

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Two Dollars per annum--paid strictly in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES: Twelve lines or less of Nonpareil make a square.

JOB PRINTING: Of every description attended to on call, and done in the most tasteful manner.

PHYSICIANS: H. H. VAN NORMAN, M. D., & E. V. VAN NORMAN, M. D., Homoeopathic Physicians and Surgeons.

ATTORNEYS AND AGENTS: SHERMAN, BURROWS & HALL, Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio.

EDWARD B. FITCH, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Notary Public, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. H. WATKINS, Attorney at Law, Jefferson, Ohio. Office in the Court House, on the corner of Main and Adams streets.

HENRY PASSETT, Agent Home Insurance Company, of New York (Capital, \$2,000,000), and of Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Ct.

J. R. COOK, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Notary Public, also Real Estate Agent, Main street, near Western and Adams streets, Ashtabula, Ohio.

CHARLES BOOTH, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Ashtabula, Ohio.

HOTELS: RISK HOUSE, Ashtabula, Ohio. A. Field, Proprietor. An omnibus connects with the depot, and carries passengers to and from the depot.

ASHTABULA HOUSE, Henry Field, Proprietor. Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Large Public Hall, Billiard Room, and Omnibus to and from the depot.

THOMPSON'S HOTEL, J. G. Thompson, Proprietor, Jefferson, Ohio.

MERCHANTS: GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano-Fortes, and Melodions, Piano totes, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Depot--22 Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio.

WELLS & CARROLL, Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, etc. Store, Cleveland Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.

MURPHY & GILKEY, Dealers in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Crochets, and Sewing Machines, opposite Cleveland Block, Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. REDHEAD, Dealer in Flour, Pork, Hams, Lard, and all kinds of Fish, also, all kinds of Family Groceries, Fruits and Confectionery, Ale and Domestic Wines.

J. P. ROBERTSON, Dealer in every description of Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Also, has a stock of Choice Family Groceries, Main street, corner of Adams street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

D. W. HASKELL, Corner Spring and Main streets, Ashtabula, Ohio. Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, etc.

WELLS & BOOTH, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Western Reserve Flour and Cheese, Dried Fruit, Flour, and Groceries. Orders respectfully solicited, and filled at the lowest cash price.

H. L. ROBERTSON, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, etc. Ashtabula, Ohio.

DRUGGISTS: MARTIN NEWBERRY, Druggist, and Apothecary, and general dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes, Fancy and Toilet Goods, Main Street, corner of Adams street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

CHARLES E. SWIFT, Ashtabula, Ohio, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Groceries, Perfumery, and Fancy Articles, including Choice Coffee, Tea, Patent Medicines, Patent Medicines of every description, Palmers, Patent Brushes, Hair Soaps, Hair Restoratives, Hair Oils, etc. all of the lowest prices.

HENDRY & KING, Main street, Ashtabula, Ohio. Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Palmers, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Dye Stuffs, etc. Choice Family Groceries, including Coffee, Tea, Patent Medicines, Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared and attended to.

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Crochets, Glass Ware, etc. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Flour, Lard and Butter, Nails, Iron, Steel, Drugs, Medicines, Palmers, Oils, Dye Stuffs, etc. Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

HARNESS MAKER: W. H. WILLIAMS, Saddler and Harness Maker, opposite Park Block, Ashtabula, Ohio. Has on hand, and makes to order, in the best manner, everything in his line.

F. C. FORD, Manufacturer and Dealer in Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Trunks, Valises, etc. opposite Park Block, Ashtabula, Ohio.

MANUFACTURERS: SEYMOUR, GIDDINGS & CO., Manufacturers of Doors, Sash, Blinds, Siding, Flooring, Fencing, Milling, Serris, Work, Turnings, etc. Also, Jobbers and Builders of all kinds of Mill-work, and all kinds of Mill-work, at the Planning Mill, corner of Main street and Adams street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. M. SEYMOUR, G. A. GIDDINGS, G. A. TREADWELL.

A. D. SEYMOUR, Manufacturer and Jobber in Home-made Wood Goods, July, Clark, and Cedar Street, Ashtabula, Ohio, Nov. 10, 1870.

G. KEEL & BROS., Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Lumber, including Lumber, Lath and Shingles, at the Planning Mill, corner of Main street and Adams street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

MIDON & WAITE, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ready Made Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc., Ashtabula, Ohio.

FOUNDRIES: SEYMOUR, SPRONG & SPERRY, Manufacturers of House Boilers and Vegetable Plants, Mill Castings, Rollers, Blanks, Edging Shoes, etc. Phoenix Foundry, Ashtabula, Ohio.

MISCELLANEOUS: EMORY LUCE, Proprietor and Dealer in Grape Vines, House Boilers and Vegetable Plants. Persons about to plant Vineyards, will find it to their advantage to consult with the selection of sites for Vineyards, Solis, kinds of Grapes, best mode and time of planting. Examine samples of growing Vines, and compare prices. Ashtabula, Ohio.

LAKE SHORE & R. R. MAIL-ROAD. ERIE DIVISION--TIME TABLE. TAKING EFFECT SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1870.

Table with columns for Stations, Special, Chicago Ex., Toledo Ex., Mail Ac., Cin. Ex., Day Ex., Atlantic Ex., and Trains do not stop at stations where the time is omitted in the above table.

ERIE RAILWAY. 100 Miles without one change of coaches. BROAD GAUGE, DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE TO NEW YORK, BOSTON, ALBANY, PRINCIPAL POINTS IN NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND. LAND AND WATER WARRIORS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THIS Rail Way Extends from Rochester to New York 383 Miles. Buffalo to New York 423 Miles. Dunkirk to New York 460 Miles. Cleveland to New York 625 Miles. Buffalo from Depot on Exchange, Michigan Street, and is from 22 to 27 miles the shortest route.

All Trains run directly through to New York, 860 miles, without change of Coaches. From and after June 13th, 1870, trains will leave in connection with the Erie River Lines, as follows:

New York Day Express, leaves Cincinnati at 11:30 P. M. Saturdays excepted; Cleveland from Atlantic Street, Western depot, by Columbus, Ohio, time, daily, (Sundays excepted), at 10:30 P. M.; New York time, daily, (Sundays excepted), at 9:30 P. M. (Dinner, 9:30 P. M.; Supper, 9:30 P. M.; Arrives in New York 7:30 P. M. Connections with Western, Erie, and New York, and the celebrated Summer resort, Sharon Springs, N. Y., and with Western, Erie, and New York, and the Western Railroad, and at Jersey City with the Erie Express Train of New York Railroad for Philadelphia.

Sleeping Coaches are attached to this train at Cleveland, running through to New York. Improved Drawing Room Coaches are attached at Buffalo, leaving through to New York. Express, leaving Buffalo, and Union Depot, Buffalo, via Avon and via Hornellsville, daily, (Sundays excepted), at 7:30 A. M., arriving in New York at 7:30 P. M.

Lightning Express, (Daily), leaves Cincinnati 9:30 P. M.; arrives at West Salem at 6:10 A. M.; (Breakfast) leaves Cleveland 7:30 A. M.; leaves Buffalo 9:30 A. M.; (Breakfast); Meantime 11:30 A. M. (Dinner); Arrives at Buffalo 6:10 P. M. (Supper). Arrives in New York 7:30 P. M. Connections with Western, Erie, and New York, and the celebrated Summer resort, Sharon Springs, N. Y., and with Western, Erie, and New York, and the Western Railroad, and at Jersey City with the Erie Express Train of New York Railroad for Philadelphia.

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Cincinnati Express, daily, (Sundays excepted); leaves Buffalo at 4:30 P. M.; arrives at Toledo at 6:30 A. M.; (Breakfast) leaves Cleveland 7:30 A. M.; leaves Buffalo 9:30 A. M.; (Breakfast); Meantime 11:30 A. M. (Dinner); Arrives at Buffalo 6:10 P. M. (Supper). Arrives in New York 7:30 P. M. Connections with Western, Erie, and New York, and the celebrated Summer resort, Sharon Springs, N. Y., and with Western, Erie, and New York, and the Western Railroad, and at Jersey City with the Erie Express Train of New York Railroad for Philadelphia.

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One Train East on Sunday, leaving Cinc. mail at 6:45 A. M.; Cleveland at 7:30 A. M.; Buffalo at 9:30 A. M.; Dunkirk 1:30 P. M.; reaching New York at 7:00 A. M.

Boston and New England Passengers, with their Baggage, are transferred free of charge in New York. The best ventilated and most luxurious sleeping coaches in the world, accompany all night trains on the railway.

The Erie Railway Company has opened a new Ferry from East Jersey City (about 10 miles from New York), thus enabling passengers to reach the upper part of the river, with the expense and annoyance of a street car or omnibus transfer.

The scenery along the entire route of the Erie Railway is of the most picturesque and beautiful character. Admirers of Nature's beauties, in a daylight journey over the Erie, will find it well worth the expense and annoyance of a street car or omnibus transfer.

Baggage Checked Through and Free as low as by any other route. Ask for Tickets via Erie Railway. Which can be obtained at all principal Ticket Offices on main and connecting lines.

For Boys & Girls. MERRY'S MUSEUM, enlarged and improved. "Merry's Museum" is a collection of the most interesting and valuable objects ever seen in this country. It is a collection of the most interesting and valuable objects ever seen in this country.

IMPROVE YOUR SIGHT! BY THE USE OF PYKE'S PARABOLA SPECTACLES. Manufactured at Utica, New York.

GEORGE WILLARD, Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Hardware, etc., Ashtabula, Ohio. Is appointed agent for the sale of the above Spectacles.

Persons wearing glasses, or those in need of them, will do well to call, for in every case we guarantee to suit the eye perfectly.

No Paddies Employed. 201

JUSTICE'S OFFICE--I. O. Fisher, Esq. will be found at his Office in Smith's Lumber Block, at the store of Messrs. Black & Crosby, where he is prepared to attend promptly to any business.

CLOTHIERS: W. W. ALBERT, Dealer in Cloths, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Engraving, Mending and Repairing done to order. Shop on Main street, Opposite Office, 201.

JAMES R. SEYMOUR, Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. Engraving, Mending and Repairing done to order. Shop on Main street, Opposite Office, 201.

SELECT POETRY.

The Last Mile-Stones. BY PEARL RIVERS.

Sixty years through shine and shadow-- Sixty years, my gentle wife, You and I have walked together Down the rugged road of life, From the hills of spring we started, And through all the Summer land, And the fruit of Autumn came, We have journeyed hand in hand.

We have borne the heat and burden, Telling painfully and slow, We have gathered in our harvest, With rejoicing long ago, Leave the uplands for our children-- They are strong to seek the road, Through the quiet winter lowlands, Our level way we keep.

'Tis a dreary country, darling, You and I are passing through; But the road lies straight before us, And the miles are short and few, No more danger, no more fear, No more hills to climb, true friend, Nothing now but simple walking, Till we reach our journey's end.

We have had our time of gladness; 'Twas a proud and happy day-- Ah! the proudest of our journey, When we felt that our day of the children God had given, Looking fondly on the daughters, "Lovely women are our daughters-- Our sons are noble men!"

We have had our time of sorrow-- Our time of anxious fears, When we could not see the mile-stones, Through the blindness of our tears, In the sunny summer country, Far behind us little May, And Willie, too, grew weary, And we left them on the way.

Are you looking backward, mother, That you stumble in the snow? I am still your guide and staff, dear, Lean your weight upon me, so! Our road is growing narrow; And what is it, wife, you say? You know our eyes are dim, dear, But we have not lost the way.

Cheer thee! cheer thee! faithful-hearted! Just a little before Lies that great Eternal City, Of the King that we adore, I can see the shining spire, And the King, the King, my dear, We have served him long and humbly; He will bless us, do not fear.

Ah! the snow falls fast and heavy, How you shiver with the cold, Let me wrap the mantle closer, And my arm around you fold, And my weak, and faint and weary, And the snow is in the west, And we have reached the gates, my darling, Let us tarry here and rest.

THE ALPS TRAGEDY--The reader of the Mc GIFFERT letter that appeared in the Telegraph, last summer, will probably recollect the sad story of the loss of one of a bridal party, just previous to its visit, on Mt. Blanc. Just after that visit, a party was overtaken on the mountain by a snow storm so perished. The announcement is now made that the bodies of five victims have been found. On the person of one of them--Dr. BEANE, a Scotchman--a diary was found, giving the situation of the party until he was too numb to write. Here are a couple of extracts:

Tuesday, Sept. 6. Immediately on leaving the summit found myself enveloped in a whirlwind of snow at 15,000 feet English high. We have passed the night in a grotto dug in the snow--an uncomfortable asylum, and I have been ill all the night.

Sept. 7. Evening. We have been on Mount Blanc for two days in a terrible snow storm. We are lost. We are in a grotto dug in the snow, at a height of 15,000 feet. I have no hope of descending. We have no provisions. My feet are already frozen, and I am entirely exhausted. I have only strength to write these words, accompanying all night trains on the railway.

Thanksgiving.

BY REV. SAMUEL GIFFERT, D. D.

With fraternal hymn, we bring A thankful tribute to our King; Our lives attest Thy Guardian care, Thy bounteous gifts our lips declare.

We thank Thee for the bliss complete Of homes, where happy households meet, Where love staves our hearts to praise, And cov'nant blessings crown our days.

Thy name we bless, with rev'rent awe, For freedom, truth and righteous law-- The nation's life in faith begun, Whose heavenly spirit swells our song.

We praise Thee for the gospel's light-- Its precepts pure and promise bright; For hope, with life immortal strong, Whose heavenly spirit swells our song.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him all creatures here below! Praise Him above ye heav'nly host! Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

A capital joke and all the more palatable because it is true and can be vouch'd, took place a few days since, at one of our prominent Fourth street churches. It seems that a worthy deacon had been very industrious in selling a new church box in the city, the locality grow larger since it became a loud guffaw. Ladies colored up, crimsoned, blushed, and thanked the Lord for the low price of peopling the earth. There was no benediction that morning worth speaking of. The deacon, after he had found out his mistake, changed his pew from the front of the church to the third from the rear; and though he cannot hear the sermon, he is consoled with the thought that the young ladies cannot sneaker at him.

Dogs, Socially Considered. 'I think,' says Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, who of all prose writers has written with the most hearty and delightful appreciation of dogs, 'I think every family should have a dog. It is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and the crony of the whole house; it keeps them all young; and, when he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never sulks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never comes down late to breakfast, is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick him instead of some one else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked.'

Next to a merry child, we do not know so good and healthful a companion for a melancholic man as a dog. He does not call over the roll of your ailments with dolorous intonation, nursing and petting them by recital, nor does he answer you by commencing your splenic malady. He just ignores you so innocently that you ignore them too. If, after a convivial evening, you awake with a pound of lead in the ejaculatory regions, spiders in your eyes, and mephitic vapors coiling through your brain; if the day looks cold, and dark, and dreary, and you feel half inclined to try the 'bare bodkin' remedy, rather than grant and sweat a weary life, just draw up your clothes and open the door to your dog. See what a delicious good morning he has for you. How he leaps upon you, and sprinkles you all over with cool, fragrant dew, which he has brushed from his eyes and violet borders. How his eyes flash, and his tail wags like an excited pendulum, as he winds up his welcome with a series of acrobatic somersaults--Putnam's Magazine.

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You can't marry a man if you marry a widow. A judge in Indiana has been named Old Necessity, because "necessity knows no law."

Census of this County.

Below we give a table showing the population of this county under the census of 1860 and the present year. It will be seen by figures thus given that the population of the county has gained slightly in these past ten years--only 631, more than which has been in Ashtabula township alone, and the half of which has been in Jefferson. The gains appear almost exclusively in the villages, while all the properly rural towns have lost. This loss in the farming districts is common all over the Western Reserve, and may be throughout the State. At least it will be found to hold in the grazing part of the State and the older counties.

The rapid tendency of population westward, must have its effect upon such a country as we have here; and it stands at our feet, a present amount through this century, if indeed it does not determine the susceptibility of our soil to improvement under good culture and its freedom from rocks and steep ravines, will on a very little change in the manner of farming, cause a return from the present dairy and grazing system to the culture of grains, when the population will increase rapidly in the country; while manufacturers will keep up the villages to their present rate of increase. The opening of a railroad southward through the county would probably build up two or three good villages by manufacturers. But unless something of this kind is done we shall remain at a stand-still.

As appropriate to this subject we introduce the following table of--

Table with columns: Townships, 1860, 1870, Gain, Loss. Rows include Ashtabula, Village, Austintown, Andover, Conneaut, Denmark, Dorset, Geneva, Village, Harpersfield, Harpersville, Jefferson, Village, Kingsville, Lenox, Morgan, Village, New Lyme, Monroe, Orwell, Plymouth, Rome, Pierpont, Richmond, Sheffield, Saybrook, Trumbull, Wayne, Williamsfield, Windsor, Totals, Net Gain.

Keep out of the Kitchen. Husbands ought "keep out of the kitchen." A husband who did not writes thus of the consequences: "I found fault some time ago with Maria Ann's custard pie, and tried to tell her. Show my mother made mustard pie. Maria made the pie after my receipt. It lasted longer than any other pie we ever had. Maria set it on the table every day for dinner, and you see I could not eat it because I forgot to tell her to put in any eggs, or shortening. It was economical, but in a fit of generosity I stole it from the pantry and gave it to a poor little boy in the neighborhood. The boy's funeral was largely attended by his former playmates. I did not go myself. Then there were the buckwheat cakes. I took Maria Ann any food could be had. Her making those cakes, and she said I had better try it. So I did. I emptied the batter all out of the pitcher one evening and set the cakes myself. I got the flour and the salt and water, and warmed by the past, put in a liberal quantity of eggs and shortening. I shortened with tallow from roast beef because I could not find any lard. The batter did not look right, and I lit my pipe and pondered: yeast--yeast to be sure, I had forgotten the yeast. I went and woke up the baker and got six cents worth of yeast. I set the pitcher behind the setting room stove and went to bed. In the morning I got up early and prepared to enjoy my triumph--but I didn't. That yeast was strong enough to raise the dead and the butter was running all over the carpet. I scraped it up and put it in another dish. Then I got a fire in the kitchen and put on the griddle. The first lot of cakes stuck to the griddle. The second, ditto, only more. Maria came down and asked me what was burning. She advised me to grease the griddle. I did it. One end of the griddle got too hot, and I dropped it on my tenderest corn while trying to turn it around. Finally, the cakes were ready for breakfast, and Maria got the other things ready. We sat down. My cakes did not have exactly the right flavor. I took one mouthful and it satisfied me. I lost my appetite at once. Maria would not let me put one on her plate. I think those cakes may be reckoned a dead loss. The cat would not eat them. The dog ran off and staid three days after one was offered him. The hens won't go within ten feet of them. I threw them into the back yard and there has not been a pig on the premises since. I eat what is put before me now, and do not allude to my mother's system of cooking."

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You can't marry a man if you marry a widow. A judge in Indiana has been named Old Necessity, because "necessity knows no law."

versal destruction. And upon every flood God sits, upon every outpouring of judgment, Jehovah reigns, upon every bitter working out of man's wrath and wickedness he holds his throne--"The Lord sitteth King forever." There is a quiet emphasis in this word "sitteth." It is different from the "expression--The Lord maintains his throne, or holds fast his kingdom. These latter intimate Divine effort against opposition. "The Lord sitteth on the flood" expresses the Divine quietude--the serene majesty which is undisturbed by the clash of nature and the war of men--which puts forth no effort of aggrandizement and uses no measure of defense, because there is no destruction to be added to the universal kingdom, and no power that can reach the exalted throne.

It is the privilege, therefore, of God's people to keep a perpetual thanksgiving day. Not on one select day of the year, neither on some occasion of special Divine favor, but on all days and in all circumstances. "Rejoice in the Lord always," is the comprehensive counsel. "Enter his courts with thanksgiving" is the divine proclamation sounding throughout the ages. It needs no Presidential proclamation, it needs no sermon-review of his mercies to evidence that we should thank God. The Psalm of individual gratitude, ere a single blessing is specified, begins, "Bless the Lord, Oh my soul." And the Psalm of national or world-wide thanks, ere it makes any review of God's goodness, breaks forth, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof."

The thought, it seems to me, is a precious one as we keep our national thanksgiving. It is not something with which we are privileged through an unusual providence; it is our continual possession. Our fathers kept it in the olden times; our children, to the end of the latter days, shall observe it. No vicissitude of weal or woe can affect its perpetuity. We kept our feast in those dark years when our land was rent with strife, and the nation, in blood and agony, struggled for existence; we kept it now in the glorious years which have dawned upon us, in the broad, regenerated land which God has saved for us. We keep it not only for ourselves, but for this sinning, suffering world, though God's judgments are to-day smiting the nations. And by God's grace, we will keep it while we have any being, however wide those judgments may extend; whether in our own or other lands, the commissioned angels pour out their vials; we will keep it though the last day comes--though the last battle is joined, though He who rideth on the white horse smites the nations with his sword and treads the winepress of the wrath of Almighty God--we will keep it, because on the vesture of the conqueror the name is written, "King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and he sitteth King forever."

It is customary and very proper on this occasion, as the thanksgiving is national, to look chiefly at our national blessings. Yet in reviewing the history of the year, I find but little which is special or unusual. The old blessings remain to us; the blessings of freedom, good government, prosperity, peace and Christianity. And these old blessings demand every year new praise. As in individual, so in national life, the richest blessings are, usually, those which are most constant. There are occasions when a nation can praise God, as did our people four years ago, that he has brought to an end an overwhelming calamity, and saved them from destruction. But thanksgiving proclamations generally, must read in substance, very much alike. As the morning and evening prayer of the household is for the daily bread and the fatherly protection, so the annual thanksgiving of the worshipping nation is for another year crowned with God's goodness. There has been during the year a steady national advance in removing the evils resultant from the fearful struggle for the Union, and in establishing up a substantial basis for the benefit of all. There has been an encouraging progress toward a more perfect and hearty union and a more sure and solid prosperity. It is not indeed, to be questioned, that our country is still exposed to danger, and that to secure a prosperous future for this broad land, with the hundred millions of people that shall, ere many years, inhabit it, there is required the highest statesmanship and the most energetic Christianity. Some of these dangers are inherent in corrupt human nature, some of them are incident to a Republican form of government; and others are naturally attendant upon growth and prosperity. But your attention is so frequently called to these dangers, that, with the exception of one to which I shall refer, etc. etc. of my discourse, I need not attend you with their consideration.

The startling events of the year have been on the other side of the ocean; and you will expect my remarks to-day to have chief reference to them. And as we consider these, it may be that we shall find lessons for ourselves, and reasons for

Thanksgiving Sermon, BY REV. J.