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BY WILCOX & GREENE.

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EVERY VARIETY OF

JOB PRINTING

NEATLY AND QUICKLY DONE.

The Fremont Weekly Journal.

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FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1867.

Business Directory.

I. O. G. T.

THE REGULAR Communications of the Lodge of Good Templars are held in their hall in Shomo's Block, every Tuesday evening. Visiting Brothers and Sisters are invited. All who feel an interest in the cause of Temperance and the welfare of the community, are requested to join us. [34tf.]

LEGAL.

J. R. HOYT. MARION CHANCE.

HOYT & CHANCE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Buckland's New Block, FREMONT, OHIO. [34y1]

J. H. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office over D. Garvin & Co.'s Store, corner Front and Croghan streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

JOHN M. LEMMON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public. Also authorized agent for collection of all kinds of Military, Bounty, and Pension Claims, 44y1 CLYDE, OHIO.

JOHN L. GREENE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, will attend to Legal Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Particular attention paid to the collection of Claims. Soldiers' Back Pay, Bounty and Pension claims promptly attended to. OFFICE —Front, corner room, up-stairs, Tyler Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

C. W. PAGE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Notary Public, Insurance, Real Estate and General Collecting Agent for all kinds of War and Patent Claims. CLYDE, OHIO.

H. W. WINSLOW,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, will attend to Professional Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Special attention given to procuring Soldier's Pay, Bounty, and Pensions. OFFICE—Second Story Tyler's Block. FREMONT, OHIO. November, 27, 1865.

H. EVERETT. JAS. H. FOWLER.

EVERETT & FOWLER,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, and Solicitors in Chancery; will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, Second story Rockland's NEW Block. v14-n46 FREMONT, OHIO.

MEDICAL.

J. M. COREY, M D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE—Up-stairs over Lesher's Hat and Cap Store, next door to Shaw's Dental Office. FREMONT, OHIO. [oct20'65.]

H. F. BOSWORTH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office, Shomo's Block, over Post Office, Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO. 44y1

J. W. FAILING, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. *Office hours*—From 1 to 3 P.M.—Saturdays, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Particular attention paid to Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. OFFICE, *Buckland's Old Block*, second floor, FREMONT, OHIO. [April 1864.]

H. F. BAKER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office Nim's Block, over Perry Close's Grocery Store, FREMONT, OHIO. [15tf

S. B. TAYLOR, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. OFFICE—In Vallette's Block, over E R. Moore's Grocery and Crockery Store, FREMONT, OHIO. [Apl 64]

DENTISTRY.

R. M. SHAW,
DENTIST, is prepared to do all work in the Dental Profession with promptness and satisfaction to all who may need his services. He is prepared to set from a single tooth to forming complete sets for up per and lower jaws. Teeth inserted on pivot, or gold, or silver plate.—OFFICE—In Buckland's old Block, up stairs, FREMONT, OHIO. [Jan 63]

G. J. SALZMAN,
DENTIST, will be in his office, at Clyde, the last two weeks of each month, to perform all operations required in his profession. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.—Rooms at the old stand. [Oct 27, 65—43tf.] CLYDE, OHIO.

DRUGGISTS.

DR. E. DILLON & SON,
DRUGGISTS and dealers in Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Window Glass, Patent Medicines, Fancy Articles, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

C. R. McCULLOCH,
DEALER in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Fancy Goods, &c., &c., No. 3, Buckland's old Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

S. BUCKLAND & SONS,
DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Glass, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, Fancy Goods, &c., &c., No. 1, Buckland's old Block, FREMONT, OHIO.

CLOTHING.

DRYFOOS & BRO.,
DEALERS in Clothing, and Merchant Tailoring, one door north of National Bank, FREMONT, OHIO.

DRY GOODS.

BRISTOL & TAYLOR,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Domestics, White Goods, Woolen Goods, Notions &c., corner Front and State Streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

HERMON, SMITH & WILSON,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Shawls & Cloaks, White Goods, Hosiery and Gloves, Flannels, Blankets, Notions, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

EMMRICH & CO.,
DEALERS in Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, Groceries, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

WM. A. RICE,
DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats & Caps, Boots and Shoes, Merchant Tailoring, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

HARDWARE.

ROBERTS & SHELDON,
DEALERS in Hardware, Nails, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, &c., and manufacturers of Copper, Tin and Sheet-iron ware, Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

THOMPSON & CO.,
HARDWARE, Stoves, Tin, Copper and Sheet Iron Ware, Front Street FREMONT, OHIO.

CROCKERY, &C.

E. R. MOORE,
DEALER in Crockery, China and Glassware, Britannia Ware, Looking Glasses, Lamps, &c., Front Street, FREMONT, OHIO.

C. M. WADSWORTH,
DEALER in Crockery, China, Glassware, &c., Clapp's Building, FREMONT, OHIO.

HOTELS.

CROGHAN HOUSE,
FRANK N. GURNEY, Proprietor. Passengers carried to and from the House free of charge. Situate corner of State and Front Streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

PETER KESSLER. E. R. BELDING.

KESSLER'S HOUSE.
KESSLER & BELDING, Proprietors. Passengers carried to and from the House free of charge. Situate corner Front and State Streets, FREMONT, OHIO.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

A. D. WILES'
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, in St. Clair's Block, opposite the Post Office, FREMONT, OHIO.

AUCTIONEER.

J. H. HOOD,
LICENCED City and County Auctioneer. Office at C & T R R Depot, Fremont. Particular attention given to Public Vendues. P. O. Drawer, 64, FREMONT, OHIO. (51m6)

BLACKSMITHING.

I. COOKSON,
HORSE-SHOEING SHOP and Edge-Tool making, on Napoleon Street, opposite Junn & Buckland's lime-kiln, FREMONT, OHIO. 51m1.

Young America Dining Saloon.
WARM MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.
OYSTERS by the Can and half Can can always be obtained as low as can be bought elsewhere.—Come and see for yourself.
CLEVELAND & MILLIOUS.
Fremont, Dec 7, 1866—49tf

BARTLETT, BEERY & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS of Silk and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
410 Broadway, New York.
Phineas Bartlett, Philemon B. Beery, John H. Reed late of the Firm of Easton, Bates & Co,
James S. Hills, Geo W. Wilmot, Dewitt C. Davis, Seth. J. Arnold, late with Pardee, Bates & Co. 50m3pd

Boots and Shoes.

POLICY! POLICY! POLICY!

The Great Question!

OUR POLICY is certainly of more consequence to the people of this section of country, than the Policy of the President or Congress, and we propose,

As a Basis of Reconstruction,

That every Man, Woman or Child call at the Store of

HOOT & MENG,

And buy themselves a good pair of

Boots or Shoes,

AT OUR VERY LOW PRICES,

And in keeping the feet dry and warm, and head cool, they will soon discover the best plan for proceeding through the country.

OUR POLICY IS:

To buy goods of the Manufacturers, saving the Jobbers' profit. To buy Goods for Cash, saving the time per cent. To buy goods by the Package, saving 5 per cent. To buy a large stock, always having what you want. To sell goods cheaper than any other house in Ohio. To keep good goods, and warrant them. To have ONE PRICE, and SELL FOR CASH.

Having no space to enumerate our immense stock, we will only say that we have

EVERY STYLE AND VARIETY

the market affords, and have a very large amount of

Rochester, Buffalo, Boston,

AND OUR OWN MAKE OF

CUSTOM WORK.

We manufacture to order, as usual, and invite you all to inspect our magnificent stock before purchasing. We will not fail to please you in style and price. Call soon at our store in Buckland's New Block.
HOOT & MENG.
Fremont, Sept. 28, 1866.—39y1.

NEW GOODS!

VERY CHEAP AT

SMITH BRO'S.

We are now offering a new and splendid stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

For the Fall Trade at remarkably

LOW PRICES.

Profiting by past experience, which has taught everybody that prices advance as soon as the Fall Trade commences, we have been to the

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

markets earlier than common, thus securing our goods at much lower prices than can be done hereafter, and we intend giving our customers

ALL THE BENEFIT!

Give us a Call and satisfy yourselves before purchasing elsewhere.

CUSTOM WORK,

Of all kinds, and Repairing, done on short notice and warranted to give satisfaction.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS

A good supply constantly on hand at the lowest market price.

☞ Don't forget the place at the well known stand of H. LESHER.

SMITH BROTHERS,
No. 4, Buckland's Old Block.
Fremont, Aug. 31, 1866.

TOBACCONISTS.

NEW

TOBACCO

AND

Cigar Store!

No. 2,
Tyler's Block,
Opposite the Bank of Fremont,
FREMONT, OHIO.

D. H. ALTAFFER,

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Fremont and surrounding country, that he has just opened an entirely new stock of

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

which he is prepared to sell, Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest figures. He would especially invite Hotel and Saloon Keepers, to examine his goods, before purchasing elsewhere. CHEWING TOBACCO, of the best brands.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES, MATCHES, CIGAR-HOLDERS & TOBACCO POUCHES,

in endless variety, constantly on hand.

☞ City and country customers will be supplied with everything in my line of business, at reasonable prices.
Fremont, June 1, 1866.—25y1.

GEORGE CLAGHORN

Marble Hall Billiard & Dining SALOON.

(Over Perry Close's Wholesale Grocery Store.)
FREMONT, OHIO.

I TAKE GREAT PLEASURE in announcing to the public that I have ample facilities to accomodate the increased custom of the Fall and Winter Seasons, and intend that our establishment shall maintain its A No. 1 reputation.

Warm Meals at all Hours.

Farmers will find "Marble Hall" just the place to get a good square meal when they come to town with their produce.

THE LADIES' ROOM.

We have a room in Marble Hall especially fitted up as a Ladies Saloon.

OYSTERS!

Oysters served up in any styled sired. Fresh Oysters received daily by Express. Oysters for sale by the can or case.
Fremont, O., Sept. 25, 1866.—39m6.

GENTLEMEN, when you want a nice Hat, Cap, a pair of Kid or Fur Gloves or a good Beaver Muffler, Beaver or Otter Caps, you will find them all right at H. LESHER'S.

HARDWARE.

THOMPSON & CO.

Now offer for sale a Large Stock of

HARDWARE!

STOVES!

TIN, COPPER,

AND

Sheet-Iron Ware!

VERY LOW.

We have for sale one of the Cheapest

CANE MILLS!

EVER MADE!

Capable of Expressing

1700 GALLONS DAILY.

Call and Examine It!

THOMPSON & CO.

FREMONT, June 1, 1866.—22tf.

STRUCK OIL IN FREMONT

ON THE

East Side of the River!

THE undersigned has purchased the well known

TANNERY

formerly owned by Jesse Vanness, and he has enlarged the same and is now prepared to do a snug business in

THE TANNING LINE.

WANTED--300 Cords of Bark!

☞ CASH PAID FOR HIDES. ☜

Tanning done on Shares.

Strict attention paid to

CUSTOM WORK.

We solicit a share of public patronage, and will warrant our work satisfactory.
W. D. SHERWOOD.
Fremont, March 9, 1866.—10y1.

Furniture Ware Rooms.

C. W. TSCHUMY,

TAKES pleasure in announcing that he has enlarged and improved his Furniture Manufactory and Ware House Rooms, situated on the corner of

Front and Garrison Streets,

Directly opposite T. Clapp's Store, where he is prepared to supply all in want of Furniture with as good an article, and as CHEAP as any other establishment in Sandusky county. His stock consists of

Bureaus, Tables, Stands, Chairs, Bedsteads.

PARLOR FURNITURE, and in fact every article of Furniture requisite to house keeping. All description of Furniture manufactured to order and WARRANTED.

Call at my Ware Rooms.

UNDERTAKING.

I have just built a splendid HEARSE, and am prepared to accompany Funerals, furnishing COFFINS, &c., in my line. COFFINS always on hand, or made to order immediately. I have also on hand

FISK'S PATENT METALIC BURIAL CASES.

Made of Imperishable materials, enameled inside and out to prevent rust, and the exterior has a fine Rosewood finish. When properly cemented the remains of the deceased are free from irruption of water or the depredations of vermin, and may without offensive odor be kept as long as desired, thus obviating the necessity of hasty burials. I have them of all sizes.
Fremont, Jan 1864. C. W. TSCHUMY.

FOR MARKING LINNEN, &c.

The Improved Indelible Pencil,

PATENTED 1859, 1866.

Greatly Superior to Indelible Inks.
One Pencil will mark over 1,500 articles.
"Desirable, convenient, and useful.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.
For Sale by Booksellers, Stationers, Druggists, &c. Manufactured and sold at Wholesale, by
The Indelible Pencil Co.,
Northampton, Mass.
Every Pencil Warranted. Price, 50 cents. [51m1

SETTLE UP.

ALL PERSONS indebted to Dr. J. W. GROAT are requested to call and settle immediately, as the accounts will go into the hands of an agent for collection after the first of January, 1867.
Dec. 12, 1866.—50w8

Poetry.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands though old had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'T was a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived, though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered!
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else you know
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling.
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at day break boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out out of bed—
For fire i've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth
Unless you're up in the morning."

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick—tick," it said—"to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for Heavenly morning!"

Miscellaneous Selections.

THE TWO PARTINGS.

In the *National Baptist*, in which the following story appears as original, it is supplemented by a note saying that it is drawn from real life, and adding that any one wishing to verify the facts of the case can obtain the name and residence of the gentleman referred to by calling at its office, No. 530 Arch street, Philadelphia:

One winter evening, many years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come, Emma," called her mother at length; "I am afraid you forget that Mr. B. is waiting for you."

No; Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy blush that stole across her cheek testified. Her last thought, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass, had been, "This is the color which *he* likes; I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B.'s evident admiration, turned to her mother, saying, "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said the mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the brilliantly-lighted room, many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; I'd give a good deal to be able to monopolize Miss Emma as he does."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length toward its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B. was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the center of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house with a smile offered him a glass of wine.

"No, thank you; I do not drink it," was his reply.

"Pshaw! what nonsense," she returned. "No one has refused it this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just one glass; it can't hurt any one."

"I cannot do it," he answered gravely, "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady. "I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a little wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hand, and with a smile which few could have resisted, said, "Come, James, you will take just this one glass?"

"No, Emma," he answered with a powerful effort. "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home to-night, Mr. B.," said Emma, with an angry flash of her dark eye; "now take your choice."

"I must bid you good-bye then, Emma, if it comes to that," he said sorrowfully. "I would gladly do anything else for you, but that I cannot do." So saying, he bowed and turned away.

"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened that he had taken more than one glass. "Let him go, the ill-mannered fellow; who cares?"

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together.

More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B. was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma were almost forgotten.

One day a man with whom he was slightly acquainted came into his store and asked for employment.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employe who is intemperate."

"But I mean to stop all that, Mr. B.," said the man earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."

"Well," said Mr. B., partially relenting, "I will try you. Come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up, with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B. sent to his residence to ask the reason.

Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children.

Mr. B.'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and found the sick woman lying in a room almost bare of furniture; while the children, sitting on the floor by the bedside, were crying for bread. A few kind words and a promise of something to eat, soon dried their tears; and hastening to the grocery, he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood smiling at their delight, the mother burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, Mr. B., can you forgive me?"—

"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.

"Don't you remember Emma F.?—Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and your refusing it? God knows I wish I could forget it; but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before Mr. B. could realize that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly; say no more about it.—You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes, sir; in the country."

"Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes, sir," she answered sadly; "but I have no means."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B.; "as soon as you are sufficiently recovered, I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is anything else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgment; "good-bye."

This was the second parting.

Young ladies, you who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now and ask yourselves the question, whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a drunkard's wife?

Mrs. Jones, the Authoress.

BY E. T. TUCKERMAN.

On one of our earliest visits to——, the illusive charm, attached to the idea of a female author became, indeed changed to horror, from which we have never fully recovered. We were requested to escort a lady to what we understood was an ordinary social gathering. After entering a small and somewhat obscure drawing room, saluted the hostess and taking the proffered seat, we were struck with the formal arrangements of the company. They formed an unbroken row along the walls of the room, except at one end at which stood a table surmounted by an astral lamp; and in an armchair beside it, in a studied attitude, like one posed for a daguerreotype sat a woman of masculine proportions, coarse features, and the hair between yellow and red, which fell in unkempt masses down each side of her broad face. She was clad in white muslin of an antiquated fashion. We noticed that the guests cast looks, partly of curiosity, partly of uneasiness, upon this herculean female, who rolled her eyes occasionally and smiled on us all with a kind of complacent pity.

We ventured, amidst the silence, to ask our neighbor the name of the gigantic unknown. She appeared extremely surprised at the very natural question. "Why, don't you know? We're invited here to meet her, and I can assure you it is a rare privilege. That is Mrs J ones, the celebrated authoress of the 'Affianced One.'" At this moment a brisk little woman in the corner, with accents slightly tremulous, and a manner intended to be very nonchalent, broke the uncomfortable hush of the room. My dear Mrs. Jones," said she, "as one of your earliest and most fervent admirers, allow me to inquire if your health does not suffer from the intense state of feeling in which you evidently write?" The Amazonian novelist sighed—It was funny to see that operation on so large a scale—and then in a voice so like the rougher sex that we began to think she was a man in disguise, she replied: "When I reach the catastrophes of my stories, it is not uncommon for me to faint dead dead away; and, as I always write in a room by myself, it has happened more than once that I have been found stretched, miserable and cold, on the floor, with a pen grasped in my fingers, and the carpet littered with manuscript blotted with tears!"

The Siddonian pathos of the announcement sent a thrill round the circle, glances of admiration and pity were thrown upon the self-immolated victim at the shrine of letters, and other inquiries were adventured, which elicied equally impressive replies until the physiological throes of authorship—particularly in the female gender—assumed the aspect of an experience combined of epilepsy and nightmare. The tragic egotism of these revelations at length overcame our patience, and, leaving our fair companion to another escort, we slipped from the room.

A thunder-storm had arisen; the rain was pouring down in torrents; upon the door-step we encountered a very pale, thin little man, with an umbrella under his arm and a pair of over-shoes in his hand. As we passed, he addressed us in a very meek and frightened voice:

"Please; sir, is there a party here?"

"Yes."

"Please, sir, is the celebrated Mrs. Jones here?"

"Yes!"

"Please sir, do you think I could step into the entry? I'm Mr. Jones."

Percival.

The poet Percival's knowledge of women was of the least. He never dared look them in the eyes. An accidental touch of the hand of one of his love's drove him in confusion from the room. He never told his love, except in one instance, and then it was in writing. He was in love at twenty; at twenty four he adored a pupil in New York, and again at twenty-five he worshipped somebody in Berlin; and once more, in New Haven, at twenty-seven he fell in love with a young woman with a handsome face, who did not like books, and married a shoemaker.

Skating.

That skating has become fashionable exercise, is evident from the following statements as to the materials consumed during the present year, in one skate factory at Worcester; two tons of brass, 5,000 gross of screws; 50,000 brass thimbles, 1,000 lbs. of German silver, nearly six tons of rosewood, and ten tons of steel, worked up by thirty-five men and women into 25,000 pair of skates.

Seek society. Keep your friendship in repair. Answer your letters. Meet good will half way. All good men excite each other's activity. Better things are said, more decisive, more wit and insight are dropped in talk and forgotten by the speaker than get into books.

The Slippery Heels.

A skating club called the "Slippery Heels," who have a park at the East End, Cincinnati, has recently been established. No one is eligible for membership who has ever been on skates previous to the admission into the club, and none are retained who have acquired any proficiency in the art. Their evolutions are truly marvelous, the skaters appearing to use their most strenuous endeavors to skate on any other portion of their bodies except their feet. Away one goes on one knee, then another on all fours, another on his back, with both feet in the air, while another is seen going on his head.

They are constantly applying pounded ice to some portions of their bodies, as if to allay inflamation. The treatment appears to be a little rough to a causal observer, yet they persist in it. Pounding ice with the spinal base and the back of the head—sometimes with the top of the head or nose, cannot certainly be the easiest way of pulverizing that substance.

A spectator who was present the other night, asked a "Slippery Heel" why he didn't use a sledge hammer or a dile driver to pound the ice with, instead of that portion of his body that his coat-tails cover, and spectators would have been pounded worse than the ice was, if the "Slippery Heel" could have caught him, which he couldn't, of course, although the spectator was a cripple and on crutches.

The President of the Slippery Heels is a man whose head has been whitened by the frosts of many winters, and cracked by the concussion of many *falls*, yet he skates a little worse, if anything, than he did when he first put himself upon runners. He has held office ever since the Club started. He had to run against several candidates, but he beat 'em all. He is used to running against people. He never skates without running against everybody on the ice. In fact, he can run against anybody except against the wind. None of the "Slippery Heels" can do that.

One member was seen to do it once, and he was ejected from the Park as soon as the indignant S. H's. could catch him, which they didn't do until they had taken their skates off. They can't catch anything with skates on—they can't even catch cold.

It is ammusing to see a "Slippery Heel" try to do the agreable to a lady on skates. He attempts to take her hand and lead her gently forth (or fifth, as the numerical case may be,) when the treacherous irons run back without any apparent reason, and in his efforts to prevent falling back upon his nose, he paws the air like an idolator trying to propitiate his wooden god. Regaining his equilibrium, he cautiously approaches her again, and contrives to get possession of her hand. He studies his steps very closely—*minces* them, as you might say.

It is a sort of "little boats must keep near the shore" style of skating. He detects the foot nearest her in a vicious attempt to trip the lady up, and just barely frustrates it. Then the other foot asserts its independence—or, perhaps, don't like to associate with a foot that would try to trip a lady—and starts off on a little expedition of its own. A good deal of difficulty is encountered in persuading the foot to abandon so rash a step. And so they go. He fears to strike on—sure to strike on his nose—and if he stands still down he drops.

They think seriously of having the ice cushioned so as to break the fall. Several have adopted the ingenious expedient of strapping their skates on their knees. In this way they don't have so far to fall by two feet and a half of a leg at least. They don't need to practice skating backward, all being *backward* skaters from the first.

If a member is caught in the act of falling, no one is allowed to catch him.

Cold water is the only beverage allowed. As soon as two "Slippery Heels" or a pair of them, if you will—*fall in* together, the *ice* being broken, they go in cold water, *all over*.

"My dear, you are duck," says a masculine "Slippery Heel," languishing (on skates) in an enamored way by the side of his *inamorata*.

"My dear, you are a *ducking*," replies the lady as he glides into an air hole, and disappears. "Lost to sight, to memory, oh dear!"

We are promised the rules of the "Slippery Heels," which we shall take pleasure in publishing.

A Capital Ghost Story.

That apparitions do not always wander without sufficient cause, is proved by the well attested fact which we give below:

Last fortnight, as Mrs.——, a lady of rather literary taste and studious habit, sat reading in the drawing room, the clock on the mantle piece struck *twelve!* as the last stroke reverberated through the apartments, the door was flung wide open! In the act of raising her head to repel the intruder (unrung for) or her servant her eyes rested on the form of her late husband! She screamed and fell senseless on the carpet! This brought up such members of the family as had not retired to rest; restoratives were administered, and when Mrs. ——had regained her suspended faculties, and being a woman of strong mind and highly cultivated intellect, she felt disposed to consider the whole distress she had undergone as the result of certain associations between a melancholy tale she had perused and her late loss, operating on a partially deranged nervous system. She, however, considered it advisable that her servant should repose in her chamber, lest any return of what she considered nervous affection should distress herself and alarm the family.

Last Tuesday night, feeling stronger and better in spirit than she had been for some time past, Mrs.——dispensed with the presence of her attendant; retiring alone, to her chamber, went to bed a little before ten o'clock. Exactly as the clock struck *twelve* she was awakened from sleep, and distinctly beheld the apparition she had before seen, advancing from the table, on which stood her night lamp, until it stood opposite to and drew aside the curtains of the bed. She describes her very blood retreating with icy chillness to her heart from every vein. The countenance of her beloved in life wore not its benevolent aspect; the eyes once beaming with affection were now fixed with stern regard on the trembling, half dissolved being who, with the courage of desperation, thus abjured him "Charles! dear Charles! why are you come again?"

"Jessie," slowly and solemnly aspirated the shadowy form, waving in his hand a small roll of writing paper, "Jessie, pay my newspaper accounts, and let me rest in peace!"

Political & General Reading.

Whipping and Selling American Citizens.

Our readers will have observed a late order of General Sickles, forbidding the public whipping of men in his military department. Governor Worth, of North Carolina, went to Washington to protest against this action of General Sickles, and he states in his Message that the State was "astonished" at the prohibition "to execute the laws which have existed with us and our ancestors for many hundred years." The President, after hearing Governor Worth, promptly annulled the order of General Sickles, and thereby directed that the public flogging of men should be resumed in a part of the country in which there is no valid authority but that of the United States.

Now that we may all understand exactly what it is that General Sickles forbade and the President permits, we refer them to the private testimony which we received from a gentleman lately connected with a court-martial sitting in Raleigh, North Carolina. He states that *every day* during about a *month*, while the state court was recently sitting at Raleigh, there was a crowd of nearly five hundred people outside the court-house witnessing the public whipping of colored men as fast as they were convicted and sentenced to be whipped by the Court; and to see the victims of the same court sold at auction for a term of years—three years being the usual term. He says that the people were exultant when the President's order came prohibiting the soldiers from interfering with this treatment of the colored people. He knew one case in which *three hundred* lashes were laid on.

The same gentleman states that this sentence of whipping operates in North Carolina as a civil disqualification, so that none of these victims, according to the local law, could ever vote, even if the suffrage was extended to colored men. They are disqualified in advance.

Thus the freedmen are still pursued and sacrificed by the ancient laws of Slavery, and thus the rage of the baffled rebellion expends itself upon the most helpless and unfortunate of the population. Yet all these tragedies should constantly remind us that the late dominating class in the Southern States are poisoned to the very marrow by the system of Slavery; and that no duty of this nation is now so solemn and paramount as to take care that the late slaves shall not be tortured. No plea of State law or local law; no fear of national intervention or centralization or consolidation should prevent the people of the United States from protecting those who are hated and persecuted because of their fidelity to the Government. If for a single year the white people of the late rebel States should be made to suffer what the colored people there have endured for generations the world would cry out with shame and horror. The President of the Georgia Senate, in some recent insolent remarks upon the question of reorganization, haughtily said that even the worm may turn. Let him ponder his words. Let him, and all for whom he speaks, understand clearly that such words in the mouths of those who, after the most unspeakable crime, are offered the most unprecedented clemency, are amusing; but in the mouths of those who are guilty of the most intolerable meanness and tyranny toward others such words are indescribable.

General Sickles may be very sure that his wise and humane order has not lost him any friends among the loyal people of this country. And the President may be equally sure that he has not gained any by his conduct in that matter.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Not far from True.

SENATOR WILSON, in the debate on the District of Columbia Equal Suffrage bill predicted some of the results of that measure of justice in the following terms.

"Give the negro the right of suffrage in this District, and before a year passes round you will see Mayor Wallach, and aldermen, and common councilmen attending their schools, making speeches to them at their meetings. You will see these men, who voted that they should not have the right to vote, running after them and inquiring after the health of their wives and children. These negroes will then be just as sweet as anybody else. [Laughter.] I do not think the senator from Kentucky (Mr Davis) will be examining their pelvis or shins, or making speeches about the formation of their lips or the angle of their foreheads on the floor of the Senate. You will then see the Democracy, with the keen scent that always distinguishes that party, on the hunt after the votes of these black men, [laughter]; and if they treat them better than the Republicans do they will probably get their votes, and I hope they will.

"And it will be just so down in the rebel states. Give the negroes of Virginia the right to vote, and you will find Wise, and Letcher, and the whole tribe of the secessionists undertaking to prove that from the landing at Jamestown in 1620 the first families of the Old Dominion have always been the champions and the special friends of the negroes of Old Virginia, and that there is a great deal of kindred between them [laughter] that they are relations, brethren; that the same red blood courses in the veins of many of them. They will establish all these things, perhaps, by affidavits. [Laughter.] And I say to you, sir, they will have a good opportunity to get a good many of their votes, for in these respects they have the advantage of us poor Republicans.

"You will find that the school houses will spring up. No representative will come from Virginia and boast that he has not a newspaper in his district after that. The cause of education, the cause of liberty will be advanced everywhere by it. If these black men, whose rights I have advocated for thirty years, and mean to advocate, no matter how they vote, shall hereafter be better treated, their rights better secured by those who went into the rebellion to establish slavery forever, those who opposed their enfranchisement, I shall be content."

Many persons, especially ladies, are ignorant of the proper place in which to drive a nail in a wall when desiring to hang a picture, &c. Examine the wainscoting around the bottom of the wall and where you find the heads of the nails that have secured it to the wall, immediately over it from the bottom upwards will be the only place wherein to find a firm footing for a nail.

A Little Nonsense.

A patient is in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor isn't.

Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink?

Steam has been defined as a bucket of water in a tremendous pressipiration.

We may joke when we please, if we are always careful to please when we joke.

Pharaoh's daughter found a rich basket, but there was mighty little prophet in it.

An Irish witness described a hog as having no particular ear-marks, except a very short tail.

"I say, what are you about,—sweeping out the room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping out the dirt."

The son who recently had a fifty acre lot left him by his father, is said to be "content with his lot."

The man who ate his dinner with the fork of a river has been attempting to spin a mountain-top.

A philosopher who had married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call her "brown sugar," because, he said "she was sweet but unrefined."

The clockmaker says: "I never heard of secondary formation without pleasure, that's a fact. The ladies, you know are the secondary formations, for they are formed after man."

Carrying politeness to excess, is said to be raising your hat to bow to a young lady in the street, and allow a couple of dirty collars and a pair af socks to fall on the side walk.

Bertie—"Papa when I grow up may I be what I like?" Papa—"Yes, my boy, you may choose your profession." Bertie—"Then I'll be a sweep, for I shall never have to wash my face!"

A man in orange county was found, not long since, endeavoring to climb an overshot water-wheel in a grist mill. He said he was trying to go up stairs to bed, but somehow or other the steps wouldn't stand still.

A Down East editor was in a boat when the wind blew hard, but he was not at all afraid because he had his life insured, and he "never had anything to happen to him by which he could make money."

A schoolmaster in a Western village, where the custom of "boarding round" prevails, recently received notice from a Dutch matron that she "would eat him, but couldn't sleep him." He will doubtless be careful not to venture within her reach.

A young poet, in describing heaven, says: "It is a world of bliss, fenced in with pretty girls." Where's the man that won't repent now?—*Boston Post.*

The world of bliss would have no charms for us unless we could steal a rail off the fence.—*Brandon Republican.*

The fellow would like to be lying around the fence corners all the time—*Columbus Journal.*

What's the good of railing at him about it?—*Dayton Journal.*

Punctuation, that is, putting the stops in the right places, cannot be too sedulously studied. We lately read, in a country paper, the following startling account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Commons. "Lord Palmerston then entered on his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down."

Foreign Gossip.

An Australian colonist has harnessed up a kangaroo and put him to labor—turning machinery with half-horse power. If he gets lazy, a pin stuck in him makes him jump up; and when he dies they cook and eat him.

The Parisians are said to be circulating privately a poetical squib on the Franco-Mexican expedition, which, as it indicates the turn of the opinion of the people, we translate