THE HERALD.

WALLACE GRUELLE, EDITOR.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.,

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1875.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Wednesday, Jan. 6.

Three jurors were bagged yesterday in the Tilton Beecher case.

Another Cuban expedition is reported to be fitting out in New York.

The annual sale of pews in Plymouth Church (Beecher's bagnio) last night, realized $70,000.

An explosion of fire damp in a coal mine at Rotherham, England, yesterday, killed ninety men.

The harbor at St. Louis froze solid last night.

Ten negroes below Omaha yesterday.

Two soldiers lost their lives in the burning of the barracks at Ft. Russell, Wyoming Territory, Sunday night.

A married man named Ewing, who lives at Breese, Ill., shot and mortally wounded a Mrs. Broenser, at St. Louis, last night, because she refused to desert her husband and elope with him.

O. O. Carr, a St. Louis railroad clerk, killed himself with morphine, last night, to end a drunken spree.

All the business portion of Orangeburg, S. C., was destroyed by fire yesterday morning.

The Democrats of New Hampshire yesterday nominated Hon. A. H. Hatch for Governor.

The residence of Newton Ruggles, at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, was burned last night, and his mother, sister and her child were burned to death.

W. S. Kelly, aged 68, was caught in the machinery of a flouring mill at Gallatin, Tenn., yesterday, and torn all to pieces.

J. N. Cohen, a Nashville pedler who has been missing for some time, is supposed to have been murdered somewhere in Robertson county, Tenn.

Dr. C. B. Adams, of Augusta, Ga., was drowned at Graniteville a few nights since. While waiting there for a train to move he unintentionally walked into the canal.

At Dallas, Texas, about midnight of the 31st of December, Maj. J. P. Horbach, of Memphis, and Mr. H. K. Thomas, the agent of the Texas and Pacific railway, two friends, were drinking together and had been playing some game.—Both gentlemen were under the influence of liquor. A difficulty ensued, in which Horbach shot Thomas through the head, the ball entering just above one of his eyes. Horbach was arrested and lodged in jail.

Thursday, Jan. 7.

Eight jurors have been secured in the Tilton-Beecher case.

The entire commercial and non-political world of New Orleans, including all the clergy, unite in pronouncing Gen. Sheridan's charge that the white people are banditti, as infamously false.

The bark Assumceen, from Pensacola, Fla., for London, was lost at sea, and several of the crew drowned.

Ex-governor R. B. Lindsay, of Alabama, has become a resident of Denver, Colorado.

The old still about straightening the negro's hair has been revived, and parties are now engaged in certain localities in Texas in selling some vile decoction that takes all the hair off and leaves the head barefooted.

Two white boys on the Gadberry place, near Yazoo, Miss., about twelve years old, got into a fight last Saturday. Their names are Boyd Johnson and —— Green. Young Green stabbed Johnson with a knife and killed him instantly.

Two youths from Selma, Alabama, named Charles Street and Frank Roach, were arrested at Columbus, Ga., the other night, on the charge of robbing their employers in the former city of $500, with which they were bound for New York "to see the world." $475 25 were recovered.

Joe Parker, a noted desperado, well known in northern and western Texas, was killed yesterday by the deputy sheriff of Hunt county. The deputy called on Parker to surrender. Parker fired immediately, the ball grazing the deputy's head. The latter returned the fire riddling Parker's head with buckshot, killing him instantly.

A private dispatch just received at Memphis says a party of citizens who were searching Lee county, Mississippi, for the murderers of the Borum family have arrested four negros, one of whom confessed to the crime, and said there were six negroes concerned in the tragedy: that they first shot and killed Borum, his wife and the negro boy, and then fired the house in a half dozen places, burning alive the two children, and locking the door to prevent their escape.

M. L. Murray, agent of the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Macon, Ga., committed suicide at the Brown House Thursday night by taking laudanum.

Friday, Jan. 8.

One thousand troops sailed from Cadiz, Spain, last Sunday for Cuba.

The requisite number of jurors in the Tilton-Beecher case were obtained yesterday.

Drunken Zach Chandler has been renominated for the U. S. Senate by the Republicans in the Michigan Legislature.

Hanibal Hamlin has been renominated for the U. S. Senate by the Republican caucus of the Maine Legislature.

A negro woman in Pitt county, N. C., recently gave birth to triplets, the first was white, the second mulatto, and the third black as a tarkiln.

A little darky in Rome, Ga., stole a cake from his grandmother, and when she stripped him for a whipping he ran away. He was found frozen to death next morning.

Mr. Charles Albrecht, of Columbia, S. C., while laboring under a fit of temporary aberration yesterday afternoon, shot himself in the head with a Colt's navy pistol—a portion of the brain being carried away. He lingered until about 12 o'clock last night, and then died.—He leaves a wife but no children.

Mr. Harvey Groner, who lived near Southpoint, Gaston county, N. C., committed suicide a few days ago by hanging. There seems to have been no cause assigned by his friends why he should have committed the fatal deed. Mr. Groner was about forty years old. He was a married man, and left two or three children.

A colored man named Lucas shot another named Lawyer Weaver Sunday morning early, near Bennick's Mills, Ga., on the Central railroad, about sixteen miles from Augusta. It is said Weaver had been living with Lucas' wife for the past few weeks, and that he was with her in his room when Lucas put a gun through a window and shot him, killing him instantly.

It has now been ascertained from a reliable source that Cohen, the missing Polish pedler from Nashville, was robbed, murdered and his body buried near Russellville, Ky., by the county authorities. His horse and wagon were sold by order of the county court, which will appoint an administrator of his effects. His papers, accounts, etc., were all found on his body, but the money and valuables were missing.

Saturday, Jan. 9.

Hugh McDaniel, a steamboat captain, was murdered at Point Pleasant, W. Va., last Wednesday, by Wm Weitzel. McDaniel had been criminally intimate with Weitzel's wife.

A sad accident occurred near Blackjack, Wilson county, Tenn., Saturday, during Christmas, which resulted in the death of Mr. Wm. Burr, of Kentucky. Mr. Burr and Mr. J. W. (Boss) Barbee were out hunting, and seeing a squirrel run into a hole thought to run him out, and for that purpose Mr. Barbee knocked against the tree with the butt-end of his gun, which caused it to fire, the whole charge of shot entering the breast of the unfortunate Burr, causing death. The parties were brothers-in-law.

The negroes in the vicinity of Citronelle, Ala., have adopted a new mode to prevent stealing and other species of crime among their element. A few days ago two or three of them were suspected of stealing and they were caught, tied to a tree, and after being compelled to acknowledge the stealing, they were severely whipped by the leading negroes. Here are plain cases of intimidation and food for the "investigating committee."

Ed. Roof, of Tate county, Miss. made an arrangement to have an egg-nogg, and one of his tenants, George Hunt, colored, had promised to come up before day and wake him up and help him to make it. At three o'clock Roof was awake, and concluded he would have gone Jim out of Hunt; so he got up, took his shot-gun and went down to his cabin, and, and cocking both barrels of his gun, fired both, as he supposed. He then opened Hunt's door and punched at him with his gun, one barrel of the gun being discharged, lodging the load in his (Hunt's) side, from the effects of which he died the next day. Hunt was perfectly sensible to the last, and testified that he and Roof were, and had always been, on the very best of terms; that he was satisfied that the shooting was accidental.

Miss Mollie Carter, of Charlottesville, Va., came to an awful death in this manner: On Saturday night she returned to her father's from a party, and took a lamp to retire to her room. As she crossed the passage a puff of wind came through the passage, causing the lamp to explode and enveloping her in flames. Her cries brought her mother and sister to her assistance, both of whom were severely burned in attempting to put out the fire but not until her clothing was burned was the fire extinguished. She died of her injuries at 11 o'clock Sunday morning. Miss Carter was only about eighteen years of age, in the full bloom of womanhood, and was an intelligent and amiable young lady.

Monday, Jan. 11.

Dan Voorhees is no longer a candidate for the Indiana Senatorship.

Coal mining has almost entirely suspended in Pennsylvania.

Horace B. Gibbs, a Cincinnati railroad man, who recently lost his wife, committed suicide on her grave Friday night.

The cold snap Saturday did some devilment. Jane Anderson, aged 68, was frozen to death at Cincinnati; John Hogan met with a similar fate at Chicago; and a school-girl at Omaha was so badly frozen that she died.

It is reported at Washington that Secretary Fish has tendered and the President accepted his resignation, in consequence of a disagreement about the high-handed Federal outrages in Louisiana.

Vasquez, the notorious California bandit, has been convicted of a score of murders and robberies charged against him, and will be sentenced on the 25rd inst.

King Alfonso will enter Madrid to-morrow.

The Western Hotel, at Sacramento, Cal., was burned yesterday afternoon. Three men are known to have perished in the flames, and others are supposed to be buried in the ruins.

Frank Rogers, while drunk, was frozen to death at Brenham, Texas, a few nights ago.

Primus Wilson killed his wife in Liberty county, Ga., last week, by tripping her up and placing his knees on her. He is ninety years old, and she was but a few years his junior.

Last Thursday night about 10 o'clock the house of Franky Ellis, colored, was burned to the ground and all the inmates—five in number—an old man, a young woman, and three children, were burned to death. In Surry county, Va.

A few days ago Mr. W. T. Jones, living on Buffalo, in Wilkinson county, Miss., found one of his hogs near his residence badly bitten by dogs, and otherwise ill-treated. Taking his gun he went to look into the matter, and this was the last seen of him alive. His body was found with the top of his head shot off. Three negroes charged with the crime have been arrested and are now in jail at Woodville.

The murderer of Miss Emma Voelker, and the attempted slayer of his own wife, in New Braunfels, Texas, some months ago, has been arrested, and confessed to having committed the deed. The name of the fiend is William Faust. The wife of this man, a young girl but recently married, had taken refuge with the Voelker family during the absence of her husband, stating that she was afraid to remain at her home during the night, but giving no reasons therefor. The young wife, having retired one night, occupying the same apartment with the young lady so brutally murdered, was set upon by the fiend, who was reported absent from the neighborhood at the time, and dreadfully lacerated with a hatchet. Miss Voelker awoke at the noise occasioned, and was immediately attacked by the brute with the same weapon used on his wife. She died shortly after, but the wife recovered from her wounds and is still alive.

Tuesday, Jan. 12.

Among the fortunate ones—candidates before the Tennessee Legislature,—was Miss Emily Peyton, daughter of Hon. Balie Peyton, who was elected engrossing clerk of the senate on Tuesday.

Mr. Sam Weaver, who killed Rodger Green at Lawrenceburo, Tennessee, and who was being tried for that offense, was permitted by sheriff Garner to take Christmas dinner at home with his family. He was guarded by the sheriff and deputy sheriff Austin.

Miss Gertrude Pillow, daughter of General Gideon Pillow, of Memphis, shot a bear near Old Town landing, Arkansas, last week. The young lady was attended by a youth named Charles Mitchell, brother of Captain John H. Mitchell. Bruin received two loads from a double-barreled shot-gun, and, turning over with a sigh, somewhat akin to a growl, quietly breathed his last. He was of very large size, and the steaks were juicy and nice.

On Wednesday evening a terrible accident occurred from the reckless use of fire-arms, resulting in the death of Miss Mollie Jones, of Milan, Tennessee. Her brother William, on coming into the house the same morning, took a derringer pistol from his pocket, and, in presence of his sisters, Mollie and Fannie, drew the charge from the pistol and retired to bed, having been up all the night previous at a ball. His sisters in a playful manner procured some percussion caps and commenced snapping them with the weapon. After some time a younger prother came in, and seeing the pistol proceeded to load it with ball and cartridge with the expectation of riding out some short distance after night fall. He inadvertantly left the loaded pistol on a bureau in one of the rooms of the house, and the young ladies, seeing the weapon apparently in the same condition as they had left it while amusing themselves, thought that the snapping of caps would give additional enjoyment. Miss Fannie Jones, therefore, all unconscious, picked up the pistol, pulled the trigger while the muzzle was in close proximity to her sister's left temple, and fired. The bullet penetrated the brain of the unfortunate young lady, and she fell to the floor, dying instantly.

KENTUCKY NEWS.

Shelbyville is now lighted by gas.

The Bowling Green Republican has changed its name to the Bowling Green Globe.

James Monroe, a horse-trainer, fell into a creek at Lexington, Sunday, while drunk and was drowned.

James Miller of Harrison county, sold recently a trotting colt for $41,000.

The Paducah Tobacco Plant has changed its name to Farmer's Sentinel.

The Harrodsburg People is hereafter to be called the Observer and Reporter.

The Lebanon Standard says that the late Judge Hardin had his life insured for $10,000.

Col. Oscar Turner will be a candidate for United States Senator, to succeed Hon. John W. Stevenson.

Henry Kramer, who murdered his brother in Covington, Ky., on the 27th of last July, was sentenced to the penitentiary for 21 years, on the 7th instant.

In the Falmouth Police Court the other day a quarrel arose between the judge and the marshal, in which pistols were drawn but no one hurt.

On Christmas night, just after dark, three prisoners confined in the Owenton jail made their escape. Two of the men were charged with horse stealing, the other with carrying concealed deadly weapons.

The publication of the Tri-Weekly Maysville Eagle has been discontinued. Mr. Green will continue the publication of the Weekly Eagle.

The negro girl shot by Kuklux near Clay village about two months ago, has recovered her strength, though the vision of the injured eye is still defective.

On the night of December 24, George Fay, of Boyd county, was shot at, the ball grazing his back: He heard a noise at the door, and, on going to see what it was, was fired upon.

Col. Jere. D. Lillard, of Owen, is announced as a candidate for Attorney General, subject to the action of the Democratic State Convention in May.

A tersplicgnne recently found in a field in Robertson county with the following names inscribed on its shell: E. Ashcraft, 1822; N. A. Bratton, 1850; Wm. Wood, 1858; H. A. Wood, 1864.

Rev. R. W. Macdonald, D. D., lately president of the Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., has accepted a call from the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Bowling Green.

The jail at Burlington, Boone county, a brick building erected in 1834, was destroyed by fire on Monday night. It was set on fire by an insane prisoner named Thomas Kirkpatric.

Robertson county boasts of a goose twenty-three years old, which raised twelve goslings this last spring, while her owner has made seven large pillows from the feathers plucked from her gooseship.

A child was born last week in Nelson county, in the neighborhood of Bloomfield, to a Mrs. Guthrie, without arms, having well-formed thumbs protruding from each shoulder, and with its mouth located on the right side of the face, below the jaw-bone.

William Dickson, near Beech Grove Church, Owen county, was hauling with an ox-team, and had on an overload. The dumb brute refusing to pull, he piled a load of fodder upon the ox and burnt him alive. A similar fate would be too good for the fiend.

Elder E. T. Meyers, a minister of the Christain Church in Mason county, eloped with a young lady from Harrison county, and was married to her at Aberdeen, Ohio. The bride's father is said to be a Bourbon county farmer of wealth, and has strong prejudices and positive character; and it is said he has declaired his intention to disinherit his daughter.

A son of Mr. Pat Quinn, of Mason county, while hunting on Wednesday of last week, was accidentally shot by his brother, and killed instantly. The boy killed was walking in the rear of his brother, who had the gun on his shoulder. The gun by some accident was discharged, the little fellow receiving the entire charge in his head.

At a trial in a magistrate's court near Plum Point, Fayette county, recently, the plaintiff, a negro, was told that he must swear to his statements before they would be received as evidence. The old darkey hesitated for a moment but straightening himself up said: "Mason I'se 'posed to swearin,' but *dassa if taint so.*"

A drove of 28 Costwold sheep, all in fine order, add belonging to Hon. Geo. W. Craddock, of Frankfort, has been missing since Monday, December 28. It is supposed that they have either been butchered for the home market or driven off at night to a distance and sold.

The Taylorsville Lodge, F. and A. M. issues the following: This notice is to inform the public that V. E. Anderson, formerly a member of this lodge, has been found guilty of gross unmasonic conduct, in eloping with the wife of James Jewell, and said Anderson has been expelled from this lodge, and the same ordered to be published.

The Grangers of the Eighth District, have instructed their Representative, Hon. M. J. Durham, to insist upon the following points: First—We demand that the 5-20 bonds be paid in greenbacks. Second—That the national bank system be abolished. Third—Equal taxation, including bonds and all other securities alike. Fourth—We ask the co-operation of all other Grangers in the district, State and United States.

An unknown man was found dead near Hanson, Hopkins county, last Monday. The circumstances attending his death are unknown, but it is supposed he set fire to an old tree, and lying down by the fire went to sleep, and it burned in two and fell on him. He was thought to be a tramp. There was nothing about him to give the faintest clew to his identity.

A suspicious-looking stranger, giving his name as Louis Ross, was arrestdd in Shelbyville the other day as a suspected burglar, but nothing being found against him, except that he had the alias of Robt. Noyes, he was released. He has since brought suit in the sum of $10,000 for damages done his character against the judge, arresting officers, prosecuting attorney and jailer, leaving his interests in the hands of his attorney.

Dr. H. A. M. Henderson, Superintendent of Public Instruction, has been invited by the National Superintendents' Association to address that body at its annual convention, in Washington City, January 28. He also goes to Nashville to address the State Teachers' Association of Tennessee on the evening of January 21, upon which occasion the Legislature will be in attendance. On the evening of the 23d he delivers one of his lectures in Nashville for the benefit of the Woman's Mission Home.

At the residence of Mr. Benham, on the Beech Fork, Washington county, on the 23d of December, a peculiar and fatal accident occurred. One of the young men while smoking dropped a coal upon a paper containing two pounds of powder, and an explosion followed. Of the five persons who were in the room at the time, four were badly burned. Miss Josie Benham received injuries of so serious a nature that she died on Saturday last. Mr. Boblett was very severely burned but will recover. An infant child of Mrs. Boblett, which she held in her arms at the time of the occurrence, escaped unhurt.

The case of those Lexington city officers, principally members of the City Council, which was brought before the Federal Court at Louisville some time ago, and was taken thence to the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, was set for trial in that court on the 6th instant. It has been postponed, however, to the 12th or 14th. Hon. B. F. Buckner, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, employed as counsel by the city, is in Washington attending to the case, together with Hon. Mr. Stansberry.

WE are of the opinion that our old friend, Judge McMANAMA, knows a little more law than is healthy for the continued existence of the Court of Appeals. It looks as if he labors under the impression that he has been awarded the contract for performing all the work which properly falls to the share of Appellate Judges. When the notion takes him, he pounces on a decision of the Court of Appeals, like a jay-bird on a June-bug, and reverses it before one can say "Jack Robinson." And he makes no more ado about declaring a constitutional provision unconstitutional than CROCKETT SAYERS does about pulling the beam at three hundred pounds. We pray Mc., to stay his rash, innovating hand. The Court of Appeals and the State constitution are relics that have so far bid defiance to the corroding tooth of time, and we would be grieved to see them stricken down by the all-conquering arm of the CID CAMPEADOR of the Kentucky judiciary.

THE demands of the lecture field upon the time of Bro. GEO. W. BAIN being so great, he has been compelled to surrender the editorial charge of the *Temperance Advocate* to Bro. N. F. THOMPSON, the efficient G. W. S. and Tr. Bro. THOMPSON has a head full of brains, is an earnest, forcible and logical writer, and will keep the *Advocate* in the front rank of the temperance reformaiton.

A MAN in Giles county, Tennessee, saw a wheelbarrow for the first time in his life, the other day, and he thinks the necessity for him to join a church in order to get to heaven no longer exists.

OUR POLITICAL CREED.

We are not of the latter-day, new-light Democracy. With us principles are principles, and expediency as valueless as the dust beneath our feet. When principles are to be sacrificed for the sake of victory; when inamoral, drunken and otherwise objectionable men are to be selected for places of profit and trust, and men of character, standing and ability are shoved aside, because of the supposed or actual popularity of the former among the rag-tag-and-bob-tails; when whisky and money has to be used to achieve success at the polls; when all or any of these things occur, *we step down and out of the canvass.* Neither our voice, vote or paper can be used in such warfare. With us, our political faith is a religion, and we will always endeavor to guard it from impurity as we guard the faith upon which rests the salvation of our soul from the contamination of infidelity. That is the reason why we disdain to publish a strict party paper. We have no idea in advance of the course our party leaders will pursue. They are not to be trusted. They are all expediency people. They have gone into the very heart of the enemy's camp and taken their "chief among ten thousand," their SAUL, the life-long and unrelenting enemy of our party and its principles, and foisted him upon us as a Democratic candidate for the Presidency. And now they are endeavoring to steal from the Republicans their principal gun, and adroitly seeking to indoctrinate us with the *virus* of inflation. We'll have none of this. We would just as soon call ourself a Republican, and advocate Republican principles and support Republican candidates, as continue holding on to the name of Democrat and advocate principles and support candidates that are Republican in reality, only adopted for the nonce, and used in the hope that the enemy may be decieved and a victory won before they discover the ruse—use them as hunters use wooden ducks to decoy the real fowl.

We believe in the principles taught by JEFFERSON and MADISON and MONROE, and practiced by JACKSON. They embrace the true theory of republican democracy. They are as immutable as the laws of nature. They are worth living for and dying by. Ever since the moment the Democracy began to cut loose from them its fortunes began to wane. We have tried the dodge of expediency often enough and long enough. We have suffered by our folly as much as we ought to suffer. We cannot afford to continue a losing game. The time has arrived for a return to first principles. And unless we do return to them let's have as little as possible to say about "Democratic principles." Such talk, the way things are going, is worse than mockery. It is as if BRUTUS, with his foot upon the bleeding body of CÆSAR, were to pronounce an eulogy upon the virtues of the man he had just murdered. Whatever we be, O Democrats, let us not become hypocrites as well as traitors to our principles.

GEN. GORDON's advice to the people of Louisiana is good. The Administration is endeavoring to goad them into armed resistance to its odious tyranny. A dignified submission to the wrongs it is heaping upon them will prove a defeat more sore to the President and his co-conspirators against the political life of a sovereign State, than would fifty reverses on the foughten field. Their hope is to bring about an armed conflict, and then, under the cry of a revival of the rebellion, enlist the sectional sympathies of the North—now being estranged from them—again on their side, and thus perpetuate themselves in power. This is their game. This alone they are striving for. Quiet submission to any and every outrage that may be heaped upon them by the people of Louisiana will defeat it. Let there be no resistance.

MADISON county is putting on airs because it contains the remains of Boonesborough, Boone's Gap, and a rock on which is carved the initials "D. B." About a mile from the town of Sharpsburg, in Bath county, on the south bank of Stoner creek, there stood—and may stand yet—an old beech tree, on which the name of Daniel Boone—he spelled it "Boon"—was carved nearly a hundred years ago, by the great hunter's own hand, and Bath doesn't think enough of the relict to mention the fact.

Military dictation is the undisguised attitude of the Administration towards the people of Louisiana, and Generals SHERIDAN and DE TROBRIAND have been fitly selected to carry out the scheme of oppression. Thank God, all such actions as that of the Federal soldiery in the Louisiana House of Representatives are nails driven to the head in the coffin of Radicalism.

OUR SPIRITUAL NEEDS.

What the world wants is not a new religion but a return to the old religion—the one our SAVIOUR preached and died for—the one that is ultimately to bring salvation to the peoples—the one that has been abandoned of men almost since the moment of the foul and cruel murder of CHRIST on Mount Calvary.

We have too many religions now—such as they are. There is not one in the whole long catalogue of religious beliefs that will stand the crucial test of the Bible. They are, one and all, more or less of the earth earthy. Their principles, or doctrines, are the creation of men—smart and pious men they be—but still men. "Preaching CHRIST and Him crucified" is an incidental instead of an essential of our modern religions. What does a dying soul care for sprinkling or immersion or pouring, for infant baptism, for works and faith, for creeds and disciplines or catechisms, for sectarian names and quarrels? He wants the manna direct from heaven, that will feed and keep life in his soul forever.

We are not a scoffer at and despiser of the religions of the world. There is much good in all of them; and also much of evil. They befog and bewilder, by their eternal clashing of doctrines, where they should all be lighthouses to guide to havens of safety. We never knew of a protracted debate between ministers of opposing sects on the doctrinal difference between their respective churches, that did not work devilish evil in the community where it occurred. Both sides would claim the victory. The adherents of the several debaters would zealously stand by their champion, estrangements and quarrels and heart-burnings would spring up between friends and neighbors, and we have known even the members of the same family divided among themselves. The victory in all such contests really belongs to the Devil.

CHRIST blazed the path to heaven, and he made it narrow. *Doctrinaires* have endeavored to macadamise the road, have widened it out, until it actually requires a chart and compass to travel it with safety. There would be no such danger were we to follow implicitly the lights of the Gospel of JESUS. Love of GOD and our fellow-man, repentance of our sins, the precepts of what we call the "Golden Rule," and the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, are all the guides we need. They contain all of the doctrines and divine law that we want. If we square our lives in this world by them, we will fit ourselves for the inheritance of eternal life in the world to come. Men's doctrines must be purged from our religions, and CHRIST's Gospel substituted, or we will all give SATAN as much work as he can stand up under some day.

OUR PAPER.

There is no good reason why a readable newspaper cannot be gotten up as well in a country village as in a city, while there are many good reasons in favor of the project. If the editor is lazy or incompetent, then it will be impossible for him to get up a paper worthy of support anywhere. We do not claim for ourself any particular advantage over our *confreres* of the country press. We only claim that we were bred to the business of newspaper making. We have filled every position on a paper, from that of "devil" in a country office, through the various grades of compositor, pressman, mailing-clerk, associate editor, and editor-in-chief of several prominent and leading dailies. Our experience at the business began prior to the day when the telegraph became the servant and news-bearer of the press. We think we know what the reading public demands, and our only ambition is to make for it a readable paper. We offer the people of Ohio county THE HARTFORD HERALD. It is for them to decide whether they want our paper.

WHEN Texas doctors disagree, they sharpen their bowie knives, meander to the edge of town, and fight it out on that line. As they know exactly where to carve the human anatomy without producing fatal results, they hew away like sixty for awhile, and then, covered with blood and gaping wounds, they make the quarrel up, shake hands, walk arm-in-arm to the nearest doggery and take a drink, dress each others wounds, and ever after enjoy the reputation of being two of the gamest men between the sulphur factory and the iron works.

A ROMANTIC story reaches us from Germany of a plucky American girl who fooled the faculty of a famous medical school over there, by putting on male attire and attending the lectures, after having been refused admittance when she made application in her woman's gear.

A MILITARY BUBBLE.

An epoch of war always palms off some spurious hero upon the muse of history, and his name in consequence finds a place in the chronicles of the nations: while poets and novelists, lacking historical data to work upon, invent nightical exploits to which they marry his name—not daring to use that of any one who has carved out an honorable fame with his sword, knowing that detection of their imposture would be curtain—the people catch up the song or story, it becomes popular, and after awhile is accepted as veritable history. Thus base fables, in time, pass curren lfor genuine fact. These heroes of the minnesingers and storytellers are lucky dogs, in that they earn their chaplets so easily.

The histories of the old world are full of such characters, and, since the collapse of our own civil war, American history can parade a right goodly share. Notorious among these—indeed his name may safely be placed at the head of the list—is General PHIL. H. SHERIDAN, who has won himself longer and more jingling spurs than any carpet-knight of them all. How? Simply by wining and dinning into the ears of a not overly conscientious newspaper correspondent a fabulous story of an imaginary ride "where danger hung i' the murky air, and death 'buscaded the way." The story was published as fact in the New York *Herald*, when it caught the eye of the poet-painter, the late BUCHANAN READ, who at once seized pen and pencil, wrote one of the most stirring ballads of the war and painted a picture that made him yet more famous, and SHERIDAN was the hero of both. And yet that break-neck ride through the Shenandoah Valley, "on to Winchester town," while the legions of STONEWALL JACKSON were a-march on every road never occurred. Not a bit of it—not a bit of it; no more than our excellent friend, Judge GREGORY, mounted a streak of greased lightning yesterday, and rode to Beaver Dam in the twinkling of an eye! And yet, were we to publish so preposterous a statement as fact, we would not miss the truth a hair's-breadth more than the poet did when he heroised PHIL. SHERIDAN. We chanced to know something about SHERIDAN during the late war. We know he was sent out to "PAP" THOMAS bearing instructions from the War Department to the latter, and those instructions were to put "LITTLE PHIL." in command of the cavalry corps attached to the Army of the Cumberland. The grizzly old hero of Rossville Gap, whose iron legions stemmed and turned back the tide of disaster to the Federal arms that set in on Chicamauga's fearful field, obeyed his instructions to the letter, and turned over the cavalry to the "famous rider." The consequence was, that in six weeks' time the cavalry of the Cumberland was the most disorderly, disciplineless mob that ever essayed to wear saber and carbine. THOMAS would not stand that sort of thing, and SHERIDAN was hustled back to the eastward faster than he came, for those gentlemen from the army of the Potomac were slow travelers when their faces were set to the southwest. There was a deal of hard fighting down there, you see. If SHERIDAN was ever guilty of an exploit, brilliant, or even moderately so, during the war, it has entirely escaped the eyes of impartial historians.

But he has performed a couple of brilliant deeds since the war—deeds that will wed his name to infamy so long as the world shall stand. He burned up a small-pox hospital that contained a score or more of helpless Indian patients, down with that frightful scourge. And the other day, at New Orleans, he caused a subordinate to enter the legislative halls of Louisiana, while the House was in session, and remove therefrom six members, whose only offense was—they were Democrats. And he did not stop there, but he called upon the President to proclaim the white people of that long-suffering and terribly abused State "banditti," and give him free rein to ride them down as he pleases. We hope that the next time the President gets drunk he will comply with SHERIDAN's request. Then we would have this military bubble pricked to some purpose. If he hopes to plunder the people, he must have forgotten that General BUTLER was down that way once upon a time, and did pretty clean picking. If he thirsts for burning and slaying, he will be pretty apt to find it a dangerous amusement.

THE MEN FOR THE OFFICES.

There are hundreds of men in the Democratic party of Kentucky who can fill any public position with credit to their party and profit to the State and nation. They are large-hearted, large-brained, large-ideaed men. But they are also modest and unassuming men. They are men who scorn to scuffle for nomination with big-bellied, loud-swearing, vanity-puffed, shallow-brained, long-tongued, blatant, bullying demagogues. They are men who have no "claims" upon the party. Your genuine statesmen, your heroes of the Senate where ideas are as cannon balls and speech a saber keen, are not the ones to button-hole you on every corner and annoy you with their "claims" upon the party. They are not the men to travel the length and breadth of the State, like bellowing bulls of Bashan, proclaiming that they, and only they, are the chosen vessels to restore the ancient grandeur and glory and honor of the party. These roaring beggars after office, these political *lazzaroni*, are the very ignorant and conceited incompetents that brought the party into disgrace aforetime. They are but croaking frogs, whose mission it is to sit upon the banks of their native ponds, suck in the air, swell out their sides, and frighten timid tadpoles with their noise. These impudent incompetents must be put down. We, the people, the rank and file of the party, must brush them aside as odious vermin, and call out our best and truest men—our men of brain and ability—our men of stamina and character—our men of genius and patriotism—our Democratic jewels of purest ray serene, and put them in the crown of American statesmanship, where their radience may enlighten and their brilliance guide. Too long have we permitted them to rust in obscurity. Too long have we coveed them over with the dust of impudent political adventurers, fellows who resemble statesmen about as much as the stripes of a rag-carpet resemble a rainbow. We cannot begin the good work of purifying the temple of Democracy one day too soon. It has been used as a stable for jackasses too long already. With the broom of THOS. JEFFERSON, our great Democratic HERCULES—"Let the office seek the man"—let's sweep the Augean stable clean.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Nouvelle-Orleannaise for Liar—Sheridan.

Even Gen. John Pope admits that he cannot hold a candle to Sheridan.

Mrs. Woodhull says she loves a liar.—Sheridan is the sweetheart for her.

The story, though plausible, that Gen. P. H. Sheridan is the author of Gulliver's Travels, is without foundation.

Glance at the two sap roots of General Sheridan's genealogical tree, and you will find inscribed thereon the names of Ananias and Saphira.

What a pity the white people of Louisiana are not all sick women and children in a small-pox hospital, so Sheridan could exterminate 'em with fire.

Mr. Alphonso Barrett—no kin to our John—late of Otterville, Ill., left a son behind him when he died last July who knew exactly how to console his young and pretty step-mother. They twain celebrated New Year's Day by getting married.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* compares Phil. Sheridan to General Jackson There is just about as much resemblance between the little Liar in Blue and grand Old Hickory, as there is between the illuminated narrative of a lightning bug and the noonday sun.

The new King of Spain is the identical baby whose arrival at Madrid while the late Pierre Soule, of Louisiana, was the representative of this government near that court, was laid at that gentleman's door, and caused Mrs. S. to express the opinion that Queen Isabella was "no better than she should be."

One of those sweet romantic experiences which we love to record as evidence that this world is not all a fleeting show for man's illusion given, that love has lodgment here below, and there's truth this side of heaven, now comes to us from Northern Georgia. It appears that a gentleman of Atlanta wandered out into the country to escape che noise and bustle of the busy town, and commune with nature where brooks babble and fields are a-green at the proper season. Among the birds whose gay plumage delights the eye and happy songs enchant the ear, he espied and at once fixed his affections upon a young pig—a tender, milk-white, beautiful piggy. A few words of business import with the owner of the porcine darling, and the city gentleman became the possessor of the object of his swift-born admiration. The pretty pig was carefully basketed, to the immense disgust and indignation of its fond mamma, and thus transported from sylvan scenes and pastoral disportgns to the glare and glitter, the fashion and folly, of the crowded city. Next morning, ere Aurora's rosy warning had bade pale Luna to make room for the god of day, the crimson banners of whose marching glowed redly on the gray eastern horizon, the gentleman, who is an early riser for a denizen of the town, was attracted to his yard-gate by a commotion thereanent. Imagine his astonishment on discovering the mother of his newly-acquired treasure endeavoring to make her way into the premises that were the prison grounds of the darling of which she had been despoiled on the preceding afternoon Her instinct, quickened by mother-love, had prompted her to swift and determined pursuit. * * It is such sweet and poetical episodes as this, frequently occurring in the aromatic and sunny southland, that more firmly fixes in our mind the conviction that this glorious "land of the free heart's only home," where truth and Sheridan together roam, is no longer in danger.