# Gallipolis Journal.

WM. H. NASH, Proprietor.] "Truth and Justice." [$2 00 In Advance

Volume XXXIII. GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, MARCH 26, 1868. Number 19.



## MILLINERY.

**Miss L. HILL,**

DEALER IN

Straw, Silk, Fancy and MILLINERY GOODS,

CREUZET'S CORNER,

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Jan. 16, 1868.—tf.

## FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

AND

## HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS!

In large quantities; better assortment and at as LOW OR LOWER PRICES than can be found elsewhere. May always be found at Hayward & Fuller's Extensive Ware-rooms.

OUR Building constructed expressly for this business, is kept full of goods by receipts from almost every boat that lands at our wharf.

We have the goods and *will not be undersold*. Do not be persuaded to purchase without examining our stock. Corner of Third and State Streets.

HAYWARD & FULLER.

May 30, 1867.

## GALLIA MEAT MARKET!

## NEWTON & CO,

**BUTCHERS**

AND DEALERS IN

FRESH MEATS—OF ALL KINDS

Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Shoulders and Bacon, Pickled-Pork, Lard, Fresh Pork, Sausage, Bologna Sausage, Dried Beef, Poultry and Game.

STEAMBOATS SUPPLIED.

LANGLEY'S BUILDING, GALLIPOLIS, O.

Nov. 21, 1867.

## ROBINSON & BAILEY,

Wholesale Grocers,

LOWER SIDE

Public Square,

Gallipolis, Ohio.

Jan. 1, 1867.

## FIRST NATIONAL BANK

**GALLIPOLIS.**

EDWARD DELETOMBE, PRESIDENT,

L. PERRY, VICE PRESIDENT

GEO. W. JACKSON, CASHIER.

**Capital Stock, $100,000.**

DIRECTORS:—

EDWARD DELETOMBE, ROBERT BLACK, REUBEN ALESHIRE, L. PERRY, I. R. CALOHAN, DR. S. C. BAILEY.

Buys Gold, Silver, U. S. Bonds, Coupons and Government securities of all kinds.

Bank open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

HENKING'S BUILDING, UP STAIRS.

GEO. W. JACKSON, Cashier.

Feb. 15, 1866.

## PAINTS! PAINTS

White Lead,
Linseed Oil,
Spirits Turpentine,
Benzine,
Varnish,
Paint Brushes,
Window Glass,
&c., &c.,

For sale at Sanns' Drug Store.

April 12, '66-tf.

## Come One, Come All!

—TO—

## FRANK & MOCH'S CLOTHING STORE.

Just Arrived with a Large Stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING, AND

**Piece Goods**

FROM THE EAST;

WHICH WILL BE SOLD

*LOWER THAN EVER!*

AT J. C. PRIESTLEY'S OLD STAND.

Also, having a GOOOD CUTTER in connection, will suit everybody in Price and Fit.

*No Fit, No Sale!*

Come all and save your money! We have the Largest Stock kept in this city, at

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Oct. 24, 1867.—3m.

## NATIONAL HOUSE.

*Corner of Third and Grape Streets.*

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

THIS neat and commodious House having been thoroughly renovated and refurnished, is now open for the reception and accommodation of the public under the charge of

*JOHN DUNN, late of the Remington House, Pomeroy, O.,*

Who from his long experience in the business feels assured that he will be able to satisfy the most fastidious.

The Stage leaves this House daily for the Railroad. J. DUNN.

June 21 1866.

## Wanted, Furs.

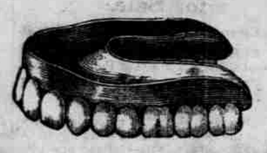
SUCH as Mink, Raccoon, Red Fox, Grey Fox, Wild Cat, and Musk Rat. Also, Deer and Sheep skins. For which I will pay a reasonable price in cash.

Call at Neal's store, Public Square, Gallipolis, Ohio.

F. M. HOLLOWAY.

Jan. 9, 1868.

## DENTISTRY!



## DR. D. W. CLANCEY

tenders his professional services to the citizens of Gallia county and vicinity. Has all the essential modern improvements and is prepared to do anything coming within the province of Dental Surgery. Special attention paid to *Filling Teeth* and Dental therapeutics.

**Teeth Extracted**

*WITHOUT PAIN!*

by the use of PROTOXIDE of NITROGEN (*Laughing Gas*) and SPRAY OF ETHER.

Satisfaction as represented, or no pay.

OFFICE:—Public Square, one door from Bailey & Maguet's Drug Store.

Office hours, from 8 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M. Those coming from a distance will be waited on any time.

Dec. 12, 1867.

## WM. S. NEWTON, M. D.,

Attends Calls in the City,

*AT ALL HOURS.*

*Particular Attention given to Surgery.*

OFFICE:—IN POST-OFFICE.

Gallipolis, Nov. 7, 1867.

**Dr. BLAGG'S**

[redacted]

Oct 11, 1866.—tf

## HENRY HOUSE,

*BOOK AGENT,*

—AND DEALER IN—

CINCINNATI Dailies, Weekly and Monthly Periodicals, School Books, Stationery and Notions.

SECOND STREET, ABOVE STATE.

GALLIPOLIS OHIO.

Dec. 14; 1865.

## WAGONS! WAGONS!! WAGONS!!!

TO BE HAD AT

## MEIKLE'S WAGON SHOP,

NEAR THE WOOLEN FACTORY,

ALWAYS READY TO HITCH TO.

**Prince's Metallic Paint**

STILL ON HAND.

Sept. 5, 1867.

## R. ALESHIRE & CO.,

DEALERS IN

## Flour, Wheat,

**Mill-Feed, &c.**

## CASH FOR WHEAT!

**EUREKA MILLS,**

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

May 9, 1867.-tf.

## American House!

THIS HOUSE, situated on Locust Street, opposite the Court House, is always open for the accommodation of day and week boarders, on terms as reasonable as any house in the city.

C. D. WALL.

Dec. 19, 1867.—tf.

## Dr. J. A. VAN VLECK,

THANKFUL for past patronage in the Dental Profession, for the past fourteen years in Gallipolis, takes pleasure in informing his numerous friends and patrons that he has secured the latest and improved appliances for extracting Teeth without the *slightest pain.*

All kinds of Dentistry executed on the shortest notice. Terms reasonable.

Office at his residence on Front Street, opposite the Methodist Church.

Dec. 20, 1866.—tf.

## MILLINERY.

## J. HOWELL,

Dealer in Straw, and Silk Bonnets, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Silks, and

MILLINERY GOODS.

COURT-STREET, *between 2d and 3d Streets.*

N.B. Hats and Bonnets Bleached, Pressed, Lined and Trimmed, etc. [Oct. 31, 1867.

JAS. HARPER. - - JOS. DROUILLARD, JR.

## HARPER & DROUILLARD,

**Wholesale and Retail**

## GROCERS

AND

## PRODUCE DEALERS,

CORNER OF COURT AND 3D STREETS,

GALLIPOLIS, - - - OHIO.

Jan. 23, 1868.

## HENKING, ALLEMONG & CO.,

## GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

—DEALERS IN—

**Produce, Provisions, and LIQUORS.**

LOWER SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE,

## GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.

Jan. 23, 1868.

## CHEAP COAL

## Jonathan Hamilton

has put Coal down to

12½ Cents per Bushel,

and has on hand a good supply of

**Pomeroy Coal**

at the Upper end of Wharf. Thankful for past favors, he asks a continuance of the same.

Jan. 23, 1868.—tf.

## Choice Family Flour!

*Always on hand,*

At D. S. FORD'S.

Jan. 30, '68.


### *Sheriff's Sale.*

*State of Ohio, Gallia County, ss.*

By virtue of an order of sale issued by the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Gallia and State of Ohio, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, I will offer for sale at one o'clock p. m., on the 13th day of April, a. d. 1868, at the front door of the Court-house, in said county, the following lands and tenements, situate in the county of Gallia and State of Ohio, to-wit:—Beginning at the northeast corner of the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section number twenty-six (26,) in township number five (5,) of range number fifteen (15,) of Gallia and State of Ohio; thence north four rods to a dogwood 5 inches in diameter bears south 38 degrees west, a hickory 6 inches in diameter bears south 86 degrees east 31 links; running thence south thirty-six (36) chains and thirteen (13) links to a corner at Raccoon creek in section twenty-five (25,) in the township and range aforesaid; thence up said creek to a corner from which a sourwood 12 inches in diameter bears north 82 degrees east 16 links, and a sugar tree 6 inches in diameter bears north 42 degrees east 8 links; thence north 65 degrees east twenty-seven chains and fifty links (27c. 50l.) to the line between the said sections nos. twenty-five and twenty-six (25, 26;) thence north 57 degrees east twenty (20) chains; thence north 49 degrees east to the northwest corner of the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of said sec. no. twenty-six (26;) thence north to corner no. 6 in the plat and record of the proceeding, in the partition hereinafter referred to, on the quarter line of said section where a white oak 8 inches in diameter is a corner tree; thence south 45 deg's east to the north line of said southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of said sec. no. twenty-six (26;) thence east to the place of beginning; containing 42 acres and fifty hundredths of an acre in said southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of said sec. no. twenty-six (26,) and sixteen acres and eighty hundredths of an acre in the southeast corner of the southwest quarter of said sec. no. twenty-six (26,) and two acres in the southwest corner of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of said section no. twenty-six (26,) and eighty-eight acres and forty-four hundredths of an acre in the middle of the north side of said sec. no. twenty-five (25,) making one hundred and forty-nine acres and seventy-four hundredths of an acre (149.74) in all, more or less—being the same premises heretofore to-wit:—In the year 1849, in a certain proceeding in the Court of Common Pleas, in and for said county of Gallia, and State of Ohio, for the partition of real estate, wherein James W. Rader was petitioner and Elizabeth Rader, Mary Elizabeth Rader and William C. Rader were defendants, which was set off and assigned to the said James W. Rader to hold in severally, and were surveyed and platted, and which survey and plat were duly returned to said court and recorded, and now remain of record in the Clerk's office of said court, in vol. no. 3, pages 287, 288, 289, 290 and 291 of the chauncery records, to which said record of said plat, survey and assignment, reference may be had for a more particular description of said premises.

Appraised at the sum of $4,500.00. To be sold as the Property of James W. Rader and wife, at the suit of John Priestly. Terms of sale—cash in hand.

Given under my hand officially, this 10th day of March, a. d. 1868.

R. BLAZER, S. G. C. O.

March 12, 1868.]

### *Sheriff's Sale.*

*State of Ohio, Gallia County, ss.*

By virtue of an order of sale issued by the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the county of Gallia and State of Ohio, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, I will offer for sale at one o'clock p. m., on the 13th day of April, a. d. 1868, at the front door of the Court-house, in said county, the following lands and tenements, described as follows, to-wit:—The northeast quarter of the northeast quarter of section twenty-eight, township no. four, and range sixteen, and northwest quarter of the northwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section twenty-seven (27,) town four (4,) of range sixteen (16,) containing one hundred and twenty acres.

Appraised at the sum of eighteen hundred dollars. To be sold as the property of John S. Riddle, at the suit of John Ecker. Terms of sale—cash in hand.

Given under my hand officially, this 10th day of March, a. d. 1868.

R. BLAZER, S. G. C. O.

March 12, 1868.]

### *Sheriff's Sale.*

*State of Ohio, Gallia County, ss.*

PURSUANT to the command of an order of sale issued by the Court of Common Pleas, within and for the county of Gallia and State of Ohio, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county of Gallia, I will offer for sale, at the front door of the Court-house, in the city of Gallipolis, in said county of Gallia and State of Ohio, on the 28th day of March, a. d. 1868, at the hour of one o'clock p. m., the following lands and tenements, situate in the said county of Gallia, and State of Ohio, to-wit:—Twenty-eight and one-half acres in section seven (7,) town six (6,) range fifteen (15,) bounded and described as follows:—Commencing at a gum tree on the south line of said section 68½ rods east of the southwest corner of said section; thence north 9 degrees west fifty-six poles to a stake; thence north 36 deg's west thirty-six poles to a stake; thence north 57 deg's east eighteen poles to a stake; thence north 4 degrees west forty-seven poles to a stake on the north line of a hundred acre lot heretofore deeded by David Womeldorff to Joseph Fletcher; thence south 74 deg's east forty-eight and a half poles to a stake; thence south 5 deg's west one hundred and twenty-eight poles to the section line; thence west fourteen poles to the place of beginning, except the grounds now occupied as a burying ground. Appraised at the sum of $400.00. To be sold as the property of Joseph Smith and wife, at the suit of John A. Rodgers. Terms of sale—cash in hand.

Given under my hand officially, this 25th day of February, a. d. 1868.

RICHARD BLAZER, Sheriff of G. C. O.

Feb. 27, 1868.


GENUINE FRENCH GLASS FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS—on hand and for sale, by HAYWARD & FULLER.

July 11, '67.


### The Suicidal Cat.

There was a man named Furguson,
He lived on Market street,
He had a speckled Thomas cat
That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice and sich,
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
And climb upon a cheer,
And there he'd sit and lick hisself
And purr so awful queer,
That Ferguson would yell at him;
But still he'd purr-severe.

And then he'd climb the moonlit fence,
And loaf around and yowl,
And spit, and claw another cat
Alongside of the jowl;
And then they both would shake their tails,
And jump around and howl.

Oh this here cat of Ferguson's
Was fearful then to see;
He'd yell precisely like he was
In awful agony;
You'd think a first-class stomach-ache,
Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,
Waked by the horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babes
To find some worrying pin;
And still this vigorous cat would keep
A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,
'Twas more than he could bear,
And so he hurled his boot-jack out,
Right through the midnight air;
But this vociferous Thomas cat,
Not one cent did he care—

For still he yowled and kept his fur
A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a doublin' up
As far as it would bend,
As if his hopes of happiness
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine,
And waitin' to attack
A cat upon the other fence,
There came an awful crack;
And this here speckled Thomas cat
Was busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,
There lay his old feline.
And not a life was left in him,
Although he had had nine.
"All this here comes," said Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."

MORAL.

Now all you men whose tender hearts
This painful tale does rack,
Just take this moral to yourselves,
All of you, white and black;
Don't ever go, like this here cat,
To settin' up your back!

### EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Blifkins, removing his pipe from his mouth, and looking at the young fellow from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordon was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he colored and looked confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing look.

"Yes, sir, I spoke to Miss Mary last evening, and she—she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at his abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you——"

"I know—" Luke Jordon, but I am a rich man, ted that you ask my girl to marry *you*, not your property. What guarantee can you give me in case it should be swept away—as it is in thousands of instances—that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains; do you know how to use them?—Again I ask, what can you *do?*"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the question without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college; have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought——"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir, my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit, I would not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation, and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong able-bodied man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man after a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. Now I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in the town, and she hasn't thrown them away; but it she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia and all manner of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright, rosy-cheeked lass that she is. I did not say that she should marry no lad that had been crushed by a rich father; but I'll tell ye what I'll do. Go to work and prove yourself a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, so it be honest; and then come to me and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket, and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Blifkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate—their usual trysting place.—The smiling light faded from her eyes, as she noticed his sober, discomfitted look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I am not sure but what he is about right," she resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me that every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she added softly:

"Never mind, I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordon suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates.—But wherever he went, he carried with him in his exile these words, which were like a tower of strength to his soul: "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Blifkins was propping up the grape-vine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burdens, a neat looking cart drove up, from which Luke Jordon alighted with a quick, elastic spring, quite in contrast to his former easy, leisurely movements.

"Good morning, Mr. Blifkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" inquired the old man, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride; "and I challenge any cooper in the State to beat them."

Mr. Blifkins examined them critically one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot.—"What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you, after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade, after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly?" bawled Mr. Blifkins, thrusting his head in the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round, white arms were bared above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and loving as she always did, wherever she was found. She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then turning upon her father, waited dutifully, to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Molly, this young-man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em; but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, whatever bargain you make your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Blifkins said this, he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can be readily conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordon turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and on the shrewdest but every year, he delights his father-in-law by some specimen of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

"SHE ALWAYS MADE HOME HAPPY."—A plain marble in a New England churchyard bears this brief inscription: 'She always made home happy." This epitaph was penned by a bereaved husband, after sixty years of wedded life.

He might have said of his departed wife, she was beautiful and accomplished and an ornament to society, and yet not have said she made home happy. He might have added, she was a Christian, and not have been able to say: "She always made home happy."

What a rare combination of virtues and graces this wife and mother must have possessd! How wisely she must have ordered her house! In what patience she must have possessed her soul!

How self-denying she must have been!

How tender and loving! How thoughtful for the comfort of all about her!

Her husband did not seek happiness in public places, because he found purer and sweeter enjoyment at home. Her children, when away, did not dread to return, for there was no place for them so dear as home. There was their mother, thinking of them, and praying for them, and longing for their coming.

When tempted, they thought of her.

When in trouble they remembered her kind voice and her ready sympathy.

When sick, they must go home: they could not die away from their dear mother.

This wife and mother was not exempt from the cares common to her place.

She toiled; she suffered disappointment and bereavements; she was submissive and cheerful. The Lord's will concerning her was her will; and so she passed away, leaving this sweet remembrance behind her: "*She always made home happy.*"

A man boasted of having eaten forty-nine hard-boiled eggs. "Why did you not eat one more and make fifty?" asked Jeems. "Humph!—You want a man to make a hog of himself, just for one egg?"

An Irishman who had lain sick a long time, was one day met by the parish priest, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Patrick, I am glad you have recovered—but were you not afraid to meet your God?" "Och, no, your riverence, it was the meetin' of the other chap I was afeard uv," replied Pat.

An Irishman once asked to define an Irish bull; to which he replied, "When ever you see two cows lying down in a field, the one that is standing up is a bull."

### The Onderdonk Iniquity.

The Cincinnati *Chronicle*, the new evening paper recently started in Cincinnati, enters the following indignant protest against this peculiarly democratic wickedness:—

"Democratic devotion to the Constitution and the laws has had a fresh illustration in the Ohio Senate. Mr. Jones has been excluded from that body, and Mr. Onderdonk, the Democratic contestant, has been substituted in his stead by the Democratic majority, in bold, direct and shameless defiance of the Constitution and the law.

It was a case admitting of no plausible pretext, in any form—no doubt or vagueness from which to extract any soothing balm for the conscience of the partisan who thus palpably violated his official oath.—Every Democratic Senator voting this ostracism of Mr. Jones obeyed the party mandate, in willful and perverse disregard of his known obligations to the Constitution and the laws of his State. To assume anything less, to admit any palliation of the offense, would be an insult to the intelligence of every participant in this enormity.

The imbecile excuse set up by the managers of this business amounts, in itself, to a confession of the consciousness of fraudulent intent.—Among the voters for Mr. Jones were persons who, it is alleged, had "a visible admixture of African blood." Neither the Constitution nor the laws of the State exclude such a class of voters, or recognize such a disqualification for exercising the right of suffrage. On the contrary, it has been definitely, repeatedly, consistently, held by the Supreme Court of Ohio, by Democratic judges, as well as by Republican judges, that no such disqualification exists. The persons whose votes are now thrown out by the Senate, had as clear and undoubted a right to vote—a right well understood for years—as the palest or most intelligent citizen of the State. The question was long ago settled—settled finally and forever, while the Constitution remains as it is. The Senate, acting alone, has no power to modify any law as finally construed by the Supreme Court. Nor could the Senate and House together constitutionally enact a law disfranchising any person who has a preponderance of white blood. This the senatorial lawbreakers well know.

The offense of these voters, and the sole ground for rejecting their votes, is that they cast their ballots for Mr. Jones, a Republican, and not for Mr. Onderdonk, a Democrat. Had their suffrage been given for the latter, there would have been no thought of objecting to their votes. In the opinion of the Democratic long as it serves to [illegible] ocratic party.

We shall be glad to take note of any Democratic dissent from this action of the Democratic majority in the Senate; some decent attempt of its press, or its leaders, outside of the Legislature, or in the other branch of the Legislature, to rid itself of the responsibility for this violation of the highest law, or even some manifestation of a lingering regard for its old professed doctrines as to the supremacy of the Courts of last resort and the inviolability of the Constitution; but we fear that enough of virtue no longer remains in the Democratic party to warrant the hope of even a single vigorous Democratic protest against the Onderdonk iniquity.

### Remarkable Escape.

The following beats all the stories of remarkable escapes which we remember to have heard: "On the passage of the ship Alexander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad, about fourteen years of age, from a naturally frolicsome and mischievous disposition, became so troublesome in his pranks that he was threatened by the captain, if they were continued, that he would confine him in a water cask. Our youngster took no notice, however; and at the next offense, was put in the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. That night the ship encountered a violent storm, and, in a sudden lurch, the cask containing the boy rolled over into the sea. Fortunately, the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach, at St. Blas. Here the boy made desperate efforts to extricate himself from his prison, without success, and, in despair, gave up to die. Some cows, however, strolling on the beach, were attracted to the cask, and in walking around it, one of them—it being fly time—switched her tail in the bung-hole, which the lad grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed, and set off for life, and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach, and knocked it to smash. The boy was discovered by some fishermen on the Point, and taken to Apalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed north by way of Columbus."

Mechi, the fancy agriculturist and general utility man of science in England, pronounces against narrow chimney tops: "The narrowest part of a chimney," he says, "should be near the fire, where the rarefaction of the air is most intense, and its upward passage most rapid, and the chimney should rather increase than diminish in size upwards. As the heated air raises it loses some of its lightness. Makers of railway engines have found this out, for they make the engine chimneys funnel-shaped or bell-mouthed."

Special Correspondence to the Cin. Gazette.

### Impeachment Gossip.

WASHINGTON, March 16.

The result of the first day's work in the impeachment trial is to diffuse a general impression that the President's case is hopeless. There is, perhaps, no very palpable reason for this opinion that did not exist before; and yet it is undeniable that men who, before the proceedings of last Friday, were full of doubts, are now confident of the inevitable end. Even the President's friends are despondent.—They professed to regard their case as to the violation of law in the Stanton matter as perfect; and as to the offenses charged in the final articles, they reckoned largely on the delay for witnesses, and the chances for interminable legal arguments. On the whole, they felt sure for a long trial, the dying out of the popular impulse upon the Senate, the action of lawyers, doubts in the minds of Conservative Senators; the chances for helping the judgment of the hesitating ones, by the promise of foreign missions or judgeships for life. But as the President's counsel came out from the Court, in which they had set forth, on the faith of their professional character, the absolute necessity of forty days' delay, and had received only ten, men read in their disappointed countenances the first conviction that Mr. Johnson's case was really hopeless, even in the eyes of his defenders.

### A Prudent Imposter.

The famous Jemima Wilkinson, who, with a number of her followers, had fixed her residence at the head of Seneca lake, announced to them, that on a certain day she would walk on the water. Hundreds collected on the shore of the lake, and she thus addressed them:

"My dear friends, it will be of no use for me to attempt to perform this miracle, unless you have faith. Say, do you verily believe that I can perform it?"

"Certainly, certainly," answered a hundred voices.

"Very well," replied the prudent imposter, "if you believe it, that is enough—there is no need of my doing it, and we will go quietly to our homes."

### Prize Fighting A Penitentiary Offense.

The Ohio Senate by a vote of twenty-six to one has passed the House bill for the prevention of prize fighting within the limits of Ohio. The bill provides that all persons engaged as principles in any prize fight shall be liable on conviction to imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a period of not less than one nor more than ten years, and that [illegible] from fifty to five hundred dollars and to imprisonment from ten days to three months.

This is wholesome and well-timed legislation, and we trust will be efficacious in preventing the repetition on our soil of those beastly and brutal exhibitions which have disgraced the civilization of the age. Some of the Senators were particularly severe on the Cincinnati press for publishing and circulating among the youth of the land the corrupting details of these prize fights. This prize-ring literature has never found a place in this journal. If we can not publish an acceptable newspaper without filling it with accounts of all the rape cases and prize fights in the country, we shall retire from the business.—*O. S. Journal.*

The Janesville (Wis.) *Gazette* tells the following good one of our stuttering and exceedingly witty friend, Lute Taylor, of the Prescot (Wis.) *Journal*: Last winter Lute was traveling in the stage with a party of gentlemen, among whom was a noted Democratic politician from Minnesota, now a candidate for a State office. The day was intensely cold, and the company were obliged to stop occasionally to warm up. Halting at a little inn by the roadside, the Democrat invited Lute to take a drink of whiskey, to which he very readily assented, and as Lute was both thirsty and cold, he turned out a stiff horn, swallowed it instanter, and repaired at once to the stove to thaw out. Lute's free and easy style suited the Democrat to a det, and after freely imbibing himself, he walked up to Lute and said: "I'll bet any man ten dollars you are a Democrat." As Lute is awful Radical, this touched his pride, and he replied in his usual stammering style: "I a dvise y-you n-not to bet more m-money tha-than you wish to lose. I h-have the symptoms, but not the disease."

An old hermit, who has gone by the name of Dunks, and lived at Albion, Mich., for thirty-five years, was found dead in his hut on the 2d of March. It is said that years ago he was a wealthy merchant in New York city, and was engaged to a lady, but his brother became his rival, and secured her hand. The deserted lover then betook himself to the wilds of Michigan, bought some land, built a small hut, and lived in the utmost seclusion. For clothing he used nothing but cotton bags, and in the winter he wore neither boots or shoes, always going barefoot, and he always slept in his coffin, in which he was found dead.

Rats, it is said, can not live in Alaska, because their holes freeze up as fast as the rats dig them. Naturally the rats get discouarged. At St. Thomas the earthquakes turns their holes wrong side out forty-three times a minute. This surprises the rats, and they leave on the first steamer.

### A Remarkable Story.

During the year 1864, when the hostile forces were struggling for the supremacy in and around Winchester, Mr. ——— went to Major Parsons, United States Provost Marshal, and applied for a safeguard. Gen. Fessenden was called on to fill the demand, which he did by detailing for this duty Mr. John W., of the Second N. Y. Cavalry, to whom he issued imperative orders to remain until he was relieved by proper authority. W. stood manfully by his post. The tide of battle surged about him, but his was a charmed life, for he had that authority which saved him from molestation by the "rebs." The war closed, but with it came no orders to the sentinel, and faithful to the trust confided to him, he is still at his post of duty! The case has been reported to the proper authorities, and Mr. W. will doubtless soon be excused from further safeguard duty. That he will be able to draw full pay up to the present time has, we learn, been conceded by competent military authority.—*Winchester Times.*

George Francis Train said some years ago, that he attempted to write books, and people called him a fool; that he took a prominent part in politics, and they returned the same verdict; then he undertook to uphold the American nation abroad, and he was accused of folly. "I then turned my attention," he added, "to making money; I made it, and since no one has called me a fool." Last Autumn Mr. Train attended the Jockey Club races at the Jerome Park, and bet very freely, but always, as it happened, on the losing horse. The last day, having wagered large odds on the favorite, he again lost, and, supremely disgusted, he took out his pocket-book while in the member's stand, and cried out: "I'll bet five to one I'm the biggest fool in the city or county of New York." After repeating the challenge several times, a man standng on the course immediately below looked up, and, with a portemonnaie in his hand said: "Halloo, stranger, I'll take that bet, provided your name isn't George Francis Train."

The Louisville Journal says that a high judicial officer in that city has received an anonymous letter from a conscience stricken individual in New Orleans saying that he was present in an assignation house, in this city, kept by an old negress, two years ago, when a soldier was murdered and robbed of $500, and his body thrown into a privy vault, that he (the writer) was paid hush money on the occasion, but that his conscience is so racked that he wants the matter investigated, and so soon as the body is recovered that he will come from New [illegible] document has been placed in the hands of the police, and the affair will be inquired into.

The Democrats of New Hampshire do not contemplate their defeat with the same cheerful, no-sort-of-consequence spirit displayed by their brethren in the West. The Concord *Patriot*, the most influential Democratic paper in the State, declares that the result has disappointed every body. "The Democrats," he adds, "confidently expected to reduce the Radical majority to a small figure, and hoped to win. To say that we are disappointed, that our friends are disappointed, does not begin to express our feelings." The *Patriot* knows its party did its level best, and now stands no more chance of carrying the State in November than it does of going to heaven in a basket.

LEFT HANDED.—The reason some persons are left handed is because the left hand lung or side is stronger than the right; but the reverse is the case with few exceptions and hence most people are right handed; so also the reason why one travels in a circle when lost in the forest is because the superior strength of the muscles of the right side draw the body round unless the attention is directed to some particular point.

The New York *Herald* says:—"Against all drawbacks, the Republicans of New Hampshire held their ground. They triumphed in the late election over all these obstructions in rallying under the flag of General Grant as their candidate for the next Presidency. This was, in fact, the initial fight for testing the popularity of General Grant as a Presidential candidate, and the result shows that he cannot be beaten."

'Bus driver (to conductor of opposition 'bus.) 'I've knowed yer ever since you was born. I knowed yer mother; she had two on yer at that time. One was a very nice little boy, t'other was a half idiot—a sort of brown paper feller. The werry nice little boy died werry young, he did."

A Berkshire paper says that a fellow in that vicinity went courting his girl on Monday evening, and wishing to be conversational, observed: "The thermonkron is twenty degrees below zelon this evening."—"Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kind of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

"Madam, a good many persons were disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby." "Well, I do wonder that such people will go to concerts."

Last Wednesday, near Ironton, Ohio, a wagon load of iron upset, and a bar of iron fell upon the head of a boy named Lewis Sutton, killing him instantly.