CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2451. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1875. NEW SERIES—VOL. 16, NO. 50.

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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Cards.

W. C. ARNOLD, LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE, CURWENSVILLE, Clearfield County, Penn'a. je25 75y

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA. Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 5:30'74

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 with John H. Fulford, opposite the Court House. april 1-8m*

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. 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. dec5-1y

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 11:1:72 Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [nov24,66.

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, 1871.

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 6 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER, HOMOEOPATHIC 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. 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. [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 & CO.,** dealers in **HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,** 5:17 331 Market Street, Philadelphia. 75-tf

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. w25-1y 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. [jy19'73

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

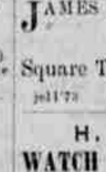
G. H. HALL, PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER, NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

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, jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

H. F. NAUGLE, WATCH MAKER & JEWELER, and dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c., jel9'77 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 137 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. apr14'75-tf

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

Livery Stable. THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Hacks, 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.

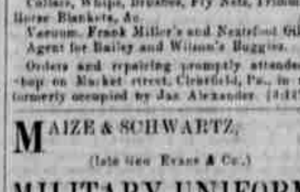
MITCHELL WAGONS. The Best is the Cheapest! Thomas Reilly has received another large lot of "Mitchell Wagons," which are among the very best manufactured, and which he will sell at the most reasonable rates. His stock includes almost all descriptions of wagons—large and small, wide and narrow track. Call 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. [3:31'75

MAIZE & SCHWARTZ, (late Geo. Evans & Co.) MILITARY UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENTS, NO. 1108 MARKET STREET, PHILA. Bands, Companies, &c., furnished. Samples, photographs and self-measuring directions sent free. MERCHANT TAILORS & CLOTHIERS, 1108 MARKET STREET, July 14, '75-1y Phila.

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. 19, 1874.

WHOSE?

A little mound of earth alone,
With matted, stunted grass o'er grown,
A lonely mound in grave-yard plot,
By every former friend forgot,
Yet stranger steps I might not choose
Stay by that grave, not knowing whose!

What need of sculptured stone to tell
Who slept beneath was sleeping well?
What need to know the sleeper's name?
To us or him 'twas all the same!
Life's story still I would peruse,
Beside this grave, not knowing whose.

"Dust to dust" the end of earth,
The end of dreams our life gives birth;
The summing up of all our fame,
Was here, a mound without a name!
A matted sod, a lonely spot,
By grieving friends at last forgot!

Not knowing whose, what worth to us
His name, his age or history?
Did earth resound once with his crime,
Or ring with his deeds sublime;
What boots it since o'er him hangs the pall
Oblivion weaves and spreads for all?

One of the millions gone before,
Whose steps are washed from off Time's shore;
A matted sod the only trace
That's left as landmark to his race,
Whene'er like me one comes to muse
Beside his grave, not knowing whose!

LOVE AFFAIRS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

It is said that one of Andy Johnson's sons denies that his father was ever subjected to any disappointment of the affections. If this be the case then Mr. Johnson's history is very different from that of most men, and, it may be added, women also. As a disappointed lover, indeed, he would have stood in very good company and chief among his associates would be the "Father of His Country," and the man that brought down the lightning. It is well known that the former came to this city in 1752, and was entertained by Beverly Robinson, whose wife's sister, Miss Phillipse, was both a beauty and an heiress. The Phillipse mansion stands in the midst of Yonkers, and is the city hall. The estate was one of the finest on the banks of the Hudson, and even at that early day had a great value. It is said on good authority that Miss Phillipse made such an impression on the young Virginian, who was then hardly of age, that he offered her his heart and hand. But the belle of New York had no desire to be buried in a Virginian plantation, and therefore declined. She afterward married Captain Morris, of the British army, who built, on her territory, the grand Morris mansion, which afterwards became the residence of Miss Jumel. It is now occupied by Nelson Chase, who holds the Madame's estate. Washington returned to Virginia, and, after his campaign under Braddock, married the opulent young widow, Martha Dandridge. He thus became the richest man on the continent, and Mrs. Morris lived to see him the most distinguished. He and Beverly Robinson came into indirect contact twenty-five years afterward, for it was at the Robinson House that Arnold held his last conference with Andre.

FRANKLIN.

Benjamin Franklin, when a poor printer in Philadelphia, courted a girl and appeared to be getting on nicely, when the latter's friends objected to the match. The printing trade was not sufficiently lucrative to suit their views, and as the girl had a chance to marry a thrifty mechanic, she concluded not to throw herself away on Benjamin Franklin. The printer stood the bereavement with great nerve, and subsequently married a Miss Bache, with whom he lived very happily.

IRVING.

Irving, while a penniless lawyer, was deeply in love with Matilda Hoffman, the daughter of Judge Hoffman, in whose office he was studying. She died early of consumption, and left him plighted as well as bereaved. He never recovered from the shock, and in his private drawer, after his death was found her miniature and locks of her hair. He said of her to a friend, 'She died in the beauty of youth, and to me she will always be young and beautiful.' It is to be remembered, however, that upon this bereavement hinged the author's literary career. Had Matilda Hoffman lived and become his wife, would he have gone to Europe and become a distinguished author? Would he have spent seventeen years abroad, including two years in Spain and in the Alhambra? Certainly not. He would, on the other hand, have been an inferior lawyer, while as a writer he never could have attained wealth, though he might have reached fame. Irving's disappointment was necessary to his success, and, no doubt, he saw it afterward in this light. There is no ground to suppose that he ever afterward contemplated matrimony.

WALTER SCOTT.

His early disappointment was very bitter, and, although its full details cannot be given, it may be said that when he was a poor young barrister, living still under the paternal roof at Edinburgh, he fell in love with a maiden whose rank was above his own, and whom he could not hope to win. Still he hoped against hope. His father heard of the affair, and with sober sense of mature years informed the lady's friends of Walter's weakness, and they at once removed the girl from the city. Scott never knew the cause of this change till years afterward, but as the income of his profession for five years averaged only £100 a year, he could not expect to encounter the expense of a domestic establishment. The girl married soon afterward, and one of Scott's friends was much alarmed for fear of the consequences. He writes as follows:

"This is bad news for our romantic friend, and I should shudder at the violence of his most irritable and ungovernable mind. 'It is said that men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' I sincerely hope it may be verified on this occasion."

Scott did nothing more than pen a few stanzas, which are worth reading, in this connection. They are addressed to the violet, and close thus:

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dewdrop's weight reclining,
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be passed its morrow;
No longer in my false love's eye,
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

Before six months had expired this disappointed lover was as deeply enamored of another girl, whom he had met while on an excursion in the North of England. She was of French birth, and is described as very fascinating. One of his friends said: "Scott was fairly beside himself about Miss Carpenter. We toasted her about twenty times over, he raving about her until it was one in the morning." The next Christmas they were married. It may be added that the match was not felicitous on the part of the husband; for although their married life was harmonious, the wife was deficient in that mental strength which union required. Scott never outlived the influence exercised on him by his first love, and in his latter years he wept at the mention of her name and the memory of old associations. He made the remark to a young clergyman thirty years after his marriage that "scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one out of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow and weep when they melt."

SOUTHEY'S METHOD.

The manner in which Robert Southey wrought upon the adverse stream is worthy of notice. He was in love with a girl as poor as himself, and was obliged to leave England for Portugal for the purpose of improving his fortunes. The day the vessel was to sail he fixed on for his marriage with Edith Fricker, and his maiden bride bade him a sad farewell at the wharf and went home wearing her wedding ring as the only memento of the occasion. Southey wanted to send her money, and knew that she would not accept it from one who was not legally her husband. This strange wedding was the beginning of a union marked by more than the usual degree of felicity. Upon the whole, it seems, as Shakespeare says, that "marriage and hanging go by destiny." It is, of course, very trying to be disappointed in love; as Orlando says (in "As You Like It,") "O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes," but it is an experience often noticed.—*Troy Times.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON COMMON SCHOOLS.

NO BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a sermon on Thanksgiving day, on the subject of Common Schools. On account of his high position among Evangelical Christians, standing at the head of the Puritan sects, his views on this important matter are worthy of consideration. We republish a portion of them, taken from the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Mr. Beecher said that:—

"Four things are necessary to the Common Schools: First, That education shall be common. Second, That it shall be so conducted as to enable men of all political faiths to unite in the system. Third, That it shall unite in sympathy all religious sects. Fourth, That by its intrinsic merit it continue to feed national confidence and national enthusiasm."

Under the first head he asserts that a common education should be given to rich and poor, whites and negroes throughout the whole United States. Under the fourth head, he argued that children should be taught not only reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, but the rules of health and bodily purity, and the laws of morality, so as to prepare them to become vigorous, energetic, and useful citizens. He held that the State ought to make its system compulsory upon parents.

His remarks upon the second and third heads are subjoined:

"Secondly. Our Common Schools must be so constituted as that they shall enable all political parties to unite in their maintenance and in the enthusiasm of them. Their existence ought not to depend upon the caprice of ever-shifting parties. Our schools ought not to be like floats in the harbors, with variable tides that ride high when the tide is in and nuzzle in the mud when the tide is out. Our schools should be delivered from any such mutations. Their general scope—their machinery, should not be subject to the alterations of party. You cannot prevent any great public interest from becoming a theme of consideration; but it does not follow because every party will first or last, be called to act on the Common School question, therefore the party will attempt, by its own machinery, to act upon Common Schools. The work can be put into departments, and that which I say is that the departments must carry it forward, but must not belong to a party. Above all, political influence should not be suffered to officer and control the school. It is an outrage for the sake of political reward to put into the hands of incompetent men the care of children. If Goliah is to be slain, it is a shame to send a wet nurse to do it; and if a babe is born, it is a shame to send David or Goliah to suckle it. Fit things for fit functions. For a department of education in a community to be officered by the hirelings and offscourings is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost of intelligence, and parties ought to be considered as having committed, not a blunder, but a sacrilegious crime, that attempt to give the sacred fire of education into unpriestly hands, into the hands of men who themselves have foul mouths and foul hands. And when I think of some of the unrevealed revelations; when I know that in places not far from this men who have been appointed to the general conduct of schools have made their last the price of advancement; when I know that blackmail and favoritism have wrought by those who have been put as high priests of culture, I am glad that it was enough only to lift the corner of the screen, and let the imagination tell what was or might be, and that the sore was healed. But that which was done in the dry tree may be done in the green one again, and it is only one caution as to the danger of putting the great interests of Common School education into the hands of men with no other qualification than that they are castaway politicians. [Applause.]

"Thirdly. They should be so constituted that men of all creeds should send their children without any fear of propagandism. They must not be called religious in the just sense of the word. After the manner and speech of men the Common School must not be regarded as a religious institution. It is secular; it must be kept secular and defended against anything that will make it other than secular. Only on that ground can you have national schools. It is not just and fair that I should be taxed for the education of my boy when I cannot send him to the Common School for fear his conscience will be perverted and where he will be taught the thing that I abhor. It is not fair to compel the children of a Jew—a citizen like me, a taxpayer like me, a free American citizen like me—it is not right that he should be compelled to pay money that his child may hear the New Testament read day by day, which he doesn't believe in. [Applause.] It is not right that our substantial Catholic fellow-citizens should be compelled to send their children to schools where the Bible is read, when they do not believe that the Protestant version is the faithful version of God's will. [Applause.] It is not right that they should read their Douai Bible in Common Schools and compel us to bear them. Fair play! Fair play! And it is not fair play that the majority should dictate to the minority. A little while ago the enunciation of this doctrine would not have drawn the approbation of your feet. [Laughter.] Those journals that at first were disposed to vindicate the old order of things, by larger reflection, by the light of a second thought, have come, or are rapidly coming, to the ground that our Common Schools must be secular and not religious institutions, and that only on that ground can the State support them. If they are secular the State has a right to support them, because in doing so it is preventing its own decline and overthrow. Does this make a godly school? In one sense it does; special functions being developed, special organs must perform. In the education of the community there is another work to be done; there is church work and there is school work. We do not take the ground that a child can be educated without religious culture. You must put the child through different institutions. The Common School does not undertake to educate the whole man. It educates him as far as is necessary to make him a good citizen, and says to the father and to the priest, 'You must do the rest.' When, therefore, you say the Common School is godless, I say it is godless in precisely the same way that a hatter's shop is godless. Suppose I should have a shop for manufacturing chairs, and a man should come and say, 'Do you manufacture Bibles?' 'No.' 'Then you have a godless shop.' The spirit of the Common School is not to circulate religious culture, and the school is not godless on that account. The Common School does not take away from the young citizen the religious elements. It merely says that that must be performed elsewhere. It belongs to the parent and the priest."

We do not agree with Mr. Beecher about compulsory education, but upon other subjects, he is right in his views. His arguments must be separated from his moral character. Old King David was guilty of adultery and murder, but that fact does not lessen the beauty of the Psalms.

ONE OF BURR'S JURORS.

A venerable gentleman, with a history of peculiar interest, is at present sojourning temporarily at the Good Samaritan hospital, in this city. He came here several weeks ago, totally blind, suffering from a cataract of his left and sole remaining eye. He was operated on for cataract by one of our Cincinnati oculists, and although the venerable man had attained the uncommon age of ninety years and four months, the delicate operation was perfectly successful, and the patient now has the happiness of enjoying his sight once more.

The old gentleman is a physician, by name Dr. David Creel, and is one of the earlier graduates of the old University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. He is the father-in-law of Judge Safford, of our State, and is at present a resident of Chillicothe.

Part of Dr. Creel's history is a matter of national interest, from the fact that he was one of the jurors in the great trial of Aaron Burr for conspiracy against the United States government.

The trial of Aaron Burr, it will be remembered, took place in September, 1807. So far as our venerable friend knows he is the sole man remaining of the the twelve men who acquitted Aaron Burr of treason against the United States. There is probably no doubt that he is the only one left, as he was one of the youngest of the jurors, and he is now over ninety years old.

"The trial lasted a month," said Father Creel.

"And how did the jury stand?" was asked.

"Unanimous for acquittal," said he—"unanimous. Burr's principal lawyer was Luther Martin, of Philadelphia. Luther Martin was considered the finest lawyer of the day, but he was unfortunately a hopeless drunkard.

"Oh! it was a famous trial, that was—worth a lifetime to bear. Luther Martin was one of the first lawyers of the age and put forth his most powerful efforts in Burr's behalf. Chief Justice Marshall allowed Burr to speak in his own defence whenever he chose, and although, as I said, Martin was one of the most accomplished lawyers of the age, yet Burr knocked to pieces in five minutes all that Martin could say. Whenever he opened his lips there was most perfect silence in the court. Aaron Burr was so graceful and splendid in all he did or said. Every word made a most profound impression on the jury. I shall never forget—never—though I live to be five hundred years old."

"Was he so eloquent?"

"No, he was not eloquent at all, in the ordinary sense of the word. He was not a bit flowery in his language. It was just clear, precise and simple, with no attempt whatever at ornamental clap-trap, but he had a way of making a point before a jury more clearly than any man I ever knew, so clearly that they had to see it."

"What was the fascination about him, do you think?"

"I think it was his manner. There was a charm about him that no human being could resist, particularly a woman. It is a fact, without a particle of exaggeration, that when once he fixed his fascinating eye upon a woman there was no escape for her. It may sound strange, but I having seen and known the man as I have, must say that I doubt if there was ever another as fascinating a man on earth as Aaron Burr. Then his intellect was far more powerful than is generally supposed. His head did not slope back from his brows like that of Henry Clay, as is sometimes represented in his pictures, but it was massive and full in the forehead. His brain was magnificent, in my opinion, equal to Jefferson's."

"Was Burr so very handsome?"

"Not so handsome in the face; but though rather a small man, he was the most perfectly formed man I ever saw, and his manner of carrying himself was indescribably princely and splendid."

"Did the jury which tried him really believe him innocent?"

"Not one of us thought he had any direct designs against the government of the United States. His ambition and his plans were magnificent, but they were not to be directed against this country, at least not then. As nearly as we could conscientiously get at the truth, we judged that his plan was about this. First, the conquest of Mexico and the establishment of a government which would probably have been a mild form of a monarchy, with Aaron Burr for king. Then afterwards perhaps a few of the southern United States would have been attached, but he never had an idea of breaking up the United States government itself. After conquering Mexico and perhaps annexing a few of our Southern States, his plan was to go on south and add to his kingdom from the South American States. There was not a doubt on our minds, neither, that General Wilkinson, who commanded the United States troops in the south, was just as guilty as Aaron Burr was, but for some reason, Wilkinson was never brought to trial."

"You knew the Blennerhassetts well, too, Dr. Creel?"

"Very well," said the Dr. "Blennerhassett and his wife have visited at my father's. I danced with Mrs. Blennerhassett at a ball in Parkesburg, West Virginia, once. She was a very accomplished, agreeable woman, and her husband idolized her."

"Was she handsome?"

"No, not very. She was a very graceful, finely formed woman, with dark hair and rather dark eyes, but not so handsome as stylish and elegant. At the the time of her acquaintance with Burr she must have been as much as forty-five years old. Blennerhassett was very wealthy then, and Burr won over Mrs. Blennerhassett to his cause; she won over her husband, and so Burr got Blennerhassett's money. Mrs. Blennerhassett was a remarkable woman. I remember she used frequently to walk from home to Marietta, a distance of twelve miles, before breakfast, in the morning and take breakfast in Marietta. Blennerhassett himself was very English in appearance. He strongly resembled Lord Ashburton, formerly minister at Washington.—Blennerhassett and his wife were a most affectionate couple, devotedly and faithfully attached to each other."

"And what became of their children after the failure of Burr and the ruin of their home?"

"They had three sons," said the venerable doctor, "Harmon, Dominique, and Joseph Lewis. Joseph was the youngest. I do not know the fate of the elder sons, but a few years ago Joseph Blennerhassett, this younger son, was living in Missouri, on the Mississippi river, a few miles above St. Louis. For anything I know he is there still. He is a farmer, if I am not mistaken. The high-spirited but broken-hearted Mrs. Blennerhassett died poor and lonely in the care of some kindly Sisters of Charity in New York, and none but those angels of mercy followed her to the grave. It was a mournful ending to a life like hers."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE OLIVE TREE.

In Morocco, as in Spain, the olive is the most extensively planted tree, and forms not only a striking feature of the landscape, but one of the chief sources of subsistence to the people. So important is the yield of this time honored tree as an article of food, of domestic economy and the arts, that it demands a brief notice.

Olive trees, in Morocco, are usually set out in rows, the young plants being branches cut from the parent stock in the month of January. The end of the cutting is usually split into four prongs which are held apart by a small stone, and then planted, banked, manured and watered for one or two years. As the young tree grows, its exuberance is pruned into a few upright promising branches. It begins to yield lucratively about the tenth season; but, like man, is not fully developed before the thirtieth year.

The tree is in flower during the months of June and July, but all the above statements are modified by the variety, situation and latitude of the olive. The full grown tree yields from two to three bushels of berries. These are picked in Autumn or early winter, when they are purple colored and shining, and a right beautiful, merry sight is the harvest home.

The trees are generally beaten, contrary to Columella's advice, by slender poles to disengage the berries, which are gathered up by men, women and children, and carried to the oil mill in baskets, on the back of a mule or donkey. The berries are seldom sorted, as they should be, but are thrown, as they are gathered, on a circular, hollowed stone, over which another is made to revolve, by mule or other power. The crushed mass is then shoveled into mats and taken to a rude lever press, where the juice is expressed. The liquor, as it flows out, is caught into a reservoir below, partly filled with water, and the oil, as it rises to the surface, is skimmed off and poured into large earthen jars. The pulp of the berry is subjected to boiling water to further disengage the oil; but generally it is used for fuel and for fattening animals. The olive oil of Morocco is certainly not so pure as that of some other countries, but the taste, it seems to me, is not so insipid.

Olives for pickling are usually gathered before they are quite ripe and while the skin is yet green, though not always. The berries are repeatedly steeped in water with some alkali added to hasten the change in taste, for naturally they are bitter and nauseous, and when this is accomplished, they are put into brine of simple water and salt, or of one composed of salt, thyme, garlic and bay laurel. The most common olives, well pickled, constitute an important part of the food of the poor and of the army ration. Indeed, pickled olive berries are very nutritious. They form an essential portion of the people's food and no one who has come to use and like them will willingly exchange either for their substitutes in other lands.

Olive oil is also used extensively in the arts and as a medicine. The Moors use the poorer oil for lamps and in the manufacture of ordinary soap; while from the better kind they make, like the French and the Spanish, the finest castile.

In this connection I should speak of the date palm, the pomegranate, the fig, and almond trees of Morocco. The first is regarded by the Moors as the special gift of Providence to their table lands, where vast groves welcome the traveler and caravan, affording food, fuel and shelter to man and beast.—The date palm yields per year about 100 pounds of dates. Camels are exceedingly fond of the refuse dates and the crushed date stones, while the leaves are used for many purposes, especially in making baskets, ropes, bags, etc.

From the fruit of the fig and the nut of the almond trees the Moors compound a food which is not only condensed in bulk-self-preservation, and wonderfully nutritious, but as simple and healthful as it is cheap and delicious.—*V. D. Collins.*

About 2 o'clock the other morning a Norwich policeman found a man sitting on the sidewalk. Naturally, he asked him what was the matter. "Well," said the man, sadly, "my wife thinks I am drunk. I've tried twice to get in at the front door and she's put me out both times, and my self-respect won't allow me to try it again. So I'm waiting till she's quieted down a little, and then I think I can crawl through the cellar window."

PAUL MORPHY.

THE RECENT CAREER OF THE ONCE WORLD-RENOWNED CHESS PLAYER—HE BECOMES A HOPELESS MANIAC.

[New Orleans Cor. Chicago Times.]

Fifteen years ago the name of Paul Morphy, the famous chess player, was as familiar as household words in almost every portion of the civilized world. He was a lion in his day, and no mistake, and for a young man—he was not over twenty then—he made considerable noise.

For a twelvemonth he was a sensation, and then passed away from public notice and fame, as suddenly as he had risen to those giddy heights.

Among those who recollect the brilliant career of the great chess king, there are very few who could tell you anything about his existence during the past ten years, or, indeed, whether he lives or is dead.

But it is safe to assume that the revival of the subject here will prove a matter of much interest to thousands, for although Morphy dropped from the world's view many years ago he has not by any means been forgotten; and the very mention of his name, almost anywhere, will suffice to awaken a curious desire to know what has become of him, and what has been his history since he resigned his crown in the domain of chess.

With the wonderful and dazzling career of Morphy in 1859 and 1860 all men are familiar. What led to it will here be recited. He was born in New Orleans in 1840, of a creole family, rich and respected. When a mere lad he evinced an aptitude for chess, and in six months after having played his first game he developed into a marvelous player. He not only beat his father and his teachers, but vanquished the best chess players in the city, and in three months more had so progressed that among the most skillful players at the game in New Orleans—and there were many good ones here—none could even approach him.

At this time his fame had traveled not only to the North in his own country, but to Europe, and then his star began to rise until it became brightly conspicuous on two continents. His entrance upon the life of a public chess player was effected against the remonstrances of his parents and his kindred, who saw something ignoble in the public parade of young Morphy's talents, and the cultivation of the notoriety which would necessarily follow. But Paul was charmed at the prospect of becoming famous, and no argument could turn him from the course upon which he had set his soul. So he became great, but it will be hereinafter seen that as the price of his fame was his family's sorrow, it came home to him in after years, and made him a morbid, melancholy man. It has at last reduced him to a mental wreck, and he is now an inmate of a private asylum, where he has resided for the past three months, and whence he will perhaps never emerge alive, as he is considered to be hopelessly insane.

When Morphy returned from Europe in 1860, after his magnificent triumphs there, it was not as a conqueror that he came, but as a man who, having tasted the fruits of glory, has found them bitter in the end, and disgusted with himself and mankind, resolves to eschew the world and its people forever. This was Morphy's condition of mind when he came back to his New Orleans home late in 1860, and then was seen the first gleam of his after sorrow, which reproached him for having grieved his family, and which settled upon remained with him ever after.

From the hour of his arrival here he declared he had done with chess for the rest of his life, and he not only vowed never to play or look upon a chess-board more, but he expressly enjoined upon all who knew him to never allude to the subject of chess in his presence, save under pain of his severest displeasure. It came to be generally understood that he had thus set his face against what had once been his pride and ambition, because to its indulgence he charged not only a remorseful feeling at having crossed the wishes of his parents, but likewise the forfeiture of brilliant prospects. At all events he despised chess as much as he had once loved it, and he steadfastly refused to mingle in the world beyond the confines of his own kindred. Thus he lived a secluded and morbid existence here until the outbreak of the late war, when, in company with several members of his family, he went abroad.

In 1866 he returned to New Orleans and renewed his life here under the same conditions which had prevailed before his departure, save perhaps that he was more retired than ever. Still he was a conspicuous character, although no one except his mother could lay claim to his friendship or his notice. His daily routine of existence involved a walk on Canal street every morning, where his dapper little figure—always scrupulously well dressed—became as well known and as regularly looked for as the noonday bell. After his daily promenade he retired from public gaze until evening, when he appeared in his box at the opera, where it is said he never missed a night. It is further related that during these years he permitted no friendly acquaintance; he was never known to associate with anybody but his mother, and persistently repelled advances from those who, having been friends of his early youth, desired to renew their associations. He lived a strange life, a strange, moody and peculiarly mournful man.

Twelve months ago, he began to show the first positive symptoms of a breaking down of his mental faculties, and he soon manifested such eccentricities of disposition in public life, that his mother began to be unhappily alarmed about him.

This concern, as it proved, was not without warrant. He continued to manifest increased symptoms of mental aberration, and after vainly striving to battle with the inevitable, his mother sadly recognized the fact that her son was insane, and three months ago, as already recited in this article, he was placed in an asylum.

It is a sad sequel to a history whose pages were once aglow with a world's admiring plaudits, and there are many in both this country and in Europe who will invest the knowledge here conveyed with a tender interest, and with it revive the recollections of a man who, in his time, was famous far beyond the common lot of mortality.

When they came to the ring part in a marriage ceremony at Kingston, N. Y., the other day, the bridegroom run his hand into one breeches pocket, then the other, looked frightened and said: "Ah, there is a hole in my pocket, and it has slipped into my boot." He sat down, pulled off his boot, stood up like a man, put the ring where it would do the most good, and walked off with his bride.

A CHEAP CELLAR BOTTOM.

In sections of the country where there is an abundance of cobble stones, collect a few loads of them about four or five inches in diameter, grade the bottom of the cellar, lay the cobbles in rows, and ram them down one-third into the ground, so that they will not rock nor be sunk below the rows by any heavy superincumbent pressure, such as the weight of a hogshead of molasses or tierce of vinegar. The bottom of the cellar should be graded, so that the outside will be two or three inches lower than the middle. A mistake sometimes occurs by grading the cellar bottom in such a manner that the centre will be two or three inches lower than the outside. When this is the case, should water enter from the outside, it will flow directly toward the middle. A straight-edged board should be placed frequently on each row of stones as they are being rammed, so that the upper sides may be in line with each other. After the stones are laid and well rammed down, place a few boards on the pavement to walk on; then make a grouting of clean sand and water-lime, or Rosendale cement, and pour it on the stones until the interstices are filled. As soon as the grouting has set, spread a layer of good cement mortar one inch over the top of the pavement and trowel the surface off smoothly. In order to spread the mortar true and even on the surface, lay an inch-board one foot from the wall, on the surface of the pavement, stand on the board, and fill the spaces with mortar even with the top of the board; after which, move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar and trowel it off smoothly. Such a floor will cost less than a board floor, and last as long as the superstructure is kept in repair. A floor made in the foregoing manner on the ground in the basement of a barn, a piggery, or a stable, would be rat proof, and would be found cheaper and more serviceable than a plank floor.—*Industrial Monthly.*

KEEPING APPLES IN WINTER.

Mr. Alexander Hyde, a well known agriculturist of Massachusetts, communicates to the New York *Times* some useful suggestions in regard to keeping apples through the winter. One method is to wrap each apple in a bit of newspaper, the paper serving both to keep out the air, and prevent the apples from bruising in transportation. A method more effectual still is to fill the barrel nearly full of apples, and then put in some fine, dry sand or powdered plaster, and shake it down gently. This will fill up all interstices between the apples, and keep them fresh indefinitely. Another mode is to put the apples in some dry, sandy or gravelly soil, just as potatoes are pitted. On this point Mr. Hyde says: "They will keep splendidly through the winter when thus pitted, but must be used speedily in the spring after they are dug out, as they will rot soon after exposure to the light and air. In order to pit apples, select some dry spot where there is no possibility of water filling the pit, and dig a hole three or four feet deep and of any required size, place some clean, dry straw on the bottom, and on this the apples to the depth of two feet, covering the whole with a layer of straw and then a layer of dry earth, raising the latter above the general level of the ground and sloping it roof-fashion, so that it will shed rain. The apples will come out in the spring as crisp as cabbage when pitted in this way."

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.—We learn that within the last two weeks a singular discovery has been made at the house of Jesse Garth, for many years deceased It is said that a distinct and accurate likeness of Mrs. Garth, who has been dead for twenty years, can be seen on a pane of glass in the upper sash of one of the windows, presenting very much the appearance of a photograph negative. The discovery is said to have been made by a woman who was washing clothes in the yard, who imagined some one was watching her through the window, and went inside to see who it was. We gather these facts from Dr. Charles Brown, who has himself seen the singular picture. Dr. Brown remembers that about twenty years ago Mr. Garth told him that his wife, while standing at that window, was stunned by a sudden flash of lightning, and the doctor's theory is that the outlines of her features were photographed on the window pane at that time. The youngest daughter of Mr. Garth and others, who were well acquainted with Mrs. Garth, have seen the picture and pronounce it a striking likeness. It is said to be more distinct about nine o'clock in the morning and three in the afternoon than at any other time of the day.—*Charlotte (Va.) Chronicle.*

HOW TRUE.—That a young man who thinks that he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and make a good and steady citizen, is deluded by the devil. He thinks that people are all fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that when he repents everybody will forget that he was once a dissipated wretch. This is not the case; people will remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides it is no easy thing to break up in middle age bad habits which have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking, he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough until the wheel gets into a deep hole, and then he stops and looks back. Just so it is with the boys who contracts bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough until they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit. Of those boys who contract the bad habit of drunkenness, not one in every hundred ever dies a sober man. The only way to break up a bad habit is never to contract it.

WISE NEW ENGLAND DOGS.—Those who love dogs will be interested by these incidents: An English setter dog, owned by Thomas W. Lane, at West Roxbury, Mass., while out hunting the other day, brought to his master a pocket book containing $425, which he had found in the woods. The owner's name was found in it, and the dog now wears a thirty dollar silver collar, presented by the owner of the wallet as reward of intelligence. The body of Mr. C. C. Moulton's little son, who was drowned at Springfield, Mass., lately, was recovered through the sagacity of a dog that was near the mill pond when the little fellow was drowned. No person had seen the boy at the pond, and search was made for him in every other direction. The dog coaxed so hard for them to go in that direction that at last suspicion was aroused that the child might have been drowned, and the water in the pond was drawn off, and the body found.

THE POLAR BEAR'S CUNNING.

According to the Esquimaux, the seal constructs its abode beneath the surface of the ice in such a manner that it can enter in from the water below; here the young seal passes its infancy and the returning heat of summer has destroyed its igloo or dwelling, the young seal is old enough to take care of itself; but this mode of lodging its youth beneath the ice is well known to the bear, who, with his keen scent, soon detects the whereabouts of the seal's nursery, and in order to gain entrance makes a spring and comes down heavily on the top of the igloo, crushes it in, and immediately seizes the young seal with his paw. Here it might be supposed the hungry bear at once devours his prey; but no, it is far too wary to do so; it knows full well that where a baby is, there must of necessity be a mother, and that she will be in search of her darling; therefore, the bear scrapes away the snow from the seal hole, and holding the young seal by the flippers, allows it to flounder about, and when the mother approaches, the bear slyly draws the young seal towards it until the old one is within reach, when he seizes her with the other paw, and thus captures both.

The mode in which the bear captures the seal on the ice is equally ingenious. When at a distance the bear throws itself down and stealthily crawls towards the seal. If it looks up, it lies perfectly still and makes at the same time, a noise which lulls the seal. The bear repeats the operation until it approaches its victim, when it falls a prey to Bruin's appetite. When attempting to catch a seal in the water, the bear sinks its body beneath the water, leaving only the head above, which resembles a piece of ice; and when the seal raises its head above the surface, Bruin quietly sinks, and swimming under the seal, seizes it.

KEEPING THE STOCK IN CONDITION.

Farmers should take advantage of the late fall months after the swarms of flies have ceased to afflict the stock, to get all the animals not in a good, thrifty condition into such a state before the severe weather of winter sets in. Animals put in fair flesh before cold weather comes will go through the winter much better and with less expense to the owner, than stock starting through in a poor condition.

Provide extra food, if necessary, so that an abundant supply can be fed regularly while it will do the most good. In this way a store of carbon is provided for winter use, and may, with good care and comfortable quarters, be maintained in fair condition without much trouble. Stock in this way may be put upon grass next spring worth twice as much as if neglected during the change from grass to dry food, which must soon take place. Unless great care is taken stock will suffer more and depreciate more rapidly in value during the early winter and spring months than any other time. Precautions should be exercised to avoid the great losses which occur at these times. The change should be made by degrees. When the grass becomes scarce and killed by the frosts the dry food should first be supplied in small quantities, and the amount increased as the case may require. Keep the stock growing, otherwise the results will not be satisfactory. The neglect in this explains one cause of so much poor stock being sent to our markets.—*Western Rural.*

A FAMOUS HORSE.—The history of a venerable trotter, Flora Temple, now somewhere in the twenty-oddth year of her age, affords a splendid example to the two-legged youth of our country. Born of poor though hardly respectable parent, her early advantages were extremely limited, and she gave so little promise of usefulness in her coltheod that she seemed scarcely worth the niggardly supply of corn fodder they allowed her. Some idea of her apparent value at that period of her existence may be formed from the fact that she was once sold for the contemptible sum of three dollars, and at another time for the not less contemptible bagatelle of a single-barrel shot gun. But the quantity of outcome in her was perfectly marvelous. And now mark where she stands!—a world wide wonder on the measureless disc of fame. True, other trotters have beaten her time, but then she is hardly more than half the size of some other horses, and none of them knew how to trot until she showed them.

Each species of animal and vegetable appears to have a temperature natural and peculiar to itself, and from this diversity different races are fitted for different portions of the earth's surface. Thus, the orange tree and the bird of Paradise are confined to warm latitudes; the pine tree and the Artic bear, to those which are colder. When animals and plants are removed from their peculiar and natural districts to one entirely different, they cease to exist, or change their character in such a way as to adapt themselves to the climate. As illustrations of this, we find that the wool of the northern sheep changes in the tropics to a species of hair; the dog of the torrid zone is nearly destitute of hair; bees transported from the north to the region of perpetual summer, cease to lay up stores of honey, and lose in a great measure their habits of industry. Man alone is capable of living in all climates, and of immigrating freely to all portions of the earth.—*Well's Natural Philosophy.*

JEWELL KNOWS THEIR WEAK POINT.—Postmaster General Jewell is a humorist as well as an unusually polite official. He wrote as follows, recently to a woman who had applied for a situation in in the Dead Letter office.—"We have only 57 ladies employed in this Department with the exception of a few translators and experts and not more than two changes have occurred on that force for the last six months. None of them ever marry or die, or resign. In fact, the Dead Letter division is a sort of mausoleum of buried affections—a place not governed by natural laws—for those who enter its charmed portals seem to lose all the motives and hopes and aspirations which sway and govern the denizens of the outside world. I regret that it is so, but so it is."

Laura says, in a note addressed to a Detroit paper: "You newspaper men have had a good deal to say lately about the pull-back dress, worn by ladies of fashion, and I think it comes with very bad grace from you, too, for I never saw a pair of pantaloons in my life that didn't have a pull-back to them, in the shape of a strap and buckle behind. Better cut off your own pull-backs before you say anything about ours."

Henry Ward Beecher, in publicly referring to the famous Brooklyn revivalist, is very fond of designating him as "Brother Moody." But nobody has noticed that the famous revivalist has ever returned the compliment by speaking of the Plymouth pastor as "Brother Beecher."

A butcher in a recent bankruptcy case put in his claim strongly. He said that the bankrupt owed him for the very flesh on his bones. "It is no recommendation for your meat, seeing how thin my client is," said the defending counsel.

The present population of the cities of Washington and Georgetown is estimated by the bureau of statistics at 145,000.