THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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

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Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
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Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year.... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 20
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
½ square.....15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
¾ square.....20 00 | 1 column.....120 00
G. R. GOODLANDER,
NOEL R. LEE,
Publishers.

Cards.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. [ab22'71tf

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, 1871-1y.

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. [*]y1872

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,
8-1-72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

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

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
je11'72 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. [jy2'72

JAMES H. LYTLE,
No. 4 Pie's Opera House, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr1472-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.
ce21-tf L. R. 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—largand 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-'71.

A. H. MITTON,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Harness, Saddles and Bridles,
Collars, Whips, Brushes, Fly Nets, Trimmings, Horse Blankets, &c.
Vaseline, 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. [j4'74'5

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, '73-1y 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. 18, 1874.

Cards.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
ja26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 71y

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor.
9-10'74

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 P. WALLACE. JOHN W. WHITLEY.
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 1-6m*

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

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

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Court House, (Sheriff's Office). Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. je11'72

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

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

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. 3, 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,'73:tf.

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

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

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. 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 3 p. m.

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

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at 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 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [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 18, '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,
517 and 519 Market Street, Philadelphia. 75-tf

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 50—WHOLE NO. 2452. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1876. NEW SERIES—VOL. 17, NO. 1.

THE BRIBED LEGISLATOR.

BY WM. B. CONWAY.

Of all the crimes with which the Tempter's art
Has blacken'd and defiled the human heart;
The meanest meanness and the vilest vile,
The basest baseness and the deepest guile,
That ever tinged a conscious cheek with shame,
Destroyed a character or damned a name,
The crime of crimes is clearly that which must
Result, per se, from VIOLATED TRUST.

Though trusts are various (as all agree)
In weight, extent, importance and degree,
Yet still the principle involved in each,
(We care not what Dishonesty may preach)
—The principle is recognized as just
That EVERY fairly delegated trust
Which, as a trust, is meta'ly believed—
As such imparted and as such received—
(Despite of all the arguments that waive
The scruples from the conscience of a knave,
However deep in subtle tactics skilled,)
SHOULD BE IN TRUTH AND HONESTY FULFILLED.

This is the doctrine Equity proclaims,
Sustained by learn'd and venerated names,
And this the doctrine to which Truth has given
The broad, approving seal of righteous Heaven.
Destroy this sacred principle—and then
Can Justice dwell among the sons of men?
Could peace and order live—society—dwell?
Or would not Earth itself become a Hell?

Of all the trusts which can to man be given,
Not to include the Ministry of Heaven,
Those trusts are clearly GREATEST which relate
To man considered in his social state;
Those PUBLIC TRUSTS which always most embrace
The weal or woe of thousands of his race.
These trusts are truly sacred; and, as such,
Corruption's vile, contaminating touch
Cannot pervert them, without spreading ill
Beyond the basest purpose of the will—
Sad ills, alas! which in their scope must urge
Their dire SEVERITY to the remotest verge
Of that society through which they spread,
Like bitter waters from a fountain head.

The Legislator who receives a BRIBE—
DIRECT OR INDIRECT—though all the tribe
Of casuistic quibblers should unite
Their deepest skill to prove that black is white
—That Legislator violates his trust—
Becomes defiled, and ceases to be just!

'Tis true, no man can deem it very strange
When mere OFFENDERS undertake a change;
But when opinions plainly manifest
The FACTS and PRINCIPLES on which they rest,
And TRUSTS are THUS confided—clearly then
Opinions TEST the HONESTY of men.

'Tis true the bribed apostate may proclaim
A host of FACTS to palliate his shame—
Facts well PREPARED to meet his wretched case,
And mitigate the horrors of disgrace.
Yes, he may prove—or try in vain to prove—
That scruples rose reluctantly to move
His aptless mind, which had, alas! to strive
Against the fact that TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE!
Thus to "conclusions" he was "forced" to come,
And darkly wrote his artful letters home;
To prove his conscience is not made of flint,
He drops a sly, preliminary HINT;
Suggests his "doubt," which finally prevails,
And then he halts in "matters of detail;"
He deprecates the spirit of the times,
And speaks of "party" as he should of crimes;
He modifies his motions day by day,
As for a total change he paves the way;
Is anxious still to justify his views,
And still defends himself, though none accuse,
And when he hears the biting, taunting jibe,
This sensitive recipient of bribes
Retorts and plunges deeper in the tide,
And proudly hears his infamy and spoils!
Before high heaven he plays his frantic pranks,
Abhors corruption! and supports the Banks!
Still for "Democracy" he rants and raves,
Vilest of hypocrites! and worst of knaves!
Appeals to his "constituents"! ah, why?
For they confirm his damning infamy.

If that base man detestable appears,
On whom the orphan's cries and widow's tear
Make no impression—from whose callous heart
No sigh of pity or remorse can start—
Who basely cheats the mute, confiding dead,
And drives the orphans forth to beg their bread,
In sorrow and wretchedness to roam,
Expelled by FRAUD from happiness and home—
If fraud like vices must ever be despised,
Can greater fraude, though artfully disguised,
Be less detested—less abhorred? because
The fraud is BANKING, not in BREAKING, laws
Has been committed? Then, if this be true,
The world may bid integrity adieu!

Is that base man the guiltiest of men
Who fires some cottage in the lonely glen?
Is he not baser, Equity exclaims,
Who wraps a city in devouring flames?
And if a watchman!—who his guilt can tell?—
That LURES THE VAGRANT, and utters, "ALL IS WELL!"

And so the Legislator. If he would
Take every ill and counterveiling good
Which man enjoys or suffers here below,
And justly balance human weal and woe,
We must proclaim that man to be the worst—
The most detested—the most accursed—
Whose actions tend, directed by his will,
To leave on States the greatest weight of ill:
The bribed apostate, who on States would draw
The greatest curses in the forms of law!
The sad effects his villainy imparts
May reach ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.
Ah! think of THIS, in weighing public crimes,
Which injure other men in other times!
Ah! think of this, with jealousy and fear,
Nor deem the writer wantonly severe.
Crimes which to sorrow, slavery and scorn
Doom freemen's children's children yet unborn;
These are not trifles—"trifles light as air,"
As bribing bank directors are aware—
If these be trifles, why did Freedom's sun,
The great, the good, the God-like WASHINGTON,
Devote his life to vigilance and toil,
To rear a Temple on Columbia's soil,
Beneath whose high, and bright and hallowed dome
Freedom might find a shelter and a home,
Where every lovely virtue might appear,
Bright as its native heaven's unclouded sphere,
Whence Peace and Order might protection draw
From Truth and Justice, Liberty and Law?
If these be dreams—or trifles, if you will—
Then why did Warren bleed on Bunker Hill?

The JUDGE the MAGISTRATE, we don't describe,
Nor o'er the EDITOR who takes a bribe.
The DIFFERENCE consists in this brief view—
The evil each WRITES and SPEAKS, may do.
The MAGISTRATE's the same, 'tis understood,
From libel suits to gallant Cilley's blood—
Pure blood by venom and have corruption spilt,
While ARCHING BANKERS flaunt in pride and guilt!
In pride and guilt, while lo! the widow's tear!
And hark! the orphans' wailings strike the ear!
Ah! who but God can estimate their pain?
They cry to Heaven—nor will they cry in vain!

The man who takes a BRIBE would strip the dead,
Or rob the orphan of his crust of bread;
So lost to justice, equity, and right,
THIS MAN would steal the aged widow's mite!
Is well prepared for every kind of fraud—
Would sell his country, or betray his God,
Pillage the palace of the King of kings,
Or strip the gilding from the angel's wings!

On end events, NOW PASSING, do reflect,
Freemen! be firm, and stern, and circumspect!
Let none be trusted who for office pants,
To pamper vulgar, ARTIFICIAL wants.
Let every idle, vain and vicious drone
Live—if he can—but THERE not such a one.
Remember what Time's faithful record saith,
That Carthage fell, and fell by "PUNIC FAITH!"
The man who is unfaithful to his trust,
However small, is vitally unjust,
And he who is unjust in little things
Would be a villian in the courts of kings.
Present a BRIBE and down his virtue falls,
In courts, or camps, or Legislative halls.

THE BRIBED APOSTATE! Blot his hateful name
From each and every scroll of honest fame.
Let no man trust him—none forbear to shed
Contempt and deep dishonor on his head;
Let Scorn still point her finger and her jibes,
And say, "Behold the CONSEQUENCE of bribes!
Let guileless children, as he passes by,
Shrink from his touch and shudder at his eye.
Let lovely women loath him in disgust,
And shun him like the reptile in the dust;
And, while he viles, let infamy alone
Claim the BRIBED LEGISLATOR as her own
Until he dies, and sinks into the grave
To poison worms that feed upon the knave.
There midst storms, let hideous Furies foul
Hold nightly revels, and in concert howl;
Let hissing serpents make that spot their home,
And be the watchful guardians of his tomb;
And when he goes to Hell, let Devils stare,
And ask him, "WHO THE DEVIL SENT YOU HERE?"
And feel the insult deep, severe, and keen,
To see a fiend, pre-eminently mean,
'Midst better Devils rudely ushered in—
A fool, appalling prodigy of sin,
And in Hell's fiercest, hottest furnace crammed
Let him be damned—superlatively damned!
And why not damned for such transcendent crimes?
Yes, damned eternally ten thousand times.

BRENSVILLE, PA., March 29, 1836.

She was brushing his hair, and he enjoyed being fussed over amazingly. Rolling up his eyes, he said: "My dear, why was Columbus, when he landed in America, like me now?" She could not tell him, and he explained: "Because he was tickled at being fust over."

A little boy, carrying some eggs home from the shop, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off some of them."

"How is it, Pope," said Frederick, Prince of Wales, to the poet, who was dining with him, "that you, who are so hard on kings, are so complaisant to me?" "It is," replied the bard, "because I like to pet the lion before his claws are grown."

WILLIAMSPORT GLUE AND SOAP WORKS.

HOW GLUE AND SOAP ARE MANUFACTURED THERE.

[From the Williamsport Bulletin.]

In the large building, standing up conspicuously on the elevation north of the city they make glue and soap and bone-dust fertilizer. It is a place of curious interest to such as have never seen the work conducted, and can endure an aromatic pressure of about two hundred pounds to the square inch. It is not unhealthy, however, and the greatest care is taken to keep every floor of the manufactory as clean as possible under all the circumstances.

THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS.

The building can be seen from any reasonably elevated point in the city, for it is one of the most prominent features of the outskirts, and a stranger can see it and enquire about it before he has discovered scarcely another feature at the east end of the city. When you ride out to it—as you may in eight or ten minutes—you will be surprised to find it a great deal larger than it has even previously appeared. It is really an immense building, and nothing short of that would answer the requirements of the business conducted within. In truth there are several buildings. The chief one is that which lifts itself up so prominently, six stories high, with an attic above, which attic is as serviceable as either floor to the extensive business of the place. Three or four of these floors are used for drying glue, and are open at the side in order to afford plenty of ventilation. A small wing of this building runs easterly, in which are located the boiling vats for both soap and glue. The proprietors have found it necessary to extend this wing considerably in order to afford them actually necessary facilities, and workmen are busily engaged in putting up an addition which it is expected to have ready for use in the course of a month. To the north of the large building is the engine room and machine shop, and beyond that a store room for rough materials, and a place also for boiled bones. Some distance from all these buildings to the westward is the warehouse, where such manufactured stock as may be on hand is stored previous to shipment.

THE FIRM AND MEMBERS.

This manufacturing establishment is conducted under the firm name of J. Bartles & Co., consisting of Joseph Bartles, John M. Bradner and Albert Y. Mills. They are all young men who are giving their attention strictly to the business, and it is not suprising it should thus far have such an excellent success. Mr. Mills is a practical glue maker, and, with his cost off, is to be found around the tubs and troughs from the first thing in the morning till the last at night. Messrs. Bartles and Bradner are practical business men, and always to be found wherever business demands their presence. With singular vigor they inaugurated this enterprise, and, although it was put into operation six months after the panic, and has run through a year and a half of the hardest times, it has been a successful undertaking. With the improvement of business in general, it will prove a most important industry to this city.

HOW GLUE IS MADE.

Into the first floor or basement of Bartles & Company's glue works come cart loads after cart loads of what are called tanners' scraps. They are scrapings from the hides sent to the tanneries, and taken off there. These scraps are pitch-forked into large vats containing lime-water, and washed and scoured for the purpose of cleaning them of all impurities. They are then thrown into other vats containing acidulated water, where they remain for twenty-four hours, until perfectly free from lime. From there they are transferred to the boiling kettles. There are five of these immense kettles, with a capacity of a thousand gallons each. Coils of large steam pipe are arranged inside each, and when the kettles are filled with water and purified scraps, the steam is turned on and the whole is started to boiling without the slightest danger of burning. This boiling process is usually continued for five or six hours, when the liquid, which is simply liquid glue, is ready to run off. Large faucets are arranged at the bottom of the kettles, and pipes conduct the hot glue around into one of the lower floors of the main building, where it is let into numbers of troughs eight or ten feet long and some six or eight inches in width and depth.

SLICING AND DRYING.

It remains in these until it solidifies sufficiently to handle, when it is taken out in cakes almost square. As it is taken out it has the appearance of table jelly such as is used at hotels and restaurants, and which jelly is manufactured in the same manner as glue. These cakes are placed upon a steam elevator and carried to the floor above where it is intended to spread for drying. Before being spread, however, they are cut into thin sheets by means of a simple foot-power machine, consisting of a frame with wires strung across it at proper spaces. This machine is operated with surprising rapidity by one man who slices the glue as fast as it is brought up on the elevator, and keeps eight or ten young girls busy taking away the slices. These slices are spread with great care upon nets, and over three thousand of these nets are in use now by Messrs. Bartles & Co. The number is being constantly increased. The frames upon which the nets are stretched are so made that when filted they are piled one upon another in such a way as to leave plenty of room between them for the air to circulate. It requires from three days to a week for properly drying the glue.

THE FINISHING UP.

Those who have seen glue in any considerable pieces have no doubt noticed that the surface is lined off into squares; that is done by the cords on the nets, and the effect is sometimes very unique. As it comes from the nets the glue is all in large pieces, three or four or five inches square. It is emptied on the floor and assorted; it appears in various colors, some of it a beautiful amber, some a deep corn color, and other a muddy drab. After lying some time on the floor to render it certain it has completely dried, it is gathered up and packed into barrels for shipment. In packing it is also broken into small pieces by a pounder operated inside the barrel. That is all there is of glue making.

There are certain seasons only in which this work can be carried on. In the extremely warm weather it is impossible to dry the glue, and in the cold weather it freezes, unless steam pipes are used in the operation of drying, and the Williamsport establishment has not yet prepared for that. They are not so particular, however, about getting caught on a few lots of frozen glue, as it is in demand for use on oil barrels; it is preferred for that work, and Bartles & Co. have no trouble in disposing of all they have. The present capacity of the works is two tons of glue a day, and by running this through the favorable seasons, which are brief, about twelve hundred barrels a year are made. These find a ready market.

THE SOAP DEPARTMENT.

During the late glue season not so much soap has been made, as there has been a lack of room for operations. The works are capable of turning out twenty thousand pounds every twenty-four hours, and will run up to their full capacity so soon as the additional building is completed to afford room for packing. There are two immense soap-boiling kettles, one fourteen feet deep, and ten feet in diameter at the top, which holds eighteen thousand pounds of soap, the other with nine thousand pounds capacity. The soap is pressed into immense cakes and then cut to the sizes required. At present only laundry soaps are being made, and it is gratifying to say that they have become very popular in the households of Williamsport. There are several brands, and all are kept at the city groceries. Large quantities are beside shipped to other points.

REGARDING BONE GRINDING.

Stacked up on the outside, and in the rear of the manufactory, are large quantities of bones, which are sometimes allowed to accumulate for months. These are ultimately shovelled into an immense vat which is located out doors, and which will hold eight tons of bones. In there they are boiled until they are as smooth as a school-ma'am's tongue, when they are ready to grind. This work is done in a section of the engine room building. The bones are first run through a crusher, broken and generally demoralized. Two men in a day are able to get twenty tons into the crusher, but it goes as fast as they do. After being crushed they are shovelled into a mill, whose grinding wheel revolves at an astounding rate, and that is the last seen of the bones. This mill grinds them to a powder as fine as flour, and will make seven or eight tons a day of it. This is put in sacks and used as a fertilizer on the farm.

This institution gives employment to about fifty persons, the year through, and is altogether one of the kind of industries which it is very well to encourage in a city that does not yet boast of a very diversified industry.

"NEVER GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

THE STORY OF COMMODORE PERRY'S FLAG SHIP AND HIS FAMOUS VICTORY.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* has interviewed Mr. John Norris, the only survivor of Commodore Perry's famous victory on Lake Erie in his flag ship Lawrence, which was lately raised, it will be remembered, at Misery Bay, Erie Harbor, and will probably be exhibited at the Centennial. Mr. Norris is now in his 84th year, and resides at Petersburg, Kentucky, where he recited to his newspaper visitor the following interesting narrative:

I enlisted from Mason county, Kentucky, in May, 1813, and was soon after mustered at the old barracks in Newport in a company of cavalry, Captain John Payne, of Augusta, commander. The company was made up of men from Mason, Bracken, Lewis, Lemon and Fayette counties, and was mustered in for six months. We were assigned to Colonel Johnson's three-month's regiment—nearly all the members of which were also from Kentucky—and we then began scouring the Indian country towards Northern Ohio. We stopped in Fort Meigs and in Camp Seneca, on the Sandusky river, then in command of General Harrison, and then we joined Colonel Ball's forces from Maryland, and proceeded down towards Lower Sandusky. We were armed with swords and pistols. On the way down our advanced guard was ambushed by a party of Indians, numbering only thirteen. This provoked an attack from our whole army, and the Indians were all slain. After the skirmish, as each man came filing back into line, over fifty men individually claimed to have "bloodied" their swords in the heart of a live Indian. Each of fifty men had killed a savage when there were only thirteen savages to kill. I didn't "bloody" my sword. About this place and Seneca we skirmished the most of the summer, carrying on a sort of predatory warfare. Toward the latter part of the season Commodore Perry sent word down to General Harrison that he wanted a company of fighting men, and General Harrison dispatched a messenger over to our company asking for volunteers. The general had tickled the pride of us Kentuckians by saying we did not know when we were whipped, and when he sent his messenger he sent him with instructions to ask for volunteers only. The messenger came to our company. I had been eager to see some good fighting before my six months' term expired. As I heard the message delivered, therefore, I jumped at the chance and was the first to exclaim, "I am one to go." "I am second," "I am third," etc., in quick succession it passed down the line until twenty men from our company had volunteered their services. We were taken down the Sandusky the next day to Perry's fleet, which was lying at Portage, near what is now called Sandusky City, and were placed on board the Caledonia, commanded by Captain Turner. This was toward the latter part of August; I don't just remember the day. The Commodore had made several ineffectual efforts to induce the British commander to come out from his stronghold in Malden and engage him, but the wily old Britisher did not respond. He maintained his dignity and strengthened himself by building and manning another vessel called the Detroit, and by cruising about on his own side of the lake, out of reach of Perry. We had eight vessels and the British only six, but these were manned with more and heavier guns. If I remember rightly, we had only fifty guns, while John Bull had nearly or quite sixty-nine. Early on the morning of the 10th of September I was sleeping on the deck of the Caledonia, and being suddenly awakened by hearing men talk excitedly, I inquired the cause. I was told that the long wished for time was near at hand—that the enemy was approaching us. With the naked eye I could see nothing; but being proffered a spy glass, I for the first time beheld the British squadron in battle array. For a moment the prospect was not cheering, and my knees in spite of me would smite each other. This kind of feeling did not last long, however. The hurry and bustle of preparation gave no time for fear, and when at noon we came together my knees were ready to do my bidding. The blue bunting, with the words of the dying Lawrence, "Never give up the ship," in white letters, was run up to the masthead of Perry's ship, the Lawrence, and then the terrible battle began. Prior to this, and while drilling, it had generally required six and eight men to move the twenty-four pounders with which the Caledonia was armed; now, in the excitement of battle, three of us could load and fire our gun as often as one could an ordinary musket. So long as we saw our banner flying from the mast of the Lawrence, we felt to fight like tigers. Suddenly, however, we saw the old flag coming down. Never could I forget the feelings I then experienced. I thought the day was lost and that the glory we had dreamed of was gone. I wanted to die. Yet we fought on, but without spirit. Meantime we saw a small row boat leaving the side of the Lawrence manned by six men, and suddenly we saw an officer rise up in that boat and fling out the same old banner that had waved from the Lawrence, and then our spirits took new courage. We knew that officer to be our Commodore, and we knew, too, that the day was not lost. We saw the frail boat making for the Niagara, and soon we saw the old banner climbing the Niagara's mast, and then a cheer went up and the struggle was renewed. The Niagara pushed in between the enemy's men-of-war's-men, and vomited forth her broadsides.—From Perry came the order to the Caledonia to close up nearer and let the enemy have it fresh from the mouths of our twenty-four pounders. The order was no sooner given than we did close up, and so did the whole line. The effect was terrible, and the British pride was soon conquered. One by one the enemy's flags kissed the deck, and one by one his guns ceased to speak, until just before four o'clock, three hours and forty minutes after the struggle began, the last gun was fired. That last gun was on the Caledonia, and was the one manned by myself and others, and not by Stephen Chaplain, as has been before stated. And it was the last shot that the gun ever fired, for she had then become disabled. At her breach she had a seam wide enough to insert a case knife. This seam I discovered, and when calling Captain Turner's attention to it he exclaimed: "My God, how we have escaped! Another fire and we would have been blown to atoms!" I know that after this there was not another shot fired, and I can recall all the circumstances. We on the Caledonia felt very proud. We felt proud when we learned of the Commodore's message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," and we felt proud when we heard that in his official report he would say "the Caledonia did more real damage to the enemy than any other vessel," and my Kentucky pride swelled, I tell you, when Colonel Todd told me that he heard Commodore Perry say to General Harrison, when talking of the men which the latter had sent him, that if it had not been for those twenty men sent him from Seneca he believed he would have lost the battle. I escaped without a scratch, though on the deck of the Caledonia it would have been hard, after the battle, to find a spot larger than your hand where a cannon ball had not done some damage. The dead and wounded cared for, the dead privates heaved into the lake and the officers carried ashore and buried, we soon after left the Caledonia, and after a short trip to Malden we were again made "land lubbers." Soon after this change our time expired, and back to Washington, Mason county, Kentucky, we marched, where we were mustered out. In honor of the event a grand champagne supper was given us, in the midst of which Captain Graham, of the regular army, proposed, I think for the first time, this toast, so often quoted: "Here's champagne to our real friends and real pain to our sham friends."

At this, an appropriate ending, Mr. Norris ceased his reminiscence and insisted upon my friend and myself partaking of his hospitality under his own roof. We were not reluctant in accepting, and while there were shown a medal which the Kentucky Legislature presented Mr. Norris in 1860. It is of gold, somewhat larger than a double eagle, and on one side is represented the battle of Lake Erie, in relief, inscribed around which are the immortal words, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Under this representation is:

Lake Erie, September 10, 1813.

On the opposite side are the words,

To John Norris, by Resolution of the Kentucky Legislature.
February 11, 1860.

Four of these medals were struck at that time, and besides the one to Mr. Norris one was given to the late Dr. Tolliver, of Cincinnati; one to James Artist, living near Maysville, Kentucky, but recently deceased, and one to John Tucker, of Mason county, Kentucky, who died some years since.

ELOQUENT WAYSIDE ADDRESS.—Sam Smith, the driver of the Sonora and Milton stage, which was stopped by three highwaymen near Milton, Tuesday, the 12th ultimo, delivered the following eloquent address upon the occasion: "Gentlemen, I have been a driver, boy and man, going on twenty years. I never ditched a stage or growled at a passenger, and, gentlemen, I assure you I have had some of the toughest outsiders that ever left Boston for a week's chasses in Yosemite. I have met gentlemen of your kind before, and I defy any of them to come forward and say that I treated them with contempt. On the other hand it has been my aim to act towards highwaymen—excuse me, gentlemen, I mean road agents—with that distinguished consideration due their standing in society. Hence you will believe me when I say that I have nothing for you this morning. Sorry, gentlemen, but the truth of the matter is, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s boxes are young poor houses on the route just now, and you couldn't squeeze a pickayune out of one of them to save your sweet necks from the gallows."

THE WEALTH OF AN OLD BURGOMASTER.—More than two hundred years ago John van Katt, Jacob van Katt, Joshua van Katt and Catharine van Katt, children of an Amsterdam burgomaster, emigrated from Holland to this country, and after their father's death interest on the estate was for a long period sent to the descendants in America, payment being made in merchandise, such as Hollands and ironware. These consignments, however, ceased in consequence of heavy duties being imposed on certain imports during the war of 1812. Since that time the interest has been accumulating in Amsterdam, and the heirs of the estate, Carman vat Katt, of New Rochelle, New York, and others, have now ascertained that fifty millions of flopins await them in the Orphan Fund at Amsterdam.

A FAMOUS DISCOVERY.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Every Palestine explorer of note has occupied himself more or less with attempts at fixing the site of Solomon's Temple, and of the more celebrated travelers Dr. Robinson, Porter, Williams, Warren, Lewin, and Fergusson have each reduced the results of their investigation to map form. None of them, however, although, their plans have obtained a certain amount of credence with Biblical students, have been able to fully satisfy all the conditions of scriptural and historical measurements. They all, we believe, agree in locating the temple on Mount Moriah, and within the Haram ash Sharif, as the Moslems now call the most beautiful hill-top of Jerusalem, wooded with the cypress and the olive tree and adorned with marble fountains, domes, cupolas, arches and graven pulpits; but here their unanimity ceases. The Sahkra, or sacred rock, which crowns the mountain of the temple, has been for them all an insurmountable obstacle in the way of every theory. This pinnacle rises to a height of 103 feet above the lowest level of the Haram level, and around it there is nowhere place to locate an edifice of the magnificent dimensions of the temple, without encroaching upon the neighboring slopes. Wherever, therefore, explorers placed the site of the main structure, this mysterious rock defied their figures and contradicted their theories. It has been reserved for an American, Mr. S. Beswick, a civil engineer of New York, to identify the Sahkra in its relation to the temple, and from that starting-point to accurately fix the lines of the temple itself, and verify all its divisions and localities. Mr. Beswick's method of arriving at this discovery is explained at length in the current number of *Scribner's Magazine*, but it was, in brief, this: Assuming the western wall of the enclosure of the Haram as a base line and the Sahkra as a central station, he made a survey of the various distances and found that his results coincided exactly with the Biblical measurements, and saw that the Sahkra, or old Rock of Moriah, must have occupied the position of a central cone to the area, carr