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Republican Job Office.
Having lately received a large assortment of new and beautiful Job Type and other printing material, is now prepared to do all kind of Job Work, such as
CIRCULARS, BILL HEADS,
HAND-BILLS, BLANKS,
POSTERS, LABELS,
Programmes, Cards, &c.,
Done on the shortest notice, and in a manner that will be satisfactory to all.

Business Directory.

MARBLE HALL.
ALBERT G. BACON, dealer in Foreign and American Marble, and manufacturer of Monuments, Tombstones, Mantels, Cabinet-Slabs, Shelves, &c., Upper Sandusky, O. 24-18

DR. J. ROSENBERG,
OFFICE & RESIDENCE, One Square North of Warpole House, Main street, Upper Sandusky, O. 10-y

M'KELLY & HOYT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Office in M'Kelly's Block, upstairs, Main street. no12'66-tf
R. M'KELLY. H. A. HOYT.

DR. G. T. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office with Dr. Cressinger, over Beery's Store. Will attend promptly to all professional calls.

T. E. GRISELL. A. KAIL
CRISELL & KAIL,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law,
Upper Sandusky, O.
OFFICE:—2d Floor, Beerys' Block.

J. D. SEARS,
Attorney at Law,
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
Office up stairs over the First National Bank.

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DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Books, Stationery, Wall Paper, etc., in Post Office Building, Upper Sandusky, O.

JOHN PAUSCH,
JEWELER, and dealers in Silver Ware Watches, Clocks, Cutlery and Fancy Goods. No. 2 Roberts' Block.

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MACK'S HOTEL.
CAREY, O. David L. Michalis, Proprietor. Formerly proprietor Shade House, Attica, Ohio. Good stabling attached.

W. A. WEIDMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, and dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, etc. McConnell's block, Main st. U. Sandusky.

H. FLACK & CO.,
CLOTHIERS, and dealers in all kinds of Furnishing Goods for gentlemen's wear. Room No. 2 Ayers' Block, opposite the Court House.

DR. R. N. McCONNELL,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, offers his professional services to the citizens of Upper Sandusky and vicinity. Office south room McConnel's Block, second story.

O. FERRIS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Office in Beery's Block, second floor, in the office formerly occupied by Ferris & Byron.

MILLER & SNOVER,
DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES of all kinds. Roberts' Block. The highest price paid for country produce

WYANDOT COUNTY BANK,
UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.
BUY and sell Government Securities, Exchange, Gold, Silver and Uncurrent Money. Deposits received, and a general banking business conducted. Collections made and promptly remitted. Interest paid on time deposits.
G. W. BEERY, Pres't. J. A. MAXWELL, Cash.
STOCKHOLDERS.
H. BEERY, J. A. MAXWELL,
W. BEERY,
L. B. HARRIS, NEW YORK.

FRED. ELLSWORTH'S
LIVERY & FEED STABLE. Horses and vehicles to be had at any hour of the day. Stable in rear of Van Marter House. m16-6m*

The Independent Order of Good Templars.
UPPER SANDUSKY LODGE, No. 708, meets every MONDAY evening, in Beerys' Block, 2d floor. Prompt and regular attendance is requested.
T. E. GRISELL W. C. T.
GEO. A. GIBSON R. S.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
MRS. LOUISA FROSCH,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN!
Cleveland, Ohio.
Has great success in curing Chronic Diseases, using Internal and External Remedies, Electricity, Life-resuisitator, (Baunsheids) Liniments, Baths and Poultices.
Mrs. Frosch will be here again on July 31, and August 1st, and 2d, 1869.
Nov. 19, 1868.-6m

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 mo.	2 mo's	3 mo's	6 mo's	1 y'r
3 squares,	$3	$5	$6	$8	$10
3 squares,	5	7	8	10	13
¼ column	6	8	10	12	20
½ column	12	15	15	20	35
1 column	15	20	25	35	60

Administrator's and Attachment notices, $3.
Legal advertisements, (one or three insertions per square,) $3. Road notices, $4.
Local notices, per line, first insertion, 15 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, per line, 10 cts

MILLINERY,
CLOAK AND DRESS
MAKING!
Misses Bell & Logan announce to their numerous patrons that they receive EVERY WEEK
NEW AND FASHIONABLE
SUPPLIES OF
MILLINERY GOODS
For which they pay Cash, enabling them to sell very low FOR CASH ONLY!
We are always ready to execute all orders left with us—employ none but the best workmen and especially warrant nice and EXCELLENT FITS. Special pains taken with apprentices
Cutting and Basting
done on short notice. They have on hand and will constantly keep for sale, Madam Foy's Corset Skirt Supporter. This supporter combines in one garment a perfect fitting corset, and the most desirable skirt supporter ever offered to the public. Rooms in Christen's Block, nearly opposite Van Marter House.

Old Pioneer Stand!
Read. Read.
I. H. & A. BEERY
ARE at their old and popular stand with piles of Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, &c., and waging war against high prices. Their stock of
SPRING & SUMMER GOODS
Embraces every variety and style, and the public is assured that their prices are as low as the lowest. Call and see them.
I. H. & A. BEERY.
May 13, 1869 no26tf

LETTER HEADS and Envelopes neatly and promptly printed at the REPUBLICAN Printing Office.

SELLING
GOODS
AT
cost
FOR
THE NEXT
SIXTY
DAYS!
—o—
W. A. WIDMAN
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON
HAND A
SPLENDID STOCK
of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,
AND VESTINGS,
Ready Made Clothing,
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!
Of every style and description, which he is offering at the very lowest prices.
Custom Work
Done to order in the latest and most approved style.
The public is most respectfully invite to call and examine the stock and prices.
Remember the place,
No. 3 Beerys' Block,
Upper Sandusky, Jan. 1, 1869. 1-y

WREATH THE BOWL.
BY THOMAS MOORE.

Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreath be hid,
That Joy, th' enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us;
Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us:
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'T was nectar fed
Of old, 't is said,
There Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it will be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time,
His glass sublime,
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends forever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rd heaven to-night
And leave dull earth behind us.

THE "ELIASES."

Mr. Grayton was sitting in his office, on the morning of the 25th of December, when he felt his elbow touched. Looking down, he saw standing there a ragged, dirty boy of ten years old—just such a child as you may see scores of in a great city.

Nothing was more unusual than for any one to penetrate into Mr Grayton's sanctum unannounced. Even business men found this room in business hours difficult of entrance, for Mr. Grayton was doin an immense business, and required the uninterrupted use of his time.

Here, however, now stood this boy, and the moment he saw he had attracted the merchant's attention, he held out his hand with the usual whine—

"Please give me a penny to keep Christmas with, sir."

"Who are you?" asked the merchant, looking at him witk a kind smile

The boy took courage on the instant, and repeated his request—"A penny to keep Christmas with, please, sir."

"Now, Johnny," and Mr. Grayton's smile grew even kinder as he put down his papers and gave his attention to the child, "I will make a bargain with you. I don't know how you came in here. How did you? Tell me that, first; and mind, no lies. Let you and I tell the truth to each other."

"I crept in behind the boxes through the stores; and then when the old fellow in light turned his back, I cut and run. I've watched you, sir, and (his voice falling into a whim again,) youll give me a penny, cause it's Christmas?"

"I will make a bargain with you, Johnny, by and by. Listen to me, first. Your name *is* Johnny, I suppose."

The boy shook his head, without answering.

"O, then, if I am not to know what it is, then we can't trade. Good morning."

"It's—

"Stop, Johnny. Remember the first part of our bargain is, that you speak only the truth."

A faint color spread over the face, visible even through the dirt. Then the boy said, almost sullkily,—

"There be so many of them."

"So many? Why, that is the way they christen royal children. You're in luck."

"O, they are all Eliases."

"Elias? That's a good name."

"No. Eliases. Johnny elias Tom, elias Dan, elias Bill, elias Sam Jones, elias"—

"Yes, I understand. Well now, drop the Eliases, and tell me what your mother calls you."

"Little diril, sarse-box, imp of Satan, brat; and, when she is drunk, darling.

These words the boy said standing on one foot, swinging round on it as if it were a pivot. Mr. Grayton looked down and saw the foot, bare, cracked open, and bleeding.

"And yet," he said with a look of tender pity in his face, "not one of these is your real name."

"O that's Ted."

"Ted? Better yet. I like Ted. Now, Master Ted," (no one had ever called him so before,) "we'll proceed with our bargain. If you will go out to the nearest place where you can find water, and wash yourself clean—mind, now, I say *clean*, no streak—I will give you a quarter when you come back."

From under the shocks of dark hair, two blue eyes smiled; but the mouth drew its corners down, and said, very plainly,—

"No, sir, you don't catch *me* that way; when I come back you'll be gone. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."—So, instead of moving, Ted said, holding out his hand, but without whine, now,—"A penny to keep Christmas with, please, sir."

"For shame, Ted! Are you afraid to trust me? I will wait here until you come back, if you come any time before two." Now, it may perhaps not seem so to my readers, but I hold it to be one of the greatest compliments ever paid to this good, rich man, that this little, wicked boy, born, I had almost said, to lie and steal; never spoken the truth to by others; cheated and abused by almost everybody with whom he had come in contact, after looking sharply in Mr. Grayton's face for a moment, should have simply said, "Very well, sir," and have simply said "Very well, sir," and have gone out.

The merchant was deep in his business, and so long had almost forgotten him, when he felt another touch on his elbow, and there stood the boy again.

"O, so you are back," he said looking at him from head to foot; "and you have done your work well. Now go to the register and warm yourself; you look cold."

The boy literally grabbed—I know no other word that so well expresses the motion—the money, and the merchant, looking up only now and then for his paper, went on until he had finished reading it; then, putting it away he said, pleasantly:

"Are you warm, Ted!"

"Yes, sir."

The kindly warmth and the unusual application of water had so changed the boy, I think even his mother would hardly have known him. As Mr. Grayton drew up his chair and sat down beside him he saw a pale, old face—how could it have been otherwise!—a cunning, wicked expression, which use had made natural to small, somewhat delicate features; large, blue eyes, and lashes so long that they gave a peculiar, softened look, utterly at variance with every other story that the face told.

Every particle of dirt had been removed, and in some places the skin with it The feet tied up in bits of old play bills and some of the rags on his clothes were tied together, also, with ends of colored twine.

Altogether, the boy was, if anything more pitiable-looking than before; for now the wear and tear of his life of sin and shame was distinctly visible.

"Ted," said Mr. Grayton, after looking at him a few minutes in silence, "would you like to be a rich man?"

"Kinder guess I would," said Ted, quite readily.

"Would you like to own a large store, filled up to the top of the sixth story with goods, as I do today?"

"Guess I would," again answered the boy.

Mr. Grayton took out a well-filled purse and laid it on the table near him. Ted watched him narrowly, his eyes opening wider and wider every moment.

"Now, suppose I left my purse there and ment out into the next room, shutting the door between us, could you help taking one of these bills?"

It was enough to make the tears come into anybody's eyes to see the wild, longing look that dashed into the boy's face, and to watch the almost convulsiue twitching of his long, supple fingers.

"You could'nt could you? Well, I'm not going to tempt you, poor little Ted."

"Poor little Ted! Poor little Ted." The boy kept repeating these words over and over again, as he sat there looking from the open pocket-book to the merchant, and from the merchant back to the open pocket-book. Nobody had ever said *poor* to him before. Did this great man, when his gentle, kindly face looking down tnto his, pity him?—him, with only his Eliases and his mother's profanities for his names.

"You have stolen, Ted?" asked Mr. G., at last.

Ted nodded his head.

"Often?"

He nodded his head again, and then added in a whisper, "but they did'nt cotch me, though."

Mr. Grayton put up his money, walked two or three times up and down the room, then come back to the spot where Ted still sat, intently watching him.

Must you steal, and lie, and swear? Don't you think you could get along without them, if you had something else to do?"

Ted onlo opened his eyes wider, dropping his mouth, open now, also.

"Listen, Ted;" and Mr. Grayton put his hand gently on the boy's rough, dishevelled hair. "You asked me for a penny to keep Christmas with. Do you know what Christmas is?

"Dress 'em up pretty in green; have lots of green; have lots of slick things to buy and sell; bouncing big turkeys, and my eyes!"—the old, wicked look settling down again—"don't they go it?"

"But what made Christmas? What does it mean?"

"Guess it growed," replied Ted, with a leer

"Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ, who came to love and save just such little boys as you are?

"Guess I have. I've been to the mission school. Give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song I learnt there," beginning a vulgar street song. "Now, that ain't it. Now here goes!" and he broke out, in a rich contralto voice, into

"Come to Jesus."

"Yes," said Mr. Grayton, after having listened to the tune and words, given perfectly to the end, "that is the same Jesus whose birthday Christmas is."

"Birth-day? What is that?"

"The day upon which he was born. When is your birth-day?"

"Guess I never had one. Dun know."

"To-day," went on Mr. Grayton, without taking any notice of this answer, "Jesus Christ came into the world to be the friend and Saviour of just such little boys as you are. Do you understand me?"

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Ted, making an evident effort to do so.

"But He can't be your friend so long as you sin—lie, steal, swear, and the like. He don't love boys that have Eliases. He wants them good, honest and true Teds; and nothing else."

"They would cotch me, then."

"You must not do anything for which they would want to catch you. Now, Ted, I begun by asking you if you would like to be a rich man and own a big store like this. Do you know that I never did any of those bad things when I was a little boy like you. If I had I should have been in jail, or dead, and not here to-day. My name was always John Grayton, and never anything else; and when Christmas, this very Christmas came, I used to go to church and hear what Christ had done for me—how he was a baby, and laid in a manger, with the brown-eyed cattle round Him, and how angels sang his birth-hymn."

Mr. Grayton stopped abruptly. Ted evidently was not interested in a word he was saying.

"Ted," he said, after a moment's pause, "I will make another bargain with you."

Ted was again all attention. Was there another quarter coming? What a lucky Christmas this was!

"I am going to trust you for a little while and see wheather it is possible to make a good honest boy of you. I want you to beging this very Christmas day, because to-day it seems as if Christ was a little nearer to His children than at any other time, and even more ready and willing to help them. Now, if I give you work and pay you well, will you undertake to do it faithfully and honertly?"

All the vagabond blood in the boy rushed, for a moment, tumultuously into his face. He be honest? He stopt all his wicked ways and turn good, like the children the mission hymns told him about? He, Ted, with all his Eliases, and his profane words, and his sly tricks, with his artful dodges, and his cunning lies? He, Ted!

Mr. Grayton did not speak to him as he set there with his train of thought pushing and jostling itself through his mind. He still walked up and down his office, only stopping now and then to watch the changing, expressive face.

"Wall?" he said, at last.

"I don't think I can help it," burst out Ted. "You see sir, I've got the hang of 'em and they will come."

These were the first honest words the boy had ever knowingly spoken in his whole life.

"I am going to trust you, though, Ted," Mr. Grayton said; "trust you until you deceive me. Here, now. to begin, is ten dollars. Go out, buy yourself a new suit of clothes. Get warm stockings and soft, easy shoes for these sore feet. Have your hair cut and cleaned. Put away the old life with those old clothes, little Ted, and on this beautiful Christmas come to Christ and come to me, and be our new-born boy."

Ted could not understand the words fully; he understood far better the expression of the noble face that beamed down into the dark night of the neglected boyhood, bringing with it the glad light of the risen star of Bethlehem.

"Put away the old clothes, and with them old life, Ted. Put it away! Put it away!"

Before an hour had passed, there stood Ted in Mr. Grayton's office once more, clad from head to foot in new dress. What of the new life?

Five years from this day Mr. Grayton is sitting again in his office, and his door opens softly after a little tap.

"I have come," said a tall, fine-looking boy, "to bring you a little picture I have drawn for a Christmas present to you. It's not done well sir, but it tells a story."

The picture was of a ragged, dirty boy, standing by an office-table, a gentleman looking kindly down upon him, with his hand on the boy's head. Under it was simply written "Eliases."

With this picture was a photograph of the giver, under in written, "Edward Bates."

"O, Ted," said Mr Grayton, his eyes dim with tears as he looked at them, "you are my Christmas present. the costliest and the dearest God ever gave me;" and he stretched his hand out to the boy. "We will never either of us forget the happy Christmas day."

LEDGERSIDE.

A MAN near Massillon had two thousand bushels of wheat, for which he was offered three dollars a bushel. The price was not high enough, so he kept it until last week when he cleaned it up and found he had just two hundred bushels left. The weevil had almost destroyed it. He took what he had, and sold it in Canton for one dollar per bushel. Verdict: Served him right. —*Stark County Democrat.*

Written for the Republican.

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF VICE.

Perhaps but few persons engaged in vice ever look at it in its true light, or calculate the near, and the more distant consequences. Take, for instance, one of the vices much practiced in our own town, and falling under the observation of the most causual observer, almost every day, in one or the other of its forms. I mean the sale and consumption of intoxicating beverages, with all their attendant consequences. We will begin with the Saloon-keeper. What do we understand by a saloon? Why when we read on a sign-board saloon, we understand that that is the place where intoxicating liquorr are sold indiscriminately for all purposes; or we understand it is an invitation to all persons who wish to drink, get drunk, play cards, billiards, or almost any other game of chance, that this is the place where they can be gratified, Sabbath day or week day, night or day. Now, what can we think of the man who so advertises himself; No one but knows that drunkenness is a violation of the laws of God and man; no one but knows that it is a fruitful source of civil, social and domestic misery. Then we may define the sign over his door as an advertisement of himself as ready to assist in violating God's law, the laws of his land and the laws of all social and domestic relations. He further advertises that he is ready to help bring about all the misery that drunkenness brings upon us in our civil relations. He is ready to sell the Legislator of civil law, any of his beverages to unfit him for his responsible position don't care; what the law, so he gets the money. He sells his ware to the civil judge who sits in judgment over the rights of the widow and the orphan, to disqualify him to do justice in the cases brought before him. He agrees to sell to the citizen that is on the way to the ballot box, that he may deprive him of the capacity of exercising the highest functions entrusted to him in the sphere of civil government. He sells to the husband, no matter if his pale wife is sitting over the embers that have grown cold for want of fuel, weeping because her children have no bread, weeping, because he vowed to love and cherish her, is now preferring the society of Bachanals, to the society of one he professed to love. Weeping, because the one whom she trusted above all others, is now neglecting her. Weeping, because her husband is going the downward road to eternal ruin. He persists in selling rum, although his own wife is reproached as eating the bread of dishonesty, and his children have cast up to them: your father is a dirty saloon-keeper, your clothes are bought with the bread of widows and orphans. He advertises that here you jolly rumsuckers you can find a ready market for your hard earned money. I have cards, billiards, or what you may want, to spend your time and money for. He makes no conscience of carrying on his wicked business on the holy Sabbath, notwithstanding God has said "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He has no time to go to church, he agrees to sell his customers whisky to prepare them to abuse their wives and children on their way to the sanctuary of God's house; to prepare them for profane swearing, blackguarding, scoffing at, and insulting whoever may chance to go by, where he is, whether to the church, the sick-room, or the hovel of poverty. But why extend the catalogue of evils, misery and shame, entailed on us and our children, by a business known to be unrighteous, and only an instrument of mischief, misery and wretchedness, without one redeeming feature, or the least shadow of a blessing to a community, but only (to say it in one word) a curse. And now what must we think of the self-respect, the respect for his neighbor, wife or children. of that man, who is a habitual customer of such a place. The proprietor has advertised by his sign, and perhaps in the periodicals of the day, come here if you wish to be degraded, impoverished and murdered, and I will, for your earning, or for the legacy bequeathed you by your father, make your wife a widow and lay her in a premature grave; make your children orphans and entail on your relatives and friends, of whatever standing they be, or what their calling. I offer for your money to cover your name and your grave with infamy, and help you destroy your own soul. What can move any man to become a habitual patron of an institution, whose pathway is marked with the footprints of the destroyer of the bodies and soul's of men? Is it any thing but the species of the most unaccountable recklessness?

In conclusion, can we, who are not patrons of those manufactories of woe and misery, innocently look on and hear the wail of widows and orphans, while we have sons and daughters, who may at any time, be drawn into this vortex of ruin and death, or if not this, can we remain indifferently, when these victims of misery and misfortune imploringly stretch out their hands and beg for help, and we not make an effort for their relief. May not these voices rise up in judgment, and condemn us for not having put forth an effort for their deliverance. God holds us responsible far our conduct.

A CITIZEN.

LETTER FROM IOWA.

ALGONA, IOWA, June 4, 1869.

L. A. GORMLEY, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR: Your favor of May 4th has been at hand for some time, but protracted absence from home has prevened my answering it until now.

This part of the country has a superior soil, there being no land to speak of, which is not of a rich black loam.

Where water is not found in springs and streams, it is easily obtained by digging about thirty feet.

The climate is healthy, fever and ague being of rare occurrence.

It is mainly a prairie country, the timber being found only along the streams and rivers, and worth from $10 to $50 per acre, according to quality and location, and prairie from $2 50 to $10.

Homesteads may still be found at some distance from the towns. They are, of course, without timber, but are being taken very rapidly.

We have good clay for brick, and brick-yards are being started in nearly every important village.

Coal abounds in various parts of the State, so that fuel will always be abundant.

Railroads are building in every direction through the State, so that every township in the newer and unsettled parts of it will soon have a market within a few hours drive. The McGregar and Iowa City rail road will soon traverse the entire northern portion of the State.

Any person, twenty-one years of age, or the head of a family, who is an American citizen, or has declared his intentions to become such, and has not aided the late rebellion, or any one who has served in the army of the United States for a period of not less than fifteen days, may take a homestead; and if he complies with the requisition of the law, in regard to settlement and cultivation, will receive his, or her, patent at the end of five days, no matter how much land he or she may own elsewhere; but no person can take a homestead but once.

I shall be glad to welcome you, and any number of your friends, to our beautiful, fertile, and rapidly growing State.

Very truly yours,

ASA C. CALL.

Democratic Split in Marion County, Ohio.

The Democracy of Marion county, are radically divided and the result is a bolters Convention, which took place on the 10th instant, of which the Independent says:

The Democratic convention held last Saturday by the members of that party in this county who do not intend any longer to submit to the dictation of Hodder and Van Fleet was respectable in numbers and was composed of the cream of the Democratic party in this county. Eleven townships were represented—all might have been represented but the call was very short. The proceedings were harmonious.—Capt. Scofield was Chairman and he acquitted himself exceedingly well, both in speaking and in doing business. The contrast between the convention last Saturday and the miserably managed, wrangling affair of the 26th ult., was very marked. Dr. J. W. Devore, of Claridon Tp., was nominated for Representative, P. Dombaugh for Clerk, and C. H. Norris for Prosecuting Attorney. The candidates for Sheriff, Treasurer, Probate Judge, Commissioner and Coroner, on the ticket nominated on the 26th ult., were not changed. A new Central Committee was appointed consisting of Geo. Courts, Julius Strelitz, Philip Retterer, Samuel Waddel and Chas Mohr.

The convention, though composed as Hodder alleges, of "broken-down political hacks, bankrupts, loafers and bloats," was the best Democratic convention we ever saw assembled in Marion. It was composed of such men as we know Hodder's clique fear as well they may for their utter defeat is only a question of time.

From Pollard's Life of Jefferson Davis.

The Confederate Congress.

There were not more than a dozen men in both Houses who were before known to the country, or had enjoyed a reputation a hundred miles from home. There were Congressmen from districts overrun by the enemy, who had been elected by a few dozen soldiers' votes cast in camp. It was absurd to find Senators and Representatives from Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, etc., holding their seats by virtue of a handful of votes cast by soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia. Among these unworthy members of Congress were some ridiculous figures, and not a few rustic curiosities who suggested the back woods and the sedge-fields.

The men who relieved something of the rude and ludicrous aspect of the body had generally served before in the old Congress at Washington; but it was often remarked that even these appeared to have lost their former force and dignity, and to have been belittled by the company in which they were misplaced. There were of remarkable members in the House Mr. Foote, who spoke classical English, and dealt historical illustrations to the unappreciating homespun members—a valuable debater, but afflicted with extravagance and a colicky delivery; William Porcher Miles of South Carolina, smooth, gentlemanly, scrupulously dressed, a master of deportment, and a type, indeed, of the truest cultivation, deprecating anything like violence in speech or manner; Barkesdale, of Mississippi, the especial friend and champion of Mr. Davis, the leader of the Administration party in the House, a small, dark-featured man, who spoke so vehemently as sometime to overrun the rules of grammar, but really forcible, dealing rude blows with fact and solid arguments; James Lyons, of Virginia, who was satisfied with the shallow reputation of the "handsome member," and who possessed little brains, showed very excellent large white teeth, and stood six feet three in his stockings, the elevated "Turveydrop" of the House. In the Senate were Yancey, of Alabama, the silver tongued orator of the South, speaking a subdued but luxurious language, quite unlike that of the American hastings; Wigfall, of Texas, fierce, impatient, incandescent, illustrating another school of eloquence; Orr, of South Carolina, an excellent man in the committee room, but as heavy and blundering as a school-boy in his speeches; and Hill, of Georgia, the very picture of a smooth and plausible mediocrity, having much of address and gentlemanly equivocations, inclining to the administration of the President, but at an angle nice and variable in its degrees.

In a body chiefly composed of uncultivated men—to which have been mentioned as exceptions, more or less partial, the names above—there might naturally be expected some scenes of personal violence. Indeed, several most extraordinary scenes of this sort occurred in the Confederate Congress, which were either suppressed in the newspapers, or were but meagerly and tenderly mentioned in their columns. An occurrence at a certain time, by which the whole House of Representatives was thrown into a panic, and into the most disgraceful disorder, was so carefully suppressed that but few people in Richmond ever obtained any knowledge of it, or ever suspected that a scene of bloodshed was about to be enacted behind the convenient curtains of a secret legislative session.

The immediate parties to the disgraceful occurrence (which happened in the summer of 1863) were Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, and Judge Dargan, of Alabama, the latter an old man whose eccentric dress, and whose soliloquies on the street were well known in Richmond, and whose habit in Congress of scratching his arms and saying, "Mr. Cheerman," has often brought him under the notice of the galleries. Some words of defiance had passed between the two members. When Judge Dargan was speaking, Mr. Foote sat near him, and muttered that he was a d—d rascal. The member from Alabama immediately drew a bowie knife, brandished it in the gaslight (it was a night session) amid the shouts and cries of the House, and made for the member from Tennessee.

For a moment all was consternation, and members rushed to the scene of encounter. Several of them literally threw themselves upon Judge Dargan and wrested from his grasp the murderous weapon, when, just at this moment, Dargan having been pinned to the floor, the whole scene was converted into one irresistibly ludicrous, shouts of laughter succeeding those of passion, as Mr. Foote, striking an attitude and smiting his expanded breast, exclaimed, with a peculiar melo dramatic air, "I defy the steel of the assassin."

Another memorable scene of personal violence was in the Senate, and was more tragical in its results. In a secret session of that body there occurred a hand-to-hand fight between Mr. Yancey and Mr. Hill, in which the latter, being greatly superior in strength, threw his antagonist across a desk, and bent him over it, continuing to strike him in the face. The consequence was a wrenching and severe injury to Mr. Yancey's spine. It was rumored that it caused his death a few months later, but there is at least no doubt that it hastened the decline of a constitution already feeble by years and disease.