THE

"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

GOODLANDER & LEE,

CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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G. B. GOODLANDER,
NOEL B. LEE,
Publishers.

Cards.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
je26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
☞Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor.
9:30'74

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov12'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
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 1-6m*

JOSEPH S. 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. je11'73

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

☞Office in Graham's Row. [dec5-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
'11:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [nov21,66.

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 street, opp. Court House, Jan. 5, 1874.

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. 28:63: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. y:pd

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. n1'71

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

Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

☞Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 8 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 Pennfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 12 tf.

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. [apr4,'66-tf

---

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
☞Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.

Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-73

D. M. DOHERTY,
FASHIONABLE BARBER & HAIR DRESSER.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Shop next door to Weaver & Betts' store, Second street.
july 14, '75-y

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.

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 & C
dealers in
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHO
3:17 531 Market Street, Philadelphia. 75

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor.

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2446.

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.
e25-1y 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.

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. [jy16'72

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. my25:1ypd

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,
9:10'73 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
je11'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
je19'72 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. [jy3172

JAMES H. LYTLE,
No. 4 Pie's Opera House, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr14'73-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. [my17'74y

Livery Stable.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing H...ses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 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—large and small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr8'74 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 10-'75.

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. [4:14'75

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.
Presquisle Street,
Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.
26,May 1875.

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.

THE MECHANIC.

What builds a nation's pillars high,
And its foundations strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?

It is not Gold? Its kingdoms grand
Go down in battle's shock;
Its shafts are laid in sinking sand,
Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust
Of empires passed away;
The blood has turned their stones to rust,
Their glory to decay.

And is it Pride? Ah! that bright crown
Has seemed to nations sweet;
But God has struck its lustre down
In ashes at His feet.

Not in Gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly;
They build a nation's pillars deep,
And lift them to the sky.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

THE ATTENDING PHYSICIAN'S ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH—"MY DEAR VIRGINIA! MY DEAR LENORE!"—"THE ARCHED HEAVENS ENCOMPASS ME!"—"SHIP OF FIRE! SEA OF BRASS!"

The following official letter concerning the death of Edgar Allan Poe from his attending physician is published for the first time in the New York *Herald*. It will be read with thrilling interest:

OFFICIAL MEMORANDA OF EDGAR A. POE.

BY J. J. MORAN, M. D.

Edgar A. Poe was brought in a hack to the Washington University Hospital, situated on Broadway, north of Baltimore street, Baltimore City, on the 7th of October, 1849. He had been found lying upon a bench in front of a large mercantile house on Light street wharf. He was in a stupor, whether from liquor or opium was not at first known. A gentleman passing along the pavement noticed several persons collected about the spot, and looking in through the crowd was suddenly impressed with the face, and on close inspection recognized the poet. He had been there since early dawn.

A policeman sent for a hack and directed the hackman to convey him to the above named hospital, which was in my charge, being the resident physician and living in the dwelling attached thereto. It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when he entered the house. He was immediately placed in a private room, carefully undressed and critically examined. I had not then any knowledge of his previous condition or what were his habits. There was no smell of liquor upon his person or breath. There was no delirium or tremor. His skin was pallid, with slight nausea at the stomach and a strong disposition to sleep. His condition was more of a stupor. He was sponged with lukewarm water, sinapisms applied to the feet, thighs and abdomen, and cold applied to the head.

I had the room darkened and he was otherwise made as comfortable as he could have been in his own room at home. I placed an experienced nurse at the threshold of his room door, with orders to watch him closely and prevent the slightest noise from without, and give notice of any sign of wakefulness or consciousness.

In half an hour after I left him he threw the cover from his breast, opened his eyes and said:

"Where am I?"

The nurse gave me the signal, and I was immediately at his side. I drew a chair close to the bed, took his hand in my own, and with the other smoothed his forehead, pushing back the dark, raven curls that covered it, and asked him how he felt.

He said, "miserable."

"Do you suffer any pain?"

"No."

"Do you feel sick at the stomach?"

"Yes."

"Are you thirsty?"

"No."

"Does your head suffer—have you pain there?" putting my hand on his head.

"Yes."

"Does it feel heavy or dull?"

"Heavy; mind cloudy," he said.

"How long have you been sick?"

"Can't say."

"Where have you been stopping?"

"In a hotel on Pratt street, opposite the depot."

"Have you a trunk or a valise, or anything there that you would like to have with you?"

"Yes, a trunk with my papers and manuscripts."

"If you order it I will send for it."

He thanked me and said, "Do so at once;" remarking, "You are very kind—Where am I, doctor?"

"You are in the care of your friends."

To which he replied:

"My best friend would be the man who would blow my brains out with a pistol."

"Try and be quiet, Mr. Poe; we will do all we can to make you comfortable and relieve your distress."

"Oh, wretch that I am! Sir, when I behold my degredation and ruin, what I have suffered and lost, and the sorrow and misery I have brought upon others, I feel that I could sink through this bed into the lower-most abyss below, forsaken by God and man, an outcast from society. Oh, God! the terrible strait I am in! Is there no ransom for the deathless spirit?"

"Mr. Poe, do try and compose yourself, and take this draught; it will soothe and revive you."

He reached out his hand to take the glass, the nurse raising his head while I administered the cordial. He drank it and was laid down, closing his eyes as though going to sleep.

I remained by his side, watching closely every breath, manner of breathing, and trying to make out my diagnosis. I had been impressed that he was suffering from the too free use of alcoholic drink, only from what I could gather from those who saw him on the wharf, and did not know how long he had been in this state, but he did not manifest symptoms to justify their suspicions. He had no tremor, was not fidgety with his hands, or impatient, but answered all my questions calmly and rationally. There was great pallor of face, no injection of the coats of the eyes, and pulse sharp and quick. I noticed some twitching of the eyelids while closed; also of the muscles of the face, and slight jerking of the limbs. He remained in this state about one hour, when he again waked up, suddenly opening his eyes.

I said to him, both to be of service and to ascertain whether he would be inclined to take liquor, for with intemperate subjects who have delirium tremens, a little of the hair of the dog that bites them often produces a cure:

"Will you take a little toddy?"

He opened wide his large eyes and fixed them so steadily upon me and with such anguish in them that I looked from him to the wall beyond the bed. He said:

"Sir, if its potency would transport me to the Elysian bowers of the un

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEM

discovered spirit world, I would not taste it—I would not taste it. Of its horrors, who can tell?"

"I must administer an opiate to give you sleep and rest."

Then he rejoined: "Twin devil and spectre of crazed and doomed mortals mortals of earth and perdition!"

"Mr. Poe, it is very necessary that you should be quiet and free from excitement. You are in a critical condition, and excitement will hasten your death."

"Doctor, I am ill. Is there no hope?"

"The chances are against you."

"How long, oh, how long, before I see my dear Virginia? My dear Lenore! I would like to see my love, my dear love!"

"I will send for any one you wish to see."

I knew nothing of his family, and asked, "Have you a family?"

"No, my wife is dead—my dear Virginia; my mother-in-law lives. Oh, how my heart bleeds for her! Death's dark angel has done this work. I am rudely dashed upon the storm without compass or helm. Language cannot tell the gushing wave that swells, sways and sweeps, tempest-like, over me, signaling the 'larum of death. Doctor, write to my mother, Maria Clemm. Tell her, her Eddie is here. No, too late! too late! I must lift the pall and open to you the secret that sears the heart, and, dagger-like, pierces the soul. I was to have been married in ten days." [Here he stopped to weep.]

"Shall I send for the lady?" I asked, supposing she lived in the city.

"Too late! too late!"

I said, "Oh, no; I will send my carriage immediately."

"No, write—write to both. Inform them of my illness and death both at the same time."

"Give me their address."

"Mrs. Shelton, Norfolk, Virginia, and Maria Clemm, Lowell, Massachusetts."

Noticing the color rising to his face and the blood-vessels filling upon his temples, and the eyes becoming congestive and inclining upward, I asked no more questions, but ordered ice to his head and heat to his extremities, repeating the cordial with an anodyne, and waited with the nurse outside the door for fifteen minutes. No further change except that his pulse had increased in frequency and was feeble and flying. I kept a nurse in his room, and told her outside to prevent his being disturbed, and to notify me of any change that might take place.

I had sent for his cousin, Nelson Poe, having learned he was his relative, and a family named Reynolds, who lived in the neighborhood of the hospital. These were the only persons whose names I heard him mention living in the city. Mr. W. N. Poe came, and the female members of Mrs. Reynolds' family. He continued in an unconscious state for more than an hour. On again examining his pulse I found it very feeble, sharp and irregular—one hundred and twenty to the minute. I proceeded to give him a febrifuge mixture and a stimulant. He partially aroused while getting the draught, and seemed to stare, the pupils of his eyes dilating and contracting alternately. I sat down by his bedside, took his hand, placed my fingers upon his wrist, and felt assured from all the symptoms that nature was yielding. I had beef tea administered with ammonia. My particular friend, Professor John C. S. Monkur—who gave much of his time to the inmates of the hospital, and particularly, when specially called upon, was always ready, and carefully attended the summons night or day when within reach—had been sent for two or three times previously; but being out attending to his general patients, had just retured, and came in at the moment. As soon as he fixed his eye upon him he said:

"Doctor, he's dying!"

I replied, "Yes, I fear it is all over."

He carefully examined his case, and, being in possession of all the facts in regard to the agents employed and symptoms presented—which were carefully noted down in a record-book of the hospital—he gave it as his opinion, which I was fully prepared to corroborate, that Poe's death was caused by excessive nervous excitement from exposure, followed by loss of nervous power. The most appropriate name for his disease is encephalitis.

The doctor advised free use of wine, beef-tea, and gentle cordials, while using ice to the head. The patient raised his hand to his mouth, as though he wanted drink. A small lump of ice was placed upon his tongue. I then gave him a mouthful of water to see whether he could sallow freely. He took it, swallowed with some difficulty; but he drank a wine-glass of beef-tea. He seemed to revive, and opened his eyes, fixing his gaze upon the transom over the door, each room having transoms over the door for ventilation and air. He kept them unmoved for more than a minute. He was lying directly opposite this transom. He seemed trying to articulate, but was inaudible.

At last he spoke feebly: "Doctor, it's all over. Write 'Eddie is no more.'"

"Eddie" was a term used by Mrs. Clemm, his mother-in-law.

"Mr. Poe, permit me to say that you are near your end. Have you any wish or word for friends?"

He said, "Evermore!"

I continued: "Look to your Savior. There is mercy for you and for all mankind. 'God is love.'"

"The arched heavens," he rejoined, "encompass me, and God has His decrees legibly written upon the frontlets of every created human being and demon incarnate, their goal will be the seething waves of black despair."

"Hope and trust Him."

"Self-murderer, there is a gulf beyond the stream. Where is the buoy, life-boat, ship of fire, sea of brass? Rest, shore no more!"

His eyes turned upward until the white balls were all that could be seen. Muscular jerking and twitching set in, and with one general tremor all was over.

This occurred about 12 o'clock, midnight, 7th October, 1849.

I had meantime learned from him, and afterward from the porter at the hotel on Pratt street, then Bradshaw's, now called the Maltby House, that he arrived there on the evening of the 5th, was seen to go to the depot to take the cars for Philadelphia, and that the conductor, on going through the car for tickets, found him lying in the baggage car insensible. He took him as far as Havre de Grace, where the cars then passed each other, or as far as Wilmington, I forget which, and placed him in the train coming to Baltimore. He had left his trunk in the hotel in Baltimore. Arriving on the evening train he was not seen by any person about the hotel when he returned to the city. The presumption is he wandered about during the night, and found a bench some time before morning to sleep upon on Light street wharf, where he was seen and taken from about nine o'clock next morning.

A short time before his death I received his trunk from the hotel, as per order, and put it in the care of Mrs. Nelson Poe, for his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemn. I have her letters to me, after his death, thanking me for attention, kindness, etc. to her darling Eddie.

After death he was washed and carefully laid out, dressed in a suit of black cloth and placed in state in the large rotunda of the college building, where hundreds of his friends and admirers came in crowds to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. Not less than fifty ladies were each furnished, at their earnest solicitation, with a small lock of his beautiful black hair. His body was kept in the rotunda for one whole day. On the morning of the 9th he was buried in the Westminster burying ground, corner of Fayette and Green streets, Baltimore, it being the old family burying ground of the Poes. A large number of our citizens, many of the most distinguished and prominent literary and professional men, followed his remains to their sepulture. But of all the crowds of citizens and mourners that wept over the lamented poet, there was one mourner not visible. Yet the depth of her sincerity and grief could not be measured by mortal eyes, and would defy the most skeptical doubt. I mean his mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Clemm, who was his aunt as well, he having married his first cousin. I had communicated, as soon as his death occurred, to her the sad intelligence of his fate, to which she replied in strains of the deepest sorrow, and thanking me for my attention and communication, and in her own language, the letters being in my possession yet:

"My prayer is that God may bless you for soothing the dying hours of my precious darling, Eddie. Please get Mr. N. Poe to return his last letter to me, for I prize it above rubies. It is a hundred times more precious. He was the most affectionate of sons to me. It was a devotion he had gained and kept until death."

Poe's appearance had not materially changed. His face was calm, and a smile seemed to play around his mouth, and all who saw him exclaimed, "How natural he looks!" There was no discoloration of the skin. He looked to be in a natural sleep.

He was a handsome man, elegantly dressed, and but few could claim advantage over him in this regard. His head was exquisitely modeled—forehead very prominent and largely developed, its measurement corresponding to that of the great Napoleon Bonaparte, a cast of which was in my possession. His skin was fair, hair raven black and inclined to curl, teeth perfectly good, and eyes gray. His weight was about one hundred and forty-five pounds, and height five feet ten inches. His hands were as delicate as a lady's. His shroud was made by my wife and a few of her lady friends, who considered it an honor to contribute in any wise to the distinguished poet. A gentleman from Europe, a celebrated physician, was with him a few minutes before his death, and went over the deceased. He said he considered him the greatest critic and best American poet living. He had read all his works and sought eagerly for everything relating thereto.

J. J. Moran, M. D.,
Resident physician, for seven years, of the Washington University Hospital, Broadway, Baltimore City, Md.

* * *

FOR WOMANKIND.

"It is better to love a man you can never marry than to marry one you can never love." This is a short text for a long sermon, says some wise man or woman. We do not propose to tire any one with a long sermon upon it. This weather is discouraging to long sermons—even were they worthy to be endured at any season. A few words on the text are sufficient. A loveless marriage is much worse for a woman in every way than for a man. In the first place woman has the credit, whether she deserves it or not, of being much more refined, of possessing much more delicacy and sensibility than the "stronger sex." Being thus higher, her degredation, when it comes, is much more thorough and terrible. Few things can conduce to this result in a greater degree than the constant and intimate relation of married life with a man whom she does not love. We have heard refined young women speak with disgust of the coarseness of their conversation of a class of their married lady acquaintances, and in many cases have traced this disagreeable trait back to its cause—a well-known loveless wedded life. Then again perhaps the woman who marries for support, for home, an "establishment," or because she has never loved any one and fears that the present will be her last chance (dreadful thought), afterwards meets some one whom she can and does love. The result is easily foreseen, either a life spent in the terrible effort to subdue an unhappy passion or the divorce court. After all, the good old Quaker custom is best, due deliberation and reflection before "entering into the married state." Marrying in haste to repent at leisure, is very fashionable now-a-days, but it is a fashion which can be profitable or pleasant only to the lawyers, and not to them if they have any pity for the unhappy victims of anti-nuptial foolishness and post-nuptial misery.

* * *

Faith as a Medicine.—The cure of any illness which does not consist in a disorganization of the tissues can often be accomplished when the person thinks that it can be done. If we physicians, who treat patients every day, had the power to make them believe that they are to be cured, especially if we could name a time for it, it would be a great element in success. I have succeeded sometimes, and may say that I succeed more now than formerly, because I have myself the faith that I can, in giving faith, obtain a cure. I wish, indeed, that physicians who are younger than myself, and who will have more time to study this question than I have, would take it up, especially in those cases in which there is a functional nervous affection only to deal with, as it is particularly, though not only, in those cases that a cure can be obtained. Indeed, a cure may thus be obtained in certain organic affections; even in dropsy it may lead to a cure. You know it will stop pain; that going to a dentist is often enough to make the toothache disappear. I have seen patients come to me with terrible neuralgia, who dreaded the operation I was about to perform, and just at the time I was about to undertake it, ceased to suffer.—*Dr. Brown Sequard.*

* * *

Touching conclusions of an obituary notice in an Indiana newspaper: "He was an elder in the Metodist church and the leader of the brass band in the village."

CONSECRATION OF POHICK CHURCH.

On Sunday, October 3d, 1875, Pohick church was consecrated by Bishop Johns. This edifice is about twelve miles from Alexandria, and six miles from Mount Vernon. It was the church which Washington regularly attended, never permitting any company to detain him. He was one of the vestry, and when there was much disputing as to the localities of the church, he drew an accurate map of the parish with his own hand, and proved to the vestry that the present site was the best one. The church was built in 1774, as the date upon upon it still shows. In 1838 it had fallen into decay. "The wide open doors," as Bishop Meade says, "invited not only the passing traveller, but every beast of the field, and fowl of the air. The interior is still good. The roof only is decaying and the rain was dripping through. On the doors of the pews are still to be seen the names of Washingtons, Masons, and Fairfaxes, in gilt letters." The Bishop then went on to make a strong appeal for its restoration on the ground of patriotism and religion. Soon after, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, who officiated in the parish, collected about eight hundred dollars, chiefly from members of Congress, for its repair, which was expended on a new roof. It was used for Episcopal services occasionally till the war. The Rev. Charles Howard, of Baltimore, then a student of the Seminary, officiated with great zeal and success as a lay reader. During the war it was desecrated by the soldiers; fires were kindled in it for cooking their provisions; the flooring of stone was carried off for fire-places; the roof was riddled by musket-balls; an attempt was made to blow up one of the corners in order to obtain the coins supposed to be deposited there, which was unsuccessful from the thickness of the walls. It continued in this state till Theodore Wetmore, Esq., of Dutchess county, New York, by his own munificent contributions, and, aided by friends, has thoroughly repaired it. He has shown extraordinary zeal in this good work, and has made frequent visits to superintend, in person, its repairs; on one occasion walking twelve miles from Alexandria; and he must have been rich rewarded in his own heart, when, at the re-opening, he was permitted in person to see his untiring efforts in its behalf crowned with success. The day of consecration was one of the most beautiful of early autumn, and the sun shone brightly into the windows of the old church upon a congregation which filled it. The morning service was conducted by the Rev. Drs. McElhinney and Packard, followed by an address by Bishop Johns. An organ, recently obtained by Mr. Wetmore, "swelled the notes of praise" to Almighty God. Pohick church should be one of the places of pilgrimage for the admirers of Washington. In the recent centennial commemorations no one has been more interesting than the consecration of Washington's old church.—*Southern Churchman.*

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[illegible] A good joke is told of a wealthy New Yorker, with an eye for a good horse, who, shortly after betaking himself to his summer residence on Long Island, in April last, was sitting on his piazza one fine morning, and noticing a pair of fine steppers that were being driven on the road in front of his house. The team consisted of a bay and a gray mare, and the driver was an unassuming, quiet, well-behaved young man. The New Yorker noticed them again on the following day, and was more than ever impressed with their fine style and graceful step, and he decided at once to buy them. Accordingly on the next day he stationed himself at his gate, and when the team came jogging by he signaled the driver to stop.

"That's a pretty fair team you drive," says he.

"Yes, they are moderately good steppers," was the response.

"Are they for sale?" asked the New Yorker.

"Well, yes, I would sell them," was the rather hesitating reply.

"Send them along down the road and back, so that I can see how they move," says the New Yorker.

Up and down they were sent a few times, and at length the gentleman was satisfied, and signaled the driver to pull up.

"I like them pretty well," said he, "and will buy them if the price is not too high. What do you ask for them?"

"Sixty-five thousand dollars," was the reply, very cooly given.

The gentleman opened his eyes and mouth in astonishment, and Charley Green drove off with Lulu and Fleety Gold-dust at a 2.25 gait, leaving the old gentleman to wonder at the high prices of good, fair roadsters.

* * *

GENIUS AND POVERTY.—It is one of the mysteries of life that genius, the noblest gift of God to man, is nourished by poverty. Its greatest works have been achieved by the sorrowing ones of the world in tears and despair. Not in the brilliant saloon, furnished with every comfort and elegance; not in the library, well fitted, softly carpeted, and looking out upon a smooth green lawn, or a broad expanse of scenery; not in ease and competence is genius born and nurtured, but more frequently in adversity and destitution, amidst the harassing cares of a straightened household, in bare and fireless garrets, with the noise of squalling children, in the midst of the turbulence of domestic contentions, and in the deep gloom of uncheered despair, is genius born and reared. This is its birth place, and in scenes like these, unpropitious, repulsive, wretched, have men labored, studied, and trained themselves, until they have at last emanated out of the gloom of that obscurity the shining lights of their times; become the companions of kings, the guides and teachers of their kind; exercised an influence upon the thought of the world amounting to a species of intellectual legislation.

* * *

A HEROINE BY MISTAKE.—One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence on Broadway. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and while deliberating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, pushed him down through the hall, and forced him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a Woman" was the way the story was told the next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed: "Good gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar! If I had, I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."

THE FARMER'S WEALTH.

Manure is to the farmer what capital is to the merchant. Without it his labor will be in vain, his drafts dishonored, and his soul discouraged. A discouraged man is not good for much. It is not every one that can afford to buy the trade fertilizers, and these are too often without merit. They are to be purchased with caution and judgment. In the matter of manure we believe almost wholly in home manufacture, and are persuaded there is no branch of farming entitled to more attention than this. We can hardly name a substance out of which the earth with its secret chemistry cannot extract strength and nourishment. The earth needs food as much as the ox. Rich fields are well fed. The virgin earth manured by the decaying vegetation of ages yields fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, but man soon exhausts it. We take from the hand of God and the bosom of the earth mercies untold, for which we forget to make returns. Ingratitude dries up generosity. The race robs the earth and passes on. Sections which were once prolific now are barren. This continent, with eastern immigration, is once more being skimmed. We first sell the forests, and then extract from the first few inches of earth and move on. The duty of return is seldom present with us. The ashes of the forest are sent to the merchants to bleach the calicoes of Fall River and Manchester.

The material for making manure is most abundant. Nature cries to us to be wise in the application of the decaying things about us. The very weeds of the highways can be made available. An old shoe or a big bone will tell in the orchards for twenty-five years. The wash-tub of the kitchen, if rightly used, is a fountain of nourishment. Some stones, clays and mucks are convertible into food for the ground. The manure of a well fed animal is worth twice as much as that of one poorly fed, whose owner, perhaps, lays out in whisky what he should lay out in fodder. Every farm has on and within itself the powers of recuperation, and if man will only appropriate these secrets, there will be fewer discouraged farmers. Knowledge and reflection, judgment and industry, can increase the yield of farms almost indefinately. The key to agricultural improvement in other countries has been root crops and clover fed to good stock on the farms; and the same key will open the door to prosperity here. Beef and mutton, hides and wool, butter and cheese, poultry and eggs, are always in demand, and, unlike grain crops, producing them leaves the land better. Nay, keeping live stock in proper proportions enables the farm to produce more and better grain in a series of years than it could do if it were devoted to nothing but grain culture. Wherever butter and cheese factories abound the land becomes much more beautiful and productive. Is there no lesson in this fact?

NUMBER THREETH.

Miss Ageratum Wiggles went into one of our shoe stores the other day to buy a pair of lasting gaiters.

Miss Ageratum is not as young as she once was, but still shakes her cork-screw curls in a very girlish manner. On this occasion she lisped very prettily, owing to the fact that she had just left her front teeth at the dentist's to be mended.

"I'll look at your lathting gaiterth, if you pleath, thir."

Clerk produces a box and inquires, "What number do you wish?"

"Number threeth, thir."

"Here is a pair, ma'am."

Miss Ageratum put her hand in one and sweetly asked:

"Have you a pair the thame number a little wider in the thole?"

Clerk produces number 3½, and says:

"Yes, ma'am, here's a pair."

"If you pleath, I would like a pair a little fuller in the toeth."

Clerks hands out a pair of number 4, saying:

"These are about right, I guess."

Miss Ageratum seated herself, pushed back her ringlets, arranged the folds of her dress, and proceeded to take off her shoe. She did not seem to make much headway with number 4, and, raising her head in an artless manner, said:

"It appearth to me, thir, the numberth get thmaller every year."

The obliging clerk produced a pair of number 5's, handed them to her and gallantly observed:

"Yes, ma'am, it does really seem to me so; just slip your foot into this one. It's a little roomier, so to speak."

"Yeth, it ith, but it ith very tight acroth the inthep."

"Ah! well here's a pair which I'm sure will be just exactly right—would be willing to take my oath on it," and with a look of warm admiration (which Miss Ageratum received with a coquettish toss of her spiral tresses) handed her a pair of 6's.

"At latht! Juth right! I knew I couldn't be mithtaken in my number, though Mithter Pegtheraper next door, declared it wath impothible for me to put on number threeth. There ith thuch a differeth in thore-keeperth."

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WALNUT LUMBER.—Of all timber trees, the black walnut is at the present time believed to be the most profitable. Prices have been so tempting that in many localities no more of any consequence is to be found. Ohio and Indiana have of late years been the great sources of supply. From these States large quantities have been sent to the furniture establishments East. At the present time Kentucky is shipping walnut timber largely. While, however, the older States are being depleted of this valuable wood, the States that may be called timber-planting ones are rapidly coming up with a supply. It is found to grow with great rapidity in some of them, and especially in Nebraska. In this State several acres set out within the last ten years are already producing nuts in abundance, and these, it is said, have already paid the expense of planting and care. Many people, in view of the growing scarcity of walnut fear its disappearance from market in a short time. It would be no matter for alarm if the extensive western plantations were better known.

* * *

THE OLD MAN AND THE YOUNG TREES.—The young man in the beautiful fable of La Fontaine ridiculed the man of four score for planting an avenue of little trees, because he could not hope to live long enough to see them as high as his head. "Well," said he, "and what of that? If their shade affords me no pleasure it may afford pleasure to my children, and even to you; and, therefore, the planting of them gives me pleasure."

* * *

An unprincipled bachelor says troubles never come single.

AN INTERESTING DOCUNENT.

On June the 5th the State Library of Virginia received the original of the following response which Thos. Jefferson made to an address of welcome which he received from the people of Albemarle County, Virginia, on his return home at the close of his last term as President of the United States. It was found but a few days since among the old papers of the late Judge Dabney Carr, and is in the well-known neat autograph of Jefferson. It is as follows:

To the inhabitants of Albemarle County, in Virginia:

Returning to the scenes of my birth and early life, to the society of those with whom I was raised and who have been ever dear to me, I receive, my fellow-citizens and neighbors, with inexpressible pleasure, the cordial welcome you are so good as to give me.

Long absent on my duties which the history of a wonderful era made incumbent on those called to them, the turmoil, the bustle, and splendor of office have drawn but deeper sighs for the tranquil and irresponsible occupations of private life, for the enjoyment of an affectionate intercourse with you, my neighbors and friends, and the endearments of family love, which nature has given us all as the sweetner of every hour. For these I gladly lay down the distressing burden of power and seek with my fellow-citizens repose and safety under the watchful cares, the labors, and perplexities of younger and abler minds. The anxieties you express to administer to my happiness do of themselves confer that happiness; and the measure will be complete if my endeavors to fulfill my duties in the several public stations to which I have been called have obtained for me the approbation of my country. The part which I have acted on the theatre of public life has been before them, and to their sentence I submit it; but the testimony of my native county, of the individuals who have known me in private life, in my conduct in its various duties and relations, is the more grateful as proceeding from eye-witnesses and observers, from triers of the vicinage. Of you, then, my neighbors, I may ask, in the face of the world, "whose ox have I taken, or who have I defrauded? Whom have I oppressed, or of whose hand have I received a bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?"

On your verdict I rest with conscious security. Your wishes for my happiness are received with just sensibility, and I offer sincere prayers for your own welfare and prosperity.

APRIL 3, 1809. TH. JEFFERSON.

THE HUNTED SURGEON.

A young surgeon, having tried in vain to get into practice, at last fell upon the following expedient to set the ball to rolling. He sprang upon his horse once a day, and rode at full speed through the town. After an absence of an hour he would return, and carry with him some of his instruments—thinking if he could impress his neighbors that he had practice, they would begin to place confidence in his ability.

A wag, who more than suspected the deceit which he was practising, determined to know the truth. He accordingly kept his horse in readiness, and the next time the doctor gallopped past his door, sprang on his steed and placed himself on the young gentleman's trail.

The doctor saw the man following at his heels, but did not, at first, evince any uneasiness. At length, however, he thought it advisable to turn down a narrow lane. The pursuer followed on like an evil genius: but the doctor was not discouraged, as another road lay a short distance ahead of him, and down which he turned. The other kept close at his heels, and the doctor grew impatient to return home. There was no house by the way at which he could offer any pretext for stopping. In the meantime his saddle bags were with him, and he was otherwise prepared for business, so that he could not return, in the face of his neighbor, without exposing the secrets of the trade in the most palpable manner. Every bound of his steed carried him farther from his home, and the shades of night began to fall on hill and dale. Still the sound of horse's hoofs were thundering in his ears, and he was driven to his wit's end; but just as he turned the angle of a wood, he heard a low moan. A man lay prostrate near the fence of a meadow, and blood gushed from a fearful wound in his arm. He had cut an artery with his scythe, and was in danger of immediate dissolution. The young doctor sprang from his horse and staunched the wound. Bandages were applied and his life was saved. The pursuer had also thrown himself from his horse, and as the surgeon tied up the last bandage, he looked up in his face and said:

"How lucky, neighbor, that I was able to arrive just in time!"

The wondering spectator was silent with awe; and, after assisting the wounded man home, he told such a miraculous tale to the wondering town folk, as secured to the young surgeon a reputation not only for skill, but also for supernatural prescience. Thus did the merest accident contribute more to his advancement than years of studious toil could have done; and the impertinent curiosity of a waggish neighbor opened for him a path to business which the most influential patronage might never have been able to provide for him.

* * *

HOW TO HAVE GOOD EGGS.—There is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens fed on clear, sound grain and kept on a clean grass run, give much finer flavored eggs than hens that have access to stables and manure heaps and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on fish and onions flavor their eggs accordingly, the same as cows eating onions or cabbage, or drinking offensive water, imparts a bad taste to the milk and butter. The richer the food the higher the color of the eggs. Wheat and corn give eggs the best color, while feeding on buckwheat makes them colorless, rendering them unfit for some confectionery purposes. —*Moore's Rural New York.*

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An eastern tramp, who has been over Wisconsin, says the names of the towns savor too much of pedestrianism to suit his notion of a "printer's State." There is Milwaukie, Waukesha, Oconowoc, Manitowoc, Waukegan, Pewaukie, and a dozen other "walk," but no work.

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A Vincinnes, Ind., man and his wife after a stand up fight of an hour concluded to call it "draw." She drew about six inches of hair out of his head.

* * *

Lots o' girls wear striped stockings, but it is only your Philadelphia lass who mingles stars with stripes on her nose. Bless the Centennial.

HE WANTED TO TELL US.

A man with a wart on his nose, an umbrella under his arm and a patch of buckskin on the gable end of his breeches, invaded our sanctum last Saturday. At the time we were engaged in calculating how much horseradish could be raised on an acre of ground, if a small sized garden patch would produce eleven bottles of tomato ketchup, and were so busy that we neglected to ask him to take a seat. But he came and sat down in front of us, laid his umbrella across the *Agriculturist*, from which we had hoped to glean some information, caressed the wart, and then remarked:

"As I was in town to-day I thought I'd drop in to see you fellows about something that's been on my mind for some time. I sometimes borrow one of your papers, and I don't like the way it's run. Now, the way to run a paper is to have a column for children, filled with nice stories about how wicked children are punished for stealing watermillions; and then a religious column, and a temperance column, as the Good Templars ought to edit, and then publish some such verses as 'Father, dear father, come home,' and—"

But we took him by the arm, walked him to the window, pointed to the graves on the hill and asked:

"Wouldst thou fain have thy pure soul wafted to the realms of bliss, and its habitation of earthly clay deposited on yonder verdant hill, with the sorrowing quaking aspen wailing a requiem o'er thy sepulcher?"

And the wart assumed the hue of the luxuriant hollyhock, the umbrella was grasped convulsively, and its proprietor gasped:

"No—well—you see—but—"

"Fear not, thou sweetly perfumed quintessence of mortality, we would not harm thee; we are weary of shedding blood, and we respect that umbrella, those wart, and soon thou mayest depart in peace, and as we gaze upon thy retreating form we will liken thy mail of buckskin unto a circus poster which we once purloined and pasted on our respected father's woodshed. But listen. On yonder hill repose three uncircumcised Philistines who sought to counsel us in regard to how we should run our paper. Two were not of our subscribers, the other was but he gave us not shekels. They came up as the timothy in the beautiful morning and bathed in the bright sunlight; they puffed up with vanity as the war horse puffeth with colic. They sought our presence and would speak unto us words of wisdom; they went down with the night like the fragrant clover before a mowing machine, and now their administrators are hunting estates to settle."

And we looked towards the shot gun, whetted the scissors, and yelled down to the devil asking if that parrot gun was loaded and the nitro-glycerine ready.

Our visitor sought the stairway, and the next moment we saw him climbing Mac's corral fence—he hadn't time to go around.

And we went and asked the senior what he had done with that black bottle we had left in the drawer.—*Fairplay Sentinel.*

PARAGRAPHS.

A run of luck—winning a race.

Expensive living—living on excitement.

A poor relation—telling an anecdote badly.

How to treat a wife—treat her to a new dress.

Why must logic have legs? Because it stands to reason.

Time will only hang up his scythe when he is no *mower*.

It is said that there are only three women in Indiana who can make a good cup of coffee, and those three don't have any to make.

One of A. T. Stewart's clerks has 144 pairs of pantaloons, which is more than Dr. Mary Walker had before she went to live with the Sultan.

Lucy Stone says it's wicked to wear corsets, as Eve didn't have any. Eve didn't have any clothes and, therefore, it's wicked for Lucy Stone to wear them.

John Quigley, 16 years old, took his younger brother into a barn at Troy, New York, and tried to hang him. John had been made insane by hard study.

Oh, liberty, whereabouts is thy sting? A small boy in Connecticut was walloped the other day by a school teacher, because he insisted in spitting on his slate.

A country dentist has patented an instrument for holding a woman's tongue, being, we believe, the first man on record to make a success of anything of that sort.

A Watertown lady has commenced the study of natural history. She has a mammoth cat that plays the piano, and is now training a toad to dance very gracefully.

A man has an object and walks. A woman never walks; she jumps, she runs, she dances, she capers hither and thither, up and down everywhere, she caracoles, but she never walks.

An English lady of rank, who had issued invitations to a grand ball, was horrified at seeing in the morning papers of the day fixed a notice to the effect that the ball was postponed. This was the work of some enemy.

A Nebraska woman has papered her cabin with the report of the Beecher trial, and now she makes washing day shorter, and causes time to fly while at her knitting by perusing the cheerful pages on the wall.

Now that fashionable skirts are worn so tight that the fair wearers thereof can neither stoop nor sit down, it would be a grand thing for some ingenious upholsterer to devise a chair suited to the peculiar exigency.

Miss Moore, of Iowa, stole horses for a living until one day last week, when they captured her in Farmer Benton's stable, and as they pranced her off to the jail she obserbved, "Ye'll Miss Moore when I get out, I tell you, now."

An Alabama boy of 15 was hung for murder the other day, and just before swinging off he said to the sheriff, "I don't care so much about the hanging, but to be swung off by a cross-eyed man is what breaks me down!"

Now the maiden who attends school prepares to graduate, and the man who will frown her down when she stands up in white muslin, with pink bows, and reads a short essay on "Art, Past and Present," or "The Story of a Flower," is no friend of ours.

Western papers speak of an opera-bouffe singer with a mouth so large that two dentists worked on her lower teeth at the same time without in any way hindering the work of another tooth contractor, who was putting up a staging to do a little job on the upper teeth.

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," dreamily muttered the young lady of Cleveland, as she unlocked the door of the county jail recently. "The girl I left behind me," gaily hummed the nineteen prisoners as they filed past her and struck out for the country.

We never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.