THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months..... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months.... 3 00

Rates of Advertising.

Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 3 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year.... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 20

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

1 square	$5 00	¼ column	$50 00
2 squares	15 00	½ column	70 00
3 squares	20 00	1 column	120 00

GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Publisher.

Cards.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
9.30'74 CLEARFIELD, PA.

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov1'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGHT.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-12'73 Clearfield, Pa.

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. april 1'68tf

JOSEPH B. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. Jan.1'74

G. R. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Having resigned his Judgeship, has resumed the practice of the law in his old office at Clearfield, Pa. Will attend the courts of Jefferson and Elk counties when specially retained in connection with resident counsel. 2:14:72

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Court House, (Sheriff's Office). Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. jel1'72

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Graham's Row. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
n11:1:72 Clearfield, Pa.

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

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House. [j)y11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 3. Jan. 3, 1974.

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. [Feb. 29:69:tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. ypd

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n171

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'72

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on Market st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

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.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d 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. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 15, 1872.

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.
Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-72

G. W. WEAVER & CO.,
DRUGGISTS & APOTHECARIES,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.
Dealers in all kinds of Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods and Druggists' Sundries.
Curwensville, March 17, 1875.

GEORGE M. FERGUSON,
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
dealers in
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
2:17 531 Market Street, Philadelphia. 73-tf

A. H. MITTON,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Harness, Saddles and Bridles,
Collars, Whips, Brushes, Fly Nets, Trimmings, Horse Blankets, &c.
Vacuum, Frank Miller's and Neatsfoot Oils.
Agent for Bailey and Wilson's Buggies.
Orders and repairing promptly attended to. Shop on Market street, Clearfield, Pa., in room formerly occupied by Jas. Alexander. [4:14'73

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harnesses, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

Cards.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

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.
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.

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. [8j1872

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

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. my22clypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-7'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS.
9:10'72 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
jel9'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

REMOVAL.
REIZENSTEIN & BERLINER,
wholesale dealers in
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Have removed to 187 Church street, between Franklin and White sts., New York. [j)y31'72

JAMES H. LYTLE,
No. 4 Pie's Opera House, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr14'75-tf

JAMES E. WATSON & CO.,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Houses and Offices to let. Collections promptly made, and first-class Coal and Fire-Clay Lands and Town property for sale. Office in Western Hotel Building (2d floor), Second St. [my13'74y

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [tf

HARRY SNYDER,
(Formerly with Lew Schuler.)
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House. A clean towel for every customer. may 19, '75.

KRATZER & LYTLE,
AGENTS IN CLEARFIELD COUNTY FOR
LORILLARD'S
Celebrated Brands of
Smoking & Chewing Tobaccos.
We are enabled to wholesale to dealers throughout the county at city prices.
KRATZER & LYTLE,
je3:74-tf Clearfield, Pa.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned are now fully prepared to carry on the business of
UNDERTAKING,
AT REASONABLE RATES,
And respectfully solicit the patronage of those needing such services.
JOHN TROUTMAN,
JAMES L. LEAVY.
Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 18, 1874.

LIME! LIME!
The undersigned is now prepared to furnish the public with an excellent quality of
Bellefonte Wood-Burned Lime,
for plastering purposes, by the large or small quantity. Can be found for the present at Pie's new building, on Market street.
oct1-tf L. K. McCULLOUGH.

MITCHELL WAGONS.
The Best is the Cheapest!
Thomas Reilly has received another large lot of "Mitchell Wagons," which are among the very best manufactured, and which he will sell at the most reasonable rates. His stock includes almost all descriptions of wagons—largesnd small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr9'74 THOMAS REILLY.

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 19-'75.

G. S. FLEGAL,
Ironsides Store,
PHILLIPSBURG, PA.
DEALER IN
HARDWARE, STOVES, HEATERS, RANGES, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPERWARE.
Prospekt Street,
Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.
May 26, 1875.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2424. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1875. NEW SERIES—VOL. 16, NO. 23.

THE BLACK HILLS INTRIGUE.

THE GREAT CHIEFS INTERVIEW SECRETARY DELANO—THEY RETIRE IN A HAZE—WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

WASHINGTON, May 27.—The determination of the administration to force the chiefs of the Sioux nation to make a new treaty and surrender the Black Hill country becomes more and more apparent every day. The President's defiant course yesterday in his interview with the Indian delegation showed plainly that he had made up his mind to get possession of the Black Hills either by negotiation or force.—His dictatorial manner did not please the chiefs, and instead of intimidating them he seems rather to have confirmed them in their determination not to surrender what they believe to be their just rights. These Indian rulers are not the simple, unsophisticated children of the forest of whom novelists treat, but on the contrary they appear to be unusually shrewd, intelligent men. They are not disposed to give up their country and take up their abode in and unknown land without some extraordinary inducements are held out to them. Like all their race, they are capidious and supremely selfish. They would not hesitate to betray their own people and sell their birthright if the mess of pottage was only made sufficiently large and attractive. They may be bought, but cannot be frightened. They did not care the snap of their fingers for Grant's positive talk yesterday, but when Secretary Delano began to talk to them to-day about money they at once showed their eagerness to nibble at the bait. Delano is a better Indian diplomat than Grant, and although he apparently made but little progress in the negotiations to-day, nevertheless he very skillfully felt the Indian pulse and discovered that by arousing the cupidity of the savages success might yet attend the efforts of the ring and the Black Hills be gained. The braves were told that there were twenty-five thousand dollars lying in the treasury which could be divided up amongst them, provided they agreed to surrender the country on the north fork of the Republican, but they have only thirty days in which to make up their minds. If they did not come to a conclusion in that time, the money could not be paid. This intimation had an immediate and powerful effect. Indian like, Spotted Tail began to chaffer for more, but it is quite evident that in the end the tempting bait will be swallowed. As long as the Secretary and Commissioner talked about money, the Indians were eager and attentive listeners, but when they began to speak of possible bloodshed and wars the savage blood showed itself just as plainly as their cupidity had. The mistake made by Delano and Smith was in telling the Indians that Congress was their masters as well as the Indians. This at once suggested the notion to the Indian mind of dealing directly with the head men, Congressmen. They seemed intuitively to catch the idea that there was another great father which was the big daddy of all the fathers in Washington, and accordingly they said they didn't want to make a treaty now but wanted after a little further pow-wow to go home and then come again and have a grand council with Congress. It is not impossible that the reputation of our Credit Mobilier Congressmen has traveled out to the Black Hill country, and Red Cloud and Spotted Tail have conceived the notion of trying their hand at lobbying. They might make a ten strike, who knows? If there is really rich gold placers, big bonanzas in the Black Hills, of course these shrewd Indians know the choice ground, and, by placing a few good claims where they would do the most good, they might drive a good trade with the treaty-making branch of Congress.—Hon. John J. Patterson, Spencer, Dorsey, Clayton, West and all the carpet-bag crew, would prick up their ears at the sound of Red Cloud's guttural whispers of golden nuggets as big as goose eggs, which his dusky children could point out in some sequestered vale in that new Eldorado. While the Indians were at dinner to-day, some one entered their room and stole eight shirts from the Minneconjou band, five dollars from Spotted Tail, five dollars from Swift Bear, nineteen dollars from Face, and five dollars from Pawnee Killer.

THE DEATH OF BISHOP POLK.

We could plainly see three persons standing in front of a line of breastworks and a larger group in the background. As it was evident that they were watching our movements, Stanley suggested that a few shots be fired to drive them under cover. Howard suggested that perhaps Bishop Polk was in the party, when Stanley turned to Capt. Simonson, his chief of artillery, with the remark:

"Simonson, can't you unimber, put a shot into the group and give the Bishop a morning salutation?"

"I'll try," was Simonson's laconic reply. A few minutes later a section of the Fifth Indian battery (Simonson's) was unlimbered within twenty feet of us. The Lieutenant sighted the gun and the shot exploded over and to the right of the group. Simonson, when the gun had been reloaded, dismounted and said: "Here, Lieutenant, let me try it." He took the range and the messenger of death sped on its mission. Our glasses were bent upon the group and we observed a commotion as the shot took effect in the group that scattered to the rear. While Simonson was upon his knees sighting the gun for another discharge, Capt. Leonard, chief of Howard's Signal Corps sitting on his horse beside me, read the Confederate signal and caught the words:

"Gen. Polk is killed!" With a look of amazement Leonard turned to Howard and Stanley and exclaimed:

"Bishop Polk is killed!"

"What?" exclaimed Howard; "have you interpreted the signal correctly?"

"Yes, General; Simonson's last shot killed him. They are signalling it along the line."

The young men of the staff who were cracking jokes instantly ceased, and for a moment none spoke. Then Howard said:

"Well, a Christian has fallen. Such is war."

Just then Simonson caught the words: "Bishop Polk is killed!"

He was sighting the gun, and, lifting his eyes, that glared fearfully, exclaimed:

"What is that, Leonard?"

"Bishop Polk is killed! Your last shot did it. They are signalling it over the mountain," I replied.

Simonson's head dropped upon the "vent," where it rested a moment. Then, raising his eyes, he exclaimed:

"Thank God! Yesterday they killed my dear brother; I have killed a Lieutenant-General and am avenged!"

Without discharging the piece Simonson arose, remounted and joined the staff. The enemy was so demoralized that he evacuated the mountain, and half an hour afterward we stood upon the spot where Polk fell and saw the ground stained with his blood. A day or two after, poor Simonson fell shot on the skirmish line in Ackworth woods.—*New York Herald.*

"A Boston scrub woman is worth $8,000." She probably teaches music or a class in French between her scrubbing engagements.

What is the difference between bayonets and bullets?—Bayonets are driven, but bullets are lead.

Look out for the best aspects of a man as you do for fine views in the country.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS DEATH.

"There's no such thing as death,"
To those who think aright;
'Tis but the racer easing off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act,
Life's drama must contain;
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then an end of pain.

"There's no such thing as death;"
That which is thus miscalled,
Is life escaping from the chains
That have so long enthralled;
'Tis a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

"There's no such thing as death;"
In nature, nothing dies!
From each and remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise.
The faded leaf that falls,
All sere and brown to earth,
Ere long will mingle with the shapes
That give the flowerst birth.

"There's no such thing as death;"
'Tis but the blossom spray,
Sinking before the coming fruit,
That seeks the summer's ray;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for sight,
And weariness for power.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF ONE OF THE SWEETEST OF HYMNS.

The authorship of the well-beloved hymn, "I would not live alway," is called into question by Mr. O. H. Harpel, of Cincinnati, editor of the forthcoming volume of "The Poetry of Printerdom," who says that he can establish the fact that the hymn was written by Henry Ward, a printer, in 1822, and that the original manuscript was taken by Bishop Heber to a Methodist conference in that year. The story which Mr. Harpel brings forward has been told before, the last time in 1853, when it, temporarily attracted much attention, but was unheeded by Dr. Muhlenberg, the veritable author of the hymn, until he was requested by some of his clerical brethern to assure them of the facts and set their doubts at rest. His only answer was characteristic; "If you think I am capable of letting the work of another pass for so many years as my own, you would not be sure of anything I might say," and these words then silenced the story. On Thursday he at first spoke of the same import when asked whether he would furnish data from which a full history of the hymn might be written to refute fully and forever, Mr. Harpel's assertions. "I wrote it," said he, decidedly; "why of course I wrote it," he continued, with redoubled energy. "Twenty years ago this man Ward published that he wrote it and I copied it. I thought then that I could not with dignity enter into a controversy with him and I think I can't now. He was crazy; he must have been. That was all. Just picture now the same card that I printed in 1853 and it will be enough."

Dr. Muhlenberg's full name is William Augustus. He was born in Philadelphia, in 1796, and is the great grandson of the Rev. Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, the founder of the German Lutheran church in America. He is the grandson, too, of Gen. Peter Muhlenberg, the patriot clergyman who one hundred years ago was settled in Woodstock, Va., and who, mounting his pulpit one Sunday morning early in the Revolution, preached his last sermon upon the duties which men owe to their country, saying in conclusion, "There is a time for all things—a time to preach and a time to fight—and now is the time to fight," with which words he stripped off his clerical gown, appeared in full uniform, read his commission as colonel in the American army, and straightway formed a regiment among his parishioners. From his grandsire down Dr. Muhlenberg inherits the remarkable energy that has made his life so useful. He was ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal church about 1820. He preached for some time in Lancaster, from which place he removed to Flushing, L. I., and thence to New York, where he became rector of the church of the Holy Communion, a memorial church built by his sister. But his greatest work is St. Luke's hospital, which he projected and built, increasing a fund of $30 in 1846 to over $200,000 in 1857, and since its completion he has presided over it as superintendent and chaplain, occupying a suite of large, modestly furnished rooms in the first story, and worshiped by all officers and patients.

There he was found on Thursday, a man of nearly 80 years, of medium height and slender figure, with a long, strongly marked face, a firm square mouth, and a prominent nose. His white hair escaped from the confines of a small black velvet cap that he always wears in his room, and his clothes were black, of clerical fashion. In manner he was dignified and courteous, protestant vehemently, though, against any publication that might seem to indicate that he felt it necessary to defend his long-established claim to the beautiful hymn, but finally furnishing as historical matter the following facts:

"I did not write the hymn," said he, "as it is now sung. It was longer, much longer, and was first published more than fifty years ago. I revised three or four years ago, and published it through Whittaker & Co., with some reminiscences, which will give you all the details you may want." According to the notes referred to by Dr. Muhlenberg, the original hymn first appeared in the *Episcopal Recorder*, in Philadelphia, in 1824. That it was written on an occasion of private grief is a fancy. In 1826 the general convention of the Episcopal church appointed a committee to prepare a collection of hymns, to be added to the fifty-six, then the whole number attached to the prayer book. This measure was in consequence of an awakened interest in hymnology, owing to articles on "Church poetry," and "A plea for christian hymns," addressed to the magnates of the church by Dr. Muhlenberg through the religious press. He was chosen by the convention as one of the committee, and the Rev. Dr. H. Onderdonk, the rector of St. Ann's in Brooklyn, as another. Dr. Muhlenberg was further appointed on a subcommittee to pass preliminary judgment upon all hymns submitted. Two years before he had published in the *Episcopal Recorder* the following poem, the original form of the hymn:

THE ORIGINAL HYMN.

I would not live alway—live alway below!
Oh, no; I'll not linger when bidden to go;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here,
Are enough for lives worn, full enough for listless;
Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of God,
Apostles, and martyrs, so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethern and friends are all hastening home!

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves radiance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bearsthm away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine, ere I'm captive again

E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears,
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own miserere prolongs.

I would not live alway—no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed,
Then the glorious day break, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise,
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies,
Who would live always away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethern, transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harper ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolded those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
O, give me, O, give me the wings of a dove,
To adore Him, be near him, except with his love;
I but wait the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord.

This poem Dr. Onderdonk abridged into a hymn of suitable length for church use, and submitted it to Dr. Muhlenburg for revision. In this way it was moulded into the form in which it is now known and sung in every Christian household of the land, and was then passed upon favorably by the sub-committee having charge of the subject. There were no changes from the sentiment of the original composition; only four lines in the new differ from the original, and these only in a few words, as will be seen by comparison between the two. As it is now printed in the church hymnal it reads:

THE HYMN AS IT IS EVERYWHERE SUNG.

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
Where the noontide of glory eternally reigns.

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethern, transported to greet;
While the anthems of nature unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

The general committee did not meet until 1829, and then the members assembled in the house of Bishop White, in Philadelphia. The report of the subcommittee was presented, and each of the hymns was passed upon separately. When this one came up one of the members said that it was very sweet and pretty, but rather sentimental, upon which it was unanimously thrown out. Dr. Muhlenberg, who was not suspected as the author, voted against it himself. That he thought was the end of it, for the committee agreed upon their report that night and adjourned.

But the next morning Dr. Onderdonk, who had not attended on the previous evening, called on Dr. Muhlenberg to inquire what had been done. Upon being told that among the rejected hymns was the one representing their joint labors, he said: "That will never do," and went about among the members of the committee, soliciting them to restore the hymn in their report, which accordingly they did, so that to him is due the credit of giving it to the church at that time.

After these bits of history had been examined and notes had been taken, Dr. Muhlenberg, who had been stretched on his lounge for a half hour or more, arose and said jocosely, but still in his quick, earnest manner: "I cannot help thinking, after reviewing these facts, that I wrote the hymn and that Mr. Ward did not, but I also feel very certain that I am sorry that I ever had anything to do with it, for it has given me a great deal of trouble during the past fifty years. People are wanting the history of it and authority for its genuineness, and it has been a burden, a great burden."

"Doctor," said the reporter, "I notice that in Beecher's Plymouth collection 'the mornings that dawn on us, here' are termed 'lucid' instead of 'lurid.' Will you tell me which is correct?"

"Why 'lurid' is right of course," replied the venerable poet quickly, "for that is the way it appears in all of my works." "But," added he with a smile, "perhaps this man Ward wrote their hymn for them." Then he pleasantly bade the reporter farewell.

Dr. Muhlenberg has written many other hymns; one of the most popular of which is that opening with

"Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,"

which he composed at the particular request of Bishop Hobart, who wanted something that could be sung to the tune of Avison, then popular to the words by Moore, "Sound the loud timbrel." The bishop liked the verses so well that he had some struck off on loose sheets before the hymns were published, that they might be sung in Trinity church on Christmas day, 1829. But of all the poet's songs, the one which the printer Ward wildly claimed is the one which has found its way straightest to the popular heart, and which has become at once a mother's lullaby and a church's anthem. In 1871, in his seventy-sixth year, Dr. Muhlenberg evangelized the poem of his youth, by replacing the phrase exhibiting the sentimentality of younger days by the more sober and orthodox expressions of age, publishing the work through Whittaker & Co. for the benefit of one of his numerous charities.

He prefaces this latest edition of the verses with an apologetic fable, in which the hymn personified protests against the change. "Evangelize me!" quoth the hymn. "Am I a heathen or an infidel that I need any such process? Am I not already in good odor with evangelical Christians? Are they not satisfied with my present form? Am I not dear to them in their churches and their homes? Am I not a comfort to them in their sorrows, when they truly desire not to 'live away'? Have I not been on the lips of departing saints, and afterward in the funeral dirge, the sweet solace of the bereaved? Why then interfere with such sacred associations? Besides, it is too late. I am imprinted on memories where I shall remain unchanged, and am stereotyped in well-nigh all the hymn books in the land. Further, I am no longer in your possession. I belong to the Christian public. No, my dear father, let well alone, and only be thankful for the blessed privilege you have enjoyed through your favored offspring."

In reply the author quaintly informs the discontented hymn that she has some faults in word and phrase which must be corrected, and that she has a grave defect in having too little evangelical faith, a supply of which must be furnished her. The new, though a more correct hymn in word and doctrine, will never supplant the song which has been sung so long.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Art has little power to teach, but is a faithful index of what has been taught.

AGE.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy years of age, that ever I knew, were to be divided: 1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.—*Coleridge.*

When a noble life has prepared old age, it is not the decline that it reveals, but the first days of immortality.—*Madame de Staël.*

The evening of life brings with it its lamps.—*Joubert.*

Can man be so age-stricken that no faintest sunshine of his youth may revisit him once a year? It is impossible. The moss on our time-worn mansion brightens into beauty; the good old pastor, who once dwelt here, renewed his prime and regained his boyhood in the genial breezes of his ninetieth spring. Alas for the worn and heavy soul, if, whether in youth or age, it has outlived its privilege of springtime sprightliness!—*Hawthorne.*

Age makes us not childish, as some say; it finds us still true children.—*Goethe.*

O sir, you are old; nature in you stands on the very verge of her confine; you should be ruled and led by some discretion, that discerns your state better than you yourself.—*Shakespeare.*

Age is rarely despised but when it is contemptible.—*Johnson.*

Old age likes to dwell in the recollections of the past, and, mistaking the speedy march of years, often is inclined to take the prudence of the winter time for a fit wisdom of mid-summer days. Manhood is bent to the passing cares of the passing moment, and holds so closely to his eyes the sheet of "to-day," that it screens the "to-morrow" from his sight.—*Kossuth.*

They say women and music should never be dated.—*Goldsmith.*

We should provide for our age, in order that our age may have no urgent wants of this world to absorb it from the meditation of the next. It is awful to see the lean hands of dotage making a coffer of the grave!—*Bulwer Lytton.*

There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man, who is neither capable of receiving pleasures nor sensible of doing them to others.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living.—*Goldsmith.*

Old age is never honored among us, but indulged, as childhood is; and old men lose one of the most precious rights of man—that of being judged by their peers.—*Goethe.*

A healthly old fellow, who is not a fool, is the happiest creature living.—*Steele.*

It is noticeable how intuitively in age we go back with strange fondness to all that is fresh in the earliest dawn of youth. If we never cared for little children before, we delight to see them roll in the grass over which we hobble on crutches. The grandsire turns wearily from his middle-aged, care-worn son, to listen with infant laugh to the prattle of an infant grandchild. It is the old who plant young trees; it is the old who are most saddened by the autumn, and feel most delight in the returning spring.—*Bulwer Lytton*

No wise man ever wished to be younger.—*Swift.*

Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, is second childishness, and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.—*Shakespeare.*

It is difficult to grow old gracefully.—*Madam de Stael.*

Though sinking in decripit age, he prematurely falls whose memory records no benefit conferred on him by man. They only have lived long who have lived virtuously.—*Sheridan.*

Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success.—*Bacon.*

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they are merely making a sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.—*Swift.*

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.—*Swift.*

We see time's furrows on another's brow; how few themselves, in that just mirror, see!—*Young.*

There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce, as a proof that he has lived long, except his years.—*Seneeca.*

I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows to twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—*Longfellow.*

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—*Goethe.*

One's age should be tranquil, as one's childhood should be playful; hard work, at either extremity of human existence, seems to me out of place; the morning and the evening should be alike cool and peaceful; at midday the sun may burn, and men may labor under it.—*Dr. Arnold.*

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age, that it was the childhood of immortality.—*Pindar.*

Cautious age suspects the flattering form, and only credits what experience tells.—*Johnson.*

WAITING.—How pleasant it is to wait—not upon the table—but for some one to come in from whom you expect a hundred dollars, to pay a note before three o'clock, of which time it only lacks twenty-five minutes. We have seen a man under such circumstances, with large beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, though the thermometer showed but thirty degrees above zero. This same man had been waiting all his life Micawber-like, for something to turn up; and we found him still waiting, and he will continue to wait. So it is with half the world. They are waiting, waiting for something to turn up—and why are they waiting? Simply because they don't take time by the forelock, don't provide ahead, don't buy an umbrella in fair weather and provide for rainy days. The true business-man never has to wait. He is always ahead with his business. He never lets his business get ahead of him.

THOUGHTFUL QUERY.—A little fellow, who had just commenced reading the papers, asked his father if the words "hon. gentleman," applied to a Member of Congress, meant "honest?"—That boy will do!

ONE FOR MASTER.—"I say, Pat, where did you get that rogue's hat?"—"Please, your honor," said Pat, "tis an old one of yours that missis gave me yesterday when you went to town."

Avoid a contest if possible, for you can never be sure how a contest will end.

SMILES AND TEARS.

Imitating Evelyn's remark about the strawberry, we say that though Horace might have written a prettier poem on spring than the Fourth Ode of his First Book, we are certain that he never did. We thought of it the other morning as the snow was falling; and opening the volume, satisfied ourselves that the wind must have changed while friend Flaccus was inditing this little piece; for though it is jolly and vernal down to the eleventh verse, the poet there bursts (metaphorically) into tears, and gives five lines (*Pallida mors, &c.*) which are nearest to pathos of anything in his works. He would never have been so uncivil as to remind Consul Sextius, of Pluto, of Mars, and of the Manes, if the wind had not shifted into a shivery quarter. One hates to say things of spring, but then, like many a pretty woman, she is very trying. With all our love of novelty we have an equal love of consistency and congruity; and it is the occasional sharpness of the sweetest which lacerates our feelings most painfully. There are no frauds like the frauds of those whom we are fond of; and when the saccharine is transmuted into the subacidulous by the chemistry of temper, we are all of us, if the truth must be told, inclined to retaliate in kind.—Spring arrives when we are quite weary of low temperatures, and finds us a little irritated by the prolonged struggle to keep our constitutions well supplied with carbon. Quite unannounced she comes to us, may be in the morning, her eyes full of light and tenderness, her face warm with unaccustomed sunshine, and so she woos us by her unbackneyed and virginal ways, is sweeter than the roses which she suggests though she may not bring them, while her perfumed breath, with its savor of violets, is a hint of the atmosphere of Paradise. We are at her feet in a moment. We welcome her as the harbinger of balmy days full of a new vitality, and of June evenings almost overladen with the wealth of their own sensuous luxury. Ah! my lady, if you were always thus! We have flung open the casement that you may enter; we have sought the meadow and the lane and the stream-side to find you; we have chased you up the freshening hill, and hunted for you in the groves which are still bare and brown! Why should we find you at last in tears? Why, dear, are you so inexpressibly absurd and unreasonable?—Why so suddenly cold and hysterical? What do you think that your old friend Jamie Thomson would have said to such conduct—he who called you "gentle spring," and sang so prettily of your "ethereal mildness?"

It is a curious fact that none of the seasons give as the idea of permanence. There is a perpetual looking for of weather. In our climate it is only in October that we have anything like a long succession of serene days; and unquestionably the meteorology of Heaven, if it have any, is of the October sort. The rest of the year is mostly change, contrast, uncertainty, just as our lives are. These violent mutations, cultivate our patiences as we may, are a misfortune (if for no other reason), because they hindered us from attaining that habitual mood which is necessary to the full enjoyment of natural beauties and influences. The effort to make the most of a fine day despoils us of its pleasure. There is no real joy in struggling to be joyous. The southwestern gales are only half delicious, if they find us doggedly apprehensive of northeastern insolense. *Carpe diem* is a venerable maxim, but then we must have "a day" to enjoy, not a fragment of two or three hours, and, these half-spoiled by threats of change. How shall we be able to dote comfortably if