

THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN" ESTABLISHED IN 1827. The largest circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania. Terms of Subscription. If paid in advance, or within 3 months, \$2 00. If paid after 3 and before 6 months, \$2 50. If paid after the expiration of 6 months, \$3 00.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

VOL. 42—WHOLE NO. 2138. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1869. NEW SERIES—VOL. 10, NO. 13.

Geo. B. Goodlander, Proprietor.

DR. A. THORN, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. HAVING located at Kyrleton, Clearfield Co. Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country. (Sept. 27, '69.)

E. I. KIRK, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Luthersburg, Pa. Will attend promptly to all professional calls.

CHARLES SCHAFER, LAGER BEER BREWER. Clearfield Pa. HAVING recently located in the borough of Clearfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country. (Sept. 27, '69.)

THOS. S. WASHBURN, SCALE OF LOGS. Glen Hope, Clearfield County, Penna. The subscriber has devoted much time and attention to the SCALING OF LOGS, and offers his services to the people of the surrounding country. Any further information can be had by addressing as above. J20-17

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Clearfield, Pa. WILLIAM A. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. (May 15-7)

DAVE L. KREBS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Clearfield, Penna. Can be consulted in English and German. J27-69-1y

A. W. WALTERS, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House. (J20-17)

ISRAEL TEST, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. JOHN H. FULFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. B. McCullough, over First National Bank. (J20-17)

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. (J20-17)

THOS. J. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Office adjoining the Bank, formerly occupied by J. B. McCullough, Second St., Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to collections, sale of lands, &c. (J20-17)

JOHN L. CUTLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Clearfield, Pa. Ad. Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa. Office on Market street, opposite the Jail. (J20-17)

ORVIS & ALEXANDER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Bellefonte, Pa. (J20-17)

JEFFERSON LITZ, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Clearfield, Pa. HAVING located at Geneva, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that and the surrounding country. (J20-17)

DR. T. JEFFERSON BOYER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Clearfield, Pa. HAVING permanently located, in new office, on the corner of Second and Third streets, Clearfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that and the surrounding country. (J20-17)

F. B. REED, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Clearfield, Pa. HAVING removed to Williamsburg, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that and the surrounding country. (J20-17)

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Clearfield, Pa. HAVING located at Geneva, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that and the surrounding country. (J20-17)

DR. J. F. WOODS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Clearfield, Pa. HAVING removed to Ansonia, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that and the surrounding country. (J20-17)

DR. S. J. HAYES, DENTIST. Clearfield, Pa. Office on Main St., Clearfield, Pa. Will make professional visits, for the convenience of the public, on any day of the week, at the residence of the patient. (J20-17)

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DENTAL PARTNERSHIP. Dr. A. M. HILLS, DENTIST. Clearfield, Pa. Office on Main St., Clearfield, Pa. Will make professional visits, for the convenience of the public, on any day of the week, at the residence of the patient. (J20-17)

S. P. SHAW, D. D. S., DENTIST. Clearfield, Pa. Office on Main St., Clearfield, Pa. Will make professional visits, for the convenience of the public, on any day of the week, at the residence of the patient. (J20-17)

Hardware, Tinware, Etc. MERRELL & BIGLER, HARDWARE. Also, Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware. CLEARFIELD, PA. A LOT OF SADDLES, BRIDLES, Harness, Collars, etc., for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. PALMER'S PATENT UNLOADING MACHINE, for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. OIL, PAINT, PUTTY, GLASS, Nails, etc., for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. HARNESS TRIMMINGS & SHOES, for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. GUNS, PISTOLS, SWORD CANES, for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. STOVES, OF ALL SORTS AND SIZES, for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. IRON: IRON: IRON: IRON: for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. HORSE SHOES & HORSE SHOE NAILS, for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. PULLEY BLOCKS, ALL SIZES, for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. THIMBLE SKINS AND PIPE BOXES, for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. FODDER CUTTERS—for sale by MERRELL & BIGLER. SAWS! SAWS! SAWS! ATTENTION, LUMBERMEN! A REVOLUTION IN SAWS! EMERSON'S PATENT PERFORATED CROSS-CUT, Circular and Long Saws, (ALL GUMMING AVOIDED.)

THOS. W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. HAVING recently located in the borough of Clearfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country. (Sept. 27, '69.)

DANIEL M. DOUGHERTY, BARBER & HAIR DRESSER. Second Street, CLEARFIELD, PA. (J20-17)

N. M. HOOPER, Wholesale & Retail Dealer in Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff. Two doors east of the Post Office, MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA. (J20-17)

J. K. BOTTORF'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY. Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. EMERSON'S PATENT PERFORATED CROSS-CUT, Circular and Long Saws, (ALL GUMMING AVOIDED.) A. L. E. O. Emerson's Patent Adjustable Swage, For Sharpening, Shaping, and Shaping the Teeth of all Splitting Saws. Send for a Descriptive Circular and Price List. MERRELL & BIGLER, General Agents, Clearfield, Pa. (J20-17)

G. S. FLEGAL, DEALER IN Tin, Copper & Sheet Iron Ware. Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. THE CELEBRATED IRONSIDES, Which have never failed to give perfect satisfaction to the most fastidious of its purchasers. Continental, Lehigh, Farmer, Daylight, Spear and Anti-Rust, Rogers, Churn, Herald, &c., with every variety of the best Pittsburg Manufacture. The Tin and Sheet Iron were given with the above in the best and most material, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction. His stock of PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES is larger, better and cheaper than ever before exhibited to the public. He defers competition either in variety, quality or price. He is also prepared to furnish a complete assortment of Tin, Copper, Sheet-Iron, Wooden and Willow Ware. Wholesale or retail, manufactured neatly and with the sole view to service, from the best material in the market. PLOWS, PLOW PATENTS, COPPER, BRASS AND IRON KETTLES, of every description constantly on hand. LIGHTNING RODS, Superior metal, put up on short notice. The Point is offered to the public in the same as is now used by the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., on their buildings. ORDERS FOR SPOUTING, ROOFING AND BRASS, COPPER AND OLD METTLE Taken in exchange for goods.

THOMAS H. FORCEEE, DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GRAHAMTON, Pa. Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Squares, Tinware and Sawed Lumber of all kinds. Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. (J20-17)

W. ALBERT & BROS., Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in Sawed Lumber, Squares Timber, &c., and in all kinds of Building Material. Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. (J20-17)

FRANCIS COUTRIET, MERCHANT. Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa. Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store. Will sell for cash, or on credit, at wholesale or retail. (J20-17)

C. KRATZER & SONS, MERCHANTS. Clearfield, Penna. Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, and various other articles. Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. (J20-17)

MOSHANNON LAND & LUMBER CO., OREGONIA STEAM MILLS, MANUFACTURERS. LUMBER, SHILL AND PICKETS. H. H. LINDGREN, President. Office—Ferry Place, No. 125 S. 4th St., Phila. JOHN LAWEHE, Superintendent. OREGONIA MILLS, Clearfield County, Pa. (J20-17)

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS. Paris and London with the latest designs, generally selected from the greatest milliners; also the most elegant Trimmings to be secured in Paris, such as LACES, RIBBONS, VELVETS, FLOWERS, BEADY VEILS, FINE JEWELRY, and TRIMMED HATS, PATTERNS, DRESS AND CLOAK MAKING. Exclusive agent for Mrs. M. W. Work's celebrated system for cutting ladies' dresses, gowns, blouses, and suits, &c., &c., &c. (J20-17)

BROWN SEA BREWERY, Mr. Watson. "OX MY OWN HOOK." HAVING produced the entire stock of goods in the above named business, will place the same in the hands of the undersigned, who will continue to manage the business as heretofore. My motto is to sell "CHEAP FOR CASH." Thinking my friends and customers for past patronage, I solicit a continuance of the same. ISAAC KIRK, Lumber City, Sept. 22, '69.

FRENCH KIDS AND LACE COLLARS, of Mr. Watson's.

DISCOUNT.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the mercantile business in the borough of Luthersburg, under the name of Kirk & Spencer, was, on the 13th inst., dissolved by mutual consent. The books and notes in the hands of H. W. Spencer, for collection. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm, will please call on the undersigned, and settle with him. ISAAC KIRK, H. W. SPENCER, Luthersburg City, Sept. 15, '69. (Sept. 22-29)

THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1869. 1869 and 1868 for sale at the Post Office, 150 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia. (J20-17)

THE REPUBLICAN. WHAT IS LIFE? The prophet of men, as well as the most imaginative,—the lonely weaver at his monotonous loom, and the stout dandy in his silken morning,—the hot-eyed sempstress, and the gorgeous lady—the dullest bookkeeper, and the grandest poet—have asked themselves, in various moods, one question—"What is life?" The answer of this universal query would fill volumes. In each reply there is a view of the respondent's life. Let us glance at a few of them.

The first gentleman who undertakes to define life for us is not of the most amiable cast of mind; decidedly not the gentleman we should be inclined to make a voyage round the world with. He begins to inform us that life is a desolate journey, beset at every step by briars. Not at all an encouraging prospect to young people, flushed with hope, who are starting on the voyage—who are just about to be transformed to the elements from which they came. The stout issues of our own bodies now, four months hence will be ours no more. The mighty sun, with all its attendant planets, are sweeping on forever through shoreless space. Nothing around is absolutely at rest. All nature is setting us the example, and pointing to that word of gold—progression. The most indolent and sluggish are urged on—God's immutable laws push them forward and bid them advance. Man, the "Lord of Creation," was not intended to be an idler. Progress is stamped on everything around him and implanted in his very system. God created man with a body and mind or soul—the immortal part—and placed him here amongst his unchangeable laws, which serve to guide and direct him onward and upward to His port of purity and bliss. To be content with the immortal crown of perfect perfection. These laws govern both body and soul, and in accordance to the violation thereof by either, are ills which humanity is heir and enormity of the sin against the Creator. Without action there can be no progression; and the more action the greater the progression, as guided by nature's laws, we have the closer approximation to the throne of perfection. Both body and mind require an adequate amount of action for the normal performance of their respective functions. These functions are required, and must be well balanced for the greatest enjoyment. An active body and an inactive mind, or vice versa, are alike pernicious to the possessor. The body can be made immensely strong, as is illustrated in the pugilist's powerful arm, or the Philadelphian man that trained his muscles into a Herculean frame, and with the weight of twenty-seven hundred pounds. Just so it is with the intellect, mind, soul, or what else we are pleased to term it. Progress is the law of the mind. It has no limitation; and by proper exercise and cultivation it will grow strong and great. To understand nature is its prerogative; yet, this work is so vast and difficult, and so precious to humanity ere its results, that it is given to no mind or age to fully penetrate her mysteries. But the only labor to understand nature and her laws which govern every phenomenon, becomes very pleasant and progressive; and this progressive knowledge must inevitably lead the mind onward to the positive philosophy which assigns to immutable laws all the phenomena of nature, and will eventually, in some future time, revolutionize the world. The practice of the meager knowledge of science has already shook the world. For instance, take electricity. The scientific mind has made it subservient, and with it literally broken down the barriers of time and space, and conferred upon man an earthly omnipotence. This knowledge has already done. The era is not a great way in the future when this knowledge, with still more added, must be more universal—when the seeds of the natural sciences will reach the mind through our common schools. Every youthful tyro, whose mind is developed enough to study arithmetic, geography or grammar, is also capable of studying the natural sciences, especially some of the first principles. When that golden time comes, many a mind or soul which would otherwise remain dwarfed in the confines of things earthly, will receive a taste of purer, higher, and nobler things; will study and learn nature, and look from her up to her God; become large and expansive on the angelic fold; feel more philanthropic toward its fellow soul, and grow strong in its praises to "Our Father who art in Heaven."

No Admittance.—No Admittance! cried James, glancing up at the words which were placed at the entrance of the avenue. "Let's go in there to-morrow!" "What for?" replied Robert, "there are plenty better places than that to go to. Why should we go where we are not wanted?" "O, I don't know," said James. "All I know is that whenever I see 'No Admittance' stuck up anywhere, it sets me on a fever to go, whether there is anything to go for or not."

I heard the above fragment of a conversation between two boys on the street the other day, and couldn't help feeling that a great many boys and girls, and old people too, feel a good deal like James. If a thing is forbidden, they long to do it for that very reason, and look about it if they cannot. Now, I presume that the young folks don't need to be told that this is a very bad spirit, and the one which "brought death into the world and all our woe;" for I suppose that Eve would never have felt any special desire for the fruit of that particular tree if it had not been forbidden. You know who tempted her to take it, and you may be sure Satan is always lurking about ready to persuade you, as he did her, that "forbidden fruit is sweet;" but that is one of the most deceitful insinuations of the father of lies. The fruit of disobedience, is very, very bitter. Beware of it!—Mrs. Herbert.

THE BACKWOODS ADVENTURE. A Virginia banker, who was the chairman of a noted infidel club, was once traveling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills to the amount of \$25,000. When he came to a lonely forest, where robbers and murderers were said to be frequent, he was soon lost, through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatened danger, he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and, urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched looking cabin. He knocked; the door was opened by a woman who said that her husband was out hunting, but would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can better be imagined than described. Here he was with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of the robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time the man of the house returned. He had on a deer skin shirt, breeches cap, and seemed much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistol in his pockets and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit up by the fire all night. The man argued, but the more he urged, the equally more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night on earth, but he determined to sit his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His fear grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done? At length the backwoodsman arose, and reached to the wooden shelf, took down an old book and said: "Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is always my custom to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce? Alarm was at once overcome by the skeptic's mind. Though knowing himself an infidel, he had more confidence in the Bible. He felt that he had a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and that his knees in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, and at once dismissed his fears, and laid down in that cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

The Poisons in the Kitchen. A late English magazine contains the following, relative to the poisons existing in our cooking utensils: Human beings must have as many lives as cats are reported to enjoy, to withstand the repeated poisonings which analysis and adulteration hunters declare them to undergo. Death is now a days acknowledged in wild night everything we wear. But we did not think of finding destruction in the pots, pans, and kettles of our households. Yet there we are assured it is. A practical chemist, finding his family prostrated with gastric complaint that defied the doctors, searched vigorously for the cause, and traced it to copper and lead, coming from cooking utensils and water pipes. The tin with which the vessels are lined is next to us a safe against the communication of any poison from the actual of which they are made, but it may be a source of injury instead of a preventative. Thus wise: Cooks of ten only half fill their sauce pans, and then the flames that wrap around them overheat the portions above the liquid and oxidize the tin. The liquid becomes impregnated with the metal, which, when it gets into the stomach, combines with the gastric juice, and forms a most irritating poison. This is not all. Your modern dinner table is set with an expensive metal, the tin, by a generous admixture of lead, which is much cheaper. The tin free use of this alloy is prevented by the paternal government of France, where the ferocious (Linman) is strictly watched. Our only resource would be to discard everything but iron, plain or enameled, for culinary articles, and this the cooks would never agree to. So we must take our poisons cheerfully.

The Rainy Day.—A dark day of storm recently succeeded a bright one, when it seemed as though a great change was at hand. We looked out of the window, we looked out upon the garden with its verdure and bloom. How still and fragrant it seemed in the shade of the passing hours! And when the sun broke forth again, the strength and beauty which each plant and flower had received from the floods and rain were visible everywhere. The roots had struck deeper and the stems grown stiffer under the clouds and in the storm.

To be Sold.—In pursuance of an act of Congress, the property of the United States at Harper's Ferry and vicinity is to be sold November 30th. It includes market and rifle factory, the Shenandoah Ferry, houses and lots in the town, lands, water power, the right to dig iron ore, &c.

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A World to Farmers About Selling Their Produce. Farmers are often blamed for not selling their produce as soon as it is ready for market. And it must be confessed that those who do so, taking one year with another, do quite as well as all things considered, as those who hold on in hopes of getting higher prices. They obtain their money sooner after harvest, and are enabled to use it to advantage. Dealers in grain can obtain money much more easily than farmers, and can conveniently hold the grain longer. While, therefore, we think farmers often do better by selling early, there is still room for the exercise of judgment. One reason why it is usually best to sell early is, that most farmers are disposed to hold on to their grain as long as possible, and when the time comes that they must sell, there are more sellers than buyers, and the price declines.

It is curious fact that people generally are more inclined to sell when prices are low than when they are high. When wool was 80 cents a lb., it was more difficult to induce farmers to sell than when it was 40 cents a lb. Last fall, with red wheat at \$2.25 in the interior of Michigan, farmers hesitated longer in making up their minds to let their crops go than they did last summer when they were offered \$1.25 for the same wheat. It is a good rule to sell when you can get a good price, but by holding on we lose the profit. Farmers, at the present time, would be richer by millions of dollars than they are now had they adopted this rule last autumn. We know of a great many who sold wheat for one dollar a bushel less than they refused last fall. The whole nation suffered greatly by this indisposition to sell when a good price could be obtained. We might have shipped all our surplus wheat to England at one price, but by holding on we lost the opportunity, and finally sold at a price below the cost of production. We should take the lesson to heart.

On the other hand, when prices are low, we should not be in a hurry to sell. Sound wheat is an article that will keep, and it is an article that is always required, and it is absolutely certain that it cannot long remain at a price such below the actual cost of production. We cannot hold out hope to such farmers as grow only two or three acres, but when they are in a position to obtain prices sufficient to compensate them for their labor. The country must be in a very unsatisfactory condition when such is the case; but we do firmly believe that there is no reason to doubt that a farmer who raises good crops is safe in calculating that sooner or later, he will be able to obtain such a price for his wheat as will enable him to make a fair profit.

There is one fact in this connection that should not be overlooked. In a cool, wet, late season in England, the wheat crop is always below the average. And they have had such a season the present year. On the other hand, it is very doubtful if the wheat crop of the United States is as large as was anticipated. We feel tolerably certain, therefore, that before another harvest, wheat will bring a price sufficiently high to afford a good living profit. He should be satisfied with this. He should be in no hurry to take less.

The question arises: What price should we obtain for wheat, to afford us a fair profit? At the present price of implements, machines, and other necessary articles, not forgetting labor and taxes, we shall not obtain extravagant profits if we sell good sound, red or amber winter wheat—say in Michigan—for 1.50 per bushel. A farmer who raises anything less than twenty bushels per acre, will not profit, even if he obtains, in our present currency, \$1.75 for red wheat, and \$2.00 for amber winter wheat. When we can get these figures in ordinary seasons, it is not safe to hold on too long; but when, immediately after harvest, the price is much below these figures, those who can afford to hold their wheat run very little risk of loss in doing so.—American Agriculturist.

A Beautiful Extract. I saw a temple reared by the hands of men, standing with its high pinnacles on the distant plain. The streams beat upon it—the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Beverly was in its halls—the gay, the happy and the beautiful were there; I returned, and the temple was no more, its high walls lay scattered in ruins; moss and wild grass grew wildly there. The young and the gay who revelled there had passed away. I saw a child, exulting in his youth—the idol of his mother, and the pride of his father. I returned, and the child had become old—trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolation around him. I saw an old oak stand in all its pride, on the mountains the birds were carolling on its boughs. I returned, the oak was leafless and sapless, the winds were playing at its pastime through its branches. "Who is the destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. When the morning stars sang together in joy, over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth—plucked the sun from his sphere—voiled the moon into blood; yes, when he shall have rolled heaven and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the Throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea, and one on the land, lift up his hand towards Heaven and say by Heaven's Eternal, "Time, Time was, but Time shall be no more."

DEATH.—We have never read anything more beautiful than the following from the pen of Geo. D. Proutie: "There is but a breath of air and a heat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is present with us, that we are powerless and all powerful, and the faint pulsation here is but the prelude to an endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to mitigate the severity of our loss. But there is a grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intensity. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, light up our darkened hearts and leads to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not let it be dispelled the darkness that envelops it."

"I won't pay for steaks as tough as these," said a butcher, "no law can compel me—they're not legal tender."

THE REPUBLICAN. WHAT IS LIFE? The prophet of men, as well as the most imaginative,—the lonely weaver at his monotonous loom, and the stout dandy in his silken morning,—the hot-eyed sempstress, and the gorgeous lady—the dullest bookkeeper, and the grandest poet—have asked themselves, in various moods, one question—"What is life?" The answer of this universal query would fill volumes. In each reply there is a view of the respondent's life. Let us glance at a few of them.

The first gentleman who undertakes to define life for us is not of the most amiable cast of mind; decidedly not the gentleman we should be inclined to make a voyage round the world with. He begins to inform us that life is a desolate journey, beset at every step by briars. Not at all an encouraging prospect to young people, flushed with hope, who are starting on the voyage—who are just about to be transformed to the elements from which they came. The stout issues of our own bodies now, four months hence will be ours no more. The mighty sun, with all its attendant planets, are sweeping on forever through shoreless space. Nothing around is absolutely at rest. All nature is setting us the example, and pointing to that word of gold—progression. The most indolent and sluggish are urged on—God's immutable laws push them forward and bid them advance. Man, the "Lord of Creation," was not intended to be an idler. Progress is stamped on everything around him and implanted in his very system. God created man with a body and mind or soul—the immortal part—and placed him here amongst his unchangeable laws, which serve to guide and direct him onward and upward to His port of purity and bliss. To be content with the immortal crown of perfect perfection. These laws govern both body and soul, and in accordance to the violation thereof by either, are ills which humanity is heir and enormity of the sin against the Creator. Without action there can be no progression; and the more action the greater the progression, as guided by nature's laws, we have the closer approximation to the throne of perfection. Both body and mind require an adequate amount of action for the normal performance of their respective functions. These functions are required, and must be well balanced for the greatest enjoyment. An active body and an inactive mind, or vice versa, are alike pernicious to the possessor. The body can be made immensely strong, as is illustrated in the pugilist's powerful arm, or the Philadelphian man that trained his muscles into a Herculean frame, and with the weight of twenty-seven hundred pounds. Just so it is with the intellect, mind, soul, or what else we are pleased to term it. Progress is the law of the mind. It has no limitation; and by proper exercise and cultivation it will grow strong and great. To understand nature is its prerogative; yet, this work is so vast and difficult, and so precious to humanity ere its results, that it is given to no mind or age to fully penetrate her mysteries. But the only labor to understand nature and her laws which govern every phenomenon, becomes very pleasant and progressive; and this progressive knowledge must inevitably lead the mind onward to the positive philosophy which assigns to immutable laws all the phenomena of nature, and will eventually, in some future time, revolutionize the world. The practice of the meager knowledge of science has already shook the world. For instance, take electricity. The scientific mind has made it subservient, and with it literally broken down the barriers of time and space, and conferred upon man an earthly omnipotence. This knowledge has already done. The era is not a great way in the future when this knowledge, with still more added, must be more universal—when the seeds of the natural sciences will reach the mind through our common schools. Every youthful tyro, whose mind is developed enough to study arithmetic, geography or grammar, is also capable of studying the natural sciences, especially some of the first principles. When that golden time comes, many a mind or soul which would otherwise remain dwarfed in the confines of things earthly, will receive a taste of purer, higher, and nobler things; will study and learn nature, and look from her up to her God; become large and expansive on the angelic fold; feel more philanthropic toward its fellow soul, and grow strong in its praises to "Our Father who art in Heaven."