THE RED WING SENTINEL.

Minnesota Forever!

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PROSPECTUS.

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An Independent Democratic Journal,
DEVOTED
TO THE INTERESTS AND RIGHTS OF THE MASSES.

As a Political Journal it will try all measures and men by the standard of Democratic principles, and will submit to no test but that of Democratic truth.

CONTENTS:

The *Sentinel* will contain Congressional and Legislative—Foreign and Domestic—River and Commercial News—Literary Matter—Tales—Biographical and Historical Sketches, &c., &c., &c. &c.

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Red Wing, Minn.
☞ Office with Smith, Towne & Co. 82-tf

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Will give special attention to collecting &c.
74y

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Bankers & Land Agents;
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Money loaned. Exchange & Land Warrants bought and sold. Land Warrants, or Money loaned to pre-emptors, on long or short time, and on favorable terms.
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Red Wing, May, 1857.

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☞ Money loaned, Land Warrants sold or loaned on time. Real Estate, and Exchange bought and sold. May 23, '57.

SMITH, TOWNE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
REAL ETATE.
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Will attend to locating Land Warrants, payment of taxes, collection of notes, and to the purchase and sale of Real Estate throughout the Territory. Surveying, Mapping, and Platting of every kind done to order by a practical surveyor. Copies of township maps furnished.—Deeds drawn and acknowledgements taken.
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REAL ESTATE OFFICE,
CENTRAL POINT, MINNESOTA.
THE subscriber will buy and sell Lands, locate Land Warrants, enter Government Lands, select Claims for Settlers desiring to locate on the Half Breed Reservation, pay Taxes and attend to all business appertaining to his profession—negotiate Loans for Capitalists upon unexceptionable real estate security from 20 to 60 per cent. PERRY D. MARTIN.
Central Point, Jan. 1, 1858. 77y

W. E. HAWKINS. G. B. BAKER. A. HALL.
ACTIONS—NOT WORDS.
Hawkins & Co.,
WOULD take this method of informing their friends and the public generally, that they are now prepared to do
PAINTING
Of all kinds, such as House, Sign, Carriage, Curtain and Ornamental Painting, Graining, Glazing, Marbling and Paper Hanging.
☞ Special attention paid to all orders from the country. 52tf
Red Wing, July 17, 1857.

BLACKSMITHING
BY
GEORGE W. PARKER,
At the new Shop on Main street, within a few rods of the crossing of Jordon.
RED WING, MINNESOTA. 79tf

HOTELS.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL,
Levee street, immediately opposite the Steamboat Landing, Red Wing, Minnesota,
A. A. & E. L. TEELE, PROPRIETORS.
THIS new, spacious and commodious house is now open for the reception of guests.—It has been constructed under the immediate supervision of the proprietors, and nothing has been omitted to insure the comfort and convenience of those who may favor them with their patronage. The numerous rooms are all well lighted, ventilated and furnished in a superior manner. In connection with the house is a good and commodious stable.
Red Wing, March 1, 1858. 83tf

CENTRAL POINT HOUSE.
P. R. & F. A. HARDT, PROPRIETORS.
THIS House is pleasantly located on the shore of Lake Pepin, within a few rods of the Steamboat Landing. Persons wishing to spend a few days of recreation and leisure, will find this *the* place to do it. A good and well supplied barn is attached to the house, and a competent ostler always in attendance.
The proprietors having leased the above popular house and having thoroughly repainted and furnished in a superior style, would say to the public that n thing that they can do to make al. calling, comfortably and pleasantly situated, will be left undone.
May 28, 1858. 95y

RED WING HOUSE.
JACOB BENNETT, Proprietor.
RED WING, - - MINNESOTA.
☞ Connected with the House is a large and convenient Stable. Stages leave daily for the interior. Teams and Carriages on hand to convey Passengers to any part of the country.
April 24, 1858. 90-tf

FALLS HOUSE.
BY BEN VAN CAMPEN,
CANNON FALLS, MINNESOTA.
Travelers will find every accommodation on reasonable terms at the above House. Good Stables, Ostlers, &c. 62ly

HACK HOUSE.
J. HACK, Proprietor.
ON PLUM STREET, a few doors from Main Street, Red Wing.
This House is entirely new and newly furnished, and the Proprietor hopes by strict attention to customers to receive a share of patronage.
Red Wing, Sept. 5, 1857. 59y

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. F. HENDRICKSON,
Rectifier and Wholesale dealer in
Domestic and Foreign
WINES & LIQUORS,
Corner Plum and Third Sts., 97tf
RED WING, - - - MINNESOTA.

NEW BARBER SHOP.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS FITTED UP IN a first rate manner, the room formerly occupied as the Sentinel Office, on Plum street opposite the Hack House, and having reduced the price of shaving to
FIVE CENTS!
is prepared to execute, in a superior manner, all branches of his profession. Citizens and strangers are respectfully invited to call.
J. W. COOK.
Red Wing, May 7, '59. 144-tf

C. H. CONNELLY, M. D.,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Red Wing and vicinity.
OFFICE.—Corner of Bush and Plum street, up stairs.
REFERENCES,
Hon. Z. KIDWELL, M. C., Fairmont, Va.,
Hon. J. L. DAWSON, M. C., Brownsville, Pa.,
Prof. T. D. MUTTER, Philadelphia, Pa.,
Dr. J. C. COOPER, " "
Rev. Dr. DRUMMOND, Morgantown, Va.,
DRS. MCLANE & BROCK, Morgantown, Va.,
Dr. A. H. CAMPBELL, Key West, Florida,
Dr. E. S. GAINES, Knoxville, Tennessee.
Red Wing, May 28, 1857. 44tf

C. C. BLAKSLEE,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
Drugs and Medicines,
CHEMICALS, PAINTS,
OILS, Dye Stuffs, Window Glass, Medicinal Wines and Liquors. Tobacco, Snuffs, Cigars. Camphene, Alcohol, Burning Fluid, &c., Main Street, Red Wing, Minnesota. 99y1

1859. RED WING 1859.
SMEAM PLANING MILL.
—AND—
SASH, DOOR AND BLIND FACTORY.
(One Block above Freeborn's Saw Mill.)
WE SHALL BE PREPARED TO FURNISH at all times, anything in the above line of business, and shall keep on hand all kinds of planed and matched Lumber, Mouldings, etc.
Orders promptly attended to, which may also be left with Brown & Betcher.
Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for work. COGEL & BETCHER.
Red Wing, April 19, 1859. 142-1y

McINTIRE & SHELDON
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware Cutlery, Nails, Oils, Paints Sash, Window Glass, Looking Glasses, Farming Implments.
Also, Hosiery, Gloves, Cravats, Suspenders, Shirts, Collars, Brushes, Fancy Goods, &c.
J. McINTIRE.
Red Wing M. T. T. B. SHELDON.

DUBUQE CITY MARBLE WORKS.
N. HERRICK, Dealer in American and Foreign Marble, Sixth street, below Main and Iowa, Dubuque, Iowa.
Monuments, Tomb & Head Stones, Mantles, Table Tops, &c. 62m9

ALLEN SWAIN.
SURGEON AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.
Rooms over the Drug store, Main st. Red Wing. 70m

THE RED WING
JEWELRY STORE!
AND
Clock and Watch Repository!
BY E. M. BOND.
Shop on the corner of Main & Bush streets.
Red Wing, Minnesota.
April 23, '59. 142-1y

AT E. L. HOWARD'S
Blacksmith Shop,
CORNER OF MAIN & BROADWAY.
Is where you can get work done cheaper than at any other shop in Red Wing. Particular attention given to HORSE SHOEING.
May 21, '59. 146-tf

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

THACKERAY'S SATIRE.

A good specimen of Thackeray's satirical powers, is the satire which follows, on the Georges. The four monarchs were the subjects of his lectures during his late visit—lectures which were continued profitably in the provincial cities of Great Britain on his return:

THE GEORGES.

As the statutes of these beloved monarchs are to be put up in the Parliament palace—we have been furnished by a young lady (connected with the Court) with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of those Stars of Brunswick.

George the First—Star of Brunswick.

He preferred Hanover to England,
He preferred two hideous Mistresses
To a beautiful and innocent Wife.
He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.
And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

George II.

In most things I did as my father had done,
I was false to my wife, I hated my son:
My spending was small and my avarice much,
My kingdom was English, my heart was High Dutch:
At Dettington fight I was known not to blench,
I butchered the Scotch, and I bearded the French:
I neither had morals nor manners, nor wit;
I wasn't much missed when I died in a fit.
Here set up my statute, and make it complete—
With Pott on his knees at my dirty old feet.

George III.

Give me a royal niche—it is my due,
The virtuousest King the realm e'er knew.
I, through a decent, reputable life,
Was constant to plain food and a plain wife.
Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.
My brain, perhaps, might be a feeble part;
But yet I think I had an English heart.
When all the Kings were prostrate, I alone
Stood face to face against Napoleon;
Nor ever could the ruthless Frenchman forge
A fetter for OLD ENGLAND and OLD GEORGE.
I let loose flaming Nelson on his fleets;
I met his troops with Wellesley's bayonets.
Triumphant waved my flag on land and sea:
Where was the King in Europe like to me?
Monarchs exiled found shelter on my shores;
My bounty rescued Kings and Emperors.
But what boots victory by land or sea?
What boots that Kings found refuge at my knee?
I was a conqueror, but yet not proud;
And careless, even though Napoleon bowed.
The rescued Kings came to kiss my garments' hem;
The rescued Kings I never heeded them.
My guns roared triumph, but I never heard;
All England thrilled with joy, I never stirred.
What care had I of pomp, or fame, or power?
A crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower?

Georgius Ultimus.

He left an example for age and for youth
To avoid.
He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.
He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so Ignorant that he could scarcely Spell;
But he had some Skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.
He built the Palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,
And for these qualities and Proofs of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy
Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."
Friends, respect the KING whose Statute is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

This is caustic enough, particularly when we consider that it came from an English pen.

— "Much remains unsung," remarked a tom-cat, as a brickbat cut short his serenade.

— "If we can't hear, it ain't for the lack of ears," said the ass to the cornfield.

— Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers? Because they have *studded* the heavens for ages.

ASTRONOMY OF THE BIBLE.

When the tribunal, which in 1633, condemned Galileo for maintaining propositions in regard to the revolution of the earth, "philosophically false, erroneous in faith, and expressly contrary to Holy Scripture," and triumphantly pointed to the command of Joshua, "Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon in the valley of Anjalon. And the sun stood still and the moon stayed;" Ch. x. 12,—in entire confidence that the Ptolemaic system was incontrovertible; they little thought that there was a passage in Scripture, written more than two hundred years before Joshua crossed the Jordan, in which, the revolution of the earth upon its axis is fully confirmed. But such is the case and had their eminences been as good Hebraists as they were inquisitors, they wo'd have known that the Lord, when he answered Job out of the storm, had distinctly declared it, and would not have "darkened counsel, by words without knowledge."

Perhaps some of our readers will be not less surprised than the cardinals themselves would have been, to find that the old patriarch had a revelation on astronomy. They may say that astronomy was born in the pure atmosphere of the Orient, where the moons of Jupiter may be seen without the aid of the glass of Fiesole, and that it is not strange that the "greatest among the sons of the East" should be acquainted with the sciance of his native land; but they are not prepared to acknowledge that he was in advance of Copernicus.—He was, however, as we will now show, we trust, to their entire satisfaction. The Rev. Cartaret Priaux Carey, incumbent of St. John's Guernsey, in his late elaborate work upon the book of Job, thus translates the passage in the thirty-eighth chapter, commencing at the twelvth verse:

"Hast thou, since thy days commanded the morning,
And caused the day spring to know its place,
To take hold of the wings of the earth,
That the wicked might be shaken out of it?
It turneth around like a seal of clay,
And things stand out as though in dress.

An examination of the original will satisfy any one moderately acquainted with the Hebrew, that Mr. Crary is correct. The words will not bear the rendering given them in the Anglican version. "Githhappech, it turneth round, or goeth round, and when the context requires continuance, it continues to go round." That is, it revolves. Compare Genesis iii. 24, Judges vii. 13, and Job. xxxvii. 12, the only three places where the verb is found in the Hithapel form. The rendering is also sustained by the fact, that Cheekhomer Khotham sho'd be translated "like clay of seal," i. e. "a clay seal," according to the common rule of apposition. Both in Assyria and Egypt, these clay seals are found. They have their designs in relief upon the tire, so to speak, and when used were rolled over the object that was to receive the impression. Thus objects, "stand out," and the revolution of the earth upon its axis is evidently stated in scripture; and the establishment of this astronomical principle most convincingly manifests what has often been asserted, that the more the scriptnre is searched the more truth will it be found to contain, and that works and word of God are not more sublime than harmouious and consistent.

Had not in Galileo's time a knowledge of Hebrew, been confined to a very few, and had not the ecclesiastics like too many of the clergy of our own time, contented themselves with such acquaintance with holy writ, as may be obtained from versions, there would not have been enacted that dark scene which affords in the punishment and retraction of Galileo, so triumphant an exhibition of the wickedness and weakness of man. "Human nature," said Sir David Brewster, "is here drawn in its darkest coloring; in surveying the melancholy picture, it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded. While we hear the presumptous priest pronouncing infallible the decrees of his own erring judgement, we see the high-minded philosopher abjuring the eternal and immutable truths which he has himself the glory of establishing."

SMELLING AND TASTING.—"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject up before the Western Debating Society in the bar room. Uncle Joe was the last one to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him deliver himself. Walking up to the barkeeper, he called for a hot whiskey punch, and drank it off with a great gusto; then turning to his opponents, he handed the empty glass to his leading disputant, and thundered out: "Now, *smell it*, you varmint!" It is needless to say that Uncle Joe "brought down the house," and also the decision for the negative.

Mrs. Partington says, that if she would be cast away, she would prefer meeting with the catastrophe in the "Bay of Biscuits" for then she would have something to live on.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS UNCLE.

The present Emperor of France wrote the following epistle in the prison of Ham in 1840, upon the occasion of the body of the great Emperor being brought back from St. Helena to France. It shows an idolatrous regard of the nephew for the uncle:

To the manes of the Emperor:

CITADEL OF HAM, Dec. 15, 1840.

SIRE: You returned to your capital, and the people in multitudes hailed your return, while I, from the depth of my dungeon, can only discern a ray of that sun which shines upon your obsequies. Do not be angry with your family that it is not there to receive you. Your exile and your misfortunes have ceased with your life—ours continue always. You have expired upon a rock, far from your country and from your kindred—the hand of a son has not closed your eyes, and to-day none of your kinsmen will follow your bier. Montholon, whom you loved the most among your faithful companions, has performed the office of a son—he remained faithful to your ideas, has fulfilled your last wishes. He has conveyed to me your last words. He is in prison with me. A French vessel, under the command of a noble youth, went to claim your ashes—in vain you would look upon the dock for any of your kin—your family were not there. When you touched the soil of France an electric shock was felt—you raised yourself in your coffin—your eyes were for a moment re-opened—the tricolor floated upon the shore, but your eagle was not there. The people, as in former times, press around your coffin and salute you with their declamations, as if you were still alive—but the courtiers of the day, while rendering you homage, say, with suppressed breath, "God grant he may not awake." You have at length seen again these French whom you loved so much—you have returned again into that France which you made so great, but foreigners have left their trace, which the pomp of of your return can never efface. See that young army, for they are the sons of your veterans—they are indebted to you, for you are their glory—but it is said to them to fold your arms. Sire, the people are the good stuff which cover our beautiful country, but these men, whom you have made so great, and who are yet so small—ah, Sire! regret them not. They have denied your name, your glory, and your blood. When I have spoken to them of your creed they have said to me: "we do not understand you." Let them say—let them do—what signifies to the car which rolls the grains of sand which it crushes under its wheels. They say in vain that you were a meteor, which has left no traces behind—in vain they deny your civil glory—they will not disinherit us. Sire, the 15th of December is a great day for France and for me. From the midst of your funeral train, disdaining the homage of many around, you have for a moment cast your eyes upon my gloomy abode, and calling to mind the caresses you lavished upon me when a child, you have said to me: "You have suffered for me, son; I am satisfied with you!"

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WOMAN AS DESCRIBED BY VARIOUS FRENCH AUTHORS.

'Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the hapiness of a man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusion.'—*Octave Feuillit.*

'In every thing that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.'—*Madame de Maintenon.*

'Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.'—*Duclos.*

'A woman frequently resists the love she feels, but can not resist the love she inspires.'—*Madame Fee.*

'It is a universal rule which, as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons.'—*Michelet.*

'Love, in a woman's life, is a history; in a man's, an episode.'—*Madame de Stael.*

'There exists with a woman a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each other's interest.'—*Diderot.*

'No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely.—*Stahl.*

'Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but woman can read it better.'—*J. J. Rousseau.*

'Only he who has nothing to hope from a woman is truly sincere in her praise.'—*Cutalini.*

'Most of their faults women owe to us, while we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.'—*Lemesle.*

ICEBERGS.

Very few sights in human nature are more imposing than that of the huge, solitary iceberg, as, regardless alike of wind and tide it steers its course on the face of the deep far away from the land. Like one of the front giants of Scandinavian mythology, it issues from the portals of the North, armed with great blocks of stone. Proudly it sails on. The waves that dash in and foam against its sides, shake not the strength ot its crystal walls, nor tarnish the sheen of its emerald caves. Sleet and snow storm and tempest are its congenial elements. Night falls around, and the stars are reflected tremulously from a thousand peaks, and from the green depths of "Caverns measureless to man."

The visible portion of an iceberg is only about one-ninth of the whole mass; so that if one be seen 190 feet high, the lowest point may perhaps be away down 700 feet below the waves. Now it is easy to see that such a moving island will often grate across the summit and along the sides of the submarine hills; and when the lower part of the berg is roughened over with earth and stones, the surface of the rock over which it passes will be torn up and dispersed or smoothed and straited, while the boulders embedded in the ice will be straited in turn.—But some icebergs have been seen rising 400 feet over the sea, and these if their submarine portions sank to their maximum depth, must have reached the enormous total height of 3,000 feet. By such a mass, any rock or mountain top existing below the surface of the ocean, would be polished and grooved; and succeeding bergs depositing mud and boulders upon it, this smooth surface might be covered up, and suffer no change till the ocean bed should be slowly upheaved to the light of day.

In this way submarine rock surfaces at all depth's, from the coast line, down to two hundred or three hundred thousand feet, may be scratched and polished and eventually entombed in mud. It is upon this theory only that we are able to account for the many huge boulders that lie scattered about upon the mountain, valley and plain.—*Scientific American.*

THE NEW FRENCH CANNON.

The new cannons, which have just been substituted for the old material in the French Army, are all rifled.—The calibers are but two—caliber of 12 for siege, caliber of four for field guns. The solid ball has been suppressed; all projectile's are hollow. They strike as a solid ball and burst like shells. Their shape is conical; they are provided with lead projections which enter the grooves inside the cannon and insure a great precision in firing. The cannon of 12 tells more against fortifications than the enormous caliber tried in England. They have been tried as follows: Two similar heavy blocks of masonry have been chosen, a battery of 25 (old plan) was mounted before the first at 36 yards, the usual distance for making a breach. A battery of 12 (new plan) was placed before the other at about double that distance—namely, 77 yards. It required half the number of shots from the new cannon to make as wide a breach as was made by the old one. The balls entered the masonry 32 inches deep, and then exploded throwing off large cones. The charge of the new cannon was two pounds, ten ounces of powder; the charge of the old one was eighteen pounds. The superiority of the field piece was still more marked; it weighs less than 600 pounds, and six men can carry it on their shoulders through a difficult defile. It requires only one pound of powder, and sends a ball 4,400 yards with such exactness that it is easy to hit a single horseman at 3,300 yards. The explosive power of these balls is enormous, and was lately exhibited in the death of Gen. Ardent. This officer was wathing the experiment thro' a horizontal long hole 1 and 1-16th of an inch high, at a distance of 66 yards from the place where the ball burst. A particle of iron, extremely small, struck him with sufficient force to break his skull, and cause instant death.

A FARMER'S STORY.—At the Woodbury plowing match a few days ago, Mr. John Daw told the following anecdote: Having drained a field where nothing had ever grown before. I was standing near looking at a crop I had there, when a neighbor farmer came up. We have one or two loose farmers in our neighborhood; one of them, in fact came from Woodbury (laughter;) but that is not the man I am speaking of. He came up and said to me, "that is a bootiful crop! how did ee get it, sur?" I replied "brains." (Laughter.) "Wat! manure the field wi' brains?" (More laughter.) The fact was, I had drained the field; so I said, "Yes." (Renewed laughter.) He replied, "Lord, yer honer, where did ee get um?" (Roars of laughter.)—*Shelbourne (Eng.) Journal.*

PUNCH says that Rarey, the Horse-Tamer, is "The Philosopher of the Stable Mind."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Business Cards of five lines, 1 year,	$6,00
do ten lines do	10,00
One column per year,	70,00
do six months	40,00
Half column per year	40,00
do six months	25,00
Fourth column per year	25,00
do six months	15,00
Each square (10 lines, or less) first insertion	75
Each subsequent insertion	,25
Legal Notices, per sq., (first insertion)	45
" " each subsequent "	20

All advertisements continued until ordered out

Advertisements set in double column, ½ price additional.

☞ Advertisements will be changed as often as desired, by paying 25 cents a square for composition.

☞ Business Notices appearing in the Local Column, will be charged 15 cents per line for the first, and 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.

REFORM IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

An important change is discussed among the Methodists in regard to the government of the Church and the itineracy of the ministers. The Layman's Association of the Cincinnatti Conference, recently in session resolved that it would conduce to the welfare of the whole church so to change the present system as to allow of lay representation in general and other conferences. They object to being so exclusively governed by the ministers. They further say that the good of their children, the church and the world, loudly calls for a more intimate relation between the pastor and people, which can only be obtained by a more protracted stay of the pastor with the people."

One reason they urge against the present system of itinerancy is, that it is a grievous and unneccessary burden upon the Church. They calculate that in displacing their four thousand ministers from fields where they have just begun to labor with success, and in removing them to new ones where six month's will be required to make acquaintances, an expense is incurred every two years of $120,000 for removals, and another $120,000 in the depreciation of household goods, making an aggregate which exceeds the whole sum contributed by the Methodist Episcopal Church, to foreign missions. They also reckon that every two years a thousand year's ministerial labor are lost in the process of removal, and argue that the system is "extravagant." They also protest against the absorption of the time of the ministers in editing, teaching latin and mathematics, and hold that laymen may be found to attend to manythings which now divert many of their ministers from their proper work.—*New York Post.*

SELF-RESPECT.

One of the strongest and most prevalent incentives to virtuous *conduct* is the desire of the world's esteem. We act right, rather that our actions may be applauded by others, than to have the approbation of our own conscience. We refrain from doing wrong not so much from principle as from the fear of incurring the censure of the world. A due regard ought, indeed, to be paid to public opinion, but there is a regard we owe to ourselves which is of far greater importance—a regard which should keep us from committing a wrong action when withdrawn from the observation of the world as much as when exposed to its broad glare. If we are as good as others—and it is our own fault if we are not so—why stand in more fear of others than of ourselves? What is there in other men that makes us desire their approbation and fear their censure more than our own? In other respects we are apt to overrate ourselves; but, surely, when we pay such blind and servile respect to the opinions of others, we forget our understanding, and undervalue ourselves in our own esteem. We admire the sentiment of Cassius, when, speaking of the Imperial Cæsar, he exclaims:—

"I had as lief not be, as I've to be
In awe of such a thing as myself."

EDUCATION AND FIGHTING.—By a law of Prusia every child between the ages of seven and fourteen is required to go to school and to learn to read and write. In 1845 there were but two persons in a hundred who could neither read nor write. 2,328,000 children of the 2,900,000 between seven and fourteen years, attend school. In the standing army of 126,000 but two soldiers are unable to read. In case of her taking part in the war, Prussia can bring into the field 300,000, in one sense the best educated military force in the world.

In a church, not a hundred miles from Lynn, a person entered a pew, and, believing he had a good seat, unfortunately sat down upon the dress of a lady who happened to be rather highly crinolined; in an instant he rose to his feet and begged the lady's pardon in these words: "Yere pardon, mem; *but I'm fear'd I've broken your umbrella.*" "Nothing wrong," said the lady, blushing.—

—"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning until night, and I was wondering how it could 'run' without legs. That's all, ma."

So idle are dull readers, and so industrious are dull authors, that puffed nonsense bids fair to blow unpuffed sense wholly out of the field.

A wise girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have faded.

The Philadelphia Tract Society distributed 1,659,044 pages of tracts the past year.

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