

Clearfield Republican.

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MR. SEWARD'S NOVELTIES.

The spectacle of an army *avowedly* hostile in its mission passing to its destination over a soil it proposed to invade at the first blast of war, would be something novel in the history of States. Imagine Russia asking permission of England to make Malta a depot for its navy during the Crimean war, or France transporting its troops for the Italian campaign by way of Salzburg, Vienna and Trieste!—*Evening Journal.*

Mr. Seward is the fruitful inventor of novelties.

The "unrepressible conflict," which proclaimed that free and slave States could not live together in the same Union, was a novelty of Mr. Seward's. No statesman, from the days of Washington down, ever dreamed of it.

His speech to the Duke of Newcastle, "we must insult you," was a novelty. His threats against Canada were novelties.

His promise to the South Carolina Commissioners, that Fort Sumpter should be peacefully evacuated, was a novelty; and his fabrication was another.

His prophecies that the war would be over in thirty days was a novelty; as have been all his prophecies since. The fulfillment of one of them would be an agreeable novelty.

His invention of the idea of blockading one's own ports was a novelty in international law, and his treatment of rebels as foreign enemies, while denying the belligerent rights was another.

His letters to Gov. Hicks, sneering at the representatives of monarchies, was a novelty in diplomacy.

His circulars to the governors of States, on the subject of frontier defenses was another novelty.

His declaration, that the recognition of the South by European powers would be resented by us by a general war upon all Europe, is a novelty in doctrine, and would be a greater one in practice.

His arrest of loyal citizens, in loyal States, by telegraph, is a novelty which it is to be hoped may return to plague the inventor.

His invention of a passport system, without law, which arrays loyal citizens and gives free scope to traitors, is another novelty.

His long reply to a demand never made in the Shiloh and Mason case, and his dexterous proving out right to seize and our duty to surrender those envoys, is a novelty also.

His countenance of universal corruption at a time of great national necessity, is a great novelty in the minds of all true patriots.

His selection of such diplomatic representatives as Giddings, Helper, Burlingame & Co., is another novelty.

His proposed surrender of the right of privateering, without an equivalent, is a novelty.

His abandonment of the Monroe doctrine is a novelty.

His irritating despatches to foreign courts are novelties in manner and tempo; and substance.

His invitation to England to send her troops to Canada, through Maine, is a manual novelty.

Finally, Mr. Seward, acting as a statesman, and managing the affairs of a great nation in a great crisis, is a novelty that the world has never yet seen the like of, and probably never will again.

Reviewing Mr. Seward's labors for the last year, we doubt if Dumas or Walter Scott, or the inexhaustible Sylvanus Cobb was half as prolific a novelist as Wm. H. Seward.—*N. F. Argus.*

AN HONEST LIFE.—The poor pittance of seventy years is not worth being a villain for. What matter is it if your neighbor lies in a splendid tomb? Sleep you with innocence. Look behind you through the track of time! A vast desert lies open in retrospect; wearied with years and sorrow, they sink from the walks of man. You must leave them where they fall; and you go to a little further, and you will find eternal rest. Whatever you may have to encounter between the cradle and the grave, every moment is big with events, which come not in succession, but bursting forcibly from a revolving and unknown cause, fly over this orb with diversified influence.

A good joke, says the Syracuse Standard, is related of Miss G., a laughter-loving, good natured lass, who was spending the afternoon with a neighbor, and during supper the conversation turned on hens, eggs, etc., during which Miss G. observed "that their hens did not lay scarcely any eggs, and she could not tell the reason."

"Why," observed Mr P., "my hens lay very well, I go out among them almost every day and set eggs." "My gracious!" was the instant rejoinder, "I wish you would come over and run with our hens a spell, I am sure father would pay you for your trouble." She'll do.

CIVIL WAR has affected St. Louis like a stroke of palsy. More than 60,000 inhabitants have left that city within a year; an immense number of houses and stores are vacant, and all business except government contracts, is at a dead stand.

A New England writer says that it has been found that the negroes can be better trusted than white men, not to betray secrets. We suppose this upon the principle that they always keep dark.

In the morning of life we are enchanted by the novelty of nature and her operations delight us in their effects, though the causes are neither known or thought of.

The addition to the duties on tea, coffee, sugar and molasses, it is presumed will defray the expenses of the government four days, as our expenses are two millions a day.

[From the New York Observer.]

BIRDS.

AND ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH THEM.

Birds—birds! ye are beautiful things, With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings; Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell? Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well? [Eliza Cook.]

A popular writer of our own country very happily remarks that "Birds constitute the poetry of the animal creation;" and their study, when systematically pursued as a science, is, undoubtedly, one of the most interesting departments of Natural History. The rich melody of their songs, the beauty of their plumage, the grace and rapidity of their motions can hardly fail, it would seem, to excite in us emotions both of wonder and admiration; and it is probably only from our familiarity with them that we are partially blind to their benefits, and deaf to the sweet tones and variety of their tuneful voices.

It is at this season of the year, when the groves and forests are despoiled of their foliage, and deserted by the feathered songsters, that we can realize how much they added to our enjoyment, and, as in the case of our departed friends, we can only lament their loss and sadly regret that we did not more lovingly appreciate them while with us; yet, unlike them, we know,

"The birds the winter's storms exile, Shall all come back with spring."

"But when shall spring visit the moldering urn?" To the devout and thoughtful student of nature the feathered tribe have ever been suggestive of the wisdom and goodness of Providence in their creation and care, and by their cheering lays and presence are ever singing,

"The hand that made us is divine."

It would appear that the inspired pen regarded them with special interest, and were accustomed carefully to observe their habits; as they often allude to them to illustrate and enforce their teachings. Indeed many of the most impressive and beautiful metaphors used by the sacred writers are derived from the habits and instincts of birds, and not a few of the most elegant ones of the best poets are drawn from the same source. How forcibly, yet tenderly, is the representation of God's love and care for his people by the figure of the eagle stirring up her nest, fluttering over her young, spreading abroad her wings, and taking and bearing them upon them. And by that of the hen gathering her chickens under her wings our Saviour expressed, with the deepest pathos, the yearnings of his heart over the obdurate and ungrateful inhabitants of Jerusalem.

What can be more exquisite than the simile used by Goldsmith, to portray the excellencies of "The Village Preacher,"—

"And as a bird each fond endearment tries To tempt its new-dug offspring to the skies, He tried each art, reproved each dull delusion, Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

That splendid dreamer, John Bunyan, makes the singing of birds one of the delights of that land which lies "beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death." And the magnificent old Isaac Walton, in speaking of "the musicians of the air," that warble forth their curious ditties," and especially the nightingale, that breathes such sweet loud music out of her little throat, exclaims with emotion, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

Daniel Webster so loved to hear the songs of birds, that he never permitted one to be killed on any of his property; and it may be remembered when the great statesman had just been wounded in the house of his friends, how beautifully, "in spits of sorrow," he alluded to the lark when, no doubt, he felt at heart,

"As the struck eagle stretched upon the plain, No more through rolling clouds to soar again, Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart, And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart; Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel He nursed the plume which impell'd the steel; While the same plume that had warm'd his nest Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

When the final scene of his great and eventful career was closing in death, at Marshfield, a lady who tenderly watched by his dying bed, heard him repeating the last stanza of Cowper's "Jackdaw":—

"Thrice happy bird! I too have known Much of the vanities of men; And sick of having seen 'em, Would cheerfully these limbs resign For such a pair of wings as thine!"

while others, in view of the ingratitude he had experienced, in view of his undying affection for his loved and lost ones, and especially for his "Julia; and Edward," knew full well how truly his heart resonated to the plaint of the sweet singer of Israel, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then I would flee away, and be at rest."

In addition to the touching sentiments and the finest of poetry that birds have inspired, their plumage has ever been the pride of the beautiful and gallant; for while some feathers have been used to "impel the steel," others have furnished rich ornaments for the heads of ladies, and also for the warrior's crest. Murat's "snow-white plume" was as famous as Napoleon's grey coat, or the cocked hat of Frederick the Great. The nodding plume has often been the cynosure of embattled hosts. Henry IV., of France, before the battle of Ivry, in the words of Macaulay, made this thrilling address to his soldiers:

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may— For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray.— Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war, And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

A right splendid plume "once rolled in air the warrior's guide," on many of Na-

poleon's victorious battle-fields,—and its wearer, he believed, might have turned the tide at Waterloo,—and to which, not in vain,

"The soldier raised his seeking eye, To catch that crest's ascendancy!"

"Where the broken line enlarging, Fell, or fled along the plain: There, hoarse, was Murat charging!"

From the fact that all who have paid special attention to the study of ornithology have become exceedingly devoted to it, we may conclude there is much in the science calculated both to delight and instruct. Wilson made many perilous journeys through the wilds of America, to obtain an intimate and accurate knowledge of the birds of its mountains and forests. Without assistance and without money he persevered in his course until his merits were appreciated by the most distinguished men and societies of the country.—When his friends remonstrated with him for his arduous and unremitting labors, his reply was, "Life is short, and nothing can be done without exertion." His love for the feathered race was his ruling passion in life, and it was strong in death. A short time before that event, herepeatedly expressed the wish to a friend that he might be buried where the birds might sing over his grave.

Not less remarkable were the life and labors of Audubon. By patient toil and fortitude, he achieved for himself a reputation as magnificent in its character as it was world-wide in its extent. Perhaps there never was a person whose inmost soul responded more deeply to the majestic sentiments expressed by Lord Byron, than Audubon's,—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods, There is a rapture on the lonely shore, There is society where none intrudes, By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

In his own case this was all true. For years he had been accustomed to roam the pathless woods—had been so highly delighted to see the objects of his affectionate interest flit and nestle among the green boughs of the forest, or soar through the "upper deep" towards the blue canopy above him, and hear their sweet music echoed back from its sounding-board, or watch their flights, or trace their footsteps by the old ocean's side, that such scenes and melody seemed necessary for his very existence; for when, on account of his advanced age, his friends induced him to give up the idea of his last projected expedition, like the caged eagle, he began to droop, and not long after died.

In conclusion, it may be remarked that the degree and kind of interest manifested for beasts, and birds and flowers, afford no insignificant or uncertain indications as to character; and therefore it may be well to adopt on this, and certainly on a far more important occasion, the language and sentiments of the "Ancient Mariner"—

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou Wedding-guest: He prayeth well who loveth well Both man and bird and beast."

PARENTAL INDULGENCE.—No children are ever so happy as those who have been early taught implicit and immediate obedience to their parents' wishes, or will, or commands. Would that parents more universally felt this! When they suffer their children to disobey them they are absolutely teaching them to sin against God, breaking one of his commandments, and one to which the promise of long life is given. No wonder if God in just displeasure, remove the child from such tuition. Remember what a solemn and instructive lesson the Holy Ghost has given in the history of Eli. There is much danger from an amiable wish to gratify a child, or counterordering your own orders. If you once direct a child to do a thing, however unpleasant it may be to yourself or the child, insist with firmness upon immediate and full obedience. There should be no demur nor delay. Prompt obedience is as lovely in a child, as its enforcements are dignified in a parent. The firm and gentle constraint of parental authority commands respect, and even inspires reverence and love in the child towards the parent. Then, then, if you desire your children should grow up cherishing for you profound esteem and affection, insist upon the filial duty—the duty of implicit obedience—and commence early.— To begin right is the way to end right.

A GENERAL BANKRUPT LAW.—The committee appointed by the bankers and merchants of New York have caused the legal firm of Barney, Butler & Parsons to prepare a general bankruptcy act, and have published it for public examination. The committee consists of Royal Phelps, James Brown, Geo. Opydyke, Wm. Lambert, E. S. Jaffray, and others of similar standing. The following are the provisions of the act:

The full and unconditional discharge of the debtor (except as to certain fiduciary debts) upon the surrender of his entire estate for distribution without preference among all his creditors, and upon his compliance with the requirements of the act. It provides for the election of the assignee in bankruptcy by the creditors, and gives them the supervision and management and winding up of the estate, under the direction of the court. It also permits, by provisions analogous to those of the French code of bankruptcy, as well as of the English law, the winding up of bankrupts' estates, at the option of three-fourths in value of the creditors, by trustees under the inspection of creditors, in lieu of the more formal proceedings in bankruptcy. The various details of the act are designed to give uniformity and efficiency to the system, and to meet the various exigencies of its administration in the extended territory to which it applies.

GRACEFUL SURRENDER.—The Republican editors say that Cameron only retired from the Cabinet. What a graceful fellow he is!

Memorial of James W. Wall, Esq., to the Legislature of New Jersey.

To the Senate and House of Assembly of the State of New Jersey:

Your memorialist represents to your honorable bodies—that he is a citizen of the State of New Jersey, and fully entitled to all the rights, privileges and immunities pertaining to such citizenship. That on the eleventh day of September last he was arrested by Benajah Deacon, United States Marshal for New Jersey, accompanied by an armed force, W. R. Allen, Mayor of the city of Burlington, being present, and assisting with one or two of his police. That the said Marshal, being called upon for his authority, produced a printed form or order in the words following, as near as your memorialist can recollect:

"Benajah Deacon, Esq., Marshal, &c. You are hereby commanded to arrest James W. Wall, of the city of Burlington, and convey him to Fort Lafayette, in the New York harbor, forthwith, by order of the Secretary of War. Dated, Washington, Sept., 1861."

Upon reading this most extraordinary document your memorialist demanded of the Marshal the nature and cause of the accusation against him, and a copy of the affidavit or information upon which such warrant was based. He took occasion at the same time to deny the right of any member of the President's Cabinet to issue any such warrant, much less the Secretary of War, and warned the Marshal that he would hold the Secretary responsible, and all who presumed to act under his authority; that this official had overstepped the limits of his official authority, and having usurped powers not delegated to him by the Constitution, or by some law made in pursuance thereof, he had put himself beyond the pale of the protection of his office, and was liable like any private citizen, with this distinction, that having used his official position to effect this gross injustice and oppression, it was a great aggravation of his guilt, and would be considered so in a criminal prosecution, or in asking for exemplary damages in a civil action.

To this protest and warning of your memorialist, the Marshal made the following most extraordinary reply: "That he knew nothing of the cause and nature of the accusations, or of any affidavit or information upon which the warrant was based; that he had received the order through the post office, and was bound to execute it at all hazards, and if any resistance was made, he would resort to the armed force then surrounding the house."

Upon your memorialist requesting time for preparation, and to have an interview with his family, it was peremptorily refused by the Marshal, who further declared "that he had orders to take your memorialist at once to New York, via the Camden and Amboy line, which would pass through Burlington in the course of ten or fifteen minutes."

Against such an arbitrary exercise of power as this, never surpassed by the most subservient minion of the vilest despotism in Europe, your memorialist entered his most solemn protest, and prepared to resist such invasion of his rights by physical force. Resistance, however, proved in vain, and your memorialist having succeeded in reaching the hall of his house, was there overpowered by a large armed force, torn from the midst of his family and dragged to the railroad station. From thence he was conveyed a prisoner by the Marshal, accompanied by six of his armed posse, not only through the State of New Jersey, but through a portion of the State of New York, and in that State delivered over to the United States military authority commanding at Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor.

In this Government fortress he was confined for nearly two weeks, his correspondence subjected to the most impudent surveillance, and his person to all those indignities and petty annoyances which a military despotism understand so well how to inflict. He was finally released from confinement upon taking what was called an oath of allegiance, an extrajudicial oath, but unobjectionable to your memorialist, inasmuch as it pledged him "to protect and defend the Constitution against all its enemies," thus imposing, if it were possible to do so, additional obligations upon him to resist the unconstitutional acts of this high official, and punish his gross violations of the personal liberty of the subject. There can be no greater enemy to the Constitution than that man, who, beneath the cloak of power, conceals the stiletto with which he thrusts at its vitals.

Since his release your memorialist has applied again and again to the Secretary of War, for the cause and nature of the accusations against him; but thus far all his applications have received not the slightest notice. This persistent silence of the Secretary of War raises the presumption that the unconstitutional warrant by which he dared to deprive a citizen of New Jersey of his liberties, has not even the bald pretense of a written accusation to give it the flimsiest shadow of a decent formality.

Your memorialist, by reason of this cruel, unmanly silence of the War Department, has been compelled to submit to have his good name and fame called in question, his loyalty to the Constitution doubted, and the most ungrounded and unjust prejudices engendered against him. It is the grossest injustice to place an individual in such a position—violate all the rights, privileges and immunities that belong to him as a citizen—punish him as if he were the vilest criminal, and then cruelly withhold from him the nature and cause of the accusation against him.

Your memorialist therefore makes this appeal to the legislature of his native State, that it will, through our Senators and Representatives in Congress, demand of the War Department the nature and charges on file in said Department, upon which such warrant was issued, or, if no such charges are upon record, that then it shall be so made to appear.

I am fully aware that in the ancient commonwealths, self-preservation was considered the necessity of the State, as it was of individuals, and could be used as a justification of "the temporary curbing of the Statute of Liberty." The dictator who, in the hour of the nation's peril, came fourth from the Roman Senate with absolute powers over the life, liberty and property of the Roman citizen, was only the creation of this dangerous idea. And during the reign of Elizabeth there was a notion that a kind of paramount sovereignty existed, which was denominated her absolute power, incident, as it was pretended, to the abstract nature of sovereignty, and arising out of its primary office of preserving the State from destruction. But even then in that tyrannical reign, it found men bold enough to dare the terrors of the royal frown, and to declare "that this insidious plea of necessity means too often the security of the sovereign rather than that of the people." The opposition to this pernicious doctrine went on gathering strength until, in the reign of the First Charles, it culminated in the far-famed Declaration of Rights, that is the beacon light, casting its blaze afar, to warn tyrannical governments against the invasion of the liberties of the people.

And yet, we are asked to believe the monstrous doctrine in this high noon of the nineteenth century, in a government like ours, made by the haters of kingly prerogative, with a written Constitution defining and limiting the powers of every department, there really, in time of war, lurks in the Executive this dangerous element of power; and against which there had been a continued and successful struggle of five centuries in England. In the eloquent language of Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, words that have the true ring of the metal of the olden time, "Can it be believed that our fathers, protesting against kingly prerogative, revolutionists because of outrages on personal rights by their sovereign, would clothe the executive of their new government with a power over the citizen which their former master had never dared to pretend that he possessed? Can it be believed that they, proud of their English lineage, proud of their loyalty to the English Constitution, would sacrifice that right, which their English ancestors accounted their chiefest glory. Those ancestors had battled for centuries, bravely for popular rights. They had placed the crown upon the brow of the people—they had deked it with many a jewel, it was radiant with the glories of popular liberty, and can it be believed that our fathers would tear away this priceless gem, that sparkled in the very forefront of that crown, and with it adorn the spectre of executive power. In no other point did they limit the rights of the people as admitted at that day; can it be believed that they would in this one vital point alone restrict the bounds of liberty, and enlarge those of power?"

What course you, the Representatives of the State of New Jersey, may deem it proper to take in reference to this wanton outrage upon the Constitutionally guaranteed rights of one of your citizens, must be left to your own judgments. It is for you to say whether it shall be passed over without a remonstrance. If by your silence now you constitute this a precedent, it may be for you to declare of what value hereafter those high-sounding clauses in the bill of rights in our Constitution will be to any of the citizens of the State of New Jersey? That bill of rights was intended as the enunciation of certain general principles of free government—to serve as the landmarks of liberty and law. Did your present Senator in Congress, Mr. Ten Eyck, when he introduced it into our Constitutional Convention, and his fellow members when they voted upon it, consider its clauses as only a "mass of glittering generalities?" And yet, what else do they become, if any Cabinet Officer may, under the authority of one of these general warrants, invade your State with an armed force, kidnap any of your citizens and immure them beyond the limits of the State at his sovereign will and pleasure, in any one of the fortresses of the Government. Surely if such outrages are to be passed over in silence, and with impunity, then I do not hesitate to declare that your State government is a farce, and the clauses in your bill of rights the most contemptible and wicked shams.

I speak earnestly because I feel so. I have been made to feel the insolence of arbitrary power. The most degraded criminal in any of your prisons could not have been treated as I have been, without an outcry of indignation from every honest citizen in the State. I have been arrested without the form of legal warrant—condemned without the shadow of a trial, and punished by a degraded imprisonment of weeks, without at this hour even knowing the nature and cause of the accusation against me. I know and appreciate my rights as a citizen of the United States, and of the State of New Jersey; and no man shall invade or trample upon those rights with impunity. I envy not the heart, for it is occupied, nor the brain, for it is diseased, that can attempt to approve, or by reasoning, justify, such an atrocious act of tyranny as this. If such an act can be done in a republic, without redress, and with the approval of its citizens, then I know no difference between it and the vilest despotism upon earth, save only that the latter is the most honest government of the two.

All of which is respectfully submitted. JAMES W. WALL. TRENTON, JAN. 14, 1862.

A CYNICAL friend of ours yesterday remarked that it seemed to be a poor time to set the blacks free, in hopes that they would succeed in freedom, when so many millions of white American citizens, with all their superior advantages, had signally failed of self government.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

BRIGADIER GENERAL BURNSIDE.

AMMONS EVERETT Burnside, who commands the formidable expedition which has sailed for some place on the enemy's coast, was born at Liberty, Union county, Indiana, 23d May, 1824. At the age of 14 he was entered at West Point, and was graduated fifteenth in a class of forty-seven members, in 1847. He was brevetted second lieutenant in the 2nd Artillery, and was transferred the next year to the 3rd Artillery. Joining his regiment in Mexico, he marched in Patterson's column to the city of Mexico, where he remained till peace was declared. Returning to the North, he was stationed at Fort Adams, in Newport harbor. In 1849 he was attached as a first lieutenant to captain (now rebel general) Bragg's battery, and was engaged for three or four years in frontier service in New Mexico. In an engagement with the Apache Indians in August, 1849, near Los Vegas, Lieut. Burnside commanded a company of twenty-nine men, who killed eighteen Indians, took nine prisoners, and captured forty horses. For this action he was recommended to the Secretary of War and President Fillmore, for promotion. He afterwards served as quartermaster to the commission which surveyed the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. In 1851 he crossed the plains from the Ohio river, through the Indian Territory, travelling twelve hundred miles in sixteen days, with an escort of but three men, bringing despatches from Colonel Graham to the President.

Lieut. Burnside was next stationed at Fort Adams, and while there he resigned his commission for the purpose of devoting his attention to the manufacture of a breech-loading rifle of his own invention, and took up his residence at Bristol, R. I. His enterprise proving unfortunate, he went to Chicago and entered the office of the Illinois Central Railroad, as cashier of the land department, while George B. (now general) McClellan was general superintendent, and afterwards vice president of the company. After holding the position of cashier for two years, Burnside was elected treasurer of the company, and removed to New York. Whilst acting in this capacity soon after the outbreak of the rebellion, he received a telegraphic despatch from Gov. Sprague, notifying him that the First Rhode Island Regiment of one thousand men was raised, and asking him to take command. In half an hour he left his office and was on his way to Providence. The regiment was one of the first and one of the best which went to Washington, and was among the most prominent which took part in the engagement at Stone Bridge, Col. Burnside acting as Brigadier-General during that battle. His conduct on that occasion commended him to the attention of the authorities at Washington, and on the 6th of August he was appointed a Brigadier-General of volunteers. Gen. McClellan, who knows his worth and military capacity, has selected him to command one of the most important expeditions projected since the war commenced.

JUDGE SWAINE.—Hon. Noah H. A. Swaine, of Ohio, who has recently been appointed by President Lincoln an Associate Judge of the United States Supreme Court, is a native of Cullpeper county, Virginia, and emigrated to Ohio immediately after finishing his law course under the instruction of the late distinguished Robert I. Taylor, in Alexandria. His age now is perhaps fifty years. He has grown as a public man with the growth of Ohio, having played, perhaps, the most important part in building up for that State its material eminence. As a jurist he is notoriously without a superior in the West, and as the conductor of the State's largest financial operations his fame is equal to his reputation as a lawyer. In politics he is a Republican, with strong conservative proclivities. He will surely prove as efficient on the Supreme Court bench as in every other position he has previously achieved by the weight of his fine mind, high character and effective industry.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.—There is no prettier picture in life than that of a daughter reading to her aged father. The old man, while listening to her silvery notes, goes back to other times when another sat by his side and whispered words he will never hear again; nor does he wish to; for in soft evening light, he sees her image reflected in her child, and as one by one gentle emotion steals over him, he veils his face, and the daughter, thinking him asleep, goes noiselessly in search of other employment. Virgin innocence watching over the cares and little wants of old age, is a spectacle fit for angels. It is one of the links between earth and heaven, and takes from the face of the necessarily hard and selfish world many of its harshest features.

TERRIBLE WARNING.—We see it stated in an English paper that Miss Bart, of Glasgow, recently broke her neck in resisting the attempt of a young man to kiss her. This is a fearful warning to young ladies, especially pretty ones. Why will girls peril their delicate necks in absurd endeavors to avoid the application of that delicious and soothing "two-lip" salve, which is an universal corrective of chapped lips, and will ultimately cure the worst form of palpitation of the heart? No ladies of taste or sense will conduct themselves in a manner so reprehensible, and fraught with so much danger. Besides, they well know, that kissing, like charity, blesses both alike. "It blesses both that gives, and she that takes."

AN AMERICAN poet talks of the music of a low wind. The wind is often low, and very few of the poets can raise it.

The timid man trembles before danger—the coward during it—the brave man when it is over.