

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Family Newspaper--Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Literature, the Arts and Sciences, Education, Agriculture, Markets, Amusements, &c.

VOLUME XXIV.

WOODSFIELD, MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, MAY 21, 1867.

NUMBER 12

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance.

JOB PRINTING: Executed with neatness and dispatch at this office, and at reasonable prices.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks.....\$2 50
One square, six months..... 6 00
One square, nine months..... 10 00
One square, twelve months..... 15 00
Two squares, three weeks..... 5 00
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Notices of the appointment of Administrators and Executors; also Attachment Notices and Road notices, two dollars and fifty cents, in advance.

TIN WARE, COPPER WARE,

AND

Sheet Iron Ware, Stoves, &c.

Place of business, one door North of Judkins' Drug Store.

WILLIAM ROSE,

Has just received, and will sell at reasonable prices, a first class stock of the water enumerated above. Mr. Rose is a capitalist, workman, and will manufacture for you any wares desired, not found in his store. Give him a call before looking elsewhere. He can and will please you. apr23/67. WILLIAM ROSE.

Professional Cards.

Dr. WILLIAM WALTON,

Examining Surgeon.

Has been appointed by the Commissioner of Penitentiaries to examine applicants for

INVALID PENSIONS.

To those needing his services he will give prompt attention.

Office one door South of the Senate Office. apr23/67m6.

Dr. W. T. SINCLAIR,

HAVING resumed the practice of Medicine, and his Professional services to the citizens of Woodsfield and vicinity.

Residence one door North of Driggs' Store.

WILLIAM WALTON, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

(Office on Main Street),

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

W. S. SMITH, Notary Public.

W. P. SPRIGGS, Pros. Attorney.

AMOS & SPRIGGS,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

and Licensed Claim Agents,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office--Up stairs in the old Bloomer House.

April 28, 1865.

W. F. HUNTER, JR.,

HUNTER & HUNTER,

Attorneys at Law,

Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.

Will practice in Monroe and adjoining Counties, dca21.

JACOB T. MORBILL,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Clarington, Monroe County O.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Com promises and amicable adjustment always first sought, and litigation used only as the last resort. Oct. 31, '66.

J. W. SHANNON,

Attorney at Law,

BELLAIRE, BELMONT CO., OHIO.

Feb 14.

LAMAR B. MORRIS, JOHN A. WAT,

MORRIS & WAT,

Attorneys & Counsellors

AT LAW,

Woodsfield, Monroe County, Ohio.

Office, over Walton's New Store.

April 20, 1865.

W. J. STEEL & BRO.,

Produce & Commission Merchants,

Receptive and sell all kinds of

Country Produce, Foreign and Domestic

Fruit, Nuts, &c.

No. 126 Third Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Country orders and consignments solicited. Price Current issued weekly to consignors. apr23.

Executor's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 8th day of May, 1867, appointed Executor of the last will and testament of John Kerbon, dec'd.

CHRISTOPHER BRIDDER.

Poetry.

TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY ISABELLA ARBE.

O mother, canst thou see thy child?
Upon whose head thy blessings fell;
Around whose path in beauty smiled
Love that no human tongue may tell
Canst see me gazing on that star,
We both have loved and watched so oft,
As glimmering through the clouds afar,
Its mellow radiance, bright yet soft,
Seems like thy love, so constant felt,
So gentle in its soothing power,
And yet so strong that it could melt
The sternest heart in passion's hour?
Mother, thy fond love could not die;
Too good, too beautiful for earth;
'Tis but ascended to the sky,
The source from whence it had its birth.

O, it looks down, like the soft ray
Of our own star, thy holy love,
Guarding my path by night and day,
And pointing to our home above.
Where should it be, but where the heart
Its treasure has! there it will come,
And, dearest mother, where thou art,
Will make a doubly welcome home:
And though I kneel upon the sod,
That binds thy breast with its cold chain,
I know that thou art with thy God,
And trust that we will meet again.
Then guard me well, for I would fain
Enjoy that hope in this brief life,
Where every pleasure seems but vain,
And fondest schemes with sadness die.

Friendship.

How often we speak of friends as though they might be found on every hand; and yet how little real friendship we find in this busy world! A true friend is one who will cling to you in adversity, sympathize with you in sorrow, and rejoice with you in prosperity. He is a being who feels, who thinks, who acts from the purest motives. Friendship is one of the noblest feelings--one of the greatest privileges of humanity; it can only be found in connection with the noblest souls, of merit and virtue united. In fact to possess true friends, you need the most complete and the nicest power of discrimination in selecting them, a natural gift to cherish them, with the most unselfishness.

Young ladies; young men; and all, be generous, be kind to those around you, especially those who are least attractive, and who are least noticed. Try to merit the real name of friend; it will fill you with deeper joy than you ever before experienced; it will cause you to be loved and esteemed by all around you. Practice self-denial, and you will feel its enabling influence; it brings the happy consciousness of giving pleasure to others, which is of its self ample remuneration for all the inconveniences you may have suffered by so doing.

Life indeed is sad and drear,
When friendship's voice we never hear:
On rank and wealth what joys attend!
They never can buy a faithful friend.

More Excavations at Pompeii.

A correspondent, writing from Naples, April 2, says:

On last Friday there was an excavation in the presence of the Minister of the Royal Household, when a wonderful discovery was made. It was a kitchen that was discovered, and on one of the fire-places, such as are in use in the present day, and are fed with charcoal--was found a copper vessel, supported by a tripod. The vessel or saucepan was hermetically closed, and inclosed all over with lapilli, so that it required considerable force to open it. But how great was the surprise of those present to find that it was nearly full of water! The interior of the vessel presented no signs of oxidation so that no one hesitated to taste the water, when it was found perfectly sweet and good. Pompeii, which has enriched us after a lapse of nearly two thousand years, with jewels and paintings and sculptured marbles, which has almost supplied our tables with bread and honey eggs and figs, and a variety of other luxuries, has now slaked our thirst with water deposited in a vase so far back as the reign of Titus, and by one of the victims, perhaps, of the fires of Vesuvius. How curious are these revelations of the inner life of a people long since mouldered into ashes!

Kind Words for a "Mother."

Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, sense, and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might--for it is always the meridian, and knoweth no evening--The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in the flourish. It may be autumn, yes, winter with a woman, but with the mother it is always spring. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living--How heedless we are of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone--when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts--when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy--how few will befriend us in misfortune--then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

Self-denial leads to the most exalted pleasures, and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

A TALISMAN.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A young man lay upon a sofa in a waking dream. His thoughts were in the future, and fancy dwelt with brilliant images. On the morrow he was to depart for a distant city, and there enter a law office to study the profession he had chosen. He had talents and was ambitious. Up to this period of his life he had dwelt chiefly in the country, receiving his education at a college in the neighborhood. He was pure-minded, and free from the vices that sensualize so many of our young men.

So lost was he in his waking dreams that present things faded out of his mind. He saw only success--the proud satisfaction that awaited him in the future. "I will stand among the first," he said in his thoughts, with every pulse leaping in full throbs along the arteries.

A kiss upon the forehead dispersed his fancies, and instead of unreal things, he saw the face of his mother bending over him. How full of love it was--tender, yearning, anxious love.

"How can I let you go, Alfred?" she murmured.

"It is hard, dear mother," he answered, drawing his arm around her neck and kissing her fondly in return. "But it is best. You see that as well as I do. I could live but half a life here in the country. You know I have talents and ambition for a wider sphere. You shall be proud of your son, dear mother."

On the next day he went away. A large city is a dangerous place for a young man who has no charmed home circle to draw him back from his many false enticements. If the young man's early years have been passed in the country, the danger is still greater.

"I will see what is to be seen," he said, communing with himself. "We must know the world, if we would tread its paths with sure foot. I am not afraid."

Social, witty and generous, he was not long without companionship. Within a few weeks from the time he entered the city he was introduced to a coterie of young men, mostly law students, who met two or three times a week for the avowed purpose of self-improvement. They had a room fitted up with a library, and took many of the periodicals of the day. But cards, wine and cigars occupied usually more of their attention than books and periodicals. The literary designation of their club was a mere feint to blind parents and curiously-prying friends and relatives.

Our young friend saw, on the evening of his introduction to the club, that it was a false pretense, and its associations demoralizing. But the young men were so genial, so fresh and witty, the wine so exhilarating, the cards so absorbing, that he soon found himself within the sphere of a common enjoyment, and partaking with a zest.

He was not used to much wine; his second glass confused his senses for a little while, and the third gave him a strangely buoyant feeling that annoyed him. A sense of fear and shame accompanied this feeling, and he resolved to drink no more that evening. So he passed the bottle when it next came round; but his neighbor filled his glass for him, saying:

"Don't be afraid of this wine; it's no stronger than water."
He was lifting his glass when his hand stopped midway. Then he sat it down and did not touch the wine again.

"This is dull work," exclaimed one of the company, as he took the pack of cards and began to shuffle them at the close of a game.

"Let's have a shilling a stake, just for the excitement of the thing. Even boys don't play marbles for fun, nor shoot at pennies, nor pick eggs without the hope of winning. And what are we but boys of a larger growth?"

Port-monies were instantly in hand all around the table. Yielding to the common assent of this proposition, our young friend's hand went down into his pocket, but ere he drew it forth his hand was arrested almost as abruptly as if external force had been applied. Then retired without saying a word, and never entered it again.

Knowing glances passed around the circle.

with him into the city lost their delicate edge. He was not so quick to perceive danger; was less on his guard. Many currents passed against him, bearing him often away from safe channels.

His head grew less strong against wine; his ear less sensitive to unseemly speech; his eyes became tempters. Forbidden fruit was not looked upon with desire, but sometimes plucked and eaten, leaving upon the taste its after bitterness and disgust. And yet, among his companions, he was noted for a large degree of self-control; for the ability to stop at the point of danger, and to go resolutely back, no matter who might take offense and sneer.

"He bears a charmed life," said many a weak one, sighing over his own debasement. "If I could only plant my feet as he does, and say, 'Not one step farther in that wrong direction.'"

But of himself Alfred was not so strong. It was not the firm will that saved him, but rather the charmed life. He had a talisman, and by virtue of that he was enabled to stand amid temptation where so many fall.

A year of city life wrought changes in our friend. He had grown manlier in appearance, and moved with a firmer step and a more confident air.

The experience of that first year--the dangers and escapes--the new aspect of life it had revealed to our young friend, were lessons not to be unheeded.

One day, during the first month of his second year in the city, our young friend was sitting alone in his proprietor's office, late in the afternoon, when an acquaintance came in. He was about Alfred's age, a youth of superior talents, and like him, had spent his earlier years in the country. The city's allurements had been too strong for him. He had fallen into many vices, and they had woven like busy spiders, their half invisible cords about him, until he was held an almost powerless captive. He was pale; his eyes were congested from recent dissipation; his hand was hot and trembling, as he laid it in that of his friend.

"How are you?" asked Alfred.

"Don't ask me; you see how I am--wretched," was the unhappy reply.

"Yes, in body and mind! Oh! I wish I was dead!"

"There is a better, a braver, and a manlier wish than that," said Alfred.

"For one like you, perhaps, who have gone through the fire unharmed, but not for me. I have no will--no power. My good resolutions are like wax and my appetites like flame. How did you stand when I did and so many like me went down?"

"Not in my own strength," replied Alfred, his face growing serious.

"You moved amongst those evil allurements as if you were in armor against them. Ah! how often have I envied your power to stop at the right moment. I have seen you leave a card-table when a stake was proposed; I saw you push aside the bottle when others were drowning reason and self-control; I have seen you turn back shuddering when syren voices were in your ears, and others went madly on to folly and disgrace. How was it?"

"I had a talisman," said Alfred.

"Through that I was safe."

"What is it?" The young man looked up quite hopefully at his friend.

Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Praying for His Provender.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says--
"We have no intention of making fun of serious matters in telling the following good story--we merely relate a fact:

"There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding-house and filled it with boarders, but forgot, until the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one--a meek young man from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his board in praying. For awhile all went on smoothly, but the boarding master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble and to leave and the other morning the prayer boarder actually 'struck.' Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:

"Landlord--Will you pray, Mr. Mild?"
"Mild--No, sir, I will not."
"Landlord--Why not, Mr. Mild?"
"Mild--It don't pay, sir. I can't pray on such vituals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, may another prayer do you get out of me."

"And that's the way the matter stood at the latest advices."

Spicer.

There was a knot of sea captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old captain--of Salem, came in, and seeing the pepper, took up a handful of it.

"What do you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper, "it's half peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper; "there isn't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and planged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it their universal opinion that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell you there is," said the old captain, again scooping up a handful; "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The old Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

A Soldier's Yarn.

A dozen of the officers of the Army of the Potomac had dined together, and one of them who had served in the Mexican war, suddenly exclaimed:

"I saw the thing myself, I tell you." He had been telling a yarn and D. doubted it.

"What's that, Charley?" cried a half dozen voices.

"Why, here's D. making very faces at a short story I told him about the Mexican war."

"Let's have it. Come, story or death!" was the general exclamation.

"Because, you see, when a man doubts my veracity, gentlemen--"

"Come, Charley, no nonsense. The story."

"Well, if you will have it, your sins be on your own heads.

"I was going up with an escort of dragoons from Vera Cruz to Jalapa. Among the party was a greenhorn from the West, who was remarkable only for an extraordinary fondness for eggs. A very stopping-place along the road, the first thing he did was to search the peasants' huts and their environs for a supply of his favorite edible. To such a degree was his mania carried, that some of us hinted to him one day that 'the only feather he would ever have in his cap' would be a chicken feather.

"Things went on quietly enough, and we went on in the same manner. Eggs, as we unanimously named our friend, getting on, too, famously, and causing a fit of astonishment in every one of our Mexican hosts and hostesses by the unwary display of his peculiar passion.

"At length our journey approached its end. The last night we spent on the road was at a ranchero's habitation. Eggs, after ransacking, managed to procure a couple of dozen specimens of his favorite esculent. He had one dozen cooked for his supper, devoured them, and placed the other dozen in a bit of carpet by his blanket-bed, reserving them for his breakfast. Soon every man of us, except the sentries, were fast asleep. I was thrown near our greenhorn, and during the night was frequently disturbed by strange sounds coming from his neighborhood. Suddenly I felt my arm shaken, and a hoarse whisper in my ear awoke me. Day was breaking; it was sufficiently light to distinguish objects clearly. A sign to keep silent restrained my exclamations of surprise as I beheld all my comrades sitting up, each on his own blanket, and all looking towards 'Eggs.' He was still fast asleep. And what do you think we saw? Why, two old hens were industriously engaged in smashing 'Eggs' reserved eggs, whilst a dozen more were squatted all over his stomach trying to hatch those he had swallowed at supper!"

Just then the drums beat for the dress parade, and the company separated.

The Impeachment Project.

The New York Times (Rep.) says: "The premature death of the impeachment agitation is indicated by the fact that no quorum of the Judicial Committee could be found on Wednesday at Washington. The ardent impeachers were all absent; two out of the three members who actually came to the trying place being Democrats. If the other members drag themselves to the committee-rooms it will scarcely be with any great confidence in the success of their undertaking. Events have passed them by. Before they could get their impeachment fairly in motion the campaign for the next Presidency would absorb the attention of the public, and the impeachers would be discovered wrangling among each other over a *caput mortuum*. The people would not be disposed to take an interest in a contest for the removal of President Johnson on the very eve of being called on to elect his successor. Besides, these extreme measures are dangerous at a juncture like the present, since it is not to the interest of any party to risk making more enemies than necessary. Even 'advanced' Radicals cannot afford to indulge in false steps. The Judiciary Committee might as well turn its attention to some subject in which its labors would be of benefit to the public."

Evils to Tobacco Chewers.

The other day at Toledo, Ohio, a cattle dealer received pay for a steer, which had been sold to a butcher, and rolling the greenbacks into a small wad, put them into his tobacco box. Shortly after he extracted, as he thought, a portion of the tobacco, but with all his mastication could expectorate none of the savory juices, and finally took his quid out of his mouth to look at it, when he found he had been chewing his roll of greenbacks. He stood aghast for a moment and then burst out: "Cuss the luck! a whole steer at one chew!"

Lysander Spooner has issued at Boston a pamphlet entitled "No Treason," in which he maintains the proposition that the South was not guilty of treason under the Federal Constitution. Mr. Spooner will be remembered as the able abolition law writer who controverted the Garrisonian theory, that the Constitution was a pro-slavery instrument. He is the only legal writer whom Wendell Phillips ever deemed worthy of his steel--for he is the only author he ever replied to by a book.

GUN COTTON.--It is announced that a French chemist, by combining gun cotton with ammonia, has succeeded in obviating the danger of explosion from spontaneous combustion in gun cotton.

Moral Courage--A Thrilling Incident.

General Sherman says the greatest demand ever made upon his moral courage was under the following circumstances:

The citizens of San Francisco were celebrating the Fourth of July in the large American Theater, which was packed to its utmost capacity. General Sherman was chief marshal, and occupied a seat near the front of the stage. The orator had completed his oration, the poet began his song when one of his aids, white with fear, made his way down the middle aisle, to the footlights, and beckoning the General's ear, whispered to him that the theater had settled a foot and a half in one of its side walls, under the weight of the crowd, and might be expected at any moment to tumble on their heads in ruins. The General commanded him to sit down where he was without turning his panic-stricken face to the audience, and to say not one word.

He then quietly sent an aid out to report the condition of the wall, then gave his apparent attention to the poem, expecting every moment, as he said, to see the pillars reeling and the roof falling in; but nevertheless, certain that any general and sudden movement and fright of the people would hasten the catastrophe and aggravate the ruin, while by the ordinary slow method of dispersion the danger might possibly be escaped. The exercises continued calmly to the close.

The audience left the theater quietly, without suspecting their peril, and the terrible destruction was averted by the presence of mind, the self control of the brave soul who, contemplating at one glance all the possibilities of the case decided the policy of duty, and awaited without one betraying glance, or treacherous change of complexion, the uncertain tremendous consequences.

Irrefragable Proof.

A gentleman of festive taste, who takes a "fair shake" at all the obtainable pleasures of the town, last week assisted at a heavy dinner, took much potable, and did not leave for home until ever-so-many o'clock. On reaching his door-steps and fishing up his night key, he became satisfied that he was essentially convulsed, and not precisely in that condition which a good husband should be to meet a good wife. Cautiously entering the hall, he stopped, listened a moment, heard no noise, and congratulated himself that the family were asleep. Quietly he took off overcoat, drew off boots, turned off hall light, slowly ascended stairs to family bed-room, hesitated at door, believed he was reasonably right, stealthily entered, found gas turned low, wife apparently asleep, thought she was asleep, sat down, listened again, no stir; began to undress; gets coat, vest, pants, drawers, stockings all safely off; was journeying carefully toward couch when wife of his bosom quietly asked:

"Coming to bed, dear?"
"Yes, love."
"Well, dear, hadn't you better take off your hat?"

During the last stage of the war, says the Richmond Enquirer, whilst the Confederate army was retreating through South Carolina, Sergeant McD-- of Western North Carolina, was sent on detail to the town of M-- where a regiment of home guards were stationed. These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him eagerly inquiring the news. "News!" said Maek, solemnly, "I believe 'there's none. Yes there is a little, too, but it's not of much importance; old Hades burnt up a regiment of home guards at Florence the other day, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands." Maek walked coolly on, and no more questions were asked.

The king of Sweden and Norway has conferred upon Captain John Ericsson, the well known inventor of the iron monitors, the Grand Cross of Swedish Order of the Polar Star; Mr. Ericsson is a Swede by birth, but an American by adoption.

The first trotting match between Dexter and Lady Thorn takes place on May 25th, for \$2,000. The owner of Lady Thorn has offered to match her against the stallion George M. Patchen, jr., two races for \$2,500 a side, mile heats, the first to harness and the second to wagon.

The price of cats are said to be advancing in Paris on account of the excellent soup which they make when killed and cooked. Many visitors to the great Exposition will be treated to cat soup under some Frenchified name, and think it is delicious.

Justice is in danger in Texas. A Judge in that State writes that no Court will be held in his county this spring, because the Indians have stolen all the horses, and neither lawyers nor clients can procure conveyances.

"I do not wish to say anything