FREMONT WEEKLY JOURNAL
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BY A. H. BALSLEY.
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EVERY VARIETY OF
JOB PRINTING
NEATLY AND QUICKLY DONE.

# The Fremont Weekly Journal.

Established 1829. Vol. XLIII. New Series Vol. XX. No. 23.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, OHIO; FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1872.

## Business Directory.

### LEGAL.

J. M. LEMMON. A. B. FRENCH.
LEMMON & FRENCH,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND GENERAL AGENTS, CLYDE, OHIO.
Mr. Lemmon will be in his office at Fremont, on Thursday of each week. Prompt attention given to all legal business.

JOSEPH R. BARTLETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, White's Block, corner of Front and Croghan streets. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and all business pertaining to the general law practice.
Fremont, March 1, 1872.

J. T. GARVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Fremont, Ohio, offers his professional services to all requiring legal business done in any of the Courts of Sandusky County; will also attend to the collection of claims. Office in Tyler's Block, Croghan street.

J. L. GREENE, SEN.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, will attend to Legal Business in Sandusky and adjoining counties, Office, corner Room, upstairs, Tyler's Block.
FREMONT, O.

R. P. BUCKLAND. H. EVERETT. JAS. H. FOWLER
BUCKLAND, EVERETT & FOWLER,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW and Solicitors in Chancery; will attend to professional business in Sandusky and adjoining counties. Office, second story, Buckland's New Block
FREMONT.

### MEDICAL.

D. H. BRINKERHOFF, M. D
*PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,*
OFFICE IN BUCKLAND'S OLD BLOCK, on Front St. Residence on Birchard Avenue, corner of Wood Street. Office hours from 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 4 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M.

### DENTISTRY.

DR. A. F. PRICE,
SURGICAL & MECHANICAL DENTIST.—Office over Bank of Fremont, White's block, will be found in his office, at all times.

### HOTELS.

KESSLER HOUSE,
E. B. BELDING, Proprietor. Passengers carried to and from the House free of charge. Situated corner of Front and State Sts., FREMONT.

NICHOLS HOUSE,
ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS. Gideon & Ells, Proprietors, Clyde, Ohio. Population of Clyde, 2,800. Livery Stable in connection with the House.

LINDSEY HOUSE,
LINDSEY, Sandusky Co. Ohio, E. S. Bowersox, Proprietor. The proprietor takes pleasure in announcing that he is prepared to accommodate the traveling public. Every attention paid to the comfort of guests of the House. 19y1

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
BELLEVUE, O. John Ford, Proprietor. Recently refitted and furnished.

BIRCH HOUSE,
CLEVELAND, O., 124 Water Street, near the Railroad Depot, and in the center of business.
L. D. HUNT, H. S. HUNT, } Proprietors.

### COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

L. Q. Rawson, Jas. Moore, Joseph L. Rawson
J. L. RAWSON & CO.,
STORAGE, FORWARDING & COMMISSION Merchants, Dealers in Coarse Salt, Fine Salt, Dairy Salt, Land Plaster, Calcined Plaster, Water Lime, etc. Having purchased the entire property known as the Fremont Warehouse and Steam Elevators, at the head of navigation on the Sandusky River, we are prepared to receive, store and ship Grain, Lumber, Merchandise and other produce. Office, at Fremont Elevators.
FREMONT. 1-1

### PHOTOGRAPHER.

A. D. WILES'
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY, over Garvin's Store FREMONT.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

HO! FOR THE WEST!!
The undersigned would notify all persons who design traveling westward that he is prepared to sell
THROUGH TICKETS
TO ALL THE LEADING POINTS in Indiana, Illinois Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and California.
W. H. ANDREWS,
33y1 Office in Birchard's Block, Fremont, O.

LEEK, DOERING & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
YANKEE NOTIONS,
Toys & Fancy Goods,
No. 133 and 135 Water St.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
F. W. LEEK, J. C. & W. H. DOERING, G. M. GILSON.

J. C. JOHNSON,
ARCHITECT AND DESIGNER,
Office in Moore and Rawson's Block, Corner of Front and Garrison Streets, Fremont, Ohio. All orders promptly attended to: 35y1

FOSTER & BECK,
Carpenters, Joiners and Builders,
FREMONT, OHIO.
Does all kinds of Contract Building, and all manner of Jobbing Work. Shop on corner of Wayne and Ewing streets. Moving and Raising of Buildings, and all kinds of Tackle work specially attended to. Orders solicited. 15y1

MEAT MARKET.
ON STATE STREET.

A. LUHRS takes pleasure in inviting the public to call at his stand on State Street, in Frentzel's Block, when they want FINE STEAKS or EXCELLENT ROASTS. The best quality of
BEEF, PORK MUTTON and VEAL
can be found on his counter, and the public will be served always at
REASONABLE PRICES.
CALL AND TRY ME.
46 A. LUHRS.

E. F. HAFFORD.
CARRIAGE
Factory.
Corner Front and Market Streets.
CARRIAGES, OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES constantly on hand, or made to order in any style.
☞ Particular attention paid to repairing. All work done at my factory warranted.
8y1 E. F. HAFFORD.

J. P. MOORE,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES & WAGONS
I DESIRE to call the attention of all to the additions I have recently made to my
CARRIAGE FACTORY.
I have so enlarged and remodled my shop, as to give me unsurpassed facilities for executing, in a superior manner, every description of Carriages and Wagon work. My workmen are reliable and competent. All material is selected with special care, and throughly seasoned before it is manufactured. My aim is to furnish work which shall have a merited reputation for superior quality and style. I have fitter up a large store room and shall keep always on hand,
Every variety of Carriages, Buggies, Lumber, Spring and Market Wagons.
With these newly acquired facilities my prices will be below competition.
J. P. MOORE,
Carriage Factory, cor., Garrison and Water Sts Fremont, Ohio. 50

PATENTS.
SOLICITORS AND ATTORNEYS FOR
U.S. AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
BURRIDGE & CO.,
127 Superior St., opposite American House, Cleveland, O.
With Associated Offices in Washington and Foreign Countries.
47 47

PUTNAM MANUFACTURING CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PUTNAM'S PATENT CLOTHES WRINGERS,
Ironing Mangles, &c.
*ALL KINDS WRINGERS REPAIRED.*
H. H. HAMLEN, Agent, 65 Bank St.,
17n2 CLEVELAND, OHIO.

"THE PHILOSOPHERS STONE"---PAY AS YOU GO.
It is of the greatest advantage to the consumer, benefitting him who buys more than the one who sells.
:o:
C. M. Dillon & Co.
Will on the 1st day of July, 1872, adopt the
CASH SYSTEM!
BUY AND SELL FOR CASH!
Having One Price for All.
The credit system is expensive, uncertain and dangerous way of doing business. Its abandonment reduces our expenses more than one-half, and will enable us to sell BETTER GOODS AT LOWER PRICES than can possibly be sold under the system of credit.
We shall convince our friends that we can and will sell
HARDWARE!
STOVES! TINWARE!
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENS!
And do all kinds of ROOFING, EAVE TROUGH and JOBBING at LOWER PRICES generally, than any credit store in Fremont.
Franklin says: "ECONOMY IS WEALTH."
SAVE YOUR MONEY!
C. M. DILLON & CO.

GUARDIAN
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., NEW YORK.
Dividends Paid Annually on Contribution Plan on All Cash Policies.

All Policies Non-Forfeitable.
PURELY MUTUAL.
ANDREW W. GILL, President. EVERETT CLAPP, Secretary.
LUCIUS MCADAM, Sec'y and Act'y. H. C. CLENCH, Asst. Sec'y.
HOOD, HAND & MUNGER, General Agents for Ohio, Headquarters, 197 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio.
DRS. RICE, Medical Examiners. 51-51

THE
Fremont Weekly Journal
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
IN BUCKLAND'S OLD BLOCK,
(UP-STAIRS),
FREMONT, OHIO.
The Fremont Weekly Journal
Is Republican in Principle,
And will be devoted to Politics, Local Matters, Literature and General News.
The aim of the Publisher is to make the JOURNAL a first-class Family Newspaper.
AS AN ADVERTISING MEDIUM
THE FREMONT JOURNAL
Is the best in the County.
THE JOURNAL JOB OFFICE
Is well supplied with
NEW TYPE AND GOOD PRESSES,
AND
JOB WORK,
In all its branches, promptly done and neatly executed. Everything from a Triple Sheet Poster to the smallest Visiting Card, will be furnished in the shortest possible time, and
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Persons wanting Job Work done, either
PLAIN OR ORNAMENTAL,
Are invited to call, or address
A. H. BALSLEY,
Publisher Journal, Fremont, Ohio.

P. DORR & SON
Have just received a large stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR THE
SPRING & SUMMER TRADE!
FOR SALE AT THE
LOWEST CASH PRICES
AS FOLLOWS:

| | |
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| Ladies Gaiters, | $1,00 to $3,00 |
| Men's Shoes, | $1,50 to $2,75 |
| Men's Kip Boots, | $3,25 |
| Men's Calf Boots, | $4,50 |

We also keep the celebrated Buffalo Workson stantly on hand.
Repairing done in Neatest Style.
Our Custom Shop does the finest work at low prices satisfaction guaranteed in every case
41y1 DORR & SON

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.
The symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side. Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, and is mistaken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general costive, sometimes alternating with laxness. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility and low spirits. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and other times very few of them, but the liver is generally the organ mostinvolved. Cure the Liver with
DR. SIMMONS'
Liver Regulator,
A preparation of roots and herbs, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one. It has been used by hundreds, and known for the last 40 years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. If taken regularly and persistently, it is sure to cure dyspepsia, headache, jaundice, costiveness, sick headache, chronic diarrhœa, affections of the bladder, camp dysentery, affections of the kidney, fever nervousness, chills, diseases of the skin, impurity of the blood, melancholy, or depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pains in the bowels, pain in the head, fever and ague, dropsy, boils, pain in the back. &c
Prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Druggists, Macon, Ga., and 319 Archestreet, Philadelphia, Pa. 29
Price $1; by mail $1.25.
At wholesale by RENOESTUS & CO., Toledo, Female by S. BUCKLAND & SON, Fremont.

MEDICAL AID.—Dr. C. A. Smith's Medical Institute, established in 1863, for the cure of all forms of private diseases and cases of secret disorders. Whom a lady is in trouble she should consult the Doctor about her troubles. Suppression of the Menses will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Office 71 Michigan street, Cleveland, Ohio. 48y1

I. M. KEELER'S
AGENCY,
2d Story Buckland's Old Block,
FREMONT, OHIO.
Fire and Life Insurance,
Real Estate,
Notary Public,
Collections Made,
Taxes Paid in Sandusky County,
Anchor Line of Trans-Atlantic Steam Packet Ships.
General Information Given by Letter.
Any person desiring Insurance on any description of property, or on their lives, will do well to call at this Agency. The companies represented by me are unsurpassed by any in America.

| | |
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| Home, New York, | $4,672,013.50 |
| Phœnix, Hartford, | 1,373,594.04 |
| Phenix, New York, | 1,862,660.22 |
| International, New York, | 1,065,111.72 |
| Andes, Cincinnati, | 1,628,215.11 |
| Home, Columbus, | 871,452.81 |
| Merchants, Providence, | 380,982.00 |
| Imperial, London, gold | 10,000,000.00 |
| New Engl'd Life, Boston, | 9,858,953.38 |

Chicago Fire Losses all adjusted, and the amount of Available Assets to pay losses that may occur at this Agency amounts to over
THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS.
All descriptions of property Insured and Losses promply paid.
Loss Paid E. H. Underhill, February 7th, 1872:

| | |
|---|---|
| Phœnix, Hartford | $1,500 00 |
| Home, New York | 450 00 |
| International, New York | 150 00 |

BUSINESS SOLICITED.
ANCHOR LINE OCEAN STEAMERS,
Leaving New York every Wednesday and Saturday. Passage Tickets can be had on application.
GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—Persons at a distance desiring information from this point, can address me. If the subject does not require much investigation a few postage stamps will be sufficient remuneration.
Resident of Fremont Since 1840.
REFERENCES:—F. S. White, Bank Fremont, A. H. Miller, First National Bank, R. P. Buckland.

FOR SALE.
60 FEET FRONT by 82 1-2 feet deep, on Croghan street, suitable for Stores or other business buildings, $75 per foot.
2½ STORY AND BASEMENT BRICK, 40 feet front, on corner of Croghan and Arch streets, now occupied as a boarding house.
2 STORY FRAME DWELLING on Birchard Avenue, lot 132 feet front, 82½ feet deep, plenty fine fruit, on the finest street in the city, only two minutes walk from post-office, $2,500
SEVERAL CITY LOTS, eligibly situated. One-fifth cash, balance in four annuments.
FOR SALE.—In the village of Norwalk, on Main Street, one mile east from the Court House. Seven (7) acres of land, in high state of cultivation. House, Barn, Sheds and Honery, Well and Cistern. A fine Orchard with all kinds of Fruit, Berries, Grapes, &c. Sandy Soil. Just the place for a Gardener, with ready market for all one can raise. Price, $3,000. Terms to suit purchaser.
2 STORY BRICK, open front, dwelling above, tin roof, on State street; a first rate location for a family grocery. Price —— Will give ample time for payments.
2 ACRES, beautiful sandy soil, lot No. 3 in Thad Ball's addition. Will be sold cheap. Possession given immediately.
A SPLENDID FARM of 117 acres in Madison township, belonging to the estate of Geo. Beck, deceased. 15 acres well improved, the balance the best of timber; fine orchard of choice fruit. It is but a short distance from the line of the new Railroad from Toledo to Tiffin. Possession given at once. Will be sold at a bargain. Call on I. M. KEELER.
1,000 LOTS, more or less, in Oak Wood Cemetery, ranging in price from $6 to $100. Plat of Cemetery grounds can be seen at my office.
Call at ISAAC M. KEELER'S Agency.

TO COLONISTS.
IF YOU ARE GOING WEST,
Buy your tickets over the "old reliable" MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILROAD, the popular route from St. Louis to Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Lawrence, Kansas City, Atchison, St. Joseph, Omaha, Denver, and all points in Missouri Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, to which people are moving. This line has an unexcelled equipment in fine day coaches, Pullman's palace sleepers, Millers *safety platform* and the patent *steam brake*, and its reputation for prompt time and sure connections is proverbial. For valuable information and assistance, and to make *special arrangements* at lowest rates offered by any line, call upon or address S. H. Thompson Agent Missouri Pacific R. R., Columbus, Ohio; or E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.
*No trouble to answer questions.*

## Poetry

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town;
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steed of night,
Was seen to pass with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

* * * * * * * *

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, his wild eyes full of fire;
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops:
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray,
By the flash of his eye, and his nostrils play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's Temple of Fame—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

## Miscellaneous Selections.

### "NO LIVING VOICE."

It was during the spring of 18—, I had been at Rome during the Holy Week, and taken a place in the diligence for Naples. There were two routes—one by way of Terracina and the other by the Via Latina, more inland. The diligence, which made the journey only twice a week, followed these routes alternately, so that each road was traversed only once in seven days. I chose the inland route, and after a long day's journey arrived at Ceprano, where we halted for the night. The next morning we started again very early, and it was scarcely yet daylight when we reached the Neapolitan frontier, at a short distance from the town. There our passports were examined, and to my great dismay I was informed that mine was not *en regle*. It was covered, indeed, with stams and signatures, not one of which had been procured without some cost and trouble; but one "*visa*" yet wanting, and that the all-important one without which none could enter the kingdom of Naples. I was obliged, therefore, to alight, and send my wretched passport back to Rome, my wretced self being doomed to remain under police surrevillance at Ceprano until the diligence should bring it back to me on that day week, at the soonest.

I took up my abode at the hotel where I had passed the previous night, and there I presently received a visit from the Capo di Poplizia, who told me very civilly that I must present myself every morning and evening at his bureau, but that I might have liberty to "circulate" in the neiborhood during the day. I grew so weary of this dull place that after I had explored the immediate vicinity of the town I began to extend my walks to a greater distance, and as I always reported myself to the police before night, I met with no objection on their part.

One day, however, when I had been as far as Alatri and was returning on foot, night overtook me. I had lost my way, and could not tell how far I might be from my destination. I was very tired, and had a heavy knapsack on my shoulders, packed with stones and relics from the ruins of the old Pelasgic fortress which I had been exploring, besides a number of old coins and a lamp or two which I had purchased there. I could discern no signs of any human habitation, and the hills covered with wood seemed to shut me in on every side. I was beginning to think seriously of looking out for some sheltered spot under a thicket in which to pass the night, when the welcome sound of a footstep behind me fell upon my ears. Presently a man dressed in the usual long shaggy coat of a shepherd over took me, and hearing of my difficulty, offered to conduct me to a house a short distance from the road, where I might obtain a lodging; before we reached the spot he told me that the house in question was an inn and that he was the landlord of it. He had not much custom, he said, so he employed himself in shepherding during the day; but he could make me comfortable, and give me a good supper also, better than I should expect, to look at him; but he had been in different circumstances once, and had lived in service in good families, and knew how things ought to be, and what a *signore* like myself was used to.

The house to which he took me seemed like its owner to have seen better days. It was a large, rambling place, and much dilapidated, but was tolerably comfortable within; and my landlord, after he had thrown off his sheepskin coat, prepared me a good and savory meal, and sat down to look at and converse with me while I ate it. Idid not much like the look of the fellow; but he seemed anxious to be sociable, and told me a great deal about his former life when he was in the service, expecting to receive similar confidences from me. I did not gratify him much but one must talk of something, and he seemed to think it only proper to express an interest in his guests, and to learn as much of their concerns as they would tell him.

I went to bed early, intending to resume my journey as soon as it should be light. My landlord took up my knapsack and carried it to my room, observing as he did so that it was a great weight for me to travel with. I answered jokinkly that it contained great treasure, referring to my coins and relics; of course he did not understand me, and before I could explain, he wished me a most happy little night, and left me.

The room in which I found myself was situated at the end of a long passage, and a window on the left, which looked out upon the yard or garden. Having taken a survey of the house while smoking my cigar after dinner, when the moon was up, I understood exactly the position of my chamber—the end room of a long narrow wing, projecting at right angles from the main building, with which it was connected only by the passage and the two side rooms already mentioned. Please bear this description carefully in mind while I proceed.

Before getting into bed I drove into the floor close to the door a small gimlet which formed part of a complicated pocket-knife which I always carried with me, so that it would be impossible for any one to enter the room without my knowledge; there was a lock on the door, but the key would not turn in it; there was also a bolt, but it would not enter the hole intended for it, the door having sunk apparently from its propel level. I satisfied myself, however, that the door was securely fastened by my gimlet, and soon fell asleep.

How can I describe the strange and horrible sensation which oppressed me as I woke out of my first slumber? I had been sleeping soundly, and before I quite recovered consciousness I had instinctively risen from my pillow, and was crouching forward, my knees drawn up, my hands clasped before my face, and my whole frame up, my hands clasped before my face, and my whole frame quivering with horror I saw nothing, felt nothing, but a sound was ringing in my ears which seemed to make my blood run cold I could not have supposed it possible that any mere sound, whatever might be its nature, could have procured such a revulsion of feeling or inspired such intense horror as I then experienced. It was not a cry of terror that I heard that would have distressed me, and called forth sympathy rather than aversion. True, it was like the groaning of one in anguish and despair, but not like any mortal voice; it seemed too dreadful, too intense, for human utterance. The sound had begun while I was fast asleep—close to the head of my bed—close to my very pillow; it continued after I was wide awake—a long, loud, hollow protracted groan—making the midnight air reverberate, and then dying gradually away until it ceased entirely. It was some minutes before I could at all recover from the terrible impression which seemed to stop my breath and paralyze my limbs. At length I began to look about me, for the night was not entirely dark, and could discern the outlines of the room and the several pieces of furniture in it. I then got out of bed and called aloud, "Who is there? What is the matter? Is any one ill?" I repeated these inquiries in Italian and in French, but there was none that answered. Fortunately I had some matches in my pocket and was able to light my candle. I then examined every part of the room carefully, and especially the wall at the head of my bed, sounding it with my knuckles; it was firm and solid there, and in all other places. I unfastened my door and explored the passage and the two adjoining rooms, which were unoccupied and almost destitute of furniture; they had evidently not been used for some time. Search as I would, I could gain no clue to the mystery. Returning to my room, I sat down upon the bed in great perplexity, and began to turn over in my mind whether it was possible I could have been deceived—whether the sounds which caused me such distress might be the off spring of some dream or nightmare; but to that conclusion I could not bring myself at all, much as I wished it, for the groaning had continued ringing in my ears long after I was wide awake and conscious. While I was thus reflecting, having neglected to close the door which was opposite to the side of my bed where I was sitting, I heard a soft footstep at a distance, and presently a light appeared at the further end of the passage. Then I saw the shadow of a man cast upon the opposite wall; it moved very slowly, and presently stopped. I saw the hand raised, as if making a sign to some one, and I knew from the fact of the shadow being thrown in advance that there must be a second person in the rear by whom the light was carried. After a short pause they seemed to retrace their steps without my having had a glimpse of either of them, but only of the shadow which had come before, and which followed them as they withdrew. It was then a little after one o'clock, and I concluded they were retiring late to rest, and anxious to avoid disturbing me, though I have since thought that it was the light from my room which caused their retreat. I felt half inclined to call them, but I shrank, without knowing why, from making known what had disturbed me; and while I hesitated they were gone; so I fastened my door again, and resolved to sit up and watch a little longer by myself. But now my candle was beginning to burn low, and I found myself in this dilemma: either I must extinguish it at once, or I should be left without the means of procuring a light in case I should be again disturbed. I regretted that I had not called for another candle while there were people yet moving in the house, but I could not do so now without making explanations; so I grasped my box of matches, put out my light, and lay down, not without a shudder, in the bed.

For an hour or more I lay awake thinking over what had occurred, and by that time I had almost persuaded myself that I had nothing but my own morbid imagination to thank for the alarm which I had suffered.

"It is an outer wall," I said to my self; "they are all outer walls, and the house is built of stone; it is impossible that any sound could be heard through such a thickness. Besides, it seemed to be in my room, close to my ear. What an idiot I must be to be excited and alarmed about nothing. I'll think no more about it." So I turned on my side, with a smile (rather a forced one) at my own foolishness, and composmyself to sleep.

At that instant I heard, with more distintness than I ever heard any other sound in my life, a gasp, a voiceless gasp, as if some one were in agony for breath, biting at the air, or trying with desperate efforts to cry out or speak. It was repeated a second and a third time; then there was a pause; then again that horrible gasping; and then a long-drawn breath, an audible drawing up of the air into the throat, such as one would make in heaving a deep sigh. Such sounds as these could not possibly have been heard unless they had been close to my ear; they seemed to come from the walls at my head, or rise up out of my pillow. That fearful gasping and that drawing in of the breath, in the darkness and silence of the night, seemed to make every nerve in my body thrill with dreadful expectation. Unconsciously I shrank away from it, crouching down as before, with my face upon my knees. It ceased, and immediately a moaning sound began, which lengthened out into an awful, protracted groan, waxing louder and louder, as if under an increasing anxiety, and then dying away slowly and gradually into silence; yet painfully and distinctly audible even to the last.

As soon as I could rouse myself from the freezing horror which seemed to penetrate even to my joints and marrow, I crept away from the bed, and in the furthest corner of the room lighted with shaking hand my candle, looking anxiously about me as I did so, expecting some dreadful revelation as the light flashed up. Yet, if you will believe me, I did not feel alarmed or frightened; but rather oppressed and penetrated with an unnatural, overpowering sentiment of awe. I seemed to be in the presence of some great mystery, some bottomless depth of woe, or misery, or crime. I shrank from it with a sensation of intolerable loathing and suspense. It was a feeling akin to this which prevented me from calling to my landlord. I could not bring myself to speak to him of what had passed; not knowing how nearly he might be himself involved in the mystery. I was only anxious to escape as quietly as possibly from the room and from the house. The candle was now beginning to flicker in its socket, but the stars were shining outside, and there was space and air to breathe there, which seemed to be wanting in my room; so I hastily opened my window, tied the bed-clothes together for a rope, and lowered myself silently and safely the ground.

There was a light still burning in the lower part of the house; but I crept noiselessly along, feeling my way carefully among the trees, and in due time came upon a beaten track which led me to a road, the same which I had been travelling on the previous night. I walked on scarcely knowing whither, anxious only to increase my distance from the accursed house, until the day began to break, when almost the first object I could see distinctly was a small body of men approaching me. It was no small pleasure that I recognized at their head my friend the Capo di Polizia. "Ah!" he cried, "unfortunate Inglese, "what trouble you have given me! Where have you been? God be praised that I see you safe and sound! But how; What is the matter with you? You look like one possessed."

I told him how I had lost my way, and where I had lodged.

"And what happened to you there?" he cried, with a look of anxiety.

"I was disturbed in the night. I could not sleep. I made my escape, and here I am. I cannot tell you more."

"But you must tell me more, dear sir; forgive me; you must tell me everything. I must know all that passed in that house. We have had it under our surveillance for a long time, and when I heard in what direction you went yesterday, and had not returned, I feared you had got in some mischief there, and we were even now upon our way to look for you."

I could not enter into particulars, but I told him I had heard strange sounds, and at his request I went back with him to the spot. He told me by the way that the house was known to be the resort of banditi that the landlord harbored them, received their illgotten goods, and helped them to dispose of their booty.

Arrived at the spot, he placed his men about the premises and instituted a strict search, the landlord and the men who were found in the house being compelled to accompany him. The room in which I had slept was carefully examined; the floor was of plaster cement, so that no sound could have passed through it; the walls were sound and solid, and there was nothing to be seen that could in any way account for the strange disturbance I had experienced. The room on the ground floor underneath my bedroom was next inspected; it contained a quantity of straw which was heaped together in a corner; it was observed that the bricks were uneven, as if they had been recently disturbed.

"Dig here," said the officer; "we shall find something hidden here, I imagine."

The landlord was evidently much disturbed. "Stop," he cried, "I will tell you what lies there; come away and you shall know all about it."

"Dig, I say. We will find it out for ourselves."

"Let the dead rest," cried the landlord, with a trembling voice. "For the love of Heaven come away, and hear what I shall tell you."

"Go on with your work," said the seargeant to his men, and were now playing pickaxe and spade.

"I can't stay here and see it, exclaimed the landlord once more. "Hear, then! It is the body of my son, my only son—let him rest, if rest he can. He was wounded in a quarrel, and brought home here to die. I thought he would recover, but there was neither doctor nor priest at hand, and in spite of all that we could do for him he died. Let him alone now, or let a priest first be sent for; he died unconfessed, but it was not my fault; it may not yet be too late to make peace for him."

"But why is he buried in this place?"

"We did not wish to make a stir about it. Nobody knew of his death, and we laid him down quietly; one place I thought was as good as another when once the life was out of him. We are poor folks, and could not pay for ceremonies."

The truth at length came out. Father and son were both members of a gang of thieves; under this floor they concealed their plunder, and there, too, lay more than one mouldering corpse, victims who had occupied the room in which I slept, and had there met their death. The son was, indeed, buried in that spot; he had been mortally wounded in a skirmish with travellers, and had lived long enough to repent of his deeds, and to beg for that priestly absolution which, according to his creed, was necessary to secure his pardon. In vain he had urged his father to bring the confessor to his bedside; in vain he had entreated him to break off from the murderous band with which he was allied, and to live honestly in future; his prayers were disregarded and his dying admonitions were of no avail. But for the strange, mysterious warning which had roused me from my sleep and driven me out of the house that night another crime would have been added to the old man's tale of guilt. That gasping attempt to speak, and that awful groaning—whence did they proceed? It was no living voice. Beyond that I will express no opinion on the subject. I will only say that it was the means of saving my life, and at the same time putting an end to the series of bloody deeds which had been committed in that house.

I received my passport that evening by the diligence from Rome, and started the next morning on my way to Naples. As we were crossing the frontier a tall figure approached, wearing the rough *capotta* of the mendicant friars, with a hood over the face and holes for the eyes to look through, He carried a tin money-box in his hand, which he he held out to the passengers, jingling a few coins in it and crying in a monotonous voice, "*Anime in purgatorio! Anime in purgatorio!*" I do not believe in purgatory, nor in supplications for the dead; but I dropped a piece of silver into the box nevertheless as I thought of that unhallowed grave in the forest, and my prayer went up to Heaven in all sincerity, "*Requiescat in peace!*"

### The Coming Man.

An exchange says:

While our fine girls are bemoaning the lack of young men and the scarcity of beaux who are marriageable and who mean marriage, there is a class of young men whom they do not recognize at all, yet who will furnish to the next generation its men of enterprise, of power, of position, and of wealth. It is not the sons of the rich who will, as a rule remain rich. The sons of the poor will get rich; and these are to-day drudging in offices, and counting-rooms, and store-houses, and machine-shops, and printing establishments; the men, who in twenty-five years, will control the nation socially, politically and financially. Every man of them means to be married; make excellent husbands; they are all at work trying to win success. They are men who would be easily improved by a recognition, and by bringing them into good, intellect society; yet they are as little noticed as if they were so many dogs. Virtuous young men from the country come into the city, and live for years without any society, and are regarded by the fashionable young women with indifference or contempt; but those young men have a hold upon the future, and when their success is won, in whatever field of enterprise it may be, the fashionables may be glad to receive them as belonging to their own number. We regret to say, as rule the young men for whom a position has been won by virtuous and enterprising fathers, amount to but little in the world; and we rejoice to say that companions chosen from those who have their fortunes to make and their positions to win, are those to whom a well-bred woman can generally with safety entrust her happiness and herself.

### Blunders of Bashfulness.

If there is any defect more striking than another, in the American character, it is bashfulness. Young America, in particular, is painfully effected by it. An incident is mentioned by a correspondent, who was desired by his aunt to go the the neighbor Shaw's, and see if he had for sale any straw suitable for beds Mr. Shaw, says our informant, was blessed with a goodly number of Misses Shaw, and I therefore felt a little timid at encountering them. To make the matter worse, I arrived just as the family was seated for dinner. Stopping at the doorway, hat in hand, I stammered out,—'Mr. Straw, can you spare enough shaw to fill a couple of beds?"

"Well," replied the old gentleman glancing around at his family, and enjoying my mistake, "I don't know but what I can, how many will you need?"

Before I could recover, those hateful girls burst into a chorus of laughter, and I broke for home in a cold sweat.

### The first Newspaper.

It may be of interest to state that we are indebted to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh for the first printed newspaper. It was entitled the "English Mercurie." It is said that the earliest number is preserved in the British Museum Library, bearing the date of July 23, 1588. The first newspaper published in Virginia was established in 1780. The subscription was the small sum of only $50.00 a year. The paper was issued weekly.

### A Fossil Man.

About a month since a discovery of great interest was made in a cavern between Mentone and Ventigmilia, on the Italian frontier, not far from Nice M. Riviere, the French geologist, having been sent by his Government to study the fossil natural history of Liguria, discovered the skeleton of a pre-historic man in a large cave situated in the mountains above Mentone. The skeleton thus brought to light, a photograph of which we have seen, is unique both as to its authenticity and completeness. It has been successfully freed from the earth which covered it, and no unlucky stroke of the pickax has injured any part of the it, only the weight of the superincumbent earth had caused the fracture of the ribs many years ago. Flint implements lying around it, are mingled with the remains of antediluvian animals. Crowds from all parts of the Riviera, and especially from Nice, have beeen to visit the curiosity. One of our correspondents has seen it, and declares the fossil man is most complete. Shells with holes bored in them, evidently for purposes of personal adornment, have been likewise discovered in great abundanee, and flint implements of the age of stone have also been found. The body is recumbent, and one hand is hidden under the skull. The height of the man must have been six feet, and the bones indicote great power. As usual in such matters, the authorities are disputing the right of possession. Italians declare that as the skeleton was dicovered in their territory it belongs to them. The French assert that they discovered it, and, moreover, M. Riviere proves that he purchased the cave previous to the discovery. Meantime the skeleton remains in its cave, the object ot innumerable pilgrimages and the subject of European conversation.—*Catholic Review.*

### A Cool Relation.

How touching was the grief displayed in B——at a funeral a little out of town! The undertaker, who was directing matters in a very professional and proper way, noticed a man giving orders and, as he thought, rather encroaching upon the duties and privileges of his own office.

"And who are you, my friend, that you are so busy about here?"

"Oh! you don't know me?"

"No, I don's."

"Well, I'm the corpse's brother."
—Editor's drawer, in *Harper's Magazine for June.*

### Looking for a Berth.

While the bost was lying at Cincinnati, just ready to start for Louisville, a young man came on board leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the clerk:—

"I say," he exclaimed, "me and my wife has just got married, and I'm looking for accommodations."

"Looking for a berth?" hastily inquired the clerk, passing the tickets out to another passenger.

"A birth? thunder and lightning, no!" gasped the young man "we ain't but just got married! we want a place to stay all night, you know, and—a bed."

Kinderhook, Illinois, possesses the champion preacher A few Sunday since he had preached an eloquent sermon, and at the conclusion exhorted his hearers to embrace the opportunity presented. None came forward, and after waiting some time the minister, raising his voice to the highest pitch, exclaimed: "Well, sit there and be damned." On the same Sunday he called out to the janitor: "Open that window; I don't like to preach in a barrel with the bung drove in."

Said an American to an Irishman, "My ancestors came from Ireland, my name is Bryan—did you ever know any people of that name in Ireland?"

"Oh, yes, a great many of them."

"Well, what sort of people were they? Pretty high strung, were they not?"

"Oh, I've seen a great many of them strung so high that their feet did not touch the ground.

The weeping willow has a romantic history. The first scion was sent from Smyrna in a box of figs to Alexander Pope. General Clinton brought a shoot from Pope's tree to America, in the time of the Revolution, which, passing into the hands of John Parke Curtis, was planted on his estate in Virginia, thus becoming the progenitor of the weeping willow in this country.

An old lady brought up as a witness before a bench o fmagistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying: "There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet." "Oh," said one of the magistrates, "you know the law, do you? Perh