

THE country members of the Constitutional Convention—the most of them—aided by a very few of those residing in or near Philadelphia, are entitled to great credit for their faithful persistence in the endeavor to complete their work. There have been several mighty efforts made to adjourn the session until fall by those who are anxious to flee away and be at rest, or something else. The danger to health, the impossibility of continuing labor in the hot weather, the coming cholera, everything that could be urged as an excuse for putting off the duty of the present has been urged again and again; hour after hour on several different days, with a persistency and factiousness calculated to wear out the patience of those who want to attend to their business.

So far the Convention has stood the test bravely, preferring to take whatever consequences shall follow their regular performance of the duties they have undertaken and remembering, probably, that the poor and the hard-working inhabitants of the city, who do their share toward paying the expenses of this Convention are obliged to remain at their posts to endure the stifling heats, to contract the diseases that belong to the summer, to suffer more in every way than these their servants.

The nervous alarm shown by some of those gentlemen, looks, to us common people, cowardly and unmanly.

IN NOTHING perhaps, is it more true that "distance lends enchantment to the view" than in matters of history. In looking back through the brief years of our national existence even, we see only the grand points in the characters of its founders, their heroic daring, their brave endurance, their wise and thoughtful provisions for the future of the infant nation. No thought comes to us of defects, real or suspected selfishness, irritability or dishonesty. We fancy that then public men were pure, devoted, wise, self-sacrificing, etc., and that they worked together harmoniously.

So we naturally incline to believe, and so our Fourth of July orators would lead us to believe, no one of them venturing to hint that there were people ever that did not glow with new enthusiasm at Patrick Henry's eloquence or deem that any of his compatriots were like mere common men. For the correction of such ideas we sometimes find some old paper or a letter, handed down for two or three generations, or one's life of himself that makes one feel that human nature was very much the same then as now; that public servants were accused of the same faults and sins as are our own public men.

Harper's Magazine for July, has an article on the signers of the Declaration of Independence; very interesting, in giving descriptions of them and extracts of letters from them showing the handwriting and telling even of little differences and distrusts which, of course, spread wider among the people to whom they were not personally known. It is a comfort in one sense, for we can hope that with the present generation the strifes, and distrusts and accusations of the present time may be dropped and only the valuable points of character or the real defects will live in time to come.

WORKING.

Under my window passes a washerwoman with a large heavy basket full of clothes; soiled clothes that she has been collecting. The first thought is, "her lot is hard, her labor coarse, her face and arms embrowned and burned with exposure." But her eyes look bright and glad. She is thankful for work, it is occupation for her energies, for her skill, for her taste, even. It is well paid and gives the satisfaction of well earned provision for herself and family. She is one to be congratulated because her basket is full and her figure lithe and active. What a delight it is to have "good health and plenty of work;" to earn one's bread and get it.

ON the first day of this month the law abolishing the franking privilege went into effect. Congress, in its spite against the press of the country for demanding the repeal, tacked on to the law a provision that subscribers to country newspapers residing in the county where pub-

lished should hereafter pay postage, also that there should no longer be a free exchange among newspapers. Although we think the motive which prompted this action was petty and mean still we think intrinsically the action is right. But already the newspapers are talking about the repeal of the law at the next session of Congress and advising their subscribers to pay postage on their paper only till the 1st of January next. This seems to us decidedly wrong. There is no good reason that we can see why any persons should receive their reading matter free of postage or in other words at the expense of somebody else, for the carriage of all mail matter must be paid for in some way. We believe that the law passed last winter was a good one, right in principle and of great pecuniary advantage to the government and, we hope Congress will not be either bullied or wheedled into repealing either of its provisions.

A WIDOW in Maine has lately worked out her tax on the highway and the surveyor said she did her work better than any man in the town.

Good! We fancy many women who are not widows would be glad to work out the tax if they could have the amount of the tax by doing so.

IT is very natural in going through the world in meeting strange people to greet courteously those who seem to need courteous greeting, to pass heedlessly by the seemingly favored and self-satisfied. Sometimes this is all very well, but appearances are deceitful in this as in all other matters and the sorest hearts and the hardest lots are sometimes covered with such an air of jolly ease as sets every one at rest about them. We should remember that every soul hath its own burdens, every one also its own peculiar joys.

THE following paragraph is a part of the charge of Judge Davis to the jury in the Walworth case. It seems to us to be right to the point:

"And this leads me to say in respect to these letters and the evidence given here touching the character of the deceased, that jurors in this class of cases ought to be careful to remember what they are sometimes prone to forget and what the general public are very apt to forget, that in the eye of the law all men, without respect to condition, character, habits, either moral or physical in their nature, are under the protection of the law. The same shield that the law interposes over each of us, with which it sits continually by your bedside at night and in all your domestic relations and follows you in all the pursuits of life, is held by the genius of the law at all times over all persons however humble they may be. That wild, foolish notion of justice that a man who has been guilty should have his grave raked open to show his character and pursuits in life, for the purpose of creating a public sentiment that he was so bad a man that he ought to die—that will notion of justice has no foothold in the administration of either truth or law."

These words ought to be distinctly kept in mind. A regulated society could not exist for an hour if it were to be admitted for a moment and in any case, that any man had any right, with the single exception of saving his own life, to kill another.

WE HEAR a great deal said nowadays about hard times; the causes of hard times and the scarcity of money, etc.; and if the individual is of the Democratic or Liberal persuasion in politics the responsibility for such a state of things is laid upon the present administration and its financial policy, while the sage prediction is invariably indulged in that they are ruining the country as fast as possible; in fact that they are driving the governmental team to the d—l at a breakneck pace.

We do not propose to go into a defense of the financial policy of the Republican party. That policy is substantially what it has been for the last dozen years, during all which time it has answered a very good purpose for the welfare of the country, both in war and peace, though its enemies have been continually saying "it's going to ruin us." We simply write this article to remind our readers that the country is not ruined yet. That though money is scarce to what it was just at the close of the war, yet that the business of the country goes on and people live on as well as ever, though they may have a little less money to spend.

We admit that where men contracted heavy debts a few years ago with currency worth but little more than fifty cents on the dollar in gold they are having very hard times to pay them now with currency nearly

on a par with gold. But when we recognize the fact that a contraction had to come and that when it came prices would be narrowed down and consequently money be much less plenty than it was, we can see nothing very ominous in the present state of things. In our own immediate locality money is scarce because we have had but very little to sell to bring it here. Since warm weather has come the butter and cheese that has been sold from our County has made a perceptible difference in the amount of money circulating here. The lumber trade is now worth but little and our people must turn their attention to producing other things that the markets of the country demand. With nothing to sell, money would be scarce in Potter County if Infinite Wisdom itself guided the finances of the nation, but with plenty to sell money will be plenty whoever is President.

NOW TURN out the Republican party, send Grant home to Galena and his officials to their several places of abode. Let Hartranft and Mackey, and the rest of the State functionaries, retire to private life and give us Buckalew, give us Hoffman or Seymour, and the whole list of Democratic would-be office-holders, that corruption, fraud and embezzlement may come to an end and we may have an honest administration of public affairs.

It is nothing that the municipal government of New York City under the Democratic rule became the most corrupt the world has ever seen since the days of imperial Rome—that is the party of honest men. It is nothing that the greatest swindle ever practiced on our government had, for one of its two chief managers, a prominent Democratic politician and member of Congress—that is the party of honest statesmen. And now it is nothing that one of its old leaders, a cabinet officer, is found to be a defaulter in the sum of nearly a million of dollars—that is the party of an honest record. Yes; put them in power and season them with a small sprinkling of Liberals and we shall have such a fine display of honesty, purity and economy in public affairs that future times shall mark it as an epoch in the world's history.

We confess that we were somewhat surprised the other day at reading a short item of news from Washington. We had supposed that we were done with Buchanan and his cabinet, and their imbecility, treachery and treason only as a story of the past, but here is a new development. It seems that owing to delays caused by the war the accounts of Buchanan's cabinet affairs have not been settled until the present time, and now his Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson, is found to owe the government between \$800,000 and \$900,000.

This delinquency occurs in the Indian Trust Funds, which were under his control.

Reform, gentlemen, is a good word, but actions are better, and if God and the American people ever give you a chance, if it be only in one single township of a dozen voters, try your hands at reforming your record.

Death of a Veteran Editor.

Saturday we received the sad intelligence that C. B. Cotter, an old, tried and trusted friend, had passed away, and there came welling up from memory's gurgling springs the recollection of repeated acts of earnest friendship, and mourning deeply his death, sadly regretting the occasion which calls it forth, we cheerfully contribute to his memory, unstained by dishonor, bright with the record of a heroic struggle, the tribute of respect due one who has for forty years fought so earnestly the battle of truth, labored so incessantly for right and never wavered in the vindication of justice.

Mr. Cotter was born March 18, 1815, near the village of East Aurora, Erie county, N. Y. Concerning his early history we know but little, save that it was an arduous struggle and preparation in the school of labor for a lifetime of incessant toil. He enjoyed few advantages, a single term in a district school comprising the opportunities upon which was laid the foundation of his future career. He began work in a printing office when a mere lad, just when we cannot state. The first authentic information upon this point places him at the case in the office of the Western Register, Terre Haute, Indiana, in 1818. Here, as everywhere through life, his demeanor won for him hosts of friends and the acknowledgment of worth. He began his editorial labor at the age of eighteen, and soon thereafter became the publisher and proprietor of the *Vox Populi*, at Warren, Pa. He was in the editorial chair during the Presidential campaign of 1836, and was, almost without interruption, thus engaged until 1866, when he came to Saginaw to accept a position on the Saginaw Valley Herald. Dur-

ing that time he had published a number of papers, among them the Northern Democrat, Potter County Pioneer, St. Mary's Republican, Democratic Republican, Milford Herald and the Hawley Free Press, all in Pennsylvania, and the Clinton Democrat, which he started August 25, 1860, at De Witt City, Iowa. At various times during this period he was a contributor to some of the ablest Democratic papers in Pennsylvania and was recognized by the great statesmen who made bright the annals of our nation as an able defender of the fundamental principles of our government, and a bold constitutional writer, receiving from Buchanan, Cass, Wise, Guthrie and others, high and flattering testimonials of his ability and unwavering attachment to the Democratic faith. As early as 1841 he urged the nomination of James Buchanan for the Presidency, and while we write there lies before us the letters of the ex-President, written through a series of years, all breathing a spirit of intimacy, respect and admiration. One urging upon President Pierce, in the strongest language possible, his appointment as Register of the Treasury, and failing to secure it, regretting his inability to obtain merited reward and expressing the hope that at some future time opportunity might enable him to reward a friend so earnest and faithful; and others thanking him for his persistent efforts at last crowned with success in his elevation to the Chief Magistracy. Both actors now sleep in death's cold embrace and hence we write not of man's ingratitude, which full oft drives its despairing victims to premature graves.

The deceased at one time was on the public works in Pennsylvania and received high testimonials for his capacity and integrity. He was appointed postmaster at Coudersport, Pa., but to quote the language of James Buchanan to President Pierce, "he is one of those who do the work while others less deserving reap the reward."

During the great civil strife he was an unwavering friend of the Union, believing that no anticipated danger warranted open rebellion against the fairest fabric of human government ever reared by man. He said it was our duty to protect our nation intact, peacefully if we could, forcibly if we must, and that force once used to destroy could only be counteracted by force more strong; and often during those dark days did he quote the stirring words of that soul-inspiring song, "E Pluribus Unum," written by his elder brother, George.

During his residence in this State he has contributed many articles of merit for the State press and has been the editor of two papers, the Saginaw Valley Herald, at Saginaw City, and the Caro News; but no man whose acquaintance with him was not anterior to his residence in Michigan has any just appreciation of the man, for the friction of passing events, wearing upon a sensitive mental structure unsustained by public appreciation, un lubricated by a lifetime of incessant action by just reward, can but enervate both body and mind and leave but a wreck of towering intellect and physical power, and had appreciation not been withheld or, being given, secured merited reward, bright might have been the closing days of a useful life now shrouded with unrealized hopes. He was an inventive genius, and though unutilized he has given to the world two valuable improvements, but he passed away without reward for any of his toil.

During the past few years his mind has been devoted largely to the establishment of an Odd Fellows' Home, and without detracting one particle of honor from the noble men who have been co-workers, or rather we might say who have built the structure upon the foundation he laid, to him must be ascribed the honor of first acting in that direction, and when a few years hence the institution now being reared at Lansing shall have thrown its protecting arms around the widow and orphan, many will be the thank-offerings laid upon the grave of that departed brother, which, Sunday, was covered. As a husband and father he was indulgent, kind and affectionate. His habits had been unexceptionable through life, no excess had ever characterized his course. Firm in all the relations of friendship he never hesitated when friends claimed service, nor ceased exertion while efforts would avail. To do right, to deal justly, had always been his end and aim, and though to err is human yet to forgive is divine, and he peacefully died firmly believing that he was passing from a lower to a higher sphere, from a life of toil to one of rest, from a vale of tears to the bright land of promise where he would be welcomed by Heaven's approbative smiles.

The funeral services occurred Sunday, under the auspices of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, of which he was a member. Lodge No. 42, of Saginaw City, and Os-sa-wa-bon Lodge, of this city, turned out about one hundred and fifty strong, escorting the remains from the late residence of the deceased in this city to the Liberal Church in Saginaw City, where an able discourse was delivered by the Rev. J. H. Burnham, closing with a glowing tribute of respect to the deceased who, he said, was more intensely sensitive and who always more finely discriminated between morality and immorality in all of the complicated questions of public life than any other man he had ever met.

At the conclusion of the services the remains, which were enclosed in a beautiful rosewood casket upon which was a silver plate bearing the inscription, "C. B. Cotter, Died July 5, 1873, Aged 58 Years," and just below the symbols of the Odd Fellows' Order, were exposed

to view, after which the procession formed and proceeded to Oak Wood Cemetery, where the burial services of the Order were observed. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the procession to the grave was one of the largest seen for some time.

Thus closes a record of a busy life. Thus has passed away a noble man. Others will come to fill his place and soon we, in turn, must follow him; and when comes the time may others say of us, as we can truthfully say of him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."—Saginaw (Mich.) Daily Courier.

Medicine in the time of Pharaoh.

The well-known professor, Dr. Ebers, of the University of Leipzig, during the recent stay at Thebes obtained a valuable papyrus roll of the time of Pharaoh, containing the complete medical system of the priests, for the priests were also doctors in those days and mingled medicine, magic and religious observances in a remarkable manner. If the patient happened to get well they took all the credit; but if not, the gods got all the blame—the man's time to die had come. Thus we see men's characteristics repeat themselves in all stages of the world's growth. In our day pious people are apt to say, "It pleased the Lord to remove," etc., when if the truth were known the physicians would come in for a share of the grave responsibility. The papyrus, though probably written thirty-five centuries ago, is in a state of perfect preservation. Not a single character of its one hundred and ten pages is missing. Nine of these pages are devoted to diseases of the eye, in which the Egyptians appear to have been more skilled than any other nation of their time. Besides this it describes every part of the human body and the disease to which it is the subject, the proper mode of their treatment, with special directions as to the quality and quantity of the medicines to be administered for their relief. Another division treats of the history of medicine; and as this papyrus of Ebers is the oldest authority yet discovered, much of importance may be changed from it.

CHANGED HIS TUNE.

The name of A. K. McClure has been familiar to the people for several years. He has occupied not a few positions of prominence; a journalist of some note; a legislator; more than ordinary ability and an orator of unquestioned standing. In the great campaign that closed so brilliantly for the Republicans last fall in the election of General Hartranft and President Grant, Col. McClure was one of the grand central figures that clustered around Mr. Greeley when, in an evil moment, he listened to the siren songs of the gay deceivers, and turned his back on the great principles of a lifetime and the associations that clustered around his party for a long series of years. In this conflict it was Colonel McClure who upheld the Liberal Republican banner and hobnobbed with the Democratic leaders; he was the inspiration of the Cincinnati Convention; the confidential advisor of Andrew G. Curtin, when he heartlessly abandoned his party and those who had stood by him during the dark days of the rebellion; the uncompromising enemy of General Cameron and the backer of John W. Forney in his fierce opposition to the Republican State ticket. When the report went abroad that Colonel McClure had abandoned the party with which he had been identified, it was hailed by the Democratic leaders as one of the happiest of omens. He was known as an indefatigable worker, a shrewd wire puller and not over scrupulous as to the means to be used to secure a victory. During the progress of the campaign McClure was received with open arms by the opposition. Dazzled by the prospects of victory he proclaimed himself a reformer and was unsparing in his denunciations of what he termed the abuses and corruptions of the Republican party everywhere, both State and National. As he warmed up in his opposition and was flattered by the Democratic leaders, he despaired of the Republic, accused the Administration and every one connected with it, from General Grant down, as guilty of the most heinous crimes against the country. He directed his abuse particularly to the President and received the plaudits of those who used to take pride in proclaiming "anything to beat Grant." But the final day of reckoning came and the hybrid party, with McClure, Forney, Greeley and the old hacks, were ignominiously routed and driven from the field covered with shame and disgrace.

Less than a year has passed away since this brave McClure, this immaculate reformer, hurled his fiery thunderbolts, his letters and proclamations, at the great Republican party, carrying joy through the ranks of the Democracy, when we find that he has had occasion to change his mind again. A few days ago he delivered a speech before the literary societies of Dickinson College, in the old fashioned town of Carlisle, where he showed by his remarks what a marvellous change his mind had undergone since Hartranft swept the State by thirty-five thousand majority and Grant was triumphantly borne into the White House for a second term.

A few months ago he pathetically announced his intention to retire from the political arena—to leave forever the angry disputes in which it was his delight to engage. And by way of preparation for his "new departure," we presume, he sought the academic shades of old Carlisle to prepare his mind for the execution of this grim determination; and standing up before the assembled youth, we find him calmly reviewing the histo-

ry of the past and dealing out with even hand to all parties and all men the measure of historical praise. An open confession is said to be good for the soul.

Speaking of President Grant, this unrelenting foe of a short year ago said: "We have reached a healthy calm in our political struggles. The nation has a trusted leader, just chosen by an overwhelming vote." And, again: "It is common to hear intelligent political leaders declaim against the moral and intellectual degeneracy of the times and especially against the decline in public morality and statesmanship. They would make it appear that the people and the government in past times of purity and excellence, while we are unworthy sons of noble sires. Our rulers are pronounced imbecile or wholly devoted to selfish ends. Our law-makers are declared to be reeking with corruption or biased by ambition, greed and faithlessness; are held up to the world as the chief characteristics of our officials."

It will be remembered that in our last campaign no man did more or labored harder to disseminate these very ideas than Col. McClure himself. But bitter experience has taught him an enduring lesson and now as he is about to retire to private life, he turns from this dark and repelling picture and with meekness and humiliation declares, "in the face of all that can be charged against the present, that it is the very best age this nation has ever known," that the despairing accusations made against our public servants are not the peculiar creation of the times in which we live and the allegation of wide-spread demoralization in the body politic was no more novel in any of the generations of the past than it is now."

What a confession to fall from the lips of the would-be reformer of a year ago! With what venom and malice did this man denounce the Republican party when he was chairman of the Liberal organization, that offshoot of Democracy, last fall, and accuse our public men of what he now acquiesces them. The scandalous charges he brought against "our public servants" are not forgotten and to find him standing up beneath the classic shades of Dickinson and declaring that "it is the very best age this nation has ever known," is strange indeed and suggests some curious reflections. Will his followers be as ready to confess their sins?—Gazette and Bulletin.

WILLIAM BINGHAM CLYMER, of Wellsboro, Pa., and brother-in-law of Hon. Hiestor Clymer, died at Florence, Italy, on the 28th of May. Mr. William Bingham Clymer belonged to one of the historic families of this country, his grandfather, George Clymer, having been one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Clymer was related to the Bingham family in Philadelphia and was one of the trustees of that estate. He was a large land-owner in Northern Pennsylvania, owning among other lands, a large tract in Butler county which has become very valuable on account of the oil deposits. About four years ago he went to Europe for travel and the education of his children, taking with him his entire family. —Williamsport Sun.

LATEST NEWS.

(Via Elmira Daily Advertiser.)

THE MURDERER of Charles Goodrich in Brooklyn, last winter, has at last been discovered. It is a woman and her name is Lizzie Lloyd King, alias Kate Stoddard. She has made a full confession to the police. She murdered him "for love—she couldn't part with him," she said. But as they are evidently separated now perhaps the law will assist Miss King to meet her lover where they need never be parted.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The steamer Tigris sailed this evening from the Navy Yard on her voyage in search of the Polar.

WALLACETOWN, Canada, July 14.—A furious hurricane and rain storm passed over this place, doing great damage to the buildings, fences and crops. The house of Neil McArthur was struck by lightning and his son seven years of age killed.

BALTIMORE, July 14.—This afternoon, in the river, ten miles below this city, a small struck and capsized a sail boat containing seven young men, four of whom, Miller Spence, aged 17, Jacob Andrews, aged 21, Baldwin Wilson, aged 18 and George Cook, aged 20, were drowned.

MEMPHIS, July 14.—The health of the city never was better. A few cases of sporadic cholera, occasionally appear, but excite no apprehension. Many persons who left the city during the prevalence of cholera, are returning. The morning train for Louisville which was discontinued on account of the cholera has resumed.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14.—The centennial celebration of the First Methodist Annual Conference in America took place this afternoon at St. George's M. E. Church, the same building in which the first Annual Conference was held. Bishop James presided and addressed the meeting, saying that the results during the last one hundred years in the progress of the Methodist Church has exceeded that of any other.

Letters were read from Bishops Scott, Wiley, Merrill, Haven Andrews, Breck and Pierce, regretting their inability to be present.

An essay on "Methodism in America before the First Annual Conference,"

was read by Rev. J. B. Wakely, D. D., of New York.

Remarks were made by Anthony Hall, (for sixty-two years a member of St. George's Church,) Bishop Richardson, of Canada, and Edward S. York, interesting exercises were also held in the evening.

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—A dispatch from Des Moines, Iowa, says that at an anti-monopoly convention held there on Saturday a full county ticket was nominated and delegates elected to the State Convention.

Resolutions were passed declaring that no support should be given to any man for office who is not in full sympathy with the producers and manufacturers, and opposed to monopolies, declaring that the doctrine of the vested rights of railroad corporations, which exempts them from legislative control, has no place in the jurisdiction of a free people; demanding reform in the matter of salaries of public officers; denouncing the back-pay laws and the President for signing the same, and demanding political reform and strict economy in state and county affairs. The resolutions also invited persons to participate in this movement.

FORT MO. PIERSON, Nebraska, July 14.—Professor Marsh and the Yale College exploring party, returned here today from Niobrara river, where they have spent the last month in geological investigations. The trip was successful, and many interesting discoveries were made. A number of extinct animals were found, including several fossil horses, camels and a mammoth. The party are all well and will start tomorrow for Fort Bridge, Wyoming territory, to explore the Minsh Mountain country.

Pen and Scissors.

A Detroit boy knocked at the door and carelessly inquired of the man of the house: "Are you going to move today?" "No," is the answer. "I'll be \$25 you are," responded the boy. "Why, you impudent dog?" "Cos, your roof's ablazing," screams the addresser, rascal as he runs for life; and it was true.

OLE BULL will not return and gives some more farewell concerts for at least two years.

A STORY to smile at is this which comes from Indianapolis: There is an actor there of such beautiful proportions that he is known as the Apollo Belvidere. Exhibiting his exquisite limbs in the streets the other day, he was attacked by a terrier upon whose tail he had stepped and bitten in the calf. He walked on easily and did not know that he was nipped until somebody told him. Did blood flow from the wound? Not a drop! what did you say! A thin stream of it from the mangled rotundity of the leg! The fact was stated as a bit of interesting news in the newspaper and Apollo undertook to chastise the editor. He could make even an Apollo with sawed calves do in a rough and tumble fight. He was ignominiously kicked out of the sanctum.

AN Arkansas farmer was almost mired enough to leave his pet panther and his mother-in-law at home together while he went to a show, but much to his amazement, the old lady was mired and the panther was dead, on his return.

A DEMOCRATIC editor this morning with a man who don't subscribe: "No, I tell you, Squire, the day will come when some-body will write a long eulogy on your life, character, etc., and the printer will put it in type, with a black rule over and under it, and all your riches that will be done for this as a grave for a pauper." A one who is wealthy, and all such will be spoiled, but the printer, as he arranges the type, will remark: "Poor, mean devil, he never took the paper and is still swindling the printer out of his fair price."

CARS are now running through the tunnel under the city of Baltimore. Passengers going to Washington by the way of that city do not now have to change cars there.

DR. Mary E. Walker, of Ohio, has been appointed to the nine hundred dollar clerkship in the office of the Treasurer of the United States.

A LADY thinks it very strange that whenever she goes to the theatre with her husband, he always goes out between the acts to get some clothes to chew.

THE FUTURE.—Oh! that this less current years and of seasons teaching us wisdom; that we were bearing our days; that we were mending our future by our past; that we were looking back on the twinkling of the months and weeks that were already gone; and so improving that utility that lies before us, that we should shall lay us in our graves, we emerge into a scene too rapturous for conception and too magnificent for attempts of the loftiest eloquence.

ONE of the papers in an article on "The new Postal law" says, "It is possible an intimate acquaintance with postal affairs at Washington will even the faintest idea of the extent and variety of matter passed free and enormous expense to the Government. It enumerates 'ponderous department reports, private letters, articles of clothing apparel and other bijouterie.'"