

Rafferty's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1865.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

The RAFFERTY'S JOURNAL is published on Wednesday at \$2.00 per annum in advance. ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at \$1.50 per square, for three or less insertions—Ten lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 50 cents. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

Business Directory.

IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawn Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside Pa. Sept. 23, 1863.

FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Or ders solicited—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.

GRANES & BARRETT, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 12, 1863.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store. May 26.

H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and Dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.

H. BUCHER SWOOP, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth door west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.

ARTS WICKES & HUSTON, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. June 20, 1864.

J. P. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, &c., Front Street, above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

WILLIAM F. IRWIN, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.

JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-work, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 19.

D. M. WOODS, Practising Physician, and Examining Surgeon for Pensions. Office, South-west corner of Second and Cherry Street, Clearfield, Pa. January 21, 1863.

THOMAS J. MCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the "Clearfield" Bank. Deals and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.

J. B. MCENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, at 24 street, one door south of Laniel's Hotel.

RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, &c., Room on Market street, a few doors west of Journal Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.

ARKIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal and other business entrusted to their care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. August 6, 1865.

THOMAS W. MOORE, Land Surveyor and Conveyancer. Office at his residence, 3 mile east of Pennville. Postoffice address, Clearfield, Pa. Deals and other instruments of writing neatly executed. June 7th, 1865.

W. M. ALBERT & BRO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Penn'a. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of sawed lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1865.

AUCTIONEER—The undersigned having been Licensed an Auctioneer, would inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to calling sales, in any part of the county, whenever called upon. Charges moderate. Address, JOHN MCULLIN, Bower Po., Clearfield Co., Pa. May 13.

AUCTIONEER—The undersigned having been Licensed an Auctioneer, would inform the citizens of Clearfield county that he will attend to calling sales, in any part of the county, whenever called upon. Charges moderate. Address, NATHANIEL KIRHEL, Clearfield, Pa. Feb. 22, 1865.

LICENSED AUCTIONEER—WILLIAM M. MCULLIN, of Pike township, desires to inform his friends and the public generally that he has taken out a License as an AUCTIONEER and will attend to the calling of sales, in any part of the county at the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable charges. Address, either personally or by letter, either at Curvesville or Clearfield, Pa. May 1, 1865.

FARMERS' MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF YORK, PA. Insures against loss or damage by fire. It is the safest company in the State, and has made no assessments since its establishment, and hence it is the most economical. S. J. ROW, Agent. June 21, 1865.

WHISKERS! WHISKERS!—Do you want Whiskers or Mustaches? Our Grecian Compound will force them to grow on the smooth face or chin, or hair on the head, in six weeks. Price, \$1.00. Sent by mail anywhere, closely sealed, on receipt of price. Address, WALKER & CO., Box 138 Brooklyn, N. York. March 29th, 1865.

KEYSTONE MARBLE WORKS, Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. J. BINN DEHAAS, respectfully informs the citizens of Clearfield, and adjoining counties, that he has just received a fine stock of foreign and domestic marble, which he will work into Monuments, Tombs, Head and Foot stones, Door-steps, Window sills and Lintels, Table, Stand and Bureau tops, &c., &c., on reasonable terms and short notice. All persons in want of anything in his line will please call, or address him by letter, at Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. July 26/65.

HAUPT & CO., at Miesburg, Pa., continue to furnish castings of every description at short notice. They have the best assortment of patterns in the country for steam and water-mills of every description. All kinds of machine and plow castings furnished. New World and Hathaway cook-stoves always on hand. They make 4-horse sweep and 2-horse tread-power threshing machines—price at shop, \$150—w-h shaker and 50 feet of strap. Warranted to give satisfaction in threshing, and kept good to thresh one crop free of charge. June 23, 1865.

ISAAC HAUPT, at Bellefonte, continues to take risks for insurance in any good stock company in the State. Also in New York: the Royal and Etna at Hartford; and the Liverpool and London, capital \$5,000,000.

PROVISIONS—Flour, bacon, lard, cheese, dried beef, dried fruit, received regularly, at the store of [Mar. 22.] J. P. KRATZER.

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

Men who talk as much as Hon. Thomas Williams, M. C. from Allegheny, do not always talk wisely or well; but the following apostrophe to the martyred Lincoln is unsurpassed by any of the many tributes paid to his name and memory. It is as chaste and beautiful as it is eloquent:

Rest then, honored shade! Spirit of the gentle Lincoln rest! No stain of innocent blood is on thy hand. No widow's tears—no orphan's wail shall ever trouble thy repose. No agonizing struggle between the conflicting claims of mercy and justice shall afflict the more. Thou art but gone to swell the long procession of that noble army of martyrs, who left their places vacant at the family board to perish for the faith in Southern dungeons, or to leave their bones unburied, or ridged with countless graves the soil that they have won and watered with their blood. Though lost to us, thou art not lost beyond the grave. For those death ushers in the life that will not die. Thy deeds will not die with thee, nor the cause or nation which was aimed at in the mortal blow that laid thee low. What though no sculptured column shall arise to mark the sepulchre and proclaim to future times, the broad humanity, the true nobility of soul, the moderation in success, that by the confession of his harshest critics, have crowned the untutored and unpretending child of prairies, as the "King of men?" What though the quiet woodland cemetery that shelters thy remains, and woos the pilgrim to its leafy shades, shall show no cenotaph—no offering save those which the hand of affection plants, or that of nature sheds upon the hallowed mound that marks thy resting place? What though the mass of history who registers thy acts, and inscribes thee high among the favored few to whom God has given the privilege of promoting the happiness of their kind, should fail to record so quiet and unobtrusive virtues that cluster around the heart and heart, and shrink from the glare of day? There is a chronicle more faithful that will take thy story up where history may leave it. The pen of the Recording Angel will write it in the chancery of Heaven, while the lips of childhood will be taught to repeat the tragic tale until memory shall melt into the golden light of tradition, and poetry shall claim the story for its theme. But long ere this—even now in our day and generation—the cotton fields and the rice swamps of the South, will be vocal with thy praise, while the voice of the emancipated white man shall swell the choral harmony that ascends from the lips of the dusky child of the tropics, as he lightens his daily toil—now sweet because no longer unrequited—by extemporizing his simple gratitude in unpremeditated laws in honor of the good President who died to make him free. The mightiest potentates of earth have labored vainly to secure a place in the memories and the regards of men, by dazzling exhibitions of their power to enslave. Both Memphis and Assyrian kings, whose very names have perished but for the researches of the learned, have sought to perpetuate their deeds and glory, in the rock tombs of the Nile, and the unburied has beliefs of Nineveh and Babylon, covered with long trains of sorrowing captives manacled, and bound, dragged along to swell the victor's triumphs, or, perhaps, as votive offerings to the temples of their basal gods. It was reserved for thee to find a surer road to fame by no parade of conquest. No mournful train of miserable trails either graces or degrades thy triumph. The subjugated are free, and the hereditary bondsman drops his galling chain, and feels that he is once more a man. If the genius or sculpture should seek to preserve thy name, it will present thee lifting from the abject posture, and leading by the hand, with gentle solicitation, the enfranchised millions of a subject race, and laying down their fetters as a free-will offering upon the altars of that God, who is the common Father of mankind.

PREVALENT MISTAKES.—We desire to call the attention of our readers to the following prevalent mistakes:

It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a newspaper is clear gain to the publisher.

It is a mistake to suppose that he gets his white paper for nothing.

It is a mistake to suppose it is printed without cost.

It is a mistake to suppose that he can live bodily by faith.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is an easy thing to please everybody.

It is a mistake to suppose that a paper is not worth buying which contains only what we know and believe already.

It is a mistake to suppose that money due for a paper would be as good to us a year hence as it is now.

It is a mistake to believe that we would not be thankful for what is due us for subscription.—*Ec. Paper.*

FASTEST GROWTH YET.—A native of "Down East," describing with characteristic exaggeration, the remarkable properties of guano, as a promoter of vegetation, said that a few hours after planting cucumber seeds, the dirt began to fly and the vines came up like a streak; and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him; and on taking out his knife to cut the "darned things," he found a large cucumber gone to seed in his pocket.

"So Tom, the old liar, Dick Fibbins is dead." "Yes his yarns are wound up; he'll lie no more—the old rascal." "Indeed it's my opinion, Tom, that he'll lie still."

O'Leary, gazing with astonishment at an elephant in a menagerie, asked the keeper, "What kind of a baste is that eating hay with his tail?"

What is the difference between a town and its people? It is laid out at the beginning of its existence, and they at the end of theirs.

Rocky Mountain Scenery in Colorado.

Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, writing from Denver, Colorado Territory, says: As to the Mountains as a natural spectacle, they are first cousins to the Alps. When the Pacific railroad is done, our Switzerland will be at our very doors. All my many and various wanderings in the European Switzerland three summers ago, spread before my eyes no panorama of mountain beauty surpassing, nay none equalling, that which burst upon my sight at sunrise upon the plains when fifty miles away from Denver, and which rises up before me now, as I sit writing by the window in this city. From far south to far north, stretching around in a huge semi-circle, rise the everlasting hills, one upon another, one after another, tortuous, presenting every variety of form and surface, every shade of cover and color, up and down, until we reach the broad, snow covered range that marks the highest summits, and tells where the Atlantic and Pacific meet and divide for their long journey to the far distant shores. To the North rises the king of the range, Long's Peak, whose top is 14,600 feet high; to the South, giving source to the Arkansas and Colorado, looms up its brother, Pike's Peak, to the height of 13,400 feet. These are the silent features of the belt before us, but the intervening and succeeding summits are scarcely less commanding, and not much lower in height. Right up from Denver stands the mountain top that was the scene of Bierstead's "Storm in the Rocky Mountains," and up and down these mountain sides were taken many of the studies that he is re-producing on canvas with such delight to his friends and fame for himself. No town that I know of in all the world has such a panorama of perpetual beauty spread before it. Denver has in its best and broadest belt of the Rocky Mountains, the rise up from the valley, in which it is built and winds away to the right and left as far as the eye can see—field and woods and rocks and snow, mounting and melting away to the sky in a line often indistinguishable, and sending back the rays of the sun in colors and shapes that paint and pencil never reproduced, that poetry never can describe. These are sights that the eye never tires of—these are visions that clear the heart of earthly sorrow, and lead the soul up to its best and higher source.

Troubles of the Newspaper Publisher.

It appears to have become a settled matter, in the estimation of the public, that it is the duty of those who make and conduct newspapers, to be always cheerful and happy under all the variety of circumstances that compose their surroundings. It is their duty always to wear a smile, though occasionally it may be suggestive of rather slim pleasantry. The newspaper which is the work of their creation and compilation—for the editor doesn't make all that appears in his columns, by a long shot—must always wear the spirit and air of cheerfulness. It is a matter of duty—no readers think—that a newspaper should never be dull. It must have news, whether there is any, afloat, or not upon the sea of life. If there are no accidents, they must be manufactured. If nobody gets drowned, it's the duty of the editors of the country to go around pushing people into deep water, that Coroner's inquests may be held and paragraphs may be furnished to provide for public expectation. If a train doesn't run off the track and kill somebody—we are expected to place obstructions upon the track and cause catastrophes, though Prisons may yawn before us if we do. The people must have smash ups—indeed they will have smash ups, or denounce newspapers as stupid, worthless affairs, unworthy of public patronage and support. It is set down as part of our duty to fish around in the departments of life for—suicide—murders—drownings—shootings—assaults and batteries—fires—casualties—dire incidents sad and incidents humorous—for deaths by flood and fire—for marriages—for robberies, seductions, and all the naughty acts that the wickedness of the human heart may prompt and perpetrate—and, if the people are careful and don't die untimely deaths—or if there are no murders or other atrocious events transpiring—if the heart is less nefarious than the popular taste expects of it—all this remissness falls upon the head of the man who makes up a newspaper, and he is at once set down as wanting largely in enterprise and vigilance in providing for his readers.

A Rebel war department despatch lately discovered in Richmond adds force to statements heretofore made to the effect that Robert E. Lee, recently commander of the Rebel Army of Northern Virginia, is the person really responsible for the burning of cotton and tobacco in Richmond and setting fire to that city at the time of the Rebel general. It also shows that the evacuation was contemplated at least six weeks before it took place. The despatch, which is dated February 22, is from General Breckinridge, then Rebel Secretary of War, to General Ewell, and advises Ewell to see General Lee for the purpose of receiving definite instructions regarding the latter's order for the burning of cotton, tobacco, &c.

A Finnish woman expressed the greatest astonishment and horror at hearing from Mr. Wolley, that it was a common thing in England for a husband and wife to kiss each other. "If my husband were to attempt such a thing," said she, "I would box him about the ears until he would feel it for a week."—*Bayard Taylor.*

A lady, speaking of the gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court house, said she supposed they had gone "to view the ground where they must shortly lie."

When Simpkins' wife kicked him out of bed, says he, "See here, now, you'd better not do that again; if you do, it will cause a coolness."

MOUNT GENIS.

Allusion has frequently been made to the engineering work which is now endeavoring to bore through Mount Genis to connect France and Italy by railroad. Apart from the interests attached to any great improvement which is to facilitate intercourse between two countries, and promote trade and traffic, there are several important mechanical novelties, which draw more than usual attention to this great work. The distance a tunnel is to be bored through the Alps is about seven miles. Four of these have been completed, and the boring has been done by the application of compressed or condensed air, as a motive power. The air is compressed to five atmospheres, by water wheels about a mile and a half distant from the boring machine. This is the first successive application, we believe, of the use of compressed air, pumped by engines at a convenient distance from the machinery which directly operates upon the work to be performed, and it is suggestive of the practicability of generating steam, at a safe distance from workshops where its mechanical force is desirable, and sending it to them through pipes to engines which are to do the work. The large mechanical force of four hundred horse power, is exerted by five of these water-wheels at a distance, to provide twenty-seven horse power, working nine jumpers at the place of excavation; and to afford sufficient ventilation to the interior. Cylindrical boiler shaped reservoirs receive the compressed air as it is pumped by the water wheels below, a supply for half a day's working being pumped at intervals when the boring machines are not at work.

It is estimated that it will yet take eight years to finish the three miles of tunnel yet to be constructed, and this long delay suggests another temporary improvement and mechanical novelty; to get advantage of an easier and quicker communication over the mountain while the work is progressing. The mountain is crossed by a common turnpike road, forty-seven miles long, so steep and difficult that it requires from nine to eleven hours, according to the season, to cross. The road is wide enough for ordinary traffic and a railroad besides, and here is where the new mechanical principal is to be applied.

An ordinary locomotive drawing a load could not surmount such gradients, trusting to its weight for the adhesion of the wheels to the rails, therefore a third rail between the ordinary bearing rails, acted upon by horizontal driving wheels on the engine, has been resorted to. This is the revival of an improvement which has been suggested, but never before applied practically. Between the original rails, in the middle of the permanent way, another rail is laid down on its side, and at an elevation of some seven or eight inches above the rails outside. To ride upon this middle rail horizontal wheels are constructed, driven by pistons of their own, and between these horizontal wheels the middle rail is firmly clipped. The engine thus obtains a double hold upon the road by two systems of "driving wheels" acting at right angles to each other, and the result is such accession of adhesion and power as will enable a locomotive to draw a train up the slopes of Mount Genis.

This will remind Philadelphians of the many contrivances which were suggested some twenty-five years ago, to get over the inclined planes at the foot of Columbia Bridge, and which called forth a great amount of inventive ability. We remember one model, invented by Mr. Coleman, a musician, accomplished its object by a rack and endless screw on a middle rail. It was never practically applied because the necessity for it was superseded by abandoning the incline. The English inventor has had the test of a practical application on an experimental line of 800 yards, in England, and on a line of one mile and a half on the French side of Mount Genis, with a mean gradient of 1 in 13 and a maximum gradient of 1 in 12, with very sharp curves. The engines carried up and down this experimental road a load of 16 tons in three wagons, including the weight of the wagons, and it performed in the ascent 1,800 metres in 8½ minutes, with a loss of 14 lb. of steam, and of 5½ inches of water in the gauge glass, at steam pressures varying between 92 lb. and 125 lb. to the square inch in the boiler, as the average. The engineer maintains that the power of guiding and checking furnished by the middle rail and the horizontal wheels acting upon it is so great that the balance of considerations is in favor of safety, the railway in fact being safer than the *diligence*. The plan works so satisfactory that it is a question with the English engineers whether this arrangement would not have been preferable in the first to building a tunnel.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A letter from Newbern, North Carolina, says that a considerable number of young men whose regiments are about being mustered out—such as the 47th and 48th New York and 97th Pennsylvania Zouaves—have made up their minds to stay in the country. There are too many eligible openings to be resisted. They are fast marrying the disconsolate young ladies and widows, and settling down for life upon the vacant farms which on every hand invite their labor and enterprise.

A Minister, travelling through the West some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called, what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "O," she replied, "I think it is a right good doctrine if the people would only live up to it."

A Marriage is thus noticed by one of our cotemporaries:—"Married, last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb. Look out for the little spiders."

When Simpkins' wife kicked him out of bed, says he, "See here, now, you'd better not do that again; if you do, it will cause a coolness."

How Buckner Lost a Million of Dollars.

At the beginning of our unhappy civil war, the most prominent of the military men of the West was Simon B. Buckner, then Inspector General of the Kentucky State troops. A graduate of West Point, serving with distinguished gallantry in the Mexican war, and possessed of very fine intellect, a career of fame and glory was predicted for him by his admirers and friends. It is not our purpose, however to notice his military career further than to remark, that he surrendered the first and last armies in the war, and each time he was the subordinate of the command. The first time was to General Grant, at Fort Donnellson, when Gens. John B. Floyd and Pillow, his superiors in rank, declined on the plea that if they were captured they would certainly be hung; and the last time was when he surrendered the army of Gen Kirby Smith to General Canby. This was done to his shame, and against the orders, of Kirby Smith.

But there is something more connected with Buckner, which is not without interest, and probably has no parallel in the war. When he was a captain in the regular army, Buckner married Miss Kingsbury, an heiress, who owned an immense landed estate in Chicago, valued at more than a million of dollars. It was unimproved, however, and did not yield an income. Buckner finally placed it under the supervision of General Burnside, who, with judicious management soon caused it to pay handsomely. When the war broke out, it was uncertain which side Buckner would serve. He was offered a high position by Mr. Lincoln, and also by Jefferson Davis, and finally chose to cast his fortune with the South. But before doing so, to preserve this great estate to his wife and children, it was made over to the brother of Mrs. Buckner, in whom they had full confidence.

A little later, and Kingsbury, the brother, entered the Federal army, and was wounded in the battle of Fredricksburg. While lying on the field he spoke of his property, and his desire to arrange it so that his sister would have no trouble about it; but delayed too long, and died without making his wishes known. He had been but a short time married, and some months after his death his wife gave birth to a child. This child necessarily inherits that princely estate, nor can Buckner or his wife receive a dollar of it excepting what the widow of Mr. Kingsbury shall choose to give them. It is proper to say, to her honor, that she has been most liberal in that respect. Buckner's property was long since confiscated, and thus the close of the war finds him, like most of the Rebels, in a beggared condition.

A Capital Bath.

An open window with the direct rays of the sun coming in, will be good for the little one. On a hot summer day, to lay it down near the window, quite nude, and let it lie for some minutes where the rays of the sun may fall on its skin, will give it new life. There is new vital relation between sunshine and a vigorous human being. Seduction from sunshine is one of the greatest misfortunes of civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly when grown in dark cellars operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlors. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show color, health and strength. When in London, some years ago, I visited an establishment which had acquired a wide reputation for the cure of those diseases in which prostration and nervous derangement were prominent symptoms. I soon found the success in the use made of sunshine. The slate roof had been removed and a glass one substituted. The upper story was divided into sixteen small rooms, each provided with lounges, washing apparatus, etc. The patient, on entering each his little apartment, removed all his clothing and exposed himself to the direct rays of the sun. Lying on the lounge and turning over from time to time, each and every part of his body was thus exposed to the life giving rays of the sun.

Several London physicians candidly confessed to me that many cases which seemed only for the shroud were galvanized into life and health by this process.—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

The *Chattanooga Gazette* says the "poor old man," John Bell, has passed through that place en route for Nashville. The Louisville *Journal* says:—We suppose that Mr. Bell will return to Nashville, for he can probably live in less discomfort there than elsewhere. Of course the authorities will not think of molesting him. He will not be sent to any prison, but the whole world will seem to him one vast Fort Warren or Lafayette, from which there can be no escape except through the gate of death. "Poor old Belisarius!"

The *Reading Journal* says:—During the heavy thunder storm on Wednesday evening, July 19th, two of our most estimable citizens, Mr. John Harbster, and Mr. Lucius Hatch, were struck by lightning and instantly killed. Mr. William Harbster, a brother of John, was also struck by the same bolt, and though badly burned and cut and unconscious for some time, he is now in a fair way of recovery.

An instance of filial affection among the Pully Indians we find in a Navada paper: Two young "braves," under the assurance of being hanged, propose to give five ponies to the authorities if they would allow their aged fathers to be hung in their place.

"John, what is the past of see?" "Seen, sir." "No, it is *saw*—recollect that," "Yes sir. Then if a *saw* fish swims by me, it becomes a *saw* fish when it is past, and can't be seen." "You may go home, John."

Why is oak the worst wood to make a wooden leg? Because it produces a *corn*.

THE MORMON WOMEN.

Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, who accompanies Mr. Colfax in his western trip, writes from Utah, the following account of the Mormon women:

"How do the Mormon women like and bear polygamy? is the question most people ask as to the institution. The universal testimony of all but their husbands is that it is a grievous sorrow and burden; only cheerfully submitting to and embracing under a religious fanaticism and self-abnegation rare to behold and possibly only to women. They are taught to believe, and many of them really do believe, that through and by it they secure a higher and more glorious reward in the future world. 'Lord Jesus has laid a heavy trial upon me,' said one poor sweet woman 'but I mean to bear it for his sake, and for the glory he will grant me in his kingdom.' This is the common view of the common sense. Such are the teachings of the church; and I have no doubt both husbands and wives alike often honestly accept this view of the odious practice, and seek and submit to polygamy as really God's holy service, calculated to make saints of themselves and all associated with them in the future world. Still a good deal of human nature is visible, both among the men in embracing polygamy and in their wives in submitting to it."

"Mr. Young's testimony on this point is significant. Other signs are not wanting in the looks and character of the men most often anointed in the holy bonds of matrimony, and in the well-known disagreement of the wives in many families. In some cases they live harmoniously and lovingly together; often, it would seem, they have separate parts of the same house, or even separate houses. The first wife is generally the recognized society, and frequently assumes contempt for the others, regarding them as concubines, and not wives. But it is a dreadful state of society to any one of fine feeling and true instincts; it robs married life of all its sweet sentiments and companionship; and while it degrades woman, brutalizes man, teaching him to despise and dominate over his wives, over all women, it breeds jealousy, distrust, and tempts to infidelity; but the police system of the church and the community is so strict and constant that it is claimed and believed the latter vice is very rare."

The effect upon the children cannot help being debasing, however well they may be guarded and educated. But it is a chief failing, even a scandal to the Mormons that plentifully as they are providing children, who swarm everywhere as did the locusts of Egypt, they have organized no free school system. Schools are held in every ward of the city, and probably in every considerable village, in buildings provided for evening religious meetings under direction of local bishops, but a tuition fee is exacted for all who attend, and the poor are practically shut out. The anti-polygamists should agitate at once and earnestly to reform this evil—it is a strong point against the dominant party and a weak point in the welfare of the territory. It is a good and encouraging sign to learn from intelligent sources that as the young girls, daughters of Mormons, grow up to womanhood, they are opposed to polygamy, and seek husbands among the Gentiles rather than among their own faith."

"The soldiers at Camp Douglas, near this city, are illustrating one of the ways in which polygamy will fade away before the popular principle. Two companies who went home to California last fall, took about twenty-five wives with them, recruited from the Mormon flocks. There are now some fifty or more women in the camp who have fled thither from the town for protection, or been seduced away from unhappy homes and fractious husbands; and all or nearly all find new husbands among the soldiers. Only to-day a man with three daughters, living in the city, applied to Colonel George for leave to move up to the camp for a residence, in order, as he said, to save his children from polygamy, into which the bishops and elders of the church were urging them. The camp authorities told many likely stories; also, of sadder applications, if possible for relief from actual poverty and from persecution in town. The Mormons have no poor houses, and say they have no poor, permitting none by relieving all through work or gifts. But the last winter was so long and severe, with wood at thirty and forty dollars a cord, that there was much real suffering, and the soldiers, yielded to extensive demands upon the charity that the church authorities had neglected to fulfill or absolutely denied."

Europe has two pestilences to balance our civil war. The Russian plague, which is declining and the cholera, which is making sad havoc in Turkey and Arabia. No less than forty-eight thousand of Pilgrims at Mecca have been swept off, and the streets are filled with corpses. Egypt has been reached by it, and sanitary regulations have been adopted in both France and England to prevent infection. The French harbors are shut against vessels arriving from Alexandria.

Two centuries ago, says an exchange, not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting made of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.

A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee, and hot water is put on it, it will yield double the amount of exhilarating qualities. Another writer says "if a piece of lump sugar the size of a walnut is put into the tea-pot, you will make the tea infuse in one-half the time."

The politicians in Louisiana are talking of making a new State of West Louisiana, with Atchafalaya for its eastern boundary.