

The Elk County Advocate.

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From Tennyson's "In Memoriam." F A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN!

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To paupers of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but as serves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off in last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs the dream, but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fall beyond the grave,
Derives not from what we have
But liketh God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then a strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life?

That I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear.

I filtered where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope'd through darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

"So careful of the type!" but no
From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries: "A thousand types are gone;
I care for nothing; all shall go."

"Thou makest thine appeal to me;
I bring to thee, I bring to thee;
The spirit does not mean the breath,
I know not more." And he, shall he,

Man, her last works, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the Psalm to wintery skies,
Who built him fane of fruitlest prayers,

Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love, Creative final law,
Though Nature lent him tooth and claw
With rapine, shrieked against his creed—

Who loved, who suffered, countless ills,
Who battled for the true, the just,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

No more! A monster then a dream,
A discord, Dragons of the prime,
That tear each other in their crimes,
Were mellow music matched with him.

Oh, life as fertile, then, as fall!
Oh, for thy voice to sooth and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

MISS BRIGGS' ENEMY.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

Mr. Perry was an old bachelor, and Miss Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the brick house on the hill, and she in the cottage opposite, and they were mortal enemies. He despised her because she kept two cats and a canary, and she loathed him for his affection for a huge mastiff and a knock-kneed horse.

"Why on earth the man don't try to get a decent horse is more than I can imagine!" she would say, as he plodded up to the door. "I believe that he is too mean and miserly to buy one."

Miss Briggs would hardly be pleased, had she known that Mr. Perry rode back and forth on his worn-out piece of horse-flesh, for the purpose of annoying her.

They never spoke, but yet they managed to keep up a perfect warfare, by disagreeable manners and wretched glances.

She sat upon her lawn beneath the canary bird in the window, with her cats perched upon the sill, and her knitting in her hand, throwing glances of scorn to the opposite side, where he, with cigar and newspaper, and boots a few inches higher than his head, received and paid them back with interest.

His detestable dog came over and ran through her garden, destroying all her beautiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him a hot bath which sent him howling to his master, and when said master remonstrated, sent word that she would treat him worse next time.

Her little red cow broke through his enclosure and devoured his turnips and cabbages, and he led her home, and informed Miss Briggs that a second offence would give her a comfortable pasture in the pond.

For two years they lived and fought and no one could bring about peace between them. "It was a pity, the neighbors all said, for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and there was not a finer man in the country than Mr. Perry."

"Julia, love," said Mrs. Perkins, one afternoon, as she entered the cozy parlor, "I am going to have a party, and I want you to come down in the afternoon to tea, and remain during the evening. Every one will be there."

"Will that old bawler over the way be there?"

"Mr. Perry? O, yes! We could not get along without him."

"Then that settles the matter. I shan't go."

"Now, Julia, don't be so foolish! If you remain at home he will think that you are afraid of him."

Miss Briggs thought the matter over—

Well, it would look a little like it, and she would not have him think so for the world—the conceited wretch!

Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was arranged that Miss Briggs was to spend the afternoon, and remain for the party.

She was a pretty, little woman, and it was always a puzzle to every one why she never married. She had a round, rose face; clear, brown eyes, and beautiful hair, and sweet little mouth, and if she was near thirty, there was not a smarter woman in town.

She stood before the gilt framed, looking-glass in the little chamber, and fastened her lace collar over the neck of her maroon colored dress, with a plain gold brooch, and began to think that she looked very well.—There was a bright healthy flush upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of light and beauty.

She walked into Mrs. Perkins' sitting-room, and found her awaiting her with a smiling face. She thought that she must be in a very good humor, but said nothing, allowing the good lady to smile as long and pleasantly as she wished.

She understood it all when supper time came, and Mr. Perkins entered followed by Mr. Perry. This was a well laid plan to make the two become friends!

Miss Briggs bit her lips, and inwardly vowed that nothing should tempt her to give "that man her hand in friendship." She hated him and always would!

He was placed directly opposite at the table, and many times forced to pass the biscuit, cakes or preserves, and she, Briggs, accepted them, although she declared to Mrs. Perkins after supper, that they nearly choked her.

Before evening they both were persuaded to overlook the horse and cow difficulty, and Miss Briggs was frightened when the found herself talking to him with easy and pleasant familiarity.

The party was a success, and although the sports were generally monopolized by the younger portion, they found room for the old maid and her enemy, and several times they found themselves doing most ridiculous things in the way of paying forfeits.

At the end of the evening Miss Briggs was at the door ready to depart, when he called: "Miss Briggs, I am going up your way—Will you wait?"

Would she ride behind the old horse, and beside that detestable man? She was wondering whether she would or not, when Mrs. Perkins came and triumphantly led her out, and packed her into the carriage.

It was dark as pitch, and they had to let the horse go his way, and find it the best he could. He did so very well until they reached the cottage, and then he was bewildered.

Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to no purpose. He then took out the whip—Whether his natural dislike to the article, or the memory of the indignities he had suffered from the hands of the owner of the cottage, or whether it is hard to decide, but at all events he kicked up his heels, ran a few rods and fell, overturning the buggy and its precious contents.

Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unharmed, but Mr. Perry was as silent as the grave. She ran shouting through the darkness until Mr. Perry's "help" came out with a lantern to her assistance.

They found the poor man half dead beneath the carriage, and while Dan was at work, Miss Briggs ran home for her own servant. After much labor they succeeded in extricating him from the wreck, but he was senseless, and they bore him home and sent for the village doctor. Upon examination they found his leg to be broken, and thus Miss Briggs' enemy was at her mercy.

The days and weeks that followed were dreadful ones to the poor sufferer, but Miss Briggs never left him. Day and night she stood beside him, and her little plump hands administered to every want.

She forgot the cow and his turnips. He forgot the cats and canary. He only saw a little patient woman, with a pretty rose face, trim figure and tender hands—and would you believe it? he fell in love with her!

How could he help it? She had sat by him through the dreary days of pain, she had brought him her preserves, her wines and nice fragrant cordials. She had made blande munge and delicate cataplasms, and in all probability saved his life.

What could he do? Nothing but fall in love.

"Miss Briggs!" he said, one day when he was able to sit up.

"Well Mr. Perry?"

"You have been very good to me, and I feel as though I owe you a great deal."

"There's now stop right where you are.—You owe me nothing."

"But would you mind if I trespassed a little further on your good nature?"

"Not at all."

"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in charge for the rest of my natural life?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me? There!"

Miss Briggs blushed and her answer came thus: "I will marry you."

There was a wedding in church a few weeks later, and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry live in the brick house, and the cottage is rented to a young man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry bequeathed her cats and canary.

The mastiff and the knock-kneed old horse are with the forefathers.

A Touching Sketch.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face whose large, heavy eyes shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own, "what do I want with chestnuts?"

"But please, sir, do buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for 'em, and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of carelessly passing her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, do not cry, in such a heart broken way," said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness, "I

don't want your chestnuts, but here's a quarter for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stay to hear the delightful incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth.

"That cut off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours!" I don't care, though, for the brown eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world.—Hang it, I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the Slough of Despond!"

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-eyed little damsel whom he had confronted, was dashing down the street with quick elastic step, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall rancid rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase to a room where a pale neat looking woman was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of the absent fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?"

"No, mother; mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a whole quarter! Only think, mother, a whole quarter!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused around it, in the poor widow's poverty-stricken room, he would have grudging still less the temporary price of a cigar to which his generosity had subjected him.

Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory, as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver piece.

"The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night—the fire was glowing cheerfully in the well-baked grate, and the dinner table set in a glitter with old glass, rare china, and polished silver, only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance.

"There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight fell full on the face of an humble looking man in worn and threadbare garments, who stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flashed, "who is that man—and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, love, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant messengership in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary—I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary," said the lover himself with an affectionate kiss. "I'll believe I've got his address, somewhere about me."

An hour or two later, when Bobby, and Frank and Little Mamma were locked snugly up in bed in the spacious nursery above stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife!" said her husband, folding her fondly in his breast, "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting the self-same night in his poor lodgings beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bethel!" he exclaimed, joyously, as he read the brief words: we shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation!"

"You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor.

Moore stopped to cover the stray. It was a fifty dollar bill, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written:

"In grateful remembrance of the silver quarter that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut about twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many days it had returned to him.

CUTTING OFF DEAD HEADS.—The New York TRIBUNE says:

Among the announcements from Washington is an unpromising little paragraph to the effect that the Postmaster General has revoked all commissions as special agents of the postoffice other than those under pay and assigned to duty. The meaning of this is that hereafter Gov. Randall's crowd of adventurers and confidence men are to be stopped from traveling free over all railroads and steamboats of the country. Whenever the Postmaster General wanted to oblige a friend, or send some striker off to cork up a Convention or manipulate a caucus, he made him a special agent without pay. The commission was simply a universal railroad and steamboat pass. Sometimes a single train going into Washington would contain a dozen of these "Postal Agents" whose "green seals" were flourished in the face of conductors in lieu of tickets. A train between New York and Washington was scarcely ever without a brace of them. Men made business trips over the whole South and West on Postal Agent commissions. Of course the railroads found some way to get even with the Department, and the Government eventually had all the promiscuous free riding to pay for. Mr. Cresswell is not too prompt in striking at the root of the discredit abuse.

A man in Rhode Island was sent to jail for ten days for sleeping in church. Nothing was done to the clergyman.

SEALS.—The talents of the seal are manifest from the agility which he displays in catching fish for his master, to the capacity he has shown in learning actually to speak. More than one seal has been taught to utter distinctly the word "Papa," and several animals of the kind are reported to have pronounced several words at a time. Nor must their love for music be forgotten, which is so great that they will rise from the water and remain nearly standing upright as long as the instrument is played, to which they listen with unmistakable pleasure. It is not so long since one of this remarkable race came every day for six weeks from the waters of the Mediterranean, to take her rest under the divan of a custom-house officer in Smyrna. The latter had tamed her, and placed a few rough planks at the distance of about three feet from the water's edge upon his couch, and on these boards the seal loved to rest for several hours, giving vent to her delight, oddly enough, in a profusion of sighs like those of a suffering man. She ate readily the rice and the bread which offered her, though she seemed to have some trouble in softening the former sufficiently to swallow it with ease. After an absence of several days, the affectionate creature reappeared with a young one under her arm, but a month later she plunged one day, frightened, into the water, and was never seen again.

Nearly about the same time, another seal appeared suddenly in the very midst of the port of Constantinople, undisturbed by the number of caiques dashing to and fro, and the noise of their passengers. One day the boat of the French legation was crossing over to Pera, loaded with wine for the ambassador. A drunken sailor was sitting astride on the cask, and singing boisterously, when all of a sudden the seal raised himself out of the water, seized the sailor with his left arm, and threw himself with his prey into the waves. He reappeared at some distance, still holding the man under his fin, as if wishing to display his agility, and then sank once more, leaving the frightened, sobered sailor, to make his way back to the boat. Surely, nothing more than one such occurrence was needed to give rise to the many romances of former ages: if the same, even, had happened in earlier days the seal would have been a beautiful Nereid, who, having conceived a passion for the hapless sailor, had risen to take him down to her palace under the waves.—[Putnam's Magazine.

An anecdote of Wendell Phillips has recently come to our knowledge, and we think it too good to be kept longer out of print. About a year ago Mr. Phillips arrived in a certain Western town to deliver his lectures on the Lost Arts. He had been particularly requested by the secretary to give that lecture, and, no other; but, after getting to the town, he learned from a friend that the local Democratic committee had decided that they had the abolition orator on a safe subject. Mr. Phillips was introduced with a very emphatic announcement that he was to lecture on the Lost Arts. What was the horror of the committee as the orator proceeded during the first fifteen minutes to describe the Democratic party as one of the Lost Arts, tracing its career with his own terrible sarcasm, invective, and ridicule. After thus punishing the committee to his heart's content, he went on with his lecture as usual. Meantime, the committee learned a useful lesson in the philosophy of discussion and came to the conclusion that any lecturer who is worth hearing is rather disinclined to being put into a cage.

THE CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA CONFERENCE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.—This Conference, which was recently in session at Danville, was formed by the late General Conference at Chicago. It was a part of the old Baltimore Conference, but was divided twelve years ago, and this present Conference included in what was known as the East Baltimore Conference. The following boundary was fixed by the General Conference:

Central Pennsylvania Conference shall be bounded as follows: On the south, by the State line from the Susquehanna river to the west boundary of Bedford county, excepting so much of the State of Pennsylvania as is included in Baltimore Conference; on the west by the west line of Bedford, Blair and Clearfield counties, except so much of Clearfield county as is embraced in the Erie Conference; thence to Saint Mary's, on the north, by the line extending from Saint Mary's eastward to Emporium; thence by the southern boundary of Potter and Tioga, excepting such portion of Tioga, as is in Liberty Valley Circuit; thence through Sullivan county north of Laporte to the west line of Wyoming county; on the east, by Wyoming Conference; north line of the Philadelphia Conference; thence on the northern line of Carbon, Schuylkill and Dauphin counties to the Susquehanna river, including Ashland, Beaver Meadow and White Haven Circuits; thence to the Susquehanna river to the place of beginning.

This is, therefore, a purely Pennsylvania Conference.

A PUZZLED YANKEE.—Jinks tells a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, replied to all the question straight forwardly until the inquirer was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired—

"Look here, 'Squire—where was you born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont St., No. 44, left hand side, on the 1st day of August, 1820, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren, nurse Sally Benjamin."

Jinks was answered completely. For a moment he was struck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:

"Yes, well I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

A Shiftless Man.

The Editor of DRAWER OF HARPER'S MONTHLY for April has the following:

In the spring of 1841 I searched for a studio in which to set up my easel. My "house-hunting" ended at the New York University, where I found what I wanted in one of the tenements of that stately edifice. When I had fixed my choice the janitor, who accompanied me in my examination of the rooms, threw open a door on the opposite side of the hall and invited me to enter. I found myself in what was evidently an artist's studio, but every object in it bore indubitable signs of thrift and neglect. The statuettes, busts, and models of various kinds were covered with dust and cobwebs; dusty canvases were faced to the wall, and stumps of brushes and scraps of paper littered the floor. The only signs of industry consisted of a few masterly crayon drawings and a little luscious study of color pinned to the wall.

"You will have an artist for your neighbor," said the janitor, "though he is not here much of late; he seems to be getting rather shiftless; he is wasting his time over some silly invention, a machine by which he expects to send messages from one place to another. He is a very good painter, and might do well if he would only stick to his business; but, Lord," he added, with a sneer of supreme contempt, "the loss of selling by a little streak of lightning what a body is saying at the other end of it! His friends think he is crazy on the subject, and are trying to dissuade him from it, but he persists in it until he is almost ruined."

Judge of my astonishment when he informed me that the "shiftless" individual, whose foolish waste of time so excited his commiseration, was none other than the President of the National Academy of Design—the most exalted position, in my youthful artistic fancy, it was possible for mortal to attain.—S. F. B. Morse, since much better known as the inventor of the electric telegraph. But a little while after this his fame was flashing through the world, and the unbelievers who voted him insane were forced to confess that there was at least "method in his madness."

On Christmas Eve last, at Cumberland, Md., a gang of ruffians broke into the colored Methodist Church in that city, where a Fair was being held by the members of the congregation, and, without any provocation, murdered a colored man named Wesley Ross, who was attending the Fair with his wife and child. The assassins and their accomplices, ultra "nigger haters" and active partisans, were arrested, taken before a magistrate and during their examination deliberately walked out of the magistrate's office. The State's Attorney had them again taken into custody, and George W. Sills and John McGirr were indicted by the Grand Jury of Allegany county for murder, and another of the gang, Thomas Sammons, was tried there on the charge of assault with intent to kill, but was acquitted. With this fact before him, and it being evident that justice would not be awarded the alleged murderer, and a fair trial had in Allegany, the State's Attorney had the cases of McGirr and Sills removed to the Circuit Court of Washington county, where the trial, if such it can be called, took place last week. Three witnesses, who were standing in the immediate vicinity of the murder he met Sills and he heard Sills say that "he would give the black ———— a whipping and he would whip any white man who would take up for them," and after committing the deed, a Mrs. Miles (white) testified that she heard Sills boast that he had killed one nigger, and he would kill another he would kill them all, one by one, as fast as they would bring them to him. The verdict is a disgrace to the county and the State, and unworthy the days in which we live. So says the Baltimore AMERICAN.

Death of Gen. Phil. Kearney.

March 10.—We are informed by a prominent lawyer of this city that while sojourning in Amboy last night he passed a pleasant hour in company with a former rebel officer, who was attached to Stonewall Jackson's division of the Confederate army during the war, and who related an interesting reminiscence of the death of General Kearney of which said event he was an eye-witness.

"The gallant Kearney" he said "received his death wound from a private under my command, and when he fell from his horse I hastened, with many others, to the point where he lay, not supposing that his wound was a mortal one. Just as we reached his body, however, his limbs gave one convulsive quiver, and then all was over. Seeing that he was a Major General, word was sent to headquarters to that effect, and General Jackson coming to the spot immediately gave one glance at the dead officer's features, and exclaimed, 'My God, boys, do you know who you have killed? You have shot the most gallant officer in the United States army. This is Phil. Kearney, who lost his arm in the Mexican war.' He then involuntarily lifted his hat, every officer in the group followed his example, and for a moment a reverential silence was observed by all. Subsequently the body of the dead soldier was placed upon two boards, and when being removed to headquarters, was followed by General Jackson, General Ewell and other officers, while a regimental band preceded it playing a dead march."

FOR THE LADIES.—To keep the hands soft and white they should always be washed in warm water, using fine soap, and carefully dried with a moderately coarse towel, being well rubbed every time to insure a brisk circulation, than which nothing can be more effectual in promoting a transparent and soft surface. If engaged in any casual business which may hurt the color of the hands, or if they have been exposed to the sun, a little lemon juice will restore their whiteness, and lemon soap is proper to wash them with.

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.—This bill which was the first signed by the new Speaker and President Grant, is as follows:

Be it enacted, &c., That in order to remove any doubt as to the purpose of the government to discharge all just obligations to the public creditors and to settle conflicting questions and interpretations of the law by virtue of which such obligations have been contracted, it is hereby provided and declared that the faith of the United States is solemnly pledged to the payment in coin or its equivalent of all the obligations of the United States not bearing interest, known as United States notes, and of all the interest-bearing obligations, except in cases where the law authorizing the issue of any such obligations has expressly provided that the same may be paid in lawful money or in other currency than gold and silver; but none of the said interest-bearing obligations not already due shall be redeemed or paid before maturity, unless at such times as United States notes shall be convertible into coin at the option of the holder, or unless at such time as bonds of the United States bearing a lower rate of interest than the bonds to be redeemed can be sold at par in coin; and the United States also solemnly pledges its faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin.

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
SCUYLER COLFAX,
Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate.
Approved, U. S. GRANT.
March 18, 1869.

A BLACK VILLAIN.—We learn from the Repository that a negro named Adams, on Thursday last, outraged the persons of three white ladies near Chambersburg, one of the victims not being quite thirteen years old.—These outrages were committed at different times during the day and in different localities. The brutal wretch was promptly arrested and lodged in Fort Fletcher. The excitement was naturally intense among the citizens and considerable difficulty was experienced in restraining the crowd that surrounded the jail from forcibly taking the prisoner therefrom and lynch him on the spot. The Repository says: The prisoner is as black as the oak of spades; about 5 feet 4 inches high; of rather a stout build and possesses a most wicked countenance. He is a son of "Titus Adams," and has been "down the road" at least once. There are none who have more vindictive feelings against him than his own race, and if placed in their hands his punishment would be swift and certain.

WHILE we have only arrived at absolute equality of races after years of legislation and bloodshed, the Cuban revolutionists have at one fell swoop brushed away all distinction of caste, color or previous condition between the people of their devoted island. The revolutionary assembly, at a late convention, declared that slavery shall hereafter cease to exist in Cuba. All the rights and privileges of white men are granted to the manumitted slaves, and the cause of the master and his servant thereby made identical. This step on the part of the leaders of the revolution entitles them to the consideration and sympathy of the world. It proves that in their efforts for liberty they are willing to make greater sacrifices than the mere aiding of the cause by money and services. It shows that the principle that actuates the revolutionists is universal, unqualified freedom, and not the mere control of the island, and that to gain that freedom they are willing to lay by the prejudices of ages and unite heartily with a down-trodden race in the prosecution of their object. We extend the right hand of fellowship to emancipated Cuba.

THE POST WHITTIER.—A ship-builder of Naharport has named one of his first-class ships after the poet Whittier, who writes, to acknowledge the compliment that: "In the course of my life I have done something in the sea-faring line as well as in Spanish castles, but, unfortunately, my ships rarely come to port. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to feel that I have now an interest in a stauncher craft, substantial as oaken ribs and copper bolts can make her."

A LITTLE MISTAKE.—A worthy deacon in a town somewhere in North America, gave notice to a prayer meeting, the other night, of a church meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added: "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining!"

This is equaled by the clergymen who told in his sermon of a very affecting scene were "there wasn't a dry tear in the house."

An Ohio editor is getting particular about what he eats. Hear him: "The woman who made the butter which we bought last week is respectfully requested to exercise more judgment in proportioning the ingredients. The last batch had too much hair in for butter, and not quite enough for a waterfall.—There is no sense in making yourself bald-headed, if butter is 50 cents a pound."

PENNSYLVANIA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society has determined to hold its next annual exhibition on the 28th of September, 1869, to continue four days.—The place of exhibition is not yet determined, but will be announced about the 15th of April.

"Pound Parties" are the latest notion.—Those invited are expected to contribute one pound at least or something to eat.

The flower of youth never appears so beautiful as when it bends toward the Sun of Righteousness.

A Cincinnati jury rendered a verdict of not guilty with a recommendation to mercy.

An Albany paper announces that it will not, hereafter, take payment in dogs.