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
If paid after 3 and before 6 months..... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
Professional Cards, 1 year..... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 20

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1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$32 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 45 00
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Job Work.

BLANKS.

Single quire.....$2 50 | 6 quires, pr. quire, $1 75
2 quires, pr. quire, 2 00 | Over 6, per quire, 1 50

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1 sheet, 25 or less, $2 00 | ½ sheet, 25 or less, $3 00
2 sheet, 25 or less, 3 00 | 1 sheet, 25 or less, 10 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

Cards.

T. H. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market st., opposite Naugle's Jewelry Store, Clearfield, Pa. jel'71

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,
n1:1:72 Clearfield, Pa.

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.....P. L. KREBS
IRVIN & KREBS,
Successors to H. B. Swoope,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
P:41,1:72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,68

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. 28,'68tf.

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.
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

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n171

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. aug16'70

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Penfield, 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 53d 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.

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 Paper. ap21,70:1ypd

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. 4:12:71tf

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

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
Jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [1y

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 draft, 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. [jy16'72

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.
je26-1y 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

E. A. & W. D. IRVIN,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Logs
AND LUMBER.
Offices in new Corner Store building.
nov15'71 Curwensville, Pa.

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 Mossop and James B. Graham & Son will receive prompt attention.
ABRAHAM HUMPHREY.
Clearfield, November 30, 1870-tf.

1871 PHILADELPHIA 1871
WALL PAPERS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
Manufacturers of
Paper Hangings and Window Shades.
Wholesale and Retail Salesrooms,
Corner Fourth and Market streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Factory—Corner Twenty-Third and Sansom Sts.
October 4, 1871-3m-pd.

McGAUGHEY'S
RESTAURANT,
Second Street,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Always on hand, Fresh Oysters, Ice Cream, Candies, Nuts, Crackers, Cakes, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Fruits, Oranges, Lemons, and all kinds of fruit in season.
BILLIARD ROOM on second floor.
P. McGAUGHEY.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

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THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 24, 1872.

SHALL WE EVER MEET AGAIN.

Shall we ever meet again
In the woodland by the sea?
Will the moment bringing pain
To the heart and to the brain,
Come again to thee and me?
Shall we hear again the meaning
Of the ocean to the shore,
Like the ever low intoning
Of a celebrant, Lenore—
Shall we ever meet again?
Ah me, that Joy should borrow
A thorn to wound the heart
From the pale-red rose of Sorrow!
Adieu! for we must part.

We may never meet again
In the woodland by the sea;
But the song, and the refrain,
Which we sang beside the main,
Will be ever dear to me.
There is no sun that shineth
But hath its spot of shade;
The brightest day declineth,
And sweetest roses fade.
We may never meet again.
Ah me, that Love should borrow
A thorn to wound the heart
From the pale-red rose of Sorrow!
Adieu! for we must part.

The Rochester Riots--Mob Violence and Militia Firing.

The terrible occurrences at Rochester—growing out of the outrage committed by a negro—has created a widespread feeling of horror at the results which are always likely to follow outbreaks of mob violence when the restraining power is vested in a military body untrained to patience and the command of temper necessary in dealing with the trying exigencies which may call for their armed ministration. The duty of the militia is protective, and the display of force by their presence is meant to overawe the would-be disturbers of the peace rather by moral power than actual counter violence. The resort to decisive measures should in any case emanate from the proper authorities and have a reasonable justification. The subject altogether is one of so delicate a nature, involving such serious consequences from intemperate action, and into which so many irritating causes enter on either side, that in face of such an emergency the greatest cool-headedness and firmness are necessary on the part of the commanding officers as well as a perfect discipline among the men.

On this subject there is one point which forces itself into painful prominence, and which, in its consideration, cannot be overlooked—namely, the provocation which rightly or wrongly calls forth the passion of the mob. We cannot illustrate this better than by the history of the deplorable events of Tuesday and yesterday at Rochester. There are some nameless crimes whose commission awakens the horror of every man or woman worthy of the name; crimes at whose depth of unnatural wickedness humanity stands aghast, no matter to what class or station the perpetrator may belong. But the aversion and horror which sicken the hearts of the most refined take form among the vulgar and unenlightened in maddened rage and thirst for a swift and bloody revenge. While we admit that this state of mind rapidly fermenting into murderous action throws rather a sinister light over our civilization, which is ever supposed to be able to protect itself against crime, we cannot help recognizing that the wildness of the passion of the populace has its roots in a sentiment of honest human nature. In the case before us another, and, though abstractly false, yet fearfully strong, element entered into what we have termed the provocation—namely, that the atrocious criminal had around him the curse of race. He is a negro. To say that this should have no weight in the case is futile; we are speaking of facts. With all our leveling and pulling down of legal inequalities to place the colored man on a level with white men, the fact remains which no supplement of civil rights can annihilate—the idea that he belongs to an inferior race. You cannot legislate away sentiment, or if you try it you will fail. A crime in one of such a scorned race appears more criminal and revolting than in one of any other, and it would be hard even for the most rational white man to deny to himself that such is the case.

On Saturday last the unnatural crime was committed upon the little girl Cecilia Oche, outside of Rochester, under the inhuman circumstances published. On Monday, from the description given by the girl, the police arrested Howard, the negro, in the town of Penfield. He was brought to Rochester and identified by the girl, who was suffering from the injuries she had received. The announcement of the arrest spread like wildfire, and an attempt was made to lynch the miserable prisoner on his way to the jail. The police only succeeded in bringing him safely to the prison by drawing their revolvers. The excitement increased the next day (Tuesday), and open threats were made that summary vengeance would be taken. The announcement that the poor little sufferer had died of her injuries, although not founded on facts, lent an exasperation to the public mind which the evening papers, reciting the conclusiveness of the evidence against the prisoner, raised to fever heat. It may not be out of place here to give credit to a belief which is lately taking hold of the popular mind, and which we state before attempting to explain—viz., that trials for capital crimes are becoming farces in which lawyers seek to gain a noisy prominence, and that the ends of justice are persistently defeated by mere quibbles. The hasty verdict of the populace in such a case as the present with regard to the guilt or innocence of an alleged criminal is merely their instinctive hatred of the crime concentrated on the accused, and, as such, biassed towards condemning him. The safeguards placed by law around a citizen on trial they regard as stumbling blocks and needless delays, and they look back to the days of "a short shrift and a long rope" with a fierce scorn of "modern improvements."

We have dwelt upon the growth and intensification of these exciting causes in this negro's regard to show that the authorities at Rochester must have known and felt the danger which was arising there. We are assured that they were conscious of their duty to protect the wretch in their keeping at all hazards; but it is not so certain that while feeling their responsibility as officials they recognized the full measure of their duty as men dealing with a mob of fellow citizens, maddened by an unusual, abhorrent crime. The police assembled at the jail and the militia were assembled under arms at the arsenal. As evening drew on about one hundred of the National Guards were marched to the prison. At eight o'clock the police charged on the crowd which had assembled and were uttering loud threats; they succeeded in dispersing it for the time being. An hour later found a mob of one thousand persons about the jail, some of them throwing stones at the soldiers. At this time the order was given, "Forward!" and a detachment of the militia advanced at the charge, evidently to clear the streets, which could easily have been done. Then while still advancing, some stones were thrown, and two companies fired a volley into the crowd, killing two men and wounding a man and a boy.

The moral of the whole story lies in this last act, and it suggests the very grave question. Are there no rules to be observed by military bodies, no precaution to be observed, no warning given before life is ruthlessly sacrificed in this way? It has almost always been considered due to humanity in civilized countries that blank cartridges should be first fired on a crowd before proceeding to fire bullets. Unfortunately in this case, annoying as the yelling and stone throwing may have been, it does not appear that there was any necessity for firing at all. It is undoubted that there should be some clear, simple rules laid down to guide the military in dealing in dealing with civil disturbances, outside of which it would be criminal to go; but they could only at best be such as would suggest themselves to any cool-brained officer who knew how to restrain as well as lead his men. Recent events have shown that our citizen soldiers, unused to being brought face to face with these abnormal occurrences, are apt to be too hasty in the use of their weapons. If the officers need coolness, the rank and file need a discipline of patience and self restraint to which they are evidently strangers. We submit these things to those in high authority to see if there cannot be formulated some regulations whereby the soldier's inestimable virtue, self-control, may be enjoined, and some line drawn between firing as duty and rash, irresponsible slaughter.

At the latest accounts cannon had been planted around the jail, and all the reserved military force called out. The police made a charge on the rioters yesterday afternoon, dispersing them. The prisoner had been indicted by the Grand Jury, and the necessity of removing him from the jail was avoided. Fortunately for the peace of the city the heavy rain of last night did much to preserve quietness by sending the mob home. These people must learn that they cannot take the law into their own hands, and they and the military must remember that we cannot afford to let the freedom of our institutions, gained and preserved at such cost, be frittered away before mob law or military intemperance. The corpses of the two respectable citizens killed on Tuesday night should be a lesson to both.—*N. Y. Herald, 4th.*

Dyspepsia.

Appleton's Journal has the annexed article on the subject of Dyspepsia, a somewhat fashionable complaint, which those who are afflicted should "read carefully and inwardly digest."

"If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service for him to follow any particular regimen—to live on chaff bread, or any such stuff—to weigh his food, &c., so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its function. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting room, and takes no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he put nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please, provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye bread or eat oat meal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any treaties on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them directly into the fire.—If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate."

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing, than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another, than to knock him down.

It is very often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven, but the latter sometimes forgotten.

WOMAN.

BY A WOMAN.

Why is there no such appreciation now-a-days of our sex as when Jacob sought a life-companion? why no such wholesome service of seven years rendered for a virtuous and lovely Rachel? Is it because custom has changed, or have *we* changed, and there are no more Rachels? Ah! thereby hangs a secret, and a very serious one. We, who get credit—perhaps discredit—for making secrets, ought to analyze this one. Are we willing so to do? We never like to tell tales out of school when the tales are of ourselves; when they dive into the recesses of our chacter, and bring out, not hidden pearls and precious diamonds, but worse than useless shells.

When one class of woman are loudly talking of, and clamoring for, women's rights, the other, purer, better, nobler class, who are women, and not an unnatural blending of the masculine and feminine should talk humbly, trustingly, lovingly and intelligently of duty—and faithfully perform it.—And one duty lying close at hand, is, to sift ourselves, and find what has metamorphosed us. We are not like our dear mothers who were true noble women. We are not Marys sitting—as true women ought to do—at Jesus' feet, receiving from his Divine lips the lessons of love and wisdom; or Marthas, busy about household duties, making home beautiful and happy. We are slaves, very slaves—it is no extravagant term, no imaginary thraldom—to fashion, pleasure—no! I shall not disgrace that sweet word; amusement, *merely*, comes nearest the truth—and street-gadding. To fashion, because we devote at least half our time—precious, invaluable time—to being fashionable. We make and repair, arrange and rearrange, put on and take off, compare and blend all these appendages and trappings of fashion, until half our time and all our money are gone. I would not, if I could, condemn beauty, real taste in the attire of our sex. I think our bountiful Benefactor has endowed us with the capability of dressing so as to look lovely. I abhor the dress of my sex that is not tastefully put on—be it cheap looking or elegant. But fashion is not taste, necessarily, too often the reverse; and there surely can be no sense in being slaves thereto.

No time left to dress the soul, no time to improve the mind—no time to visit the sick and distressed, to sooth the pillow of the dying, and wipe the tears of troubled bereaved ones—*all* prostituted to fashion. No money to purchase clothing for the naked, or feed the hungry, and relieve the destitute. No money to send the gospel to those "waiting for day"—all spent to satisfy the selfish, craving, all absorbing desire of Dame Fashion. No heart to pray, for fashion has the heart. Deny it we cannot; we cannot plead "not guilty."

Then how much of our time is made subservient to fashion by amusement. We must "go some place" to show the superfluous attire with which fashion has adorned (I beg pardon for so perverting and misapplying a beautiful word) us. And leading this life, we gather no food for the soul; it is left naked, while the body is groaning beneath a burden of superfluities. But nourishment the mind must have of some kind; and if not of a wholesome quality, it becomes diseased; and this disease developes itself in our seeking foreign amusements. Go, we must, somewhere, let the surroundings be questionable or not—there are some left untouched by the tyrants, to their praise be it said—and, sad fact, no time, no heart even to lift the voice in prayer to God, to say nothing of other noble duties, without the performance of which we cannot be true women—and surely not Christians.

Street gadding—and by using the term I do not mean to exclude our sex from all necessary, social and pleasant duties—is what but an utter disregard of time, and a provocation of obscene remarks from many not-*all*—of the opposite sex; and well for us if only the guilty were the victims, but the innocent must suffer—the trifling, disrespectful remark falls upon many who deserve a more complimentary tribute.

So street gadding takes in fashion and amusement, for while we are at this profitable(?) employment are we not showing the styles to all who may choose to gaze, giving ourselves, every day, fresh opportunities of exhibiting and advertising that which ought to be in its proper place—the advertising columns of the daily or weekly newspaper; and aren't we thereby "amusing ourselves"—but there are some who could cast the first stone, because innocent.

These three absolute tyrants occupy our hearts, monopolize our time and make us selfish, exacting, peevish *creatures*—I won't say women. There is no time, on the part of the wife, of a morning, much less of an evening, to spend pleasantly with the husband, famishing for the social blessings of the home circle, and heart sore because he cannot have them; who would prize them far above all the pleasures such exacting companions as fashion, etc., can bring, and who would love and esteem his wife far above her most extravagant desires (and love is, after all just what does make us dependent, confiding beings happy) were she more devoted to home duties. No time to place his slippers by the fire, or sew on the missing button—no time to greet him with a smile as he enters the breakfast room. The smile is lavished upon the "dear friends" whom she meets at the place of amusement. No kiss as he goes to his office or shop—depend upon it, wife, unless he has honor as strong and pure as Joseph's he will get the smile and kiss some place, and you need not blame him, either; blame your own misguided affections. The kisses are reserved for some "sweet" street gadder—a near relative of her own. No pleasant conversation at the dinner and tea-table. That is reserved for the "delightful" companions met where the lovers of fashion and amusement congregate. Is it strange that such a wife has never crowned her.

"————disrowned brow
Out of man's love?"

The children of such a mother, upon whose mind the image of immortality is enstamped, are left to find companionship—no matter where, social ties they will form, and if Mother cannot find time, for being so preoccupied with fashion and its accompaniments, to furnish them with the so much needed society, they will find it on the street with other children—whose mothers are fashionable—or, possibly, in the kitchen with the servants.—Never taught wholesome moral lessons, which the retentive memory of childhood would never lose, much less taught religious lessons from God's Holy Word—prayed with in the secrecy of the chamber, nor taught to pray for themselves. What a judgment awaits such mothers!

The young lady sister cannot find either disposition or time to attend to the real or imaginary wants of the younger sisters, and no time to help "brother Will" with his lessons, smooth his soft curling hair, and, perhaps, his ruffled temper. Dear? kind 'papa' is allowed to find his own gloves and don his own overcoat. The cat and canaries are left to the management and mercy of the servant girl, who seeing the folly and fashion of the young lady, tries to imitate her, and spends her time and wages trying—leaving major and minor duties with cat and canaries to do themselves, or be done by somebody more unfashionable. What evils accrue from this vain, wicked life so many of us spend!

Can such wives, ignoring all that is true and pure, be performing the solemn vows under which they placed themselves at the holy marriage altar? Can such mothers be training their off spring for the land of eternal light? Can such daughters, sacrificed on the unholy alter of fashion, be noble wives and faithful mothers, when in the providence of God called on to fill these high stations? Not one of them will make a Leah of pure ambition, or an amiable Rachel for man to love, and make a covert to himself from the stormy winds of temptation and dissipation.—*Philipsburg Journal.*

Food and Drink.

[Prof. Wilder of Cornell University.]

1. Food should be palatable and not highly seasoned; it should consist of more than one, but not of many different articles; it should vary in quantity and quality according to age, climate, weather and occupation. Sugars, starches and fats contain a large proportion of carbon, and are thought to be more heating and less nutritious; albuminoids contain nitrogen, and are thought to be more nutritious. The whole (unbolted) or partially bolted grains are found to be good and sufficient food for dogs, horses and men; but nature demands variety. As a rule carnivora are not wholesome food. Hot, soft bread digests slowly.

2. Bad cooking may spoil good food. Pork should be thoroughly cooked.—Avoid frying meat; boil, roast or broil it, beginning with a high heat; but for *soups*, begin lukewarm.

3. Three full meals daily are customary and may be natural; but their number, their relative quantity and quality, and the intervals between them, are largely matters of opinion, habit and convenience, regularity is very important. Avoid lunches, so called.

4. Eat something, or drink a cup of coffee, within an hour after rising, especially if obliged to labor or study; but avoid both of these before breakfast if possible, and particularly exposure to malaria or contagion.

5. Let the amount of a meal bear some relation to the future needs as well as present appetite, but it is better to carry an extra pound in your pocket than in your stomach.

6. Eat in pure air and pleasant company—light conversation and gentle exercise promote digestion, but hard work of any kind retards it. Avoid *severe* bodily or mental labor just before, and for two hours after a full meal.

7. Eat slowly; masticate well; five minutes more at dinner may give you better use of an hour afterward.—Drink little at meals, and never a full glass of very hot or cold liquid. Never wash down a mouthful. Avoid waste of saliva by expectoration.

8. Evacuate the bowels daily, and above all regularly; the best time is after breakfast; partly to be rid of a physical burden during the day, chiefly to relieve the brain.

9. Constipation is safer than diarrhœa. For the former, exercise, ride horseback, knead the belly, take a glass of cold water before breakfast, eat fruit and laxitive food; for the latter, follow an opposite course; toast, crust, crackers and rice are then the best food.

10. Intemperance is any kind of excess; the term is generally restricted to the use of stimulant articles, tea and coffee, opium, tobacco and alcoholic drinks. It is my belief that any of these may be used in a temperate manner, and without sensible injury; that there is a radical distinction between their stimulant and their narcotic doses, but that their effects may be determined by the time and manner of using them, and by individual peculiarities. Never chew tobacco; smoke the milder kinds, and in long clay pipes, which should be changed often. Use pure wine, if any; avoid distilled liquors; take no liquor upon an empty stomach. I advise no person to begin the use of any stimulant until of age, or able to judge of his necessities and liabilities to intemperance.

Poor Carlotta is as crazy as ever. Her last mania is to imagine herself surrounded again by the court of Mexico. This lady of her suite is made grade mistress of the palace; that gentleman a minister of state, and so on. Often when alone she places the chairs around her in order, hangs dresses upon them and asks question and gives answers to these strange ladies of honor.

Letter of Hon. Geo H. Pendleton.

The Hon. Geo. H. Pendleton sent the following letter in reply to a committee of Democrats of Wooster, Ohio, who invited him to attend their celebration of the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans. His points against the corruption of the Administration and its centralized military character, as also his opinion of the passive policy and of the duty of the dissatisfied Republicans to organize an opposition against Grant in cooperation with the Democrats, will be received with the attention they deserve:

CINCINNATI, Dec. 30, 1871.

Messrs. Eshlemen, Feristone, Baughman, Committee of Invitation.

GENTLEMEN: I regret that I cannot accept your invitation to be present at the next annual celebration of the 8th of January. It would have given me great pleasure to meet and take counsel of those who are so well grounded in the faith and practice of Democracy as the men of Wayne county, and with them to recall the principles and example of the founders of our party.

Two great dangers imperil free institutions under the policy of the party now in power. The spirit of centralized military government attacks everywhere the Constitution, and corruption in office destroys the civil Administration. I do not speak merely or chiefly of special defalcations however startling, but of the general degredation of the standard of official integrity until the offices in both the civil and military service seem to be considered the property of the party, to be dispensed and administered primarily for party aggrandizement or personal property.

These dangers grow out of and are inseparable from the present organization of the Republican party. Its foundation, its history, and its leaders recognize military power and the corrupting use of money by official patronage as legitimate forces in ordinary civil Administration, and now more than ever are they brought into active exercise. The Democratic party confronts this theory and denounces these practices.

Founded upon the idea of local government, jealous of powers granted to authority, taught that simplicity and economy are essential to the honesty necessary in Republican institutions, it maintains with more determined purpose that the military must be subordinate to the civil authority, and that offices are a trust for the people, not spoils for the victors.

Its powerful organization enters every village in the land, and numbers among its adherents nearly one half the people—as intellectual, as pure, as patriotic, as unselfish as any of their fellow citizens. They are too numerous to be cowardly. They are too patriotic to be luke-warm. They are too sincere in their purposes and convictions to be driven to despondency by ten years of reverses. They have shown constancy in defeat as well as wisdom in victory. If I understand their feelings they will neither disband their organization nor flee the field before the contest commences. Either course, they believe, would give undisputed sway to the present Administration, which could then give undivided attention to the deserters from its ranks.

An advancing army, with the enemy either dispersed or in fight, never loses divisions or regiments, or even companies, and is generally able to pick off or to pick up treacherous or thoughtless stragglers.

If there be, as is claimed, many members of the Republican party who disapprove the ideas which dominate the Administration of President Grant, and are prepared to oppose his reelection, they should declare their purposes, organize their party, develope and manifest their strength, and if I may predict the future, they will have no just cause, even the most sensitive and timid among them, for refusing to co-operate with the Democratic party. When its authorized convention shall speak it will remind its adherents that the ultimate and highest purpose of its existence is to secure the greatest prosperity, in its best sense, of every human being in the land; that principles of government are true or untrue, as they contribute to this result; that parties and politics and offices are but means to this end; that principles are of different application, and questions lose their importance in the ever-shifting changes of human affairs, and discarding all narrow ideas, abandoning the consideration of all questions which have been decided or buried by the events which have passed; recognizing the accomplished facts of the present, and appreciating the dangers of the future, it will invite, both by words and by deeds, both by resolutions and by nominations, the zealous, hearty co-operation of all men who believe that the Constitution is a better system of government than martial law, and that reform in the civil service is a higher duty than rewarding prospective partisan effort by distributing spoils.

By this course the party, I should hope, would attain success. If it should once more fail, as an honest, faithful, patriotic minority, it will hold an important position and exert an immense moral power over the majority; and it may well wait with faith the inevitable hour which will crown its fidelity and patience with the success which it will have deserved.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice, is by showing them, in pretty plain terms, the consequence of injustice.

A disgusted Ohioan, wishing to commit suicide in a novel manner, applied for admission to a small-pox hospital.

William Shakespeare still lives in Alabama, and is celebrated as a very successful mellow drammer.

The Novel-Reading Disease.

Physicians are familiar with a complaint which, although sufficiently specific, has yet no name of its own. The patient suffers from an alarming and morbid thirst, and consumes a perfectly fabulous amount of fluid, almost always of an unwholesome character. Tea in a highly diluted state, *cui sucre*, raspberry vinegar and water, soda water, or some other abominable mess, is taken by the gallon, and the unnatural craving is stimulated by indulgence.

"Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops
Nec sitim pellit."

Wholesome food is refused; no exercise is taken, and the patient finally sinks into a flabby and sickly condition, which nothing but severe and determined treatment will shake off. The dropsical habit of body finds its exact analogue in the species of mental dropsy which is produced by over indulgence in three-volumed novels.—This terrible complaint is one of the worst evils which modern civilization has brought with it. Its progress is gradual, very insidious, and often almost imperceptible. At first all that is noticed is that the sufferer is apt to be found bent over a novel at unnatural hours—as, say, in the early morning, or in the middle of a beautiful summer's afternoon. Soon, however, the disease becomes more pronounced, and in its worst stage novels are got through at the rate of three or four, or even five, a week, or at an average, in a severe and chronic case, of some two hundred and fifty or three hundred a year. At first some discrimination is used, and one writer is, perhaps, preferred to another—Mr. Trollope, say, to Mrs. Ross Church, or "Ouida" to the author of "Guy Livingstone." Very soon, however, the taste becomes deadened and blunted, and all power of discrimination is lost. In this stage the unhappy patient can no more do without her novel than can a confirmed dipsomaniac without his dram. The smaller circulating libraries, which lend out very second-hand volumes indeed at a penny a volume, are put under contribution, and any amount of garbage is swallowed wholesale. Quality is held absolutely of no importance, and quantity is everthing. The very process of reading becomes more or less mechanical, and seems to afford a species of mechanical pleasure or satisfaction, a novel of the feeblest possible type being read as religiously from cover to cover and yielding apparently as much enjoyment as if it were a second "Romolo." It is no uncommon thing for a young lady in whom the complaint has assumed a chronic form to have read the whole of Scott, the whole of Thackery, the whole of Dickens, the whole of Trollope, the whole of Anne Thomas, the whole of Mrs. Ross Church, the whole of Mrs. Braddon, the whole of Lawrence, and, into the bargain, some four or five hundred other novels by less famous hands.—When the disease is thus confirmed the dropsical habit of mind becomes apparent. The conversation of the patient becomes flabby and limp.—Her interest in all ordinary subjects—except, perhaps, the latest fashions, or the most scandalous portions of evidence in the Ticheborne case, or the marriage of the Princess Beatrice—flickers feebly in the socket, and finally dies out. The last stage—that of absolue imbecility—is now, unless very powerful remedies are exhibited, a mere matter of time.

It is too clear, unfortunately, why it is that so many woman thus waste their time and rot their minds. They read novels exactly as some young men smoke and drink bitter beer—for sheer want of something to do. What a woman needs is an education which shall enable her to read and follow the parliamentary debates instead of the police and divorce reports; and when women are thus educated then feeble novels and feeble novelists will vex our souls no longer to the horrible extent to which they irritate us at present. Of such an education we may say it is not to be got in books, unless, indeed, books can give sound, healthy common sense, and wholesome interest in common subjects. But men can give it by making the woman of their families their companions, and that they should neglect to give it shows, after all, how terribly deep seated is the extraordinary notion that the intellectual difference between men and women is one of kind and not of degree.

Similes, Grotesque and Comical.

A grotesque simile is sometimes very expressive. We may mention those of Daniel Webster, who likened the word "would," in Rufus Choate's handwriting, to a small gridiron struck by lightning; of a sailor who likened a gentleman whose face was covered with whiskers up to his very eyes, to a rat peeping out of a bunch of oakum; or a Western reporter, who, in a weather item on a cold day, said that the sun's rays in the effort to thaw the ice were as futile as the dull reflex of a painted yellow dog; of a conductor, who, in a discussion as to speed, said the last time he ran his engine from Syracuse, the telegraph poles on the side of the road looked like a fine-tooth comb. Similes of a like character are often heard among the common people, and are supposed to be the peculiar property of Western orators. Instances: As sharp as the little end of nothing; big as all outdoors; it strikes me like a thousand bricks; slick as grease, or greased lightning; melancholy as a quaker meeting by moonlight; flat as a flounder; quick as a wink; not enough to make gruel for a sick grasshopper; not clothes enough to wad a gun; as limp and limber as an India-rubber stove pipe; uneasy as a cat in a strange garret;