. JAMES HENRY T. NILES. JOHN H. JAMES, JR.
JAMES, NILES, & JAMES
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
URBANA, O.
Office in Urbana Insurance Company Building.

R. H. BOAL,
DENTIST.
OFFICE on Scioto Street, Two doors west of Exchange Hotel, (Second Story).
Special attention given to filling the natural Teeth
407-1 year.

J. H. AYERS, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
URBANA, O.
Office over Champaign National Bank, No. 10 North Main St.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Urbana and vicinity 180-3

Lagonda House,
E. & H. S. CHRISTOPHER, Proprietors.
Springfield, O.
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOUSE IN THE CITY.
TERMS $2.00 PER DAY.
82-tf.

22 22
THOS. H. BERRY,
Wholesale and Retail
GROCER,
AND DEALER IN
CHOICE FLOUR, PRODUCE, NOTIONS,
&c., &c., &c.
No. 22 North Main Street.
396-1y.

Dr. H. J. Sharp.
Has removed his office to rooms over
K. ROBERTS & CO'S SHOE STORE,
Where he has permanently established his office of
Medicine and Surgery,
And will also give attention to the medical and surgical treatment of
DISEASES OF THE EYE.
OFFICE.—The entrance is through the hall, one door North of the Shoe Store.

L. H. LONG,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
URBANA, OHIO.
Will practice in Champaign and adjoining counties.
Will give attention to the collection of claims and and accounts, and especially to the collection of Soldiers' Pay, Bounty and Pension Money.
Will do a Notary business.
OFFICE.—On second floor of Kauffman & Nelson's Building, Public Square.
Apr. 26, 1865.-1y

DR. R. C. HUNTER,
(FORMERLY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.)
HAS located permanently at Urbana for the purpose of treating all
Old or Chronic Diseases.
He does not wish to be called out in bad weather, or nights; but will attend to an office practice, and call on patients who cannot call at the office, if desired.
His office is on Scioto Street, first door west of the Cincinnati Grocery, up stairs, first door to the right. Or at Mrs Coulters on Scioto Street.
444-tf. DR. R. C. HUNTER.

INDIANAPOLIS.
Bryant & Stratton
PRACTICAL
BUSINESS, MILITARY AND LECTURE
COLLEGE.
A New and Practical System of American Education.
Dr. R. T. BROWN, President.
For Circular and particulars, address the Superintendent. A. L. SOUTHARD,
484-y. Indianapolis, Ind.

FOR
WAGON, SIGN,
ORNAMENTAL & SCENE,
PAINTING,
CALL ON
BINKARD,
At J. S. McCLELAN'S Shop
WEST MIAMI STREET.
355 1y

Citizens National Bank.
J. B. ARMSTRONG, - - - PRES'T
E. G. WILEY, - - - - - CASH'R
Pays interest to holders of United States Bonds without charge. Also, deals in Coin and Foreign Exchange, and sells Passage Tickets to and from Europe by the Cunard lines.
Directors:
EDWARD JENNINGS,
WILLIAM WILEY,
JOSEPH HILL,
ADAM MONGROVE,
J. H. BLOSE,
OLIVER TAYLOR,
FRANK CHANCE,
J. B. ARMSTRONG.
481 1y.

GEORGE SOLLER,
Baker & Confectioner,
MIAMI ST., Opposite the Weaver House,
URBANA, O.
Has always on hand Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies &c., the best Candies, Raisins, Nuts &c., together with everything commonly kept in his line.
He has fitted up three I. ICE CREAM Rooms, and is prepared to serve up this delicacy at all proper seasons.
☞ All orders for Parties, Suppers, &c., receive prompt attention.
356 1y

Poetry.

Written for the Urbana Union.

LINES.

When my heart is filled whith sorrow
And when age comes unto me,
When hope paints no bright to-morrow,
Wilt thou true and tender be?

Wilt thou leave me in my anguish
Groping on through life alone?
Shall I weak and trembling languish
With no strong arm round me thrown?

Shall the voice that ever soothed me
When my hopes in life were bright;
With its whispered words of comfort
Fail me in my hour of night?

Shall the heart I now rely on
With a woman's trusting love;
In its depth and strength of feeling
Faithless to me ever prove?

K. G.

CONCLUSIONS.

I said, if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live it in any part of the earth;—

Put perfect sunshine into my sky,
Banish the shadow of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known, in the years now gone,
The best that a woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and purest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring inclose;
And gained the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood to-night
By my children, lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers, for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads;

Yea! I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And to let my future come as it will!

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide;
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, on either side.

My past is mine, and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly, if you please;
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been my helps, not hindrances!

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand;
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength by trial, will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He has learned, who has felt its power within!

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand!
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand!

So let my past stand, just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old;
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

Romance.

The Last Appeal.

I remember how eagerly I looked down the long perspective, under the interlacing boughs of the elms, to catch the first glimpse of him when the triumphant bursts of music announced that he had entered the gates. He rode forward, attended on either side by the young men of his own age, who had grown up on the estate and shared his childish sports, and followed by troops of the peasantry, who closed in behind the cortege as it advanced. He was a slight youth, with a proud, careless bearing, and yet there was something in it that attracted one in spite of his hauteur. Now, as he rode forward, he was bowing right and left, and smiling kindly upon the people, who pressed about to welcome him. Just behind him rode his father, Mortimer De Courcy, squire of Lockwood. He had been travelling abroad during Arthur's residence at the university, and I had not seen him since my childhood, but now I did not look at him, so intently were my thoughts riveted upon the young heir. As he came near us we stepped forward and threw our garlands at his feet, retreating as he advanced. In my eagerness to catch his glance and smile, I did not at first see that my tiny sister, a child of three or four years, had sprang forward into the road, when suddenly a frightened scream thrilled through me. I sprang madly into the avenue, a wild confusion followed, the spirited steed reared and plunged just over my head as I snatched my darling from underneath his hoofs, and, in the midst of my terror, I sank to the ground, a pain shot through me, and then the whole scene vanished.

When I recovered my consciousness, instead of the glow and splendor of a festival, there was the utter quiet, the subdued tone of the sickroom. But where was I? These were not my curtains—these delicate muslin fabrics, with their fringes and gossamer lace. Over my window in the cottage flowering bean vines and purple morning-glories clambered and blossomed together; but these were heavily draped with curtains of rosy hue, and where the silken folds parted the light came in through panes of a curious antique pattern. There was a faint odor of some subtle perfume diffused throughout the apartment, and lifting my head, I saw a richly-cut vinaigrette on a small stand at my side. The tales of the old romances rose to my mind. Would the whole enchanted scene vanish at my touch? I thought to test its reality, and reaching out my hand for the vinaigrette, the slight noise I made roused some one who had hitherto been concealed by the hangings of the bed where I lay. It was no good fairy who now approached, but only kind-hearted Mrs. Thorn, the housekeeper at the Hall.

"Where am I, Mrs. Thorn?" I asked, with difficulty—for a strange feeling of numbness came over me.

I do not know that she answered then, for the darkness grew thicker around me—I fainted. Afterward, when I was better, she told me that I had been sadly hurt that day in the park, and by the squire's own orders had been conveyed to an apartment in the Hall. She sat at my side sewing when she told me this, and when she had finished she rose and went away; but I kept in my mind the question I wanted to ask, and when she came back I asked:

"Where is Bessie, Mrs. Thorn?"

"Law, child, don't go to asking any more questions. It's the doctor's orders that you musn't—positive. Wont you take a little more of this whey now?—it's so nice.

"Not now," I answered, putting away the glass. "You must tell me where Bessie is. Why doesn't my mother come?"

Until now only the faint suspicion that Bessie might be hurt worse than I was had haunted me, but now, in the newly acquired excitement of my faculties, a sudden terrible fear flashed over my mind, and I grasped Mrs. Thorn's arm, and almost shrieked, "Is Bessie dead?" Mrs. Thorn grew pale, and muttered something I could not understand, for there was a great roaring as of the sea in my ears. At that moment a firm soft hand was laid upon mine, the convulsive clutch of my fingers loosened at the touch, and the young heir of Lockwood laid me gently back upon my pillow, and said, kindly:

"We will tell you about Bessie when you are stronger, but now you must be quiet, for your mother's sake.

Next to Bessie, I loved my mother better than anything in the world; and now, as the conviction of Bessie's death grew upon me, I thought of her sorrow, and the tears gathered and rolled down my face. He stood by me, looking at me tenderly and sometimes saying a soothing word. The flood of tears cooled the fever of my brain, and when by-and-by, I looked up to him and said, "When did Bessie die?" I suppose he thought I could bear the shock, for he told me then that my sweet pet sister was taken from my arms dead. A quick painless death he said it must have been. And he dwelt on this fact as if to console me.

Something fearful, something I had not known was in my nature, swelled up within me at that moment; and if he who was the indirect cause of her death, had been less kind and winning, I think I should have hated him henceforth. But this fitful gleam of passion died away, and as I listened to his tender consoling words my grief was soothed, and what was indeed so great a sorrow was softened by degrees, so that its burden could at least be borne. It would have been dreary convalescence, even in that elegant chamber, if it had not been for Arthur De Courcy's presence. In the darkness of my chamber he brought light to me, shut out from the songs of the wood-birds and the lonely rambles though field and forest which I had always loved so well. His voice was sweeter music than theirs, and the looks and smiles which he lavished so abundantly upon me made amends for the loss of the green fields and wild flowers.

To be Continued next week.

A SAVAGE MURDER.

A Jamaica Negro Gashes a Little Boy and Sucks His Blood.

[Correspondence of the New York Sun.]

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, July 25.

A strange and horrible murder has been perpetrated in the parish of St. Mary on the north side of the island. A colored boy, five years old, was sitting on the door-step of his father's house. A negro named William Taylor, who lived in a hut in the yard, called the boy to him. The child, who had a dislike to the man, refused to go. In the house asleep was a negro named Codeah. Taylor called out:

"Codeah! Codeah! catch this boy for me, and bring him to me."

Codeah rose from the bed and chased the frightened child around the house, finally catching him and carrying him in his arms to Taylor. Taylor clutched the boy, and cried out savagely:

"Now I have the little brute. See, see what I'll do with him."

He entered his hut and came out with a sharp knife in his hand. He deliberately stretched the screaming child upon his knees and drew the knife across the abdomen. He then held up the boy by the neck with his intestines protruding, and slashed him across the eyes and face. He next threw him down and mutilated him again. Holding the child aloft, he cried out to a woman in the yard:

"See, granny, I've killed the little brute."

Horrible to relate, he glued his lips to the gaping wounds in the child's thighs and sucked the blood! The poor boy lived for three hours after, in horrible torture. He was perfectly sensible, and able to tell the following story: "I was sitting at my boor-mouth, playing. Uncle Taylor called me. I would not go. Uncle Codeah was in the room, sleeping. Taylor called out, 'Codeah, come catch this boy—give me.' Codeah caught me and put me into Taylor's hand and went back into the room."

A jury have returned a verdict of willful murder against William Taylor and Codeah.

The Humbug of Early Rising.

All this talk about early rising is moonshine. The habit of turning out of bed in the middle of the night suits some people; let them enjoy it. But it is folly to lay down a general rule upon the subject. Some men are fit for nothing all day after they have risen early in the morning. Their energies are deadened, their imaginations are heavy, their spirits are depressed. It is said you can work so well in the morning. Some people can, but others can work best at night; others again in the afternoon. Long trial and experiment form the only conclusive tests upon these points. As for getting up early because Prof. Gammon has written letters to the papers proving the necessity of it, let no one be goose enough to do it. We all know the model man, aged eighty: "I invariably rise at 5; I work three hours, take a light breakfast—namely, a cracker and a pinch of salt—work five hours more; never smoke, never drink anything but barley-water, eat no dinner, and go to bed at 6 in the evening." If anybody finds that donkeyfied sort of life suits him, by all means let him continue it. But few people would care to live to eighty on those terms. If a man cannot get all withered and crumpled up on easier conditions than those, it is almost as well he should depart before he is a nuisance to himself and a bore to everybody else. School-boys, and young people generally, ought to get up early, for it is found that nine-tenths of them can stand it; and it does them good. But let no man torture himself with the thought that he could have been twice as good a man as he is if he had risen every morning at daylight. The habit would kill half of us in five years.—*New York Times.*

Beautiful Ireland.

WE know, of course, that Ireland is called the 'Emerald Isle,' and the color of the emerald is green, but it had never entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this wide world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells the fields of young grain, over which the gentle breezes creep like playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted over with sheep of the purest wool; the hillsides, rising up into the mist-shrouded mountains, are all covered with thick carpets of smooth, velvet green. But Ireland should also be called the Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower, but she has put one, not only in the gardens and in the meadows but upon the very walls and the crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons down to the smallest floweret that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover.

The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare and barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to 'drop its web of gold;' the blooming hawthorn, with the sweet-scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall-flowers, of every hue and variety, clamber to hide the harshness of the mural supports; the beetled cliffs of the North sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you wil find little, well-nigh invisible, flowerets, red, white, blue and yellow, wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the Beautiful hovers over and touches to living loveliness every point.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The Week.

The Ex-Empress of France is in Spain.

Colfax favors the re-nomination of Grant.

The Democracy have carried New Mexico.

The Democracy are repudiating Tammany.

There has been a case of cholera at Liverpool.

Dr. Livingston is alive and well at Tanganyika.

The yellow fever has appeared at Charleston, S. C.

The National-guards of France are to be disarmed.

Megehan is on trial again—this time at Dayton.

Maine has gone Republican by a reduced majority.

Kane O'Donnell, of the New York Tribune, is dead.

Republican defalcations are now the order of the day.

The Republican party in New York is hopelessly divided.

Berlin has 900,000 inhabitants, according to the last census.

Gen. G. W. McCook is at Long-branch. He is convalescing.

The power of Thiers has been prelonged, for a term of three years.

Hon. John A. Poor, a leading Rail road official of Maine, is dead.

It is rumored that Grant will refuse to be a candidate for a second term.

Gen. Butler is the Administration candidate for Governor of Massachusetts.

The Democracy have nominated Hon. Joel Parker for Governor of New Jersey.

Hon. Winstrop Young is the Democratic candidate for Governor of Minnesota.

General Washburn has been nominated by the Republicans for Governor of Wisconsin.

Cornelius Walsh has been nominated for Governor by the Republicans of New Jersey.

John Quincy Adams, jr., is the Democratic nominee for Governor of Massachusetts.

A National Camp-meeting will be held at Indianapolis—commencing on the 21st inst.

The inhabitants of Tabriez, Persia are dying of cholera at the rate of two hundred per day.

The Republicans have carried California by aid of the negro vote. Majority: four thousand.

An "Anti-Dram-Shop Party" has been organized in New York under the auspices of Gerrit Smith.

The sentiment in favor of the restoration of Napoleon to his throne is becoming more pronounced in France.

Connolly has resigned the position of Comptroller of New York City, and Gen. McClellan has been appointed in his stead.

2.17 is the time made by the Goldsmith Maid; at the Milwakee Race-course, on the 6th inst. This is the fastest time on record.

Hon. Edward S. Wallace, the Democratic candidate for Attorney-general, is making a brilliant canvass of the State, in company with Hon. George H. Pendleton.

There was an election riot in La Mesilla, New Mexico, recently, between Republicans and Democrats, in the course of which 9 persons were killed and forty wounded.