The Highland Weekly News.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, AND THE INTERESTS OF HIGHLAND COUNTY.

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The Highland News.

J. L. BOARDMAN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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All kinds of Dress Making and Cutting done to order, in the most fashionable style, and at VERY LOW PRICES.
A good stock of Millinery, Fancy Goods and Trimmings, constantly on hand.
BONNETS AND HATS, TRIMMED, CLEANED AND PREPARED at short notice.
The Ladies of Hillsboro and vicinity are invited to call and examine my stock.
April 4, 1872. ap4m2

DRESS MAKING.
MRS. JAMES P. SMITH,
East St., opp. Presbyterian Church,
CALLS the attention of the Ladies of Hillsboro to the new style of
"DOLLY VARDEN"
Polonaise patterns, which she has just received. She is also prepared to do Dress Making in the latest style, and on reasonable terms.
A good fit guaranteed. Also,
DRESSES CUT AND BASTED.
A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
April 18, 1872. ap18m3

JAMES REECE,
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,
OFFICE UP-STAIRS OVER MORROW'S STORE CORNER MAIN AND HIGH STS.
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Will Buy and Sell Real Estate
In Town and Country, Pay Taxes, Redeem Property sold for Taxes, and Collect All Kinds of Claims.
Charges Moderate. All business promptly attended to. dec-22tf

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Select Miscellany.

A GRANDMOTHER'S WORK.

BY MRS. C. E. HEWITT.

Up in the garret the grandmother sits,
Under the rafters dark and low,
Sorting over the faded bits
Of woolen and silk and calico:
And the children wonder as, peeping in,
They watch the old lady her task begin,
Why the aged hands, so wrinkled and thin,
Should tremble and be so slow.

Run away, ye careless ones, to your play;
Let her muse for awhile alone;
These faded remnants, once bright and gay,
Have a history—every one;
And this is the reason the grandame sighs,
And the blinding tears that unbidden rise
She paused to wipe from those faded eyes,
Whose weeping she thought was done.

This silk, whose color she scarce can tell,
Laid away with such pride and care,
Was the bridal robe—she remembers well—
Of her darling so pure and fair,
And she hastily folds it out of sight,
For she knows full well, in that land of light,
Unfading and spotless, clean and white,
Are the garments the ransomed wear.

And these tiny shreds of old, soft lace,
Which the years have turned so gray,
How they bring before her the baby face
That within these ruffles lay!
And her heart leaps over the days that remain
Till she clasps in her arms her babe again,
While her withered heart feels a yearning pain
For the little one sailed away.

And now she has found a scrap of blue,
And she brushes away a tear
As she thinks of her soldier son so true
To his country—to her so dear;
A bit of blue that her brave boy wore
When he said "good-bye" at the cottage door;
She listens in vain, on the oaken floor,
For the footsteps she liked to hear.

And thus she labors and thinks and dreams
While memories fast arise,
Till the fading light of evening seems
To come with swift surprise;
And the children that night in the chimney nook,
Looking up at length from their picture book,
See the folded hands and the shadowy look
Of tears in her kindly eyes.

Business Law.

The following brief compilation of business law is worth a careful preservation, as it contains the essence of a large amount of legal verbiage:

It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."

A note made on Sunday is void.

Contracts made on Sunday can not be enforced.

A note by a minor is void.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, can not be collected.

If a note is lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it, if the consideration for which it was given and the amount can be proven.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

Notes bear interest only when so stated.

Principals are responsible for the acts of their agents.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not always conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the rest.

On Frank Seaman's farm on Brush creek, near Andy Ellison's, is the remains of a fort built by the extinct race of people who inhabited this continent thousands of years ago. This fort was swept over by the recent freshet and the ground washed considerably, leaving on the surface the remains of stone axes, flint darts, pieces of pottery, and many other evidences of the handiwork of its occupants. Mr. Ellison left at our office a specimen of the pottery, which is singular in appearance and composition, and shows that its maker was greatly skilled in its manufacture. One of its component parts is muscle shell, ground up, and the other is some dark colored substance that we are not able to tell. In the vicinity of this fort are many mounds and all through the neighborhood are traces of these mysterious and unknown aborigines who existed, it may be, 50,000 or 100,000 years ago and tramped up and down on the stratas that underly us.—[West Union Defender.

Red Cloud and Red Dog are smoking the pipe of peace in the same room at the Washington House. Mrs. Ear of Corn and Mrs. White Hawk, the two squaws who accompany the Indian band, are said to be very prepossessing in appearance, and much given to the mastication of corn beef and cabbage.

During the last five years two thousand Sunday Schools have been organized in Georgia by the American Sunday School Union. In these schools 10,000 pupils are taught by 1,320 teachers.

In Rome they have a perambulating steam kitchen for cooking for the poor. It will cook for fifteen hundred persons a dinner in less than an hour and a half, and at a very modest price of a sou a plate.

Home Correspondence.

Shall Black and White Children Recite Together?

It was once supposed that the U. S. Senate, was the most august, the most venerable, and the most enlightened legislative body in the land. But the Senate must no longer dare to claim that honor. It properly belongs to the Board of Education, of Fairfield Township, Highland County, Ohio.

That body, on the 25th of May, 1872, in special session assembled, originated, voted on, and passed by a majority of one, a resolution, which is bound to give to them an immortality, such as kings and potentates might envy. That resolution, as it is put into execution, as its influence widens and deepens, as it goes up and down in the land, lifting up the down-trodden and oppressed, and scattering peace and good will amongst men, will return in its fruition, a crown of glory for its authors' heads—a crown of glory more brilliant than the sun—a crown of glory, surrounded by a phosphorescent haze, all radiant with ten thousand halos circling round their venerable brows.

Here is the resolution itself. It will speak for itself more loudly than any tame words of mine can do:

"Resolved, That the colored children of the District be admitted to the Common Schools of the Township; but they shall not be crossed or recite with white pupils, and the Directors are authorized to see that this provision be carried out."

I would rather be the author of that resolution than to wear the diadem of the Cæsars. I would rather write the latter part of that clause, than be the Editor of the New York Tribune. The sublimity of the thought, the beauty of expression, the terseness of the sentences, all conspire to raise in our breasts emotions beyond the power of words to express. After reading it even the Declaration of Independence becomes tame and insipid.

Let us look a little more closely at this noble resolution. They first resolve that the colored children shall be admitted to the Common School. Of course they must be admitted. The Board of Education beheld the poor African, stretching out his arms to them, and asking for protection. The call was heard; and these wise, judicious, good, heroic men, regarding not the frowns of men or devils, set to work, to devise a plan, by which they might be admitted, without endangering our free institutions. This point is gained in the latter part of this resolution, providing that the races shall not recite together. It can do no possible harm for white and colored youth to have equal means of education, to sit together in the same school room, to play together on the play ground, to drink together from the same bucket and from the same tin-cup, but if they are permitted to *recite* together, then, farewell to female virtue, farewell to all that is good and true and beautiful! Were the races pemitted to recite together, the degraded "nigger" boy might stand an equal chance with his Caucasian brother in the race for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But by this humane provision, the teacher is privileged at every recitation, to fix firmly, and still more firmly the true relation of the races; to show the superiority of the Caucasian race, and to fix, eternally fix upon the African the degradation and infamy which the curse has already fastened upon the sons of Ham.

This is not the only advantage gained. The teacher is also greatly benefited. By this arrangement he gets employment for his leisure hours. The law requires that the teacher should spend six hours each day with his pupils. A conscientious teacher will endeavor to obey this law. If his time is not wholly occupied, he longs for some employment to help him pass away the slowly dragging hours. Now it is a notrious fact that our District Schools do not average more than *thirty* recitations daily, and these recitations do not average more than *twenty minutes* each in the length.—Hence any one, who is "quick in figures," can see at a glance, that not more than one-half of the time, which the law requires that the teacher should spend with his school, is occupied in actual work! But if he is permitted to hear all his recitations twice, to accommodate the colored youth, his time being occupied will pleasantly slip by; he will gain the respect and confidence of both white and colored patrons, and his school will be converted from a little Pandemonium, to a perfect Paradise.

It would seem, in view of the many advantages to be gained, none could be found who would object to the enforcement of such a law. But it is my painful duty to state, that there are a few insignificant, good-for-nothing, "nigger"-loving Abolitionists, who not only object, but (and I blush to record it,) actually stand in the way of its enforcement! The principal objection of these miserable, contentious grumblers is, that for the Board of Education to attempt to interfere, in the classification of a school, is contrary both to the letter and spirit of the School Law of Ohio.

This pretty and foolish objection is fully answered, and thoroughly refuted, in such a way as to add fresh laurels to those already won. The honorable Board admits that the law gives them no authority to pass such a resolution, and that it has gone contrary to the letter and the spirit of the law. But the eminent Christian gentlemen and philanthropists who compose the Board, go back to higher authority than the law. They go back to Holy Writ. Here is their argument, and I challenge the orations of Charles Sumner, or Wendell Phillips, or any other orator of either ancient or modern times, to produce its equal. Let it be read by every lover of the English language! Let it be treasured up on the page of history, and handed down to posterity as the greatest achievement of the intellect of the nineteenth century. Here it is:

"Paul says that all things are *lawful*, but all things are not *expedient*. Now we admit that this resolution is not lawful. But there is an old proverb which says, that it is "a poor rule that won't work both ways." Consequently, if Paul's rule is a good one, it will work both ways, and reversing it we may safely say, that all things are *expedient*, but all things are not *lawful*. Then if all things are expedient, it must be expedient to make the races recite separately in our schools.—Therefore, we have a right to make and enforce this resolution!"

In conclusion, permit me to address a word to members of Boards Education in other townships. Gentlemen, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of yourselves, for the sake of your posterity, for the sake of a long down-trodden race, meet as soon as possible and adopt this resolution for the government of your schools. Do not try to alter it, for you cannot improve upon it. But adopt, and enforce it, as it is, and our country will be saved. May the good work so happily inaugurated go on, from township to township, from county to county, from State to State, till the whole nation is overshadowed by its benign influence, till it shall shake the earth from centre to circumference.

Very respectfully,
THEOPHILUS VON POPP.

County Boards of Examiners.

DALLAS, June 1872.

MR. EDITOR:—State School Commissoner Harvey thus sets forth the importance of the County School Examiners' office:

"No school-officers occupy positions of greater responsibility than county School Examiners. The exceedingly important duty of protecting the youth of the State against the baleful influence of vicious example and professional charlataury, is theirs. Our children are trained to walk in wisdom's ways whenever this duty is faithfully and conscientiously performed, ignorance and immorality invade and polute the school-room whenever it is neglected.

"It is not too much for the friends of our School system to demand, that the utmost care be exercised in the selection of these officials. They should be men of integrity and moral worth. They should be practical men, not mere theorizers or hobby riders. They should be acquainted with the teachers of their counties, and, when practicable, devote a portion of their time to the examination of schools. They should be firm in the performance of known duties, and willing to assume responsibilities when necessary. That County Examiners are not all such, cannot be denied; but, it is believed that, as a class, they are competent, just, prudent, and fearless.

"Complaint is frequently made that certificates are occasionally granted to known failures—to those who are unable either to teach or to manage a school. It would be strange, indeed, if this were not sometimes done. Fact and common sense, as well as scholastic attainments, are essential to success in teaching. The time that can be devoted to examinations is necessarily limited, and it rarely happens that Examiners have the means of knowing the habits, the associations, the personal history of applicants. Their decision is frequently nothing more than a "good guess." As long as Local Directors persist in hiring the lowest-priced teachers, they may expect to be imposed upon by the worthless and incompetent. They should be more cautious than they are, and not employ the first applicant that accepts their terms, unless they are satisfied that the possession of a certificate is not his only recommendation."

Trusting that the present earnest efforts of *our* efficient Board of Examiners to supply the schools of Highland county with the very *best* class of teachers, may be ably seconded by wise and sagacious Boards of School Directors and all interested, I am, as ever,

"HARRY FROM CARMEL."

CICADA SEPTENDECIM.

BY REV. T. DE WITT PEAK, A. M.

C. Septendecim is the name of a species of insect, which favor nonmusical country people with a free concert once in seventeen years; hence the name, "*Seventeen-year Cigar.*" The *Cicada* is improperly called "*locust*," The "*locust*" is quite another thing, being about three inches long, and extremely destructive to vegetation. Of these there are two species, both peculiar to Oriental countries, the *Acridium Peregrinum* and the *Adipoda Migratoria*. Both species travel in great multitudes from one part of the country to another, doing much damage. A celebrated French tourist says: "With the burning south winds there come from the interior of Arabia, and from the most southern parts of Persia, clouds of locusts whose ravages to these countries are as grevious and nearly as sudden as those of the heaviest hail in Europe. We witnessed them twice. It is difficult to express the effect produced on us by the sight of the whole atmosphere, filled on all sides and to a great height, by an innumerable quantity of these insects, whose flight was so slow and so uniform, and whose noise resembled that of rain. The sky was darkened, and the light of the sun considerably weakened. In a moment the terraces of the houses, the streets, and all the fields, were covered with these insects; and in two days they had devoured all the leaves of the plants. Happily they lived but a short time, and seemed only to have migrated to reproduce themselves and die. In fact, nearly all those we saw next day had paired, and the day following the fields were covered with their dead bodies."

The *Cicada* is very distinct from the "*locust*," it having no mouth, but a sucker instead. They are not destructive, subsisting on dew and the juice of plants; are not migratory, being too clumsy to travel with much speed.

The name *Cicada*—(*tree-cricket*)—is that by which one or more species were known to the ancient Latins, and the specific name *Septendecim*, was given to the species now visiting us by Linnaeus, because, with the specimens sent to him from America, he was told that it appeared only once in *seventeen years*. This report was doubted by many European naturalists, who reluctantly yielded their assent to the long-entertained popular and scientific opinion in this country.

"In the "Cyclopedia Americana" the genus *Cicada* is described under the name of Harvest-fly, which is the *Cicada canicularis* — dog-day fly, which insect has a body black above, ornamented with olive green, while the under side is covered more or less with a white substance resembling flour. It sings during "dog-days."

The *Cicada Septendecim* is not so large as the *C. canicularis*, nor so small as the common horse-fly. It is about an inch and a half long, with long, trauslucent maculate, capillary-veined wings; brown back; the underside is inclined to yellow. It is first an egg, then a caterpillar, then a chrysalis, then a fly; which last state it assumes near the last of May of the seventeenth year. This happy creature then tunes its harp, and sings with gradually prolonged notes, assuming a fair tone of sadness as the strength of the chorus diminishes, until death, which is usually very sudden, dropping from its perch in the midst of its ecstasy, and expiring seemingly without agony.

I call the noise it makes its song. This may be exceptionable, for it can hardly be called singing. Its note is far shriller than that of the house cricket, and is as discordant as shrill, and as wearisome as discordant. Notwithstanding this, their universal inharmonius chanting has been lauded to excess by the ancient poets. Plutarch informs us that they were sacred to the Muses. Kirby, in speaking of the "*tettix*," or *Cicada*, says: "It seems to have been the favorite of every Grecian bard from Heriod and Homer to Theocritus. Supposed to be perfectly harmless, and to live only upon dew, they were addressed by the most endearing epithets, and were regarded as almost divine. So attached indeed were the Athenians to these insects, that they were accustomed to fasten golden images of them upon their hair, implying at the same time a boast, that they themselves, as well as the *Cicada* were *terræ filii—children of earth.*"

Anacreon, a renowned Grecian bard, who wrote B. C. 600, observes in one of his odes of the *Tettix*, "Old age wastes it not away" In which he refers to Tithonus, son of Laomedon, king of Troy, whom Aurora became enamored of, and prevailed upon Jupiter to bestow immortality upon him, but when the prayer was made she neglected to couple therewith eternal youth; consequently his blood by age grew cold, his hair gray, his face wrinkled. Aurora took pity upon him, and metamorphosed him into a *Cicada*; because the ancients believed they renewed their youth annually. The truth is, they, in common with every other species of the Gryllus, throw off their outer covering yearly.

The male among the *Cicada* is the vocalist, thus constituting an exception to Nature's great rule. The noise it makes is not made by the wings, as many suppose, but by means of a sort of kettle-drum apparatus, located at the base of the abdomen. This delicate apparatus is covered by two oval plates, and consists of a cavity, containing plaited folds of a parchment-like membrane, transparent as glass; these are moved by muscular cords, yielding the notes. The action is aided by a rapid movement of the wings, and the sound is rendered more intense by the resonance of cavities within the body, protected by valves. The notes, though sharp, are *love* notes, made by Sir Cicada to charm his Madam.

These insects are very numerous in various parts of the United States and in Southern Italy, and in the places where they are found they do not make their appearance in the same year. In 1868 they were in Butler and other western counties of the State; in 1855 they were in Warren county. They are said to be more numerous in oak forests than elsewhere. If this be true, and I think it is, it is because the wood of the oak is soft, and of course the female can more easily deposit her eggs.

According to the observations of naturalists, the female lays about 500 eggs. With an instrument which lies close to the bottom of the abdomen; she pierces the small twigs of trees for the purpose of depositing the eggs. She lays about 20 eggs in each twig; proceeding from twig to twig until her task is accomplished. The eggs are pearl-white, very delicate, and are hatched in from 4 to 6 weeks. The twigs pierced, by the insect, wither and fall to the ground, and this is the full extent of injury to trees by the insect in its perfect state.

On being hatched from the egg, the grub or larvæ is one-sixteenth of an inch long, and in a few moments drops to the ground and buries itself beneath the surface by means of its fore-feet. Here, although said to live on the roots of plants and trees, the injury done is very trifling scarcely enough to prove that the little creature lives.

What a small proportion of the eggs ever reach the perfect state of the insect. Suppose the greater part came to perfection, how vast would be the increase! And suppose they were to reach the perfect state in *one* year instead of *seventeen?* But the eggs are preyed on by other insects; the larvæ or grubs are devoured as soon as hatched, by ants and birds, by toads, frogs, and other reptiles; and when at last they are turned up by the plow, blackbirds and domestic fowls eat great quantities of them; hogs root up the ground in search of them. Thus their numbers are effectually kept down. In 1868, during the whole time the *Cicada* abounded, the birds left the strawberries and other fruit *untouched*. No sooner did this unusual supply of food begin to fail them, than the cat-bird, thrush, and other feathered friends, returned to the gardens for raspberries and currants.

The opinion that the *C. Septendecim* is armed with a poisonous sting with which it is capable of inflicting serious and fatal injuries, is not well authenticated; indeed, the presumption is all the other way, I permit my little boy, a child fifteen months old, to play with them until he is tired of them and leaves them badly wounded on the floor. Now it seems to me if they would sting any-thing, it would be the tender hand of a child.

In conclusion, I will say, there is an ominous looking mark upon each wing near the end, which superstitious people readily imagine into a W. And as such people commonly dread war, they say in a low tone, for fear the enemy may hear them, "W—for w-a-r!" The same class of persons say there is an M in my hand. "M for money," they say. Query: where is the money? Echo answers "where."

Sinking Springs, O., June 7, 1872.

If man is a "mister y," woman is a "miss-ery."

The mother's heart gives 4th joy at the baby's 1st 2th.

TRUST.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it.
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We weep, for a grave is filling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing.
Yet, after all,
If a sparrow fall,
Our Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil and falter;
But the measure to each, of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter.
Then why not say,
From day to day,
"Thy will be done forever?

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness,
Doing the best we can to walk
With courage, yet with meekness,
Lifting the face
To catch God's grace,
That lights the soul forever.

Forever and ever, my darling, yes,
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are sure in the end to go flying.
Fleeting as bubbles
Are cares and troubles.
And "now" is a speck that tricks us ever,
"Till it floats and is lost in the vast "forever."

Talk Up Your Town.

We find the following in the Connecticut Real Estate Register, and it expresses our ideas so well that we gladly give it a place in our columns.

Talk up and work up your town, and your own townsmen and business. Give encouragement to every useful and creditable enterprise in your midst, for as certain as effects follow cause, so certain will every enterprise of merit repay every citizen. We cannot live unto ourselves and we cannot discourage any movement in behalf of a place without inflicting upon ourselves a personal injury. If you see a needed improvement for the town, demand it and talk it up vigorously until the whole community is impregnated with the idea—until a storm of public sentiment compels the work. Don't stop because some poor mummy, out of whom has withered all public spirit and love of advancement, moans out his sepulchral whine, "It won't pay." Show to your live fellows that it will pay, and leave the mummy to his embalmed and swaddled dust and stupidity, and bye and bye you will see the result of your courage and talk, in universal Improvement, increased facilities and business, and a broad, liberal, generous public spirit that pervades and vivifies and makes pleasant and beautiful, every place where it enters.

Results of Grant's Administration.

Hon. Mr. Hale, of Maine, in a recent speech in Congress, summed up the financial results that have been accomplished from the beginning of President Grant's administration down to the first of April last, as follows: Reduction of annual taxation, over $308,000,000; reduction of annual expenditures, $225,632,228.74; reduction of principal of National debt, $315,131,730.67; reduction of annual interest on National debt, $20,248,552. As Horace Greeley once upon a time said, he is ignorant and foolish who supposes that such a financial showing will not be an extraordinarily strong argument in favor of the re-election of President Grant.

The New York Herald, in speaking of the coming campaign, says: "We have little doubt of the result. Seven years have not sufficed to blot out of the minds of the people the debt of gratitude they owe to the successful leader of the Union armies, or to lessen their enthusiasm for the hero of the Wilderness. The boys in blue will rally to the side of their old commander all the more cheerfully when they find him threatened by the politicians who owe their present power to the weight and influence of his name."

A couple of Zaleski Democrats, but occupying different positions on the Greeley question, got into a personal altercation one day recently, in which the Greeleyite came out best. Elated with his victory, he proclaimed his joy by jumping up, smacking his fists together, and crying, "*First blood for Horace Gratey, be jabers!*"

The Democratic State Convention has been called to meet at *Cleveland*, whereat the Cincinnati Enquirer snuffs treason to Greeley in the wind, and demands a reconsideration.

Youth's Department.

☞ Original Enigmas, Charades, Problems, etc. are respectfully solicited. The answers must always accompany them, together with the real name of the writer.

Answer to Arabian Problem.

As there were 8 loaves in all, and they (the parties) are all supposed to eat equally, 8-3, or 2⅔, will be the portion of the 8 loaves falling to each. Now 3—2⅔=⅓ or 7-3 loaves. This will give the portion falling to the larger owner after they had respectively eaten; of course he is entitled to compensation in proportion to his overplus. In the same way we find what should fall to the share of the smaller holder of loaves, thus 3—2⅔=⅓ Hence it appears that the portions of pay due to the two Arabians will be as 7 parts to one part, or, as there were 8 pieces of money paid, the man of 5 loaves will be entitled to 7 pieces, and the man of 3 loaves to one of the pieces.

Mr. Sumner's Monster.

[From Beecher's Christian Union.]

For more than three years a monster has been sitting in the Presidential chair at Washington! There are no lights to his character. It is all black as night, night without a star! Since the old Roman monster heroes, it will be difficult to find a creature made up so entirely of faults so utterly devoid of excellencies. This is Gen. Grant, as Mr. Sumner has painted him! Paragraph after paragraph, column after column, page after page, the rehearsal of evil, goes on, without an alleviation, without a single light to the huge mount[illegible] darkness, until we involuntarily cry out, "Why does Providence permit such a miscreant to live?"

Soberly, Mr. Sumner has proved neither a wise rhetorician nor a skillful special pleader. He has overcharged his picture. Men will not believe that the sober man of the White House is an incarnate fiend. That this oration will produce a certain effect upon natures already surcharged with violent feeling; that as a campaign document it will have considerable weight, is probable. But we think it has so overstepped the bounds of moderation that the fair-minded and the just will recoil from it. Its influence will be temporary. By and by Mr. Sumner's friends will look back upon this speech with regret, as lacking in generosity, in justice, in truth, in moderation. No man who hates is fit to judge another. Sumner has raised a monument of his hatred to Grant.

Dr. Lanahan and the Book Concern.

We like determined and stubborn people, especially when they are fixed in their purpose not to allow themselves to be crushed or silenced in the advocacy of truth and right. Rev. Dr. Lanahan has exhibited more pluck than any man in the United States except General Grant, and we hail with gratification his triumph over those who have for two years past endeavored to silence and disgrace him. The report of the committee of Investigation into the Methodist Book Concern frauds has fully sustained the charges of Dr. Lanahan. The trouble in the Book Concern, in the opinion of the committee, was mainly in the bindery, and the system of book-keeping for several years, from 1861 to 1864, was denounced as "wholly inexcusable." Dr. Hoffman, the former Superintendent of the Manufacturing Department, was pronounced guilty of carrying on a system of fraud by which the Concern sustained great losses, the amount of which it is impossible to indicate with accuracy. The purchase of paper through J. F. Porter is viewed as a "decided business impropriety." The committee, however, found that the losses sustained by frauds and irregularities are not of such magnitude as to endanger the financial strength of the Book Concern, nor materially to impair its capital. An attempt was made to vote the report through and hush the matter up. Dr. Lanahan, however, amid great excitement, made a motion to have the report printed, which was finally carried, and Dr. Lanahan's triumph was complete.—[Baltimore American.

The Boston Journal says: "If present indications are at all trustworthy, the inference is fair that Horace Greeley will divide the Democratic vote with whoever may get the nomination of the Democratic party. Singular as it seems, many of the old Bourbons of that party in the South support him, while some of the most obnoxious Copperheads in the Northern States are quite as pronounced in his favor."

The selection of Charles Francis Adams, jr., to deliver the Fourth of July oration before the authorities of Boston, is the first case where the third generation has performed that service. The father was the orator in 1843, and the grand-father in 1793, just half a century apart. Hon. Josiah Quincy was the orator in 1798 and 1826. His son Josiah was the orator in 1832. Hon. Jas. T. Austin was orator in 1826, and his son, Ivers J. Austin, in 1839.

As the summer season approaches people should bear in mind that flies are agents in spreading infection. A physician has found gangrene spores germinating from the excrements of a fly that had fed on a gangrene spot, and he has no doubt that if such a fly were to alight on a healthy wound it might communicate gangrene to it. Be careful therefore.

The German tailors of Cincinnati, are on a strike. The shoemakers of the city, too, have quit work and clamor for higher prices for labor. Among the shoemakers the strike is general throughout the city.

In the Green Bay, (Wisconsin,) post-office, a notice is posted up which reads as follows: "Price of three cent stamps, three cents each; licked and stuck, five cents each; the clock will answer the question, 'Has the mail closed?'"

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