JNO. W. BAUGHMAN,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF
The Republican Citizen.
Office on Court Street, midway between Patrick and Church Streets, (West Side.)

TERMS OF PUBLICATION:

THE CITIZEN is published every *FRIDAY MORNING*, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE; if not paid within the year, Two DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be required.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, and no paper discontinued until ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID, unless at the option of the Editor.

The Republican Citizen.

VOL. 49. FREDERICK CITY, MD., FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 6, 1870. NO. 7.

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN The Republican Citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES FOR ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent of insertion; longer advertisements in same proportion. Unless the advertiser states the number of times he wishes his advertisement to appear, it will be continued UNTIL FORBID (tf), and charged for accordingly

JOB PRINTING
Such as Books, Hand Bills, Posting Bills, Labels, Blanks, Cards, &c., executed with accuracy and at the shortest notice.
Our friends throughout the county will please give us a call—We will always endeavor to render satisfaction in every respect.

Professional Cards.

GEO. K. SHELLMAN.] [JOHN E. R. WOOD.
Shellman & Wood,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE in Court Street, opposite Court House.
apr15 tf E U

REMOVAL.

MILTON G. URNER,
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Chancery.
HAS moved to the office of the late Hon. GRAYSON EICHELBERGER, on Church St., immediately South of the Court House, and adjoining the residence of Mrs. Eichelberger.
By request, I will attend to the unfinished legal business of Hon. Grayson Eichelberger, deceased, *for the benefit of his estate*, and persons having unsettled business in the hands of Mr. Eichelberger at the time of his death, will please call on or address the undersigned with reference to the same,
apr8 3m MILTON G. URNER.

Geo. K. Shellman.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Has resumed his residence in Frederick city, Maryland, and practices in the Courts of Frederick and adjoining counties, and Court of Appeals of Maryland.
apr1 1y E

E. Louis Lowe,
(Formerly of Maryland,)
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.
No. 50 Wall Street,
june 22 NEW YORK.

Francis Brengle.
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Frederick City, Md.
Office on Court Street, two doors from Second. [sep10

J. U. Dennis,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLER AT LAW, Frederick City, Md.
Office—On Court Street.
may 29 1y-pd

James McSherry, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Solicitor in Chancery, and Commissioner of Deeds, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, New York, Iowa, Kansas and other States.
Office on East Second Street, at the Law Office of his father James McSherry, Frederick city, Md. [may 1-tf

Wm. P. Maulsby & Wm. P. Maulsby, Jr.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
And Solicitors in Chancery. One of them can always be found in their office in Frederick City, Md.
mar16

B. F. M. Hurley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Register in Bankruptcy.
OFFICE—Court Street, one door North of Gen. E. Shriver's residence.
nov15 tf

William J. Ross & Charles W. Ross,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
And Solicitors in Chancery.
Office on Record street, in the rear of the Court House. aug25—tf

DR. WM. H. BALTZELL,
OFFICE.—Basement of Mrs. Eleanor Luckett's House, on West Second street.
RESIDENCE.—No. 50 East Second St., next door to the residence of the late Judge Nelson, and directly opposite the Convent
He may be found at his Office at all hours, when not professionally engaged, until 10 o'clock P. M.; after that hour at his residence. [apr15 2m

Dr. James I. Smith,
HAVING permanently located, respectfully offers his services to the citizens of Frederick and vicinity. When not professionally engaged can be found at his office on Patrick street, a few doors East of J. Tregellas & Co.'s Store.
sep17 1y E

Dr. John W. Getzendanner,
OFFICE at the residence of his father John D. Getzendanner, two miles west of Frederick on the Hagerstown pike.
aug 7-1y

Dr. Wm. S. McSherry,
OFFICE at the residence of his father, James McShery, East Second street, Frederick, Md. april5—1y

NOTICE.
I respectfully inform my friends and the public generally, that I have associated Dr. THOMAS LANDERS with me in the practice of my profession. From this date the practice will be conducted in the name of McPHERSON & LANDERS. Thankful for past patronage, I hope by attention to professional duties to merit a continuance of the same for the firm.
WM. S. McPHERSON, M. D.
Catoctin Furnaces, Md., Jan. 7, 1868.
jan10 tf

NITROUS OXIDE GAS
ADMINISTERED BY
Dr. J. A. WEBB, Dentist,
OFFICE—*Removed* to No. 5 South Market Street, three doors from Patrick.
"The only place to laugh at pain."
I refer you to all the resident Physicians of this city, many who have witnessed the administration and effect of the Gas, and several have been subjected to its influence for the painless extraction of teeth. It is useless to say more—give it a trial and I guarantee you will be more than satisfied.
feb11 3m

Dentistry.
A BEAUTIFUL Set of Teeth, with plumpers to fill out the cheek and restore youthful appearance, from $10 to $20. Partial sets from $4 to $10. White Crystal and Silver fillings $1. Pure Gold fillings $2. T. H. SCHAEFFER,
nov19 No. 21 North Market St.

Dentistry.
Dr. D. C. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and patrons that he has removed his office to his residence, at the Northwest corner of Klinehart's Alley, in West Third St., Frederick City, where he can be found at all hours to wait on them.
aug13

Dr. Edward Nelson,
DENTIST; Office on Market street, between Church and Patrick streets, directly opposite the Frederick-Town Savings Institution.
☞ Full sets of Teeth—$15 to $20.
All operations in Dentistry at correspondingly low rates. [may22 tf E 3t

County Surveyor.
J. T. BROWNING, having been appointed County Surveyor, will attend to all business in his line. Letters addressed to him at Kemptown, Frederick Co., Md., and orders for Surveying, left at the law office of J. E. R. Wood Esq., Court street, nearly opposite the Court House, will receive prompt attention. jan17 1y

Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
THE next Session of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH, (15th.)
☞ Applications for admission should be made to
WM. D. COOKE, Principal,
aug20 tf E Frederick city, Md.

READ.
For anything in the Book, Stationery, Magazine, Newspaper and Music business, call at or send to HENDERSON'S Old Established Cheap Book Store.
HENDERSON'S is the best place to buy your School Books. Look for the Big Book. [oct20

Notice.
I HAVE made arrangements to get NORTHERN ICE, and will be prepared to supply my customers and the public, and hope to receive a liberal share of their patronage. JOHN MURDOCK.
apr15 tf

Miscellaneous.

D. W. BROOKS.] [JNO. H. KELLER.
BROOKS & KELLER,

Furniture and Carpet Warerooms,
No. 77 North Market street,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND, the largest and most varied assortment of elegant and Fashionable Parlor, Chamber, Library, Hall and Dining Room Furniture, of the very best manufacture, and of the newest and most beautiful styles in Western Maryland.
WALNUT, OAK AND ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE,
In Complete Suits, and of entirely New Styles
Walnut Sofas, Chairs and Te-ta-Tetes, in every variety of finish; Tables, Side-boards, Wardrobes, Bureaus, Enclosed Washstands, Bedsteads, Book Cases, Hall Sets, Lounges, and every other article of
Household and Office Furniture.
CARPETS.
Brussells, Three-ply, Ingrain and Stair Carpeting, Rugs, Hassacks, Oil Cloths, White and Colored Matting, &c., &c. We politely invite the public to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.
mar29

NEW PAINT STORE.

H. F. DEBRING
Respectfully informs the citizens of Frederick and vicinity that he has opened a Paint Store at No. 27 South Market Street, near the Bridge, where he keeps constantly on hand
White Lead, Chrome Yellow, Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Paris Blue, French Zink, Chrome Green, Ven. Red, Paris Green, &c., (all colors dry and ground in pure LINSEED OIL).
VARNISHES, TURPENTINES,
LINSEED OIL (boiled and raw),
WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY,
Paint Brushes, all sizes, Gold Leaf, Bronze, &c. Mixed colors of every description made up in quantities to suit buyers and information given as to using it.
All articles sold at reduced prices and warranted to be genuine. Also,
FRESCO, ORNAMENTAL, SIGN AND HOUSE PAINTING
done on the most reasonable terms. Bronzing, Gilding, &c. Country orders promptly attended to. apr 13 '66 y

CITY HOTEL,
FREDERICK CITY, MD.,
F. B. CARLIN, Proprietor,
THIS popular and well-known Hotel, having been thoroughly renovated offers many advantages to the traveling public.—The exterior of the Hotel, which is now four stories, presents a beautiful appearance, and will compare favorably with any structure of the kind in the State. The entire arrangements of the Hotel are in keeping with its outward appearance, and is supplied with every modern improvement and convenience, and has been newly furnished throughout at a very heavy cost. No pains or expenses will be omitted to promote the comfort of guests.
The enviable reputation the Hotel has acquired since the undersigned has taken charge of it, furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of his ability to please all who may favor him with their patronage.
There is attached to the Hotel a spacious Billiard Room, newly fitted up, a Barber Shop, Bath House, &c.
Attentive and polite servants will always be in attendance to wait upon guests during the day or at any hour of the night.
Respectfully,
FRANK B. CARLIN,
sep17 tf Proprietor.

FARMERS, READ!
Prices Decline with Gold!
YOU CAN USE FERTILIZERS YET!
PRICES ARE DOWN WITH PRODUCE!
The undersigned are now grinding a Soft Windsor
PLASTER,
which they will sell at
9.50 PER TON.
They will all also sell their
SUPER-PHOSPHATE AT $46
per ton; RAW BONE, ground at their Works, at $55 per ton. Also, keep all the ingredients by which Farmers can manufacture for themselves. Also, for sale
Moro Phillips' Super-phosphate,
WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR,
AND
PACIFIC GUANO,
as low as they can be had from the Manufacturer's Agent in Baltimore.
Also, for sale, SALT by the sack, and the trade furnished.
All articles warranted as represented.—Call and be convinced.
We occupy the Warehouse formerly kept by Messrs. CASTLE & MAUGHT, Rail Road Depot, Frederick city, Md.
RAMSBURG, MILLER & CO.
apr1

ICE CREAM!
WATER ICES!!
ICE CREAM!!!
THE subscriber has this day opened his Saloon for the season, and is prepared to furnish Parties, Balls, Pic-Nics and Families, with Ice Cream and Water Ices at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.
Confectionaries, Fruits, Cakes, &c.,
constantly on hand. Also,
FRESH BREAD, ROLLS, BUNNS, &C.,
I return my thanks to the public, for past patronage, and hope by strict attention to business, and a desire to please, to continue to merit their favor and esteem.
HERMAN WERNSING,
apr22 No. 109 N. Market street.

OREIDE!
Hunting-cased Watches as low as
$7.00.
Good Gold and Silver Watches cheaper than at any Auction Room or New York swindling concern. TEA SETS, CASTORS, and other plated ware at cost, at
CHAS. H. O. FOX,
NO. 6,
West Patrick Street, opposite Frederick County National Bank.
apr15 tf

CHESNUT POSTS.—For sale by
D. J. MARKEY & CO.,
West Second street.

RIVED OAK PALINGS.—A prime article, for sale by
D. J. MARKEY & CO.,
apr1 West second street.

Blanks for sale at this office.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

The following striking poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a Spanish trance speaker, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, so far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. Whatever may be the truth of its production, the poem is in several respects a very remarkable one. Miss Doten is apparently incapable of originating such a poem. If it was written for her by some one else, and merely committed to memory and recited by her, the poem is nevertheless wonderful as a reproduction of the singular music and alliteration of Poe's style, and as manifesting the same intensity of feeling.—Whoever wrote the poem must have been exceedingly familiar with Poe, and deeply in sympathy with his spirit. But if Miss Doten is honest, and the poem originated as she says it did, it is unquestionably the most astonishing thing that spiritualism has produced. It does not follow in that case that Poe himself made the poem, although we are asked to believe a great many spiritual things on less cogent evidence; but it is, in any view that may be taken of it, a very singular and mysterious production.—There is in the second verse an allusion to a previous poem that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since and attracted much attention; but the following poem is of a higher order, and much more like Poe than the other:

From the throne of life eternal,
From the throne of love supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with songs of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Once before I found a mortal
Watching at the heavenly portal—
Watching but to catch some echo from that ever opening door.
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my fiery inspiration in a fiery flood to pour.

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the alter—not with burnings as of yore;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

Here the harpies and the ravens—
Human vampires—sordid cravens—
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
Life and I then seemed mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fever'd channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—Life's token—
Into shining shreds was broken,
And by chained and chafing spirit leapt from out its prison door.

But while living, starving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying:
"Ye who guide the fates and furies, give, oh, give me, I implore,
From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One poor spirit that can love me—one that I too can adore!"

Through this fervent aspiration,
Found my fainting soul salvation;
For, from out its blackened fire-crypts did my quickened spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal—
Not to saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-formed Lenore.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking 'round me,
And my saddened sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore:
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom brought me to the heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blending souls forevermore;
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers,
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more;
Would you lose your life you find it,
And in giving love you bind it
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.

Who is Responsible?

The Radical journals of Maryland are industrious in their efforts to make the negroes believe that the Democracy are the sworn enemies of their race.—There never was a more unjust and malignant falsehood. We brand it as a vile calumny, not because we expect to conciliate negro support to the Democratic cause, for we have no such expectation. The radicals claim to own them, body, soul and boots, and we shall not dispute their proprietorship. But for the negroes, as a race, we have only kind and friendly wishes. In their proper sphere, they are valuable members of the community. If they are out of their sphere in politics, it is not their fault. If some of them are insolent and abusive of the Democracy in public meetings, it is because they have been instigated thereto by vindictive caitiffs of another race. They are ignorant and impulsive, and merely repeat like parrots the lessons they have been taught. The Democracy does not hold them responsible either for political antagonism, or any antagonism of race to which they may be excited. It looks behind them to the white miscreants who are instigating them to make war upon better men than themselves. We do not expect to convince the negroes that we are better friends to them than those who are using them for their own selfish purposes. But we shall not be diverted from placing the responsibility where it properly belongs, not on the poor, ignorant negroes, but the white villians who are stimulating them to hostility to the majority of the people of Maryland.—*The Statesman.*

The Democrats of Wyandotte, Kansas, nominated and elected at the recent election, a negro man for Justice of the Peace, much to the disgust of the Radicals thereabout, who are now clamoring for a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment.

A Florida negro was two years ago so terrified at the cars, that he had to be blindfolded to get him aboard. Now he is a State Senator and Director of the Railroad.

A magistrate of Gonzales, Texas, postponed a case two weeks to ascertain whether Texas was in or out of the Union.

THE WAGER.

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, very well. It's very easy to say nonsense."

"Do you mean to say that you believe all this stuff?"

"I mean to say that every night, at a certain hour, those three murderers return there and hold converse under that gibbet."

"I cannot imagine how a sensible man like you can seriously talk so."

"I tell you I've *heard* them. It's no mere hearsay with me; I've *heard* them. I once laughed at the idea, just as you do now. But I heard, and I laughed no more. Go you now at any time this night, if you dare, and I bet anything you'll come back believing."

"Done; what'll you bet?"

"I'll bet my horse against your pony?"

"Done. I'll take it."

"Done it is. Here, Brown, you'll do to hold the stakes."

The above conversation took place in the "Red Lion Inn," at Camden, a little village on the coast of Maine. The first speaker was a fine, fresh-faced, broad-shouldered, honest-looking fellow, who under rough clothing bore the unmistakable signs of a gentleman.—The other had the air of a sea-faring man though his dress was that of a farmer. Two others were with him, both of whom had very much the same appearance.—Five or six others were present, all of whom took a deep interest in the conversation, and gave a hearty assent to the bet.

As the bet was made the man Brown arose and proceeded to take charge of the stakes. The two men who had made the bet also rose. By the air of the rest of the company it was evident that they considered the bet already lost by the unbeliever. They were all inhabitants of the village. The one who had made the bet was a stranger; and local pride was aroused, even if there were no other feeling to animate them.

The man who had accepted the wager began to prepare for his departure. He took a flask of brandy only to encounter the supernatural foes whom he was supposed to encounter, and laughingly departed.

"Well," said one of the spectators, after he had departed, "he's gone; the young feller's gone. He'll get enough of it."

"That he will," said another.

"He'll be back as soon as he gets there."

"They've driven off better men than him."

"The clanking of the chains is enough."

"Yes—let alone the voices."

"The first time I heard it I was struck dumb."

"And I should have fallen dead if there hadn't been another man with me."

"It's a nice pony the young feller will have to give up, any way."

"Well, he ought to know better than to be so free with his bets."

"He's never been much in these parts before."

"No, of course not, or he wouldn't have been so free with his bets."

While these men were speaking, the one who had made the bet, with his two companions, had quietly departed.—Scarcely had they left, when a fierce gust of wind coming up the village street, set all the signs and shutters creaking, and added to the superstitious terror of the company at the inn.

While they were engaged in various speculations as to the result of this experiment, the young adventurer was going toward the place.

It was on the summit of a wide bleak, and desolate ridge, terminated by a cliff, at the base of which the ocean surf beat. Here, some years before, a murder had been committed by a gang of ruffians. They had been captured, and three of the ring-leaders had been hanged in chains upon a lofty gibbet on the very spot where the crime had been committed.

As the adventurer neared the spot the wind blew in gusts over the ridge.—The moon occasionally shining out from behind a cloud revealed the scene. It was gloomy indeed, and might well have appalled a man even of strong nerves. The gloom of the night formed a back-ground, and in the fore-ground rose a lofty three-armed gibbet; from each arm there hung suspended the skeleton of a man in chains. The rushing wind gave to the scene additional elements of terror. As it drove past it swung the skeletons, making them vibrate slowly to and fro, with all their load of chains and fetters, so that they creaked and rattled, and made a thousand weird and ghostly sounds in the lonely darkness.

From the distance there came up a deep, low, sullen sound, at regular intervals dying and rising again, to die away in long, low reverberations. It was the ocean surf, which beat upon the shore not far away; for Camden was a fishing village, and the gibbet stood upon a high cliff which overhung the beach.

The moaning of the wind, the low, sullen roar of the surf, and the clank of the chains, were sufficient to inspire dread in the boldest heart.

The young man, however, seemed quite unaffected by any superstitious terrors. He quietly dismounted, flung the horse's bridle over his arm, drew his cloak about him and waited.

For about an hour he waited patiently, keeping a wary look about him, so as not to be surprised in the gloom. The light, however, was sufficient to prevent any one from coming near unobserved, and the watcher felt satisfied so long as he had his pistols at his belt.

At length he felt conscious of a low moan, which was entirely different from any of the sounds which he had hitherto heard.

It seemed to arise from the ground behind him. It was a moan of peculiar nature and of penetrating power.

The watcher grasped his pistols and turned toward the direction from which the sound came.

Then followed a heavy sigh. He waited. Then came a deep groan. A smile of contempt passed over the watcher's face.

"Very clumsy trickery," he thought. "If I had the management of it, I would act differently."

Suddenly there was a grating overhead. He looked up. The skeletons in the chains were descending. They were moving down slowly. As they descended they swung in the wind, and were knocked together and dashed against the gallows trees. Still they were suspended, and were not coming down without being lowered down.

The watcher stepped back and coolly waited with a grim smile on his face. The skeletons came down slowly, till at last they touched the ground. The watcher coolly took one of them and gave a violent pull. It fell down, dragging a rope after it, which creaked as it run through a pulley overhead. The watcher pulled away at it, and dragged down a line which was at least a hundred feet in length. Meantime the other skeleton kept rising and falling. He caught one of them with the same peculiar jerk, and pulled the rope in the same way. Suddenly the other skeleton began to ascend.

"No, no, my fine fellow," muttered the watcher, catching the chains on its feet before it got out of reach, and pulling with all his force. It was a sudden and violent pull, and the skeleton yielded. Down it fell, along with the watcher, who fell with it to the ground. But in a moment he rose, and with an audible chuckle, he pulled this rope down also.

Then he stood waiting cautiously as before. Some time now passed, during which nothing was seen or heard. The skeletons lay around on the earth. The watcher waited.

At last a bright light flashed up from the ground about twenty yards in front of him. It was close by the edge of the cliff, and looked like a crevice. In the midst of the light three figures appeared, each wrapped in a long white sheet.

This spectacle, however, inspired no terror in the watcher, who held his pistol in his hands and waited.

The three figures, with low groans, marched slowly up toward the gibbet. The watcher moved to one side. Suddenly, as they came near, they made a rush at him. He fired. One of them dropped.

Instantly he sprang toward the opening from which they had emerged, and pulling out a boatswain's whistle, blew three times a shrill, penetrating blast. It was quickly done, and then he waited with his pistols extended.

Two of the three figures stood motionless, close by the one who had fallen. Groans of pain came from the fallen figure.

But now other figures appeared upon the scene. At the sound of the shrill whistle, six or eight men, all armed, sprang up from behind a hillock, where they had lain in concealment, and rushed up to the two figures. In a moment they had surrounded and seized them. The watcher then advanced toward them.

"Who's this fellow?" said he, stooping over the wounded man, and tearing away the sheet with which he was enveloped.—"Ah, ha! my fine follow," said he; "it's you, is it? So you've lost your bet."

It was the man with whom he had made the bet. He gave a deep groan.

The watcher then tore away the sheets from the others. One was Brown—the man that held the stakes; the other was one of the company who had been at the inn.

"I'm going down there into your place. So lead on," said he.

"Who are you?" cried Brown, savagely, "seizing and shooting innocent persons like a highwayman?"

"Well, if you want to know, I'm Captain Sinclair, a United States Custom House officer. You were playful enough to bet with me, and I think I've won it. But come," he continued, sternly, "I've suspected that you were up to mischief here. I only came here yesterday. My predecessor could never trace the extensive smuggling operations that went on just about here; but I thought that perhaps the gibbet had something to do with it. You see I've caught you."

Brown uttered something between a curse and entreaty.

"Tie his hands, lads. Tie up both of them."

The men obeyed.

"Now, two of you fellows stay here.—Has anybody got a lantern?"

One of the men handed one to him.

He lighted it, and then descended by the orifice through which the three figures had emerged.

After a short distance, he found himself in a passage-way which went down on the side of a cliff that had been severed in twain. The path sloped steeply for a hundred yards or so, and ended in a cavern. Here there were barrels and boxes in great numbers, all filled with contraband articles. The cavern itself was just underneath the gibbet.—It was evident that these smugglers had made use of the gibbet to frighten people away from their haunt.

An examination afterward showed that these three men alone had conducted a vast smuggling business by means of this convenient cavern. They had been completely entrapped by Captain Sinclair. As he said he had suspected some trickery about the gibbet, he had made the bet, and caused some of his men to follow him and conceal themselves. The result was as has been described. The three smugglers found themselves suddenly cast down from the dreams of wealth, and on their way to the State Prison. As for Captain Sinclair, his brilliant exploit was rewarded with promotion.

Scientific Daring.

One dull day in August, just afternoon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleed Hills, on the Western edge of the Central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest gasses which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with surprising velocity. A mile up and it entered a strata of clouds more than a thousand feet thick.—Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the air ship; the sky overhead was of the clearest blue, and below lay an immeasurable expanse of clouds, whose surface looked as solid as that of the of the earth now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains and deep ravines, appear below; the peak and sides of those cloud mountains, next the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremenduous volocity. Four miles above earth a pigeon was let loose; it dropped through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a ship laden to the deck, was to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland unalkaline lake; the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higer! What a silence profound! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of the ocean where, as found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies unstirred from year to year, as the dust which imperceptibly gathers on the furniture of a deserted house, No sound, nor life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above earth!—higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawngiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidity bred by practice. Suddenly as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim, he takes a lens to help his sight, and only remarks from the falling barometer that they are rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arms refuse to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up to the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes into the car; he finds his comrade in a swoon, and feels his own senses failing him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized the valve in order to open it and let out some of the gas. His hands are purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth, it open- a little—once, twice, thrice—the balloon began to descend. Then the swooned marksman returned to consciousness and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument—they must have been nearly eight miles up; but now the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending, brandy was used. They had been higher above earth than mortal man or living thing had been before. One minute more of inaction—of compulsory inaction—on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with two corpses, would float in the wide realms of space.—*Once a Week.*

A little boy of Provincetown, four years old, very anxious for a drum, the evening preceeding Christmas Eve, on going to bed made the following prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep,' *I want a drum*, 'I pray the Lord,' *I want a drum*, 'my soul to keep, And if I should die before I wake,' *I want a drum.*" His prayer was answered.

The trouble with Radical reconstruction is that it will not "stick." The moment the people are let out from under the government of bayonets, they commence voting down the Radical party, and then the work has all to be done over again.

At a velocipede race of thirty-nine miles and a-half, near Toulouse, France Leotard, the gymnast beat fifteen compitors, making the distance in three hours and forty-four minutes, half the time running against a high wind.

The Democratic majority in the New York Assembly has awarded a Radical his seat against a Democrat contestant. When will the Radical majority in Congress acquit itself with similar magnanimity?

Since last October fifty-three thousand emigrants black and white passed through Memphis, of whom fifteen thousand were foreigners, hunting homes in the South.

THE TOAST.

The following is one of the finest productions of the late Sir Walter Scott, and we are inclined to believe that it can not be read without causing the blood to tingle.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest,
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the royal breast.

Then up arose the noble host
And smiling cried, "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladyes fair
Here, before all, I pledged the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Ladye Gundamere!

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the ladye of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprung up
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His ladye's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those courtless eyes—
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some admired by all,
Far-famed in ladye's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to ONE," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye,
And Slanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "MY MOTHER!"

The Carpet-baggers.

The carpet-baggers in the South appear to be getting more and more odious every day. Even the negro population are beginning to despise them. The freedmen are getting at last to have sense enough to discern that the carpet-bagger is a political negro driver, whose only interest in them is the value of their votes to his official elevation.—In the first place, with their quick, unerring instinct of a gentleman, they discover that the carpet-bagger belongs to the canaille; next, that in his cheating, robbing and swindling, he carries out literally the requirements of the Fifteenth Amendment, making no distinction on account of race or color.—Thus it is that Cuffee is about to come to the aid of the native white population of the South, and, with his tremendous foot, help to boot the carpet-bagger out of the Southern States.

There would indeed seem to be but one opinion among all created intelligences, whether white or black, on the earth or under the earth, concerning the tribe of which Bullock of Georgia and ex-Governor Wells of Virginia are prominent representatives. At all events, such is a fair conclusion from a story which has been told of an unfortunate individual, in South Carolina, we believe, who had sold himself to Old Nick for a certain amount of money and pleasure. As the day approached when he had engaged to deliver himself up, he began to be naturally apprehensive, and cast about in his mind various expedients for avoiding his fate. He made divers and sundry propositions to the gentleman in black, all of which were promptly rejected. At last, however, the Devil promised that if, on the day appointed for his surrender, he would bring twenty-five souls in his stead, he would let him off from his bargain. It may be imagined that the proposition, hard as it was, was eagerly accepted, and the poor man immediately set himself to work to obtain the required number. For this purpose he distributed huge hand-bills in all the streets, "Wanted—Twenty-five Souls, to go to the Old Boy in my place. Liberal remuneration given." He began early in the morning posting these placards in all conspicuous places, and when he returned at night, was surprised to see an immense crowd surrounding his lodgings and frantically demanding to know the terms upon which an arrangement could be made. Upon examining them closely, he discovered that they were all carpet-baggers.

"What will you take for your soul?" he inquired of one of the most importunate of the group, a slab-sided, hatchet-faced man, with a nasal twang that was horrible to hear.

"Wal, naow, mister, you can't expect to git an article like that for nothing. I won't take narry cent less than five dollars in specie for my soul."

The bargain was struck at once, when the competition between the other carpet-baggers became so great that he was able to procure substitutes at rates ranging from two dollars fiifty to seventy-five cents. Having collected his purchases, and supplied them with sufficient rations of pork and beans, he locked them up safely till they should be wanted. They spent the night swapping and speculating with each other, and by sunrise there was not one of them who had not made five dollars by his operations.

At the appointed time, the purchaser of this hopeful lot went with heart elate to demand his discharge according to agreement.

"You miserable rebel," exclaimed his sooty creditor, "dare you attempt to swindle me in this shameful manner? Are you going to pay me with what is my own already? These men are all my property and all have my brand upon them. And, besides, they have no souls. I will show you." Seizing old Bullock of Georgia by the hair of his head, he resolved him at once into his component elements, and here they are: Avarice, Meanness, Impudence, Cruelty, Codfish, Sneakingness, Jamaica Rum, Mendacity, Envy, Hatred, Malice, Cheating, Swindling, and numberless small vices. "There," shouted the sable chemist, "do you call that thing a SOUL!"

A bearded woman died recently at Toulouse, aged 104 years. She had a beard two feet long.

A Savannah Invention.

A mechanic in Savannah has invented a new lock, which the Republican of that city describes as follows:

Yesterday we were shown a door lock that surpasses anything in that line that has heretofore appeared. It is not only a beautiful piece of mechanism but so constructed that you may even lose your keys with perfect impunity. There is a series of keys, two of each kind exactly corresponding. Say you have a lock with four, which is the smallest number. A merchant carries one and his clerk another. By accident though one becomes lost; all you have to do is to lay aside the others take out one of your reserved keys which, different in its construction from the first unlocks the door, which, when locked again by the same key, cannot be reopened by the lost one, and you are safe against the finder or thief. The second key changes the gearing of the lock and renders the first useless, and so on to almost any number of keys, all that preceded the lost one being useless until the original gearing is restored.

STRAWS.—The municipal election at Quincy on Monday, the 18th of April, resulted in a complete triumph of the Democracy. Jos. Rowland was elected Mayor by one hundred and fifty majority, and the average majority was three hundred and eighty, an increase of over one hundred since last year. Taking into consideration the fact that over three hundred negroes voted the Radical ticket, this election is a significant one, and shows plainly that the effect of the fifteenth amendment has been to drive the Germans and Irish in a body into the ranks of the Democracy. Precisely the same thing occurred at Bloomington, Ill., the Democracy carrying their candidates into office by three hundred majority. Everywhere that an election has occurred since the negroes have been admitted to a vote tends to show that their ballots are more than overbalanced by white men voting with the opposition. We are afraid our Radical brethren have at last drawn, not a white, but a black elephant, and don't know what to do with it.—*Palmyra Spectator.*

PIN IN THE THROAT.—Isaac Galliger of Winchester, Col. Co., O., while eating a piece of cake last week, partially swallowed a steel pin. A physician of that town tried for a considerable length of time to discover its whereabouts, he could find nothing of it. He then got on a horse and rode in great haste to Alliance, eight miles, to procure the services of some other physician. Dr. R. P. Johnson, after looking in vain for it in the upper part of the throat conceived the idea of inserting a very small horse-shoe magnet into the throat and crowding it down as far as posible held on to the magnet with a small cord and to the great astonishment of all who witnessed the operation, on the withdrawal of the magnet the pin was clinging to it.—*Alliance Monitor*

There is no doubt of the right of Congress to interfere with the authorities of any State."—*Beast Butler.*

"It is not by the consolidation, or concentration of powers, but by their distribution, that good government is effected. Were not this country already divided into States, that division must be made, that each might do for itself, directly, and what it can so much better do than a distant authority. Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap we should soon want bread."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

What a great fool Jefferson was.

The radical party is determined to take care of their new voters. The negro is not to be let alone, he will not be permitted to stand or fall, as white men are compelled to do. Whatever may become of the whites, the blacks are to be most tenderly cared for. The newly made citizens are to be carried in the lap of the nation, and fed on spoon victuals for an indefinite period of time; and the laboring white men—those who till the soil, ply the mechanic arts, and foot up the heavy tax bills, are to pay for it all by tithes wrung from the sweat of their brows.

The first Washington.—George of revolutionary fame, was a strict churchman, and scrupulously observed all the rights of the church. The second Washington—Abraham, of loyal fame, went to a third rate theatre to witness a fourth rate play, one good Friday evening, and thence to his last account.

Brigham Young is the third despositor in amount in the Bank of England.

J. H. Rector, colored, has been elected a Councilman in Springfield, Mo.

There are upwards of 40,000 more white males than females in Iowa.

The value of tea imported into the U. States last year was $12,899,389.

There are ninety-three candidates out for she