

Joe Ferraro of an advertisement furnished an order, and guaranteed to prove satisfactory as to quality.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

QUEEN VICTORIA has received from the Empress of Brazil a present of a dress woven of the webs of the large South American spider.

The annual income of the charities of London amounts to nearly \$12,000,000. Of this large amount nearly two-thirds is derived from voluntary contributions, the other third being derived from dividends, property and trade.

The following is the coinage executed by the mints of the United States during the month of October, 1876: Double eagles, \$4,717,000; trade dollars, \$465,000; half-dollars, \$1,040,000; quarters, \$765,000; dimes, \$279,000; one-cent bronze, \$440. Total coinage, \$6,826,000.

"TOBACCO LEAVES" for the manufacture of cigars are now being produced in New York by the process of chemical science. The material used is a kind of brown wrapping paper, made of straw especially for this purpose.

At a recent meeting at Dusseldorf of a society for the improvement of the condition of the prisoners in jail, a statistical paper was read to prove that a large proportion of crimes arose from Sunday dissipation.

For scarf pins and finger rings the cat's eye has become one of the most fashionable stones used. It is a species of the sapphire, and the most desirable color is of a yellow-green tint.

Work on the great East River suspension bridge in New York is to be prosecuted through the winter, except when the gales are too strong to make it unsafe, and it is hoped that by spring the work will be ready for the main cables that are to suspend the structure.

A GREAT deal has been said of the impossibility of Russia making war, owing to her financial embarrassments and the difficulty of raising a loan.

The eighth National Cat Show was opened on October 20 at the Crystal Palace, London. There were three hundred and eight cats on exhibition.

On a recent day every school in Prussia had to make a return of the black and blue and brown color of the children's eyes. Many of the pupils came home on that day telling their parents, with a mysterious air, that their eyes, and a skin on that had been examined at school.

The Canton Democrat.

L. G. GOULD, Publisher.

Devoted to the Interests of the Democratic Party and the Collection of Local and General News.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. IX—NO. 51.

EATON, OHIO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1876.

WHOLE NUMBER 498.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for Space, 1 w., 1 m., 3 m., 6 m., 12 m., 1 y. and corresponding rates.

Business cards of 50 lines or less, 25 per annum. Local notices 10 cents per line each insertion. Single announcements of marriages and deaths, and church and benevolent society notices inserted free.

THE MURDER OF THE WIND.

Oh, wind, fresh wind of spring-time, What hast thou borne away? A burden of light-winged moments That hover and do not stay? The music of children's laughter, From meadows all dewy and sweet, Where prairie buds and cowslips Are broken by jessup feet.

FEWEL AND SCISSORS.

THE SUREST man is not wholly hopeless when he will not blaspheme before his son. BEWARE of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in it, bear it that the opponent may beware of thee.

DOUBTING.

When, oh when will this doubting cease? When, if ever, will I be glad to see? From the double, distrust and fear, That keeps hope so far, and pain so near, And makes the heart so weary.

CAPT. VAUGHAN MORGAN, an English officer, who has just returned from a tour through this and other countries, says that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's sermon which he heard, and the effect of St. Peter's Church at Rome, were about the only two things which equalled his utmost anticipations.

BURLINGTON Hawk-Eye.

Winter is coming again, and the bewildered populace of Rhode Island will get up early in the morning and hastily empty their ashtrays over into the adjoining States, and scuttle back into the house before the Connecticut police or the Massachusetts people are awake. War will grow out of this thing before many years.

A CHINA contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, and propionic acids, prussic acid, crotonic acid, formic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, uridine, picoline, and rubidine, to say nothing about cabbage and burdock acid.

THE ADVICES from Japan are of a startling nature. There appears to be no longer any reason for doubt that the Kuganots Shijokus Mowras have revolted.

THE HEAVEN-born and other poets will be glad to know that a new rhyming dictionary is projected, and that it is to be an enlarged and improved plan.

IT IS TO BE VERY comprehensive, including all the other rhymes of Browning and Byron, and many more which have never before appeared.

THE PRICE of the divine syllabus, so that only the best of manuscripts can afford to be without it. The Appletons have the book in press.

A SCIENTIFIC lecturer on walking says his experiments show that one side of the body always tends to outwalk the other.

IT IS EXTREMELY fortunate for all of us that this lecturer has called attention to this singular propensity, because it would have been a calamity if it were not for the fact that it is so common.

IT IS A PLEASURE in poetic pains which only poets know.

POETS are all who love, who feel great truths, and tell them.

YOU WILL find poetry nowhere, unless you bring some with you.

POWER is seldom innocent, and envy is the yokefellow of eminence.

PRIDE grows before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.

POLITENESS has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

IF POVERTY is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father of them.

PRAYER is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.

PRIDE is increased by ignorance, those assume the most who know the least.

POVERTY makes people satirical, soberly, sadly, bitterly satirical.

EMBARK in no enterprise which you cannot submit to the test of prayer.

THE HIGHER the rank the less the pretense, because there is less to pretend to.

PRIDE and weakness are Siamese twins, knit together by the indissoluble hyphen.

A MIND that is conscious of its integrity scorns to say more than it means to perform.

LAWS act after crimes have been committed; prevention goes before them.

FASHION is more than ever devoted to a mixture of different materials used in the same toilette, and to a bizarre irregularity in the shapes of overskirts, pelouses and draperies, whatever the term by which the upper part of the toilette is designated.

WHY IS THE Centennial like a set of teeth?

Because it is not only in everyone's mouth, but in their head also, and many an acre (acher) is filled with gold-en products from the head centers (center) of the world. Respectfully, S. T. MACKETT.

THE STORM.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Up from my bed midnight to the dawn, Waking I heard the wild wind roar, With sobbing wail and gusty shout, Sweep through the eaves that skirt the lawn.

Now in one sheeted flood it rains; The silent wind, with heaving force, Caught in its impetuous course, And dashed it on the trembling pane.

ONLY A SONG.

MONSIEUR BAFONTE, who had a large family and a small income, hired the upper story of a large building in Paris, and to reduce his rent, undertook a room to young Monsieur FERNANDE, the musical composer, of whose compositions no one had yet heard anything.

It was a little narrow room, with one very high window, but it had this advantage: Out of this window one could, at the risk of breaking one's neck, catch a glimpse of the beautiful prima donna, Mile. La C—, as she fanned herself on the balcony of the first floor.

For some time Monsieur FERNANDE had hired the apartment.

He was dreadfully in love with her, though they had never spoken to each other, and he fondly and falsely believed she knew he had thrown her bouquets, and had given him special thanks for them as she held them to her pretty chin and bowed her pretty head for them, and smiled with the beaming smile of actress upon the stage.

If ever she made his name and fortune, then she should know; but not until then. So he loved on in silence, and worked at his compositions, and offered them to publishers, and had them declined "with thanks."

Now and then, of course, he sold a song, but the songs did not become popular, and he must have starved to death, had he not been playing on the piano for some dancing party. At the best he lived on bread, coffee, and a little soup.

In his room he had an old piano, a desk, a chair, a merechaum, and a little charcoal furnace. When he had five francs in his pocket, and it was not rent day, he felt rich.

Mile. La C— had every luxurious lounge and couch to be bought for money. She lavished gold on her friends, her self, on her pet poodle, on the beggars who held out their crooked hands and showed their distorted faces at the door of the house, as she stripped from it to the carriage.

Said she had been a peasant girl, whose sweet voice, as she sung at the door of a little hut had caught the ear of a wealthy music-worshiper, who had her taught in consequence. They tell such stories of so many prima donnas. No one would have guessed from her manner now that she ever knew the value of a sou.

With all this extravagance of a sou, she was growing rich, and could make a little fortune in a night.

Young, beautiful, adored, who could be happier? And yet, though she could sing so divinely, she could not have composed one of those little songs written in the garret over her head to save her bright young life. Each one was a gem, and probably M. FERNANDE knew it, for genius ought to know its own work.

Still, rattling marches, waltzes that were the same thing over again, and bits from well-known operas twisted into gallops, sold; while his little songs lay neglected on the piano, and others never reached the theater at all, being scorned from the first by publishers with no music in their souls, however much there may have been in their shops.

If, indeed, some well-known singer would have sung one of them—Mile. La C—, for instance—then there might have been a change. The thought crept into poor FERNANDE's heart by degrees; at last it strengthened into a resolve; but it must be the best of all that he should lay before his idol, the very best—nothing else would do.

So he wrote in his attic room, the poor composer, and below the happy song, chatted, and was carelessly generous, and never even knew of his existence, who, one evening after watching her, listened to her, envied the man who had the right to sit beside her, hold her fan, perhaps—how know he had also; the man, one of whom might one day be her favored lover. And she enjoyed her happy, butterfly existence and knew nothing about him.

At last, in a fit of romantic influence, our composer turned poet. He wrote the words of a song which he called "Love's Dying Dream," and he fitted it to music so sweet, so gentle, that, playing upon the old piano, he knew it to be the best he had ever done—the bright, particular gem fit to lay before his lady.

He copied it out with a quill; he wrote a note with the signature of "An Admirer," and resolved to leave it at her door and await the result.

"If I should only hear her sing it, I should be so happy," he said to himself, "I should be willing to die."

What strange things we say sometimes! Did you ever say anything, not quite meaning it, that afterward proved itself true, though not as you intended it? I have.

"To-day I will do it," and with these words left his room.

He ran down stairs with the precious parcel in his hand, and stood before the door that led to Mile. La C—'s suite of rooms with a palpitating heart. He had intended to knock and leave the parcel with a servant, but, how unfortunately—and put his music upon the table. He crept in; he laid his parcel down softly; but as he did so, his eyes fell upon a miniature. It was a portrait of his divinity herself, and it was set in costly gems. These he neither noticed nor cared for. All he saw was the sweet face. He stooped over it; he took it in his hand.

"It is herself!" he said.

"And I think he would have kissed it, but at that moment he heard a scream and a savage growl.

He turned. The scream came from Mile. La C—, the growl from a gentleman who accompanied her, and on the instant two hands came down on FERNANDE's shoulders, and the miniature was wrested from him.

"How careless of Auguste," said the lady, "to leave the door open for thieves to enter by."

The gentleman lustily called for help. FERNANDE said nothing. Conscious of his position, he was stricken dumb, and it was as one passing through the changing scenes of a dream that he knew himself to be arrested and cast into prison.

The prima donna appeared against him when the time came. She had found him in her room. He had a valuable ornament in his hand. She believed that he intended to steal it. She had never seen him before.

At this the young man felt that it would be well to deny. She had never seen him before! It was only fancy. He had not caught her eyes. She had never noticed him.

The gentleman gave his evidence, but was fierce, and called FERNANDE a thief and a rascal, and FERNANDE could only say he was not guilty. He would not even bring his respectability forward by way of defense.

"I am named FERNANDE, and I am twenty-three years, and I am nothing and nobody."

At this he said when called upon to account for himself, and nothing more, and he was written down vagrant, and condemned to six months' hard labor as a thief.

Mile. La C— went home pouting and declaring that she "hated to go to such dreadful places." She ate a delightful lunch, and afterward finding a packet upon her table, opened it, and read FERNANDE's anonymous note, at which she laughed; and hummed over the song, pronouncing it "very pretty." A few days afterward she practiced it, and when he had sung it, she thought her to sing it.

Poor FERNANDE! If he could have been there to have seen how the women wept over his pretty little lay of love and death, and to have heard how the applause rang.

After that the manager brought Mademoiselle to sing "Love's Dying Dream," every night, and the lady obeyed the request.

Amateur singers went mad over it, and it was published. Having the name of no composer upon it, it was called Mile. La C—'s song, and by many was believed to be her own, and it sold as never a song sold before.

One day, with a party, she visited the prison where FERNANDE was confined.

She stood amid her little circle of cavaliers and said to one in authority of the place:

"What do they like, these people? Shall I sing a love song?"

"As Mademoiselle pleases," said the man. "Every one understands that theme."

And Mademoiselle smiled, and tried her voice with a little trill, and began poor FERNANDE's song, "Love's Dying Dream."

Oh, the eager, glittering eyes that watched her.

Oh, the flushed cheek—the hurried breath! Oh, the mad throbbings of the heart of number twenty-four as he whispered to himself:

"It is my song! It is my song!"

"What is the matter?" whispered number twenty-three to number twenty-four. "I say, mon ami, speak."

"What is the matter?" asked the singer of the superintendent, as the last notes of her song died upon her lips.

"There seems to be some commotion."

"There is a little," said the superintendent calmly; "number twenty-four has caused it."

"Has he escaped?" cried the lady, looking as though she had heard that a tiger had broken loose.

"After a manner, Mademoiselle," said the superintendent. "He is dead."

They buried FERNANDE in whatever spot of ground is given to pauper prisoners. And Mile. La C— sang until she sang herself into the heart of some title; but as long as she sings, at all, she sometimes sing "Love's Dying Dream."

It is so pretty, and then it was the work of an unknown admirer. It is the favorite with Madama, and always has been.

No one remembers number twenty-four, named FERNANDE, who was impolite as to die while Mile. La C— was singing.

THERE IS an old man residing near Gridley's Station, California, who follows the peaceful occupation of sheep-herding. For some time he has been depositing in the bank the sum of five dollars per month to the credit of his dog. Our people," continued Mr. Cooper, "warming up," "have a right to take upon a showman's license before the authorities will allow them to appear upon a stage and lecture.

We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books.

THE SONG OF A SLAVE.

[With Many Apologies to Hood.]

With face that was weary and worn, With eyes that were dim and sore, Poor Morton sat, with a look forlorn, And solemnly watched his lord.

He stamped the State all through, The bloody shirt to wear; But all my toil and great ado, I never saw the State.

MR. TILDEN VOTES FOR HIMSELF.

[New York World.]

At eight o'clock yesterday morning, Governor TILDEN arose from a refreshing sleep, and at nine o'clock ate a hearty breakfast, after which he received several callers.

At this the young man felt that it would be well to deny. She had never seen him before! It was only fancy. He had not caught her eyes. She had never noticed him.

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THE NEXT HOUSE.

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UNCLE JAKE'S PULLIUM.

[Monthly Appeal.]

There died near Knoxville, Tenn., a few days ago, a venerable and a remarkable old negro—perhaps one of the oldest in the land; a man who has seen generation after generation come upon the stage of life, act his part and pass off into oblivion.

He has seen his friends born, ripened into manhood, and gone down in old age to the grave. Children of three generations have clustered around his knees and heard his recital of the legends of a past century, and have, one after another, been laid to rest in a grave over which his tears have fallen. Yet, like the "Wandering Jew," of Sue's great fiction, he has been forced to "go on" until the Creator that gave him life should see fit to take back the gift.

"Uncle Jake" Pulliam has for many years been living in the country where he died, having before then been the slave of the Pulliam family. "Uncle Jake" claimed to be one hundred and fifty-six years old, and was probably, judging from his age at the time various scenes were enacted, not less than one hundred and twenty-five years old.

To men of this generation there is something weird and almost incomprehensible in the existence but a week ago of one who was a man grown at the time of the birth of the republic. The old man's stories of the stormy events of the Revolution were singularly fresh and accurate, and showed that he had acted his part in those great and perilous scenes which attended the ushering into existence of the best government the world has ever seen.

The history of this old patriarch's life as he has told it over and over again beside the pine-knot fire before his cabin door, contains so much that is marvelous that it should not be withheld from the public.

Uncle Jake's earliest memories take him back to a confused mingling of a savage crowd—a sea voyage, and the crowding of new sensations of a strange people and in a strange land. From all of which Uncle Jake thought that he was brought to this country when he was about ten years old. He never knew a mother or a father. His first home was among the rice fields of the Carolinas, where he was for several years (don't know how many), employed "round de house."

When about seventeen years old he was sold to the De Pont family of Huguenot extraction, and was the white servant of the "young master," Henry De Pont. When the Revolution began in 1775 his young master enlisted as an ensign under Moultrie in the Continental army, and he accompanied him. The old man says he was then "jes about grose, and didn't hab no har on my chin."

He remembers clearly his first engagement with the Red Coats; it was when Colonel Moultrie sent his young master with their captain, Marion, to take Fort Johnson. When the fort was taken he himself rammed the ball in one of the cannon that was turned against the British fleet. Uncle Jake tells some marvelous tales of his own personal daring upon that and similar occasions. One ludicrous incident of how "de sejoers laffed" when a ball striking the sand bags of the fort he was covered up by the chin and lay yelling for help, thinking the rest of his anatomy had been carried off by the shot.

At the assault on Savannah by the combined forces of the French and Americans his young master fell by the side of the gallant Pole, Count Pulaski. The old man's voice would grow husky as he spoke of the burial by torchlight on the margin of the marsh, and how Captain Marion kindly patted his shoulder as he lay sobbing on the ground, and said, "Never mind, Jake. He fell like a brave man, and you can tell his father so."

After that he attached himself to Marion, and was, after the return of the command to Carolina, presented to Marion by his old master for his use until the close of the war. Uncle Jake could tell many incidents of the siege of Charleston; how Marion's leg was broken there, and how he helped to bandage up the shattered limb. He was with the "Swamp Fox" in all his battles and ambushes with Tarleton and his torries, being once captured by that bold rider, but afterward escaping, carrying off Tarleton's own pack mule with his private baggage. He followed Marion through the swamps of the Pelee and Santee Rivers; was present when three "Britishes" were swung up to one limb by way of retaliation for the hanging of three of Marion's men. He describes Marion as a small man whom he feared, and yet loved devotedly. But strangest of all is the narrative Uncle Jake gives of an incident which is familiar to every schoolboy. The instance of the visit of the English officer to Marion at Snow Island, and how Marion gave him a dining on potatoes. Uncle Jake affirms that he had put "dem taters in de ashes, and took dem out on a sharp stick, and put dem on de log between de General and de officer." After the war Jake returned to the old homestead. The "ole mass'" had gone down in sorrow to the grave, to be followed soon by "ole missis." The plantation was sold and the slaves scattered among various owners. Jake fell to the lot of a cousin of the De Ponts, who lived in the rice country of South Carolina. Here his children and grandchildren grew around him.

When he was, he says, about sixty years old, he went down the river to Savannah, "pulling de six oad box," and was on such occasions. There everything was on the streets cheering and yelling as an old man richly dressed drove through the land in 1825. Besides, "Uncle Jake" said he was a "Frencher," though he "disremembered" the name.

Soon after this Uncle Jake came out to Mississippi with a new master, taking many weeks to make the journey. In that State he lived for a few years, and then was brought up into Tennessee, where he has since lived. The old man's

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