THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1857.
The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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G. R. GOODLANDER,
NOEL R. LEE,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2447. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1875. NEW SERIES—VOL. 10, NO. 46.

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. [7jy1872

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr1,'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. my26;1yp

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-772 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1873 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. [jy31'72

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. [my12'74y

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, 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—largest 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. [4:1'75

BURT'S
CELEBRATED
French Kid and Turkey Morocco Button Shoes, for Ladies,
at
KRATZER & LYTLE'S.
Sept. 15, '75-tf

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.

Cards.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE.
je26 Clearfield County, Penn's. 72y

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON
MURRY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:1074

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,
11-1273 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 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. jan1;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. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
n1:1;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. 8, 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;75:tf.

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

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. 7pd

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. n'71

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug16'73

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5 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 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr1,'68-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.19-72

D. M. DOHERTY,
FASHIONABLE BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Shop next door to Weaver & Betts' store, Second street.
July 14, 73-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 & CO.,
dealers in
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
3:17 421 Market Street, Philadelphia. 73-tf

OUR BABY.

BY JAMES F. DOWNEY.

What a sweet little waif of humanity this,
That seems of no use but to hug and to kiss;
With its red pouting lips, and its round chubby hand,
You'll not find its like in all this broad land.
It cries and it laughs, it jumps and it "crows;"
It plays with its hands—it plays with its toes;
Now in the ashes—now in the dough—
Its under your feet wherever your go.
This sweet little waif of humanity dear
Costs many a frown and many a tear.
It troubles its ma—it bothers its dad—
Its good to day—to-morrow its bad;
Yet with all these vexations (and sleepless nights)
Its foolish old mother loves and delights
To call it "an angel, a dear little sweet"—
A "bud of perfection," that never was beat!
And this was the song of mothers of old—
A thousand times over the story was told
Of you and me—of the living and dead;
As the world goes apace the story will spread.

THE REVIVALS' PROGRESS.

MOODY AND SANKEY'S TRIUMPHS IN THE BROOKLYN RINK—A THRILLING SERMON TO UNBELIEVERS ALONE—HUNDREDS FOLLOWING MOODY TO THE INQUIRY ROOM—THE POWERFUL EFFECT OF SANKEY'S SIMPLE SONG—THE WORK IN NEW YORK.

[From the New York Sun, Tuesday, Nov. 16th.]

Nearly the whole burden of conducting the services in the Tabernacle yesterday morning fell upon the shoulders of the prayerful clergy. Deacon Hawley abbreviated his usual long list of those requesting prayers to twenty-one cities and villages, seventy mothers, thirty sisters, fourteen churches, and many inebriates, back-sliders and others, and Mr. Moody, after reading the 146th Psalm, did nothing more.

The Rev. Wm. T. Dixson, a Baptist colored preacher, who prayed one morning last week for more of the "power, reported that on Sunday morning after listening to Mr. Moody's sermon on Daniel, he for the first time experienced full divine unction. "It fell on my head and heart," said he, "and it poured down all over my soul, so that I had to run all the way home to find a secret place in which I could kneel and pray to God to stay his blessing. It was more happiness than I could bear." Following him was an old man who told of a highly intellectual friend addicted to strong drink, who had not attended church for many years. On Sunday night the unbeliever, for such he was, attended the service in the Rink, and on his way home vowed to ever after abstain from drinking and profanity, and before going to bed he set up a family altar in his house. The Rev. Mr. Steele said that "seventeen weeping penitents had risen for prayers in his church on Sunday night, one of them a man for whose soul a faithful wife had been praying for more than twenty years;" and then the Rev. Mr. Morton prayed. But the Rev. Fred. Bell took no part whatever in the services. Howell Gardiner, who was trained in his youth for the prize ring, and whose brother Orville, now the proprietor of a coffee and cake saloon, but formerly a professional ring man, was present for the first time since the opening service in the Rink three weeks ago. His absence he explained by saying that he had believed there were men in Brooklyn more needing teaching than he, and that he had thought his room was more valuable to the evangelists than his company. Mr. Gardiner was converted in Port Chester nineteen years ago, and forsook at that time the profession in which his brother was obtaining some repute, and labored earnestly until he converted his father and mother, his sisters, and finally his brother. The progress of the revival among the seamen was spoken of by the Rev. Mr. Millard, who said that a few nights ago a captain who had followed the sea for many years without a God, was converted and had since avowed a purpose to take none except Christian sailors under him henceforward.

PLANS FOR FUTURE WORK.

At the close of the services the women remained for a prayer-meeting, and the clergymen retired to another room for consultation concerning the future course of the revival. Dr. Fulton urged that Mr. Hammond, the Western revivalist, be invited to continue Mr. Moody's work, but Mr. Steele and others vigorously opposed the proposition chiefly on the ground that Mr. Hammond's policy is to labor as much among the very young children as among those of mature years. Mr. Hammond's name was finally rejected. Mr. Needham's name was then proposed, and also that of George Hall, of Washington, and it is probable that the latter gentleman will be invited to take charge of the work, though it is not settled that any meeting except the evening meeting for young men is to be regularly continued. The general meetings will probably be held only once a week.

Last Saturday morning after the early services the sexton of the Tabernacle made a complete tour through the building to turn out any lingering worshippers and to close the doors. He heard a voice of exhortation, and for a long time looked for the owner of the voice in vain. There was no one in the body of the church nor in the galleries. Neither could he find any one in the pastor's study, in the vestibule, or in the corridors. Still the voice rose high and fell low, as though it was addressed to a vast multitude of persons. Finally the sexton tracked it to a small, dark closet under a flight of stairs, where shovels and brooms are kept, and where there is a pump and basin. For a moment he stood listening to a fervid appeal that the hearers of the speaker should then and there seize upon salvation, and then opening the door, he found Owen Crane, the Weedsport evangelist, rehearsing to the pump a sermon that he expects soon to deliver to his rural neighbors. He was so earnest in his delivery and so interested in his subject that he did not immediately notice the interruption.

WORKING IN NEW YORK.

At 12 o'clock the evangelists made their first appearance in New York in Dr. Tyng's church, the Church of the Holy Trinity. A cottage organ had been placed on the platform for Mr. Sankey's use, and he sang the "Ninety and Nine," and other solos. Among the clergy in attendance were the Rev. Drs. Ormiston, Howard Crosby, C. S. Robinson, R. R. Booth, W. M. Taylor, and Tyng, Jr. The church was packed to the outer doors with standing listeners. Mr. Moody's address was directed solely to Christian people, whom he urged to organize for thorough work in the inquiry room during the revival, which is to be begun about the 1st of February. It was the same same sermon that he delivered in Brooklyn at the first afternoon service in the Tabernacle. He said that he had found a great repugnance among the Christians of Brooklyn against working in the inquiry room, and added that to secure success he ought to have at least one thousand active, working Christians to support him. In Glasgow he gave blue tickets to those Christians who were willing to work—tickets that admitted the holders to all parts of the house at all times. The persons holding them were expected to penetrate the congregation in every direction, and to push on to full conviction and repentance every one at all impressed by the sermon. Mr. Moody asked the New York Christians to consider the plan, and to decide upon the advisability of adopting it. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby and others made prayers and remarks.

IN MR. HEPWORTH'S CHURCH.

The Church of the Disciples, to which more than 2,000 persons resorted who could not find standing room in Dr. Tyng's church, was like wise filled. Mr. Hepworth conducted the service, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Steele and the Rev. H. Bass, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. A. C. Arnold, assistant pastor of the Church of the Disciples. Geo. W. Weeks led the singing.

The meeting was first addressed by Geo. C. Needham, the Irish evangelist, and then by Mr. Hepworth.

Opposite the main entrance to the Grand Central Railway depot two posters, 15 feet by 12, were put up yesterday. On one was painted in large letters:

LET US PRAY.

The up-town noon prayer meeting is now held in the church on Madison avenue, corner of Forty-second street, every day from 12 to 1. All are invited. Come, even if you can spend but the part of an hour with us.

The other read:

WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.—Acts xvi, 31.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.—1st Epistle of St. Paul to Timothy.

The effect of limiting admission to those holding unbelievers' tickets was noticeable last night in the entirely new audience that filled the Rink. Six thousand tickets had been distributed, and nearly all of them were used. The faithful old men and women who have formed the front rows for three weeks were absent, and fresh faces turned upward toward Mr. Moody, as he entered the pulpit, and many eyes looked upon him for the first time.

THREE MEN WHO TOLD LIES.

After very brief preliminary services, Mr. Moody preached from the words, "I pray Thee have me excused," which were used in the 14th chapter of Luke, by the three men invited to the feast. One of the men had bought a piece of land, and needs must go and look at it; another had purchased five yoke of oxen, and must prove them; and the third said that he had taken a wife, and could not come. "You can well ask," said the preacher, "why he who bought the land did not look at it before he paid his money; why he who bought the oxen did not prove them; why he who took a bride could not take her with him to the feast. Oh, those three men told lies, real lies—lies so weak that you laugh at them. But I have an invitation for you—for every one of you—to a supper, to a royal marriage supper. It isn't an invitation to a funeral, or to a sermon, or to a stupid meeting, but to a royal feast. And this house is full of excuses. There is not a person here who has not accepted the invitation, who hasn't an excuse ready on his tongue's end. I can't sort out the excuses. There are too many. But you can put them all up in one bundle, and call them lies, for lies they are. They are no better than those that the three men offered to the master of the feast. The word may have advanced in the last two thousand years, but the excuses of to-day are no better than they were then. One of you, perhaps that young man over there, says that he cannot come because he cannot believe the Bible. He says that it is dark and mysterious, and that he can't understand it. Has he ever read it? I don't believe he has! Why, suppose I send my little boy, four years old, to school, and when he comes home at night I ask him if he has learned to read and write and to spell, and whether he knows all about arithmetic and geography and history. He tells me, of course, that he has learned only A, B, and C. 'What?' I exclaim, 'a whole day at school, and your education not finished yet? You need not go to that school any more.' The world says that Moody is mad to do such a thing, but is it any wilder or more foolish than to complain that the Bible is dark and mysterious when you have never read it?

NEVER MIND THE HYPOCRITES.

"Another man tells me that he can easily enough believe the Bible, but that he cannot conscientiously join the church because he knows some of her members are hypocrites. That man will never give that excuse to God on the judgment day. He will begin to see then that the question is a personal one between him and God. It is no excuse for you to say that you are afraid to associate with hypocrites. Why, there are one hundred of them outside of the church for every one that there is inside, and in the next world all the hypocrites, whether church members or not, will be arrayed on one side against the Lord.

"Another young man says he is not afraid of the hypocrites, and that he believes the Bible from back to back, but he fears that it is too hard to be a Christian; that Christ's yoke is too heavy. Go down to the prison and ask the wretched convict whether Satan's yoke is easy. Ask the young man just sentenced to prison for twenty years whether Satan's burdens are light. Ask the gambler, the drunkard, and the harlot, whether they find hell's paths pleasant and the devil's reign easy, and they will answer with a wail, 'Oh, so hard, so hard.' And then ask these servants of God," continued Mr. Moody, turning to the platform filled with clergymen, "whether they find God's service hard. Do you, you ministers of the Gospel?" and a hearty "No" came from them all.

"Have you any other excuse?" continued the preacher. "Does some poor sin-marked marked man fear that God will not receive him, and does he make that his excuse? Why, God has invited him! He expects him! He has a seat for him! There was an Englishmen who had an only son, and the boy grew up headstrong and wilful, quarelling with his father day after day. At last the father in a passion ordered him to leave the house, and the son, as he went away, said that he would not return until he was asked to come. 'And that will never be while I live,' replied the angry father; and the distance between the two widened, and the father seemed to have forgotten that he ever had a son.

ONE OF MOODY'S MOST ELOQUENT EFFORTS.

"But the mother of that boy never forgot. Oh, what will not a mother's love conquer? It is not chilled by disease, by deformity, by sin, by death. It is always warm, always living. For however atrocious a crime a son may be arraigned, the mother is by his side in the court room. The testimony that convicts him cuts her harder and deeper than it does him. She weeps as she listens to his sentence, and clings to him as he is led back to his cell. She visits him day after day, she cares for him, she will not listen to blame against him, and she is proud of him. She will not go to see him executed, but she will arrange the clothes that will make him neater and handsomer to the morbid spectators, and before his body is cold, she will throw herself upon it and cover it with kisses. She will take it away and bury it in a quiet churchyard and will plant flowers upon the grave, and she will never tire of visiting that grave and watering the flowers with her tears.

"And this English mother yearned for her son, and prayed that he and his father might be reconciled. She fell sick, and when she knew that she had only days to live, she begged her husband to send for her boy. There was a long, hard struggle in the proud man's breast before he heeded his dying wife's wish, and when the prodigal boy returned home and burst into the sick room, the mother gave a little shriek of joy, but the father, without a glance of welcome or recognition, moved away from the bedside. It was not manly, but it was human. And the mother pleaded with her boy and with her husband that they would be reconciled with each other, and when the last sad hour came she lay with one hand clasped in her husband's and one in her boy's trying with her poor dying strength to drag the two stubborn men together. She died in that way, with love for both on her lips, and the husband looked upon his dead wife, the son upon his dead mother, and then they looked upon each other. Their eyes met. There were no first advances then. The son fell into the father's arms, and the arms clasped tightly the slight trembling form.

THE RESULT.

"That, my hearers, is a true story; but it is not a fair illustration of God's relation to his children, for He has never hated them; He has never been proud, or stubborn, or harsh, but always merciful and with a warm welcome for returning wanderers." As the preacher closed, he extended his right arm to enjoin a silence that was unbroken by a rustle. Then in a moment a low, soft music arose from the organ, and the singer sang tenderly:

Come home, come home;
You are weary at heart;
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild.
Oh, prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

He had sung only one or two lines before he melted the hearts that the preacher had warmed. There arose a woman's wild, hysterical shriek many times repeated, and hundreds of men and women wept and sobbed. It seemed at first as though the whole vast congregation was responding to Mr. Moody's invitation to the anxious to visit the inquiry room, for the streams that poured out were strong and heavy, filling the Methodist Church.

Mr. Needham and Sankey hastened to the Tabernacle to open the young men's meeting, and a half hour later Mr. Moody joined them and preached his effective sermon once more. The story of the mother's death-bed moved many of them to tears, and a large number fell on their knees to ask for prayers.

ROBERT FULTON.

This celebrated civil engineer was born in the town of Little Britain, in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His father died when he was only three years of age. After receiving an English education, he was placed with a jeweller in Lancaster, with the intention of acquiring the trade. This pursuit, however, did not prevent him from cultivating and exercising his talent for painting, which he afterward pursued with great success. By the advice of his numerous friends, he made a visit to London, and placed himself under the direction of Mr. West. He immediately became an inmate of that gentleman's house, and very soon, his companion and friend. The friendship thus formed, subsisted, unabated, until the death of Fulton.

For some years after leaving the family of Mr. West, he employed himself as a painter. He did not, however, feel himself entirely satisfied with his progress in the art, and was, at length, wholly withdrawn from its further cultivation, by his ruling taste for the mechanic arts.

As early as the year 1793, he brought forward his project of propelling boats by steam, with much confidence; and, in September following, he communicated his ideas on steam navigation to Lord Stanhope, who acknowledged it by letter, dated October, 179[illegible].

In 1794, the British Government granted him patents for a double inclined plane, to be used in transportation; for a machine for spinning flax; and another for making ropes, &c., &c.

In the year 1796, he submitted to the British Board of Agriculture, a plan for the improvement of canal navigation, which was favorably received, and for which he received a patent in the year 1797. He then went to France, with a view to introduce it into that country.

In 1798, pursuing this interesting subject with great zeal, he published a series of letters, addressed to Earl Stanhope, in which he clearly exhibits the advantages to nations arising from canals and home improvements generally, simple taxation and free trade.

On his arrival at Paris, a friendship commenced between him and Joel Barlow, which ended only with their lives. At the invitation of Barlow, Fulton took up his residence at the hotel of the former, where he continued to remain during seven years. In this time, he studied the high mathematics, physics, chemistry, and perspective. He also acquired the French, Italian, and German languages.

Barlow, about this time, was preparing for the press his elegant edition of the Columbiad, which he afterwards dedicated in terms of glowing affection to Fulton. The splendid plates which adorn this work were executed under the superintendence of Fulton.

In December, 1797, he made his first experiment on sub-marine explosion on the river Seine, in company with Barlow.

In December, 1806, he returned to this city (New York), and immediately recommended his experiments on submarine war. He also directed his attention to steam navigation.

After several successful experiments, he published, in 1810, his interesting work, entitled "Torpedo War," which contains a full account and clear explanation of his system.

The earnest solicitation of the Hon. R. R. Livingston, who had pointed out to him the incalculable advantages which would arise out of a perfect system of steam navigation, had the desired effect of arousing the energies of his genius to a subject which he had not bestowed much attention upon since the year 1793.

After his return to the United States, in 1806, he and Mr. Livingston commenced building a steamboat, called the "Clermont," which afterwards navigated the Hudson at the rate of five miles an hour. From this memorable era in the life of Mr. Fulton, the art of navigating by steam continued to advance towards perfection, and the last boat built under his direction was better than any that had preceded it.

On the breaking out of the war of 1812, he again turned his attention to his favorite project of sub-marine warfare, and after various successful experiments, obtained, in 1813, a patent for a "sub-marine battery."

It was from his "sub-marine battery" that he conceived the plan of the "steam man-of-war." This invention was readily patronized by the Government, and in March, 1814, a law was passed to build one; the cost estimated at three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. He was appointed the engineer; and, in little more than four months from the laying of the keel, she was launched under the name of "Fulton the First."

The last work on which he was engaged was a modification of his sub-marine boat; her model was approved, and he had received the sanction of the executive to construct one at New York; but, unfortunately, his country had to lament his death before he had completed it. He terminated his valuable life on the 24th of February, 1815, a martyr to his efforts in the cause of science.

Mr. Fulton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but well proportioned and well formed. His features were strong, and of manly beauty.

In all his domestic and social relations, he was zealous, kind, generous, liberal, and affectionate. He knew of no use for money, but as it was subservient to charity, hospitality, and the sciences. At the time of his death, he was a member of the principal Literary and Scientific Societies in the United States.—*Pen and Plow.*

LIMING LANDS.

Every once in a while this question arises for discussion, and just now is one of those times. We see numerous papers in which the facts and figures are made to appear largely in favor of a liberal use of lime. This is all very well. Excellent results do often follow from its use, at the same time it is well to remember that while in many cases it is one of the most valuable of all the material used to make land fertile, it is one of the most harmful when injudiciously applied.

Much of the reading which forms the literature of liming land is of English origin. English wheat-growers are loud in their praise of lime, but it must not be forgotten that the best wheat land of England is its dry land, and that the English wheat-growers use manure much more liberally than our farmers, as a rule, are accustomed to do.

Of itself lime is no benefit to the plant. It acts chiefly in preparing other material for food. Lime is found in the analysis of plant remains, but it seems to be taken up only when in combination with something else.—Practically our farmers find benefit in it only when a heavy dressing of stable manure is given with the lime, or when a large amount of vegetable matter is already in the land. Thus if a piece of woodland be newly broken up, a liming of the land is as good as a heavy coat of manure. Swamp muck with a little lime added, is made of considerably more value. Simply oats or wheat stubble limed and turned down, has given good crops, and even green manure, such as clover, if limed before being turned under, is much more powerful in its action on the succeeding crop, than if the simple green growing crop alone is used. But if the lime alone is applied to land, and that land has already been well worked, or if naturally light and poor, there is no surer way to make the poverty worse. It is a good old maxim that circumstances alter cases. In no farming operations can this be better applied than in the use of lime. It is a capital thing in some cases, but a very bad agent in many others.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

EXHAUSTION OF THE SOIL.

Our pilgrim fathers, a couple of centuries ago, began to till a somewhat stubborn but productive soil. They and their children took all they could get, but put little back again into the soil. This cannot be denied, while with all honor we must regard them as the pioneers of American agriculture. In the early history of our country our fathers found a great domain, and their urgent necessities calling for immediate action, they selected the most prolific spots and began to grow crops. Here were the washings of the highlands gathered, and localities like the Miami Valley, the receptacles of vegetable decaying matter for centuries, were to be found through the whole Atlantic slope. As men began to till the soil, and as they exhausted one locality of such elements of God's bounty as were in a condition, from their solubility, to act as food for plants, they moved to new places rather than to properly work or fertilize old ones. They were not the servitors of their grandchildren, but, with a vast country before them, they chose to skim it, and, as they drove the Red Men westward, they found new fields for planting, and they "skimmed" the land. Here the great mistake was made, that of overrunning the soil to reap a few good crops, which ended in impoverishing it, and this bad example has been followed to the present day. Thus the Atlantic slope became a depleted expanse, and unprofitable under the modes of culture in practice.

There is no doubt that, in the main, the system of Exhaustion is yet carried out. Liebig, in his "Familiar Letters of Chemistry," says: "Is it possible, after so many decisive investigations into the original elements of animals and vegetables, the use of the alkalies, of lime, and the phosphates, any doubt can exist as to the principles upon which a rational agriculture depends. Can the art of agriculture be based on anything but the restitution of a disturbed equilibrium? Can it be imagined that any country, however rich, and fertile, with a flourishing commerce, which for centuries has exported its produce in the shape of grain and cattle, will maintain its fertility, if the same commerce does not restore, in some form of manure, those elements which have been removed from the soil, and which cannot be replaced by the atmosphere? Must not the same fate await every such country which has actually befallen the once prolific soil of Virginia, now in many parts no longer able to grow its staple productions—wheat and tobacco?

Again he says, in his "Modern Agriculture": "Let it be remembered that in Virginia there are vast tracts of land which at one time gave full crops of tobacco, Indian corn and wheat, now lying waste. The American farmer despoils his fields, *without the least attempt at method in the process.* When it ceases to yield him sufficiently abundant crops, he simply quits it, and, with his seeds and plants, betakes himself to a fresh field; for there is plenty of good land to be had in America, and it would not be worth his while to work the same field to absolute exhaustion."

Thus it will be seen our agriculture is a system of constant depletion—it *ought to* be one of enriching and multiplying resources, involving all the elements of the soil for the reproduction of its fruits.

Some enlightened agriculturists of the Atlantic border have restored worn-out lands, and made them produce so bountifully that, in proportion to the capital and labor bestowed, they make more money, acre per acre, than many farmers do from the unexhausted virgin soils of the West.

Our wants are rapidly increasing. Districts, which thirty years ago gave an average of thirty bushels of wheat per acre, do not give twelve bushels *now.* Much is due to the ravages of insects, but more is due to the exhaustion of the soil. Until we stop eating bread this subject will not lose its interest. Why should we not grow as large crops, and of as good a quality, as can be grown? Does any one think good wheat can be grown on poor soil? Can the land give that which it hath not?

If soil be too poor to pay for labor, the more of it the wheat grower tills without renovation, the poorer that land and himself will grow.

The opinion that the soil of the West cannot be exhausted, is a great mistake. See how the crops have fallen off in many localities. Grain is carried to the cities and the substances that made it are far away from their original source. But a small proportion of these elements is sent back to the soil. When things are borrowed and used, they ought to be sent home. In Nature's economy, nothing is lost; but when a man displaces things, he should put them back again. A wise nation looks well to its agriculture, its great source of wealth. England sends her ships to bring home fertalizers. So do we; yet it must be remembered that we are to no small extent a wasteful and self-exhaustive people. We are but life tenants of it; others will come after us.

If one steals from another he is deemed a thief: but which is the greater thief, he who steals another's purse, or he who robs the soil of God's bounty?—*Pen and Plow.*

WHEAT FROM EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

At many of our agricultural exhibitions this year wheat has been shown which was raised from grain said to be from Egyptian tombs, and to be from two to three thousand years old.—Wheat from the tombs is now known to be a trick of the Egyptians practiced on foreigners, whom in all European countries it is thought lawful to fleece in this way. It is strange that Americans, used to wooden nutmegs and shoe-peg oats, should be taken in as well as our English brethren; but it seems in a love for the marvelous all flesh is equally weak.

Irrespective of the fact that it is now known to be a cheat, one might reflect that as almost every traveler is a purchaser to a small quantity of the wheat from the tombs, there ought to be the whole granary stored by Joseph in Pharaoh's time somewhere yet to draw from, if the whole is not a fraud. Then there is the fact that we have nowhere any evidence that seeds will retain vitality for a thousand years, or even a hundred years. Indeed, it is doubtful if anything of the kind will grow twenty years after maturing; least of all will wheat.

Some faith is placed in this worse than Yankee trick of the Egyptians, because the wheat is thought to be unlike any now known. The kind used in this deception has the ears slightly branching at the base, as if the ear were almost persuaded to run off into half a dozen ears instead of one. But this variety is an old concern, and well known years ago. It is not generally grown, because it is inferior in productiveness to the ordinary kind, and so, not being so well known, is just the thing to impose on those who know no better. The wheat which was really grown by the Egyptian, as far as history affords any clue, was like ours. There has been no great change in the wheat grown in all that long time.

And thus departeth all the romance connected with "Egyptian mummy wheat."—*Philadelphia Press.*

JOHN'S FATHER.—John Van Buren—"the Prince"—son of Martin, had, in his early days, some habits not approved of by his father. On one occasion, while his father was President, John visited Washington and stopped at Willard's Hotel. One morning the President called at his rooms, and, after a kindly greeting, said to him—"John, I had hoped you would sometime prove to be a worthy representative of our family, but I fear you never will; in fact I am convinced that you will bring disgrace rather than reflect credit upon it."

"Father," said John, "you may think because you happen to be President of the United States, that you are something more than an ordinary man, but permit me to say that you will never be known in history except as the Father of John Van Buren."

The other day a Vicksburg father, finding it necessary to reprove his son, gently said: "Don't stuff victuals into your mouth that way my son; George Washington didn't eat after that fashion." The boy accepted the reproof without comment, and after pondering for awhile, remarked to himself: "And I don't believe George Washington licked his boy for finding a bottle of whisky in the shed when he was hunting after a horse-shoe, either."

A Detroit lightning-rod man says that Zach Chandler is the meanest man who could have been made Secretary. When the agent called on him he at once yelled out: "Turn as! Turn as! bring that pair of boots with torpedoes in the toes."

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow on others is reflected back with double force to your own bosom.

The girls who tend tables at Connecticut fairs, and sell kisses at ten cents a kiss, won't give three for a quarter. Stingy!

A MODERN MIDAS.

JOHN MACKEY, THE CALIFORNIA MINER—HOW HE MADE HIS