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REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

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Beyond the River.

The time must come, I know, when we shall part—
All ties must sever;
This golden zone, enclasping heart to heart,
Must snap and shiver.
But doth yon deep, dark stream, part evermore?
Or shall we meet and greet on that far shore,
Beyond the river!

If we shall meet—oh! would that I knew how!
In saintly blessing?
Or shall we stand as we are standing now—
Mute y caressing?
Is yonder life but this grown rich and grand?
Or is humanity left on the strand—
Dropped in undressing?

Oh, would I knew! The misty clouds that lie
These waters over
Still darkly droop, still mock my straining eye,
Still thickly hover.
I call and question. Silence hath no tone,
In vain I ask how I shall meet my own—
As friend or lover.

This world were dark indeed had I not thee
To clasp and hold me;
My light is thy great love, so tenderly,
So often, told me.
The night must come; but, in the far-off morn,
Will the dear arms that have my steps upborne
Once more enfold me?

Love is so precious, life so frail and fleet!
Hearts bled and quiver;
Tears wet the prints of dear departed feet,
Gone hence forever.
Parting is bitter. If I could but know
That thou wilt be to me the same as now,
Beyond the river.

Is love eternal? Still yon sullen cloud
Answers me never.
In vain I plead; its folds its sable shroud,
Silent forever.
But I shall know. 'Tis useless to contend
With shadows; yet all doubts shall have an end
Beyond the river.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* contrasts the way in which business has been done at the Treasury Department under Boutwell and Richardson with that of former days, when duty was performed without regard to favoritism or to assumed official superiority. Many years ago, Geo. M. Bibb, who had been Chancellor, Governor, and United States Marshal of Kentucky, was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. In preparing the first monthly roll of salaries, the pay clerk included that of the Secretary, and it so passed the Auditor, but the first Comptroller, Mr. J. W. McCulloch, refused to approved the warrant, unless Secretary Bibb should first settle the balance due the Government on his unclosed accounts as United States Marshal. The Secretary at once tendered his resignation, but the President ignored it, and the item of salary was rejected from each pay roll until the amount earned had exhausted the indebtedness of Mr. Bibb as Marshal. Bibb became a fast friend of McCulloch, who for many years continued to be first Comptroller.

GOING TO AFRICA.—That tide in the affairs of newspaper correspondents which carries them into Central Africa is again to take there Mr. Henry M. Stanly, the man who found Livingstone. This time Mr. Stanly goes as the high joint commissioner of the London dailey *Telegraph* and the New York *Herald*, and the mission is to learn the secret of the Nile, and do what he can toward abolishing the African slave trade, known as "the infamons and the lucrative." He is to continue the work of Livingstone, and open the unknown country to commerce and civilization, thus shedding glory on himself and the newspapers while he is benefiting mankind. The wealthy journals employing him are to equip him amply for the great work, and much is hoped for from his courage and perseverance. Should he prove successful in his explorations and accurate in his accounts of what he observes, the Louisville *Courier Journal* thinks he will acquire fame enough for the most ambitious of discoverers, and will give journalism a prestige that, with all its power and usefulness, it has never yet known.

BOYS AND BUMBLE BEES.—Did you ever undertake to break up a bumble bees' nest? Three boys tried it the other day with disastrous results. They got long rods and made an attack on the nest, which was located a short distance from a railway track. In a minute out came the bees and the boys started off on a run. One of them stubbed his toe and fell with his head on the iron rail of the track, leaving his person exposed through an aperature in his blue cottonade pants, through which three bumble bees stung him until he howled. The other boys ran and yelled lustily, as the bees buzzed around their ears, and stung them in revenge for breaking up their home. The wounds inflicted through the hole in those blue pants will keep that boy from sitting down with any comfort for a fortnight, and the ears of the other boys have been enlarged to the size of burdock leaves.

Know ye the printer's hour of peace? Know ye an hour more fraught with joy than ever felt the Maid of Greece when kissed by Venus' amorous boy? 'Tis not when news of solemn note his columns all with sadness fill; nor yet when brothers quote the effusions of his blunt worn quill. But O, 'tis when the weather's fair, or clad in rain, or hail, or vapor; 'tis when he hears the welcome sound, "I've come to pay you for your paper."

The Mission of Free Trade.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Among the abomnable political heresies that have through the direct help and agency of the party in power contributed to the injury of the material interests of this country none has been of direr harm than the fallacy of protection. We shall not enter largely into the discussion of free trade versus protection. As an exponent of genuine Democracy we are a free-trader in the most comprehensive signification of the term, which means to refrain from interfering governmentally in individual concerns, in allowing people to work out their own destiny unhampered and untrammeled in such way as seems to them most conducive to their own success.

The whole theory of protection, whether of morals or money or of trade, whether in local option or prohibitive liquor laws, or legal tender or paper currency acts, inflation schemes, or tariffs "for the protection of home industry," is based upon the hypothesis that some one man, or set of men—a sovereign or legislative or popular majority—knows what is good for other men better than they know themselves. To this we are, of course, being thoroughbred Jeffersonian Democrats, unalterably opposed.

We are free-traders, a term under the present circumstances of the country, capable of modification; and subject to pervision or misapprehension by its unscrupulous opponents. But we use it here, as we have said, in its largest sense. Now, the great mission of free-trade, for this generation at least, is, to our mind, the sweeping away from the comprehensible processes of nature the vast number of economical cobwebs which man's subtilety and industry have woven. There is no subject upon which the human mind has been so muddled and mystified as on that which the authorities are pleased to denominate the science of money and currency, exchanges and banking. Yet, paradoxical as it sounds, we hold that this subject is as simple as simple can be, if we do but content ourselves by applying to the obvious facts existing about us, the elementary principles of honesty and common sense—in other words, the non-interference principles of free-trade.

In the conduct of our private affairs we deal with all these questions in a small way, and always deal with them intelligently. We never, for instance, delude ourselves with the ridiculous axiom that "debt is a blessing," or that paying high prices for everything we use or consume increases our aggregate riches, or that taxation leads to wealth, or that refusing to liquidate our obligations is creditable. But the moment we come to dealing with public affairs we grow paradoxical; try to be or appear profound, and we become helplessly muddled, mired, and confused. We cannot and will not realize that what is right and good for one is so for all. A thorough mastery of free-trade principles will alone help us out of the bog.

The editor of the Michigan *Argus* seems to be the sort of a man one likes to hear of as standing at the helm of a newspaper. A subscriber lately came to him with an article in his hand and this speech in his mouth: "Put that in the *Argus* or stop my paper."

The editor did not put in the article but er sed the subscriber's name and even surprised him by surveying the event. "We have no desire," he says, "to lose our subscribers; and yet there is running through our head an old and familiar rhyme, penned, no doubt, by an editor in just our fix:

'We do not belong to our potrons,
This paper is wholly our own;
Whoever likes it can take it,
Who don't can let it alone."

"We patronize those who patronize us," is the motto over the Zionsvills, (Ind.) *Times'* advertising columns. And to this another paper adds: "We go for the scaps of those who go for our scalp; we stir ourselves for those only who stir for us; we are as lukewarm as fresh milk for those who, while pretending to be our friends connubiate with our enemies; we will take no chances of injuring ourselves by supporting for office those pusillanimous pups who, when in, think the smartest thing they can do is to give us a kick. Newspapers have been too long looked upon as a mere stepping stone to power. Editors have been too long content to gather up crumbs, but if we have no chance at the loaf we don't fight worth a cent."

"Little Rhody" is, no doubt a model State, and yet her rulers manage to amerce the people to a considerable extent to pay the expense of running the governmental machine. The Providenc *Journal* estimates that the government of the State costs each inhabitant $1 99 per annum, not to mention local taxes. The State expenses of the little commonwealth are $432,558. In Vermont the State government costs $343,822 a year, or $1.04 a head; in New Hamshire, $152,000 a year, or 47 cents a head; and in Delaware only $31,333, or 25 cents a head. Rhode Island is evidently extravagant, for though its legislators work for a dollar a day, somebody gets the money. The highest State salary in Delaware is that of the Chancellor, $2,500.

A LONG TIME.—"Brethern," said a young Quaker lately married, "I have married a daughter of the Lord!" "The devil you have!" ejaculated an Irishman. "It'll be a long time before you'll see yer father in law."

Naked Justice on a Gate-Post.

Our old friend, Judge Tom Farrar of Lake Providence, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, who is known throughout the State as a lawyer and jurist of eminent abilities, and a gentleman of most lovable character, tells at his own expense, and with the keenest gusto, a story which we think is too good to lose. It appears that some years ago, while riding through one of the prettiest districts of North Louisiana, he came, about sundown, to a creek which was so deep as to require a swimming feat. The Judge being a man of vigorous and invincible determination, no sooner realized this emergency than he promptly dismounted, undressed himself with great dispatch, and attired only in is high plug hat and a pair of spectacles, bestrode his gallant cob and urged him to the venture.

After a desperate struggle the other side was gained, and the Judge again dismounting, this time with a profound sigh of relief, was about to resume his integuments, when the horse, prompted by some diabolical spirit, started from his side and trotten slowly down the road.

Of course, the Judge had no recourse but to trot after him; and thereupon there ensued one of the most remarkable and picturesque chases ever known in histery or tradition. The horse appeared to have no motive save that of keeping a certain distance ahead of the Judge, and of finding some comfortable barnyard where he might refresh himself after such gigantic efforts. The Judge, whatever may have been his ambitions, confined himself to the effort of keeping the truant beast in sight. It must have been a cheerful and invigorating experience to see the Judge trotting briskly along that smooth and sandy road, his venerable plug hat pulled over his eyes, and his spectacles bobbing up and down his nose. The chase was long, and the moisture of great exertion would gather on his brow, and then, when he reached around for his handkerchief, alas! it was not there. All of which had the effect of impressing the Judge with his very peculiar and unfortunate situation, and imparting renewed play and lightness to his legs.

So the two bowled pleasantly along preserving a steady relative distance, until just as the setting sun was reddening the distant hills and touching the Judge's manly form with gold, the horse whisked suddenly into a gate bolted with eager haste toward a stable dimly visible in the distance.

The farm-house sat in a grove of trees whose shaddows made a great darkness round it, and from this grove, as the Judge was scampering furiously after his horse and wardrobe, there issued sundry yellow dogs, surly of mein and shaggy of appearance. The Judge felt that it would be utterly impossible, under these circumstance, to assume that majesty of aspect and fearlessness of gaze which is currently believed to be the correct thing with dogs, and so, seeing a friendly gate post near at hand, he gave one wild bound and reached its summit just as the leanest and fiercest of the dogs snapped viciously at his legs.

When the uproar had subsided, and the Judge, realizing the absurdity of the situation, had regained his customary frame of mind, a female voice was heard calling from the house:

"Who's there?"

"A fellow-creature in distress, manam."

"Where are you?"

"On the gate-post," said the Judge beginning to enjoy the joke.

"What can I do for you?"

It was too much. The Judge's old humor and quisical love of merri- came over him.

"Call off these dogs, and *bring me all the fig-leaves on the place.*"

SOME WEATHER SIGNS.—M. Quad, a humorous writer on the Detroit papers, enumerates the following as among the most reliable weather signs:

If pear trees blossom before the 20th of March, and you notice the cows and horses rubbing themselves against the meeting-house door and the top rail of the fence casts two separate shadows, it argues well for the coming wheat crop.

If the clouds all move one way during November, and big girls go bare-footed, and tin peddlers are numerous, and your wife wants a new pair of shoes, and plumb-trees grow the most branches on the west side, the next year will be prolific of thunder-storms and lightning rod agents.

If pumpkins are frost-bitten before they turn yellow, snd house-rent goes up, and catnip-tea has a bitter taste, and saw-logs show an inclination to roll up hill, the potatoe-rot is sure to follow.

If there are high winds in February followed by warm rains, and cattle refuse to lick salt, and red-headed girls are conspicuous, July will be a cool month.

MAGNANIMOUS.—A number of ex-Confederate soldiers in South Carolina recently exhumed the bones of two Union soldiers, buried in neglected graves by the roadside, inclosed them in handsome coffins, and forwarded them to their homes in Ohio.

BROKEN UP.—A marriage was broken up in Duluth by the young man making an unexpected call and finding the poodle-dog playing with his true love's glass eye.

HIS ANSWER.—"Where are you going?" said a little boy to another who had slipped on an icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

Multum in Parvo.

Laugh if you are wise.—Meartial.

Shadow own its birth to light.—Gay.

Frailty, thy name is woman.—Shakspeare.

Wine has drowned more than the sea.—Publius Syrus.

Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.—Whipple.

A light wife doth make a heavy husband.—Shakspeare.

The less men think, the more they talk.—Montesquieu.

Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies.—Pope.

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—Young.

Years steal fire from the mind as vigor from the limb.—Byron.

The surest way not to fail is to determine not to succeed.—Sheridan.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.—Shakspeare.

Fortune dreads the brave, and is only terrible to the coward.—Seneca.

Give me the eloquent check where blushes burn and die.—Mrs. Osgood.

There are some persons on whom virtue sits almost as ungraciously as vice.—Bonhours.

Time is a continual ever-dripping of moments, which fall down one upon the other and evaporate.—Richter.

If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?—Hosea Ballou.

This dread of midnight is the noon of thought, and wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.—Mrs. Barbauld.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates, wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought.—Young.

Those who bestow too much application on trifling things becomes generally incapable of great ones.—Rochefoucauld.

The cheap ambition, eager to espouse dominion, courts it with a lying show, and shines in borrowed pomp to shine a twin.—Jeffrey.

This weak impress of love is a figure trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat dissolves to water, and doth lose its form.—Shakspeare.

A woman cannot love a man she feels to be her inferior; love without veneration and enthusiasm is only friendship.—Madame Dudevant.

A person that would secure to himself great deference will, perhaps, gain his point by silence as effectually as by anything he can say.—Shenstone.

Chill penury weighs down the heart itself, and though it sometimes can be endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.—Mrs. Jameson.

There is strength and a fierce instinct, even in common souls, to bear up manhood with a stormy joy when red swords meet in lightning.—Mrs. Hermans.

Love covers a multitude of sins. When a scar cannot be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults.—South.

There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth may be boundless, and the choicest pleasures of life be within the ring of moderation.—Tupper.

In all cases of slander currency, whenever the forger of the lie is not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers.—Sheridan.

It has been well observed that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated.—Johnson.

The blossoms of passion gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance but they begile us and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.—Longfellow.

Verily, I swear, it is better to be lowly born and range with humble livers in content, than to be perked up in a glittering grief, and wear a golden sorrow.—Shakspeare.

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down the hill, least it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.—Shakspeare.

A darkey gives the following reason why the colored race is superior to the white: "All men are made of clay, and like the meerschaum pipe, they are more valuable when highly colored."

Like dogs in wheel, birds in cage or squirrels in a chain, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labor and incessant anxiety, and never reach the top.—Burton.

The human mind cannot create anything. It produces nothing until having been fertalized by experience and meditation, its acquisitions are the gems of productions.—Buffon.

When I see the elaborate study and ingenuity displayed by women in the pursuit of trifles, I feel no doubt of their capacity for the most herculean undertakings.—Julia Ward Howe.

The greatest luxury of riches is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor; but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.—Helps.

Indiana Democratic Convention.

The Democratic State Convention met at Indianopolis on the 15th ult. Gov. Hendricks was elected its President. This is rather an important convention and, perhaps, may be regarded as striking the key-note for the Presidential campaign. We append a synopsis of the resolutions as furnished by telegraph:

It is the opinion of the Democracy of Indiana that the present administration is untrustworthy in its forcible overthrow of the government, and using State offices for party purposes; squandering money, through the Departments of Justice, in North Carolina, Arkansas, and other States; appointing corrupt men to office and removing upright ones, who have fought corruption, and appointed unreliable and corrupt men for District of Columbia officers. The Republican party must be held responsible for the acts of the administration it placed in power; for the fraudulent Sanborn contracts, and the oppression of the Southern whites. The convention asks the people to entrust the Democratic party with the administration of the State and country upon the following principles: Strict construction of the Constitution of the United States and its amendments; enforcement of a low tariff for revenue purposes; condemnation of all gratuities in the form of retroactive salaries, State or national; condemnation of the attempt of the last Congress to muzzle the press; securing to every citizen in the country equal protection under the laws, without violating the principles of local self government, or interfering with the social customs of the people; opposition to high fees and salaries, either in the State's or the United States' service; reduction of national and State salaries to a degree that the people may be relieved from higher State and local taxation. The convention favors the redemption of 5 20 bonds in greenbacks, according to the law under which they were issued, and a repeal of the law which assumed to consider them payable exclusively in gold; favors the repeal of the national banking law, and the substitution of greenbacks for national bank currency and a return to specie payments as soon as the business interests of the country will permit; favors such adjustments of the volume of currency as will subserve the industrial and commercial requirements of the country; favors a liberal system of education alike to whites and blacks, but opposed to a mixture of races in public schools and institutions. The convention views with abhorrence the attempt on the part of the Federal Government to take control of all schools and colleges, churches, hotels, railroads, steamboats, theaters and graveyards for establishing negro equality and coercing the whites to give equal social and political rights to the colored men, as proposed in the civil rights bill, under penalties and fines. The convention arraigns Senators Morton and Pratt before the State for favoring this atrocious measure. The act known as the Baxter bill has proved a failure and is of doubtful constitutionality, and restrains intemperance less than a judicious license law, therefore its repeal is favored.

WRONG PRINCIPLE.—The following is from the *Sac. Val. Agriculturalist*:

"Boys will be boys" we have heard it said. "Boys will be *men*, might be more properly said, though the majority of farmers try to make their sons believe they are only boys, when in fact they would be men in every sense, had they been granted the necessary facilities to fit themselves for a state of independent manhood. Keep a boy chained down on a farm until he has attained his majority, compelling him to labor without hope of promotion or remuneration, more than simply his board and clothes and suddenly turn him out on the world to do for himself, and we shall find him incapable of thinking for himself, or laying any definite plans for his future. On the other hand, raise a boy to feel that he is of more concequence than a mere day laborer, give him an interest in the growing crop, in the stock, poultry, and farm, and you impart to him a feeling of self-confidence and independence, which is the foundation of true business men. Without self-reliance no man ever attained success, and the sooner boys are taught this, the sooner they will become men ready to battle with adversity, and the cares of life.

A NEW PLANK.—It is reported, says an exchange, that a new plank is to be inserted in the Republican platform in South Carolina, in consequence of an unpleasant accident to a colored voter who became the victim of a spring gun while endeavoring to commit a burglary. A meeting of colored citizens, after full discussion of that lamentable occurrence, unanimously resolved against hereafter giving their support to any candidate for office, and especially for the Legislature, unless he will pledge himself to work for the passage of a bill making it a penal offence to set a trap-gun in the vicinity of any corn crib, chicken coop, smoke house, or pig stye.

CHOICE EPITHETS.—"Gilt edged ass," "howling ignoramus," and "perpendicular idiot," are some of the choice epithets bestowed by the Chicago *Tribune* upon the leaders of the new party out West.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat.—Cecil Danby.

A War of Races.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The misgovernment of the South cannot continue forever. Misgovernment means plunder, insecurity of life, liberty, health, property and reputation. It means anchary. It means barbarism. When we say then that the misgovernment of the South cannot last till doomsday, we mean simply that the Southern people will not submit forever to the present condition of things. The Southern people value life, liberty, property, health, education, refinement as much as other people in other quarters of the world. They are well fitted by nature to enjoy them. They will rebel against the deprivation of them as any other race will. We may be sure, then, that they will by some meams bring the reign of corruption and robbery to an end before it brings itself to a close by raducing the Southern States to the condition of Mexico and Central American Republics.

When we ask how the misgovernment of the South is going to cease, we find ourselves face to face with an alarming problem. Where the South is misgoverned, negroes abound, and between their predominance in certain States and the misgovernment there, there is undoubtedly the relation of cause and effect. Such States cannot be helped to a better government by peacable means from within. Good government then supposes negro co-operation to establish it. But such co-operation cannot be rationally expected. The negro race has no inherited ability for self-government, and has not had time to acquire it. It has inherited ability only to be governed—to be led. It is as natural for the American negro to be led as it is for the American Anglo-Saxon to lead. Nor can it be expected that the Ethiopian skin shall be changed immedeately by education. Can the South afford to wait till the negroes are educated? So far as help from within, then, is concerned, the South is in this position. It needs to do anything toward giving itself a better government, the co-operation of the negroes, and the co-operation of the negroes it cannot obtain. Can it obtain any help outside? The General government cannot, under the Constitution legitimately resolve itself into a protectorate over the South, though it can do much by the force of example and by moral influence. Shall this force of example, this moral influence be exercised? If not, then it will remain for the South to remedy the evils it is suffering from without negro co-operation and without aid from outside. This it can do only by some kind of revolution. We are far from counseling this method of procedure. We are of opinion that it is considered as a remedy, no better than the disease. We refer to it simply as the remedy which certain people in the South seem to consider the only practicable one. The question of race has been raised in the Southern States. It has been raised by the negroes themselves. They have been drawing the lines. They have under the lead of the carpet-baggers, encroached on the property rights of the Southern people till in Louisiana, as Gov. McEnery said lately in an address delivered at Monroe, in that State, unless their insolence is ended, the "day of the irrepressible conflict will come when physical force will solve the problem." And he continued:

"The only means of averting this calamity lies in the union of the whites of the State, representing, as they do, its virtue, courage, and wealth, into one compact and imposing phalanx. The negro party and its corrupt and insolent leaders dare not stand before the menacing front of an insulted and outraged people.

This issue is forced on us by the negro party in Louisiana. It is none of our seeking, nor are we responsible for it and the results that may be born of it. On the contrary, we have almost sacrificed our honor and manhood in fruitless attempts to avoid it. Its gravity and magnitude terrified us so that we hardly dared imagine it ever could arise. But it has arisen, and now looms up so prominently in the political heavens as to overshadow and dwarf every other question in Louisiana. It remains to be seen if the white people of Louisiana are capable of meeting the demands of duty and the hour, or whether by dissension and division they demonstrate to the whole world their civility and their cowardice."

The Vicksburg *Herald* indorses McEnery's views fully, and complains that in that city, where the population is about equally divided between whites and blacks, the latter have selected for ten out of the thirteen of the city offices people of their own color, while white men chosen by them are of the lowest character. The man they nominaten for Mayor was indicted, before his nomination, for an infamous crime, and the white man they nominated for Alderman was dishonorably discharged from the grand jury a short time before.

The utterances of McEnery reiterated by the *Herald* point to the dreadful possibility of a coming war of races in the South, which for the sake of civilization must be avoided.

SMART.—Says the Oakland *Transcript*:—A smart young Granger of this county, has this year set out 1,000 eucalyptus trees besides sitting up five nights in every week with a red haired young woman of great beauty. The young man is entitled to the medal.

While Miss Libbie Shreve was driving to Dallas last Saturday her horse became unmanagable and threw her and two little children from the buggy, happily not seriously injuring them.

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