

Clearfield Republican.

BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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Select Poetry.

The wife's Adieu.

I soar to the realms of the bright and the blue,
Where the mourners are soled and the weary
at rest,
I rise to my glories, while thou must remain
In this world of tears, dejection and pain.
And hence though my heart throbs exultant to die,
And visions of glory expand to mine eyes;
The bosom that struggles and pants to be free,
Still beats with regret and affection for thee.
I fear not another more fond and more fair
When I am forgotten thy fortune should share;
Oh find but a bosom devoted as mine
And my heart's latest blessing forever be thine.
I fear that the stroke that now rends us apart,
From the path of the Christian should sever thy heart;
Lest seeking in anguish, relief from despair,
The vain world should lure thee to look for it there.
But oh! should it tempt thee awhile to resign,
A treasure so precious, a hope so divine,
Should the lights of his glory be hidden from thee,
In the hour of thy darkness, oh, think upon me.
Remember the hope that entwines me now,
Though the dews of the grave are damp on my brow,
The faith, that has nerved me with transport to see
The hour of my doom, though it takes me from thee.

Miscellaneous.

How to Win a Woman's Favor

It's very easy to make yourself popular among the ladies. Don't stand back and tremble, and think because you haven't the figure of Adonis or the face of an Apollo, you stand no chance at all. Women—bless their souls—don't care a fig for such things. Only remember a few little preliminaries, and you can make them like you, even if your hair is red, your nose a pug, and your mouth wide. When you go to make an evening call, don't start too early. Ladies are not well pleased to be caught before their curls and basques are arranged. Be particularly careful not to sit down on the cat, nor kick the dog across the floor—the girls are sure to appreciate any one who knows how to be polite to their pets. If there's a piece of worsted work, admire it; don't forget to mistake the artificial flowers in the vase for real; if the young lady is doing crochet-work, ask her if she can't teach you. Beyond everything don't tip back in your chair—for every crack in the fragile furniture there'll be a worse fracture in your friendship. And when she begins to yawn behind her pocket-handkerchief, take up your hat and go. "Short and sweet, long and bitter," is a good motto for an evening visit. When you are walking out with a lady, don't go striding along until she is forced to run to keep up with you—the first you know she will run off. Notice just how she walks, and meditate your pace accordingly. If she meets a feminine acquaintance and stops for a nice little chat, it is essential that you should not manifest impatience by balancing first on one heel and then on the other. If she wants to look into a shop window, stop and admire too, though you may not know a ribbon from a railway station. When you come to a crossing give her the whole of it, and go meekly in the mud. Tell her how becoming her new bonnet is, and implore her to wear it the next time she goes to the opera with you. If you meet a rival at her house, don't be rude to him—it is the worst policy in the world. Be as polite as possible to him; crush him, if you can, with courtesy. Never laugh loud in a parlor, and remember to speak low. It's just as well not to talk very much yourself; let the ladies have the preference, and they will prefer your society accordingly. Be kind and deaf to whatever they choose to keep from your sight and hearing—a steel spring escaping from a crinoline, for instance, or a nap in the hall wondering "whether that young fellow means to go home to-night, or not!" Nothing easier than to be a favorite with the ladies. Honor them, wait on them, study their little peculiarities, be always ready to escort them anywhere, amuse them when they are dull and laugh with them when they are lively, and though you may be as homely as a hedge-hog, they will like you ten times better than the handsome blockhead who thinks his looks are going to do everything for him. All of this is submitted by one who knows.

The fourth great exhibition of horses will take place at Hampton Park, Springfield, Mass., on the 5th, 6th, and 7th days of September next.

Agricultural Shows.

HOW TO BE MANAGED.

As the time for the holding of our Annual Agricultural shows is again approaching, the following hints if properly acted upon may prove useful:

1. *Farm Products.*—Let these always form the principal object of attraction. And let every effort be made through the offer of liberal premiums, and otherwise, to induce our best farmers to bring their best farm products to the show.

2. *Grain.*—Let every competitor for a grain premium be required to hand into the Secretary and have attached to his grain bag a label giving the exact name of such grain, so that the different varieties of wheat, rye, corn, &c., may become clearly known, and the kinds best suited to our several soils may easily be selected.

3. *Garden Vegetables.*—Let the same course be pursued with regard to our various garden vegetables, and this for the same reason.

4. *Mode of Cultivation &c.*—Let those also who draw premiums for their grain and vegetables, sell their grain and vegetables to the Society to be distributed in small parcels to and among its members, so that the article, whatever it may be, may become plentier for the common good. And if there is anything peculiar in the time or mode of preparing the ground, or the seed, or in the after-culture of the crop, let such premium drawers be required to hand the Secretary a written statement of such mode, &c., for the benefit of those of its members who may desire to raise the same products.

5. *Farm Implements.*—Let a day or part of a day be set apart of an actual experimental trial of the best new farm implements brought upon the ground, so that the relative merits of said implement may be known. This will not only be doing fair and equal justice to our manufacturers of farm implements, but will at the same time, save our farmers from being humbugged and cheated, and enable the farmer of small means to procure the implements that will suit his means and purposes best.

6. *Insects.*—Let a handsome premium be offered to him who will make known in writing the easiest method of destroying or getting rid of the Hessian fly, wheat midge, or weevil, cutworm and other worms, bugs and insects, that ravage our various field and garden crops. A few dollars spent annually in this way will lead to experiments and important results.

7. *Birds.*—Let every County Agricultural Society see to it that an acting Bird Committee is appointed in every township and borough in the county to look after and prosecute at the expense of the Society, every one who carelessly kills or destroys or robs the nest or nestings of any insectivorous bird within the bounds of such township or borough, and report their proceedings in writing to the next County Agricultural show. A few enactments of the law against such offenders in our several districts would soon do much good by saving the lives of our birds that live chiefly on the insects so destructive to our field and garden crops.

8. *Annual Address.*—Let the annual address, by whomsoever delivered, be confined to but one or two subjects. And let those be thoroughly discussed so as not to only give us a brief and lucid view of what is already known to be sound philosophy in regard to them, but also to present to us all the new light or information touching the same. Such an address will not only enlarge the views of our farmers, but will set them to thinking and experimenting, while an address that touches almost everything and describes nothing fully, will be scarcely worth listening to. It is very true that it will require considerable reading and labor to prepare such an address as I recommend, but he who has not the capacity to do it, or is unwilling to undergo the labor of doing it, should be made to stand on one side and give place to him who can and will do it. For such addresses are absolutely necessary if we wish to make progress in agricultural science.

9. *Officers.*—Let no one hold the office of President, Vice President or Secretary, or any other office in the Society, unless he is either a farmer himself or the owner of a farm, or is known to be an ardent and active friend and promoter of agriculture. Office holders and office hunters are very poor leaders in such a show, as experience has fully shown. And the same is equally true of merchants, livery stable keepers, horse jockeys, innkeepers and the like whose only care about the show is to see what they call "a grand display there" of anything and everything that will draw a big crowd and help them to make money out of it. And hence their unwearied efforts to have fire engines, &c., come on, and horses to pace, trot and run over the fair-grounds. Now such exhibitions will indeed attract a crowd, but it will be a crowd that will do far more harm than good. And such a course if persevered in, will soon either break up the Agricultural Society and its shows, or what is worse, tenfold worse, convert them into mere nuisances or mischief doing agencies.

I do not suppose that our Agricultural Shows usually held at Lewisburg, Milton and Danville are any worse, if as bad, as in many other places, but they are evidently making rapid strides towards this useless and worse than useless state. And hence they must either undergo a radical reformation or go down. But as a citizen of the beautiful West branch region, I am greatly in favor of the continuance of our annual County Agricultural Shows, and would be pleased to see them flourish and become, as it were, fixed holidays for the promotion of usefulness, morality and general kindness and good will.

And they can do all this if rightly managed. And all that is necessary for the attainment of this desirable end is the right kind of officers good moral men who understand the true interests of agriculture, and will make everything on our fair grounds subservient to their promotion. And the same course of action will produce the same good results in every other portion of the United States.

August, 1860.

Wood, Won, Married, and Deserted in Two Days.

The particulars of a short and sad honeymoon, we learn, have just occurred at Rochester. Two weeks since a family (whose names we suppress for obvious reasons) came to this city from Syracuse, and took up their residence on Hill street, and kept boarders. The landlady had a daughter, at the time unmarried, and matte, a young man, who gave his name as Greeley, called at the house and wished to get board. He was accommodated. The daughter of the hostess being rather good looking, attracted his attention, and they soon formed an intimate acquaintance, which ripened into love, and then into marriage, the ceremony being performed on Thursday last—only two days occurred.

The young couple seemed happy enough, and they were supposed to have enjoyed themselves hugely. The same day the husband went to a furniture store and rented \$400 worth of furniture, which he had taken into his wife's mother's house. Matters were getting ship-shape, and everything promised a prosperous journey through life; but alas for the fallacy of human hopes! It was discovered on Saturday that the husband had made himself scarce, and had gone, no one knew where. The newly-made wife, the disconsolate mother, and unhappy family were plunged into the deepest despair at the revelation of the bridegroom's departure from among them.

A search was instituted for him, but unsuccessfully, and the rascality of Greeley's proceedings were made more manifest when one of his late fellow boarders discovered that the sleeper had taken in his hurried flight a rest and a pair of pantaloon not belonging to him. Another boarder, about this time, also realized that the new husband had been operating on his stock in trade, and had taken off a saddle, which he had probably wanted to pack the stolen garments in. The furniture man got wind of the transaction, and hurried off to the house, and carried his rented goods away. The victimized boarders went to the police office to get a warrant for the arrest (if he can be found) of Greeley.

The unhappy wife of two days, we are told, is in an agony of mind, beyond description. She has but to consider that as she married in haste, she can repent at leisure. If the facts are as we have stated, and as we have no reason to doubt them, she has only herself to blame. Without any previous acquaintance she took an adventurer, and has been badly imposed upon.—*Pol. Gazette.*

BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.—Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures, when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hayti:

The Banks of coral in which my divers were made, are about forty miles in length and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged, with little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places on these banks, is as smooth as a marble floor; others it is studded with coral columns, from one hundred feet in height and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more; giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places, the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these into the deep windsy avenue, he feels that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath "old ocean's wave."—Here and there, the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those lofty columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs, and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

The fish which inhabited those silver banks, I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms and colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globelike sunfish; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.—Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs; one of small size resembled a bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the va-

rious kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks, would, were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more space than my limits will allow. For I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sunfish, saw-fish, star fish, white shark, ground shark, blue or shovel nose sharks, were often seen. There were also fish which resembled plants, shrub. The only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger.—Some of them resembled the rosette in full bloom, and were of all colors.

There were ribbon fish, from four or five inches to a foot and three feet in length. Their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog. Another fish was spotted like the leopard, from three to ten feet long. They build their houses like the beaver, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the ova till it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from four to five hundred pounds.

Gems from Plutarch.

If tears become any one when dying, it is him whom laughter did not become when living; seeing, he saw that which made death a thing to be went over at hand, and suspending above his head.—How closely did his weeping follow upon that laughter?

To the eternal tribunal of the just Judge our appeal is safe. He will rescind the unjust judgement.

In all good studies I delighted; but was specially given to philosophy and poetry, which even, I neglected in progress of time, being delighted with the holy scriptures, in which I perceived a hidden sweetness which I once despised. Poetry I reserved for ornamental purposes.

As truth is immortal, so a lie lasts not, feigned things are soon discovered, as the hair is combed and set with great diligence is ruffled with a little blast of wind. The craftiest he cannot stand before the truth; everything that is covered is soon uncovered; shadows pass away, and the native color of things remains. No man can live long under water; he must needs come forth and show the face which he concealed.

Desire and strive to die well, which cannot be without living well. The rest commit to God, who brought you into this world naked, but who, when you are about to leave it, will not introduce you into his kingdom unclothed.

HOW THE EYE IS SWEET AND WASHED.—For us to be able to see objects clearly and distinctly, it is necessary that the eye should be kept moist and clean. For this purpose, it is furnished with a little gland, from which flows a watery fluid—tears—which is spread over the eye by the lid, and is afterwards spread off by it, and runs through a hole in the bone to the inner surface of the nose, where the warm air, passing over it while breathing evaporates it. It is remarkable that no such gland can be found in the eyes of a fish, as the element in which the live answers the same purpose. If the eye had not been furnished with a liquid to wash it, and a lid to sweep it off, things would appear as they do when we look through a dusty glass. Along the edges of the eye lid there are a great number of little tubes or glands, from which flow an oily substance which spreads over the surface of the skin, and thus prevents the edges from becoming sore or irritated, and it also helps to keep the tears within the lid.

There are also six little muscles attached to the eye which enables us to move it in every direction; and when we consider the different motions which they are capable of giving to the eye, we cannot but admire the goodness of Him that formed them, and thus saved us the trouble of turning our heads every time we wish to view an object. Although the eyes of some animals are incapable of motion, as the fly, the beetle, and several other insect, yet the Creator has shown his wisdom and goodness in furnishing their eyes with little globes, and by placing their eyes in front of their heads so that these little insects can see almost all around without turning their heads. A gentleman who has examined the eyes of a fly says that the two eyes of a common one are composed of eight thousand little globes, through every one of which it is capable of forming an object. Having prepared the eye of a fly for the purpose, and placed it before the eye of a microscope and then looking through both in the manner of the telescope at a steeple which was 290 feet high and 750 feet distant, and he says he could plainly see through every little hemisphere the whole steeple inverted or turned upside down.

THE CENSUS OF WILLIAMSPORT.—The marshal has completed the census of Williamsport, and returns the population of the town, including the suburbs, as numbering 7,561. In 1850 the population, (also including the suburbs,) was 2,002. Increase, since 1850, strictly within the corporate limits of the borough, is considerable over two hundred and fifty per cent., probably the greatest rate of increase of any town in the United States. The population of Williamsport, for the last thirty years, has been as follows:

Census of 1830.	833
Census of 1840.	1,353
Census of 1850.	2,002
Census of 1860.	7,561

Increase in the last ten years, 5,559; in the last twenty years, 6,208; in the last thirty years, 6,728.

In 1856 the Republicans tried to ride their candidate for the Presidency in on a mustang pony, and now they are attempting to ride him on a rail.

An old bachelor is a traveller upon life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

A Romantic Story.

The Richmond despatch chronicles a remarkable story, derived from a gentleman for many years engaged in prosecution of military claims, who obtained the particulars from a descendant of the parties that form the subject of the narrative. Early in the Revolutionary war a man named Lane enlisted in a company raised at three years. The company went North and joined Washington's army.—Taking part in all the previous battles, Lane was severely wounded at Brandywine or Germantown, and during the battle and after was taken care of by a brother soldier to whom he had become greatly attached, and who belonged to the same company as himself. The term of service having expired, these two soldiers were discharged and returned home, devoted and inseparable friends. In the meantime the tide of war rolled on to the South, and they again enlisted to serve in General Lincoln's army, at the time engaged in the siege they did their duty bravely. At last Lane's friend was wounded in turn, and was carried off the field in the arms of his devoted friend. While under the care of the surgeon it was discovered that his brave and tender companion was a woman! It appeared that she had formed a strong attachment to Lane, whom she had accidentally met, but made so little impression upon him that he did not recognize her when he afterwards met her disguised as a soldier.—She was in despair when Lane enlisted, and under the inspiration of affection she fled from her parents, donned the Continental uniform, and followed him to the front. What ensued was a proper finale to such a romance. The wounded woman recovered, and as soon as the twin one was released from captivity they became one. They lived many years very happily together, and left several children.—Both the man and his wife received pensions until their decease, for services rendered as soldiers.

ANOTHER ROMANTIC STORY.—A gentleman of the Second District of New Orleans was on board of the ill-fated steamer Arctic, when she got lost on the 27th of September, 1854. The sad news reached here that he was among the missing, and cast a gloom in his household, for he had a family—a young and pretty wife, and a child, he done well in the world, and left property sufficient for their maintenance. The young wife mourned her lost husband sincerely, doubtless, but sorrow is not everlasting, and as the long years rolled past, the mourning weeds disappeared, the roses on her cheeks bloomed again, and smiles played on her rosy lips. She was young and pretty, and suitors were not wanting. She married again. Several years of quiet bliss have passed since the day she took a new companion in life, and now, suddenly the electric spark of the telegraph, flying with the speed of lightning, has struck the edifice of her happiness—struck at its base, so as to make it totter and crumble. A despatch from the Balize, received day before yesterday, announced the arrival of the long-lost first husband. Clinging to some piece of the wreck, he had floated to distant shores, where for six long years he lived with the hope of meeting once more the beloved ones he had left at home, but unable to find a homeward bound vessel. We hope to obtain some particulars concerning his Cruise of life; and of the many hardships he must have suffered—all of which divide into mere nothingness at the thought of the disappointment that awaits him on his arrival home. The feelings of the twice wedded wife may be better imagined than described. The N. O. Bee of Aug. 2, says:—We understand an reliable authority that the survivor of the Arctic disaster, of whom we spoke on Tuesday, will be in the city this evening. The person is Mr. Fleury, who was well known as having kept the grocery at the corner of Orleans and Robertson streets, where his wife now resides. She married Mr. Fleury's chief clerk, Mr. Weber, and has had three children by him. Her two children by Mr. Fleury—a daughter of seventeen and son of fifteen—are now living with her.

Not far from Oakland, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, there lives an old gentleman by the name of Thomas, who we learn was at one time Governor of Maryland, and quite wealthy. For many years he has manifested symptoms of insanity; his wealth was wasted, and he was neglected and allowed to go down in the world. He now lives in a miserable log hut, with no companion but an aged negro. There is no habitation near, and he scarcely ever has a visitor or sees a white man's face. A couple of artists from Baltimore, who were sketching along the line of the road, concluded the other day to go down from Oakland and pay the hermit a visit and a few sketches of his premises. They were kindly received at first, and their sketches seemed to please the old man, until he became aware that it was the intention of the artists to publish them, with accompanying descriptions, and thus drag him again before the public. Learning this, he immediately ordered the artists out of the house. They did not go upon the instant, and the hermit got down his gun, swearing that if they did not leave he would shoot them. The artists of course, left in a hurry.

Says Mrs. Partington: It is a very good thing to have a good husband, though the chances of getting one is as uncertain as a religious fair. Now there's Mr. Boss who is in California is a husband worth having, for he was always acidulous to please his wife when he was at home and has been unremitting ever since he went away. There's as much difference between people, gracious me, as there is between anybody.

The Secretary of the Interior has recently made a decision upon a proposition of the legal representatives of John C. Symmes (by their attorney, Henry S. Coxe, Esq.) that they will pay into the Treasury of the United States, under the 3d section of the act of Congress of 3d of March, 1803, the sum of \$15,360, with interest from the 30th of September, 1794, on receiving from the United States a patent and possession of the township of land mentioned in said section of said act; and upon a modified proposition of the attorney for the parties, asking, on the payment of the money and interest, "to receive from the United States a full and perfect title to the township known as the college or reserved township within his (Symmes's) patent, and to have every power and aid which the Government may lawfully exert to be placed in the quiet and peaceful possession of the same."

The decision is to the effect that no further assurance of title to any lands included in the patent to Symmes can be made by the Department; that the legal title to none of the lands included within the bounds of that patent now remains in the United States; and that, therefore, it would not be practicable to give any further assurance of title to parties who make the payment as proposed by the representatives of Symmes than such as would be afforded by a certificate that the money had been paid into the Treasury by them; under the proviso embraced in the 3d section of the act of 1803, and that no portion of the lands embraced within the original patent will thereafter be encumbered with a trust for the use of schools in Ohio.

By the patent to Symmes of date 30th of September, 1794, the title to 311,985 acres of land was conveyed to him, with reservations and trust. Among the latter was one that six miles square in the centre of said lands should be reserved for erecting an academy under the direction of the then Governor of the Territory north-west of the Ohio, within five years from date of patent. This fact explains the trust encumbrance for the use of schools mentioned in this paragraph.

The proposition of Symmes's representatives was to obtain possession of the reserved six miles square, which, it seems, was never used for the purpose indicated in the patent. The lands are not very valuable, being situated near the city of Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio.—*Star.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—We recently heard a remarkable and touching story of a little boy, the son of a gentleman in an adjoining county. His age is thirteen. He is an interesting promising lad. One day, during the past winter, he failed to rise in the morning as early as usual. At length his father went into the room where he lay, and asked him why he did not get up? He said it seemed dark yet, and he was waiting for daylight. His father retired, but the boy did not make his appearance for some time; he returned a second time and said, "My son, why don't you get up?" Father is it daylight? "Yes, long ago." "Then Father the little fellow said, "I am blind" and so it was his sight was gone.

In a short time his father took him to Nashville, to get the benefit of the medical profession there, but none of the physicians could do anything for him, and happily made no experiments on his eyes. Some ladies in the family of his father's sought to cheer him in his affliction, and one night proposed to take him to the opera that he might hear the music and sing. He went, and was delighted. In the course of the performance, all at once he leaped up, threw his arms around his father's neck, and screamed with ecstasy, "Oh! Father, I can see! I can see!" His sight had instantly returned. And since then he has retained it in full vigor, except that under excitement there is a transient dimness of vision. The case is one of a remarkable and singular character.—*Presbyterian.*

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to Heaven, my son; I have been on my way there for eighteen years." "Well, good bye old fellow, if you have been travelling toward Heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

Mrs. Jenkin complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not set well. Probably, said Jenkin, "it was not a hen turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

The Saturday Review speaks of a story that the ladies of the congregation of a fashionable preacher in London, are subscribing a fund to procure him a divorce.

The higher we rise in the sphere of ideas, the more lonely we get in our intellectual affinities, and the more difficult it becomes to find congenial companions.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the coinage of \$2,000,000 in gold dollar pieces, now held in the Assistant Treasury office at New York, into double eagle pieces.

Mr. James S. Slaughter, of Atlanta Ga., whose name became familiar through the letter of Mr. Yancey, committed suicide on Wednesday of last week by taking laudanum.

Hon. William Pennington, Speaker of the House of Representatives, has declined a nomination for re-election to Congress. After serving out his present term he wishes to retire.