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The Carnival of Crime.

The fearful extent to which crime, of every shade, is bursting out all over the country, must have arrested the attention of the most careless observer. The special causes of this raging epidemic are probably of a somewhat complex character, but there is, perhaps, no one cause that exerts so wide and powerful an influence in stimulating this mania, as that growing out of our late civil war. Men grown familiar with the sight of blood, have become indifferent to the sight of even innocent blood. The violence that storms over fields of carnage, has perpetuated and diffused itself over the serener fields of social peace and domestic tranquility. Sons lift their hands against their fathers and imbrue their fingers in brothers' blood. Wives hack to pieces husbands, and husbands bury hatchets and axes in the brains of wives. Daughters pour molten lead into the ears of dying mothers, and household domestics pierce with butcher-knives their mistresses, inflicting as many mortal stabs as those under which Cæsar fell at the base of Pompy's statue. It is absolutely staggering to be perpetually confronted with such a catalogue of blood. It is a perfect muster-roll of slaughterings and poisonings, and almost literal drawings and quarterings, flared before our eyes. The fountains of domestic affection appear to be completely drying up. Fireside place seems to be taking wings and flying to the uttermost ends of the earth. Sons are alienated from their fathers. Wives elope from their husbands. A confusion worse than the wrangling tongues at the Tower of Babel, seems to have smitten the community everywhere, and a wide-spread, raving diabolism appears in all directions to dominate the land. What can be the inciting cause of this overflowing harvest of crime? What great national sin have we committed? From what department of God's moral economy does this terribly chastening influence proceed? Have we committed sins in the face of high Heaven, and in the very sight of the Divine countenance? Have we challenged the judgments of the Almighty in our mad lust for wealth, and the glory of a distinguished name? We fear that some of these offences may be truly charged to our account, whatever influence they may have had in developing the present all pervading insanity for the commission of crime.

Our abounding material prosperity seems to have sapped away, to a large extent, all the foundations of national moral life. We have followed in the labyrinthine ways of frauds and deceptions and treacheries. Truth and honor and manly faith and noble integrity seem to have lost their charm to fascinate. But the more immediate practical cause of this comprehensive criminal epidemic, is beyond all question, the late war from which the nation has so recently emerged. From that war has grown the mass of elopements that load, and of suicides that darken the columns of newspapers. From that war has grown the destructive assaults on life and property that are now so rife through the land. Men accustomed for years to deal with human life and property by the summary process of war, inevitably perpetuate, in multitudes of instances, the same contempt for the rights of both property and life, long after that war has formally ceased.

The habits of wholesale sacrifice contracted in war, are brought home to the quiet shades of domestic life. Conjugal alienations grow up during the war. Wives are tempted to depravity during the absence of their husbands, and husbands grow callous and indifferent by virtue of the same absence. Meanwhile household alienations and jealousies sprout up and fill the same dread interval. Sons grow into disrespect for their fathers, and wives lose faith and confidence in their husbands. Here then we have just the combination of circumstances, especially auspicious for the production of the crimes to which we have been referring. Wives are ready to run away from their husbands, and sons are ready to slay their fathers.

Husbands are ready to shoot their wives' paramours, and paramours are ready to blow their own brains out. Children are ready to cut each other's throat, and the whole saturnalia of slaughtering and poisoning is ready to open its fearfully bloody carousal. The prospect is sad in the extreme to contemplate, and calls for a remedy prompt and radical to arrest the fierce fanaticism. All that is good and pure and true and virtuous in the land, must combine in one compact mass, with locked shields, and confront the raging spirit with the whole unanimous moral power of the community. We know not that this remedy can prove effective, and perhaps the deep, distressing malady must be left, to be handled with efficiency only by the healing influence of time. But we are sure that no influence less than that above indicated, can produce any present permanent reform. The whole moral power of the community must be summoned to the rescue. The surviving virtue of the people must combine in one unanimous effort. They must set their faces in one solidified front against the whole riotous mob of crimes and vices, and then perhaps the fierce storm may be partially allayed. But nothing short of such an earnest, determined effort can reach the root of the disease. May God in his infinite clemency inspire the public heart with this lofty resolution, and thereby save this nation from the consequences of their sins.—*New York Gazette.*

A clergyman was once sent for by one of the ladies of his congregation. "Well my good woman," said he, "so you are very ill, and require the consolation of religion? What can I do for you?" "No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous and can't sleep." "How can I help that?" asked the parson. "Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought that if you would only preach a little for me!" The parson "made tracks."

The fellow who tried to get a concert with the band of his hat, is the same genius who, a few weeks since, played upon the affections of an unknown lady.

Home in the "Best Society."

The autumnal equinox usually marks the dividing line of the fashionable world between the season at the sea side and the season in the city.

The cold breezes that sweep up from along the shore, and the noisy waves that attend the periodical storm, utter admonitions to society that it is time to return to their winter quarters. And the fair and fragile pack up their summer fineries and set the caravan in motion towards the city. And the complacency and indifference with which these changes are made from the country to the town, and from the town to the country again, and among the shining marks that tell us how indifferent the generations about us, rising and risen, are to those sacred sentiments about Home, which are so often in the hearts and and mouths of our grandfathers.

Home, to the young girl of the "Best Society," is where she changes her clothes and sleeps. What does this comfortable looking and fastidious multitude that we see driving up from their cottage on the beach, to their mansion in the avenue—know of Home? These ancient ladies and gentlemen who bow and smirk and smile, through their rheumatic pains, at each other and rub their poor old toes with flannel and tickle themselves with the idea that they have *blood*—which elevates, which everybody hasn't got, which is indispensable, which makes life endurable. Or what, of sacred *Home*, know this rattling, chattering, wasteful group of the younger aristocracy? young ladies and gentlemen who have learned that the most tangible and unquestionable right of Blood is the possession of *Money*—and who are considerably more disposed to spend the latter than to boast of the former. Home, after all, is not built. Bricks and mortar don't make it—and yet some beloved woman's smile may create it. It may not exist within the marble manor of the rich and great—and in the tiny cradle that holds the idol of two lives it may be found. It is the briefest spot of earth sometimes, for it is the hallowed corner where the darling of our affections is. Home is the Eden of earth. Since it is no longer home. The babe finds it upon a mother's bosom, and it may be recognized the wide world over by the responsive beating of a heart.

Home, to the young man of the *ton*, is the place where he can't swear and mustn't smoke. We may gloss these staring facts over with all the honied phrases in the world, and try to beat down accusing consciences, but the truth still remains; there is no such place as home in Society. There is no family gathering beneath a beaming mother's eye, such as the humble daughter and son of the middle life knows. No advising, and acceptance of advice, between parent and child. No looking upon the parental threshold as a sacred altar, within which all the symbols of grace and purity, and honor chastening pleasure are to be recognized and worshipped.

Mutual Forbearance.

The mutual endurance of protracted trial will bind hearts together more closely often than the hearts themselves are aware of at the time. Absence, too, will cover over little differences of disposition, the wear and tear of daily contact, and the inevitable, though often invisible conflict of the frequently opposing interests of selfish wills. It is a blessed work that Time does in burying any remembrance of human frailties that may have existed, and cherishing only the better, nobler deeds and influences of our lives. We forget the little weaknesses, and recall only the strength of old friends, when separation is broken and union comes again. And our sympathies are enlarged, and effection is rekindled, and the greeting is generous and heartfelt. So it was that we came back to find open hearts and open homes on all sides, with not one inharmonious voice in the midst of this faithful and beloved charge. It is always worth while for one to go back occasionally, to discover by the test how true is human nature—especially in Christian people where it has been regenerated—to the higher instincts and sentiments of life. One knows not how many and how sincere are the friendships of life, which we are constantly forming, if we seek to deal justly and truly by our fellow-men, until we come to review them together, and to measure them by a common standard in our hearts. Then the response comes in ardour, unconcealed and unaffected.

A little three-year old stood by his mother's knee, looking his baby brother, a few months old, in the face. At length he inquired, "Mama, did God maket he baby?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. Touching one of the organs to which he referred with his finger, he inquired: "Did God put on his little ears?" "Certainly, my child," said the mother. Waiting a minute, as though in a brown study, or pondering some weighty problem, he again broke out: "Well, I don't see why God couldn't put some more hair on his head as well as put on his ears!"

VERY DRY JOKE.—In Easton, Pa., the other evening, just as a performance in the public hall was about to end, two wags put themselves in front of the doorway with an umbrella and waited for the outcoming crowd. It was not raining at all, but when the first persons of the audience had reached the door and seen the warning umbrella, scores of hands were thrust out, coats were buttoned closely, and dresses taken up, while quite a number remained in the hall, refusing to come out on account of the rain The "sell" was complete.

The Doom of the Negro.

None but the most depraved would urge a measure of retaliation merely for the sake of spite; and on the other hand, none but the most cowardly would hesitate to use the power of his arm for the protection of his person. And so it is when such occasions arise mankind are compelled to obey the impulses of resentment and employ the means which they suggest as mere measures of safety. The course of the negroes in this State in the late elections—arrayed as they were in solid phalanx against the interests, nay the property and even the lives, of the white people, presents the most irrefragable proof that their hostility to us is instinctive and ineradicable. Nothing, therefore, remains for us to do but to meet the issue *they have thus thrust upon us* and defend ourselves like men.

We of Virginia have a great and glorious country, a commonwealth unsurpassed in the advantages of soil climate and production, a population unequalled in all the elements that overcome difficulties and make a community rich and prosperous: Shall we permit these things to be lost to us forever? Shall we tamely submit to the subversion of all our prosperity and the hopes of the future by a handful of artful knaves, who use the brute force of numbers to overcome our intelligence, talent and worth, by outvoting us with a horde of ignorant and stupid negroes?

Fortunately, the means of our defence are not those of violence and bloodshed, but the mere regulation of our domestic arrangements. As history presents no parallel of the black ingratitude which has characterized our domestics and employees, in turning upon us and falling into the train of wretches who are unprincipled apostate white men in most cases, and the most depraved of their own race in others, whose appeals were based alone upon implacable hostility to the whites, so we should present the only instance of a people submitting to death and destruction without an effort for safety, if we now permit our patience to await our impending execution. The negroes have shown us that "blood is thicker than water" with them, and we can only accept the issue and treat them with defensive severity, differing not indeed from the spirit, but only in the measure, from the treatment which our English friends used towards the Sepoys of India when white safety demanded British severity. As we have said, we need not use the means of violence and bloodshed as our defence, but only the simple remedy of conning our selections of domestics to those only who are friendly disposed towards us, whether black or white. Let us give employment to, and thereby support, those only who are not arrayed against our peace and welfare. The test of this may be easily made counting those who belong to the secret societies and vote the "Hunnicutt ticket" as our avowed enemies, and those who do neither as our friends. Let us discharge the former and employ the latter. If there be not enough of the latter at present, the deficiency will soon be supplied by white domestics, and, in the meantime, it is infinitely better for us, our wives and children, to perform domestic duties and endure the *res angustæ domi* rather than continue to nurse a nest of serpents who have shown not only the poison of their fangs but their readiness to use them.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

No Stamp on It.

A good joke came off quite recently at a court house. A person, living a short distance out of the village, is in the habit of frequently coming to town and drinking to inebriation. At such seasons he is apt to call on his honor Judge M——. Recently he made one of his visits, became decidedly tipsy, called upon Judge M——, and desired the judge to write him a pledge, asserting his intention to cease drinking. His honor wrote the pledge, as desired, and the tipsy individual affixed his name thereto. He then desired to have the pledge that he might take it home and exhibit it to his wife. His Honor thought he was himself the proper custodian of the important document, but yielded to the solicitations of the man, at the same time assuring him that if he broke the contract and appeared before him in a state of intoxication he would have him locked up. A week elapsed, and the Judge was confronted by the same man, as tipsy as aforetimes. "How is this?" said his Honor; "did I not tell you I would have you locked up if you did not keep your agreement?"

"Judge M——," said the tipsy fellow, "you think I am a fool! I know what I am about. I'll show you if I am a fool!" and he drew forth his wallet from his pocket, took out his pledge, unfolded its worn creases, and holding it up triumphantly, exhlaimed: "Will you show me the United States internal revenue stamp on that agreement?" The Judge caved.

The most condensed and cutting satire upon the Bishops yet published, is conveyed in *Punch's* cartoon. It is called "The Pan-Anglican Washing Day," and represents the Bishops as a company of washerwomen, with their lawn sleeves tucked up, engaged in washing their linen. Around them stand a number of small tubs marked "missions," but in the midst of the work comes in Mr. Punch, almost back-broken under the load of a terrible basketful of dirty linen, marked "Colenso," "Rationalism," "Ritualism," &c. The Bishops eye him angrily, and with a snarl bid him "Go take 'em away, we can't be worried with those things."

What Equality, as Understood by the Radicals, Means.

It means $1,500 shawls for the President's wife, and $13 a month for the soldier's wife and all the charity she can get out of the county treasury.

It means from 50 to 600 per cent. bounty for the Eastern manufacturer, and from 50 to 600 per cent. taxes on the Western consumer.

It means exclusive suffrage for the negroes in the South, and suffrage exclusive of the Chinese from California.

It means no taxes for the bondholders, and heavy taxes for the people.

It means votes for the negroes and taxes for the whites in ten States.

It means votes for the Southern negro they need, and no votes for the Northern negro they don't need. It means whiskey and lager beer for the people if necessary to get their votes, and fines and imprisonment, prohibition and constabulary for the people, if they don't need their votes.

It means $34,000,000 in currency annual taxes paid as a bounty to the national banks, on their $400,000,000 of bonds, and in Minnesota not a dollar's taxes paid by the national banks.

It means bounties for the rich—taxes for the poor. It means gold for the bondholders and rag money for the people.

It means the negro's foot on the white man's neck, and the white man's foot on the Chinaman's neck. It means liberty for the North, and despotism and slavery for the South.

It means liberty for Radicals and Bastiles and prisons for Democrats. It means immediate suffrage for the negro, and suffrage in five years for the foreigner. It means $50,000 a year taxes paid in Minnesota for the national banks, which they refuse to pay, and $60,000 more paid to *them* for interest on their non-tax-paying bonds; the $50,000 being *lost to* the people, and the $60,000 being *paid by* the people. It means 100 per cent. bounty to the wool manufacturers; and not one cent bounty to the wool grower. It means Poland and Ireland for the Southern white man, and Congress and the Legislature for the Southern black man.

It means black supremacy and white degradation. It means rob the white man of his lands and give it as a premium for the negro's laziness. It means ballots for the negro and no ballots for the whites.

It means negro governors and white subjects, negro masters and white slaves, negro paupers and vagabonds and white taxpayers.

It means free elections in the North and elections at the point of the bayonet in the South.

It means—well it is simply a humbug and don't mean anything.

The only equality for the people and for the States is in the Democratic doctrines of the Constitution.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

Seeing the Sun at Midnight.

In July, 1865, Hon. J. H. Campbell United States Minister to Norway, with a party of American gentleman, went far enough north to see the sun at midnight. It was in 69 degrees north latitude, and they ascended a cliff 1,000 feet high above the Arctic sea. The scene is thus described: "It was late but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet; the sound of its wave scarcely reached our airy lookout: away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon like a slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full, round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spangled the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats—no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which how lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the florid sea, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day."

A teamster lately lost from his wagon a keg of butter, which was found by a man, who carried it half a mile on foot to the tavern of Mr. H., where he found the owner. Mr. H., the landlord, observed to him that he was well paid—that "thank you" was worth twenty five cents, and "thank you kindly" was worth 37½ cents. He (the footman) soon called for dinner, which was forthwith provided. After finishing his meal, he inquired the price; the answer was 25 cents. He then said, "I thank you kindly," and moved off. The landlord, seeing the point, immediately called to him, "Here, stop, my friend, and take your change; there is 12½ cents your due—your bill was only 25 cents."

ABOUT HATING.—Hate not. It is not worth while. Your life is not long enough to make it pay to cherish ill will or hard thoughts toward any one. What if that man has cheated you, or that woman has played you false? What if this friend has forsaken you in your time of need, or that one after having won your entire confidence, has concluded that she prefers to treat you as a stranger? Let it all pass. What difference will it make to you in a few years, when you go hence to the "undiscovered country?" All who ill-treat you now will be more sorry then than you, even in your grief and disappointment, can be.

The Public Debt.

WASHINGTON, November 6.

The following is a statement of the public debt of the United States on the 1st of November, 1867:

DEBT BEARING COIN INTEREST.	
Five per cent. bonds	$198,845,350 00
Six per cent. bonds of '67 and '68	14,690,941 80
Six per cent. bonds, 1881	283,676,500 00
Six per cent. 5-20 bonds	1,267,895,150 00
Navy pension fund	13,000,000 00
Total	1,778,110,291 80
DEBT BEARING CURRENCY INTEREST.	
Six per cent. bonds	$18,042,000 00
Three year compound int. notes	62,558,940 00
Three year 7-30 notes	338,607,700 00
Three per cent. certificates	11,560,000 00
Total	430,768,640 00
MATURED DEBT NOT PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT.	
Three year 7-30 notes due August 15, 1867	$3,371,100 00
Compound interest notes matured June 10, July 15, August 15, October 15, 1867	9,316,100 00
Bonds Texas indemnity	262,000 00
Treasury notes acts of July 17, '61, and bonds of April 15, '62	5,506,164 00
Treasury notes March 3d, 1863	868,240 00
Temporary loan	416,837,555 00
Certificates of indebtedness	54,000 00
Total	1,833,753,883 00
DEBT BEARING NO INTEREST.	
U. S. notes of 1857	$164,844 00
Fractional currency	30,706,423 39
Gold certificates of deposit	14,314,200 00
Total	40,238,567 00
Total debt	2,625,502,848 00
AMOUNT IN THE TREASURY.	
Coin	$111,518,310 00
Currency	2,245,808 00
Total	133,998,390 00
Amount of debt less cash in the Treasury	$2,491,504,450 00

The foregoing is a correct statement of the public debt of the United States, as appears from the books and treasurers' returns in the Department on the 1st of November, 1867.

The statement shows a decrease in the debt of $3,774,898 since October 1st. The coin has increased $8,241,657. The debt bearing coin interest has increased $32,914,850. The debt bearing currency interest has decreased $35,306,000.

(Signed) HUGH McCULLOCH,
Secretary of the Treasury.

The God and Morality Party.

The Radicals throughout the North always open their political meetings with prayer. They have an overplus of ex-army chaplains, who attend these political gatherings for the purpose of enlisting the Almighty in their electioneering schemes. These Holy Willies open the meeting by making to God a rather prejudiced statement of the status of the political affairs of the country. They then make a succinct statement of the wants of their party, and ask the Almighty to attend to them and see that they are supplied. To make the matter perfectly clear, they chalk out a line of policy which they desire to have adhered to, and ask God to bless them by ordering matters according to their programme. A Radical meeting recently held in Richmond, Va. was called to order by the notorious Hunnicutt, and opened with prayer by a colored preacher named Harris. The following is the prayer:

"Oh, Lord God, bless our enemies—bless President Johnson. We would not have him sent to hell. Come, oh come, good Lord, and touch his heart, even while I am talking with you here to-night. [Amen.] Show him the error of his ways. Have mercy upon our 'Moses,' [sarcastic—great laughter,] who, like Esau, sold his birthright for a morsel of pottage—took us in the wilderness and left us there. Come down upon him, oh, Lord, with thy blessing. God bless us in our meeting to-night, and help us in what we do. God forbid that we should choose any Conservative that has the spirit of the devil in his heart, and whose feet take hold on hell. God bless our old friend—true and tried—Mr. Hunnicutt, who has stood a great many sorrows, and I think he can stand a great many more. [Laughter.] Bless our judge, Mr. Underwood, who is down here among us, and don't let anything harm a hair of his head."

A Double Satire.

The annexed has a sufficiently wide application to be appreciated by the married people of either sex:

Traveling husband.—Scene 1st. Room in hotel. Spittoons full of cigar stumps. Bourbon whiskey.—Husband in a hurry to be off, writing home:

DEAREST SUSIE.—My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. Oh, darling, how I miss you, and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and children. Take good care of yourself, my dear. Feed the baby on one cow's milk. Excuse haste, etc.

Wife at Home.—Scene 2d. Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass widows; Fred, from around the corner, with his violin; Jim, from across the way, with his banjo; Jack, from above, with his guitar; Sam, from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows, with their instruments. Dancing and singing; sideboard with nuts, fruit cake, cream, wine, whiskey, etc. Wife in a hurry to dance, writing to husband:—

DEAR HUBBY: How lonesome I am in your absence. The hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home, and your cheerful countenance light up the now dreary routine of every-day life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing that your small income will not admit of frivolous expenses. But, now, dear, I will say good-by, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, etc.

The Clearfield Republican.

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GEO. B. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Proprietor.