The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME I. DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1859. NUMBER 51.

The Republican,

Is Published every Thursday,

At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

OFFICE:

In G. C. Jones & Co.'s New Brick Block.

Terms of Subscription.

To office and mail subscribers $1,50 per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

5 copies to one Post Office address, $6,00.
20 " " " " " " $20,00.

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☞ JOB WORK of every description neatly executed with promptness, on the most favorable terms. Orders solicited.

Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

C. P. PRINDLE, M. D.,
Office, at his Residence, Dowagiac, Michigan.

JUSTUS GAGE,
Notary Public and general Agent for the exchange and transfer of Village Lots, and sale of real Estate. Office with James Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

GEO. W. ANDREWS,
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office at the American House, on the corner of Front and Division streets.

D. H. WAGNER,
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassapolis, Cass county, Mich.

HENRY H. COOLIDGE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Edwardsburgh, Cass Co., Mich.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass Co., Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

DR. E. R. ALLEN,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office over Brownell's Hardware Store, Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

CLARK & SPENCER,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery. Office in G. C. Jones & Co.'s Block, Dowagiac, Michigan. Especial attention given to collections throughout the North-west.
JOSEPH B. CLARKE. JAMES M. SPENCER.

MERCHANTS.

GEORGE RAPLEE,
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Gold Pins, Cutlery and Musical Instruments, Front street, Dowagiac, Mich.

A. N. ALWARD,
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Periodicals, Wall Paper, Window Shades, Wrapping Paper, Pocket Cutlery, &c. Dennison Block, Dowagiac, Mich.

H. W. RUGG,
Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks and Plated Ware, Front St., Dowagiac, Mich. Strict personal attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work warranted.

G. C. JONES & CO.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

F. G. LARZELERE,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MAMMOTH STORE.

H. E. ELLIS,
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Boots and Shoes, and Yankee Notions. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

D. W. CLEMMER,
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Perfumeries, Groceries, &c. Front St., Dowagiac, Mich.

IRA BROWNELL,
Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

M. S. COBB,
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DOWAGIAC NURSERY.
SEELEY & COLE, having established themselves in the Nursery Business in this village, will furnish to order Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Lawton Blackberries, Cherry Currants, Grape Vines, Evergreens, and every variety of Shrubbery.
☞ Office with Dr. Clarke, on Commerce-st., second building from the Post Office.
T. P. SEELEY, M. D.
WM. P. COLE.

JOHN PIPER,
Ambrotype Artist. Likenesses taken on short notice, and warranted not to fade. Children's pictures taken in one second. Operating in Rooms over F. J. Baum & Co.'s Clothing Store, Dowagiac, Mich. Also, fine Boots made to order.

P. D. BECKWITH,
Machinist and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

Michigan Central Railroad.

PASSENGER TRAINS on the Michigan Central Railroad, on and after Monday, December 27th, trains will leave Dowagiac as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.

Mail Express	8:50 A. M.
Lightning Express,	12:00 A. M.
Night Express,	11:50 P. M.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

New York Express,	2:50 P. M.
Lightning Express,	Dont Stop.
Night Express,	2:40 A. M.

A Passenger Car will be attached to the Way Freight each way.

R. N. RICE, Gen'l. Supt.

Swamp Land Sale.

MICHIGAN STATE LAND OFFICE,
Lansing, March 7, 1859.

NOTICE is hereby given that certain State Swamp lands embracing *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Acres*, more or less, situated in the towns and ranges mentioned below, will be offered for sale at Public Auction at this office on *Thursday the 12th day of May next*, at ten o'clock, A. M., of that day, at the minimum price of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre and on the terms established by law.

☞ Included in this list are those lands pre-empted under the 9th Section of Act 31, approved February 4th, 1858, on which no payment has been made, and all such pre-emptions on which payment as required by law shall not be made on or before the *Fourth day of May next*, will be forfeited, and the lands will be offered for sale as above mentioned.

As this is the first time that any of the lands embraced in the list have been offered by the State, having been reserved from sale since 1850, they embrace many valuable pieces in the now thickly settled counties of Clinton, Allegan, Ottawa, Newaygo and others, admirably adapted to farming purposes and in close proximity to markets, and will offer a fine opportunity to persons of small means desiring a home, as by Act 31, of 1858, they are entitled to purchase as provided in Sec. 8 of said Act, which provides that "Any person over twenty-one years of age, who shall, at the time of purchase, either at public or private sale, make affidavit before said Commissioner of his or her intention to become an actual and *bona fide* settler upon said lands so purchased, and furnishing satisfactory evidence to said Commissioner that said land is valuable mainly for agricultural purposes, shall be allowed to purchase the same by paying at the time of such purchase twenty-five per cent. of the purchase price, and the balance of principal, at the option of the purchaser, any time within ten years thereafter, and paying interest annually on said balance of principal; and said Commissioner shall, upon the payment of said twenty-five per cent., issue to said purchaser a certificate agreeable to the terms of said sale, which certificate shall be void if said purchaser or his assigns shall not, within one year thereafter, settle upon and become an actual and *permanent* resident thereon and cultivate and improve the same."

This applies to those only who purchase lands for the purpose of making a *bona fide and permanent* settlement thereon. In case the purchaser does not make the required affidavit of settlement as mentioned in section 8, the full amount of purchase money will be required to be paid at the time of purchase.

JAS. W. SANBORN,
Commissioner.

Towns North.	Range West.
7, 16, 18, 19, 21, 26, 33,	1
2, 7, 28, 29, 30, 35, 36, 37, 38,	2
1, 5, 12,	3
1, 3, 20,	4
6, 9, 44,	6
2, 8, 50,	7
5, 10, 12,	8
1, 9, 17,	9
9, 10,	10
3, 10,	11
11, 43,	12
6,	13
1, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 45, 49,	14
4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10,	15
4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 48,	16
10, 44,	17
42,	18
43,	22
39, 41, 45,	23
37, 40, 41, 43,	25
34, 41,	26
43, 44,	27
44,	31
54,	32
46, 48,	36
46,	40
46,	42
45,	43

Town North.	Range East.
34, 35, 36, 37, 38,	1
3, 11, 35, 36, 37, 38,	2
34, 36,	3
13, 21, 33,	4
16, 18,	5
18, 34,	6
12, 14, 31, 33,	7
14, 26, 29, 32, 34,	8
31, 32,	9
8, 10, 14, 17,	11
8, 12, 18,	12
15,	13
13,	14

MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a certain sum of money, secured to be paid by Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the eighth day of March, A. D., 1856, executed by John C. Freid to John Kunn, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, for the County of Cass and State of Michigan, on the twenty-sixth day of November, A. D. 1856, in Book F of Mortgages, on pages 581 and 582, and which said Mortgage was duly assigned by the said John Kunn to Henry H. Coolidge, on the thirteenth day of October, A. D. 1857, and which assignment was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds aforesaid, on the eighteenth day of December, A. D. 1857, in Book G of Mortgages, on page 395, and the amount claimed to be due at the date of this notice on said Mortgage, being six hundred and three dollars and fifty cents, and the time for the payment of said sum having expired and no proceedings for the recovery of which having been had at law or in equity, by reason whereof the power of sale in said Mortgage having become operative, notice therefore is hereby given, that the premises described in said Mortgage, to wit: the corner lot in the village of Edwardsburg, County of Cass and State of Michigan, on Chicago road and Cass streets, being the lot of land upon which the store, now occupied by the said Freid now stands, will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, on the twenty-eighth day of May next, at twelve o'clock noon, at the Court House in Cassapolis, in said County of Cass.

HENRY H. COOLIDGE, Assignee.
Dated February 24, 1859. march3-45w13

Assignee's Sale.

A FARM in Newburg township, half a mile south of Bear's Steam Saw Mill, and 5½ miles northeast of Vandalia, containing 300 acres, all under good fence, with 90 acres under the plow, and 60 acres of meadow. The soil is good, being a mixture between heavy timber and oak and hickory openings, with an under-growth of hazle and grape. On the place there is a new frame house, 22 x 26, with wing 26 feet long; frame barn 18 x 24; two young orchards, just come into bearing; two good wells of water, also running water for stock. There is a good cranberry marsh on the premises.

The place will be sold whole or in part, to suit the purchaser. A good road runs through the place, so that it can be divided without inconvenience. Price—from $12 to $16 per acre, according to the way it is divided.

TERMS:—From one-fourth to one-third down, and the balance in payments to suit the purchaser.

REFERENCE—Joseph Smith, at Cassapolis, or John A. Fosdick, on the premises. For further information, inquire of Justus Gage, at Dowagiac.

ORSON RUDD,
Assignee of John A. Fosdick.
January 13, 1859. jan13-38m3

Commissioner's Sale in Chancery.

IN pursuance of two decretal orders of the Circuit Court, for the County of Cass, in Chancery, entered respectively, December 10th, A. D. 1857, and March 16th, A. D. 1859, at the suit of Isaac Smith, complainant, against Arthur Crichfield, defendant, and to me directed, I shall expose for sale, at public auction, at the outer door of the Court House of said County, in the village of Cassapolis, in said County of Cass, on the ninth day of May next, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, all, or so much of the following described parcels of land as shall be sufficient to raise the amount due to the complainant for principal, interests and costs, in this cause according to the aforesaid decrees, which said lands are situate, lying and being in the County of Cass and State of Michigan, and known and described as follows, to wit: The south west fractional quarter (¼), and the east half (½) of the north west quarter (¼); and the north west quarter (¼) of the north west quarter (¼) of section seventeen (17); and the south east quarter (¼) of the south east quarter (¼) of section eight (8), all in township six (6), south of range sixteen (16) west, containing three hundred and eight (308) acres, be the same more or less.

☞ Terms, cash.

CHARLES W. CLISBEE,
Circuit Court Commissioner.
F. MCKEY, complainant's solicitor.
Dated March 26th, 1859. mar31-40w6

DRAFTS,

ON England, Ireland, France, and all parts of Germany, for sale by

H. B. DENMAN, Banker,
june3 6 Dowagiac, Mich

For the Cass Co. Republican.

Spring of the Year.

I hear the sweet voice of the joyous Sparrow,
As he carrols aloud in the spring of the year
His joyful song, so free from all sorrow,
The charm of his mate in the spring of the year.

But lone is my life, my head bowed with sorrow,
The leaf of my hope is withered and sere,
And the sweet voice of the joyous sparrow
Can charm me no more, in the spring of the year.

The day dawns space, and the bright sun is shinig
On the beautiful flowers, in the spring of the year,
But dead are my hopes—and sad my repinings
Amid the bright dawn of the opening year.

All nature laughs out in a chorus of gladness,
So happy and full in the dawn of the year,—
Oh! when shall my heart awake from its sadness
To life and to joy like the spring of the year.

How he got his own again.

BY LUCY.

"Good morning, William; I have called to allure you from this noisy city for a few weeks to breathe the fresh country air. I am bent on ruralizing in the back woods during the pleasant September."

"I am very sorry, Harry, but it is impossible to leave my business for a day."

"Dear me, how provoking, but since it is so, why I must even put up with some Pennamite for a companion."

Harry Leonard was a rich man's son of Baltimore, a pampered boy, just out of college, with a head full of romance and adventure; and a wonderful conceit of his own perfections. He was now bent upon trying his fowling piece in some part of northern Pennsylvania, where it is almost a wilderness, and where game is plenty. "O," said he to his friend, "won't I make a slaughter amongst the deers; ah, and the blushing rustic dears, with their shy eyes and homespun aprons. Won't they take me for Jupiter or Apollo?"

"If any of them should so entitle you," replied his friend, dryly, "she will be emphatically Miss-taken."

A few days found our sapient hero snugly domiciled in a comfortable tavern, in one of the mountain districts of the brave old Keystone Commonwealth; and blood, as he fancied himself, he found very pleasant companionship in the jovial son of his chatty landlord, who became his guide and companion in all his excursions. But Leonard found that it was not so easy a matter to capture the deer, and as for the girls, they shunned him as they would the wiley panther. He saw many a face and form that might have queened it in the halls of fashion, but they seemed to feel the dignity of labor, and look down on the frivilous city idler. He grew quite weary of his bootless game, and began to think seriously of going home, when it chanced one day that he and Davis, with the aid of a noble dog, captured a young fawn. As is usual with these wild creatures, as soon as it found itself a captive, it submitted to its fate, and followed meekly the leading of a sash tied round its slender neck. As they held their homeward way in high glee, they were suddenly startled by the sound of a sweet, clear voice, singing a wild and plaintive melody.

"Gods!" cried Leonard, "here is a singing bird, somewhere."

"Never mind the wild birds," cried Davis; "it is enough for you to care for your canaries."

"But I will see her," cried Leonard, and following the direction of the voice, they soon came in sight of a young girl sitting on a mossy hillock, between three embowering elms that drooped their leafy branches over a limpid brook. She was arrayed in pure white muslin, and all the wealth of her glossy hair lay in natural ringlets upon her bosom and snowy shoulders, while a wreath of white roses upon her pearly brow, was her sole ornament.

"Sweet as a moonlight dream," whispered Leonard. "Can you tell me who she is?"

"Yes, replied Davis, doggedly; "it is Rosalie Persa, the fairest flower of the forest."

"Well, come along and introduce me then, I must make her a present of this spotted fawn, as a companion in her wanderings. She is a goddess of the woods, I know, and no human voice ever poured such magic music. She was never born in these forests, I know."

Here he was right. Mr. Persa had been a rich merchant, had failed through the villainy of some for whom he had endorsed largely, and disgusted with the hollow world, he had gathered the wreck of his fortune, and with his wife and infant daughter, sought peace and truth in the reign of simple nature. Mrs. Persa devoted herself to the education of her only child, and there was no womanly accomplishment or branch of polite literature with which Rosalie, was not perfectly familiar.

Startled though she was by the sudden appearance of the hunters, she replied gracefully to their salutations, and received the little trembling fawn with real pleasure. The gentlemen insisted upon taking it home for her, and Leonard was surprised to find how near they were to Mr. Persa's fine farm and neat dwelling, which had been hid by the thick evergreen of the skirting woods.

Leonard was delighted with all he saw—fairly fell in love with Mr. and Mrs. Persa, and ran raving about Rosalie. They walked in the fine fields and orchards, and luxuriated in the garden's wilderness of flowers; and when the young men left, Leonard fancied himself hopelessly in love; and Rosalie, when she had given her mother a good-night kiss, retired, with new emotions in her innocent heart. Leonard seemed to her so superior to the young men of her rustic neighborhood.

The chance acquaintance grew into an intimacy; and Davis began to fancy that the city beau was winning favor with the forest belle.

"I will lay a stick in his way," he said to himself; the upstart to come here and eclipse us all. So he took an opportunity to give Leonard to understand that Rosalie was his betrothed. "I shall have the singing bird caged," said he, "before the snow falls."

Leonard was thunderstruck.

"Who," he said to himself, "would have expected to find a coquette here? And then she seems so innocent, so truthful. How sincere she seemed, and how her voice trembled when she replied to me, "I have never encouraged the address of any man." But an assumed simplicity in the height of a coquette's art. However, I will match her if the boy god favor me."

Now, what a dolt this Leonard was, to believe the lying words of one whom he might have suspected of jealous rivalry, rather than the fair truth of an unsophisticated heart. But so it is. People will sometimes shut their eyes when the book is open before them and listen believingly to some lying expositor. So Leonard in his wonderful consistency, resolved to show his abhorrence of coquetry by playing the part of male coquette to perfection.

So the farce went on, he seeking by every artifice to win her favor, and she evidently pleased with his attentions. In truth, she felt all the interest in him that a pure young girl can permit herself to feel in one who has made no positive declaration.

At length it was time for Leonard to return to the city. Now he would strike the blow. The coquette's heart would quiver under his cool contempt.

So he called at Mr. Persa's, and with all his panoply of manly dignity, inquired for Rosalie.

"Oh, she is in great trouble to-day," said Mrs. Persia. "Edward Davis' dog has chased her fawn into the woods and though it will probably return to-night, she is so much distressed and alarmed that I told her one might fancy she lost her best friend; and she went out weeping into the garden. No doubt she is in her bower."

He found her there, sure enough. Child that she was, she had wept herself to sleep, with the tears still on her long eye lashes, and some drops trembling like gems amongst the forget-me-nots on her bosom.

"She is very beautiful," he said, "and sorrowful. But how came Davis' dog here to chase the fawn? Well, I will have a kiss, any how." But his breath no sooner touched her cheek, than she started wildly up, in all the loveliness of blushing confusion.

"I am sorry to have to disturb Miss Persa," he said coldly. "I called to bid you good-bye. I leave to-morrow for the haunts of civilized life. I am heartily weary of climbing logs, wading brooks, and tearing through brushes and brambles; and worse than all, herding with your country bumpkins."

Rosalie stared at him in surprise. He had come out in a new character, entirely. Still she did not dream of a final farewell. She took the forget-me-nots from her bosom, gemmed as they were with tears, and offered them to him with a sad smile and trembling hand. He took them, hesitatingly, and stooping, plucked a broad golden dandelion, and offered it in return.

"I shall not accept that," she said, with a forced playfulness. "I do not deserve it."

"Indeed, Miss Persa, I think you do," he said, superciliously. "And here permit me to remark, that I held the character which this flower represents, as the most despicable of all creatures."

"I do not understand you," she replied; "but if, indeed, a coquette be contemptible, what should be said of a male flirt? A girl certainly coquetts with none but those who choose to kneel at her shrine. A man may rove the world over, kneel at every altar, win a hundred hearts, merely to cast them from him and rail against the *heartless* coquette."

"You, at least, have no heart," he replied. "Did you not tell me you never saw a man whom you could love?"

Rosalie had uttered these words in the early part of their acquaintance, though only with reference to the past. He looked upon her. She was white as the muslin of her dress, and shook like a lily, as the storm is tearing it from its stem.

He seemed to enjoy her agony, took her hand, kissed it carelessly, and turned away. She did not raise her eyes, but stood as if comprehending nothing until she heard the garden gate close after the departing villain and then with a wild shriek she sank upon the ground. But Rosalie had been too well trained to suffer herself to repine over the disappointment. She saw that Leonard was unworthy, and would not waste tears over his memory. She had esteemed him. He had taken advantage of her inexperience, to wound and to insult her. She thought of him at once with regret and abhorrence.

Edward Davis sought her hand. He was gently but firmly rejected.

Autumn came again, with the regularly robed Indian summer, in which the harvest time of the earth, it seems as if the departing vernal season lingers and looks back, with her brightest, richest smile of promise, before she leaves to winter the sleep watch of the earth.

Rosalie was a year older, lovelier, and wiser; Harry Leonard was also wiser. He had bitterly repented his cruel treatment of the gentle girl. He felt how much nobler it would have been to have asked her candidly whether she was engaged to Davis. He ran the round of pleasure, seeking earnestly some one whose loveliness might fill the void that Rosalie had left in his heart. It was all in vain.

"She is the only woman on earth that I can love," he said, "and without her I am a miserable man. I will go and beg her to forgive and love me."

He went—but Rosalie was cold and calm as a still winter midnight. To his impassioned plea she replied:

The delicate vase once broken can never be perfectly united. So confidence once violated can never be restored. You deceived me once, and I suffered. You can never win me to believe again. Here is the flower you mockingly gave to a pure hearted child, (and she took the dandelion from a book) receive it now again. It is all I can bestow upon you."

He snatched the flower—tore the poor thing to atoms—cursed it and his own stupidity, and then wept like a babe.

"I cannot blame you, Rosalie," he said, "but I am forever miserable."

Two years more, and Rosalie was the happy mistress of a neat white parsonage house, and the young clergyman, her husband, felt that his heart could safely trust in her. — *Literary Gazette.*

What a Deceived Husband ought to do.

The Baltimore *Sun*, in some editorial remarks upon the Sickles tragedy, promulgates the following sensible advice to husbands who are so unfortunate as to be united to women who have dishonored their marriage vows:

No married woman can be approached by any man with undue professions of regard, or of affection, but with an instinctive knowledge of his design. Not the slightest impropriety, not the least indelicacy in word or deed, can be thrust upon her observation without startling her honor or putting her on guard. She is at once warned and armed; she has a counsellor ever at her side to direct her, and a champion to defend her—in a true and honorable husband. Hence the law esteems her guilt at least equal to that of the most seductive and designing invador of her honor, when she falls.

The married woman is arrayed in the very panoply of virtue and cannot be *surprised*. She can hardly be said to *fall*—she steps aside of her own free will and sins deliberately. With these premises can there be any difficulty in answering the question, what a man ought to do in the event supposed? We say just what many a good and true and honest man has done before, and we could name a shining example in the act of one, who well deserves the title of hero and philosopher.

He neither slew the man nor the woman. He called the erring wife before him, and bade her take whatever she could rightfully claim as her own, and leave him forever, and then like the hero that he was and is, he pursued manfully the even tenor of his way, and all men honor him. This is what, in our opinion, a man ought to do.

Items for Housekeepers.

Do everything in its proper time. Keep everything in its place. Always mend clothes before washing them.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green or yellow.

Sal-soda will bleach, one spoonful is enough for a kettle of clothes.

Save your suds for garden and plants or to harden yards when sandy.

Wash your tea trays with cold soda, polish with a little flour and a dry cloth.

Frozen potatoes make more starch than fresh ones. They make nice cake.

A hot shovel, held over burnished furniture, will take out white spots.

A bit of glue, dissolved in skim milk and water, will restore rusty old crape.

Ribbons of any kind should be washed in cold soap suds, and not rinsed.

If your flatirons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If your are buying a carpet for durability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crickets come out, will destroy them.

Wood ashes and common salt, wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Green should be the prevailing color for bed hangings and window drapery.

☞ "My love," said Mrs. Foozle to her husband, "oblige me with a five pound note to-day, to purchase a new dress."

"Shan't do any such thing, Agnes—you called me a bear yesterday."

"Lord, love, that was nothing—I meant by it that you were fond of hugging."

"You little ——. I have no five, but here's a ten."

☞ An Ohio editor says: "What can be more captivating than to see a beautiful woman, say about four feet eleven inches high and eleven feet and four inches in circumference passing along the aisle, just as divine worship commences?"

A Word in season, to be Remembered.

The U. S. Senate, by a party vote every Republican opposing it, decided to double the present rates of postage. So bent upon it were they that they put the provision into "two bills," the "Post Route" bill and the Post "Office Appropriation" bill. The House, every Republican voting "aye," struck out the obnoxious clause, and sent the bills back without it. The Senate under the objections of Toombs and Mason would not concur, adhered to their determination to double the postage, and so failed to pass any Post Route or Appropriation bill. This is briefly the cause of the failure of those important bills, which offers one of the two alternatives to the Administration, either to close the Post Office, after a few months, or to call an extra session of Congress. Let us state the history of the matter a little more fully, that all may understand it, and be able when the time comes to set the matter right if misrepresentation be attempted. On the 26th of February the Senate passed the Post Office Appropriation bill, without any clause relating to the rates of postage. About the same time they passed the Post Route bill, on which was tacked a provision nearly doubling letter postage, every Republican voted "no" on this clause. Thus the two bills went from the Senate. The latter bill being of little importance dropped on all hands, and nothing more was done with it. The House passed the Appropriation bill, which was the important measure, almost exactly as it passed the Senate. It was now the business of the Senate to concur, as the House had accepted the Senate bill without demur. But the Senate, after agreeing to the House amendments, tacked upon this bill also the double postage provision, determined, on some bill or other, to pass through the double postage tax.

By this last amendment the Senate tried to compel the House, under the "screw" of having the Appropriation bill defeated and the Post Offices closed to accede to the double postage. But the House, on motion of Mr. Grow, decided that the Senate had no right to originate a measure for raising revenue as this did, and sent the bill back to the Senate to strike it out. The Senate in a flurry of dignity refused; but at last consented to a Committee of Conference, which, after due consultation, agreed to report to both Houses, as a compromise, the bill that *first passed the Senate*, exactly as it was passed. the Senate could hardly ask more than that they should be required to pass over again a bill they had already passed once. They yielded nothing by this course but the double postage. This compromise, or original Senate bill, was passed by the House at once, and so far as that body was concerned the Post Office appropriations were safe. But the Senate would not give up its darling idea of double postage. Toombs, of Georgia, Mason, of Virginia, and Bayard, of Delaware, declared that it should never pass the Senate, if it had the House, and they talked against time till the session ended, and the bill was killed. Remember, the House passed this appropriation bill exactly as the Senate had passed it, with a few little appropriations added. The Senate refused to receive their own bill after it had passed the House, unless the rate of postage was doubled. And after the refusal of the House to concur in this abominable tax had made a committee of conference necessary, both Houses was offered, by the committee, the original Senate bill, exactly as the senate had passed it first. The House passed it. The Senate refused to adopt *their own* bill, and thus killed the appropriation. If an extra session of Congress is called, or the Post Office closed by the first of September, as it is calculated they must be, the people will bear in mind that the Senate caused the mischief, by refusing to pass the bill they themselves originated, because the House refused to saddle it with the double postage tax. This is the fact, as the official reports show.—*Indiana Journal.*

Battles of the Revolution.

A correspondent of the Norfolk *Herald* has taken pains to compile the following table, showing the comparative losses sustained in the Battles of the Revolution. He says he may have made some trifling errors, but that the main statistics are correct:

	British.	Amer.
Lexington, April 19, 1775,	273	85
Bunker Hill, June 17, '75,	1,860	403
Flatbush, Aug. 11, 1176,	400	200
White Plains, Aug. 25, '76,	600	400
Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776,	1,000	50
Princeton, Jan. 5, 1777,	400	900
Hubbardstown, Aug. 17, 18, 1777,	800	800
Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777,	800	100
Brandywine, Sept. 11, '77,	500	1,100
Stillwater, Sept. 17, 1777,	600	350
Germantown, Oct. 4, '77,	600	1,200
Saratoga, Oct. 17, (sur.)	5,572	
Red Hook, Oct. 22, '77,	500	32
Monmouth, June 28, 1778,	480	130
Rhode Island, Aug. 27, '78,	270	211
Briar Creek, March 10, '79	13	400
Stony Point, July 19, '89,	600	100
Camden, Aug. 16, 1799,	395	610
Kings Mountain, Oct. 1, 79,	910	96
Cowpens, Jan 17, 1780,	800	72
Guilford Court House 1780,	532	400
Hubkirk Hills, April 25, '80,	400	400
Eutaw Springs, Sept. 8, '80,	1,000	550
Yorktown, Oct. 17, (sur.)	7,072	1,200
Total,	26,357	9,789

What we live for.

"We live for those who love us—
For those who are kind and true;
For the Heaven that smiles above us,
And which we are hastening to."

So sang the Hutchinsons in one of their touching heart-songs. The thought may for a moment arrest the attention of a few who listen to its utterance in melody, but the mass hear and heed it not. They seem to live as though life has no great purpose—no higher aim than the gratification of self. Those in the crowd are jostling each other; fiercely almost are treading down each other; to reach *their* particular goal. The pale face of sorrow, or the wail of distress are unheeded. Gain—gain—is the maddened cry. Gold and lands for to-day, for to-morrow we die. Let the dog lick the sores of the poor and despised, Samaritans turn aside to bind up the bruised and wounded unfortunates. Stock in Heaven brings no direct dividend in money. Lending to the Lord will not add two per cent. per month to the yearly accumulations. Such seems to be the common understanding. Men act as if life were an eternity.

But the night cometh—there are graves to fill and worms to fatten. Wealth finds no exclusive privileges under the sod, or "over the river." Bonds, mortgages and stocks are not current in the "hereafter." No "sharp practice," no "shrewd business transactions" there. No extraordinary per cent. for those who have entered into an inheritance which fadeth not away. No poor faces to grind for all are rich. They are joint heirs with Jesus Christ to an eternity of bliss. Sorrow and pain; the crutch and tattered garments; the bruised and injured heart, have been left in the grave, and the paupers on earth become the owners of Heaven! Oh! how often we have thought of what may be the feelings of the rich, the pompous, and the proud, when they see those they scorned, robed in the unfading and dazzling fabrics of eternal angel life.—*Wisconsin Chief.*

The Bible.

The following is a calculation of the number of books, verses, letters, &c., contained in the Old and New Testaments. They are worth reading and preserving:

OLD TESTAMENT.—Number of books, 39; chapters, 929; verses, 33,214, words, 592,439; letters, 2,728,100.

The middle book is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is Job xxix.

The middle verse would be 2 Chronicles xx. 18, if there were a verse more, and verse 17 if there were a verse less.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.

The word JEHOVAH occurs 6,855 times.

The shortest verse is 1 Chronicles i. 25.

The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet.

The 19th of the 2 Kings and the 37th chapter are alike.

NEW TESTAMENT.—Number of books, 27; chapters, 260; verses, 7,050; words, 181,258; letters, 828,580.

The middle book is 2 Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is Romans xiii., if there were a chapter less; and, xiv., if there were a chapter more.

The middle and last verse is John xi. 35.

OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.—Number of books, 66; chapters, 1,189; verses, 40,264; words, 773,697; letters, 3,556,680.

The middle chapter, and least in the Bible, is the 117th Psalm.

The middle verse is Psalm cxviii. 8.

A Good Day's Work.

Monday was a glorious day for the Republican party. Some of its fruits are:

1st. The regeneration of Detroit.

2d. A Republican victory in Michigan, by more than twelve thousand majority.

3d. An overwhelming and complete triumph in Connecticut, by which we have gained two members of Congress.

4th. An unprecedented victory in St. Louis.

5th. The election of our whole ticket in Cincinnati.

6th. A complete triumph in Cleveland.

7th. Chicago, a day later, gave three thousand Republican majority, being twice as large as ever before, and a gain of *two thousand* within a month.

8th. The Republicans swept everything before them in Portland, Me.

Thus the Republican party has triumphed East, West, North and South. Everywhere Republican principles carried all before them.—*Advertiser.*

☞ Profound ignorance makes a man dogmatic. He who knows nothing, thinks he can teach others what he has just now learned himself; while he who knows a great deal, can scarce imagine any one cannot be acquainted wit what he says, and speaks for this reason with more diffidence.

☞ Mr. Pullup, coming home late, "pretty full" finds the walk slippery, and exclaims: "V-ve-very sing'lar; whenever water freezes, it allus fr-freezes with the sl-slippery side up—dem'd singular."

☞ They who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such who have lived to no purpose; who have rather breathed than lived.