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

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
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½ sheet, 25 or less, 3 00 | 1 sheet, 25 or less,10 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

Cards.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.

WALLACE & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in residence of 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,
je30 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.
Office on Market St., over Joseph Showers' Grocery store.
Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 28, 1867-1y.

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

T. J. McCULLOUGH & BROTHER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office 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 fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. 1:25:71-1ypd

ROBERT WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wallaceton, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
All legal business promptly attended to.

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

IRVIN & KREBS,
Successors to H. B. Swoope,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
o5'70 CLEARFIELD, PA.

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

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 25:'63:tf,

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. ypd

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Real Estate bought and sold, titles examined, taxes paid, and conveyances prepared. Office in Masonic Building, Room No. 1. 1:25:71

John 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 3 p. m.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

DR. AI THORN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Kylertown, Clearfield co. Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country. [Sept. 29,'69-y

DR. J. F. WOODS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Having removed to Ansonville, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and the surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. [Dec. 3 6m pd.

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Pennfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended 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. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

JEFFERSON LITZ,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country.
All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin st., formerly occupied by 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. MIGLER & CO'S.
Clearfield, April 19, 1871-tf.

Cards.

F. K. ARNOLD & Co.,
BANKERS,
Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa.
Money loaned at reasonable rates; exchange bought and sold; deposits received, and a general banking business will be carried on at the above place. 4:12:71:tf

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. oct1970

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. my23:1ypd

DANIEL M. DOHERTY.
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [1t

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. oct3'70 6m

CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
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.
je23-1y 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

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. Migler & Co's Hardware store [jan14

J. HOLLOWBUSH . . . . . H. 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

A Notorious Fact!
THERE are more people troubled with Lung Diseases in this town than any other place of 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 Moreop 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.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum, in Advance.

VOL. 44--WHOLE NO 2227. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1871. NEW SERIES--VOL. 12, NO. 28.

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 2, 1871.

A STERLING OLD POEM.

Who shall judge man from his manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something else.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests can do no more.

There are streams of crystal nectar
Ever flowing out of some;
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overthrown.
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellow then;
Masters—rulers—lords remember
That your meanest kinds are men!
Men of labor, men of feeling,
Men of thoughts and men of fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little wood-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame,
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fatted on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifts its feeble voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-wide voice is singing,
Boundless love to you and me,
Links oppression with its titles,
But as pebbles in the sea.

The Last Days of Robespierre.

After Robespierre was arrested in the Convention, and while the gens d'arms are bringing him forth, he is torn from them, *against his will*, by his friends, and carried off to the Hotel de Ville. Fear has paralyzed him. He will not present himself to the people; he will not proclaim himself dictator; he will not sign a paper calling on the people to revolt; he will not even countenance revolt; he he is in a coma of terror. At the news of the rescue the troops of the Commune muster quickly. Drunken Henriot, at the head of his soldiers, dashes through the streets of Paris, shouting to the people to revolt; but they are tired of the worship of their bloody Moloch, and his own men turn their cannon upon the Hotel de Ville, throw down their arms, and disperse.

It is night. Within a dimly lit apartment of the Hotel de Ville sit Robespierre and his brethren—St. Just, Couthon, Lebas. The wolves are caged at last. The death-knell of *la Terreur* is ringing. St. Just and Lebas look bold and defiant; Couthon, with his angel face and silvery voice and withered limbs, anxious but resigned; the sickly rays of the candle fall full upon the hideously cadaverous features of Robespierre. He has a loaded pistol and poison before him; but this worshiper of the bloody virtues of Rome can not imitate the old heathen heroism, and die with his fortunes.—With shaking limbs and twitching face he listens to the murmurs, the momentarily increasing stir, the surge of the multitude without. The sharp report of a pistol rings through the room—Lebas has shot himself through the heart, and falls dead. Henriot rushes in to cry that all is lost; Coffinhal, with an epithet of disgust, hurls him out of the window into the court below, where he lies a lifeless mass.—The soldiers are battering at the door; it gives way with a crash, and in they rush. A shot is fired, and Robespierre's head falls upon the table; it has broken its jaw. All the conspirators are captured. The cold, ghostly light of the dawn is just breaking as the senseless, bloody form of the Incorruptible is borne out into the streets upon a litter. It is carried to the Tuileries and laid upon a table, while the Convention in the next room decide his fate. As the day advances crowds flock to the Tuileries as to a raree-show, and fill the chambers wherein lies the once terrible King of *la Terreur*—terrible no longer, but an abject, shrunken, revolting looking object. He lies upon his side. From the broken jaws oozes out the dark blood, and creeps over the livid face, dropping into the gaping mouth, and filling it with clotted gore; he has half bandaged the wound, and the blood stained handkerchief contrasts horribly with the corpse-like features. And the foul mob—to gain whose favor and applause he has shed torrents of blood—does it commiserate with him, weep over him, do all it can to soothe his anguish? It spat upon him, mocked his groans, pricked him with knives; there was not one who would raise the cup of water that stood beside him to his burning, cracking lips!

A form of trial is gone through, and then the wild Couthon and the rest are tied down in a cart and jolted off to *la mere Guillotine*. Paris is frantic with joy. Before the cart dance the women, shouting and singing with demoniac glee. As it passes through the streets the friends and relations of his dead victims troop out to meet it with yells of frantic joy; to curse its ghastly burden, body and soul, and pray to God to cast him into hell-fire. As he mounts the scaffold the executioner tears off the bandage from his face; the shattered jaw falls, and there leaps from his throat such an earthly yell, as though the fiends had already their claws upon his soul. He looks down, shuddering, upon the sea of heads; it waves and surges as though it would sweep away the scaffold, and up from its cruel depth rises a howl of execration. Ferocious joy is upon every face; every mouth gaps for his blood. No look of pity; all merciless—*as himself*. He has sown the dragon's teeth, and behold the harvest! The knife falls, and the head of Maximilian Robespierre rolls into the basket.

That Young Nigger Again.

That intolerable young nigger, Smith, who has kept three or four court martials running since his stay at West Point in the investigation of his playful African freaks and eccentricities, is again conspicuously before the public. It seems, as we have before stated in these columns, that Smith has an unpleasant habit of battering the heads of his fellow cadets of the Caucasian race with tin dippers, pokers, broomsticks, and other available implements of assault which turn up handy when the wrath of this martial child of Guinea chances to be roused. Should these indignities be repaid in kind, as sometimes happens, Smith has, of course, a tremendous advantage over his opponents inasmuch as tinners have never fabricated a cup nor blacksmith forged a poker hard or heavy enough to impress his ponderous skull. It is bullet-proof. It is a phrenological Gibralter. You might as well attempt to riddle the turret of a monitor with a pea-shooter as to concuss the Smith brain by pounding on the Smith skull.

The young darkey is immensely vain of this superiority over the white trash at the Point whose heads he regards as mere egg shells which he thinks it fine sport to crack. His skull and power at butting are also remarkable. Before he went into training as a warrior he used to win grind-stone cheeses on the wharf at New Orleans by executing a flying leap through their middle. The boy that can butt his way through a grind stone cheese is not a pleasant adversary. His head and energies directed against the pit of a brother cadet's stomach are apt to induce asthmatic symptoms in the victim. Indeed young Fred Grant only saved himself from one of those fearful attacks sometime ago by deftly stepping behind Old Dennis Mahan (the Professor of Mathamatics) just in time to substitute the Prof's abdomen for his own. When Old Dennis recovered his breath (which he did on the fourth day after) he was puzzled to know what to do. He couldn't punish Fred because he was the son of the President nor Smith because he was the son of a nigger. And so Old Denny pocketed the affront as best he could. He still eats badly and complains of frequent colic. The cadets, who are heartless dogs, declare that it comes of taking too much "butter" into his stomach.

But, added to Smith's physical exploits and peculiarities are some moral oddities not altogether becoming a gentleman of chivalry, although quite in place and altogether to be expected in a gentleman of Africa. The young nigger lies outrageously and perpetually. If he chances, now and then, to tell the truth by accident, he is seized with remorse, grows gloomy and sulky and is not himself again until he has brought forth a fresh batch of lies meet for repentance. It is believed that he steals chickens at night not so much from a preternatural love of poultry as for the pleasure of swearing himself white in the face that he *didn't* steal them. It is needless to say that Master Smith's word is regarded as quite as good as his bond, the latter security being utterly unmarketable.

Smith's last Court Martial convicted him of willful and malicious lying and recommended his immediate dismissal from the Academy. But Secretary Belknap, in a published order, declines to approve this sentence on the ground that 'his (Smith's) presence at the Point is an illustration of the policy of the government.' Charmingly frank, indeed, is this confession and good it must have been for the soul of Belknap (which needs repair) to make it. The youthful Smith has official notice that, hereafter, he can lie to his preceptors and butt and "dipper" his classmates to his heart's content, without fear of molestation. He won't, you see, be lying or butting or dippering after all, but simply serving his country by "illustrating the policy" of Grant's administration. He can go careering about the plain, like a billy-goat, upsetting professors, and may keep Old Dennis Mahan in a state of chronic breathlessness, if he choses, by playfully attempting to leap through him as if he were a grind-stone cheese, and the faculty will have to smile benignly on the nigger's antics and Dennis beg his pardon for groaning too loud, because, forsooth, the gamesome boy is "illustrating" Grant's policy. His larcenous appropriations of eggs and fowls by night must not no longer be called thefts but "illustrations" (cheap ones we admit) of the policy which prevails at Washington in the disposition of the public funds. Should the lad of Guinea bring on all his relations to the Point and his mother's relations (the Dent branch) and insist on their being quartered in the houses of the professors and fed and clothed at the public expense we should have another capital "illustration" of Grant's policy. In short there is no telling where, under the large charter given him by Belknap, this versatile young artist will end in making his "illustrations."

But for Grant's support and Belknap's odious and open endorsement of his violations of honor and of the peace—but for the determination of the Republican party to force negroes into an unnatural social equality with the white race—but for the servility of West Point professors and the charity of cadets who scorn to quarrel with a creature whom they will not recognize as an associate—but—but—but—the fact is that there are so many "butts" in the case of Master Smith that any further speculations concerning his future fate would be unprofitable.—*Easton Argus.*

HEALTH AND MONEY.—There is the difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest men would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

THE CENSUS OF 1870.

Official Statement of the Population of the Country According to Color.

The following official tables give the population of the several States of the Union, as shown by the recent census, giving the number of whites and blacks, respectively:

POPULATION 1870.

States.	*Whites.*	*Blacks.*	*Total.*
Alabama	521,384	437,510	996,894
Arkansas	366,835	122,145	482,890
California	499,326	4,272	503,597
Connecticut	527,849	9,568	537,217
Delaware	102,221	22,791	125,015
Florida	97,057	91,689	187,746
Georgia	545,022	449,142	1,034,064
Illinois	2,511,096	28,762	2,539,858
Indiana	1,655,867	24,960	1,680,827
Iowa	1,185,979	5,762	1,191,741
Kansas	346,377	12,108	363,485
Kentucky	1,098,692	222,210	1,320,902
Louisiana	362,017	364,210	726,257
Maine	624,809	1,606	626,415
Maryland	605,497	175,391	780,888
Massachusetts	1,443,156	13,947	1,457,103
Michigan	1,167,282	11,849	1,179,131
Minnesota	438,257	759	439,016
Mississippi	388,455	441,347	827,800
Missouri	1,603,143	118,071	1,721,214
Nebraska	122,117	789	122,906
Nevada	38,959	357	39,316
N. Hampshire	317,697	580	318,277
New Jersey	876,407	30,358	906,065
New York	4,316,353	58,061	4,374,394
North Carolina	678,470	491,050	1,170,120
Ohio	2,691,837	53,213	2,662,050
Oregon	86,929	346	87,275
Pennsylvania	3,454,580	65,673	3,520,253
Rhode Island	217,219	4,980	217,198
South Carolina	289,667	415,814	705,481
Tennessee	935,973	322,330	1,258,303
Texas	558,715	251,127	809,842
Vermont	329,618	924	330,537
Virginia	712,089	512,841	1,224,929
West Virginia	424,023	17,980	442,013
Wisconsin	1,051,351	2,113	1,053,464
Total	33,181,206	4,735,238	37,916,444
Territories.	*Whites.*	*Blacks.*	*Total.*
Arizona	9,575	26	9,601
Colorado	39,221	456	39,677
Dakota	12,887	94	12,981
Dis. of Columbia	88,277	43,404	131,691
Idaho	10,604	60	10,664
Montana	18,306	183	18,449
New Mexico	90,293	172	90,595
Utah	86,044	118	86,166
Washington	22,199	267	22,566
Wyoming	8,726	183	8,998
Total Territor.	386,162	44,993	401,065
Total States	33,181,206	4,735,234	37,916,444
Grand total	33,567,368	4,780,141	38,347,509

A comparison of the census of 1860 shows the following results:

The increase of the aggregate population of all the States and Territories during the ten years is 6,902,429, and the rate of increase is above 219 10 per cent. The increase of the whole white population is 6,591,793, and the rate of interest is 24.4 per cent. The increase of the white population in the Northern or originally Free States is 5,137,848, and the rate of increase is 27.4 per cent. The increase of the white population in the Southern States is 1,335,301, and the rate of increase is 16.6 per cent. The aggregate increase of the black population in the United States is 338,385, and the rate of increase is 7.6. The increase of the black population in the Southern States is 188,953, and the rate of increase is 4.6 per cent. The increase of the black population in the Northern States is 119,192, and the rate of increase is 52.7 per cent.

The increase of the whole population in the Territories, including the District of Columbia, 184,682, and the rate of increase is 74.9 per cent. This statement refers to the Territories which remained in that condition in 1870. Nebraska and Nevada, which were Territories in 1860, had in the meantime become States, and are, therefore, ranked as such in the tables and in these comparisons.

The increase of the white population in the Territories is 153,315, and the rate of increase is 66.5 per cent.

The increase of the black population in the Territories is 30,367, and the rate of increase is 208.9 per cent.

The considerable increase of the white population of the Southern States has taken place chiefly in those on the northern border of that section—in Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri; and a diminution of the number of blacks has taken place in these border States, except in Maryland, where the increase is slight.

The greatest increase in the number of blacks in the South has taken place in North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Florida and Alabama. In the two Virginias, compared with the old State, there is exhibited a loss of 18,086 blacks. In Georgia, also, there is a falling off of blacks, and a considerable increase of whites.

THE INDEX.—Massillon says: One character of charity is to be timorous, and to magnify to ourselves our smallest deviations; not that charity deceives or conceals from us the truth, but, disengaging the soul from the senses, it purifies our view of faith and renders it more quick sighted in spiritual affairs; and besides, whatever is, in the smallest degree, displeasing to the only object of our love, appears serious and considerable to the soul which loves. Thus charity is always humble, timid and distrustful of itself; unceasingly agitated by its pious perplexities, which leave it in suspense respecting its real state; always alarmed by these delicacies of grace which make it tremble at every action; which make a kind of martyrdom of love, from the uncertainty in which they leave it; and by which, however, it is purified. These are not the vain and puerile scruples which we blame in weak minds. They are those pious fears of charity and of grace inseparable from every faithful and religious soul. It works its salvation with fear and trembling; and even frequently regards as crimes those actions which are often virtues in the sight of God; and which, at most, can only be regarded as simple weakness. These are the holy perplexities of charity, which derive their source even from the lights of faith. This path has, in all ages, been the path of the just.

There was a marriage in Faribault, Minn., the other day, and the local paper says: "After the ceremony the friends presented the happy bride with one dozen beautiful oranges, one dozen fine lemons, five pounds of new figs, five pounds of splendid assorted candies, and six cans of fresh oysters."

In describing a new organ, a rural editor says, "The swell died away in a delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed clothes."

The Flight of Youth.

Would anybody be young again if he had to take with it the penalty of going back and doing over again all the foolish things he was guilty of in his youth? I wouldn't.

"Give me back my youth again!" did you say? Friend, it's a mistake Ten to one you wouldn't have it again if you could. If old Time were to come boldly to you to-day, saying, "Take back, O wise middle aged Noodle, these twenty past years of your life, with all the pains and disappointments which have made you clear-sighted and soundheaded, with all the silly actions you perpetrated in those days, and all the occasions on which you made a long-eared donkey of yourself; worry through a second time all the tight boots and tribulations, all the toothaches and heartaches of your youth; do, be and suffer it all again; be, in short, once more just the soft young Noodle you were twenty years ago,"—ten of manhood's hearty hopes to one dolorous wail for your lost youth, that you answer, "Pass on, Father Time! And you may as well tip those twenty golden sandgrains back into the lower half of your hour-glass. I do not want them!"

It gives an odd feeling, especially if you are a woman, to find yourself getting to be a little bit middle-aged.—First, you will notice that you begin to be left out of very young folks' picnics, and to get fewer notes in pink envelopes than you used. Then you begin to be faintly haunted by vague, sneaking doubts as to whether white muslin and blue ribbons are becoming to you. Finally, and worst of all, once in a while you will see an infant of the male sex, whom you remember as a rosy little fellow in checked aprons when you were twelve years old, suddenly lifted over your head in the shape of a long, gawky biped, with the tender down of a first moustache sprouting from his upper lip. That gives you an intensly exasperating sensation. Nor is it pleasant to have saucy young snips of girls talk of you behind your back as old Sarah Thompson.

Then, too, you may as well make up your mind to the hard fact of middle age when you chance to open some old gilt-edged book of poetry, and discover, carefully pressed away between the leaves, a little lock of faded hair, and you can't remember in your life whose it is. I have had half a dozen such myself. They were precious as gold once no doubt, but I make confiential confession to you that if I were questioned on the rack, I couldn't now tell whose heads they came from. What makes me know that they were precious as gold in their time is the fact (you will observe this is another confidential confession) that they are nearly all locks of long-ish-short hair, before college students began to affect the present prize fighting style of shaving their pates. O poor little rings of faded hair—*schwarzes Haar, rothes Haar, goldenes Haar*—I grieve to say it, but I have forgotten you all!

Again, when you go to a party and dance more than half the night, far into the small hours, and then partake of that grindstone mess called a party supper, maybe you notice you feel grumpy and out of sorts next day.—Well, that's a sign, too. Especially if you have found yourself pausing to listen now and then to the chattering talk of persons younger than yourself, and sarcastically wondering whether you ever made such a wholesale idiot of yourself, or whether very young misses always deluge society with such quantities of simpering nonsense and affectation. (I believe they do.) It is a sure sign if you find yourself constantly feeling a call to give your younger sisters advice which they don't want, or to treat them now and then to a bit of a preachment, for which you get no reward except thankless insinuations about saving one's breath to cool one's broth. Or maybe you say occasionally to your sister Ella, who is sixteen and pretty, "When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that the majority of very young people have precious little common sense."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Place a young girl under the care of kind-hearted women, and she, unconsciously herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thoroughgoing, straightforward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; encourage them to put it in the shape of hanging baskets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern 'tune to work,' but with the enthusiastic 'see the beautiful sunrise!' Buy for them pretty pictures; and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way—Give them an inch, and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home beautiful.

"I WANT MY MOTHER."—I heard these words on the street from a little sobbing child. How many mothers, thought I, with children of their own, have uttered this agonized heart cry, when to none else save God, could they go with those unspoken sorrows, whose unshared burden was greater than they knew how to bear and live! *She* always knew what to say to us. If she blamed, it was not when heart and flesh failed, that she stood inexorable in denunciation by our side; but, with soothing hand and caressing words, she *loved* our griefs out of us; and when tears had cleared our vision, she pointed out the better way. Or if our path was so hedged about us that we could only fold our hands and wait, still it was she who made our waiting easy and hopeful.

For the Republican.

STUDY.

BY J. A. M. OF JAY.

Study is a spacious forehead high,
And a beaming, intellectual eye;
Study is delved from school and
College by rich gems of thought.

Study is a mental thought,
Clear and brilliant as the sun;
Study is a pearl of thought,
Often in the sunlight wrought.

Study is a beaming light
In a calm clear summer night;
Study then from star to star,
From worlds to worlds afar.

Study is a light to mortals
On a dreary dearest shore;
Study is the theme that
Tells us, Mortals, weep no more!

Study is a word of action,
In our tangle mountain home;
Study is the pride and pinion
That the Theban eagle bore.

Study is a theme of grandeur
In a world of dark despair;
Study is a motive greater
Than the heart of man can tell.

THE RING FINGER.—Much ingenuity has been expended in the endeavor to discover on which hand and on which finger the wedding-ring was placed. The Jews have a tradition that Mary, when she espoused Joseph, received the ring on her middle finger; hence no Jewish woman wears her bridal ring there, but always on the fore-finger. St. Ambrose, in one of his sermons, calls the third finger the finger for the ring. Macrobius gives the nursery-names of the fingers in the times of the Romans: the third finger is called *annularis*, the low Norman name for she same finger is "John of the seals." In the ancient ritual of marriage among the English Papists, the ring was placed on the end of the left thumb, with the words, "In the name of the Father; then on the fore-finger, with the words, "and of the son;" then on the middle finger, "and of the Holy Ghost;" finally on the third, the ring finger, with the closing word 'Amen.' The ancient Greeks used this finger also, because they believed a nerve to run directly from this finger to the heart; Lemnius says it is not a nerve, but an artery; others, that it is not an artery, but a vein; and modern science shows that there is nothing of the kind in existence.

THE LESSON OF LIFE.—Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with folded hands that claim life's prize without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or relax effort, this is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the eye of the world notes it or it is recorded in the book, which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision Those who stand on the high place of the earth understand not what necessity, what suffering means. They know not what it is to noble souls to be obliged, like worms, to crawl upon the earth for nourishment, because it has not the strength to endure famine. Life moves around them with so much grace, splendor and beauty, they drink life's sweetest wine, and dance in a charming intoxication. They find nothing within them which can enable them to understand the real sufferings of the poor; they love only themselves, and look at mankind only in their narrow circle.

MRS. JESSE FREMONT.—Mrs. Jesse Fremont looks as youthful as ever, but her hair is prematurely white, and lends additional beauty to her face.—She was married to Mr. Fremont very much against her father's wishes, but the old gentleman, who, by the way, was Thos. Hart Benton, or Old Bullion, as he was called, United States Senator from Missouri, allowed the ceremony to take place in his own house. After it was over, Mr. Benton wrote out the marriage notice, and took it to the Washington *Globe* office. Handing the notice to Francis P. Blair, Sr., who was the editor of the *Globe*, General Jackson's organ, he requested its insertion. Mr. Blair read over the manuscript, and the following dialogue ensued;

Blair—Colonel, this is not in the usual form of marriage notices. It now reads that Miss Benton married Mr. Fremont. Permit me to transpose the names.

Benton (very emphatic)—No, sir; no, sir; John Charles Fremont did not marry Jesse Benton, Jesse Benton married John Charles Fremont, sir.

The announcement appeared in the *Globe* as it was written.

CARDS.—When is a card-player a shabby individual—When he's a shuffler.

What game should ladies refuse to play?—Old Maid.

What game are tailors addicted to?—Cribbage.

What game should Irishmen play?—Whis(h)t.

What games do rogues study?—Beggar-my neighbor.

When is a card-player like a lawyer?—When he follows suit.

When is a card-player like a wealthy fox hunter?—When he keeps his pack.

Where are card-players most at home?—At Deal.

When is a card-player not a mercenary man?—When he prefers a spade to a diamond.

Why should a card player reside in Fifth Avenue?—Because he is partial to clubs.

TIME AND MONEY.—Many people take no care of their money until they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away—let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend; but when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they will at once make a very wise use of them; but, unluckily, they have at that time no notion how to do it.

Miscellaneous Items.

The man who sat down on an open paper of carpet nails said they reminded him of the *in come tax*.

The last rail in the Danville, Hazleton and Wilkesbarre Railroad, between Sunbury and Hazleton, has been laid.

A Connecticut horse has been taught to ring the door-bell, but he can't be made to wipe his feet on the mat.

Two Atlanta belles couldn't restrain themselves from kissing Jeff. Davis, last Saturday, and Jeff—well, he wouldn't restrain them.

One of the Chinese shoemakers at North Adams, Mass., having caught the prevailing infection of that region, contemplates a lecture tour.

Anna Dickinson declares that the report that she is about to marry an Iowa Congressman is a slander. Probably the Iowa man says the same.

True charity is an excellent virtue, and sincerely to labor for their good whose belief in all points doth not agree with ours, is a happy state.

A fool in a high station is like a man on the top of a high mountain—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

Shenstone, an artist in landscape gardening, said he knew the turn in his life, which led to unhappiness,—it was when he made pleasure his aim.

A fashionable mamma's advice to a married daughter: Never take your husband to an evening party, there is nothing that is always so much in the way.

It is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn