

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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"EXCELSIOR."

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J. H. LARRIMER.

BUSINESS CARDS:

DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and despatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's row. Sept. 14th, 1858. J. H. LARRIMER.

DR. R. V. WILSON,
Having removed his office to the new building on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

J. H. LARRIMER, I. TEST
LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law
Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Claims, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30.—y

JOHN TROUTMAN
STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Rowe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Letz's Foundry. June 13, 1858.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.
Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining 11 residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,
Physician, may be found either at his office at Scofield's hotel, Curwensville, when no professionally absent. Dec. 29, 1851

FREDERICK ARNOLD,
Merchant and Produce Dealer, Luthersburg Clearfield county, Pa. April 17, 1852.

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,
At the mouth of Hick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber, July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,
Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville. Dec. 29, 1853.

D. R. M. WOODS, having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite to at of J. Crans, Esq. May 7, 1856.

P. W. BARRETT,
MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTTLE,
Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March, 1855.

A. B. SHAW,
Retailer of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 13, 1855.

D. O. CROUCH,
PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville. May

WM. P. CHAMBERS,
CARRIES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to Jan. 5, 1858.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office. Dec. 1, 1848.—4f.

JOSEPH PETERS,
Justice of the Peace, Curwensville, Penna. ONE door east of Montelius & Ten Eyck's Store. All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to, and all judgments of law done on short notice. March 31, 1858.—y.

PLASTERING.—The subscriber having located himself in the borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to do work in the above line, from plain to ornamental, in any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a neat manner and on reasonable terms. EDWIN COOPER. Clearfield, April 17, 1857. Jy.

YOUR TEETH TAKE CARE OF THEM!
D. R. M. WOODS, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now despatching all his operations in dentistry. Those desiring his services will find him at his office, adjoining his residence at nearly all times, and always on Fridays and Saturdays, unless notice to the contrary be given in the town paper the week previous. N. B. All work warranted to be satisfactory. Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22nd, 1858.

POETRY.

[The Rev. William McClure, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of London derry, Ireland, who lately visited the United States, on the evening previous to his departure from America to his home, composed the following poem, expressive of his views and feelings with regard to this country.]

From Erin's beautiful Isle I came,
To visit Western climes;
To mark the customs of the age,
The people and the times.

And do you ask what I have seen,
When roaming far abroad,
What worthy to be told at home,
Of all the paths I trod?

I answer—Bright and fair the land,
From despotism free;
And blessings richer yet await
This land of liberty.

The hearts of parents fill with joy
And swell with conscious pride,
To see their children walk in truth
With wisdom for their guide.

So may the parent lands rejoice
That gave these children birth;
Who spread throughout the Western world,
And cover all the earth.

Their sons are generous and brave—
Their daughters full of grace;
Fit objects of esteem and love—
A truly noble race.

The forest bent before the axe,
And yield their ancient reign;
New fields are opening to the plough,
New cities deck the plain.

The lum of commerce meets the ear,
From morn till setting sun;
This busy tribes both far and near,
The race for riches run.

Fair science lifts her torch on high,
Its brightness to increase;
And wisdom points to youth the way
Of pleasantness and peace.

Crowds hasten to the house of prayer,
And praise their lips employ;
While heralds of the Cross proclaim
Glad tidings of great joy.

Where'er the stranger turns his steps,
The doors are open wide;
And still the hospitable board
For all his wants provide.

And warm affection's sacred glow
Burns bright within the heart,
And overflowing kindness seeks
That pleasure to impart.

May peace and plenty ever bless
Columbia's favored land;
Exalted high by righteousness,
May it conspicuous stand.

Led by the social light that beams
From inspiration's page;
Firm let the Word of God be held,
Though impious zealots rage.

Thus may this mighty people be
An instrument for good;
Thus may the Gospel be preserved
From superstition's flood.

To new and ever widening fields,
The teeming millions fly;
And guide most sure for weal or woe,
This world's great destiny.

Oh! hasten then the glorious time,
When Christ shall reign alone,
And all the nations of the earth,
Be blended into one.

And now the gallant vessel waits—
The crested billows swell—
Soft gales will waft me to my home,
Columbia, fare-thee-well.

Oh! may the friends so dear and loved,
Who cheered the stranger's breast;
All meet in a far better land—
The kingdom of the blest.

Miscellaneous.

War.

Sickly sentimentalists may preach to nurses, Peace Congresses may pass resolves, and the noble sect of Quakers may declare and practice the doctrine that nations, as individuals, should suffer injury without attempting retaliation; but while humanity remains unregenerated and of the same composition as at present, governments and nationalities will war. Instinctively we regard belligerent countries with different judgment from that which we inflict on individuals; for an involuntary homage is paid to the calm superiority with which a noble man treats base insulters, and the conscious dignity of rectitude which the godly individual presents as an impenetrable shield to the wanton assaults of an unjust world; but with nations and their rulers it is far otherwise. The rulers of a great people cannot act upon the same maxims which they might practice in private life, nor would the people permit them. Every man among ten millions is desirous of quickly avenging a national insult, which, if personal, he would perhaps feel able to sneer down.—But what every body is responsible for, nobody is responsible for; so that the collective people let loose their passions when an individual might control his. They are quick to take offence and eager to obtain vengeance; they ignore interests, national or private, and see little else than the retaliation due to national insult. This sentiment is felt by all statesmen and rulers; in truth they not only bow to it, but, as a portion of the people, intima-

tately share it. It rules, and so will continue to do, all the cabinets, kingdoms and empires of the world; it is an established fact, a starting point of argument, and an accepted condition of the remarks which we propose, in the face of myopes, valetudinarians and optimists.

Taking nations as they are, and the world as it is, regarding the present and future of the United States and looking to the best interests of this Republic and the world—we are constrained to believe a great war necessary, imminent and beneficial.

Of the immense amount of suffering, injury and deprivation inflicted when embattled hosts meet, the meanest intellect can judge; but that these losses are not at all times sufficient to counterbalance immediate and future benefits,—let the American Revolution testify. No man with an intellect to appreciate, and a soul to feel the benefits conferred upon the whole civilized world by the sufferings and hero-deaths of our forefathers, can fail to acknowledge the necessity and benefits of occasional and righteous war. The man who seeks to gain a distinguished good, which is planted upon the summit of a lofty mountain, must not stop in his career to mourn over the daisies crushed under his foot-tread, and the car of human progress must pass on through frequent distress. The benefits may be eternal and world-wide, but the suffering temporary and limited.

Such was the good prize won for the earth by the American Revolution of liberty against the old traditions and tyrannical restrictions, amid want, horrors and war. Such a crisis must the United States again pass through, before they shall have accomplished their destiny, and fairly launched mankind upon the broad sea on which the bark, freighted with the hopes of the friends of self-government and humanity, shall fairly test its qualities and strength. That which this Republic may do for the development and advancement of our race, has been so foretold by Fourth of July orations and patriotic effusions on the 22d of February, that few have the faintest glimmering of what career we might run, and what destiny, only circumscribed by the limits of the earth, we might accomplish. In our path stands England; obstructing this glorious and humanity-befitting progress, stands the selfish government of the British Isles. What Great Britain has been, is, and will be, the careful reader of our columns has, or soon will find. It is too fruitful subject now to speak, explaining how she is tyrannical abroad, while partially free at home; how, when making pretences of impartiality in her diplomacy, she is grasping; when placarding fair-dealing, she is resorting to a single desire to remove shackles from trade, she seeks to gain peculiar advantages.

To-day, as at all past crises, Great Britain looks to nobody but self, and seeks special immunities for British commerce, although proclaiming an almost disinterested regard for the extension of civilization. Her plans are well laid and well accomplished. England is a great power. She is the mistress of the seas, and divides with the United States the mission of progress. There are other powerful nations and governments, but these two hold more especially in their hands the destiny of humanity. They are rivals.—Not rivals in doing good, for their systems of action are different. England desires to restrict and shackle, but the United States bend their whole energies to remove obstructions and tear the bonds from humanity. England is tied to the traditions of the past; America bends her gaze upon the future. One desires a partial freedom at home, but a British tyranny abroad; the other has freedom at home, and desires it for all others.

In pursuance of her settled policy, the English Cabinet seeks to thwart our just policy at every step. On every sea and every land she attempts to carry out the interests of her contracted isles, to the injury of all others. Liberty, humanity, progress, are as nothing, when weighed in the scale of her temporary interests. England is in the path of freedom and the world's development. She is now weighing like an incubus upon the future of civilization and the United States. Her colossal power, built up through treachery and usurpation, stand boldly in antagonism, is the only obstacle to the boundless future of good which this Republic dreams to win.

Fortunately the British empire is a creation of man's intellect; it is a *bona fide* creation; it may be overturned by a sudden storm. France may grapple with her and she might fall, to give place to the universal supremacy for good of the free Republic of the west. The United States may be forced to resent her arrogant interference and insults in every portion of the globe.

A war thus arising would be a second war of the American revolution. It would be for the emancipation of the world, for the emancipation of commerce, for the emancipation of progress. It would be an effort to supplant the old with the new, to enable the United States to continue, uninterrupted, its noble career of regeneration of humanity. Where now the American voice is weak, it would then be mighty for good, and we might look forward to the inauguration of an era as much more glorious than the past, as we are now thirty millions strong, when in the Revolution our strength was only three millions.—Such a war would unite, fraternally, all the States of this confederacy; such a war would enable the Democracy of the old world to break their shackles;—of such a war we are an advocate.—*Patriot & Union.*

An exchange tells of an editor who went soldiering and was chosen Captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the "Front face, three paces forward," he exclaimed, "Cash two dollars a year in advance."

A NEW RACE OF HUMAN BEINGS.—Some time since a paragraph appeared in a new South Wales journal relative to the discovery, in the far interior, of a new race of blacks, "who had no hair on the top of their heads, in the place where the wool ought to grow." The account of this most extraordinary discovery has been corroborated by an eye witness, a Mr. Thompson, who has arrived from where the aboriginals ruralize. They are, he says, of a copper color, and are very tall and athletic, much superior in every respect to their dark-skinned brethren. The women are also said to have more claims to beauty. They, however, are also deficient of what is generally acknowledged to be the "glory of woman." Mr. Thompson, it appears, was at camp on the Upper Balonne, with others, on ground hitherto untrodden by a white man, when he was surprised by a visit from these bald-pated, copper-colored beings. They appeared to have friendly intentions, and as nothing in their conduct of an aggressive nature, a conversation of nods and signs ensued. After a while a sovereign was shown to them, when one of them, picked up a stone, pointed with his finger to the far west, and intimated that stones of a similar description to the sovereign were to be picked up on the ground in masses as large as the stone he held. The place was understood to be some hundred miles further in the interior, but they signified their intention of bringing some of these stones to their next visit. Mr. Thompson intends to return again to the Balonne, and to await their arrival. If this story be true, the age of wonders truly has not ceased.

THE MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY.—We believe, says the *New York Ledger*, in the man or woman who has "enemies." This does not sound, but it is sound. Your milk-and-water people, who content themselves with simply doing no harm, at the same time never doing any good; they are more negatives. Your man of force who does not wait for a stone to get out of his heaven-appointed way, but manfully rolls it over, may unintentionally hurt somebody's toes in the act; but thousands who will have to travel that future path will thank him for clearing it. The man who has no enemy is generally a creeping, cautious, white washed creature, walking the world with velvet shoes, who smirks and glides his unchallenged way to the obscurity he merits. He adds nothing to the common stock, as shoveled into his six foot of earth at last without a tear on his coffin-lid. He may not have an enemy, but has he any friends? A place is vacant, but not in any way, living, loving heart. The statue has simply crumbled out of its niche and disappeared.

Colonel Thorn and his Farm.
The Journey Estate—Interesting Trial.
Correspondence of the Richmond Enquirer.

New York, March 1, 1859.
In olden time there was a stiff and aristocratic English merchant, whose dwelling and place of business was in Wall st., between Nassau and William. The ground still belongs to his heirs, but over which lease-hold property has been built, with a court leading to them called Jauncy Court.—He was the Astor of his day. He had a country seat called "Elmwood" near Bloomingdale now the upper, but not densely built part of town. He lived in true aristocratic style; and kept his carriage driver and footman in buff breeches and cocked hats. He had an only daughter on whom he doted. About this time of her attaining womanhood, there appeared a dashing young "middy" of the United States navy, who may afterwards have worn the button of a Lieutenant. He boldly made love to Miss Jauncy, which was repulsed by the father but not the girl. Mr. Thorn, for that was his name, was forbidden the house. A runaway match was the consequence. The result was the displeasure of "papa" who settled all his property, at the time of his death, by will or otherwise, on his daughter and her issue, leaving the husband without a dime.

Colonel Thorne, as he afterwards was called, and subsequent to Jauncy's death, went with his family to Paris, where the large revenues of his wife enabled him to live in aristocratic style, and to educate the children. A daughter, Jane, married a French nobleman, Baron de Pierres. At the time of the marriage, the family of Col. Thorne contracted to give the daughter a dowry of the value of \$74,141, to be secured by a mortgage on "Elmwood" of forty acres; the dowry to take effect on the demise of the Colonel and his lady. This marriage contract was executed in Paris, under the laws of France. The mortgage on "Elmwood" has not been executed in this country, and compliance refused on the ground that contracts of this nature, made in France, cannot bind property in the United States, even if duly executed in a legal form in that country, which is also contested. The plea of limitation is also claimed in bar. The suit was brought by the Baron and his wife, and tried before Judge Bosworth in 1857, who rendered a verdict for the specific performance of the contract. The defendants appealed from this decision, hence its argument before the Supreme Court. The forty acres of Elmwood, the former country farm of Jauncy, is now worth over \$1,000,000.

LOVE.
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each;
They lift their heavy lids, and look,
And lo! what one sweet page can teach
They read with joy, then shut the book.
And some give thanks and some blaspheme,
And most forget; but either way,
That and the child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day.

"Love in a cottage" is very well, when you see the cottage, and have money out at interest.

AN OLD PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPER.—The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says, we had handed to us, a dingy copy of a newspaper published in Philadelphia, at a very interesting period of its history. The paper is *Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet*, and it bears date Monday, July 22d, 1776. As may be expected, it is filled with war news, the details of the doings of the Committees of Safety, and of Provincial Assemblies, and the resolves of Congress, giving us an insight into the earnest stirring times in which the sheet was printed. The report of the proceedings of the New Jersey Provincial Congress on July 16th, contains a decree that in consequence of the pressing want of lead for the army, that the township Committees shall "forthwith collect all the leaden weights from windows and clocks, and all the leaden weights of shops, stores and mills, of one pound and upwards; also all other lead in and about houses and other places."
On July 17th, 1776, the New Jersey Assembly adopted the following, as we learn from the paper before us:
"WHEREAS the Hon. the Continental Congress have declared the United Colonies Free and Independent States; WE, the Deputies of New Jersey in Provincial Congress Assembled, *Do Resolve and Declare*, That we will support the Freedom and Independence of the said States with our lives and fortunes, and with the whole force of New Jersey."
Good for Jersey.

Among the proceedings of Congress was the following, under date of July 17th, which refers to an affair which has been much talked of:

Resolved, That General WASHINGTON, in refusing to receive a letter said to be sent from Lord Howe, addressed to GEO. WASHINGTON, ESQUIRE, acted with a dignity becoming his station; and therefore this Congress do highly approve the same, and do direct, that no letter or message be received, on any occasion whatever, from the enemy by the Commander-in-Chief or other of the commanders of the American army, but such as shall be directed to them in the characters they respectively sustain.
The old paper contains the proclamation of Lord Howe, offering pardon to all repentant "rebels," published by order of Congress, to show that "valor alone was to be depended on to secure the liberties of the country."

Among the items of Philadelphia news is a call upon the citizens to give to the army all the linen rags, old shirts, &c., they can spare, for the use of the wounded. We also find the appointment of Rev. Jacob Duché, as chaplain to Congress.—Dr. D. afterwards turned Tory.
The *Packet* contains a great deal of similar curious and interesting matter and we can easily conceive the eagerness with which the paper was read at the period of its publication.

Down and Up.
In the year 1849, a young man who was rich, and engaged in a lucrative business in Cincinnati, became enamored of a beautiful and amiable girl—the daughter, by the way, of wealthy parents—and after a brief courtship, married her. He loved her dearly. She loved him dearly. A fortune of happiness seemed in store for them; but evil days came, and after a brief but violent struggle with fortune, the young man became bankrupt. He was left without a dollar, but not without a hope. The gold mines of California were open to the adventurous and to the industrious. He would leave his beautiful wife and seek his glittering shores, where he would remain until his fallen fortunes were revived. The resolution once taken was soon executed. He came to California, but the cloud still hung over him. He was active, enterprising and persevering; yet, while others around him were gathering the golden harvest in abundance, his every project failed. For eight years he continued thus. He became sick, weary and disheartened, but his pride would not allow him to write home for assistance. He was at last reduced to sell newspapers in the street for a living.

A few weeks ago he was at Folsom street wharf upon the arrival of a mail steamer, and among the passengers who came ashore, he caught a glimpse of a richly dressed lady whom he thought he knew. He followed her to a hotel, got a fair view, and recognized her as his wife whom he had not seen for eight years. He was poorly dressed, but his affection conquered his pride, and he immediately made himself known to her. The recognition was followed by a beautiful exhibition of unobscured and unaltered love. The lady's parents had died, leaving her an heiress of great wealth. She had not heard of her husband for eight years, and, fearing for his safety, she resolved to visit this State and make inquiries for herself. The lady closed her conversation with her husband by putting her arms about his neck, and saying, "Now dear George, we can go home and be happy as we used to be." They did go home on the steamer which left last Monday. This story is strictly true.—*California Spirit of the Times.*

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN uses no tobacco, General Cass drinks no "Bourbon," Senator Douglas uses no pepper. N. P. Willis cuts his own hair, Caleb Cushing shaves himself and wears no beard, Rufus Choate and Henry Ward Beecher are dear lovers of coffee; E. R. Whipple rarely breakfasts before ten, though he begins business at eight; Edward Everett writes his *extempore* addresses; Ralph Waldo Emerson often dines at Parker's, but never takes wine; Longfellow smokes a meerschaum. The smallest poet in America is Homes, the best looking one Fields, and the biggest Pike, of Arkansas.—*Gleaner.*

If virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.
We recollect of having seen, some years ago, the following extract from an old edition of "Merlin's Prophecies," supposed to have been written about A. D. 850.—It was reprinted in 1680. Many of our readers may, like ourselves, have seen it in times gone by, but it has doubtless escaped their notice as it did ours for a long period. It may amuse them to read it again, and those who have never seen it, will doubtless find in the abstract some matters of interest.

Sybilline Oracles.

I
When the savage is meek and mild,
The frantic mother shall stab her child.

II
When the cock shall woo the dove,
The mother the child shall cease to love.

III
When men, like moles, work under ground
The lion a virgin shall wound.

IV
When the dove and cock the lion shall fight
The lion shall crouch beneath their might.

V
When the cock shall guard the eagle's nest,
The stars shall rise all in the west.

VI
When ships above the clouds shall sail,
The lion's strength shall surely fail.

VII
When Neptune's back with stripes is red,
The sickly lion shall hide his head.

VIII
When the seven and six shall make but one,
Then the lion's might shall be undone.

SOLUTION.
Verse I.—The settlement of America by civilization is very clearly alluded to in the first line. The frantic mother is Britain—America the child.

Verse 2.—The cock is France, the dove—America—Columbia, their union is the epoch when America shall cease to love Britain; for so I understand the prophecy; in which there is manifestly an equivocation; which is one of the most striking characteristics of the ancient oracles.
Verse 3.—The siege of Yorktown, where approaches were carried on working in the earth. In the second line there is another equivocation. We are told by Mr. Addison, in his *Spectator*, that a lion will hurt a maid—this at first seems contradicted by the prophecy, but it will be found, that at the epoch referred to, the virgin, or virgin (as North America was then called in Europe) shall wound the lion, viz: Britain, which shows the precise time when the oracles should be accomplished.

Verse 4.—Alludes to the Alliance between France and America; before whose might Great Britain crouched.

Verse 5.—This certainly refers to a period when France (the cock) guarded the home of the Americans (the eagle's nest) and assisted the States (the stars) to attain their independence—that is, to rise in the western hemisphere.

Verse 6.—It is very remarkable that the properties of the inflammable air by which balloons first traversed the upper regions, were then first discovered, and they were evidently called ships.

Verse 7.—When America's navy covers the sea with her red stripes, Britain's will be humbled.

Verse 8.—The thirteen States first confederated.

GILFILLAN.

A correspondent of the *New York Chronicle*, writes from Dundee, Scotland, as follows:

"In the afternoon we heard George Gilfillan, a man not unknown in America, and who has done much to show the capacity of the English language for the illustration of the beautiful in art and morals. And yet I saw nothing beautiful in George Gilfillan. Very unlovely is his look. I know nothing of his eyes, if he has any such common things in that rusty looking head of his. Hands he had, and voice, and gown, and a good sized head covered with terrier-like hair. But how stately and sour, and almost contemptuous in that otherwise easy and flowing rhetoric of his was the Gilfillan who in books had made me stare with the rich affluence of his pen. Yet all was in keeping. The church was large, double galleried, narrow-paved, unpainted, dingy and ugly. The pulpit was an orthodox egg-cup, with long solemn stem, narrow backboard, and dusty superincumbent canopy. The egg of the sublimely exclusive cup was no doubt good, but very hard boiled. I passed an hour of conscious refrigeration. I have a heart, I think, for its beating often troubles me, and there is therein some charity in 'its own little way'; but I am not able to reconcile the George Gilfillan of my books with the man who flung out his proudly spoken language to me from those disdainful lips, as he stood in his black silk acrobacy, in that egg-cup pulpit, in the big, grim, joyless church in the town of Dundee.

"Neither do I find that I am alone in my new-formed opinion of the man who writes the lives of other men in such seas of wondrous language. He is the firm, fire-champion of Scotch whiskey-punch and the social habits that have done so much to injure by their excess a nation gloriously strong in intellectual vigor in spite of its abuses of convivial drink. Gough he spits upon in words of bitterest hate. There is little loveliness in his character—a hedge-hog intellectuality, and a grand knowledge of the dictionary, with a dash of beautiful imagining which passes through him as a gleam of sunshine through Melrose Abbey, or over a Druid's altar; not his, but passing over him, is what I now think to be the component parts of Geo. Gilfillan."

The defects of the mind like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.