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GOODLANDER & HAGERTY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1871.

WILLIAM BOY ON THAT $20,000.

AID—CAPTAIN JEXES.

FIRST WORSE.

I'm Henry Ward of the Plymouth Ring,
I feed my flock most every thing,
And sell my pews for what they'll bring
To cut a swell in Brooklyn.
As meek as any sucking dove
I preach the gospel from above,
And sell it down with a little free love,
To please the folks in Brooklyn.

WORSE.

I do not think that people need
Any particular kind of creed,
So long as fashionable lives they lead,
And buy their religion in Brooklyn;
I don't care if they go to balls,
And take "three days for New Year's calls,"
Or over in Wall street make great hauls,
If they only come down in Brooklyn.

MORE WORSELY.

I preached the nigger for many a year;
To each hearer's eyes brought sympathy's tear,
For ten thousand sal'ry—D'ye think I'd dear
For religion over in Brooklyn?
But when the note of emancipation
Was sounded o'er the American nation,
I had to go back and preach salvation,
To the sinners over in Brooklyn.

WORSE YET.

But this made matters rather dull,
I lunged the merchants and bankers to gull,
And from National banks fresh greenbacks cull
To keep the pot biling in Brooklyn;
I feared I couldn't keep my carriage,
My efforts the flock began to disparage, [rage
When, as luck would have it, the Richardson mar-
Called me over the river from Brooklyn.

STILL WORSE.

With joy I hastened to the Astor,
Took off my coat and doffed my caster,
Tied the marriage knot—it might have been faster,
But the thing was fixed for Brooklyn.
And then I prayed that Heaven would bless
The nuptial tie with happiness,
And altogether raised such a mess
As never was heard in Brooklyn.

* * * * * *

WORSTLY.

The auctioneer stood within the pale
Of the church, his desk the chancel rail, [the sale
His hammer a hymn book, and he knocked down
Of the pews to the christians in Brooklyn.
The bidders were plenty, and, tended to "bis,"
And the sale went off like a bottle of "phiz,"
'Twas plain the religion had palpably "ris,"
On the heights of the city of Brooklyn.

WORSE THAN ALL.

A church, like a Theatre, in order to pay,
Must get up a sensation from day to day,
And the Richardson marriage was just the "lay"
To raise the pew rents in Brooklyn.
So now I haven't the least to fear,
But the thing's all right for the coming year,
And the twenty thousand I see my way clear,
To make both ends meet in Brooklyn.

ST. DOMINGO.

Sumner—Disruption of the Republican Party and Prospect for the Democrats.

The able speech of Mr. Sumner in the Senate on the St. Domingo question, which we publish in another part of the paper, may not be exactly the last nail in the coffin of General Grant's administration and the Radical party, though it will go far to seal the fate of one or both. Rarely has there been delivered in the halls of Congress a speech marked with as much ability or carrying more important political consequences in its train. Though a long one, it is terse, argumentative, statesmanlike and confined to the subject embraced in the resolution submitted by the Senate. He does not discuss the general question of annexation or others bearing upon the merits of that, and only makes a few incidental remarks to show that he is not favorable to the scheme, but he attacks the administration in the severest manner for usurpation of power and unlawful employment of the forces of the United States in a foreign country and to uphold a foreign usurper. He proves by incontrovertible evidence—and that taken mostly from the official acts and records of the government—that the President has, in the language of the resolution, without excuse or apology for interference, resorted to belligerent intervention and acts of war on the coasts of the island of St. Domingo after the failure of the Dominican treaty in the Senate, and that this was unauthorized violence, utterly without support in law or reason, and proceeded directly from that kingly prerogative which is disowned by the Constitution of the United States. In fact, Mr. Sumner makes out a case for impeachment of a much more serious nature than that worked up against President Johnson. There need be no fear that General Grant will be impeached, however, except in a political sense, and no one desires to see him brought to trial in any other way; for his errors, grave as they may have been, arise from his ignorance of public affairs, his military education and the mischievous influences around him, more than from lack of patriotism or desire to be a usurper.

The evidence adduced by Mr. Sumner corroborates what our correspondent with the St. Domingo Commission stated as to the usurpation, tyranny and precarious condition of the Baez government and the armed intervention of the United States to keep Baez in power. Indeed, it is doubtful if the Commissioners will venture to deny this, favorable as may be their report for annexation, as much as they may desire to help General Grant out of this St. Domingo dilemma. Mr. Sumner might have used stronger arguments against annexation, though he could hardly have made more forcible ones against the conduct of the administration, had he not been trammelled by his negro sympathies. No American unbiassed by radical negroism and blessed with common sense could desire the incorporation into our political and social life of such a debased and semi-barbarous population as that of St. Domingo. The annexation of that island, or the Dominican portion of it, could not, for many reasons, be of any advantage to the United States. It would lead, in all probability, to a "dance of blood," to use Mr. Sumner's graphic expression, and to a great cost. The native people could not be brought to cultivate soil to much profit, the whites of our own race could not till the earth under a burning tropical sun, the immigration of colored races would hardly be practicable, and if practicable, whether of Chinese or others, they would not be a desirable element in our social and political life. No; St. Domingo would be an utter failure in our hands, and the American people would become so disgusted with the experiment that they would turn their faces against any tropical acquisition, however valuable, for a long time to come. Yet we have a destiny to fulfil to the southward of our present limits. But let us begin with the countries on our border or that lie near to us—with Mexico, that is so rich, or with Cuba, which has a vast production, large commerce, great cities, railroads, telegraphs and all the elements of civilization. Let us not commence at a distance and on the outer verge of the Antilles to take in a wilderness and a race of negroes that are fast going back to barbarism. The scheme of annexing St. Domingo is visionary and impolitic every way, and must be unpopular with the people of the United States. General Grant has made a serious mistake in this matter and one that is doing much to break up the Republican party.

We have been disposed to sustain General Grant on account of the services he rendered the country in the war, and believing he was honest, having hope at the same time that with experience he would show some capacity for statesmanship; but he has failed, and we see little but blunders both in our domestic and foreign affairs. Public sentiment in every direction, and even in New England, the stronghold of radical republicanism, is turning against him. At the very time the tide of public opinion was thus turning, as clearly shown by the elections, the President quarreled and attempted to whip into his measures Mr. Sumner, the foremost man in the Senate and one of the oldest and most efficient men that built up the party which put him in the White House. We see the immediate result, though we have not yet seen all the consequences of this mistake. Then look at the wretched failure of the administration policy toward the South. The people of that section showed such a ready disposition to repair the damages of the war, and to make the best of the astounding social, political and industrial revolution they had passed through, that within a year or two they raised again hundreds of millions worth of surplus produce. Their peaceful industry and energy under such circumstances were astonishing and called forth the admiration of the world. But the administration kept its heavy hand still on the people, refused them amnesty or encouragement, and indirectly fomented disorder to serve a base political purpose. Whatever Ku Klux crimes there may be in the South—and we have no doubt they are greatly exaggerated for political effect in the North—have resulted from the miserable and heartless policy of the administration and the Radical party. If we look at the financial administration and measures of the government we see nothing but blunders; no statesmanship, and every act directed to the one end of sustaining the New England policy of protection. The whole financial policy has been contracted, sectional, to favor the few and to burden the many. General Grant's administration through all its course is now weighed in the balance and is found wanting. Though the masses of our people are conservative and slow to move they are fast coming to this conclusion.

If the Democrats be wise they may profit by the failures and mistakes of the administration and the Radicals. Never had a greater party a finer opportunity. Let them ignore the old, dead issues of the past, accept without reserve the changes effected by the war and in the Constitution, advocate reduction of taxation to the lowest point, cut down the extravagant expenditures that remain as remnants of the war and give the country that grand position among the nations of the world that belongs to it, and there will be a fair prospect open for the next Presidency. The people anxiously look for a restoration of the good old times when they had an economical government, when local institutions and liberty were respected, when military rule was never thought of or bayonets seen at the polls. The Democrats have been a powerful party, and governed well. The people seem disposed to try them again. The Radicals never comprehended the true theory of our government. Even the cohesive power of the public Treasury cannot hold them together any longer. The Democrats have the prize within their reach if they know how to use their opportunity.—*N. Y. Herald.*

To Clean Marble.—Take two ounces of common soda, one of pumice stone, and one of finely powdered chalk; sift them through a fine sieve and mix them with water. Then rub the mixture well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed; now wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was previous to its being stained. Sometimes the marble is stained yellow with iron rust; this can be removed with lemon juice.

An eminent Scottish divine met two of his own parishioners at the house of a lawyer whom he considered too sharp a practitioner. The lawyer ungraciously put the question, "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask, do you look upon them as white sheep or as black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are black or white sheep; but I know if they are long here, they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

Sharp Dealing.—A Maine father housed a son-in-law for lunches, horse feed, and things furnished while he was courting his girl. He has brought in a counter claim, charging his father-in-law with meals furnished since the wedding, while the old man was visiting.

Books as Society.

There are many people in our large cities who would gladly spend the rest of their lives in the country, did they not fear they would suffer dreadfully from lack of suitable society. They have been so accustomed to have friends drop in for an evening, or to make a social call, and woled so miss the constant round of balls, parties and entertainments, that really they do not see how they could exist out of town in the winter time. If they had means enough to support an extensive establishment, they might, perhaps, have their country-house constantly filled with company, and thus manage to worry through the cold months. That this is no fancy picture, let the average metropolitan citizen bear witness. Still, as man is a sociable animal, it is natural enough for him to desire association and intercourse with his fellow; but there is certainly much in modern society which is not worth the attention and interest of mature people with a purpose in life. We do not allude to influences which are positively injurious, but to such as are unprofitable, because vapid and inane. Parties and entertainments, where dancing is the chief recreation, may do well enough for children and young people, but sensible men and women want something more. It is a pleasure for them to meet and exchange thoughts and impressions, but on subjects of more importance and general interest than the latest fashion or the last ball. As they are neither dolls nor jumping-jacks, they perfer using their minds to gossip and dress, or even to tripping the "light fantastic."

But we do not apprehend most of our mature readers would shed many tears if called upon to give up the round of gossip and dancing, and the will-o'-the-wisp pursuit of pleasure which occupies the attention of a portion of the dwellers in cities. Advancing years, if they bring wisdom will wean from such tastes. If a man has surrounded himself with a pleasant coterie of choice friends, it would be hard to break away from intercourse with them were there no substitute for their society. There are few places in the country which have not their share of intelligent men and women. The minister, the doctor, the lawyer, the thrifty and enterprising farmer, could all contribute to the formation of an intelligent and interesting circle of friends. But should you tire of these, look to your books for society—two or three choice volumes, perhaps, if your means are limited, or, if possible, a library, valuable on account of the taste displayed in its selection rather than because of its numbers and costliness.

If your books have been well selected, they will bring you into the presence of the wise and the great of all ages, and in the perusal of their writings and sayings, you can in a measure enjoy their society. In this way, the humblest dweller in an obscure hamlet can hold intercourse with those whom king and princes were proud to reckon as friends. As association with intelligent, thoughtful people always has an elevating tendency, so a perusal of the writings of the good and the wise must elevate, strengthen and improve. We talk of the importance of good society, and how some are unfortunately debarred from enjoying it, yet the associates by which we can be most fairly judged are not those with whom we pass our busy hours, but those of our own choosing whom we gather around us in our leisure moments. As has been wisely said, in a library we are surrounded by many hundreds of dear friends imprisoned by an enchanter in paper and leathern boxes, some of whom have been waiting two, ten, or, even twenty, centuries to speak to us, all of whom are eager to give us a sign and unbosom themselves to us, if we but speak to them. With one good book we have a true friend, and with a hundred a host; so let no one who can gather about him even the smallest collection of books complain of want of congenial society, though he be compelled to reside on the very outskirts of civilization.—*Hearth and Home.*

The Tragedy of Life.—Life is a monstrous disappointment, and death the only portal to peace. There is not a day that passes in which virtue does not sell itself for bread; in which some poor, frenzied creature does not rush madly upon death; in which the good are not persecuted and the weak trampled upon. Behind windows that you look heedless at, tragedies red as any history or fiction ever painted are being played, and faces you admire mask with smiles an inward torture worse than the agony of the rack.—Who, among our readers, has realized the fulfillment of his early hope?—Whose life has not its mortifications, its better concealments, its studied evasions, its poignant humiliations, its wildnessiness, its wrestling and defeat? But we do not represent life. We represent the fairest portion and the highest level of it. Beneath us is the great mass of humanity, and they writhe and moan and weep; they toil and starve, and curse, and fight, and die. The world goes roaring on as heedless of those who fall as the gale in autumn is heedless of the leaves it strips from the trees or the branches it wrenches away.

Expensive.—The Supreme Court of this State has decided that the mere name of a person on the back of a promissory note does not hold such indorser responsible for the payment of the same. He must write over the signature, "I guarantee the payment of the within, when due," or something to that effect. This, however, does not apply to the person to whose order the note may be drawn.

Gov. Bullock, of Georgia, has given a surprise to both his friends and enemies by appointing a Democrat judge in the Tallapoosa circuit. The vacancy was made by the Republican incumbent's election to Congress, and the Governor appointed the Democrat whom he defeated in the canvass for that position.

Misspent Evenings.

Come boys, and let us think of a few facts which specially concern each one of you. And first of misspent time. The boy who spends one hour, only one hour of each evening, lounging idly on the corner of the street, or in the saloon, or cigar shops, wastes in a single year three hundred and sixty-five of the most important hours of his life, hours which if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments, at least of almost any of the familiar sciences, and make him a welcome guest in many a home. Then, secondly, in addition to the wasting of an hour each evening where he spends five cents for a cigar, which is usually the case, why then! the amount expended would pay for four of the most important magazines in the country. Now, boys, think of these things. Think of how much valuable time you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded, by the evening's lounge, and the cigar, is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot continue the indulgence of these practices without in time seriously injuring yourselves.—You acquire thereby habits that are wasteful, which will cling to you through life, and grow upon you with each succeeding year of your existence. It is true that in some day of your after life, by some bold and almost gigantic effort, you may possibly shake them off, but the great probability is that habits thus formed in life's first fresh hours, will remain with you until you shall lie down still in death. Listen to us, then, while we now earnestly plead with you.—Let past time for doing these things suffice. Turn over to-day, a new leaf. Give up the evening's lounge and cigar, and devote the time so wasted, and the money so expended, henceforth to the improvement of your minds and tastes, and the fitting of yourself to become, in days to come, noble and useful and happy men, in the communities wherein, in God's Providence, you may be called to pass your days. Come, boys, make the grand resolve.

Victoria's Married Daughters.

Her Royal Highness Louisa Carolina Alberta, sixth child of the Queen, was born March 18, 1848, and was twenty-three years and three days of age at the time of her marriage. On the 29th ultimo a bill granting an annuity to the Princess passed its third reading, and thus she will have £30,000, or $150,000, per annum to live on. It is said that she will reside in Edinburgh; again that she will go to Halifax (it is to be hoped not, in a certain sense). The match being with a subject, and not with some German prince, is said to excite the displeasure of the new Emperor of Germany. The other princesses of the Royal Family were "settled in life" as follows:

Her Royal Highness Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, born November 21, 1840, was married to His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Prussia, January 25, 1858, and has issue two sons and a daughter.

Her Royal Highness Alice Maud Mary born April 25, 1843, married in the 19th year of her age, His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Louis of Hesse, July 14, 1862, and has issue two girls and a boy.

Her Royal Highness Helena Augusta Victoria, born May 25, 1846, married His Royal Highness Prince Frederick Christian Charles Augustus, of Schleswig Holstein Lauenburg Augustenburg, July 5, 1866, and has issue a son, born April, 1867.

The sixth child is the Princess who was married on Tuesday.

Her Royal Highness Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore is the last girl of the royal family, and was born April 14, 1857; but, as her sister Louisa was married to a Scotch nobleman, it is not unlikely Beatrice will be wedded to an Irish sprig of nobility.

An Extinct Family.—It is a curious fact that there are no known descendants of Christopher Columbus. He had two sons, one of whom, San Diego, rose to the distinction of an Admiral, and the other, Fernando, as a scholar. Fernando was a great traveler. He not only thrice visited America, but subsequently traversed the whole of Europe, and every accessible portion of Asia and Africa. He appeared to have been a profound scholar and thoroughly good man. In his will he stipulated that his library, containing twenty thousand volumes, which he gave to the Cathedral of Seville, should be free to the people, and it is to this day.

From books in this collection, the late Washington Irving obtained a considerable portion of the information on which his "Life of Columbus" was founded. The following quaint epitaph, almost obliterated by time, appears on the tablet which marks the site of his tomb: "What doth it profit to have sprinkled the whole world with my sweat; to have three times crossed the New World discovered by my father; to have embellished the shores of the tranquil Guadalquivir, and performed by simple tastes rather than riches, or that I have assembled around the divinities from the source of Castalia, and offer to the riches gathered by Ptolemy, if passing in silence over this stone, thou shouldst fail to address a single salutation to my father's memory.

Hon. John W. Johnson, conservative, was elected United States Senator, by the Legislature of Virginia, on the 14th ult. He received 108 votes; his Radical opponent received 50.

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled—so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than great offenses in a bad man.

Coleridge said that he would "creep toward the light, even if the light had made its way through a rent in the wall of the temple."

Why Women Wed.

Some close observer of our social relations having looked about among his married female acquaintances, ventures to give the following list, with an attempt to indicate the real reason which influence too many to marry:

Number one has married for a home. She got tired of working in a factory, or teaching school, she thought married life on earth was but moonlight walks, buggy rides, new bonnets, and nothing to do.

Well she got tired of her home, whether or not she is tired of the incumbrances, this deponent saith not, inasmuch as this deponent does not positively know.

Number two married because she had seven young sisters and a pape with a narrow income. She consulted the interest of her family. Perhaps she would better have consulted her own interest by taking in light washing, or going out by the day to work.

Number three married because Mrs. sounded so much better than Miss. She was twenty-nine years and eleven months old, and another month would have transformed her into a regular old maid. Think how awful that would have been.

Number four married because she wanted somebody to pay her bills. Her husband married for precisely the same reason, so they are both lamenting at leisure.

Number five married because Fanny White had a nice husband, and she wasn't going to be left behind. Pity if she couldn't get married as well as other folks.

Number six married because she was poor and wanted riches. She never counted on all other things that were inseperable from those coveted riches.

Number seven married because she thought she would like to travel. But Mr. Number Seven changed his mind afterward, and all the traveling she has done has been between the well and back kitchen door.

Number eight married out of spite, because her first love had taken to himself a second love! This piece of retaliation might have done her good at the time, but in the long run number eight found it did not pay.

Number nine married because she had read novels and wanted sympathy. Sympathy is a fine thing, but it cools down at a rapid rate if the domestic turkey is undone. Novels and housekeeping don't run well together in harness, to use a sporting phrase, and number nine's supply of sympathy don't hold out very long.

Number ten married because she loved her husband with all her heart and all her soul. And she loves him still, and will probably continue to love him, and is the happiest wife in the world—so she says.

We have all the right motive at last—one which, when sanctified by a desire and resolution to improve and elevate each other, and to live true and holy lives before God, can not fail to call down the blessings of heaven. But sad is the fate of those who marry from wrong motives—to escape their share of life's work, or to get something for which they have nothing to give in return.

"Let us Have Peace."

When Cæsar, after his return from his victorious dispersion of the senatorial chiefs at Thapsus, and the overthrow of Cato at Utica, celebrated his four triumphs, he carefully avoided all reference to what was the most brilliant of all achievements. In Spain and Thessaly he had routed the disciplined legions of his own countrymen; but, as he well said, "their defeat brought no accession of honor or territory to the Republic; the glory reflected on the victors in a triumph over their own countrymen is but dubious and barren."

Is it not then time for us, a christian people, whose religion is based upon forgiveness of injuries, to show that we cannot be outdone in magnanimity and generosity by the heathen? Is it not time to bury in oblivion the traces of our civil war, and grapple to our hearts with hooks of steel, as of old, our fellow-citizens of the South, whose errors, great as they were, have been grievously atoned for?

There are grave and momentous events agitating the world, and amid the struggles of contending nationalities on the other side of the ocean, and the complications and exasperations of the hour, no one can tell how soon this country may be embroiled in a foreign war. When that hour strikes, we want the hearts of our people to beat with but one response to the call of patriotism and duty. We want them to kindle in unison again, as Massachusetts and South Carolina went shoulder to shoulder through the Revolution together when the blow struck at Lexington lighted a watch fire at Baltimore, waked the battle-cry of freedom at Charleston, and sped onward until a whole continent with one heart cried, "Liberty or death." This is the spirit that a wise, forecasting statesmanship should study how to restore. It can never be regained by reminding each other continually of the bitter antagonism of our civil struggle. Rather, let us imitate the wisdom and the magnanimity of the heathen statesmen and soldiers, who regarded civil strife as a national calamity, and thought it not fitting that any memorial should remain of discord between Greek and Greek.

Some husbands, it must be admitted, are exceedingly moderate in their little indignations. Thus, on the trial in San Francisco of Oliver Dale for enticing away the wife of one J. A. Bergner, the injured husband, being upon the stand, testified as follows: "I came in at times and found his (Dale's) arms around my wife's neck, he kissing her, and using endearing language to her; I did not wish to lay hands on him, but I did not think it quite proper." It is very little to be wondered at that a wife should run away from such a husband as that, however reprehensible the flight.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The Distressing Suicide of a Young Lady in Elmira, N. Y.

Miss Della Benson, a very fine looking, intelligent and estimable lady, 24 years of age, died at the residence of Joseph Billette, on Clinton street, Elmira, on Saturday afternoon. Coroner Meisel investigated the cause of her death, and found that it was caused by strychnine, which she had taken. From information obtained from her acquaintances, and letters addressed to her which have been found, it seems that Miss Benson and Mr. Ward Hodgkins, of New York, had for some time past been engaged to be married.

This engagement is reported to have been consumated a year ago last July. Since that time the parties had corresponded frequently and freely, up to the time of Miss Benson's death. For some unexplained reason Hodgkins seems to have changed his mind on the subject of fulfilling his marriage engagement. In his letter to Miss Benson he claims to have experienced religion within the past four weeks, but whether the change in his affections is attributed to such a change of heart his letters do not make plain.

Under date of February 3, he acknowledges the receipt of a "heart-rending" letter from Della. In this letter he addresses her as "darling," and assures her of his love. He says: I have experienced religion, and am trying to do right. I have prayed over this all day, and shall continue to pray for you. As you won't release me, I shall keep my word and marry you. This letter is signed "from your Ward."

On the 12th of February the lover wrote: Della—I have received your heart-rending letter, and have prayed over it, and have prayed for you many times during the week. You wanted to know if I would be happier if you were gone. No! No! If you love me as you say you do you could not think of it. I could never think of it. I could never be happy again should you do what you threaten."

Four days later he wrote to her saying: "I have been deceived in my own feelings. I do not feel towards you as I should towards a woman that I should marry. Under these circumstances can you give me my freedom?"

On the ninth of this month he wrote to her: "I think it would be better for us both if we would stop writing. Please send me my letters and picture and I will return yours. That jewelry that you said that you would never give up, you can keep."

Soon after receiving this letter Miss Benson went to her room, and when she again made her appearance Mrs. Billette noticed something unusual in her appearance. Upon inquiring as to what she had been doing, she stated that she had taken poison for the purpose of causing her death. She stated that she had taken strychnine, supposing that would produce unconsciousness and death without pain.

Dr. Morse was sent for, but no remedies could save her life. She stated to the doctor that she did not wish to live, but that she wished that he could give her something to alleviate her sufferings. She lingered in great agony for nearly two hours, calling for "Ward," "Ward," with her last breath. On the table in her room, after her death, was found a letter, saying:

"Ward, I am not your first victim, but I ask you, yes, I beg of you, to let me be your last. Be sure before you ask another to be your wife that you love her. Do not ruin her life as you have mine. After all you have done, I love you as well as ever. You and your relatives can be happy now. You say you have done right, so, of course, you will be happy. If you want your rings you can come and take them off my hands."

Down the Hill.—The evening of ever man's life is coming on apace.—The day of life will be spent. The sun, although it may be up in mid-heaven, will pass swiftly down the western sky, and disappear. What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down? He must travel on to the next world; but what shall illumine his footsteps after the nightfall of death, amid the darkness of his journey? What question more important, more practical, more solemn for each reader of our journal to ask himself? That is a long journey to travel without light, without a guide, and without a friend. Yet every man must perform it. The time is not far distant when all men will begin the journey. There is an evening star in the natural world. Its radiance is bright and beautiful, and cheering to the benighted traveler. But life's evening star is in a good hope of Heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy are reflected from the sun of righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their radiance quite across the darkness of the grave into Immanuel's land. It has illuminated the footsteps of many a traveler into eternity. It is of priceless value. A thousand worlds cannot purchase it; yet it is offered without price to him who will penitently and thankfully receive it.

Mankind.—A brother editor who believes with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man," sums up the result of his investigations as follows:

"We drink, every one of us, a pair of boots a year! We carry iron enough in our blood, constantly, to make a horseshoe. We have clay enough in our frames to make, if properly separated and baked, a dozen good sized bricks. We eat, here in Chicago, at least a peck of dirt a month—no, that is not too large an estimate. The man who carelessly tips a glass of lager into his stomach little reflects that he has begun the manufacture of a hat, yet such is the case. The malt of the beer assimilates with the chyle, and forms a sort of felt—the very same seen so often in hat factories. But not being instantly utilized it is lost. Still further; it is estimated the bones of every adult person require to be fed with lime enough to make a marble mantel every eight hours.

The New York *Sun* says that the Democracy need not lay the flattering unction to their souls that they will defeat Grant for the Presidency in 1872. His San Domingo and Sumner business, it claims, has killed him so dead that he will not be heard of in the Presidential campaign of next year.

If every outrage in the Northern State was classified under the head of Ku-Klux, as in the South, the cap K's would grow scarce in the cases even of first class printing offices.