

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

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

VOLUME XXVII.

WOODSFIELD MONROE COUNTY, OHIO, TUESDAY, MAY 24 1870

NUMBER 13

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Published Every Tuesday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
Two dollars per annum, in advance.

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

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, three weeks.....	\$2 50
One square, three months.....	8 00
One square, six months.....	15 00
One square, nine months.....	20 00
One square, twelve months.....	25 00
Two squares, three weeks.....	5 00
Two squares, three months.....	16 00
Two squares, six months.....	30 00
Two squares, nine months.....	40 00
Two squares, twelve months.....	50 00
One-half column, three months.....	12 00
One-half column, six months.....	22 00
One-half column, nine months.....	30 00
One-half column, twelve months.....	35 00
One column, three months.....	20 00
One column, six months.....	38 00
One column, nine months.....	50 00
One column, twelve months.....	60 00

Twelve lines, or less, will be charged as one square.

All legal advertisements will be charged by the line, and must be paid in advance of publication.

Notices of the appointment of Admors, administrators, and executors, also notices of attachment, notices of sale, and all other notices, will be charged at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per advance.

Advertising done at publisher's rates, and payment required in advance, in all cases.

TIN WARE, COPPER WARE,

Sheet Iron Ware, Stoves, &c.

Place of business at the old stand, opposite the Jail.

WILLIAM ROSE,

Has just received, and will sell at reasonable prices, a first class stock of the wares enumerated above. Mr. Rose is a capital workman, and will manufacture for you any ware desired, not found in his shop. Give him a call before looking elsewhere. He can and will please you.

april 23, 1870. WILLIAM ROSE.

Professional Cards.

J. A. AGOS, M.D., J. P. SPRINGS, M.D.,

Attorneys at Law, and Licensed Claim Agents, WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office—Up stairs in the old Bloomer House.

April 24, 1870.

JACOB T. MORRILL,

Attorney & Counselor at Law and

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Clarion, Monroe, County, O.

Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Commissions and authentications always first made, and litigation used only as the last resort.

Oct. 31, 1870.

JAS. R. MORRIS,

Attorney at Law,

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

Office—first building South of the Court House.

WILLIAM WALTON, M.D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

(Office in Main Street),

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

All calls promptly attended to, during the day or night.

Office—Opposite Minister's Hotel.

Feb. 23, 1870.

MARBLE WORKS.

THE undersigned notifies his friends and the public generally, that he keeps constantly on hand

FLOUR, by the small or barrel,

CRACKERS,

COFFEE, TEA,

SOAP, REFINED SYRUP, MOLASSES,

Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff,

Acres, Nails, Washbuds,

Soaps, Dye Stuffs of all kinds,

Powder, Lead,

CANDIES OF ALL KINDS,

and in fact every thing usually found in a

GROCERY STORE.

It will be to the advantage of the trading public to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

dec. 7

ANDREW DEITER.

NEUHART'S

GROCERY.

West End of Main Cross Street.

To sell on low terms,

COFFEE, TEA, SUGAR,

Flour, rice, tobacco, cigars, canned fruits, pepper, dices, &c., &c. I can supply everything required in the

GROCERY LINE.

Terms as low as those of any other grocery in town.

GIVE ME A CALL.

CITY BAKERY!

AND

CONFECTIONERY.

The undersigned has opened a new

BAKERY,

One door West of Jones' corner and South of the Court House, where he will keep always on hand fresh

White Wheat Bread,

Brown Bread,

Cakes and Pies,

Crackers, Nuts,

Candies, Tobacco,

Cigars and other

things usually kept in a grocery. I have on hand the

BEST OYSTERS

in the market, by the can or half can; also, as prepared to serve them to customers at all hours, fried, stewed or raw.

dec. 7. **JACOB REINHARDT.**

JOHN BURGACHER

Boot and Shoe

MAKER,

corner of Marietta and Main streets.

WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

To my friends in Woodfield and vicinity I announce that I am better prepared than ever before to manufacture, at the lowest cash prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES

for men; and booties for women and children. My place of business is on the right side of Main street, south end of town, where I can be found at all times.

Give me a call and try the wear of my work. dec. 14. **JOHN BURGACHER.**

MEAT MARKET.

ANTHONY SCHUMACHER

Respectfully informs the citizens of WOODSFIELD,

and vicinity, that he keeps constantly on hand at his

MEAT STORE, ON MAIN STREET,

Two doors North of Judkins' Drug Store,

Beef, Pork, Veal, Sausage, &c.

He solicits the patronage of the public, as he will spare no efforts to accommodate customers, and hopes, by liberal dealing, to render satisfaction to all who may buy meats at his store.

TO FARMERS!

I will pay the market price for cattle, hogs and sheep suitable for butchering.

dec. 7. **ANTHONY SCHUMACHER.**

DEITER'S

GROCERY.

One door South of Dr. Walton's residence, on Main street.

Poetry.

[Written for the Spirit.]

THE UNKNOWN LAND.

BY J. A. M.

When the gentle moon is smiling

On the glittering sea,

When have I felt the hours of toiling,

And the still night is beguiling

Hearts from care and sad turmoil,

Then my soul is free.

Then my wayward fancy, flying

To the unknown land,

To its strange, sweet sounds of singing,

Pinks the flowers of hues unending,

Grasps the glittering jewels lying

On its shining strand.

All that mortals have of pleasure,

In that land doth live.

There, the fancy, in wild measure,

On the moonlit hours of leisure,

Dances, glowing at its treasure

Which the bright hours give.

In that land the stately towers

Hope and day-dreams build,

Shine 'mid brightly blooming bowers;

Over their walls no dark storm lowers,

But, fall, whispering, silver showers,

With sweet promise filled.

"Nothing in the Paper."

The following spicy chapter, on the subject of newspapers, is clipped from an exchange—elucidated, no doubt, by the too frequent remark of the indifferent reader, after perusing the news of the day, that "there's nothing in the paper." It says:

"And men are always grumbling about their papers, and insinuating how much better they could do it. They talk as flippantly about 'fine articles' on every imaginable subject as if they could effect such a change. Let some of these over-running philosophers try it for one hundred and fifty days in succession!"

"And then they think it is nothing to select for a newspaper; you have merely to run the scissors through a half dozen exchanges, and you have got matter enough. Now, this is the most important and most difficult department to fill on a newspaper. Very few men have the slightest idea how to do the work—it requires a thorough newspaper man—who knows the public appetite well, who knows what is going on in the world, and who knows how to rewrite and pack a column into a dozen lines."

"Men who skim a newspaper and toss it aside, little reflecting how much brain and toil have been expended in serving up that meal. Busy heads and busy hands have been toiling all day to gather and prepare those scraps, and some vast building has been left from cellar to garret, all night, to get the paper ready for the new day by crack of dawn."

"Nothing in the paper? Nothing in your hand! that's where the fault lies."

The Voting in France.

The Tribune's Paris cable dispatch says: Paris gives on the vote for the plebiscite nominally 5,000 negative majority, but counting absences it is really 130,000. Rochefort's district alone, following his counsel to abstain, gives 5,000 yes, 16,000 no, and 20,000 absences. The cities of the second class vote no with scarcely an exception. The Emperor expected that at least 8,000,000 would vote yes, as they did in 1852. There are 1,000,000 more electors, but the number voting yes is 600,000 smaller, while the number voting no is 12,000 greater. The whole vote is:

Yes, 7,257,370

No, 1,530,000

Blank, 10,990

Absences, 12,000

Not reported, 70,000

Conundrums.

When is a leg of mutton like a modern poet? When it's Browning.

Why is a leg of mutton being roasted like London in 1865? Because it's before the fire.

When is a leg of mutton like venison? When it's dear.

Why is an old man like a place in the West Indies? Why, when he's Hayti, of course.

Riddle for the skating season (when it comes again.) Why is a fall like the want of the letter T? Because it makes a tumbler unbleared.

What is the difference between a falling star and a fog? One is missed in heaven, and the other mist on earth.

The Best One Abraham Lincoln used to say the best story he ever read of himself was this:

Two Quakeresses were traveling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war.

"I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed."

"Why does she think so?" asked the other.

"Because Jefferson is a praying man."

"And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the other.

"Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is joking," replied the first conclusively.

LANDLORD—MR. EDITOR, I'll thank you to say that I keep the best table in the city.

EDITOR—I'll thank you to supply my family with board, gratis.

LANDLORD—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper.

EDITOR—I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your house. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Landlord in a rage, threatening to have nothing more to do with the office.

A mother, trying to get her little daughter of three years old to sleep one night, said:

"Anna, why don't you try to go to sleep?"

"But you haven't shut your eyes."

"Well, can't help it; ums come unbuttoned."

Gen. Howard, the Christian Soldier and Patriot, turns out to be a scold of stupendous proportions. He has handled twelve millions of dollars in the Negro Bureau business, and a large amount of the whole sum has stuck to his fingers.—*Napoleon Northwest.*

Forty-Five Minutes.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

[CONCLUDED.]

It was near sunset, and the view from our elevated position was grand beyond description. I raised my telescope and gazed upon a hunting scene. My wife stood by my side. I gave her a rapid description of the flying stag, the pursuing hounds, the mounted hunters, and when they all had disappeared in the depths of the forest I laid down my telescope.

"This was a grand spectacle, Eleanor!" cried I, turning to my right. My wife was gone. "Perhaps she had tired of hearing my silly talk, and gone down to look at the inscription upon the wall in the lower chambers, thought I, descending. I found the first and second story vacant. I shouted, "Eleanor! Eleanor!" The clang of an iron door was the only sound I heard. Frantically I rushed down the last flight of the spiral staircase. My body came in violent contact with a closed iron door, which defied my utmost endeavors to open it. "Perhaps she has concealed herself behind some of the battlements, and only tried to frighten me," were my thoughts as I again ascended to the highest platform. I searched every nook and corner, but did not find her. I climbed up the high blocks of stone composing the top wall, and looked down a depth of two hundred feet. Oh, I wish I had sprung down that height! Many a sleepless night, full of agony, would have been spared to me. Far, far below me, I perceived a carriage; and walking towards it, arm in arm, were my wife and a stranger. Oh, furie! my wife and a man, and a stranger too! I cast my eyes about me for a stone, a weapon—in fact, for something heavy—to hurl down upon their heads. But nothing met my gaze; even my telescope had disappeared. Probably it had been blown over by the high winds that swept the top of the tower. I set off my coat and cast it down. It fell close to the carriage. The couple looked up. I shall never forget the face of the man. He was young, had a cluster of curls, a fair, fresh complexion, and a light brown beard. Every lineament of his features was indelibly impressed upon my mind's eye. He mockingly bowed to me, and his wife kissed her hands at me and both sprang into the carriage. The postilion lashed the horses, and the carriage rattled away. Two days passed before I was released by a party of tourists who came to visit the tower. This is the first part of the narrative.

He passed, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, then he pointed to the candle and muttered:

"Thirty minutes more, and then we fly."

Again the word "fly." "Bah!" thought I; "it's only a word; nothing else. It comes from the brain of a half crazy man."

As if he had divined my thoughts, he said:

"I know you think me mad. No, sir, I am not mad. I have read all the books relating to lunacy, and I found that maniacs have no control over their actions. But I have control over my thoughts and actions, and I have a set purpose to accomplish. Now to continue my story."

Was the student who had procured the carriage? I followed the fugitives. One year they eluded my search. At last a returned California miner told me of his New York that he knew a woman living in San Francisco who answered my description of Eleanor. I hastened to that city of the Golden Sands. I found her sick, poor, and deserted by the villain. Do you think I took her to my bosom again? No, a thousand times no! I found means to make her stone blind. Gold, my gold, purchased men, tools, who performed the feat very neatly.

"Three weeks after, she died raving mad. Look, here she lies; I had her body embalmed."

With these words he rose and removed the lid from the oblong box.

A white, ghastly face, surrounded by pale golden locks, like the holy sheen of a madonna, seemed to start from the black lined coffin. Two hands, upon the fingers of which glistened diamonds, were crossed over the half exposed bosom.

The aspect of the face was serene, as if she was only sleeping. From the coffin my eye fell upon the candle.

The last strip of black was close to the flame.

Another fifteen minutes had passed away.

Then a vague hope crept through my excited brain that I had a chance to escape.

The voice of the Englishman roused me from my thoughts.

I looked down. He was leaning against the railing of the staircase; his watch he held in one hand, while the other was grasping a hammer.

"Yes, fly!" repeated he in a sharp tone. "Then looking intently at the watch, he continued his narrative:

"I took this box with me in my travels, for now my only end and aim was to follow the student, who had left San Francisco for the gold mines. There he counted that he had started for the plains for the Eastern States. Money procured me an outfit and an escort of twenty men. I followed him from Placerville to Carson, and from there through the Mormon city to Fort Kearney. I still followed, finding fresh traces of him in every city and hamlet I passed through, until I arrived in New York, where I learned that he had embarked on a steamer bound to Bremen and Southampton. I left New York on the next steamer. On my arrival in Bremen I described his personal appearance to the Chief of the Harbor Police, and promised a large sum of gold if he should be found. Three days after, I learned that a man, answering my description, had left for Prussia. I followed, and first met him face to face at Dresden."

He stopped and looked at me with eyes full of hatred. A cold shudder ran through my frame; I wanted to speak, but my tongue refused to utter a word, and my throat felt as if a vice-like grip

COME, SIT BY MY SIDE, LITTLE DARLING.

I.

Come sit by my side, little darling.

And lay your brown head on my breast.

While the angels of twilight around us

Are singing the flowers to rest.

Your hands are as fair as the lilies

That blossom in the shadows of green;

And their touch has a magical power

My heart from all sadness to wean.

II.

I dream when your arms are around me

That life is an infinite calm.

Your kiss has the spell of a charm—

Your kiss that is sweeter than balm.

Oh! what could be sweeter than dreaming

This dream that is ours to-night?

Let us think of the present, my darling,

The future is out of our sight.

III.

Sing low in the twilight some ballad

As sweet as the smile on your face.

That shall thrill me with melody's sweet tones,

And touch with its words, tender grace.

And I'll give you a kiss when it's ended,

A kiss that the singer shall earn;

And perhaps—oh you hear, little darling!—

I shall ask for a kiss in return.

"Sometime."

The following is one of Mr. Prentice's little waifs:

"Sometime—It is a sweet, sweet song, warbled to and fro among the topmost boughs of the heart, and filling the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do when the summer morning comes out of darkness, and day is born on the mountains. We have all our possessions in the future, which we call 'sometime.' Beautiful flowers and singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear the other. But, oh, reader, be of good cheer, for all the good there is a golden 'sometime,' when the hills and valleys of time are all passed; when the four and fever, the disappointment and the sorrow of life are over, then there is the place and the rest appointed of God. Oh, homestead, over whose roof fall no shadows or even clouds; and over whose threshold the voice of sorrow is never heard; built upon the eternal hills, and standing, still and still, the palm trees of the city on high, those who love God shall rest under thy shade, where there is no more sorrow nor the sound of weeping 'sometime.'"

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.—An instance of distinction without a difference was offered by the Irishman, who, having legs of different sizes, ordered boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed; but as he tried the smaller boot upon the larger leg, he exclaimed, indignantly: "Confound the fellow! I ordered boots to make one larger than the other, and instead of that he has made one smaller than the other."

A PUZZLED PORTER.—A lady occupying a room, letter B, at a hotel in New York, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says, 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B, who is to call at half past ten."

The porter—a much better boot-black than orthographer—after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or to