THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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GEO. B. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Cards.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Jo30 Clearfield, Pa. 1y

WILLIAM A. WALLACE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. [may15-y

DAVE L. KREBS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Can be consulted in English and German. je2,'69-1y

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [dec3-1y

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [Jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office with J. B. McEnally, Esq., over First National Bank.
Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 28, 1867-1y.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,68

THOS. J. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining the Bank, formerly occupied by J. B. McEnally, Second st., Clearfield.
Will attend promptly to collections, sale of lands, &c. [dec17,'62

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street, opposite the jail.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [feb28,'63-tf

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street one door east of the Clearfield County Bank. [may4,'64

John H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa. [sep13,'65-y

JEFFERSON LITZ,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country.
All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin st., formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. my19-1y

DR. T. JEFFERSON BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Having permanently located, he now offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield and vicinity, and the public generally. All calls promptly attended to. oct29-y

F. B. REED, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Having removed to Williamsgrove, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country. [jy11,'67

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Reg ment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'65-tf

DR. J. F. WOODS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Having removed to Anson ville, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and the surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. [Dec. 3 6m pd.

DR. S. J. HAYES,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office on Main St., Curwensville, Pa.
Will make professional visits, for the convenience of the public, commencing in April, 1869, as follows, viz:
Luthersburg—First Friday of every month.
Anson ville—First Tuesday of every month.
Lumber City—First Thursday of every month.
Spending two days in either place. All orders for work should be presented on the day of his arrival at each place.
Teeth extracted by the application of local anæsthesia comparatively without pain. All kinds of Dental work guaranteed.
N. B.—The public will please notice, that Dr. H., when not engaged in the above visits, may be found in his office, in Curwensville, Pa.
Curwensville, Feb. 4, 1869. [8-42

DENTAL PARTNERSHIP.
DR. A. M. HILLS,
Desires to inform his patrons, and the public generally, that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry,
S. P. SHAW, D. D. S.,
Who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attestations of professional skill. All work done in the office I will hold myself personally responsible for being done in the most satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession.
An established practice of twenty-two years in this place enables me to speak to my patients with confidence.
Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs coming. [June 4, 1868-1y.

BUY the DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC. Only 25 cents. Every voter should have one.

Cards.

DR. M. L. KLINE,
SURGEON DENTIST.
HAVING located in Wallaceton, Clearfield county, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place, and the surrounding country. All work guaranteed, and charges moderate. [oct.13,'69-tf.

DR. AI THORN,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Kylertown, Clearfield co., Pa., offers his professional services to the people of the surrounding country. [Sept. 29,'69-y

E. I. KIRK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Luthersburg, Pa.
Will attend promptly to all professional calls. aug18:1ypd

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Penn field, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13-tf.

CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
Clearfield Pa.
HAVING rented Mr. Entres' Brewery he hopes by strict attention to business and the manufacture of a superior article of BEER to receive the patronage of all the old and many new customers. Aug. 25, tf.

THOS. S. WASHBURN,
SCALER OF LOGS,
Glen Hope, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
THE subscriber has devoted much time and attention to the SCALING OF LOGS, and takes this method of offering his services to those who may need them. Any further information can be had by addressing as above. je29-tf

SURVEYOR.
THE undersigned offers his services as a Surveyor, and may be found at his residence, in Lawrence township. Letters will reach him directed to Clearfield, Pa.
may 7-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

THOS. W. MOORE,
Land Surveyor and Conveyancer,
HAVING recently located in the borough of Lumber City, and resumed the practice of Land Surveying, respectfully tenders his professional services to the owners of and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties.
Deeds of conveyance neatly executed.
Office and residence one door east of Kirk & Spencer's store. apr14:p4m.

DANIEL M. DOUGHERTY.
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
Jy23 CLEARFIELD, PA. [tf

N. M. HOOVER,
Wholesale & Retail Dealer in
Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff,
Two doors east of the Post Office,
MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.
A large assortment of Pipes, Cigar Cases, &c. always on hand. my19-1y

J. K. BOTTORF'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
NEGATIVES made in cloudy, as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand, a good assortment of FRAMES, STEREOSCOPES and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. apr28-tf

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn's.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
SCRIVENER AND CONVEYANCER.
Agent for the Purchase and Sale of Lands.
Clearfield, Pa.
Prompt attention given to all business connected with the county offices. Office with Hon. Wm. A. Wallace. [Jan1, 66-tf

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, PA.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [jy16-1y

GEO. ALBERT.....HENRY ALBERT.....W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
je25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

C. KRATZER & SONS,
MERCHANTS,
DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware,
Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, resinous and Shingles,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
At their new store room, on Second street, near Merrell & Bigler's Hardware store. [Jan14

MOSHANNON LAND & LUMBER CO.,
OSCEOLA STEAM MILLS,
MANUFACTURERS
LUMBER, LATH, AND PICKETS
H. H. SHILLINGFORD, President,
Office—Parrot Place, No. 125 S. 4th st., Phil'a.
JOHN LAWERE, Superintendent,
je9-y Osceola Mills, Clearfield county, Pa.

FRENCH KIDS AND LACE COLLARS, at Mrs. Watson's.

DISSOLUTION.—The partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the mercantile business in the borough of Lumber city, under the name of Kirk & Spencer, was, on the 15th inst., dissolved by mutual consent.
The books and notes are in the hands of H. W. Spencer, for collection. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm will please call and settle without delay. ISAAC KIRK,
H. W. SPENCER.
Lumber City, Sept, 15, '69. [Sept. 22-3t

BROWN SEA BREEZES, at Mrs. Watson's.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of ZACHARIAH T. FERGAL, deceased, late of Decatur township, Clearfield county, Pa., having been duly granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them properly authenticated for settlement without delay.
e29-6t JACOB WISE, Administrator.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum, in Advance.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 27, 1869.

[From the N. Y. Herald.]

WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

The Richest Man in America—Early Career in His Father's Fur Store—School and University, Education and Tuition in His Father's Business—How He Learned to Make Money and Made It—Twenty Millions Rolled Up to Sixty Millions in Twenty Years—His Gifts to the Astor Library and Other Charities—His Business and Personal Life.

Among the representative men of this metropolis there is no one more conspicuous than William B. Astor. Inheriting a fortune of princely magnificence he has shown himself, in the power to acquire wealth, possessed of all the extraordinary ability of his illustrious father. With the noble and unexampled inheritance of his father's buildings and bonds, and lands and leases, and stocks and securities, he inherited also his genius for money-making—his promptness, prudence, shrewdness and honesty—those allied gifts and the rightful employment of which, from the humble trader in furs, made John Jacob Astor the richest man in America. Had William B. Astor been born poor he would have become a rich man. It could not have been otherwise. His mind was constituted for the acquisition of wealth. All the powers and energy of his strong nature centred on this point. The incisive force of his will alone would have compassed this result. Under his skilful management his possessions have rapidly increased. It is his marvellous executive ability in controlling this vast wealth and adding so greatly to its magitude that makes him a representative man. He has not squandered his splendid estate by dissipation, by extravagance or by speculation, as many differently constituted would have done. He has made secure investments. He has kept out of the vertex of seductive speculation. Though all his life inflexible honesty of dealing has been his guiding maxim. It is this last strongly marked element of his character, combined with the large but unobtrusive benevolence of his nature, that has given high moral grandeur to his name and fame; that has evoked for him universal respect, and that will cause his memory to be held in perpetual grateful remembrance. Of such a life there is little to be written. His grand life mission has been performed in quiet, in silence, in the almost cloistered seclusion of his little one story office on Prince street. The The lesson of his life are the teachings of an unremitting attention to business, of integrity and benevolence. These dominant traits in his character are revealed in striking boldness of his career given below—a record compulsorily brief, and which the exceeding simplicity of his habits and the monotonous routine of his daily life necessarily make it so.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

At No. 149 Broadway, in March, 1794, William B. Astor was born. Appended to the name of John Jacob Astor in the City Directory were these words, "Furrier, 149 Broadway." The house was a plain two story and attic brick structure. His father carried on his business in the first story and, with his family, occupied the rest of the house. It was not, indeed, until six years later, when he had been in business fifteen years and was worth some $200,000, that he indulged in the luxury of living in a house separate from his business. His first separate residence was No. 223 Broadway, on the present site of the Astor House—a very respectable house in those early days of the city's embryo growth, but in size and exterior finish and interior appointments bearing very slight resemblance to the palatial abodes of our present leading men of wealth. William B. Astor's earliest remembrances are connected with his father's store. He early learned to assort the furs, and helped to beat them and free them from moths. He little dreamed the wealth of future gold to be evolved from those small, dingy, dusty furs in that small, dingy, dirty store. But while his father was smoking his pipe and drinking beer and playing checkers and occasionally going to the theatre, his fortune was rapidly accumulating. No special pains were taken with young William's earliest education. With other boys of his age he went to the public schools. His father at length, seeing the growing expansion of his business and wealth, and particularly after he had begun sending his furs to China, and bringing back cargoes of teas, on single cargoes of which he often realized a handsome fortune, determined to give him a thorough education, such as would fit him for his future position and to carry on the gigantic business so rapidly swelling into colossal proportions.

GOES TO HEIDELBURG UNIVERSITY.

A few years preliminary training in the most select schools in this city was the starting point for a university education abroad.

"The education here aint good enough," his father said to him one day. "The German universities give the only education worth having. I am going to send you to one. How do you like the idea?"

"I like it," answered William.

"Will you study hard if I send you there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you promise to stay till I send for you and not get homesick?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, get ready for Heidelburg."

And for Heidelburg he prepared himself, and to Heidelburg he went. He remained there several years, acquitting himself in his studies with marked honor and becoming an adept in beer drinking, song singing and the small sword exercise. His university studies finished, he paid a visit home and then took the tour to Europe. He visited all the places of historical and classical interest in the Old World.

"You have shown the good effects of your university education," said the old gentleman to him on his return from his European tour.

"In what particular regard?" asked young William, knowing well that there was some joke at the bottom of the remark, for no one was fonder of indulging in pleasantry than his father.

"I expected you would spend $50,000, and you have only drawn on me for $10,000."

"I am glad you are pleased," said William, but to this day he confesses himself in doubt as to whether the old gentleman meant the remark in commendation or in reproof of his traveling expenses.

TUITION IN BUSINESS.

William B. Astor's tuition in business was a long and thorough one. He went into his father's office. He learned his father's business. He advanced with him by the stepping stones to fortune. He saw how he had made his money and how he continued to make it. He knew every detail of his vast operations. It was not fur and teas that made him the possessor of twenty millions. Everybody knows that it was his operations in real estate that made him the immensely wealthy man he became. It was here that William B. Astor took his tuition in the great art of money making in this city. It is unnecessary to go over these long years of tuition. As the infirmities of age crept on his father his responsibilities were increased. In the last few years of his father's life he had supreme control.

PRIVATE FORTUNE.

Meantime he had quite an independent property of his own. His uncle, Henry Astor, had died, leaving him half a million of money. This he had wisely invested, and it was rapidly in the way of doubling itself. The Astor House was built in 1835. Shortly after it was completed he was looking at it with his father.

"How do you like the building?" his father asked him.

"I am very much pleased with it."

"So you like it?"

"Yes."

"Give me a dollar and the building is yours."

Everybody has heard this story, and the most, probably, doubted its truthfulness. It is true, and it is further true that the son was not long in paying the dollar and thus consummating the bargain. The increase from this had likewise largely increased his private fortune. His father also gave him, several years before his death, his present residence in Lafayette place, adjoining the Library.

PROOFS OF HIS INHERITANCE.

So fleeting is time it hardly seems twenty-one years ago since John Jacob Astor died. Many remember the chilly March day and the sombre, leaden clouds that overhung the city the day of his funeral. The pall bearers were chosen from among the most illustrious of our citizens. Six clergymen officiated at the ceremony. In the vault of St. Thomas' church he was buried. His estate was estimated at $20,000,000. Two days after the funeral the Herald, with that spirit of enterprise characterizing its conduct, then as now, published his entire will, covering five closely printed columns. This will indicate the disposition of his vast wealth—indicated William B Astor as his principal legatee. William B. Astor was now the richest man on this Continent. There is power in millions of money—a power surpassing the sway of sceptred sovereignty, a power exceeding fame, a power excelling everything in the world beside. It is true, as already stated, that for many years previous to the decease of his father he had almost exclusive control of the estate. But he was not the possessor then as now. As his father's agent he was treated with the deference money command. Transformed from the agent into the positive proprietorship of accumulated millions his power became greater, and the humble deference shown the agent expanded itself into profound salaams. Such is the power of money—

Shining dust dug from the bowels
Of the earth, which men fall down before
And worship and call God.

This sudden possession of extraordinary wealth turned the eyes of everybody upon William B. Astor. It made him neither giddy, arrogant nor profligate. He continued his course of regularity, industry and moderation.

AS SUCCESSOR TO HIS FATHER'S FORTUNE.

The first thing Mr. Astor did upon succeeding to his colossal inheritance was to carry out the bequests of his own sons to Waldorf, in Germany—his father's birth-place—to attend personally to the disposition of the funds assigned for bestowal there. A large discriminating power was left with Mr. Astor as to the best mode of investing this money. His wisdom as a financial manager in turning to the best and most permanent account this fund, and also the large and healthful growth of charity in his own heart, are shown in his judicious disposal of the $50,000 thus entrusted to him. After putting up the proper buildings for an institution whose eleemosynary character should embrace the poor of Waldorf of all ages, sexes and religious beliefs, he managed to invest $43,000 for its permanent maintenance. It is now in a most flourishing condition. The aged and infirmed poor, irrespective of color, through disease or other causes, are here given a pleasant home; orphan children from the ages of six to fifteen, left without support, are here given instruction and trained to active and industrious habits, and there are also apartments for the blind and deaf and dumb and nursery for infants. The name of the institution is the Astor House.

"I take great pride in the Astor House of New York," Mr. Astor has been heard to say, when referring to this institution, "but a greater pride in the Astor House of Waldorf. The massive granite blocks and pillars of the former may crumble and fall to the ground or its columns and corridors become choked with weeds, but the latter will continue in existence while the town of Waldorf exists and there are many poor people in it."

Not satisfied with carrying out the exact specifications of the will, William B. Astor took on himself to rectify some of its palpable errors and omissions.

"My father has done you great injustice," he said to Fitz-Greene Halleck, the former friend and secretary of his father.

"In what respect," asked the poet.

"Leaving you only $200 annuity."

"He paid me for all the services I rendered him and I had no additional claim on him."

"I think you have claims on the estate," pursued Mr. Astor, "and as a mark of appreciation of your past fidelity I have raised your annuity to $1,500.

"Thank you, thank you," spoke up this noble and gifted son of song, and he could say no more. The closing years of his beautiful, but sad life were by this act of timely liberality lifted above care and his pathway to the grave strewn with pleasant flowers.

"You saved a large amount of property in China for my father," he said to a sea captain who had been in his father's employ, for whom he sent soon after the latter's death.

"Yes, your father's agent died," answered the sea captain, "the property was imperilled on this account and I saved it and turned over to your father $700,000."

"And he never paid you anything."

"Not a dollar."

"I'll pay you," and he filled out a check for $25,000 and gave it to the sea captain.

The minor bequests of John Jacob Astor and additional sums given away by William B. Astor absorbed about $2,000,000 of the estate. The rest fell to William B. Astor.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

The original fund for funding the Astor Library, as is well known, was $400,000, of which $100,000 was to be expended in the site and building, $120,000 in the purchase of books, and $180,000, the remaining sum, permanently invested as a fund to maintain and increase the library. These stipulations of the will of John Jacob Astor were fully completed with. On Lafayette place a massive building of 65 feet front and 120 feet depth, of chaste but beautiful design, whose huge arched doorways and windows were in tasteful keeping with the grand purpose to which it was to be dedicated, was speedily erected. It is unnecessary to dwell on the ceremonies of its opening—to call to mind the pleasing [illegible] of that happy man and genial scholar and writer, Washington Irving—to call up from the shadowy past the forms of others revered for the beauty of their personal character and lives, who were present on this memorable occasion. It was a noble beqest, and the public appreciated it as such. It might thus have stood an enduring monument of the wise and liberal beneficence of its founder.

Mr. William B. Astor was not satisfied with its resting here. He saw the vast good it was accomplishing. He foresaw its greatly beneficent results in the future. Discerning the rapid growth of our city and the splendid destiny in store for our great commercial metropolis. He had the means to perfect the unfinished work, and was amply endowed with the requisite public spirit and benevolence to do it. The public know the result. He put up an adjoining building of the same magnitude and on the same plan at a cost of nearly $160,000. He expended about $170,000 more for books. He added $30,000 to the fund for maintenance and the gradual increase of the library. He expended nearly $10,000 in a steam heating apparatus for the buildings. The grand total of expenditure and money invested has now reached the magnificent sum of $756,934 45, making the moneyed contributions thus far of William B. Astor nearly equal to those of his father. The probability is that Mr. Astor will not stop here. The library now numbers 139,000 volumes, and the alcoves will not admit of many more additions. It is said that Mr. Astor has expressed a purpose of adding still another building of the same size as those already built, and thus providing still further for the increasing wants of our rapidly increasing population—for the millions of people that at the commencement of the next century will inhabit Manhattan Island. We must be pardoned the above familiar details in regard to this library, but it is the one great work of public beneficence in which the subject of our sketch has been popularly identified, and for promoting the interest of which he has revealed a broad and imperishable philanthropy. It is already the most valuable library of reference in this country. It is his wish and aim to make it as valuable as any in the world.

HIS OFFICE, BUSINESS HABITS AND WEALTH.

A one story building in Prince street, just out of Broadway, and first floor of the house adjoining constitute the office of Mr. Astor. Here, aided by only two or three clerks, he transacts all his immense business. Mr. Astor is here regularly at ten a. m., and remains till two p. m. He walks from and to his house. He occupies the rear room. It is plainly furnished. Business is attended to promptly. He knows every inch of real estate that stands in his name, every bond, contract and lease. By attention to his business and judicious investments he has largely increased his fortune. Some estimate it at $60,000,000. The subject is one upon which he is said to be very reticent, even to his most intimate friends.

BEGGARS, BENEVOLENCE AND BLACKMAILING.

Like all rich men Mr. Astor is besieged with beggars. It is indispensably necessary that he should hedge himself against the crowd of applicants or else all his time would be consumed and estate squandered in satisfying their demands. As for benevolence, there is no man in the city who would sooner give in a cause of meritorious charity or who gives more. He gives away a fortune every year, but he gives with discrimination and unostentatiously. With all his accumulation of wealth life has a higher aim to him.

To show the virtues in their fairest light,
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence.

We have given above some instances revealing the benevolence of his character. We might mention his annuity of $5,000 to Dr. Coggswell, for so many years the librarian of the Astor Library. His retention of old clerks and employees as long as they can work, and then retiring them on pensions, shows strikingly the kindness of the heart. We might multiply indefinitely instances of his benevolence.

Attempts to blackmail Mr. Astor have been of frequent occurrence. The most remarkable was that made by one signing himself E. K. Bassford, who, it will be remembered, attempted, some twenty years ago, to extort $50,000 from him.

PERSONAL LIFE.

Mr. Astor married a daughter of General Armstrong, Secretary of War under President Madison. She is a highly accomplished lady and a well known liberal contributor to public and private charities. They have had six children—three sons and three daughters—all of whom, excepting one daughter, are still living. Since 1841 they have lived in Lexington avenue. Their summers they spend at their country seat at Barrytown. Mr. Astor shows very little the marks of his age. He stands erect as ever, walks firmly and enjoys excellent health. He inherits the massive mould of his father, his prominent nose and compact, heavy under jaw. His face is full and ruddy, with slight side whiskers. He is a plain man, dresses plainly and puts on no airs. He attends St. Bartholomew's church. He keeps five horses, but rarely rides. One of his sons will be remembered as having served with distinction on Gen. McClellan's staff during the war. The brothers have an office in Wall street and live on Fifth avenue in princely style.

UNRENOWNED HEROISM.

Distinguished men, so-called, men distinguished above their fellows, by having mysteriously climbed into public observation, and played a brief hour upon a conspicuous stage, before an admiring world, die quietly and calmly surrounded by weeping friends, who leave them at the threshold of eternity—these men die, and half-masted flags, and the solemn tones of the cathedral bells, and crape on the arms of the national officials, publicly mark the event. Out of the depths of public respect (?) these things come.

Among the dead of Avondale sleep Thomas W. Williams and David Jones, two of the bravest spirits, two of the most heroic men history will have ever made a modest and unobtrusive record of, in this or any other age. These men faced death calmly, coolly, heroically, and yet voluntarily; inspired by the noblest incentive that could fill the breast of man, an effort to save the lives of their fellow workingmen, pent up in a coal mine filled with the deathly vapors of fire damp; knowing the risk they took, with a full conception of the fatal character of the air they were to breathe, realizing that when overcome, it would be instantaneous, and though certain that they would be drawn to the surface, knowing it to be far from certain that resuscitation would follow, calmly, coolly, quietly, went these men down into the poisonous atmosphere of the mine, to attempt the rescue of their fellow-men, and were instantly sacrificed in the effort to perform this high duty.

We hear no cathedral bells, we see no flags at half-mast, we discover no special badges of mourning on the part of the nation, for Thomas W. Williams and David Jones, yet in all that constitutes *true* greatness, in all that makes *true heroes*, the country has lost nothing which equals them in the shape of humanity in years. It is quite possible that this estimate of true greatness will not be accepted as correct by the great world; it is quite probable that Thomas W. Williams and David Jones will not go down into history as vastly the superiors of scores of men, this nation are now honoring the memories of; nevertheless, if weighed in the proper balance, their names would head the roll; nay if there is anything on record more Christianlike—dying through efforts to *save* the lives of others, instead of through efforts to *destroy* them—we look in vain to find it. Thomas W. Williams and David Jones will live forever in the minds of those who worship *true* heroism.—*Day Book.*

THE ODD FELLOWS.—The Grand Lodge of the United States, I. O. O. F., which was in session at San Francisco, adjourned on the 3d, after transacting a large amount of business. It appears from the reports presented that the order in the United States embraces 3,446 lodges, with a membership in good standing of 268,395. During the past year 251 new lodges were established, and the increase of members was 28,359. The annual receipts aggregated $2,569,317, of which amount $817,952 was expended for the benevolent objects of the order, including the relief of members and their families, the burial of the dead and the support and education of orphans. These statistics prove the order to be an immense engine for good, and the excellence of its management is shown by the further fact that it has a cash surplus of $1,751,364, from one year's operations, while its total assests reach the enormous aggregate of $20,000,000.

A New York paper says there is a bureau in that city, "from which men may be obtained who will for a reasonable price commit perjury on any subject or in any interest."

An ingenious suicide in Wisconsin bent down a sapling, hitched himself to it by a rope around his neck and let it spring.

PALACE OF A RUINED BANKER.

The Most Magnificent Country Seat in America—Houses, Porter's Lodge, and Stables of Cream-colored Stone—$1,200,000 for a Residence.

[From the New York Sun.]

Passengers over the New Haven railroad have all noticed a magnificent structure of cream-colored stone on the the outskirts of Norwalk. It commands a charming view of Norwalk river and bay, and is a picture in itself which eclipses its surroundings. It might be two country seats of English noblemen rolled into one, or it might be a palace of Ismail Pacha. It is the country seat of Legrand Lockwood, chief partner of the firm of Lockwood & Co., bankers and brokers, who went under during the Wall street hurricane.

A wide avenue, embowered with trees and skirted with sumptuous dwellings stretches for two miles from the railroad station to the heart of the town. It is called Main street. Half way between each terminus are the gates of iron rails, which opens into the grounds of the edifice alluded to. A villa of which any one might be proud serves as a porter's lodge. It is of the same material as the main edifice. A delicious perfume greets the visitor. It is the breath a thousand flowers that bend in bright welcome with each caprice of the air. Beautiful lawns traversed by gravelly walks, and studded with snowy urns and mythological ideals.

A stable is seen still of the same creamy stone, and colossal in size, and still another in the distance, again of the same bright material. A nearer glance at the first shows a coach-house, floored with striped walnut and oak, of which seven luxurious vehicles occupy but one side. A shining maple door opens upon graceful steeds with glistening coats, and a hay loft, with polished rafters, rivals the dining hall of a medieval castle. The second stable, of similar build, harbors fat cattle and sturdy wagon horses. Two conservatories prompt dreams of the tropics, and a wealth of rare foliage, on every side, realm of grace and enduring beauty.

But the house! It is a wonder of architecture in its way. Its bright walls sparkle in the sun, towers and spires blend gracefully with its slated roof, and fairy rails of gilt kindle its crest with glory. It has been five years in building, and the interior is yet incomplete.

The grand entrance is yet uncreated. The doors are still unborn, and are foreshadowed simply by boards. The great hall, tessellated with varied woods, would hold an ordinary house [illegible] rich simplicity.

The wall and ceiling are of a light drab and lavender, mingled with gold and delicate rose, and the same may be said of the spacious billiard room, which contains two tables, and is richly carpeted and upholstered. The doors, shutters and wainscoting are all of polished, inlaid woods, and the same feature is observable in every apartment of the house. The great range of the drawing rooms is not yet furnished, but an exquisite parlor styled the Moorish room gladdens visiting eyes. Its carpet is of skye blue, bordered with drab, white and rose; the furniture, walls and ceiling are traced with Moorish fancies, and a colossal desk of many woods is a miracle of workmanship.

The owner's chamber is in keeping with the rooms alluded to. The bedstead is of rosewood, and a work of art. Like the other furniture, it is all French. Fancy exhausts itself in its inlaid variegations. It is canopied at the upper end with satin of the richest green, pending from a framework of gold and jet.

Adjoining this apartment is Mr. Lockwood's dressing room. Again inlaid woods and frescoed walls; again rich easy chairs, and again a carpet in which the foot sinks at its tread. The washing apparatus is of a dark red marble, lightly variegated with white and yellow. The basins are of the whitest china, traced with delicate flowers, and the faucets are gilded with burnished gold. Large mirrors are inserted in the many wooded doors of the closets, one of which opens on a bath room.

Further on is an oratory. The walls are frescoed in imitation of fluted white satin, the windows are hung with Persian fabrics, the ceiling is of blended rose, drab and gold, and the little dome is sky blue, studded with stars. The *pre dieu*, or little praying desk, is a beauty in its way, but has an uncushioned, though carpeted stool attached. In front of it is a cross.—The owner is an orthodox Protestant, but a complete chamber suite must have an oratory as well as a dressing room, and an oratory must have a cross. The view from the windows would disturb a saint.

The dressing room of the mansion's mistress is large as an ordinary parlor. It is carpeted with blue, white and rose, with frescoes and furniture to match.

The great guests' room is spacious, and carpeted with sober red. It is rich, but more subdued in tone than others. There are many other rooms of smaller size.

The children's chambers are in keeping with the rest. Through the whole suite, as elsewhere, run inlaid wood and frescoes, but nowhere can be found gaudiness. All is costly, all is rich, but the tints are delicate, and none obtrude upon the eye.

The servants' rooms are more modest than the rest, and yet they equal the chambers of a first class hotel.—The floors have Brussels carpets, and the bureaus, bedstends and chairs are of black walnut. The latter are well cushioned and the female servants can dream of their swains upon crisp French mattrasses. The walnut washstands are topped with white marble, as are likewise the bureaus. The latter are furnished with plate glasses. The servants are thus tempted to wash up stairs, instead of taking a dry polish in the kitchen. There are six of them, and also a fat waiter of middle age.

The rooms have been draped and furnished in accordance with Mrs Lockwood's tastes and wishes. The costliness everywhere evident may be equaled in other dwellings, but similar designs are rare. No pictures are yet hung, though many have been purchased.

The grounds around the house cover forty acres. Land in the locality is valued at $4,000 an acre. The tract was bought six years ago by Mr. Lockwood; and then was a combination of rugged hill and marsh. A large portion has been subdued into beauty by a constant force of eighty men, who will now be thrown out of employment.

Mr. Lockwood is a native of Norwalk, and, as fortune favored him, he sought to embellish his native town. The homestead of his parents still stands, and is tenanted by Mr. Edwin Lockwood, his uncle, who is president of both the horse railroad and the Danburry and Norwalk railroad. Mr. Legrand Lockwood is the chief stockholder of both these enterprises.—Through his able oversight, the latter has become enabled to pay ten per cent. dividends, and the former was initiated by him through the violent opposition of the usual mass of idiots. Mr. Lockwood also owns a large amount of surrounding lots and houses. He has not been there for several days Himself and lady and two grown sons are in New York. The eldest son of Mr. Lockwood, bearing the same name, is married, and is now traveling in Europe. The house is in charge of a steward, and Mr. E. P. Clark, Mr. Lockwood's Attorney, is temporarily passing his nights there.

But one feeling exists in the neighborhood regarding Mr. Lockwood's failure. That of deep regret. His charities were wide spread, and he pensioned a mass of hopless relations. He has added more to the prosperities of Norwalk than any other citizen, and a general hope is felt that he may continue there. Numerous stories are told of offers he has received of financial aid. His friends are said to have poured in upon him from long distances, with expressions of sympathy. One man, as he entered his office, was observed to slap him on the back, saying, with tears in his eyes:

"Legrand, my boy, I've come 200 miles to see you. I am worth a couple of hundred thousand dollars. Half of it is at your disposal."

With the host of friends that Mr. Lockwood possesses, and the high character he sustains, little doubt exists that he will soon again be on the road to fortune. He is said to rate his house and ground in their uncomplete state, at $800,000. Had he remained prosperous, probably a million and a quarter would have been spent upon them.

Moneyed men of Wall street yesterday waited on Mr. Lockwood, and offered him $1,000,000 to pull him through.

MARK TWAIN ON MR. BEECHER.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's private habits are the subject of Mark Twain's latest contribution to the Buffalo Express. The whole article is extremely funny, but that portion which relates to Mr. Beecher's farming experince is the humorist's most extravagant vein, and quite equal to his best efforts. It is as follows:

"Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He ploughs and reaps and digs and sows according to the best authorities—and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found—and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled.

"Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs however. He considers hogs the best game the farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars' worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He looses on the corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn, anyway. And anyway it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog anyhow, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they wont, and hence the difficulty.

"One of Mr. Beecher's most harrassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water melons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweett potatoes, and comes up the infernalest carrots—though I never heard him express it in just that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks