

We will publish, in the next number of the Democrat, the Memorial Address on the life and character of General Robert E. Lee, delivered in this town, December 2d 1870, by Thon-as C. Manning.

Grant and Sumner.

Some of the Radicals affect to sneer at the opposition of Mr Sumner to Grant's new speculation in the annexation of San Domingo. But they can ill conceal their uneasiness beneath an affected grin. Mr. Sumner is the oldest and ablest Republican in the Senate, and has done more to build up the party than any other six men in the Union. General Grant himself showed how anxious he was to obtain his support by paying him an obsequious visit to beg him to withhold his opposition. And Mr. Colfax betrayed the anxiety of the administration on the subject, when he went to the White House at day-break to inform the administration, in the administration shirt tail, that Sumner had been beaten in the Senate. It is even said that some of the military whippersnappers who act as gentlemen ushers at the White House, have threatened to handle the Massachusetts Senator after the manner of Preston S. Brooks.

Let them rave and gnash their teeth. Although Sumner is beaten in the Senate he has not done with the San Domingo job by a good deal. He will get it killed in the House, or else he will expose the grandest scheme of Executive rascality on record. In the mean time the Democrats are enjoying this little Radical family quarrel to the utmost. They have some hopes of seeing each side vanish in a regular kill-kenny cat denouement.

Weather beautiful and almost Spring-like—Roads fine—sugar and molasses coming to town pretty fast, cotton slowly. Times with all, dull and hard, money market more than tight, collections very slow and uncertain. Sheriff's office busy with writs hunting up produce pledged to merchants. Darkies all contracting, and as usual, making and getting the best of the bargain. In a few more years poor foolish white man, at the present rates for labor, and price of cotton, will be left in the "cold." He has not got half the tact of the negro, who improves by sad experience.

Pat Flannery has rented the bar room of the Ice House; has had it refitted and fixed up in complete order, is now sole proprietor and head boss. A call at the Excelsior, with "stamps" in hand, will convince all the doubtful. But remember that the old saying of Pat "them's mine," is done away with. Pat keeps on hand liquors of all kind for sale by the bottle.

On last Monday we were the recipient of a large package of papers, from Messrs. T. & J. Kinggold, proprietors of the Alexandria News Agency, for which we return our kindest wishes for their success in their new undertaking. We would say to the public generally, that they would do well to give these gentlemen a call; you can get papers and books of all kinds, and from all parts of the world.

We return thanks to the clerks of the Gladiola, C. H. Durfee, Era No. 10, Alex. Mitchell, Era No. 9, South-Western, Lotus No. 3, Tidal Wave, Carr-c Converse, Belle of Alto and B. L. Hodge No. 2, for late New Orleans papers.

At the late Municipal election for officers of our Town, the following were elected: Mayor, R. M. Kilpatrick; Comptroller, J. M. Barrett; Treasurer, B. C. Duke. For Councilmen, L. Gossens, E. R. Blossat, Julius Levin, Dennis Kelley and S. K. Johnson.

A large and disastrous fire occurred in New Orleans, some time since among the steamboats, which resulted in the destruction of the Magenta, John Howard, Grand Era, Constantine and Julia A. Rudolph, the latter named being a Red River Packet.

The Legislature is now in session and under good headway. We have not, as yet, seen Warmoth's message. He got on a Christmas "hurrah" and while in that fix, some fellow stole the manuscript from his coat pocket, and he has to write it over again.

The Police Jury were in session the whole of last week. We have not seen their proceedings. Plenty of fresh Parish script issued, and a heavy tax ordered to be collected, we know were two sure things "did and done."

STRAWBERRY PLANTS—FOR

WARMOTH AND DUNN.

While the big Radicals at Washington are amusing themselves by cutting their metaphorical throats over the San Domingo business, Radical harmony is exemplifying itself on a small scale in the Legislature of Louisiana. The quarrel between Warmoth and Dunn, the two Radical candidates for the next Governorship, is assuming huge dimensions. Warmoth, on a recent visit to Washington was outgeneralled by Dunn in the matter of the New Orleans Post Office, partly, we presume, on account of a not too flattering recollection on the part of Grant, of some of his military exploits, and partly because it is a heresy in the Radical Church not to give a Radical nigger everything he asks for. Warmoth, however, bides his time until the meeting of the Legislature of Louisiana. Among the first acts of the Senate was the passage of a resolution taking from the Lieutenant Governor the appointment of the standing committees, a privilege he has enjoyed ever since Louisiana first had a Constitution. This was done on the motion of Mr. Campbell, and at the instance of the friends of Governor Warmoth. It is true that that respectable white nigger, John Ray, fought vigorously for his sable chief, and fired off several charges of his new Civil Code and Revised Statutes on the question, but they were as harmless as blank cartridges themselves. Mr. Nigger went under, and Warmoth and carpet-baggers reign to-day Supreme in Louisiana. We have no interest in the quarrel. But we have some little hope that the two factions will eat each other up before they eat up the little remaining substance of our poor old State.

John T. Hoffman.

Governor Hoffman, who was elected at the late election by a tremendous majority Governor of the great State of New York, in his annual message intimates that the war is to be kept up against the Radical party until every one of its infamous measures has been buried beyond hope of resurrection.—And this is no idle threat. The Radical majority in Congress, owing to the unpopularity of the Grant administration, has been reduced to such a small figure as to be wholly unreliable.—There are enough liberal free trade Republicans from the West to succeed by Democratic aid in preventing any more legislation for the exclusive benefit of New England capitalists and manufacturers. This victory over the corrupt legislation of the Radical administration will be due solely to the efforts of such uncompromising Democrats as John T. Hoffman. The New York Governor has become so popular all over the country, and his name has been used so frequently in connection with the Presidency, that he has recently been forced to publish a card declining to be considered a candidate. If the people want him, however, they will force the office on him, whether he is a candidate or not.

Governor Alcorn, who was generally supposed to be more cob than corn, has, it seems, some very good points after all. A fellow named R. W. Flournoy, who wanted an office, undertook to commend himself to the Governor by abusing General Lee and the Mississippi University at Oxford, after the most approved Radical fashion. Alcorn refused to appoint him, alleging that any man who would abuse the memory of such a man as Gen. Lee or who would attempt to Radicate the State University, is unfit for office. Whether these are the true sentiments of the Mississippi Governor or whether, like many other Radical officials, he is preparing the way for leaving the Radical sinking ship, we are unable to say. The letter is, on the whole, a very remarkable one, and has created a considerable commotion among his recent eulogists. His conduct is certainly in striking contrast with that of that other newly deflagged Radical Confederate General, Longstreet, who refused to lower the Federal flag over the N. O. Custom House in honor of his former chief.

Chicago has a hotel with a patent heat indicator, running from every room to the office, so the clerk can tell at a glance how hot it is in any room in the house. They had a women's rights meeting in one of the parlors the other day, when all of a sudden the indicator said "red hot" and the fireman had a hose in that parlor in 28 seconds, and put 'em out.

Just as a traveler was writing his name on the register at Leavenworth hotel, a bedbug sallied and took its way across the page. The man paused and remarked: "I've been bit by St Joe fleas, bitten by Kansas spiders, and interviewed by Bert Scott graybacks, but I be d—n if I was ever in a place before where the bedbugs looked over the hotel register to find out where your room was!"

A Kentucky paper declares that a party of emigrants have passed through, "with thirty loose horses and women, children and dogs without number." Rather a bad lot—or is it the punctation?

Dr. G. W. Laney, Dental Surgeon, still practices his profession, and can always be found at his residence, on Fourth Street, or at the Store of Tait & Laney, Front Street.

The Georgia Election.

At the recent election in Georgia the Democrats made a clean sweep in the State, electing five of the seven members of Congress and three fourths of the Legislature. The Radicals are disappointed and crest-fallen at the result. Attorney General Akerman, a candidate for the Senate, returned to Washington in disgust, Joe Brown resigned his chief-justiceship to prevent removal by impeachment, and Bullock is packing up his ill-gotten gains in his carpet-bag to take back to Massachusetts as soon as the Legislature meets. And this has a just retribution overtaken the Radical corruptionists who endeavored to drag Georgia into an endorsement of the principles of her oppressors. She has been driven about from pillar to post, sometimes admitted into the Union and as often kicked out again, all for the purpose of making her as Mr. Greeley says, "vote with us." They even had a hard contest over her right to hold an election this Winter, the ultra Radicals wishing to perpetuate the reign of Bullock for an indefinite length of time. But the election has been held and "we" are nowhere in the race. Bullock and all his gang are forever consigned to the "tomb of the Capulets." Georgia has wheeled into line with her sister Southern States and will be henceforth thoroughly Democratic. The Radical sceptre is departing from all these States whose Constitutions were framed with the sole and avowed purpose of keeping them under Radical subjection.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LEE.—Of all the anecdotes told of General Lee, we have not read or heard any that tell of the quiet humor of his character, and this want we can supply. While the army were camped around Hagers-town, in the first Maryland campaign, we were serving with the rear guard commanded by an officer of the first Georgia regulars. For three days the guard of some sixty prisoners had subsisted on apples, green corn, etc., and no rations had been issued to us in that time. In approaching Hagers-town we passed by the tent of General Lee; and he was walking up and down before it, apparently in deep thought. The Georgia officer said: "I will go to General Lee and complain that I have no rations, and ask for an order for some." "Do not disturb him," he has enough of care," we advised. "I will," said the officer, and he had the command and approached the general, who looked up as he came near and said: "Well captain, what is it?" "General," said the officer, "for three days and nights I have been here with a guard of 100 men and 60 prisoners, without an ounce of food whatever."

Rapidly General Lee replied: "My dear sir, is it possible? You are the man that I have been searching for. Walk into my tent at once, and impart to me the secret by which you subsist men without food. It is a problem that has given me more concern than all others. With your knowledge we can dispense with these long supply trains, and all the trouble we are to obtain food. Walk in and let me hear so valuable a fact which is sure to obtain our success."

The officer of the Georgia regulars looked at Lee in amazement and made no reply. He lifted his hat and turned to his command, and the word "Forward" rang with sturdy emphasis from his lips. From that time forward until his annihilated regiment left the Army of Northern Virginia for Macon to recuperate, he was never known to complain or grumble, and a radical defeat in his character was completely cured by the quiet humor of Gen. Lee.—[Exchange.]

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1871, for distribution, gratis, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive National Calendar.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and may be had for the asking. The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world.

We are requested to state that Vic has quit his Farm and returned to his first love, scissors and razors. He now has charge of the well known and favorite Barber shop of the Ice House, and is ready to serve his patrons.

Knoxville papers state that a considerable tide of emigration from the North and East is now being turned into East Tennessee and hundreds of letters making inquiries are said to be received in that city every week.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C. January 1st 1871.

General Grant is getting between two fires, one of which certainly will scorch him. Heretofore he has been committed body and soul to the Yankee protectionists and Boutwell's luminous idea of paying off the National debt at once by grinding out of the people all the money possible. Now, however, the Western Radicals a power in their party, are stinging in his ears that unless taxes are reduced and a part of the burden left to posterity, so that posterity may know something of the practical workings of our Internal Revenue Bureau, and also a reform made in the tariff, which at present discriminates against the people of the West, they cannot stem the torrent which is now setting in against their party. It is said that Grant is disposed to act with the Western Radicals, but hates "to go back" on his heart's love—the Yankees. From this condition of affairs came the rumor that Boutwell was to resign his position, but which has since been denied by the President. This being the great cause of dissension in the Radical party; how will Grant steer clear of the rock which stands in his path? Is he at all responsible for that Boutwell advises and Congress enacts? If not, who is? If he is, the Western people can very readily place him and his responsibility in its proper place. Grant knows not party, he knows no administration, he knows nothing but Grant. He permits no faltering in loyalty to himself. He considers himself the party and the administration and essentially necessary to the very existence of the Radical party. When spoken to as being under some obligations to the party which elevated him to the Presidency, he coolly replies "that he did not ask them for the position and that they took him to save themselves and so the obligation is on the other side." When he hears of any deviation from the iron rule laid down by him he grows furious, and in the language of Richard III he exclaims, "Off with his head; to each for what's-his-name," and another political caput falls into a basket. Tyrant never lived who was more unforgetting and vindictive than our puffing corsican who never forgets or forgives the slightest word uttered against him. As an evidence of this trait I will adduce one case. Mr. Clinton Rice, who was attorney for certain citizens of San Domingo who were opposed to the annexation of the Island to this country, and who showed up the whole scheme of Grant, has this winter felt Grant's meanness of soul (if he has one) and the malignity of his heart, that is if blocks have hearts. Mr. Rice is about as startling a legal journal here and in that business would require access to the different departments in order to get the decisions and orders, but he finds that the White House is up in arms against him, and his enterprise is thus blocked. You may think this small and mean for a President, but it is thoroughly Grant-ish.

It is rumored that Judge Richardson, the friend of Boutwell, and the despised of Government clerks, is once again coming back to resume the duties of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. This same Yankee Judge has been flitting back and forth between the Treasury and his court in Massachusetts ever since Boutwell came into office. The question now asked, is whether he is Assistant Secretary of the Treasury or Judge of a Massachusetts court, or both and how about his salaries? The Senate Finance Committee has determined to report against the repeal of the tax on incomes. Of course Boutwell is jubilant over this carrying out of his ideas. How the Radicals do love to collect taxes, not that the greater the amount collected the greater the amount will stick, but simply from their overflowing patriotism, or rather "loyalty." The nomination and confirmation of General Pleasanton as commissioner of Internal Revenue has created a deal of discontent and disgust among Pennsylvania politicians who say that unless a liberal allowance of pay and patronage is given them to boot up their State in her present weak condition they cannot carry her for the Radical candidate.

Mr. Douglass was counted sure as the next commissioner; but the military ring, which politicians say cause words about, was on this as on many previous occasions all potential with his High-Mightiness and carried off the prize.

As soon as Akerman goes out of the Attorney Generalship, which he will shortly, Pennsylvania, will no doubt, get the vacant place; but what is the Attorney Generalship compared to the power, patronage and cash chances of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. I am afraid that the Attorney Generalship will prove a very Homeopathic dose of medicine for so weak and sick a Radical as

Pennsylvania is.

The reply of Senator Drake, known as the Missouri Booster, to the argumentative speech of his colleague Carl Schurz, was a continuous stream of bitter invective, which rolled from between his then lips for several hours, feared that his supply of epithets would be exhausted but the Senator has evidently graduated at some College where Billingsgate was a most prominent study. He never attempted argument, but as this was his last day in the Senate, he being confirmed chief Judge of the Court of Claims, he tried to prove his "loyalty" to his party, which he did, if "loyalty" of the South and unseemly denunciation of all who differ with him proved anything. He did not speak for his country but he spoke for Mr. Drake and his party. His harsh grating voice and his figure trembling with demonic emotion and his ferrel eyes gleaming out hatred and his face beaming with the smile of develtry was the very incarnation of Mephistopholes when aroused to anger. Mr. Drake will not be regretted by his fellow-senators, as he was not a favorite. He is made of cast iron and not at all pleasant.

TREBLA.

What's the Matter.

The following is from the Knoxville Whig, Brownlow's paper. An exchange says the old sinner must be getting worse, and like most sinners that live, lie all their lifetime, tells the truth in his dying moments:

"The rebels, as they are contemptuously called, are to-day, and they will be to-morrow and the next day, the truest friends of the nation. It is all true enough that they have been heralded to the uttermost parts of the earth as the grandest set of villains and out laws the world has ever produced, but be it known that that does not make them so. They will yet, before high heaven, stand vindicated. Their motives will be seen in the clear sunlight of truth, and they will be honored for their courage, their honor and devotion to a cause that they loved dearer than their lives. They waded through fire and blood, fought as no men ever fought before, and when the struggle ended in their overthrow, they were ready and did accept the situation in good faith. They had followed the warning fortunes of the Confederacy, and when they saw it topple and fall, buried their hopes in one common grave, and though cast down, they were still heroes in their downfall.

"Un-nered, but courageous enough to acknowledge it, and patriotic enough to yield a graceful obedience to the laws of the country. Such men can be trusted. Governed by principle in fighting, for what they thought was right they will still be governed by principle in their future career."

General Scott's Opinion of Lee.

We copy as follows from the Norfolk (Va.) Journal. Many of our citizens can remember when, in 1844, Henry Clay paid a visit to Norfolk, attended by General Scott. There was a great turnout of our citizens to receive the peerless Western orator, and the glorious old fellows who presided over the Whig wigwam of that day were beside themselves in their joy at welcoming in their midst and sinking by the hand the statesman whom they almost worshipped. They paraded Henry of the West all through our streets, amid such a concourse as had never before been seen in Norfolk.

The two great men visited various portions of our city, and then proceeded to Ashland Hall, where Henry Clay made a famous speech, which was received with wild enthusiasm by all his hearers, especially by the women, who seemed to adore him. Afterward the statesman and the General were most splendidly entertained at the hospitable board of Colonel Myer Myers. At the table were assembled the most distinguished society of our city, besides many gentlemen of note from other parts of Virginia. The observed of all observers were of course Henry Clay and General Scott.

After dinner the gentlemen sat at the table discussing various interesting topics, but not the wine of the conversation, for these admitted of no discussion, being unanimously voted unequalled. Many were the sparkling anecdotes told by the two distinguished guests, referring to the events in civil and military life during the many years in which they had played so remarkable a part in each. The conversation having turned upon the great men of the United States army whom General Scott had known, and upon whom he was so well qualified to pass a judgment, he told many anecdotes about some of these best known to the country, and gave a clear and succinct sketch of each one brought in review.

After he had finished his description of most of the prominent military men of the country, one of the guests near him asked the following question: "General, not referring to older officers"—and here the gentleman bowed, "whom do you consider the ablest man in the United States army?"

The general Scott replied in most emphatic manner: "Robert E. Lee is head and shoulders above them all!" When General Scott pronounced these words there had been some personal coolness between himself and the object of his distinguished eulogy; and under these circumstances the answer of the General showed his great fairness of judgment, and was after honorable to himself and to Robert E. Lee. This account may be relied on as strictly authentic. We obtained it from a gentleman who was at the entertainment, and who heard from General Scott's lips the words we have quoted.

Charity.

The term charity is often misapplied. It is, however, most comprehensive, and many who use it freely do not understand its true significance. That charity, which covers with an oblivious mantle, the faults and follies of our friends is wholly perverted from a good object when so indulgent to encourage those we love in even venial errors. It is charity to speak in the presence of those whose improvement we desire, in regard to their shortcomings—but anything save civility to do this in their absence.

Only moral courage of a high order enables us to practice charity in its best significance, thus considered. No utterance of truth, at any time should be falsely constructed into lack of this cardinal virtue. Truth, being the corner-stone of virtue, should lie always at the foundation of action.—In feelings, in speech, in development by any charity, there is like some gold in the mine of life. Let us be sure that we call that divine thing by its right name, and accept nothing base in its stead.

Lovingly and forgivingly this white-robed charity looks on human error; still, her truthful and heaven derived purity does not allow her melting tenderness to compromise with vice.—Over the hardened sinner, she weeps, but resigns to justice the punishment of obdurate offenders. Charity, we are told, "suffereth long, and is kind." There is a lingering regret with charity when she turns away from any so abandoned as to preserve her goodness no longer. Nevertheless, in every extremity of those with whom she cannot abide, will her still small voice be heard and her pathetic appeals for mercy ever reach the heart where she dwells; so that, in effect, she takes in these cases the form of pity—twin sisters of mercy. But it is both dangerous and illogical to call humanity to attempt the amelioration of that which is palpable wrong, using her spotless mantle for a perverted purpose.

Perhaps the highest evidence of true charity is the ability to forgive our enemies. This is a charity in feeling, and where feeling impels action, it also becomes charity in act. We must not only give alms to the starving—we must bestow the love of complacency on the entire human family. "If ye love them that love you, what thanks have ye?" "Bless them that curse and despitefully use you." These sublime words, emanating from the lips of Deity, paint charity in her noblest form. It is asserting too much to say that a mind, exalted by this angelic quality, is already fit for the company of angels and beneficent spirits who make up the society of paradise, neither will such lament leaving this dark and troublous world for a better sphere.—[Exchange.]

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—There is a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is with us, that we are powerless and be all powerful, and the last faint pulsation here is but the prelude of a endless life hereafter, we fell in the midst of stunning calamity about to befall us, that with no compensation good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provisions to soften its intensities. When the good and the lovely die, and the memory of their good deeds, like the moon-beams on the stormy sea lights up our darkened hearts, and leads to the surroundings a beauty so sad, so sweet that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

ALASKA.—Where on this globe can we go beyond the omnipresent Yankee? Landing at Sitka, we had walked but a short distance into the town when we reached the northern depot of Dr. Ayer's medicines in full display among the butts, shanties and hovels of these boreal tribes. There the familiar, homelike names of his Cherry Pectoral, Pills, &c., salute us from the exterior and the interior of a store which shows more business than its neighbors, and proves that these simple but sure remedies are even more necessary to savage life than to ourselves where they visit every fireside.—[Correspondent Alexander Journal.]

DO YOU WANT HEALTH AND WHO DOES NOT?—If so, be advised, use DR. TUTT'S SASSAPARILLA AND QUINA'S DELIGHT, the great alterative and blood purifier. There is no mystery about the universal success that attends its use. It is the finest selection of tonic, anti-bilious, anti-scourbutic, aperient and purifying HERBS, ROOTS and BARKS that ever entered into any medicinal compound.

It is an historical fact that, during three hundred and fifty years that the Palace of the Tuileries has been a royal dwelling, no French sovereign has died within its walls. In connection with this fact, another may be mentioned: Ever since 1847, every French sovereign who has made the Tuileries his abode has been compelled, at some time or other, to quit the shelter of its roof.

An enterprising ice cream maker in Chicago advertises: "Families supplied by the quart or gallon, and delivered in any part of the city." For those who wish to obtain families, this is an eligible opportunity.

A person on a Pennsylvania railroad essayed to change his shirt while the train was passing through a tunnel, failed through the starry condition to come to time, and so appeared to rather an unrepresentable condition when the train emerged into daylight.

See notice of Monsieur Dessins, proprietor of the late Ice House Tonsorial Saloon. He has changed locality, and will be found at his new room on second street, at any hour.

"I feel," moaned a dying cobbler "that I wax weary every day, and that I am gradually approaching my end; only a few more stitches, and aw will be over. In heaven there is rest for the sole; earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." Having said aw he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

Magazines.

The Model Parlor Magazine and a valuable premium to each subscriber, Demorest's Monthly stands unrivalled as a family Magazine. Its choice literature, its superior music, its ample amount of valuable information, its practical and reliable fashions, and artistic illustrations, give it a just claim to its well-earned title, "The Model Magazine of America." You can't do without Demorest's Monthly. Yearly, \$3.00.

Demorest also gives extraordinary Premiums to each subscriber, among which is a splendid Chromo Parlor Picture, or a large and beautiful engraving worth \$10, or the splendid book of home improvement, 400 pages, entitled, "How to Write, Talk, Behave, and do Business"—price, \$2.25; or, Jenny June's Cook Book; or, a good Stereoscope and Series of Views; or, a good Pocket Bible, bound in morocco and gilt edges; or, Mmc. Demorest's System of Dress Cutting for both Ladies and Children; or, Mmc. Demorest's Suspender and Shoulder Braces; or, Two Dollars worth of full-size Pattern; or, a choice from numerous other Premiums, which are worth from two to five dollars each, is given to each subscriber. See list in Monthly. Also splendid Premiums for Clubs: A Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, price, \$55, is given for only twenty subscribers, or for ten subscribers \$15 extra in money, or for five subscribers and \$20 extra in money. Address, W. Jennings Demorest, 833 Broadway, N. Y. Specimen copies sent post-free for 15 cents.

THE BEST BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—Demorest's Young America monthly, with splendid Supplements, and always sparkling with entertaining Stories, Poems, Puzzles, Music, Toys, Games, and other entertaining features, profusely illustrated, and calculated to amuse, instruct and elevate Young America. Single copies, 12 cents. Yearly, \$1.50, with a choice of the following beautiful and valuable Premiums to each subscriber: A Parlor Chromo, worth \$5; or, a fine morocco gilt-edged Pocket Bible; or a fine pearl-handle two-blade Pocket Knife, and a Pallet of best Paints; or, a superior Spy-Glass; or, The Right Side (weekly) for one year; or, School Day Visitor for one year; or, Wood's Household Magazine for one year; or, The Book of Adventures, price, \$1; or, a choice from the list of splendid Premiums offered to single subscribers to Demorest's Monthly Magazine, and numerous other valuable and splendid Premiums for clubs. Thirty subscribers at \$1.50 each secures a \$55 Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, or fifteen subscribers and \$15 extra in money. Specimen copies, with circular, mailed post-free on receipt of 10 cents. Address, W. Jennings Demorest, 833 Broadway, N. Y. Do not fail to send for a specimen.

The Little Corporal Magazine for December closes the eleventh volume of that brilliant juvenile. The magazine has now been published five years and a half, and has attained an unprecedented popularity and circulation. It is now enlarged, improved and beautifully illustrated. The November and December numbers of 1870 are offered free to all who subscribe now for the next year. Don't fail to give your children this sterling juvenile magazine. It is published in Chicago, Illinois, by Sewell & Miller, at one dollar and a half a year, 15 cents for a single copy. Beautiful and generous premiums are given for clubs.

Frequent appeals to Providence are a habit with the King of Prussia. He declared, when crowned at Konigsberg on the 18th of October, 1861, that he would rule only "by the grace of God." When setting out for the campaign in Bohemia, he entrusted his "cause to God;" and when, by the visible assistance of God, he returned victorious to Berlin, he expressed thanks for God's gracious goodness, who had assisted Prussia. He concluded a speech on that occasion by crying with uplifted hand, "O Providence bless Prussia as graciously in the future as it has visibly blessed the immediate past! May God grant it!" When France declared war last July, the King said, "God knows I do not seek this war." "I will entrust upon God to bless our arms." The dispatch that refers to the battle of Woeith can thus: "Wonderful luck! This new great victory was won by Fritz. Thank God for his mercy!" The dispatch dated "Before Sedan, Sept. 2," exclaims "What a cause events have assumed by God's guidance!" The capitulation of Bismarck's army is announced with, "Providence be praised!"

There is one single fact which one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, namely: That no man ever repented being a Christian on his death-bed.

A poor man, who has less than one year ago had only one suit of clothes, went into the newspaper business, and now has eight suits. Seven of them are for libel.

Samatanfen, a young Indian, was ordained a priest of the Roman Catholic Church in the village of Lafette, near Quebec, some time since. He takes the name of Vincent, and is said to be the first red man made a priest.

GRAND FANCY DRESS AND MASQUERADE BALL WILL BE GIVEN AT THE ICE HOUSE BALL ROOM, by the Ladies Hebrew Benevolent Society, on THURSDAY, the 26th of JANUARY, 1871. Tickets—Gentlemen..... \$5.00 SUPPER FREE.