

Mr. VOORHIES has withdrawn from the Senatorial contest in Indiana. There should now be no difficulty in selecting Mr. Tolman.

Who were the clients of Hon. John S. Schumaker, that received the Pacific Mail funds? The world will know if the investigation is pushed. Will it be?

We now hear the news that a National bank is to be established in Spain which agrees to loan the government \$31,250,000 in return for the monopoly of issuing notes to circulate as money. All the banks of the kingdom are to be compelled to coalesce in the National organization. This would be an institution perfectly congenial to a kingly government; but in such a country as the United States it is a dangerous monstrosity. Monopoly and kingcraft go hand in hand, but monopoly and Republicanism are incompatible.

A CONTRACT has been made between the Mexican Government and Mr. Edward Lee Plumb, representing the International Railroad Company, by which that Government grants a subsidy of \$5,500 per kilometre, or \$14,000 per mile, in aid of the road. It is supposed that this aid will enable the company to complete the road, and thus furnish direct communication by the Iron Mountain line in Missouri to the heart of Mexico, and the shortest line to the Pacific Ocean.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Methodist Advocate follows the Chicago Tribune in attempting to create the impression that the Democracy of the next Congress, if in the majority, will either repudiate, wholly or in part, the National debt or assume the Confederate debt; that they will concede to the South the demand for payment for their slaves; and that all the damage to Southern property by the army will be compensated at the expense of the nation. Let the Methodist Advocate possess its soul in peace. No National debt will be repudiated. No Confederate debt will be assumed. No war damages will be compensated. Why not? Were not the Democracy Copperheads during the war? Some of them were Copperheads, but they are not what they once were. They are now for power and the spoils of office. They know how to retain power. They know that to do those things would be to create another rebellion. Every Northern State would secede at once on the passage of a bill to either assume the Southern debt or pay for the slaves. It would be short work with the government. It would be overthrown in six months, and the democratic party would furnish an abundant market for hemp.

No; even if the members from the South should be so stupid as to ask for such favors, the party would have some regard for its own life, and that of the nation. Really, it might be a question whether such a revolution would not be a blessing, since the government can find little time for anything except the investigation of rascalities. If such an event would renovate the moral condition of the country, let it come. In the new order, things might improve by offering a bounty for the increased production of the hanging fibre.

They are again stirring the International Copyright humbug. Mr. James Appleton Morgan has given out a letter saying that the feeling of the population both in England and America is in favor of an international copyright law. What population? The population of authors and publishers—that is all. The pig iron kings want a high tariff on iron, and to hear how the people demand it! Tom Scott wants \$100,000,000 for the Southern Pacific road, and we are told that an overwhelming majority of the people are in favor of the subsidy! So authors who are more avaricious than wise, and the extensive publishers who want a monopoly of the business talk about the population of both England and America being in favor of it! Mr. Morgan says that Franco makes no difference as to the nationality of authors. So would we make no difference if no other nation spoke our language and foreign authors were compelled to translate their books into our tongue. We don't want to encourage avarice in authors. They can make all that is good for them without an international copyright. It is not by natural right that they have any copyright even at home, and they should not be too greedy, or they may lose that bounty. Too many great authors have been utterly spoiled by making too much. Dickens was so spoiled—made a fool of—and finally killed himself by avarice. We want authors to check the love of wealth and the spirit of monopoly, not to sustain and promote it.

WHAT HUMAN NATURE TEACHES.

All the authorities—that is, the associations of respectable gentlemen in New Orleans—such as the Cotton Exchange, the Church, by her bishops, ministers, and deacons, able lawyers, learned doctors, and wise editors, have united in one grand volume of indignation at Phil Sheridan's dispatch about the White Leaguers, denouncing them as lawless, and recommending that they be declared banditti, to be dealt with by a drum-head Court-martial, Judge Sheridan presiding. This looks as if all the respectability of Louisiana were White Leaguers. We had supposed, and Gen. Sheridan has acted on the supposition, that the White League was mainly composed of the poor whites led by reckless persons. A

great many assassinations and brutal murders committed in the South have been charged upon the League; and it has so happened that if any perpetrators were brought to trial Leaguers were numerous enough to get on the jury; intimidate witnesses, and by other means also, secure acquittal. We had understood that the more intelligent portion of the people repudiated all such lawless conduct, and insisted upon prompt punishment. Senator Gordon, of Georgia, in his late speech, was indignant at the charge of lawlessness upon the whole South because of the conduct of a few villains.

Governor Kellogg testified before the committee that the League was organized last May 15, an obscure part of the State, with the purpose of securing the political supremacy of the whites. That such was the object there is no doubt, and it is not objectionable, provided only fair means are used. He also swore that at about that time a great noise was made about the existence of a Black League, but no such league existed. In contradiction to this, Mr. Speer, colored, testified at Vicksburg that he belonged to such a society six years ago, and that the members were sworn to stand by each other.

The truth is that such organizations are very natural and to be expected. Indeed, it would argue badly for the spirit of the two races if they did not organize to carry out their objects. We know that if we lived in the South we should belong to some white man's society if politics should take the "color line." We know also that our hair were kinky, our face black, and our heels of the African anatomy, we should belong to some black man's society. We should be very naturally suspicious of the politics of our white neighbors in reference to our civil and political rights. With our present frame of mind we should do all we could to keep out the "color line," but finding that impossible, as we inevitably would, we should be compelled to hew to the white line, though we should aim to do a strictly fair job.

It is only necessary to consult the well-understood principles of human nature to get at the truth of all this business. No examining committees can get at the exact truth of things down there, except to find what the laws are and whether they have been violated in the late disorders. As to what the intentions of the two races are they can get no exact information except by referring to philosophy. The testimony of witnesses is contradictory and unreliable. The whites generally swear that color has nothing to do with their politics. Any one of common sense knows that such is not the fact. Were they all Garrison or Gerrit Smiths such statements might be believed.

The blacks, the carpet-baggers and other white demagogues who act with the negroes, swear that they use no violence in restraining colored voters, and all the intimidation comes from the other party. Philosophy declares both these statements to be false, and clearly teaches the truth that should be evident to all, that both parties do all they can to make those they can influence vote their respective tickets—and that this influence would include, in times of excitement, any and all possible means. Senator Gordon spoke of black outrages, and said nothing of white outrages.

The truth is that the blacks are not given to deeds of violence. Their conduct during the war and while in slavery shows this fact. Whites in their places would have kept the South full of butchery, and their masters would soon have been glad to let them go free. The Vicksburg correspondent of the Commercial, in speaking of the massacre and the overwhelming preponderance of negro numbers in the adjoining counties, says: "During the fight here it was telegraphed over the United States that the negroes were burning gin houses and barns in retaliation. They did no such thing. I can not learn that the negroes have destroyed a dollar's worth of property. If they wanted to, they could take revenge in this way for all wrongs, real and imaginary. But they do not and will not. Whatever their faults may be, they are not revengeful and blood thirsty. In all the troubles here they have not in a single instance harmed the hair of a white person's head in the unprotected rural districts. When you hear that they are attempting to take revenge on the whites in any such a way put it down as a lie. There is no race on earth naturally so peaceably inclined and inoffensive as the negroes."

That is the truth about the negro character. They are altogether too docile to live with a minority of whites. The truth simply is that the two races are altogether politically incompatible except when one race is so few in numbers as to be almost powerless, and socially they are incompatible in any shape. The truth further is that there can be no peace in the South except under military terror so long as the two races hold their present relations there. The truth further is that there is no other solution of the problem than the separate settlement of the negroes.

A Trick for the Spirits.

"Did you finally explain to the mystic spectators the modus operandi of table raising?" was then asked. "I did," was the answer; "and I claim that any one employing the same method can manipulate a table as successfully as the most skillful medium. Two slender bars of strong wood or iron, covered on the end with plush, and slipped on the arm of the under surface, and concealed beneath the sleeve; they are buckled on the arm by two straps near the elbow, and allowed to project a slight distance beyond the cuff. I have frequently dined in a large company with the appliances on my arms and they have never been observed. As the hands of the medium are placed upon the table the bars of wood naturally slip under the edge and extend far enough toward the center to raise the table as you elevate your arms. I have performed this trick hundreds of times and have never been detected. This is one of the manifestations most relied on by the Spiritualists, and I have been shown how easily it can be accomplished, even by a novice at the business."

KNOW DREAMS.

Last night I dreamed; and Nature fell asleep; Forest and field transcended in gracious dream of growth, for sheets of leaves long dead lie on the ground. Over about the boughs; and wild winds sweep O'er whistled fields, full many a hoary head From the storm-harvest, sown by silent stream! With beauty of crushed clouds the cold earth leaped; And winter's a frigid-seeming trace would keep.

A Brave Servant Girl.

Some years since two wealthy bachelors lived in the vicinity of Paris. They had a young maid-of-all-work named Marie De La Font. Marie was a sweet, pretty girl, and lively and piquant in her manners, although modest in the extreme. And this was the reason why the two brothers kept her in their employ. They knew that she was frugal, economical, and dressed in the most moderate manner imaginable. One day Marie surprised her employers by informing them that a young artisan residing in Paris had asked her hand. They strove to dissuade her from accepting the offer of marriage, but she told them that she could not be happy unless she became the wife of her dear Henri. So it was arranged that she should quit the service of the two brothers at the end of the coming month.

One day during this interval the two brothers sold some valuable real estate which they owned jointly, and the sum realized amounted to 100,000 francs. It was all in bills on the Bank of France, and was paid too late for deposit the same afternoon. Night came, and as the old bachelors were sitting at a large dinner table in the house, they were considerably concerned lest robbers should attempt to rob them. Their fears were strengthened by the numerous burglaries that had recently taken place in that vicinity.

The residence of the old men was some distance from the main road, and stood on a gloomy location, and on the night in question the winds swept through the tall larches surrounding the mansion with doleful and moaning cadence. About midnight the old men retired, but scarcely had they fallen asleep when Marie rapped over the door, and opened the door. The robbers were at work below.

Both the bachelors were terribly frightened, and while one commenced to bar the door, the other began removing a tile from the hearth to hide the bills. "You have a gun," said Marie, "take it and shoot the villains." But the trembling men paid no heed to her advice.

"Cowards!" said the brave girl, scornfully; "I wish that I were a man for five minutes." Just then there came a heavy crash from the apartments below. The brothers crept beneath the bed, where they sheltered and cringed, unable to speak a word. "We shall all be murdered in our beds," said the girl. "We will be found by the police in the morning with our throats cut from ear to ear. Pestil fools give me the gun."

She seized the double-barreled gun that lay on the shelf, and started down stairs, while the two frightened men watched her without saying a word. Presently bang went the gun, and a groan was heard. Bang! went the second barrel, and a scream of pain resounded through the house that caused the two men to start up in a cold sweat. A brief pause ensued, and then Marie came tripping up stairs, but her face wore a determined, satisfied look. She asked for powder and ball to reload, which were furnished; but before she finished loading, footsteps were heard retreating from the house.

No one slept in the house that night, nor were they again molested. But at early dawn, on going down stairs, a pool of blood on the hall floor showed that one robber at least, had been seriously, if not mortally wounded. And it was plain to see by the bloody path in the earth that the victim had been dragged to the river. Grogg marked the whole scene, and the police were at once put on the alert for the arrest of the living thieves and the recovery of the body of the dead one.

But all efforts proved vain, and the bravery of the young girl was discussed far and near. The grateful bachelors were so overpowered that they offered to give Marie a dowry. "Ah! Monsieur," replied she, affectionately, "how can I leave you? You may again be attacked by robbers." "But we will not, nevertheless, stand between you and happiness," they replied. "Here are thirty thousand francs—you have saved our lives, and richly deserve them in this way for all wrongs, real and imaginary. But they do not and will not. Whatever their faults may be, they are not revengeful and blood thirsty. In all the troubles here they have not in a single instance harmed the hair of a white person's head in the unprotected rural districts. When you hear that they are attempting to take revenge on the whites in any such a way put it down as a lie. There is no race on earth naturally so peaceably inclined and inoffensive as the negroes."

What ails the "fat Sam?" He had been missing from the "Potomac" for several days, and Cleveland Tom, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago, and the rest of the boys who were wont to get drunk with him, couldn't make out what had happened. They hadn't heard that there was a warrant out for him, had never known of his being sick for a day, and his absence from the old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hollen-wal saloon yesterday morning, nearly a dozen of them, drinking, smoking and playing cards, when in walked Ugly Sam.

There was deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaved clean, had on a clean collar and a white shirt, and they didn't know him at first. When they saw that it was Ugly Sam, they uttered a shout and leaped up. "Cave in that hat!" cried one. "Yank that collar off!" shouted another. "Let us roll him on the floor!" screamed a third.

There was something in his look and bearing which made them hesitate. The whisky-red had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. As he stepped toward the bar, and content as he looked around the room, and then revealed pity as his eyes fell upon the red eyes and bloated faces of the crowd before him. "Why, what ails ye, Sam?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there. "I've come down to die, ye good-by, boys," he replied, raising his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief from his pocket. "What! Have ye turned preacher?" they shouted in chorus.

"Boys, ye know I can lick any two of ye; but I ain't on the fight any more; I've put down the last drop of whisky which is ever to go into my mouth! I've switched off. I've taken an oath. I'm going to be decent." "Sam, are you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill coming near to him. "I've come down here to tell ye all about it," answered Sam. "Move the chairs back a little and give me room. Ye all know I've been rough an' more too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler and a loafer. I can't look back and remember the time when I earned an honest dollar. The police beat chased me around like a wolf, and I've been in jail and the work-house, and the papers has said that Ugly Sam was the terror of Potomac. Ye all know this boys, but ye didn't know that I had an old mother."

The faces of the crowd expressed amazement. "I never mentioned it to any of ye, for I was neglecting her," he went on. "She was a poor old body living up here in the alley, and if the neighbors hadn't helped her to fuel and food, she'd have been found dead long ago. I never helped her out a cent—didn't. I never visited her weeks, and I used to feel mean about it. When a fuller goes back on his old mother, he's a gettin' purty low, and I know it. Well, she's dead—buried yesterday! I was up there afore she died. She sent for me by Pete, and when I got there I seen it was all day with her. "Did she say anything?" asked one of the boys, as Sam hesitated. "That's what ails me now," he went on. "When I went she reached out her hand to me, and says she, 'Samuel, I'm going to die, and I know'd you'd want to see me afore I passed away.' I sat down, for I felt queer like. She didn't say on and say as how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all that, but says she, 'Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried to be a good mother to ye, and have prayed for ye hundreds of nights and cried about you till my eyes was all day with her. Some of the neighbors had dropped in, and the women were crying, and I tell ye, boys, I felt weak.'"

He paused for a moment, and then continued: "And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore she died, and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and by-and-by she whispered, 'Samuel, ye are throwing your life away. You've got it in ye to be a man if ye'll only make up your mind. I hate to die and feel that my only son and the last of our family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise that you'd turn out as a man, and do the good it seems to me as if I'd die easier, I'd give you promise, my son.' And I promised her, boys, and that's what ails me! She died holding my hand, and I promised to quit this low business and go to work. I came down to tell ye, and now you wont see me on the Potomac again. I've bought my passage and am going up to Canada to winter."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then he said: "Well, boys, I'll shake hands with ye all around afore I go. Good-by, Pete—good-by, Jack—Tom—Jim. I hope ye won't fling any bricks at me, and I shan't break any at any of ye. I's a dyin' promiser, ye see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arrow!"

The men looked reflectively at each other after he had passed out, and it was a long time before any one spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner, and said: "He'll be the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't level!" "So'll I!" repeated the others.—Free Press.

Why He Did not Win. Tom Saunders of Buffalo owns a little, lazy, slow mare, that is the ridicule of his friends. One recent evening he and some of his friends were talking of horses, when he astonished them by offering to sell a hundred dollars that he could ride his mare twenty miles in an hour. He counted out the money in a tantalizing way, remarking that his mare had been laughed at long enough and he had made up his mind to show what he could do. It seemed like robbing Tom, so they all said, to take his money, but he insisted and the stake was put into the worthy hands of a friend chosen for the trial, and when it came Tom was led to the Central Railroad depot, where the homely little mare was found aboard a baggage car. The man tickled her to Rochester by express, and when the train was ready to start he got on her back triumphantly.

He reckoned that he could ride that way twenty miles an hour, unless the time table led. Away went the train, with the referee holding his watch and the three fellows who had joined in the bet against the mare very sorrowful of expression. About fifteen miles had been run in about half an hour, and Tom was giving in anticipation of easy victory, when the car bumped over something, and he was thrown off the mare, by hastily applied six-brakes. An axle had broken, and the train was stopped for more than an hour. And Tom was not so useful over the loss of the stakes and the failure of his trick, as he was over his stupidity in not thinking of taking the mare off the car and riding the rest of the twenty miles, as there had been ample time to do within the hour.

A mysterious sect in the South of Wales has just been made the subject of comment. The world has gone past these people, leaving them clinging to the rocks and mountains. They are few and scattered, and meet together twice a year—on the summer and winter solstices. They then ascend a mountain, on the top of which there is a holy (rocking) stone. The procession is headed by an aged man, who bears in his hand a long wand. On the top of the wand is a small sphere with three prongs like the divergent feet issuing from the head of a scorpion. The mountain is reached, the people listen to a sermon from their aged leader, and then march down again and betake themselves to their homes among the hills. These people say that Ila is their founder, and that's all they know about him. They are supposed to be the very last remnant of the ancient Druids, who still practice the rites of the Pruidical religion.

Hard-Boiled Eggs Are Healthful. A writer in the Medical Journal, discussing on dyspepsia, says: "We have seen dyspeptics who suffered untold tortments with almost every kind of food, and tortments which they did not feel until some medicines given for relief. No liquid could be taken without suffering. Bread became a burning acid. Meat and milk were solid and liquid fires. We have seen these same sufferers trying to avoid food and drink, and even going to the emema syringe for sustenance. And we have seen their tortments pass away, and their hunger relieved by living upon the white of eggs which had been boiled in water for thirty minutes. At the end of a week we have given hard-boiled eggs with the white, and upon this diet alone without fluid of any kind we have seen them begin to gain flesh and strength and refreshing sleep. After weeks of this treatment they have been able with care to begin upon other food. And all this, the writer adds, without taking medicine. He says that hard-boiled eggs are not half so bad as hard-boiled ones, and ten times as easy to digest as raw eggs, even in egg-oggs."

A Negro Boy Hangs a Child.

On Wednesday, says the Lynchburg (Va.) Republican, near Skipton, Talbot County, Maryland, a negro boy twelve or fifteen years old, named Kirby, induced the children of David M. Underly to visit his home during the absence of their parents. While there he told a little son of Munday, who is four or five years old, that they would "play hanging," and he would show how the sheriff hung Ernest Smith, in Easton. He placed the child on a stool, tied a rope, hitched to a spike in the ceiling, around his neck, and then jumped the stool from under him, leaving him hanging there, his feet just touching the floor. Finding that he did not die he stripped his clothes off and beat him with a stick, bruising and cutting him severely. He also struck a little sister of Munday's, who ran home and told her mother, who had returned, and upon her arrival the father, hearing of the hanging, and his side and body considerably lacerated. He took him down, but the child was so prostrated by the choking and whipping that he is seriously ill.

A curious but bold robbery took place just after dark, New-Year's day, upon one of the Tenth avenue (New York) cars on its way down town. When the car arrived at Fourteenth street, six men, apparently respectable and well dressed, but somewhat hilly, entered the car. The conductor asked for fares, but for awhile was kept waiting, as each of the party tried to make the others pay. At last the conductor became angry and demanded his pay in a sharp tone, and then it was given to him. By this time the car had reached some of the darker streets, and each of the gang got up and expressed admiration for his nearest neighbor's gloves, umbrella, cane, reticule, or anything else he or she might be loosely holding in the hand, and before the owner of the property could recover from the surprise the six men rushed out of the car, each bearing away the booty which he had snatched from the grasp of the passenger. As the thieves left the car the passengers rushed after them to the platform, in the hope of finding a policeman, but not one could be seen for several blocks, and the conductor endeavored to console the passengers by remarking that they were engaged in preserving their watches and wallets with such a bold band of desperadoes in the car.

LAW REPORT. COMMON PLEAS.

Nathan F. Williams v. The Cincinnati, Harrison & Indianapolis Railroad Company. Before Judge Force. Suit on an indemnity mortgage given by the railroad company to J. L. Bassett, who had purchased a piece of property on Webster street of the railroad company, which was covered by a trust deed of Judge McLean, to secure the payment of their bonds. The condition of the mortgage was, that the railroad company should hold Bassett, his heirs and assigns, harmless from the operation of this trust deed, and after that the mortgage recited that the object of it was to protect Bassett. The defendant demurred.

The question was whether the grantees of Bassett, who bring this suit, had any rights under the mortgage. The Court held the grantees of Bassett had a right to the condition in the mortgage; that a purchaser was not protected by the grantees were protected also. Demurrer overruled. The City, for the use of G. M. Gardner & Co., v. Chas. Robson et al. Before Judge Avery. This action was brought to recover the amount of an assessment for filling West Eighth street, and the case came up on a motion for judgment. Cincinnati Exposition Park Association a party defendant. An affidavit was filed showing that Gardner & Co., had assigned all their interest to the Exposition Park Association, on the 19th of July, 1872, shortly after the contract was made, and before this suit was brought. The assessment, however, was made by the city payable to G. M. Gardner & Co. The question is whether the Cincinnati Exposition Park Association must bring suit, or whether they will be admitted as parties in this suit.

Smith v. The Supervisor of a road district in Springfield township, Before Judge Cox. This was a proceeding to restrain the defendant by injunction from removing a fence and trees which had been claimed had projected on to the public road, on which the property of the plaintiff abutted. It appeared that the trees and fence had occupied the place where they now are for some twenty-five or thirty years and the plaintiff claimed they were such permanent improvements as showed adverse possession.

It was held by the Court that the planting of trees within the line of a public road was not such an improvement, even if permanent, as to bar to the public, as would constitute adverse possession, or prevent the opening of the road, when the public necessity required it, to its full width. The temporary injunction heretofore granted was accordingly dissolved. Snow & Kuntler, for plaintiff; Harmon & Durrell, for defendant.

Real Estate Transfers. Simeon Giffard and wife to the heirs of C. G. Ginn, 63 2/3-100 acres, in section 23, Miami township; also, 28 2/3-100 acres, in section 31, same township; also, 77 1/2 acres, in Decatur county, Indiana, quitclaim—\$1,000. Chas. Hahn and wife to Carl Weiskopf, lot 85, in Block addition to Madison street, in section 31, Simon street to the Mount Adams and Eden Park Inclined Railway, lot 25 by 131 feet, on the east side of Lock street, 115 feet south of Fifth street—\$4,000. Henry Grammer and wife to same, lot 20 by 100 feet, on the west side of Kilgour street, 119 feet south of Fifth street—\$3,500. Maxie Donlan to same, lot 21 by 85 1/2 feet, on the east side of Kilgour street, 116 1/2 feet south of Fifth street—\$3,000. Michael Sweeney and wife to same, lot 35 by 110 feet, on the west side of Jamon street, 116 1/2 feet south of Fifth street—\$4,500. Anton Stegmann and wife, per Sheriff, to Daniel Weber, lot 30 by 117 feet, on the east side of Orchard street, south of Mill street, in Barville, Twenty-fourth Ward—\$1,133 3/4. Carrie Harvie to Wm. Ekeberry, 10 acres in section 24, Symmas township—\$400. Eliza L. Brown and others to Joseph Longworth, lot 35 by 55 feet, on the north side of Fifth street, 1/4 east of Broadway—\$5,000. Michael Jug and wife to H. W. Kohler, lot 20 by 120 feet, on the west side of Mill street, 75 feet south of Benson street, in Leekland—\$1,500. J. F. Cunningham and wife to Theodore Payne and Emil Kuremann, lot 27 by 100 feet, on the south side of Charles street, 91 feet east of East Plum street—\$2,700. James S. John to Daniel McLean, agreement to convey 1219 feet front, in Millcreek bottom, on payment of \$25,000.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Advertisement No. 4.

How to Teach Political Economy

In the Lyceum Institute.

Political Economy is one of the most important branches of study, because it covers the most practical relations of life. How to obtain subsistence for the body and the means of comfort for the household is the first question that concerns the mass of men, and ought to be the first question with every young person. No one ought to consider his father rich enough to raise him above the necessity of applying the first efforts of his early manhood to the purpose of obtaining a living.

In making this statement we have raised a question in Morals as well as in Political Economy. The ethical principle alluded to is the obligation of every one to obtain the means of support by his own efforts. It shows that Political Economy can not be divorced from Moral Science, though authors have generally treated it as a branch of knowledge having exclusive reference to the system of things as it is, and not as it should be. It may be very comfortable for those who get their support and heap up fortunes out of others to have Economy divorced from Ethics; but the mass of mankind, being compelled to labor in the production of wealth, can not long study Political Economy without finding a mystery in the fact that some get \$100 per day for doing nothing, while others get but a dollar, two dollars, or three dollars per day by hard work; and they will inevitably demand the how and the wherefore of this great difference. They will even demand to be informed by what principle an able bodied and able minded man mightly gets so much doing nothing except frolic life away in luxury, while others, who may not be able either in body or mind, get so small a reward for hard toil all the day and incessant rest for weary muscles and aching bones during the whole night, leaving no time or means for recreation and enjoyment.

Ethical questions, however, would be raised incidentally in teaching Political Economy. Primarily, this science treats of the Production, Distribution, Consumption and Exchange of wealth. Labor, Land, Capital and Skill are chiefly concerned in the production of wealth. The Distribution of wealth is into Wages, Rents and Profits, while the support of the people, the government, education, religion, luxury, &c., comprises the Consumption of wealth. The Exchange of wealth involves Commerce, including barter and buying and selling by means of a medium called money, transportation by land and sea, and raises all the questions concerning currency, values, &c.

What science, therefore, covers so many of the fundamental interests of mankind as Political Economy? And when it is considered that the people must be fed and clothed before anything can be accomplished by education, religion, art or general culture, why does not Political Economy very properly claim the first and most searching attention of the schools and of all educators in whatever capacity.

It will be so considered in the Lyceum Institute, and also in the Lyceum University, which will be the Institute extended to universal learning and perfected in the new method. What will be the method of teaching this science in the Lyceum Institute and University? It will be quite different from that usually pursued. We find a certain text-book with questions at the foot of each page or in an appendix, the answers to which are often mechanically learned, and mechanically used by lazy or ignorant professors in conducting an automatic recitation. An ingenious Frenchman or Yankee might make an automatic professor and an automatic class, and by winding them up like a clock they would perform the whole process of recitation according to the standard of perfection erected by such text-books.

In colleges and universities, however, with some pretensions, the professor gives lectures on this science, though he follows the most approved text-book. The lecturer sometimes canvasses the opinions of the most distinguished authors on each topic, but the utmost of his thought is to balance authorities and give the class the doctrine as settled by the majority or by the author who has obtained the most general approval and applause.

As usually taught, this science often amounts to nothing of any value to the student, while in some cases time and money, though not altogether thrown away, are not made half as productive in learning as they would be under a better method. The Lyceum method can be fully understood by a single illustration. Suppose we are entering upon the topic of Labor as an element of production. The Professor gives a lecture chiefly for the purpose of showing the class how to investigate it for themselves. He then assigns the leading authors to the members of the class; to one, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, to another, Say's Work, to another, Stiglitz, to a fourth, Senator Tracey, to a fifth, J. S. Mills' Work, to a sixth, Thornton on Labor, to a seventh, Carey, to the eighth, List, to the ninth, the Work by Horace Greeley, and so on through the whole class. Probably three days should be given to preparation for the recitation. Each one is required to condense into as brief a compass as possible the most important views and facts given by his author, and deliver his synopsis either orally or from manuscript to the class. Three days are given to the preparation, and the recitation occupies half a day; the same topic to be continued until thoroughly mastered by the class. Most of all, the students are urged to have opinions of their own.

So, also, when the subject of Money and Banking comes up, it is investigated in the same way. The authors are distributed to the class, and all views that have been urged are brought under consideration. The professor introduces it with a lecture in which he explains the function of money, the different kinds of money, such as metallic, mixed and paper, the nature of banking, the experience of nations with the different currencies, &c., thus enabling the students to search the authors to the best advantage. After three days' preparation, with several other studies on hand, and half a day's recitation, the class will find all the fog that hangs between the subject and the vision of the people dispelled, and the comfort of a lifetime of intelligence on this subject, so dark to nearly all the people, is secured.

So of every other topic in this science. In addition, it is seen that the students have practical composition, oral speech, grammar, rhetoric, independent thought and free discussion while learning Political Economy. The superiority of the Lyceum Method is, therefore, clear enough. The wonder is that it has not, long since, been generally adopted.

Address L. A. HINE, LOVELAND, O.