THE
CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & HAGERTY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

e largest Circulation of any Newspaper
in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

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Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

Cards.

LLIAM A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.

WALLACE & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Legal business of all kinds attended to h promptness and fidelity. Office in residence William A. Wallace. jan12:70

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office in the Court House. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
38 Clearfield, Pa. 1y

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

fice on Market St., over Joseph Showers' Grocery store.

☞Prompt attention given to the securing Bounty, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 28, 1867-1y.

J. M'CULLOUGH. WM. M. M'CULLOUGH.

. J. McCULLOUGH & BROTHER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

fice on Market street one door east of the Clearfield County Bank. [2:1:71

J. B. McENALLY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Legal business attended to promptly with elity. Office on Second street, above the First ational Bank. 1:25:71-1ypd

---

ROBERT WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
allaceton, Clearfield County, Penn'a.

☞All legal business promptly attended to.

P. IRVIN.......................D. L. KREBS

IRVIN & KREBS,
Successors to H. B. Swoope,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
n30'70 CLEARFIELD, PA.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
fice on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,66

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
nd Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.

☞Respectfully offers his services in selling d buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining unties; and with an experience of over twenty ars as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can nder satisfaction. [Feb. 28:63:tf,

---

J. J. LINGLE,
TTORNEY-AT-LAW,
18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. ypd

. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
aw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Real Estate bought and sold, titles examined, es paid, and conveyances prepared. Office in asonic Building, Room No. 1. 1:25:71

---

hn H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander.

ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Bellefonte, Pa. [sep13,'65-y

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 8 p. m.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
HYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.

ill attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

DR. AI THORN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

HAVING located at Kylertown, Clearfield co. Pa., offers his professional services to the ople of the surrounding country. [Sept. 29,'69-y

---

DR. J. F. WOODS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Having removed to Ansonville, Pa., offers his ofessional services to the people of that place d the surrounding country. All calls promptly tended to. [Dec. 3 6m pd.

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
HYSICIAN & SURGEON,

HAVING located at Pennfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that lace and surrounding country. All calls promptly ttended to. oct. 13-tf.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,

Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.

☞Professional calls promptly attended to. ffice on Second street, formerly occupied by r. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

---

JEFFERSON LITZ,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

HAVING located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that lace and surrounding country.

☞All calls promptly attended to. Office nd residence on Cassin st., formerly occupied y Dr. Kline. [May, 19:1y.

Fishing Tackle!

JUST received, a complete assortment, consisting of Trout Rods, Fish Baskets, Lines and Hooks, of all descriptions, at

HARRY F. BIGLER & CO'S.
Clearfield, April 19, 1871-tf.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

TERMS—$2 per annum, in Advance.

VOL. 44--WHOLE NO. 2226.

Cards.

F. K. ARNOLD & Co.,
BANKERS,
Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa.

Money loaned at reasonable rates; exchange bought and sold; deposits received, and a genearl banking business will be carried on at the above place. 4:12;71:tf

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JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.

☞ Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

JAMES C. BARRETT,
Justice of the Peace and Licensed Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

☞ Collections & remittances promptly made, and all kinds of legal instruments executed on short notice. may4,70tf

---

GEORGE C. KIRK,
Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Pa.

All business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers, promptly and neatly executed. mar30yp

---

HENRY RIBLING,
HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
Clearfield, Penn'a.

The frescoing and painting of churches and other public buildings will receive particular attention, as well as the painting of carriages and sleighs. Gilding done in the neatest styles. All work warranted. Shop on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Esquire Shugart. oct19'70

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

☞ Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

---

DANIEL M. DOHERTY.
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] **CLEARFIELD, PA.** [tf

DAVID REAMS,
SCRIVENER & SURVEYOR,
Luthersburg, Pa.

THE subscriber offers his services to the public in the capacity of Scrivener and Surveyor All calls for surveying promptly attended to, and the making of drafts, deeds and other legal instruments of writing, executed without delay, and warranted to be correct or no charge. o12:70

SURVEYOR.

THE undersigned offers his services as a Surveyor, and may be found at his residence, in Lawrence township. Letters will reach him directed to Clearfield, Pa.
may 7-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

J. A. BLATTENBERGER,
Claim and Collection Office,
OSCEOLA, Clearfield Co., Pa.

☞ Conveyancing and all legal papers drawn with accuracy and dispatch. Drafts on and passage tickets to and from any point in Europe procured. oct5'70 6m

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CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER RREWER,
Clearfield, Pa.

HAVING rented Mr. Entres' Brewery he hopes by strict attention to business and the manufacture of a superior article of BEER to receive the patronage of all the old and many new customers. Aug. 25, tf.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.

Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.

☞ Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [jy16-1y

GEO. ALBERT......HENRY ALBERT..........W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.

☞ Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.

Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
je25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

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, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

☞ Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

J. K. BOTTORF'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

☞ CROMOS MADE A SPECIALTY. ☜

NEGATIVES made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of FRAMES, STEREOSCOPES and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. apr28-tf

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J. MILES KRATZER,
MERCHANT,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware,
Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions and Shingles,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

☞ At their new store room, on Second street, near H. F. Bigler & Co's Hardware store [jan14

J. HOLLOWBUSH . . . . . . E. DAVIS CAREY.
HOLLOWBUSH & CAREY,
BOOKSELLERS,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
AND STATIONERS,
218 Market St., Philadelphia.

☞ Paper Flour Sacks and Bags, Foolscap, Letter, Note, Wrapping, Curtain and Wall Papers. feb24,70-1ypd

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A Notorious Fact!

THERE are more people troubled with Lung Diseases in this town than any other place o its size in the State. One of the great causes of this is, the use of an impure article of Coal, largely mixed with sulphur. Now, why not avoid all this, and preserve your lives, by using only **Humphrey's Celebrated Coal,** free from all impurities. Orders left at the stores of Richard Mossop and James B. Graham & Sons will receive prompt attention.

ABRAHAM HUMPHREY.
Clearfield, November 30, 1870-tf.

DREXEL & CO.,
No. 34 South Third Street, Philadelphia
BANKERS,
And Dealers in Government Securities.

Application by mail will receive prompt attention, and all information cheerfully furnished. Orders solicited. April 11-tf.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 19, 1871.

For the Clearfield Republican.

PASSING AWAY.

BY JOHN SMITH, JR.

Go to the woods and fields,
Go to the laughing rills,
Go to the creaking mills,
They only say,
"Passing away."

See the tree lose its leaves,
The farmer gather his sheaves,
The rill, as the spring it leaves,
They only say,
"Passing away."

See the roses as they bloom,
To sink, alas! how soon,
As it were to the tomb,
They only say,
"Passing away."

See the youths' hopes and aims,
Wrapt in death's dark flames,
The grave a victory claims,
Only to say,
"Passing away."

See men of two-score years,
Bathed in sorrow's tears,
Dying in hopes and fears,
They only say,
"Passing away."

See the aged locks of silver,
Nearing the dark, dark river,
Going,—gone,—forever,
They only say,
"Passing away."

Yes, we only live *here*, a short, short time;
But we *must* live again, in *another* clime.
Then, let us all live right,—remember the warning,
And in "*a brighter clime*," bid each other good morning.

How Retrenchment Keeps House.

Among the many valuable and wakeful watch-dogs who sit couched about the Treasury at Washington, growling perpetually and eager for a spring at felonious intruders who menace the vaults of that edifice, there is none so trusty as the Senate Committee on Retrenchment. This austere and economical Committee has, after years of exhausting effort, succeeded in reducing the annual expenses of the Senate (*exclusive of salaries*) to the ridiculouly trifling sum of seven hundred and eight thousand one hundred and eighty-eight dollars and ninety-three cents ($708,188.93) which was the "dem'd total" for 1870. Of course the gratitude of an overtaxed people is due to this beneficent body for screwing and pinching with such immense success the disbursement of the public money, and we hereby tender it our single and seperate thanks, as one of the vast yeomanry of the land, for the great saving wrought thereby to our individual and usually vacant pocket.

Now we have the high authority of the Bible for the injunction "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treads out the corn," and it would, therefore, be not only cruel but unscriptural to deny to the grim and alert dogs who guard the public money comfortable kennels, good provender, soft bedding and ornamental collars.—Therefore, we were not shocked, as some of our cotemporaries affected to be, when we read for the first time the cost of keeping the room of the Senate Committee on Retrenchment for 1870, but were gratified over the reflection that the honest fellows who are saving our money for us are not enduring rags and squalor for their country's sake, but are, on the whole, moderately comfortable and even jolly niggards. We copy from the "Miscellaneous Documents, No. 8, 3d Session, 41st Congress," the following extended bill of items in which the taxpayer will find many affecting passages:

FOR ROOM OF COMMITTEE ON RETRENCHMENT.

1 French plate mirror, gold frame	$425 00
1 walnut swivel chair	18 00
10 dozen towels	120 00
Washing towels	48 75
Bleaching lace curtains, etc., in President's room	38 50
Ice furnished United States Senate from October 1st to Nov. 30th, 16,200 lbs.	84 00
Six fire screens	39 00
November 30, washing 59 dozen towels for the use of the United States Senate	44 25
8 pair cuspidors	13 50
Page 62—1 gallon Cologne water	10 00
" " 1 gallon bay rum (for the hair)	3 00
" " Toilet powder	1 00
Half dozen cosmetic for the whiskers	3 00
1 ounce oil of bergamot (for handkerchief)	75
1 kalsomine brush	3 00
65 pounds of sponge	10 00
1 dozen chamois skins	9 00
6 dozen combs	51 00
1 dozen hat brushes	9 00
½ dozen Jamaica ginger	3 00
2 dozen French blacking	2 50
4 dozen hair brushes	85 00
5 dozen towels	60 00
December 31st, 18,100 lbs. of ice	135 00
1 fire screen	6 00
6 pair cuspidors	75 00
30 marble spittoons	75 00
January 18, washing 52 dozen towels	39 00
For 1 ice pitcher	20 00
February 19, washing 71 dozen towels	55 00
Washing 18 dozen towels	13 50
1 gallon bay rum	8 00
1 gallon Cologne water	10 00
½ dozen cosmetic (page 65)	3 00
Page 66, ¼ dozen French blacking	62
1 gallon bay rum	8 00
1 gallon Cologne water	10 00
¼ dozen French blacking	62
35 lbs. salsoda	2 50
Washing 25 dozen towels	47 00
Washing 98 dozen towels (page 67)	73 00
Page 69—washing 59 dozen towels	44 25
100 pound keg disinfecting powder	10 00
4 bottles Martinique snuff	3 00
Awning for barber's window	20 00
Washing 19½ dozen towels	9 75
Page 71—1½ dozen gross honey soap	26 73
1½ gross honey soap	26 73
¼ gross honey soap	4 50
12 lbs. Oolong tea	24 00
12 lbs. gunpowder tea	27 00
Washing 128 dozen towels	64 00
½ gross honey soap	27 00
1 barrel granulated sugar	32 00
May 1st to May 31st, 17,806 lbs. ice	134 30
4 gallons bay rum	32 00
1 gallon Cologne water	10 00
½ dozen cosmetic	2 50
11 boxes of lemons	200 00
3 dozen fans	16 70
June 1st to June 30th, 36,764 lbs. ice	141 51
1 barrel granulated sugar	31 95
1 barrel granulated sugar	41 25
11½ boxes lemons (page 75)	174 76
8 lemon squeezers	8 00
13 pair of pants for capitol police	149 50
12 vests for capitol police	75 00
1 coat for capitol police	22 00

After a careful study of these items we have come to the conclusion that the very nicest business in the world, and the one to which we feel that we have a heaven-sent call, is being a Retrencher. We believe that we could endure the hardships of that wearing position with a moral firmness, dignified composure, and gorged placidity of soul and abdomen which no man living could surpass. We would fling our whole energies into the work.—Wouldn't we have our "one walnut swivel chair" in a hurry, and having seated ourself in it wouldn't we gaze admiringly at our countenance (wrinkled with anxiety about the public expenditures) reflected in that four hundred and twenty-five dollar "French plate mirror?"

We would begin "retrenching" without a moment's delay. We have a knack that way. We would be known speedily as a saver of the public pennies by the exceeding fragrance of our locks, bathed delicately and frequently with a gallon or two of Retrenchment bay-rum and cologne—by the fairness of our skin enameled with Retrenchment cosmetics—by the odor, of our pocket-handkerchief saturated with Retrenchment bergamot—by the raven gloss of our boots polished with Retrenchment blacking—by the lily whiteness of our hands, purified with Retrenchment soap—and by a general absence of that unkempt and seedy look which people who are not Retrenchers are apt to wear when out of public funds. We would practice squeezing (an indispensable art in a public economist) and train our prentice hand to work upon Retrenchment lemons bought by the box and compelled to give up their juice under the pressure of Retrenchment squeezers! We would have our spotless hands every five minutes or so, just by way of getting a towel renovated and encouraging the work of Retrenchment among the staff of washer-ladies about the Capitol.

How daintily we would sneeze under the mild irritation of Retrenchment snuff and revive our exhausted energies with copious swigs of Retrenchment tea and lemonade, enlivened by the addition of a monstrous "fly" which should be embalmed in our accounts under the title of soap and towels or Jamaica ginger. And when, after years of arduous service, a grateful constituency should insist upon giving us rest, and refuse longer to behold the sacrifice of our health and energies upon the altar of public economy, we would retire to private life followed by a few hundred boxes marked "*Retrenchment Committee*"—franked home by our own wearied but stainless hand, and containing enough of Retrenchment soap, towels, blacking, cosmetics, bay rum, bergamot and cologne to purify, scent and polish our descendants to the latest posterity.—*Easton Argus.*

Bread upon the Waters.

Nearly half a century ago, long before railroads were invented, a stage coach used to run every day between Glasgow and Greenock, in Scotland. One day a lady who was traveling in this coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, and looking very tired as he struggled to get along. She asked the coachman to take him up and give him a seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn at Greenock, which is a seaport town, she asked the boy what he had come there for. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half-a-crown, wished him success, and told him to be a good boy, and try to love and serve God.

After this twenty years passed away. One afternoon the coach was going along that same road, returning to Glasgow. Among the passengers was a sea captain. When they reached about the same spot just above referred to, the captain observed an old lady on the road, walking very slowly, and looking very tired and weary. He asked the driver to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Shortly after, as they were changing horses, all the passengers got out except the captain and the old lady. As they were alone, the lady thanked the captain for his kindness in giving her a seat, as she was unable to pay for one. He said he had always felt a pity for poor tired foot-travelers, for, twenty years ago, when he was a poor boy traveling on foot near this place, some kind-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat. "I remember that very well," said she, "for I am that lady; but my condition is very much changed.—Then I was very well off, but now I am reduced to poverty by the bad conduct of a prodigal son."

Then the captain shook hands with her, and said how glad he was to see her. "I have been very successful," said he, "and am now going home to live on my fortune; and now, my good friend, I will settle twenty-five pounds (*i e.*, a hundred dollars) upon you every year, as long as you live." God paid her back again more than a hundred fold what she gave in pity to that poor boy.

* * *

THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.—The dome of the Capitol at Washington is the most ambitious structure in American. It is 108 feet higher than the Washington Monument at Baltimore, 68 feet higher than that of Bunker Hill, at Boston, and 28 feet higher than the Trinity Church tower at New York. It is the only considerable dome of iron in the world. It is a vast hollow sphere of iron, weighing 8,000,000 pounds. How much is that? More than 4,000 tons or about the weight of 70,000 full grown people, or about equal to 2,000 laden coal cars, which, holding four tons apiece, would reach two miles and a half.

Directly over your head is a figure in bronze, "America," weighing 14,982 pounds. The pressure of the iron dome upon its piers and pillars is 13,477 pounds to the square foot. St. Peter presses nearly 20,000 pounds more to the square foot, and St. Genevieve, at Paris, 66,000 pounds more. It would require, to crush the supports of our dome, a pressure of 755,260 pounds to the square foot. The cost was about $1,100,000. The new wings cost $6,500,000. The architect has a plan for rebuilding the old central part of the Capitol, and enlarging the park, which will cost about $3,200,000.

* * *

Somebody has written a book entitled "What shall my son be?" Upon which some one replies, "If the boy is as bad as the book the chances are that he will be hanged."

THE PRINCIPLES OF COMMUNISM.

Less than four months ago there arose to the surface of affairs in the city of Paris, the most dangerous and devilish political element that has ever been known in the history of civilized government. It is an element which cannot be ignored or quietly set aside and perhaps cannot even be crushed, and yet it must be met in battle, and conquered in some way, unless indeed the whole social and political fabric is to be permitted to go to irretrievable ruin.

We by no means assert that Communism had its birth and origin in the recent convulsions at Paris, but it is nevertheless certain that through those convulsions the creed has assumed a shape and consistency which it never had before, and what is much more significant and startling, an intensity of belief, a strength of purpose and a boldness of avowal for which none but the initiated were at all prepared. The central idea around which the whole of the Communist theory revolves may be traced directly back to the aggrarianism which vexed ancient Rome and contributed more or less to the downfall of that vast empire. Lying dormant through the middle ages, though now and then giving manifestations of its presence in popular insurrections in Italy, Germany and 'Holland, that idea was not fully recognized as a governing principle until the French revolution of 1789 was fairly under way. And not even at the height of that tremendous outbreak did the ablest leaders dare indorse the Commune with a tithe of the enthusiasm and audacity with which it is proclaimed to day.

Marat, Couthon, Anacharsis, Clootz, and other principal partisan leaders, it is true, went very far in that direction, and had they been left unrestrained, they would beyond doubt have reached the logical conclusion of their fiery principles and sanguinary professions. Neither Robespierre, Danton, St. Just nor any of the prominent chiefs advanced these views in their public speeches, much less attempted to carry them into practice. For eighty years Communism slumbered; not the sleep of death, but that repose which was necessary to collect and organize its force and prepaer for a more vigorous and prolonged attack. In 1830 and in 1848, the giant roused long enough to overturnthe existing government, and then sunk out of sight again, apparently satisfied with these displays of its power, and willing to—wait. During the twenty-four years of the imperial regime, there were hoarse murmurings beneath the smooth surface of French affairs, which none, perhaps, but Napoleon himself thoroughly understood. How much the policy of the emperor was controlled by the dread of that unseen monster whose voice was ever sounding in his ears, we need not now inquire; but the instant his quick eye and firm hand were withdrawn, the volcano burst forth. The exact plan or principle of the men who lately ruled in Paris and ended their brief reign in a carnival of blood and flame, we shall probably never know; but it is evident that the Parisian Commune, was something more than a gigantic mob, bent only on outrage and destruction—for mobs, when once trodden out by the heel of authority, dissolve into their original elements and pass away finding neither apologies nor defenders for the wrongs committed.

It was a most terrible punishment inflicted upon them by the Thiers government—necessarily savage and brutal in many respects, so much so that it almost aroused universal sympathy for the victims; and yet it was a just punishment in the main; and as severe as it was it did not crush the Commune.

It has ceased to hold sway at the Hotel de Ville, ceased to fight in the suburbs and streets of the capital, ceased to tear down monuments, burn palaces and murder priests; but it is still a living, active, pregnant reality, the consequences of which no human wisdom can predict. The vitality of the Commune is shown unmistakably by the daily telegrams from Paris. There, where the blood of their slain comrades is yet fresh upon the stones, where executions are still going on, and relentless vengeance is being visited upon all concerned in the late revolt, we are told that "indications of a renewal of insurrection multiply," that soldiers are openly insulted by the workingmen, and "attempts at assassination and incendiarism continue." But the most important intelligence of all is the announcement that "the elections will result in the return of the International (Communist) candidates." If in the face of all that has transpired within the last ninety days, the Commune in Paris is strong enough to elect its representatives to the National Assembly, what may we expect hereafter?

But is this fiendish and develish spirit in the political and social system confined alone to France? If the people of other nations could have any assurance that it was, they might contemplate the march of events there with comparative indifference. Yet unless all signs fail, Communism has even now a firm foot-hold in Germany, Italy, Belgium, England and the United States. Only a short time since, Herr Bebel, a member of the German Parliament, delivered a speech in which he boldly justified the course of the French Communists and then continued as follows:

"The aim of the Paris Commune is neither an impossible nor a pernicious one, as it has been erroneously called by a previous speaker. On the contrary, in all Europe those classes not dead to all feelings of liberty and independence look upon Paris as their staff of hope. Never mind whether the insurrection is suppressed, what is doing now at the French capital is only an outpost skirmish, which will be followed up some day by a great European Battle. War to the palaces, peace to the cottages, and death to luxurious idleness, is and will ever be the watchward of the proletariate in all parts of the world."

But the same spirit is cropping out in too many places beside. In England immense meetings have been held in Hyde Park, and resolutions adopted of a precisely similar tenor; in Brussels sixty-eight members of the International society were arrested on Sunday night, and troops called out to preserve order; in Rome, it is said, a plot to assassinate the Pope has just been discovered, concocted by the Internationals of London, Florence and Paris; and a few days since, in New York, a Communist club passed resolutions of sympathy with and approval of the Paris Commune, and denounced Theirs as a butcher, who had placed himself outside the pale of humanity. It is worse than folly to overlook or underestimate such indications of popular sentiment as are now occurring on both sides of the ocean. The agrarianism for which the Gracchi died; the Communism which Marat preached; the internationalism which, under one name or another, ramifies through England and America, has concentrated into a great issue, and confronting the nineteenth century, demands adjustment. How that adjustment can be accomplished, is the gravest problem ever presented to mankind, and we know not where to look for its solution: but that agitation, peaceful or bloody as circumstances may determine, will go on until these antagonistic interests are finally settled is certain. Communism bid sfair to become the central crime of the nineteenth century.—*Pittsburgh Post*

INK LINGS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Truth iz like the burdocks a cow gits onto the end ov her tail; the more she shakes them oph, the less she gits rid ov them.

Thare is 2 kinds ov men in this world, that i don't kare about meeting when i am in a grate hurry. Men whom i owe, and men who want to owe me.

Thare iz always one chance agin the best laid plans ov man, and the Lord holds that chance.

Mi private opinyun about "abscence ov mind" is, that 9 times out ov 10, it iz abscence ov brains.

The flattery that men offer to themselfs iz the most dangerous, bekase the least suspekted.

Take a kitten that kan hardly walk on land, and chuck him into a mil pond, and he will swim ashore—enny boddy kan apply the moral in this.

The best poilosophers and moralists i hav ever met, have been thoze who had plenty to eat, and drink, and had money at interest.

It takes a wize man to suffer prosperity, but most enny phool kan suffer adversity.

Pride, after all, iz one ov our best friends—it makes us beleave we are better and happier than our nabors.

Before yu giv enny man advise, find out what kind ov advice will suit him the best.

Knowledge is like money, the more a man gits the more he hankers for.

The vices and phollys ov grate men are never admired nor imitated bi grate men.

The trew art ov kriticism is tew excuse faults rather than ridikule them.

We hav no more right to laff at a deformed person, than we hav at a crooked tree—both ov them are God's arkitekture.

How strange it iz that most men had rather be flattered for possessing what they have not, than to be justly praised for having what they possess.

Suavity ov manners towards men iz like suavity ov molassis towards flies, it not only calls them to you, but sticks them fast after they git thare.

Thare iz a great deal ov charity in this world so koldly rendered that it fairly hurts; it iz like lifting a drowning man out ov the water bi the hair ov the hed, and then letting him drop on the ground.

Exchanging kompliments is another name for exchanging lies.

The greatest thief this world haz ever produced iz *Procrastination*, and he is still at large.

Religion is nothing more than a chattel mortgage, executed, and rekorded, az sekurity for a man's morality and virtew.

White lies are sed tew be innocent but I am satisfied that enny man who will lie for phun, after a while will lie for wages.

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Here is something for women to reflect upon:

"Why do you oppose the giving of the ballot to women?" asked a lady the other evening of a confirmed bachelor.

"Excuse me, madam," replied he, "but I have not sufficient confidence in their capacity to conduct government affairs."

"What evidence of their mental inferiority to mankind can you adduce?" queried the lady.

"A simple fact is enough to satisfy my mind, and that is the frighful way in which they put up their back hair."

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"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then, I'm in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse t'other day?" "A pint of turpentine." John hurries home, and administers to a favorite charger, which dies in half an hour. His opinion of Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day. "Well, Tom, I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him." "So it did mine."

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In the execution of a recent deed by a man and his wife, the wife was taken aside, before the acknowledgement was made, by a commissioner, who, in the usual form, asked, "Do you execute this deed freely, and without any fear or compulsion of your husband?" "Fear of my husband!" exclaimed the wife, "I've had five husbands, and never was afraid of any of them."

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"My dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must have something around you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately complied with it.

Bachelor's Wives and Old Maid's Children.

The old bachelor looks critically on men's wives. He takes an investigating interest in them. But he does so in a critically and an analytical sort of way, which the husbands did not practice in the first instance, and which they would hardly like to have fully explained to them now. But the batchelor is nothing if not critical. He detects the tinge of red or gray, the inequalities of curve or line, and sees clearly through all the mysteries and artifices of the toilet. He has an exhaustive sneer:—"The poor fellow has married for money," or "the poor fellow has married for love." "By Jove, Sir! look at that woman's waspish waist! Where can she have crammed her vicera?"—or such like personal observation. Whatever jewel a man may think he has found, the connoisseur bachelor will hold that he can find a flaw in it. Sometimes he will do this cynically. Other men will do it just as often, though not cynically. The object of such criticisms is very often some mere self-glorification. If he—the bachelor—had married, no one would have been able to criticise Cæsar's wife. He would not have missed fortune, as one friend has done; or beauty, as a second; or family as a third. His wife would have far transcended the commonplace wives of average men. She would be everything that a woman ought to be. In short, the bachelor's wife is always perfection in the abstract.

Naturally enough, the thoughts of the old bachelor mainly run upon his loves; but that of the old maid, upon young children. That mighty instinct of maternity is evermore busy in her heart. Cats and parrots are only an excuse for babies. Had it pleased God to bless her with them, how she would have cared for the little loves! No children would be better, or better cared for than hers. When she goes into other houses, she does not, indeed, think unkindly of children for indeed she loves them all. But she cannot help drawing some disparaging comments between the children that she meets, and those non-existent, possible children that would have been paragons and phenomena. Other children are untidy; but hers would have been the pink of neatness. Other children are not perfectly well behaved, have little tempers, betray more of the human than of the angelic nature; but hers would be nothing of this kind. They would be good, like Miss Edgeworth's [illegible] dren in Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*, recollect all their dates, be distinguished from early days for the utmost propriety, never cry out loud, never tumble off chairs or down-stairs, never show rents, stains of jam, hooks or eyes spoilt, or tell fibs, or steal the sugar out of the sugar basin. What little cherubs such children must be! They must surely feel their wings growing, and be ready for a flight from this lower earth.—*London Society*.

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LIFE.—Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure, who mops and pines and thinks himself into the mad house or the grave. Motion is all nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental; and yet nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing—the very siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

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Life in itself is neither good nor evil; it is the scene of good or evil, as you make it; and if you have lived a day, you have seen all; one day is equal, and like to all other days; there is no other light, no other shade; this very sun, this moon, these very stars, this very order and revolution of things is the same your ancestors enjoyed, and that shall also entertain your posterity.

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When Hannah More visited Mrs. Garrick after the death of her husband, and expressed surprise at her great composure, the widow answered, "Groans and complaints are very well for those who are to mourn for a little while; but a sorrow that is to last for life will be neither violent nor romantic."

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"Martha, my dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to moving to the far West?" "Oh, I am delighted with the idea! You recollect when Mr. Morgan moved out there he was as poor as we are; and in three years he died leaving his widow worth a hundred thousand dollars."

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The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul. There is a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit the naked hook.

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An old Connecticut lady, who was very much troubled by the prospect of the introduction of gas in her village, and the consequent disuse of whale oil, asked with much earnestness, "What is to become of the poor whales?"

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A French artist being asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of India rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence; it gives more than any other substance!"

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Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the sphere of their own outlook, remind one of the Hindoo maxim: "The snail sees nothing but its own shell, and thinks it the grandest palace in the universe."

The San Domingo Job Not Dead.

People who imagine that the San Domingo Job is dead know nothing of Grant and less than nothing of the gang of greedy speculators by whom he is surrounded. The Springfield *Republican* says:

> Mr. San Domingo Fabens, who has been trying for some weeks past to raise money by private subscription to pay the second year's rent due from the United States for the lease of the Samana Bay, and who failed of getting much in Boston, has succeeded in raising the needful in New York. He does this sort of business, we suppose, with the sanction of President Grant, who is very unwilling to give up his pet scheme of annexation, and is nursing it along in this undignified way till he can get it before Congress again.

The President drew $150,000 in coin out of the Treasury of the United States to pay the first year's rent of Samana Bay. This he did without any warrant of law, taking the money from the Secretary-Service Fund in the Department of State. Grant expected that by taking the money thus surreptitiously from the Treasury he would be able to commit the country irretrievably to his job and to coerce Congress into a ratification of his illegal act. Of the money thus drawn from the Treasury only one-third was paid over to the Dominican authorities, the balance being pocketed by Grant's partners in the project, who proved to be doubly thieves, robbing both the United States and San Domingo. A considerable portion of the money never left Washington City.

The lease of Samana Bay at $150,000 a year was an audacious fraud, like every other part of the annexation project. As a coal-station the examination of the Commissioners showed it to be useless, the water being so shallow as to render coaling there a very expensive process. A more accessible and vastly better coaling station is now rented at St. Thomas by the Navy Department for $50,000 a year. The failure of the San Domingo treaty concluded the lease of Samana, and the $150,000 which were unlawfully taken from the Treasury by Grant were irretrievably lost. The people would have been satisfied to close out the job with a clean loss of that amount and the unestimated expense of sending out the Commission, but Grant is not willing to abandon his pet project. He has continued to keep two ships-of-war on the coast of San Domingo for the express purpose of supporting the miserable despotism of Baez at the expense of the tax payers of the United States. And, now his tools are "shinning it" round the cities to raise money enough to pay another year's rent, in order that the treaty with Beaz may be kept alive and an opportunity be given to force the job through some future Congress. Does any one suppose a dollar could be raised for such a purpose unless it was understood that the President was still backing up the San Domingo Job? Men are often ready to risk their money in desperate enterprises, but they want some very promising assurance that it will be repaid to them with large interets.

Grant has done all in his power since Congress adjourned to secure an endorsement of his San Domingo Job from the Republican party. In Ohio it was his well understood intention and desire to force the nomination of Ben Wade and the insertion of a San Domingo plank in the platform. In Iowa he did actually secure the passage of such a resolution. In the Pennsylvania Convention he was lauded and renominated, with the assurance that he could depend on both our Senators in any emergency, and upon the Radical members in the House.

Those who suppose that Grant has abandoned his San Domingo Job, do not understand him. He is distinguished for pig-headed obstinacy.— He defies the will of the people and expects the whole Republican party to bow their heads in the most abject submission to his dictates. Knowing nothing of statesmanship, he has exhibited a complete want of honor and the most avaricious spirit in the acceptance of every species of presents. He has voluntarily surrounded himself with a gang of the most unprincipled and mercenary political adventurers. To them and to their chief the acquisition of San Domingo is a thing greatly to be desired. Its annexation would fill many an empty purse, and would add to the ill-gotten gains of the man who first made merchandise of the chief office in the gift of the American people. Should Grant be re-elected he will devise some method for forcing the San Domingo job through. The money there is in it constitutes a temptation which his sordid nature cannot be expected to resist.

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Jenny Lind.—This celebrated cantatrice is thus beautifully spoken of by a correspondent who saw her at Exeter Hall, London. "It was not entirely the fog which made our eyes see dimly the sweet faced woman sitting by the side of her husband: thinner, older, sadder, but still with the same winning pathetic atmosphere about every pose and every expression that conquered twenty years ago, disarmed all criticism, and will continue to do so as long as Jenny Lind's soul is in Jenny Lind's body. If there be such a thing as grace of clumsiness, perfect beauty of homeliness, she has them; and they are more lasting than the grace of gracefulness or the beauty of good looks. As it is with her face and movements so it is with her voice. Sacred above all it has lost, it has kept a certain something of individuality that one would know it for Jenny Lind's voice. In spite of husky chest tones and hardly reached C, there is a peculiar soulful quality which has rarely been heard on any stage except when Jenny Lind has sung. Critics would say, and perhaps by rules of art their assertions can not be contradicted, that Jenny Lind's voice is gone. But men and women are still moved to their heart's depths by her singing."

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A mile or two from town, a pedestrian met a boy on horseback, crying with cold. "Why don't you get down and lead him? That's the way to keep warm." "No," said the boy; "it's a b b borrowed horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

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Speaking of apples, it is remarkable that the first apple in paradise should have turned out the first pair?

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When may a man be said to be really over head and ears in debt? When he hasn't paid for his wig.

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When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

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The three great conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love and Death.

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A little Buffalo girl wants to know if fleas are white, because her uncle told her that "Mary had a little lamb with fleas as white as snow."