THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

The largest circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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1 sheet, 25 or less, 3 00 | 1 sheet, 25 or less, 10 00
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GEO. B. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Cards.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.

WALLACE & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in residence of William A. Wallace. jan12'70

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

Office in the Court House. [dec3-1y

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

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. J. BLAIR WALTERS.

WALLACE & WALTERS,
Real Estate Agents and Conveyancers,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

Real Estate bought and sold, titles examined, conveyances prepared, taxes paid, and insurances taken. Office in new building, nearly opposite Court House. jan1,70

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

Office on Market St., over Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store.

Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 19, 1867-1y.

ROBERT WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wallaceton, Clearfield County, Penn'a.

All legal business promptly attended to.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,66

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.

Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.

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

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.

Will attend professional calls promptly. aug16'70

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

DR. J. F. WOODS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Having removed to Ansonville, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and the surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. [Dec. 3 6m pd.

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

HAVING located at Penfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13 tf.

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. J. P. BURCHFIELD,

Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, 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. [apr1,'66-tf

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. READ, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Kylertown, Pa.

Respectfully offers his services to the citizens of the surrounding country. apr20-6m pd.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. ap r6,67

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. [Jan. 5, 1870-1y

Cards.

MRS. S. S. LIDDELL'S
MARBLE & STONE YARD,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Shop on Reed Street, near Pennsylvania Railroad depot. may 18,'70-tf.

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my22-1y pd

GEORGE C. KIRK,
Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Pa.

All business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers, promptly and neatly executed. mar30'70-y

DANIEL M. DOHERTY.
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
CLEARFIELD, PA. [jy22]

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. 23, 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.
JAMES MITCHELL.
may 7-tf.

J. K. BOTTORF'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

CHROMOS MADE A SPECIALTY.

NEGATIVES made in cloudy, as well as in clear weather. Constants on hand a good assortment of FRAMES, STEREOSCOPES and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. apr28-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. [jy18-1y

GEO. ALBERT.....BENJ. 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.
je23-1y 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, Provisions and Shingles,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

At their new store room, on Second street, near H. F. Bigler & Co's Hardware store. [jan14

MOSHANNON LAND & LUMBER CO.,
OSCEOLA STEAM MILLS,
MANUFACTURES
LUMBER, LATH, AND PICKETS
H. H. SHILLINGFORD, President,
Office—Forest Place, No. 125 S. 4th st., Phil'a.
JOHN LAWSHE, Superintendent.
je6'67] Osceola Mills, Clearfield county, Pa.

SAMUEL I. SNYDER,
Practical Watch Maker,
Opposite the Court House,
SECOND STREET, CLEARFIELD, PA.

All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry promptly repaired, and work warranted to give satisfaction. mar2.70

JAMES C. BARRETT,
Justice of the Peace and Licensed Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

Collections & remittances promptly made, and all kinds of legal instruments executed on short notice. may4,'69f

CONRAD MEYER,
Inventor & Manufacturer of the
Celebrated Iron Frame Pianos,
Warerooms, No. 722 Arch St., Philadelphia,

Has received the Prize Medal of the World's Great Exhibition, London, Eng. The highest Prizes awarded when and wherever exhibited. [Established 1828.] je15-3m

J. HOLLOWBUSH . . . . . R. DAVIS CAREY.

HOLLOWBUSH & CAREY,
BOOKSELLERS,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
AND STATIONERS,
218 Market St., Philadelphia.

Paper Flour Sacks and Bags, Foolscap, Letter, Note, Wrapping, Curtain and Wall Papers. feb24,70-1ypd

NEW
MARBLE WORKS,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

CALL and see the new MARBLE WORKS, on Market street, opposite the Jail.

MONUMENTS,
GRECIAN TOMBS,
FRENCH COUCHES,
TABLE TOPS, MANTLES,
GARDEN STATUARY,
TERRA CUTTA WARE,
HEAD & FOOT STONES,
of new and beautiful designs.

All of which will be sold at city prices, or 25 per cent. less than any other establishment in this county. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Orders thankfully received and promptly filled in the best workman-like manner.

S. A. GIBSON.
JAMES E. WATSON, Agent. my11-1y

RUSS'S St. Domingo, Habbell's, Drake's Hostland's German, Boettcher's and Greene's Oxygenated Bitters; also pure Liquors, of all kinds for medicinal purposes, for sale by
HARTSWICK & IRWIN

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, NOVEMBER 2, 1870.

FALLING LEAVES.

They are falling, slowly falling,
Thick upon the forest side,
Severed from the noble branches,
Where they waved in beauteous pride.
They are falling in the valleys,
Where the early violets spring,
And the birds in sunny spring time
First their dulcet music sing.

They are falling, sadly falling,
Close beside our cottage door,
Pale and faded, like the loved ones,
They have gone forevermore.
They are falling, and the sunbeams
Shine in beauty soft around;
Yet the faded leaves are falling,
Falling on the mossy ground.

They are falling on the streamlet,
Where the silvery waters flow,
And upon its placid bosom
Onward with the waters go.
They are falling in the churchyard,
Where our kindred sweetly sleep,
Where the idle winds of summer
Softly o'er the loved ones sweep.

They are falling, ever falling,
When the autumn breezes sigh,
When the stars in beauty glisten
Bright upon the midnight sky.
They are falling when the tempest
Moans like ocean's hollow roar,
When the tireless winds and billows
Sadly sigh forevermore.

They are falling, they are falling,
While our saddened thoughts still go
To the sunny days of childhood,
In the dreamy long ago;
And their faded hues remind us
Of the blighted homes and dreams,
Faded like falling leaflets
Cast upon the icy streams.

A Frightful Struggle.

When at last the boat settled down, the Syrian plunged into the stream, and, keeping his head well above it, struck out for the shore at a point where he saw it shelving down to the water's edge, fringed with long rushes. Strong as the current was he breasted it successfully, and was reaching shoal water—with a heart full of good resolves and thankfulness for his preservation and rebounding from his late despair—when suddenly he saw to his surprise a dark object resembling an old log, floating from the muddy bank toward him. As there was no current from the shore this struck him as strange; but his surprise was changed into horror when the object approached nearer, disclosing to his gaze, under the bright moonlight, the scaly back and unshapely bulk of the crocodile!—most dreadful of all the tenants of that slimy flood, though but rarely seen so low down the river. As the monster moved through the water, with a movement indicating the vast propulsive power of its short forearms and muscular tail—lashing the river into foam as it forged upward—Daoud could distinguish his sharp snout elevated above the flood, and the small, glittering, serpent-like eyes it fixed on its destined prey. Each second brought the fell monster nearer the man; while the huge jaws would occasionally open, displaying the sharp, double row of glistening teeth which armed them; then shut again with a snap like the music of castinets resounding through the stillness. Imminent and deadly was the peril, as Daoud well knew; but he lost no heart nor hope. His nerves, steeled to danger in its most fearful shape during his recent trials did not fail him now. He felt a deadly sickness at heart, for an instant, at the new and hideous form of peril, thus suddenly confronting him at the very moment of his fancied escape from all his danger; just when he was making his good resolves for a tranquil future.—Never before had he encountered the dread monster; but he knew its nature and its habits well, for he had often heard Arabs of the Upper Nile tell of their encounters with and victories over it, and he therefore understood which way the path of safety lay.—He allowed the greedy monster to approach within two lengths of him—simply floating himself on the surface of the water, with a wary eye fixed on the movements of his adversary.—Flight he knew would be speedy and certain death. He waited till he could see the very twinkle of its hungry eye—then dived down into the flood, his dagger bare in his right hand. The moment the huge bulk of the crocodile seemed convulse with a sudden pang as it abruptly twisted itself round lashing the water into foam with its terrible tail, and snapping its jaws fiercely together, while its snaky eye emitted sparks of fire. Then it sullenly sunk under the water, too, and the moonlight shone on the rippling river, showing no form of man or reptile on its agitated surface. But the water where the crocodile had sunk was discolored with a dark red stain, which showed that the Syrian's dagger had found a vulnerable spot. He had dived beneath the scaly armor which protected it from above and had struck an upward blow. Next moment the man rose again to the surface, twenty yards further down stream, and struck out vigorously for the shore; but the current seized him and bore him still further down. And on it floated in pursuit his wounded, but not disabled enemy—fiercer and more savage from its injury, and displaying now those vast energies hidden under its cumbrous, mail-clad carcass. Thrice, when on the very eve of being seized and crushed between those mighty jaws which snapped vainly together like the huge proticulius of some feudal castle, did the Syrian narrowly escape destruction by suddenly diving down. And thrice did he stab with his keen poinard into the unprotected flesh of his foe, under his forearm; while deeper grew the tinge of the waters, as the great vital energies of the amphium still sustained it under the deep wounds of its desperate antagonist—whose human intelligence, craft and courage waged war against its superior strength. At length it seemed that human intellect, when backed by courage, was destined to conquer brute force—even in a conflict apparently as unequal as this—for, after the third plunge, the huge, scaly bulk seemed to float almost helplessly upon the water, while the river ran red with the life-tide rapidly ebbing from the ghastly wounds, and the dim eye shone no more with hate, but had an almost human expression of agony and despair lurking its filmy and glaring orbs. The crocodile was well nigh struggling in its death throes and the mighty frame seemed contracted and convulsed with the near approach of the final spasm. The man was nowhere to be seen. Just then, panting, worn, exhausted, but still unwounded, Daoud, the dagger in his right hand, rose to the surface, but unhappily within a yard of the almost vanquished monster. The scaly thing saw him, and with a mighty effort of expiring energy, struck out wildly with his powerful tail. It fell like a flail on the head of the Syrian, stretching him senseless and powerless beside his enemy. The next moment the dying crocodile twisted his body round, opened his mighty jaws with a final and convulsive effort—and, when they closed again, within them was the writhing body of the Syrian, caught as in some huge trap, which crushed bone, muscle, sinew and flesh into one undistinguishable mass. And locked tight in the death spasm, those jaws never unclosed again. But the scaly bulk of the crocodile, bearing in its dead jaws the corpse of its destroyer, floated down the current of the Nile, under the still moonlight, to the open sea, which was to retain the relics of both until the hour shall come when that sea shall give up its dead.—*Egyptian Sketches.*

UNUSED POWERS.—We seldom hear a better sermon on the duty of preparing for the "bourne whence no traveler returns" than is contained in the allegory which relates that a man once fell through this world into the next. There he discovered that we retain those parts of ourselves, and those only, which we have assiduously used here. Curious was the spectacle presented to his wondering sight. He saw hundreds of hungry-looking ears. They were forever congregating and hurrying hither and thither. He was informed that on earth these had done the hearing of church music and church sermons; had cultivated the listening faculty, and noting else, so they were cow ears and nothing more. He noticed big stomachs lying about contentedly under fences and trees, and was told that those were persons who had chiefly used their gastronomic powers, who had assiduously guzzled at saloons, and gormandized at restaurants. He became interested in some large dolls, with complexions like wax dolls, too, that appeared to move languidly, and sometimes to gape. These, he learned, were what remained of ladies who had cultivated only good looks. On inquiry for a popular preacher, he was conducted to a place full of ears, where a lively skeleton, without a vestige of heart or brain, was still gesticulating impressively. Upon making this discovery the man immediately telegraphed earthward as follows: "I find that powers unused die out; that parts neglected fall away; that we are allowed only to keep so much of ourselves as we use. Look out that you do not end as a restless ear, as a lazy stomach, or as a big bag of wind."

GEN. GRANT'S SECOND COUSIN?—We have already recorded the fact that the defeat of Gen. Robert C. Schenck in the Third District of Ohio was in a great measure due to Gen. Grant's warm affection for his second cousin. Gen. Grant preferred to appoint his second cousin to a lucrative office rather than that the election of Gen. Schenck should be insured.—Gen. Schenck is beaten; but the beloved second cousin has an office, and Gen. Grant is happy.

But who is this second cousin? He lives in the town of Lebanon, Ohio, once famous as the residence of Tom Corwin, and his name it is George B. Johnson. He keeps a little wayside store in that village. He does not possess any qualification for the office, except that he is Gen. Grant's second cousin, and was urged for the appointment by Jesse R. Grant, the President's father, who also enjoys a profitable office in Covington, Ky., and helps run his son's Administration.

It seems, however, that Johnson was not even only the second cousin of President Grant; on careful examination, it is discovered that he is but the second cousin of the President's mother. This renders the devotion of the President in appointing him to office at so great a cost as the sacrifice of the Gen. Schenck still more remarkable. Any man could do a good deal for his own second cousin; but to go to such a length for the second cousin of your mother is a most extraordinary virtue.

What renders Johnson's appointment still more interesting is the fact that the man whom Gen. Schenck desired to have placed in the office of Assessor of Internal Revenue for that district was Gen. Obadiah C. Maxwell, who had served honorably during the war as a soldier. Maxwell was turned out of office, and Schenck defeated, to make room for the President's mother's second cousin. Nothing more need be said.—*N. Y. Sun.*

NOTHING LIKE SCIENCE.—Stephen Pearl Andrews, a professional philosopher and philanthropist of New York, has just enunciated for a benighted world, the fundamental principles of "Universalogical Science." His claim is certainly startling. He affirms that the essence of being arises from Unism, Duism and Trinism. Just think of it! The essence of being! It seems incredible! He proceeds further to state that the first of these unifies, the second differentiates, and the third "unites the Unism and Duism in a Hingewise (partly united and separated) Complexity."

When a steady, well behaved young man is seen shaking hands with a pony, and bidding it an affectionate good-night, or saying, "Poor old Corbison Robscrew;" there may be faint apprehension that he has been "taking something."

The New York Election.

As the day of election in New York approaches the feelings of the people grow warmer, and at this time the Empire city may be said to be in a political ferment. Nor is it much wonder. United States Marshal Sharpe has determined to supervise the election, through the medium of several hundred deputies, appointed under the act relating to elections passed last winter by Congress. Attorney General Ackerman visited the city a few days ago with special reference to this matter, and in consultation with the Marshal and Judge Woodruff, of the United States District Court, determined that the federal law should be rigidly enforced at the hazards. On the other hand it is said that Governor Hoffman has fully determined on the course which, in the event of the federal law being too closely pressed, by the marshal, he will pursue. He has submitted the question to gentlemen of the best legal abilities—to such men as Chas. O'Connor, Geo. Tickner Curtis, and other eminent lawyers, democrats and republicans—and they have expressed the opinion that the act of Congress is unconstitutional; that the Governor is bound to follow the plain constitutional law of the State, and that every federal soldier and every deputy marshal who obstructs or hinders the polling of votes, or conspires to do so, must be arrested, tried and sentenced. In pursuance of this opinion, it is stated that Governor Hoffman will keep the State militia under arms, ready to resist any attempt made by federal bayonets to enforce the law of Congress.

This has a bad appearance. It is to be deeply regretted that there should be a question of right between the State and the federal government to be settled—more especially when it appears probable that violence will occur before a settlement is reached. But in our judgment the case is a plain one. The State is right and the federal government is wrong; and we shall defend the Governor and the State authorities in whatever measures sanctioned by the constitution and laws of New York, they may see proper to adopt to repel any encroachment on the rights of the State by the federal marshals or troops.

We shall have reached a pretty pass, indeed, when we shall be taught our duties in the respective States by the civil and military minions of the federal government; and not only taught our duties, but forced to exercise them according to the act of Congress under the surveillance of deputy marshals armed with bludgeons or at the point of federal bayonets.

We earnestly pray that Governor Hoffman may have firmness enough for the emergency. If in a crisis of this kind New York, democratic in all her departments, should waver or succumb to federal power unconstitutionally exercised, where could we look for a barrier against the aggressions of a Congress and an Executive apparently determined to strike down all State rights, and convert the government into a centralized despotism.

There is no question that the administration has determined to enforce the law at whatever cost. Postmaster General Cresswell, in a speech delivered by him in Baltimore on Monday night, said with great emphasis. "If these laws shall be faithfully executed there can be no doubt that they will accomplish their purpose; and they will be faithfully executed to the last jot and tittle. I can give you the most authoritative assurance. All the powers of the United States wielded to effect a fair election."

No doubt he spoke with authority, the action of the marshals everywhere show clearly enough the intention of the administration.

On Tuesday there were 58,457 names registered in New York city under the State registry law. Objections were taken by the Marshal, the U. S. District Judge and several leading radical politicians that a continuation of the registry on Wednesday would be illegal. This was done, obviously, in the hope that no attention would be paid to it, and that they would have a fine opportunity to raise a row on election day and make arrests under the authority of Congress. But the mayor of New York saw through the manœuvre and issued the following

PROCLAMATION:

As a part of a manifest attempt of the federal government to throw every obstacle in the way of a free registry, and to obstruct naturalized citizens in their vote, federal officials have raised a question that no registry will be legal on Wednesday, the 11th of October (which has been a day heretofore). Therefore, to prevent a collision that has been threatened by such officials with the citizens, the Mayor recommends that the places of registry be not opened on this day, but that all citizens reserve their protests until Monday, October 31, and Tuesday, November 1, which are the last days for registry, and upon those days neglect all other business until the full registration to which this city is entitled be completed. But, under no pretenses, to suffer themselves at any time to be invited into a disturbance or breach of the peace.

A. OAKEY HALL, Mayor.

October 10, evening.

This is the present condition of affairs. The U. S. authorities trying to force a conflict, the city and State authorities trying to avert it, if possible. We shall notice the further proceedings of the parties as they are developed.

THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.—The passage from the New Testament, 'It is easier for a camel,' etc., has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures, called metaphorically 'needles' eyes,' just as we talk of windows on shipboard as 'bulls' eyes.' These entrances are too narrow for a camel to pass through them in the ordinary manner, or even if loaded. When a loaded camel has to pass through one of these entrances, it kneels down, its load is removed, and then it shuffles through on its knees. 'Yesterday,' writes Lady Duff Gordon from Cairo, 'I saw a camel go through the eye of a needle—that is, the low arched door of an inclosure. He must kneel and bow his head to creep through; and thus the rich man must humble himself.'

The Destruction of St. Cloud.

The telegraph, with that cold precision and terrible exactitude which distinguishes some of its revelations, has informed us of the destruction of the Chateau of St. Cloud, that lovely royal and imperial residence which for two hundred years, crowded with historic glories, has been the pride of all the western environs of Paris.—Moreover, we are informed that the work of ruin was accomplished by the French and not by the German batteries. We trust, for the sake of that illustration of history which has so much to do with the steady advance of refinement, that the news may not be true in its full extent; but if, unfortunately, all priticulars be exactly as narrated, the French capital sustains an almost irreparable loss.

St. Cloud, the ancient Novigentum, derives its modern name from Clodoald, the grandson of King Clovis.—The young man escaped from the assassin hands of his uncle Clotaire to this spot, and after a life passed as a hermit in the neighboring forests was canonized by the title that the noble parks and the palace there erected in 1658 by the great capitalist, Jerome de Gondy, have since borne. The vast wealth and power of Louis Quatorze, which, during his reign seemed to absorb everything splendid in France, gave him possession of St. Cloud, and the Grand Monarque bestowed this gem upon his brother, the Duc d'Orleans. Become a royal palace it extended its hospitality to Queen Henrietta of England, who died there; and in succeeding years it witnessed the murder of Henry III.; the plottings of the First Napoleon for imperial control; the royal folly of Charles X., who dated thence the rescripts that revolted France and precipitated the revolution of 1830; and, finally, the *fetes* of the hearty citizen-king Louis Philippe and the summer pleasures of Napoleon III. St. Cloud rivals Versailles in its memories of the lovely but unfortunate Marie Antoinette and the gayeties of Queen Victoria's sojourn in France in 1855.—Some of the most imposing scenes of the reign of the First Napoleon occurred at this celebrated residence, and the shades of the gentle Josephine and of her successor the fair Austrain Marie Louise seemed, even in our day, to haunt the apartments the crowned dames once occupied, and on the walls of which their portraits smiled in the bloom of pride and beauty as limned by master hands.

None who have ever visited this delightful abode with a tourist's elegant curiosity or by imperial invitation will forget its parks stocked with rare growth and ranged by herds of English deer, its enchanting gardens, its lakes, its fountains and its cascades, the delight of the Paris Sunday throng who went a Maying in its lawns and woods. Its September festivals for this year have been replaced by a more magnificent but disastrous October. The beauteous domains are desolated by the bivouac of a heedless foreign soldiery, and its superb saloons and galleries, with all their wonderous wealth of canvas and carving, have sunk into ruin beneath the avenging shot and shell of the great city beleaguered through the folly of its latest imperial occupant. The fearful war now raging "in the heart of Europe" is full of startling lessons illustrated by what seems more than the caprice of mere chance in the scourge that it brings upon the olden seats of refined but arrogant pomp and power. None of these is more instructive, even while we must historically mourn it, than the obliteration of St. Cloud.

A SCALAWAG.—The following is pronounced by connoisseurs, to be a life-like picture of a "scalawag." He is as disgusting to look upon as the thick skinned, brazen faced ignoramus who makes a profession of religion and boasts of his honesty, when he is known to be a hypocrite and a rascal by every one in the community in which he resides. Look at his counterpart:

"A scalawag is a low-flung, mean-looking 'cuss,' wrapped up in a white man's skin, who thirsteth for an office of some sort as a sheep killing dog thirsts for the blood of a sheep, and who to get the negroes to vote him an office, sheds crocodile tears in their presence because he was not born a negro. He pretends to believe the negro the equal of the white race morally, politically and mentally, and hugs and caresses all the carpet-baggers that come along. He is a dirt-eating creature, who believes that whatsoever a Radical Congress or Legislature does is right, even if they command to drop his breeches and kiss the hand that flings nine and thirty on his hide."

There is such an epidemic of crime just now in the United States, and so general an impression among murderers that hanging is "played out," that an old fashioned friend at our elbow proposes that the "Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons" be disbanded, and that a Society for Aggravating the Miseries of Public Prisons be organized in its stead. The suggestion is a timely one.

PROTECTING WIDOWS.—Butler, the East Tennessee Congressman, whom the officers tried to arrest for pension frauds on widows, and forgery, is the regular Radical candidate for Congress in the First Tennessee district. General Grant has had his trial postponed till after the election, and is trying to elect him, in order that he may go to the penitentiary.

An enterprising ice cream maker in Chicago advertises: "Families supplied by the quart or gallon, and delivered in any part of the city." For those who wish to obtain families, this is an eligible opportunity.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have strong muscles, we must labor. These include all that is valuable in life.

Home—Outside and Inside.

Bayard Taylor, in speaking of his house planned by himself, says:

"I made two mistakes in the start: the first was, I allowed my thoughts to dwell too much on the outside of the house; fitting the internal arrangements to the external forms instead of the reverse. The true way of planning is to make the inside first, and then inclose it."

Mr. Taylor thus indicates the cause of many failures in house-building, and the reason why so many showy mansions are so often uncomfortable homes. Men build not for their own convenience and ease, but for the eyes of their neighbors. They crucify the body and the women, in order that the pride of the eye and the vanity of the heart may be gratified. The out side, which is to be seen, controls the inside, which is to be used.

Hereupon the Boston *Watchman* "improves" as follows: "This disposition to sacrifice the useful to the ornamental, the comfort of the family for the 'looks' of the thing, is not by any means confined to house-building. It also expresses itself in the life and education of the home circle. The true idea of a home is not a boarding-house but a private dwelling, wherein father, mother, and children are engaged in the interchange of offices of love, in teaching and learning the lessons of religion, the rules of life, and in forming habits of morality and industry. He who 'settleth the solitary in the house,' designs the home for the place of honor, of love, of authority, of obedience, of the tenderest relations, and of a permanent, beneficent, formative influence. He intended that it should be the surest foundation of national life, and the best nursery of individual character. But modern society has 'sought out many inventions' whereby to improve on the work of the Creator. God wished men to plan their homes from the inside; they allow their thoughts to dwell too much on the outside, and form the family habits and tastes not according to the good, the true, and the beautiful but to meet the requisitions of fashionable life. The best room is a show-room, kept secret for 'callers' and parties; the furniture, which ought to provide for the comfort and express taste of the family, is copied from the last Parisian importation; the books are only so many feet of blue and gold binding—in fact, the interior of the home is arranged with almost exclusive reference to the 'set' in which the family moves."

When to be Idle.

There are undoubtedly seasons and periods when it is wise to wait—when it is not worth while to commence any undertaking, great or small.—There are studies which it is not worth a man's while to take up, pursuits which it is not worth his while to follow, minutes and half hours which it is not worth while to fill with an occupation. No doubt we have all our peculiar notions on this head. It does not seem to us worth while to read at dinner time, or out of doors, or to set one's self to learn a language in recurring spare moments; these acts come under the same category of virtue with the old housewife's economy of time which makes her sit up in bed to knit stockings in the dark, or rethread her needle, at infinite expense of the time and eyesight, to save an inch of cotton. There are a vast number of small industries that are not worth the while of a man with one settled occupation which engages a fair portion of his time. We have not much faith in the achievements done in odd minutes. We believe there is usually more loss than gain by them, and that manners and conversation both suffer where there is this trick of thinking it worth while to pull out some implement of labor—pen, pencil, or needle—at times when other people are content to seem unemployed, and are only busy in being agreeable and placing themselves at the service of their company. Nothing ministers so much to impotience as these habits. It is an evidence of thorough self-mastery when a man who knows how to use time has the sense to recognize when time is not worth using in any definite ostensible way.

TRUTH.—There is another reason why men feel that religion is grievous. It is because of their own experience. It is because they have attempted to live a religious life, and have never given their whole will and whole heart to it. Men want to build themselves as carpenters build houses, using pine for the whole substance of it, and a little thin veneering for a finish, to make it look beautiful. Men want to build themselves up in all manner of gross, worldly forces, and have a thin veneering of righteousness or religion over that, just to cover down those other things, and make them beautiful, and make them sell well. And where men just surface themselves with religion, it is simply an irritant. It acts simply as a provocative. It keeps up before them a rule, or a conception, or an ideal, which they do not at all either accomplish or strive to accomplish.

Every man, woman, and child has the power to give, however poor they may be. Kind words and pleasant smiles will often make glad the sorrowing heart; the want of them has driven many a boy and girl to utter despair. Sympathy or kindness costs only an effort of the will, and it prevents many evil deeds.

The best cosmetics are temperance, exercise, and good temper. There is no true beauty without these graces. The best purifier is a coarse towel and soap and water.

Among the premiums offered at a country fair in Kentucky is one of $10 for the neatest patch put on an old garment by an unmarried woman.

Sorrows are like tempest clouds; when afar off, they look black, but when above us scarcely gray.

Young Men in Society.

A modest and virtuous young man, on first going into society, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confessed that a well dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing room where ladies were presented without painful embarrassment. It is certainly a good sign for a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen who blush and stammer in the company of young ladies; the girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them. You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so, it is likely that your young friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we have never suspected their ill-breeding. And, after all, what is good breeding but habitual good nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess, or will soon acquire the power to do so. The good heart and well-informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundantly atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed. Besides, the ladies—that is most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided that they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good as far as they go. But be sure of this, O bashful, blushing youth, that in the society of ladies and of men, you will pass, in the long run, for what you are worth—no more—no less. The art of pleasing, therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Chesterfield or awkward as Caliban, all worthy women trust and love.

Perjury in Divorce Cases.

The method of obtaining divorces is easy and infamous enough. The facility which Indiana law affords for the final separation of man and wife, the destruction of family ties, the shield it throws over the violation of marriage vows, and the demoralization of households, of which children are alike the jewels and the victims, one would suppose ought to suffice for the wants of the restless and discontented who cannot brook the chains of matrimony. The moral sense of the whole community revolts at the idea of the divorce laws of Indiana. They are a blot upon the statute books of that State, and stand forth as a great reproach to the civilization of the country. Utah, with its brazen defiance of Christian law and the decencies of society takes a bold stand against the purity of marriage, justifying its system by Scripture and tradition; but Indiana, by her laws, sneaks, as it were, into the domestic circle, and, with secret inducements of easy methods of divorce, leads the weak to ruin and encourages the vicious to cowardly crime.

A new feature in divorce cases has just been developed—that is, the false personation of the husband by a party who is produced by the lawyers to swear that he is the person suing for a divorce, while the husband is, perhaps, far away, or entirely ignorant of any legal proceedings being entered upon in his name. Two such cases have just come up in the courts, and we are happy to say that in each case the perjurer has been convicted and sentenced to the State prison for nine years. One is the famous Dalzell case, where a scoundrel named Archibald personated Mr. Dalzell in a suit for divorce from his wife at a time when Dalzell was at sea and wholly unconscious that he was a plaintiff in the case. The other was the case of John M. Holt, indicted for perjury in falsely representing Benjamin Kane in a similar suit. Both these ruffians were convicted in the Brooklyn Court of Oyer and Terminer and sent to the State Prison for the term above mentioned, for which the pulic should be grateful to judge and jury.—*N. Y. Herald.*

MISCHIEVOUS OLD ERRORS.—In the midst of change, improvement and reform, quite a number of questionable old notions continue to be followed even now, when the very erroneous character of some of them has been generally acknowledged. Of this character is the rigid adherence of drivers of horses to that useless and injurious rule of old times, the check-rein. Its use with draft horses is positively cruel. When a horse is drawing a heavy load, and particularly up hill, he needs the utmost freedom of lungs and wind, and this he can never have with a tight check rein. That the check rein prevents a horse from stumbling is more than doubtful; on the contrary, by elevating his eyes, it prevents him from seeing clearly where to place his foot. When a horse does stumble, he is far less likely to go down when his head is left free. In England, where they are far ahead of us in everything pertaining to horses, the check rein has been abolished; the last surrender being that of the artillery and commissariat trains of the British army, the change having been made by Sir George Bergoyne, the commander in chief, and he testifies to the beneficial effects attending it. In