

GROVER CLEVELAND.

A TALK WITH ONE OF THE PRESIDENT'S SCHOOLMATES.

Some interesting incidents of his childhood's days—the qualities which have since distinguished him manifest in his youth.

Correspondence in Washington Sunday Gazette

I had quite a pleasant conversation last evening with one of President Cleveland's old schoolmates, who is now occupying a high position here in one of the Government Departments. This old schoolmate of the President's was born at Fayetteville, New York, the town that Mr. Cleveland visited some weeks ago.

He told me that Fayetteville is a beautiful village of some 1,000 or 1,500 inhabitants, lying in a romantic region about seven miles east of Syracuse, and is noted, among other things, for its production of lime. The Cleveland family removed to that place in the year 1840, when the Rev. Richard Cleveland, the President's father, became pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and when Grover was only three months old.

The gentleman referred to related some interesting reminiscences of the President's boyhood days at Fayetteville.

His first school days were presided over by O. D. Blanchard, who is still living.

"GROVE" A GREAT FAVORITE.

"Grove," as the boys all knew him, said my informant, "was always a favorite in and out of school. He was a strong, good-natured youth, about as studious as the average school boy, and did not, as I recollect him, evince any special liking for books. Indeed, there was nothing about him when we were school boys together that indicated future greatness. There were many other boys there who were called brighter. Although 'Grove' was full of fun and joined in all the boyish sports, such as riding down hill, snow-balling and the carrying off of front gates, there was a certain marked earnestness in his manner which distinguished him from the other boys. When we went to the Fayetteville Academy, 'Grove' belonged to a debating society, and I frequently heard him in debate. He was not really a fluent speaker, but I remember very well that he rapidly developed into a close and forcible reasoner. If his argumentative blows did not dash with brilliancy, they were heavy and effective for a boy of fourteen, years of age."

YOUNG CLEVELAND COURAGEOUS.

Grover was a decidedly courageous boy. He would patiently bear a great deal of hectoring before he would fight, but he was a hard antagonist when his wrath became kindled. I recollect one occasion when he gave an exhibition, not only of his courage, but also of his ability to defend himself against the assaults of a fellow almost twice his size. This individual was one of our school bullies. Young Cleveland had intervened to protect a small boy from a severe cuffing which the bully was inflicting upon him, whereupon he turned and said: "If you don't shut up I'll slap your mouth." "I don't think you will," said Grover, very coolly, as he straightened himself for battle. But the bully did not stop him, and "Grove" went in rough and tumble, and in a very short time he had his enemy down, bellowing loudly for mercy. He was let up with a bloody nose, and his reputation as a fighter was thereby lost. This great victory established the conqueror's title to hero of the school, and we were never thereafter afraid if we had "Grove" Cleveland on our side. He was one of the few boys who dared to make the hazardous ascent of the bell tower of the academy by way of the lightning rod. I remember that a few of us climbed up one night, when he was of the party to usher in the Fourth of July by ringing the bell at twelve o'clock. We were a little early and went to sleep in the bell tower, around the floor of which there was no railing to prevent our rolling off. I believe on this occasion the trustees, or somebody else in authority, had forbidden the ringing of the bell, but we couldn't see how the nation's birthday could be properly celebrated at Fayetteville, at least without "whooping" the old bell, and so at twelve o'clock we made her ring! While we were making all the noise we could up there we heard other noises in the building below us, and having the fear of the trustees before our eyes, rapidly slid down the rod! We reached the ground safely with the exception of Grover, one of whose legs caught on a split in the rod, which held him there firmly and he could neither get up or down. We liberated him finally, after much difficulty, but his leg was pretty badly hurt. He was already very fond of fishing, and I sat with him many a day on a log on the banks of Limestone Creek and fished for suckers. He was a quiet and earnest fisherman, and usually took home a good string. I have always thought it a little singular that he never cared for horseback riding as a boy. I have no recollection of ever seeing him on a horse's back. I don't, however, think he was afraid of a horse by any means.

HE CLERKS IN A DRUG STORE.

When Grover's father moved from Fayetteville, young Cleveland entered a drug store at that place where he remained until 1853 or '54. He boarded with his employer and was at that time one of the most popular young men in the town. He was always genial, friendly and accommodating, making a first-class clerk. He was a firm friend, and an agreeable companion, although not inclined to be demonstrative—more apt to listen quietly than to lead in conversation. He was thoroughly upright, truthful and conscientious, and all who knew him regretted when at the age of seventeen he left the village to join his father's family at Clinton.

NOTED FOR PATIENT INDUSTRY.

If young Cleveland was not a brilliant boy at the academy, he was certainly noted for patient industry. If he did not excel in any particular branch, his status for general proficiency was equal to that of the best of his fellows there. Geometry was not taught at the Fayetteville Academy in our day. Algebra was the highest of the mathe-

matrical instructions given, and this was one of his favorite studies; indeed, his mental current appeared quite early to run toward the exact sciences, and to logic especially. History was another of his chosen studies. A member of his father's church had a fine library, to which many of us had free access, and Grover availed himself of the opportunity thus offered to enrich his mind with historical reading, for which he always showed an especial fondness. "Plutarch's Lives," as I recollect, was in his library, and I am very sure that he and I lit over those famous volumes about the same time. I have no doubt that they left an indelible impression on his young mind, as they surely did on my own.

TOOK A LIVELY INTEREST IN POLITICS.

"I really cannot say whether he was much of a newspaper reader. A small, weekly paper was published there, and besides the Syracuse daily papers were taken by many persons at Fayetteville. As we know there can be no doubt that he took a lively interest in the great political issues which were then wrenching asunder parties, and beginning to shake the country to its very foundation. As he was not old enough to vote when he lived at Fayetteville, I never knew anything about his politics. His father was a Democrat, but I saw him once at an Abolitionist meeting, where they were exhibiting a runaway slave, who for this purpose had been sent over from Syracuse, which was then a station of the "Underground Railway." I think, however, Elder Cleveland, as he was known, took no part in the meeting.

WHY HE DIDN'T GO TO COLLEGE.

"When Grover left Fayetteville to go to Clinton, it was generally understood that he would prepare himself for college, and enter the ministry. I know my mother used to say, 'Grover Cleveland is a good Christian boy and will become a great preacher.' He has quite recently told why he did not go to college. He surely did not lack the desire, but rather the pecuniary ability. His father's family was large and his salary would now be regarded as a mere pittance. After providing for the necessities of life for his children, there was not much of a margin for the expense and support of college training for all the boys. Grover found himself obliged to forego the cherished hope of his youth, and he choked down the great disappointment manfully and struck out boldly for himself. It would appear to have been so ordained, that he should through trial and struggle develop himself for the great work which his country would require of him.

THE CLEVELAND GIRLS.

"Of course, I knew the girls, Rose and Mary, his sisters, the latter now Mrs. Hoyt, of Fayetteville, but I don't recollect anything of public interest in say about either of them. I saw them almost every day in and out of school. The only thing that I recall as having impressed me is the fact that in certain mental quizzics and quizzes Miss Rose Cleveland showed a marked resemblance to her brother Grover, as I have attempted to describe him. Otherwise, there does not occur to me anything that distinguished her mentally from her school friends. Both girls were beloved and highly respected there.

OLD FASHIONED TOOTH PULLING.

I remember having a tooth pulled once by the old doctor. His wife seated herself in a chair, and placed me on the floor with my head clasped between her knees. Then the doctor brought out his turkey—which was constructed somewhat like one of the levers with a movable hook used for the rolling of logs—and fished from his pocket an old baundana handkerchief, which had done service for mouth, nose and perspiration for a month or two, and wadded it about the handle of the machine. This bundle he pushed in my mouth, after having lanced the gums, and commenced working to get the end of the hook under the tooth. Having accomplished this he began to grind on the handle, and at the same moment the old lady tightened her grip on my head. The top of my head seemed pried off and all the marrow in my bones seemed to be pulled up in strings toward my neck. Crack! the instrument slipped off. Again it was fixed, and again the top of my head was turned upward with a violent crash, and again the reluctant marrow was drawn out in strings. Three times did the machine slip; the fourth trial was made, the top of my head was wrenched entirely off, and the marrow in my system, my bones, and all appeared to be drawn up with a terrific pull, and the molar was extracted. I pocketed the tooth, he pocketed a shilling, and then I left.

IT WAS NOT AN UNCOMMON OCCURRENCE.

In those days for the doctor when trying to locate his look beyond the spare filed by his handkerchief to hitch on the wrong tooth, and to jerk out a grinder in place of the real offender, in such a case the sufferer took it all good naturedly, and underwent with as much endurance as he could the correction of the blunder.

—John have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment: What woman? That woman picking Grapes for Speer's Wine. Just see her in another column and read about it, the wines are found by chemists to be absolutely pure and equal to the best in the world. The Board of Health in Large Cities and leading Hospitals have adopted their use where wines are needed.

AN EARLY MORNING BY PENNS CREEK.

(Continued.)

What do you say, old man; shall we go? I being ready for any kind of sport of course said, yes. This meant to get up before daybreak and try our luck with the trout, away up in the woods near the rise of Penns creek.

Early morning fishing is a sport that I know little about, but being in Rome I determined to do as Rome does, and my friend and landlord, J. H. Bibby, who is heart and soul an angler, knowing all about the business is good enough to pilot me through my experience. That there is an abundance of fish we know, because one or two good baskets had already been taken. So at half-past 2 o'clock on a lovely June morning I was wakened from a sound sleep to get up. We I got, and found my kind host already with pony harnessed and tackle complete. I drove through a lovely country to the spot he intended to try. Clouds obscure the sky and there is not a breath of air. We should prefer a slight breeze, nor do we altogether like the heaving of the fish. Why or wherefore I cannot explain, but this taken seems to bode no good to the angler. My own experience is that when trout are leaping clean out of the water they do not miss at the fly. Shall we take our chance?

We waded in and take our stations, and our rods are soon at work, with not 12 yards of line out. It is a tad practice to fidget about at this style of fishing. Stick to one pool if you can, and do not make your casts too long. I remember once having grand sport with sea trout, with a line not more than twice the length of the rod, and I never moved from the rock on which I stood. The silence on this early morning is very striking. The stillness observed by my host on the bank opposite indicated that he is earnestly bent upon fishing. So I try and follow his example; at last a familiar splash is heard. He has hooked a trout. The fish kicks a bit at the surface, but no time to waste in playing it, because if you don't take the speckled beauty before six o'clock it is no good trying after. So after a brief pause you hear another splash. The double rap that follows is the coup de grace given upon the stones, and so we go on for two hours and fly away, and as no fish are touching our flies, we at last give up the game.

Not for the first time, as we sit down on a rock, to count our fish, you think how hungry you feel and have no regret for having turned out so early. We have had two hours and a half hard fishing. The result is, Bibby eight trout and your humble servant five, all nice fish, the largest 15 inches long, the smallest 11 inches. There I lit my pipe and if it was not for the want of breakfast, would willingly stop in this delightful dell. This is not such bad sport after all, and if any one wants health this is the part to get it, and let them after a morning's fishing with my jolly host for guide, say that they have not enjoyed an early morning in the woods by Penns creek, then I shall know that they are men who make life a misery.

The birds are still at early morn when we pass through the fir woods on our way back to Spring Mills, the driving wind is still more hungry, but being satisfied that a breakfast is waiting for us that we shall do full justice to the extra exercise, we drive back with hearts light and a feeling of peace with all men. All I have to say, if any one wishes for real enjoyment, spend a morning trout fishing in Penns Creek, Centre County, Pa.

THE AMERICAN CONGRESS IN 1828.

The Representatives, following the example of the British lions of commons, used to sit with their hats on. In 1828 a motion that no member should remain covered within the bar of the House was discussed, and at first defeated by ten majority. Another by the speaker that visitors in the gallery should not wear their hats while the House was in session gave great offense to some of the Representatives, and was enforced with difficulty.

The ladies had been originally excluded from the galleries of the House in accordance with the British precedent. But, when the famous Jay treaty was brought home for ratification, the House came near refusing to make the necessary appropriations for carrying it into effect, and heated debates ensued. One night at a party, Mrs. Langdon, of New Hampshire, whose husband was a member, expressed her regret to Hon. Fisher Ames, of Massachusetts, that she could not hear the arguments, especially his speeches. Mr. Ames, gallantly replied that he knew of no reason why ladies should not be permitted to hear the debates. "Then said Mrs. Langdon, 'if you let me know when you next intend to speak I will make up a party of ladies, and we will go and hear you.' The notice was given, and the ladies went, and since then the congressional orators have always had fair hearers—with others perhaps not very fair.

The Senate chamber now occupied by the supreme court was admirably adapted for the deliberation of the forty-eight gentlemen who then composed the upper House. Modeled after the theatres of ancient Greece, it possessed excellent acoustic properties, and there was ample accommodation for the galleries for the few strangers who then visited Washington. The Senate used to meet at noon, and generally conclude its day's work at 3 o'clock, while adjournments over from Thursday to the following Monday were frequent. Occasionally set speeches would be madison some important question; but the debates were generally colloquial, and, as there was no verbatim reports of the proceedings, Senators would change or modify their views during the consideration of a bill without being placed on the record as inconsistent and changeable.—Ben Perley Poore.

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DYEING THE MOUSTACHE.

The Practice Not Much Indulged In at the Present.

No one except policemen, firemen, especially exempt firemen, and a few chivalrous and ancient gentlemen, now dyes his moustache, and the number of the men who change the color of their hair by artificial means is smaller still. When the policeman with five service stripes was sworn in, it was the custom of almost everybody to use dye. Napoleon III. was partially responsible for this. He had a gorgeous moustache, black, and with nice long ends ready for a wax polish like a whole some stove. He set the fashions for Paris, and Paris for America. Now the custom has almost gone out, and the purple-black moustache is rare throughout the land.

An old barber who has been in the business a good lifetime, explained the change. "Twenty years ago a third of the men that came here wanted their moustache dyed. A man with a heavy and fast-growing moustache had to dye it every week, and it was a good thing for us. Eyes ten years ago there were many of them left, but the fall of the French empire and the emperor left the style without support, and the character of the moustache changed. Instead of being long, and glossy, and black, short and stubby moustaches came into fashion.

"Cubans and southern men began to raise moustaches without ever shaving their upper lips. This made the hair come out in graceful clusters instead of spikes and long stiff hairs. There isn't any use of dyeing a moustache unless you raise a long one and wax out the ends, so these short, clustering moustaches changed the dyeing fashion. The knowledge of the chemicals employed had a great deal to do with it. Powerful acids and compounds are at the base of all dyes and hair restorers that do anything. If weak solutions of harmless things are used they will have no effect, while a drug powerful enough to change the color of the hair must have some effect on the scalp and the brain, as the base of all hair dyes was nitrate of silver. Care was taken to prevent its getting on the skin, and sulphate of potash was used by careful barbers to counteract its effect on the scalp. Nitrate of silver is a powerful caustic, and its use by a careless barber is dangerous. Much more was the danger in dyeing the hair brown. The common dye for that was made of sulphur and sugar of lead. The solution was sometimes carelessly rubbed into the scalp and then it was sure to cause some disease of the brain. Applied steadily it effects the mind.

"At the same time with the notoriety of several cases of poisoning from hair dyes, came a reaction of fashion in favor of gray and bald heads. The young man who had a patch of scalp showing through the top of his head, instead of concealing it, had his hair cut so short that it showed, and he was envied by his fellow young men. It also became fashionable for a young man with black hair to have a few gray streaks in it. It made him an object of interest on account of supposed warts and trials that made his hair grow prematurely gray. Dyeing the hair would destroy this charm and dyeing went steadily out of fashion.

"In the old days it was the best barber that did the most dyeing. Now it is the cheap ones. An Irish immigrant with sandy hair and beard wants to be dressed up, and when he puts his Sunday black clothes on has his hair and moustache dyed to suit. The old volunteers were never dressed up until their moustache were a lurid black. The policemen still keep up the habit; they think it makes them look fierce and martial. If you see the police force on parade, you won't see many gray hairs, even on the men with six stripes. They are evidently old enough to have gray hairs but their moustaches are as black and shiny as their shoes. The old sergeants dye as steadily as anybody in town. Even if a policeman leaves the force he takes this habit with him, and, like the old volunteer fireman, he literally soaks his head in dye.

"There are a few gamblers who dye but not many big ones. The dealer or case keeper may dye, but the banker doesn't. The common gambler has a constant wish to look like a gentleman. He can't as he carries every fashion too far. The big and quiet men learned long since that dyeing only gave them away, but in small cities they haven't learned that yet, and it is considered essential for a true spot to have a black waxed moustache and curly black hair, no matter what color his eyebrows may be."

It is hard to find any man who will admit that he dyes his moustache, and it is not always easy to tell whether he does or not. The old-time Irish-American population were the most steady dyers, but their children have not taken their places.

A dyed moustache is usually a sign that the man who wears it thinks he can deceive other people easily. He is usually in a position of some authority petty or large and has a tendency to self-possession, and possibly pompous. He has the good of the joy to be got out of this world and he takes his full share. A dyed moustache is an aid to a phrenologist that he is thankful for. It has an influence on certain bumps.

Poor Little Johnny.

The atmosphere lay tenacious and cool this morning like a body of cool water, and the shriek of the locomotive whistle was like unto an exaggerated sound of tearing off a bit of crossgrained muslin as the train rolled toward Cincinnati.

—Say, Pa., said Johnny, his voice sounding strangely circumscribed by the sullen atmosphere, 'why do some men give ladies their chairs in a crowded car, while others do not?'

"Well, Johnny, when you see a man give up his chair you may know he is not a regular traveler. Only the unoppressed passenger gives up his place nowadays."

"Hain't it fashionable to be polite to the ladies in the car, Pa?'"

"It seems not."

"Who made that fashion, Pa?'"

"The men, I guess. Always remember, my son, that when a man starts a fashion it is generally inspired by some selfish motive and as something that will enhance his personal comfort or gain. Any particular fashion observed by ladies is usually to increase their personal attractiveness. That, my dear, is one difference between the fashionable motives of ladies and gentlemen, and I want you to remember that the next time you make fun of your little sister's wearing apparel you and I will have a little interview out in the vicinity of the woodshed."

Poor Johnny drew back completely demoralized, and the passengers grinned with delight, although they knew the verbal castigation was intended for them as well as for poor innocent Johnny who had received his first back-slap.

The Story of a Broken Heart.

Ah, how well do I remember how one day in last December, I, a blue-eyed little maiden to the preacher's dwelling bore.

How we not a moment tarried till he said that we were married, and we vowed we'd love each other as no being loved before.

How we talked of love and pottage, in a cheerful little cottage with bright flowers by the window, and a lot of other slush.

Though some people like this diet you had better never try it, for I'd sooner have a beefsteak than a world of love and mush.

But, as I intended saying when my fancy took to straying, I was never so discouraged as I am this blessed night. For I've found beyond suspicion that I hold a mean position as the husband of a woman who is artistic quite.

For her bangs, which looked so human, never grew upon the woman, they were purchased for five dollars at a warehouse down the street.

And her long and silken dresses which have known my foot caresses, hide the most ungainly garters, which are worn on mighty feet.

And the teeth, which looked so pearly to my eyes when love was early, she immerses in a tumbler when she crawls into her bed.

And her form that looked so queerly as she moved along serenely is not such as men are proud of, but a made up one instead.

A French Frog Farm.

The French frog farm is much like one of our cranberry meadows—a swamp laid out in broad ditches with grassy banks between them. We remember years ago passing one of these farms in the vicinity of a large French city in the early evening, and being drawn to notice it by the deafening music from the thousand fat fellows sitting in the damp grass and now and then splashing into the ditches and continuing to sing their lays as they protruded their snouts just above the surface of the water. These frogs were a special breed, *Rana esculenta* by name, but differing very little from our handsome, slender specimen found in marshes, and having bright green and brown spotted skin. Our common bog frog is said to be quite as delicate in flavor, and more acceptable in point of meat than the excellent species of Europe, and as the natural stock of them is fast disappearing before the nets of the hunters thousands are now imported from Canada for the supply of the New York market. Consequently the time has come for the skilled culture of them in connection with other aquatic products, as brook trout, carp, bass and other fish, or water cress, which can be grown conjunctively are very profitable.—New York Times.

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