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

ESTABLISHED IN 1857.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 51—WHOLE NO. 2,546. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1877. NEW SERIES—VOL. 18, NO. 45.

Cards.

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Court House. ap 25,'77-1y

WM. M. MCCULLOUGH, FRED. G'L. BUCK.
McCULLOUGH & BUCK.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, in the Masonic building. jan10,'77

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

S. V. WILSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office one door east of Western Hotel building, opposite Court House.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
sept.5,'77.

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

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. jan1'77

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY P. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

JOSEPH B. M'ENALLY. DANIEL T. 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. jan1'78

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. jan1'77

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House. jan1'76.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [nov21,66.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

REED & HAGERTY,
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, FARM IMPLEMENTS,
Tinware, Nails, &c.,
aug1,77 Second Street, Clearfield, Pa.

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,
Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. y:pd

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug1877

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.

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. [apr6,'66-tf

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 15, 1875.

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 24jy'72

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr1'75-tf

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also manufacturer of
All Kinds of Articles in Human Hair.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

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 18,'75.

Cards.

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

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29, '76.

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. [*jy18'72

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

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my23:1ypd

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,
9:18'73 Clearfield, Pa.

WARREN THORN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
In the shop lately occupied by Frank Short, one door west of Allegheny House.

ASHLEY THORN,
ARCHITECT, CONTRACTOR and BUILDER.
Plans and Specifications furnished for all kinds of buildings. All work first-class. Stair building a specialty.
P. O. address, Clearfield, Pa. jan.17-77tf.

R. M. NEIMAN,
SADDLE and HARNESS MAKER,
Rumberger, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Keeps on hand all kinds of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, and Horse Furnishing Goods. Repairing promptly attended to.
Rumberger, Jan. 16, 1877-tf.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

J. R. M'MURRAY
WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE. (3dw73y:)
NEW WASHINGTON.

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.

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.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE SHOP.
The undersigned would inform the public that he has removed his Boot and Shoe Shop to the room lately occupied by Jos. Dearing, in Shaw's Row, Market street, where he is prepared to attend to the wants of all who need anything in his line. All work done by him will be of the best material, and guaranteed to be first-class in every respect. Repairing promptly attended to. All kinds of Leather and Shoe Findings for sale.
JOHN SCHIEFER.
Clearfield, Pa., July 18, 1877-6m.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep20 88-y Curwensville, Pa.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
and all kinds of
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.
A full stock of Saddlers' Hardware, Brushes, Combs, Blankets, Robes, etc., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.
All kinds of hides taken in exchange for harness and repairing. All kinds of harness leather kept on hand, and for sale at a small profit.
Clearfield, Jan. 19, 1876.

E. WARING'S
LAW BLANKS
For sale at the Clearfield REPUBLICAN office.
The most Complete Series of Law Blanks published.
These Blanks are gotten up in superior style, are of uniform size, and furnished at very low figures for cash.
Call at the REPUBLICAN office and examine them. Orders by mail promptly filled.
Address, GOODLANDER & LEE,
July 25, 1877-tf. Clearfield Pa.

JOHN TROUTMAN,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
MATTRESSES,
AND
Improved Spring Beds,
MARKET STREET, NEAR P. O.
The undersigned begs leave to inform the citizens of Clearfield, and the public generally, that he has on hand a fine assortment of Furniture, such as Walnut, Chestnut and Painted Chamber Suites, Parlor Suites, Reclining and Extension Chairs, Ladies' and Gents' Easy Chairs, the Portforated Dining and Parlor Chairs, Cane Seats and Windsor Chairs, Clothes Bars, Step and Extension Ladders, Hat Racks, Scrubbing Brushes, &c
MOULDING AND PICTURE FRAMES,
ooking Glasses, Chromos, &c., which would suitable for Holiday presents.
dec1873 JOHN TROUTMAN.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is Life, father?" "A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail,
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not, day nor night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?" "Thereat, my child,
When the strife and toil are o'er;
The Angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of battle cease;
Takes the banner and spear from the falling hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife."
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of Life.
My child, tho' thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The Angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all."

IN CHIEF JOSEPH'S HANDS.

THE FATE THAT BEFEL A PARTY OF TOURISTS IN THE YELLOWSTONE REGION —AN INDIAN JURY AND THEIR FATEFUL DECISION.

A correspondent, writing from Montana Territory, gives a thrilling account of the adventures of a party of tourists who fell among the hostile band of Nez Perces Indians, under command of Chief Joseph. The tourists consisted of Messrs. Dingle, Oldham, Meyers, Mann, Arnold, Cowan and Carpenter and the two sisters of the last named, Mrs. Cowan and Miss Ida. They had a wagon and buggy with them, and were camped in a piece of timber in the Lower Geyser basin. At daybreak one morning they found three Nez Perces seated at their fire, who said that they belonged to Joseph's band and that the camp was a couple of miles away; that Joseph, Looking-Glass and White Bird were the chiefs, and they would not kill citizens. After consultation the tourists concluded to go to the Indian camp, see the chiefs and try to get permission to continue on their way home, and at noon reached the camp of Looking-Glass, other Indians having joined their guides to the number of fifty or sixty. Looking-Glass shook hands with them and said he was a friend to citizens—"no kill citizens"—and White Bird, who soon after came up, said the same thing, though he was going to "heap kill Lewiston soldiers." White Bird "traded" horses with the party, took away the guns and pistols, and told them to go around through the woods, hitch up their wagons and be off. The main body then pressed on and the tourists turned back, followed by some twenty Indians, two of the party, Dingle and Arnold, here becoming separated from their comrades. The Indians then began to take the blankets and clothing of their prisoners, and took the guns of Cowan and Oldham. "Then," says Frank Carpenter, in his simple but intensely interesting narrative, "after going a few yards we were told that Joseph wanted to see us. We turned and went with them to the foot of a hill, where they tried to get us in a heap (to facilitate the killing), but I advised the boys to keep apart. I told the young chief that we wanted to go where White Bird was. He said 'No.' I said 'Yes, I go. You kill, kill now.' He said 'No; no;' and we moved slowly about twenty yards, when the young chief and I stopped and the party moved on. We moved about fifty yards further up in the timber, when the Indians commenced firing. We went a few steps to the left among the timber, when the young chief jumped off his horse and ran down the hill. I then saw my sister running down the hill, shrieking, toward Cowan. I looked about him and saw Indians on all sides, with their guns in their hands, and escape was impossible. I next recollect seeing this young chief on his knee, about thirty feet from me, with his gun cocked and pointed at my breast. I thought my time had come, and instantly made the sign of the cross on my breast, thinking he was a Catholic. The Indian threw up his gun and said: 'Come quick—no kill—me save you. We came near to where Cowan was lying, with my sister on her knees beside him crying. "Cowan said: 'Frank, for God's sake, get me some water.' I said: 'George, I can't—we are all gone—there is no show for us.' Just then my chief grabbed me, and saying 'Come quick—Indian kill,' led me behind some brush, where I was told to keep still—not to move or the bad Indians would kill me. I asked him to save the white girls and he said he would." Mr. Carpenter, still in charge of his young chief, found Mrs. Cowan two miles further on, and she told him that all the party had been killed except Ida, whom an Indian had taken away on a horse. She had seen Oldham shot and fall from his horse, then her husband, Cowan was shot in the leg. Fearless for herself, his wife ran to him. An Indian came up, placed a pistol near their heads, fired, and her husband sank down with his wife's arms around his neck. She saw that the ball had gone through the back part of his head. The Indian dragged her away, and as she was being put on a horse she looked back and saw her husband, writhing in agony, place his hand to his head; then the horrified woman saw an Indian throw a big rock on his head, crushing it. She recollected no more until she found herself on a horse behind an Indian. The captives were taken to Joseph, a tall, finely-built Indian, forty-five years old, with a thoughtful and intelligent face. His word in the camp, says Carpenter, was law. He shook hands with them, and said he was a friend to citizens, and gave the prisoners permission to remain in his tent.

Next morning Carpenter was told that he was to be killed and his sisters placed on pack animals and allowed to depart, but he pleaded with White Bird not to do so till they had reached a settlement or road, as the girls would inevitably perish in the wilderness. Moving onward the prisoners were overjoyed to find their sister Ida unharmed, and at the noon halt all were united, while the seven chiefs held a council to pass upon their fate. White Bird spoke in favor of their release, but Little Bear, one of the Snakes, urged the killing of Carpenter and the taking of his sisters as squaws, selecting Mrs. Cowan for himself. Then White Bird filled and lit his pipe and took a few whiffs at it, thus voting for their release. The pipe was passed to Little Bear—he sullenly declined it. A Crow chief took it, but passed it on, and the hearts of the prisoners died within them. So did the young Nez Perces Chief. The young chief who had made them prisoners and saved Carpenter's life, next took the pipe, and, nodding in a friendly manner to them, puffed it vigorously. Another chief followed his example, and the calumet was handed to the last one of the judges. How eargerly the captives watched his actions, and what silent, heartfelt prayers of gratitude ascended to heaven when the stoical savage placed the mouth-piece of the pipe to his lips and the merciful wreath of bluish-white smoke slowly came out upon the air! The pipe was once more sent around the circle—poling the jurors, as it were—and, as before, four of the seven chiefs smoked it. Says Mr. Carpenter: "White Bird informed me that I and my sisters should go home, and brought two horses for them to ride, intimating that I could walk, and I replied that all I wanted was a chance. Mrs. Cowan's riding habit was brought to her and they were mounted. White Bird took me behind him; we crossed the river and started homeward. White Bird escorted us about a mile." Though suffering much from exposure and cold, Carpenter and his sisters made their way in safety to Lieutenant Schofield's camp and thence to Bozeman. That their lives were spared was to the fact that at their farm the Carpenters were always in the habit of treating the Indians kindly, giving them bread, milk and vegetables as they passed every season through the Missouri Valley.

Messrs. Arnold and Dingle say that just before the firing began Joseph said to them: "You had better get out of here the best way you can, if you want to save your lives. Get into the timber and don't go near the wagons. I wish you well, but I have a number of warriors who have lost relatives in battle and they are desperate. I cannot control them, and they are determined to kill you." They therefore concluded to attempt an escape, and ran for their lives, hearing shots behind them. They were five days in the hills, without coats, blankets or arms, and having for food only four small fishes. At last they fell in with Howard's scouts and were saved. Myers also escaped, though the Indians followed him for eight miles. They shot Oldham, who was riding at his side, and Oldham fell, exclaiming: "I am killed—go on! You can do me no good!"

A WOMAN'S LOVE REQUITED AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT OF HALF A CENTURY.

Upwards of fifty years ago there lived a young swain possessing the patronymic of George W. Gillespie, generally known and called by the plebeian appellation of "Wash." In his whilom tergiversations he became tangled up in the affections of Miss Annie Wilson, of Bath, who in her pristine days was a rural lass of no grovelling presence. They were wont to congregate under the umbrageous shrubbery of old man Wilson and exchange those soul-inspiring words and glances which only the juvenile tillers of the soil can enjoy, till George found himself engaged and the day named. But trivial troubles arose which seemed mountains in George's eyes, and in a fit of disappointment he pulled stakes and sought a habitation in the West. As time elapsed his passion for the fair Annie sufficiently paled to admit of his affections being centered upon another, whom he married, and reared a family of eleven children, all of whom are now married, having long since abandoned the parental hearth. Two years since Mrs. Gillespie died, and the lonely widower began to revolve in his craniological lottery wheel a few schemes to get a wife, when the quondam apple of his eye was presented, and he unanimously adopted a resolution to return to his first love in Bath.

He found her enjoying the isolated lot of an old maid, and told her he didn't mean anything by it, and asked if she was still angry. She said she felt a little miffed at first, but had partly gotten over it. It was not long till he had succeeded in reinstating himself in that enviable place in her heart which only he had ever held, and the sparks of affection that had smouldered in her devoted bosom for more than half a century were rekindled.

The two lovers visited the Paris fair in company, and, while there called on Clerk Patton to obtain the requisite marriage documents, which were issued by this urbane gentleman, after proper inquiry as to their ages. They then sought the smiling countenance of Judge Turney, and were wedded.

They spent several hours at the fair, and in the evening took the train for Cincinnati to enjoy the sweets of a wedding tour. Returning to Carlisle, they were met at the train by that kind-hearted gentleman, George W. Bramblette, and conveyed to his neat Gothic residence. There, amid relatives and friends and delectable strains of music, all was peace and joy unalloyed, and the assemblage wished them a happy voyage back up life's path. The bride is sixty-nine years old and the groom is seventy-three.—*Carlisle (Ky.) Mercury.*

JOY.

The effect of joy on the animal economy is that of a direct stimulus of a very powerful kind, which acts not only on the nerves, but on every part of the body; action of the heart is excited, it "leaps with joy," and the blood under its animating influence is propelled more liberally to the surface, therefore, the "heart is light," and the minute blood vessels of the skin become more thoroughly injected; the countenance is flushed and "expanded," its expression is brightened, and the face "beams with joy."

The whole body participates in this cheerful elasticity, its movements are quickened, the step is buoyant, and there is a desire to run, to jump, to dance, to sing; in fact, every organ, every function, and every limb appears to be gladdened and invigorated with the happy moral condition.

When the joyous excitement is sudden and great, when the flow of joy is immoderate and violent, the consequence must always be prejudicial to health; in some instances the derangement is serious, and even fatal; the nervous system being unduly excited, and the circulation unnaturally increased, there follows a corresponding degree of sensorial exhaustion, and the strength of the body is completely prostrated. Thus, as in intoxication from wine or spirits, the state of excitement is succeeded by depression, languor, lassitude. The very insignia of grief, sighing, sobbing and panting, frequently follow extravagant joy, and sometimes the countenance will turn pale and the limbs refuse to support the body.

There are instances on record in which culprits, just at the point of execution, have immediately expired on the announcement of a pardon. Valerius Maximus relates two anecdotes of matrons, who, in like manner, died of joy on seeing their sons return safe from the battle between Hannibal and the Romans at the lake of Thrasis; the one died while embracing her son, the other had been misinformed, and was at that moment lamenting his death.

Ancient history affords numerous examples of this sudden and fatal effect of joy. It is recorded of Chilo, a Spartan philosopher, one of the seven wise men of Greece, that on seeing his son obtain a victory at Olympia, he fell overjoyed into his arms, and immediately expired. "Excessive and sudden joy," says Hailer, "often kills, by increasing the motion of the blood, and exciting a true apoplexy."

A case in illustration of this remark is detailed by an eminent physician. A gentleman who had consented to be nominated one of the executors in the will of an elderly person of considerable property with whom he was acquainted, received a few years afterwards, and at a time when his own income was but limited, the unexpected news that the testator was dead, and had left him sole executor, together with all his property, amounting to three thousand a year. He arrived in London in great agitation, and on entering his own door, dropped down in a fit of apopicxy, from which he never entirely recovered; for though he gained his mental and most of his corporeal faculties, his mind was shaken and timid, and a paralysis so weakened his right side, that he was incapable of walking further than a few steps.

Joy is also a frequent cause of fainting, hysterics, and convulsions, and the collectors of medical curiosities refer to numerous cases of mania, confirmed melancholy, and catalepsy, originating in this impressioned emotion. If the subject be of a delicate and sensitive constitution, and more especially if he labors under any complaint of the heart, or is tainted with any predisposition to mental disorder, the consequences of the shock to the nervous system, by sudden and immoderate joy, will always be attended by the utmost hazard.

Could joy be employed as a medicine, administered with a due regard to time and measure, in drachm and minim doses, the materia medica would be forsaken, for, says the great Haller: "Joy, hope, love, promote perspiration, quicken the pulse, promote the circulation, increase the appetite, and facilitate the cure of disease." Where are we to look for a drug that can effect so much?

THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW YORK.

In June last the engineer corps selected by the joint commission of Pennsylvania and New York to resurvey the boundary line between these two States began their labors at the stones set up on an island in the Delaware as the northeast corner of Pennsylvania and the southeast corner of New York by Rittenhouse and DeWitt in 1786. They have surveyed the route to the 109th mile post, within three miles of the Alleghany county line, where a post has been set and the work suspended for the season. The engineers reached at this point the beginning of the high mountain ridge which is the water shed of the Susquehanna on one side and of the Genessee on the other. While the distance surveyed is about half of the whole route, the labor in the remaining distance will be greater and more difficult in accomplishing, owing to the intervening high mountain chains, large streams and rough, wild country. The new survey has thus far varied but little from the old boundary line, and most of the old mile-stones have been found. Those discovered in the early part of the work were more carefully set and protected better than the ones found latterly. In locating these old landmarks the engineers received great aid from people living along the line, which, together with the fine weather they have had ever since the work commenced, has enabled them to make such rapid progress. The slight variation the new survey makes from the old shows that most remarkable skill was possessed by the original surveyors, who, nearly ninety years ago, had few of the fine scientific aid in their work that the engineer of to-day uses in his work. Since the party left Waverly, or thereabouts, they have used the compass but little, using signals from one to another from the summits of the mountains.

The most striking among the changes made by the new line is the dividing of the village of Waverly, placing a considerable number of the residents in an entirely different State and county from those they have always been supposed to dwell in; the locating of Lawrenceville, Tioga county, Pa., in the county of Chemung, New York, and the transferring of Ceres, New York, to the State of Pennsylvania. The new boundary has been accepted by the local authorities of Waverly, and has been permanently fixed. The work thus far has been carried on with great economy in expenditure, the preliminary appropriation not having been exhausted. The work will be resumed early in the spring.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

San Antonio is like nothing so much as the little African town of Bilbah that Eugene Fromentin comes upon in the midst of the desert, set behind jalousies, among gardens and fountains, smothered in roses, and sung to by nightingales. On a more enchanting spot the eye of poet never rested. There is probably nothing like it in America. Four days ago you left snow under the windows at home, now your room is full of roses; and as you go out and about, you find the town one wilderness of roses, a very vale of Cashmere. Blush and creamy and blood-red; the delicate little Scotch rose; the superb Marshal Niel; the shining Lamarque; the beautiful green tea-rose, hundred-leaved and full, spotless, waxen-white, and damask; the heavy-headed Persian rose itself—they hedge gardens by the quarter of a mile together, lattice every veranda, climb and lie in masses of buds and blossoms on every roof. It is a long red roof usually, that, bending slightly, forms also the roof of the veranda. Most of the houses beneath it are long and low and narrow, of a single story, and but one step from the ground, built of a cream-colored stone that works easily and hardens in the air, and so placed that the south wind or the east blow in every room—the wind that blows all day long from the Gulf, and makes the fervent heat itself a joy. There is no vestibule; you enter the saloon from the door, and the other rooms open on either side of that, and as they all open on the veranda, that is used as a hall. Over them rise the tall cotton-woods and the huge spreading pecans, and before them or behind them, almost invariably, flows a swift, clear stream of water some four or five feet wide, the banks now stoned in, now covered with a lush growth of the blooming cannas and immense arrow-headed leaves the size of an African warrior's shield, and now bridged beneath honeysuckle arbors.

These charming dwellings stand with little regularity or uniformity, but here and there, facing this way and that, just as the winding roads wind with the winding river, and always half buried in a sweet seclusion of leaf and blossom. Not roses only, but all the other flowers under heaven: lilies and myrtles and geraniums make the air a bliss to breathe; aloes sit drawing in the sunshine, suddenly to shoot it out in one long spike of yellow bloom higher than the house itself; the Spanish-dagger lifts its thick palm-like trunk, and bristles at a thousand points around its great cone of creamy bells; the euphorbia clothes its strange and lofty stem with a downy green, and then flowers with a blossom like a red-bird just alit; in every vacant space the acacia "waves her yellow hair"—the very acacia, it is said, with whose long scarlet silken stamens tumbling out of their yellow hood Moore has taken such poetic license. There are groups of bananas, too, the arch of whose huge leaves reminds you only of Paul and Virginia's home; there walls of the scarlet pomegranate, one blaze of glory; lanes lined with the lovely-leaved fig-tree where the fig is already large; and the comely mulberry-tree, grown to an enormous size, is dripping with its blackening and delicious fruit. Sometimes there are summer-houses at the gate almost half the size of the dwelling, entirely covered with vines, and the whole spot so sequestered behind mimosa and cacti and huge-leaved plants that is seems only a tropical tangle that you might hesitate to enter; but, pushing your way through which, you will find, behind broad porches, lofty rooms with polished floors and rugs, books, and pictures and vases and costly furniture, inhabited by lovely white-clad women whose manners have peculiar grace.

In and out among these houses slip the San Antonio River, clear as crystal, swifter than a mill-race; now narrow and foaming along between steep banks rich with luxuriant semi-tropical growth, and with the tall pecans on either side meeting above them in vaulting shadow; now spreading in sunny shallows between long grassy swards starred with flowers, twisting and turning and doubling on itself, so tortuous that the three miles of the straight line from its head to the market-place it makes only in fourteen miles of caprices and surprises, rapids and eddies and falls and arrowy curves, reach after reach of soft, green gloom and flickering sunshine, each more exquisitely beautiful than the other.—HARRIET PRESCOT SPOFFORD, in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

A SORROWFUL CASE.

The sentence of five years at hard labor in the penitentiary, passed on William C. Gilman, the forger, was a just punishment for the crimes he confesses to have committed. In commenting on the case the New York *Herald* says: Any sympathy felt for him on account of his former respectable position in life would be misplaced. A criminal act is the more inexcusable when its perpetrator is neither driven to it by necessity nor tempted by evil associations. In this case the prisoner had enjoyed the advantages of education and of good example. He was in possession of an income large enough to enable him to live in comfort if not in luxury. He had about him social and family ties to induce him to covet an honorable reputation. Yet with all these incentives to honesty he entered deliberately on a career of crime, commencing with violation of trust and proceeding step by step until he became a forger. His life has been for years a living lie. He went with a smooth and smiling face among the brothers and sisters he had robbed. He wore the mask of a Christian man in the presence of a good pastor who did not desert him in his hour of exposure, and worse than all, hid his true character from a trusting wife and reared his children in the expectation of ease and independence, while he was by his acts dooming them to misery and entailing upon them the curse of a branded name. Surely such a man is less entitled to sympathy than is one who steals bread for a starving family or one whose vicious training fits him for nothing but a criminal's career.

Nevertheless the scene enacted in the Recorder's Court was sufficiently affecting to move the hearts of strong men inured to the sight of suffering and remorse. It was a painful spectacle, that of a man who had heretofore been honored by the world bending down in shame before a bar of justice and confessing in broken tones the crimes which must consign him to a felon's cell. No romance could be more briefly touching than the brief story read on behalf of the prisoner, in which the terrible secrets so long locked up in his heart were for the first time laid bare. A thrill ran through the court when he acquitted his wife—poor stricken soul!—of any responsibility for his extravagance, and declared "she would have accepted any restraint I might have put upon her." Stern men turned aside their faces when the counsel made his affecting appeal for the three lovely children, who are now "worse than fatherless." Who can wonder that judge and lawyer, usually cold and passionless, were moved to tears by the scene?

The criminal goes out from the world—from the happy home he has enjoyed, from the wife and children he loves—and steps for five years into a living grave. He is dead for that long period to all who are dear to him and to the companions and scenes of his past life. If he survives and comes back to the active world he re-enters it with a felon's brand on his forehead. Yet everybody feels that his punishment is just, and at this particular time the example it affords may bring forth good fruits.

TAKING A SWORDFISH.

TERRIBLE STRUGGLE WITH AN AIR-TIGHT BARREL ATTACHED TO A HARPOON.

The *Forest and Stream* says: It was some time before we could distinguish the speck, rising and falling with the sea, which had attracted the old whaleman's attention. Soon he pronounced it a "fish," and after putting us on the other track to run down partly to leeward of it, went below to bring up the irons. When he had worked perhaps a mile before it, we lay to for our final instructions, the skipper took the wheel to "keep her head on it yer can," and the one who held the air-tight barrel was told, "When y're sure I've struck him, over with it."

He was as cool as a cucumber as he took the harpoon and cutting-spade forward, coiling the line (one end of which was fast to the harpoon, the other to the barrel) carefully on deck, with the caution, "Ware when it flakes out," and taking only enough with him to his roost on the bowsprit end, to give him ample elbow room. His station reached, he fixed the spade in the support ready to receive it, laid the iron in front of him across the cage, waved his hand, and we filed away, close hauled. Never was a mile more slowly sailed by the little group in the pit of the White Cloud. Never had our hearts beaten faster than as we neared the fifteen-feet fish, rolling asleep, in the trough of the sea. Now the pilot is almost over him; slowly he raises the iron, braces himself, and hurls it with all the strength of both sinewy arms. The iron sinks deeply into the sleeping fish, there is a mighty surge, the line flakes overboard as quickly as thought, the float splashes as it disappears beneath the water, then all is still. We luff and wait. Presently up bobs the float. The fish finding the strain of the air tight barrel too severe is coming to the surface. Now the water bubbles and boils just under our lee, and the swordfish breaches half its length out of his element, shakes himself savagely, and swims at lightning speed for the barrel. He strikes it again and again with his sword, but it rests so tightly on the top of the water that he cannot injure it. Then he stops, looks at us an instant, and darts toward the boat. We have not time to bring her head around, and if he strikes it will be amidships. The pilot comes quickly aft, bringing his long-handled, three cornered spade, and as the fish comes within striking distance, aims one swift, unerring blow full at his forehead. The terrible sword drops harmless, the upper muscles at its base are severed, and he passes under us, jarring the boat and splashing us with the water as he sounds.

Again the float goes under and is out of sight a longer time than before. Again the fish throws himself out of the water, showing his sword hanging down at an angle of forty-five degrees. He swims once or twice around the barrel, then starts to windward at too furious speed to last, with the float plowing behind him. When we beat up he is feebly fighting it. He sounds for a short time, but comes up exhausted. Once or twice he rolls over on his side, but recovers himself and swims on in short tacks. We press him too closely, and he charges us again, but we make no effort to avoid him, knowing that now he is powerless to injure us, nor does he try to strike, apparently realizing that his weapon is worthless, but goes under, coming up the other side.

And so he sounds and swims, fights and runs, until at last he succumbs to exhaustion and lies still. We work up alongside, and as we luff the pilot puts a lance into his very life. There is a shudder along his whole body, his fins work convulsively a moment, and then he lies motionless and dead. We rig a tackle to our mainmast, and, after considerable labor, get him aboard, where we examine at our leisure his peculiar shape, and admire his graceful "clipper build." Our Nantucketer estimates his weight at between 500 and 600 pounds. His sword is over three feet in length, its broken point and nicked edges proving that its owner was an old as well as a fighting fish.

Our fish is on board, and, after reserving a few choice cuts, turned over to our pilot, who asks that we run into Marthavineyard that he may dispose of him before he spoils. And so we set gaff and jib topsails, haul off before the wind, and lay our course northward.

GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

The death of General Forrest a few days ago brings out a sketch of his career, from which we extract the following:

General Forrest was not an educated soldier, but he had that within him—energy, dash and pluck—which goes to make a successful cavalryman. That he was successful, his remarkable marches and numerous victories fully attest. More than one unwary Federal General went into camp in fancied security thinking the enemy a hundred miles, away, and before morning was awakened by an attack in force, against which he was powerless. His excuse at headquarters would be that it was Forrest who had made the attack. The cavalryman's movements were as rapid and eccentric as those of a guerrilla, yet he carried with him always a large and well organized force. Some one asked him just before the close of the war, when his victories made him particularly conspicuous, what was the secret of his success. In his own homely way he said it was by "getting the most men thar fust." Summer before last, when General Judson Kilpatrick was canvassing Indiana for the Republicans, he spoke of General Forrest in such a way that the latter challenged him to fight a duel. As soon as the challenge was sent Forrest wrote to General Basil Duke, of Kentucky, that, in case his invitation was accepted—which he did not doubt for a moment—he would call on Duke to be his second. The latter further said that in the necessary arrangement he would like General Duke to insist that the duel should be fought on horseback with sabres, as that was the proper way for two cavalrymen to meet. General Duke at once engaged for his principal a steed for the encounter—a horse recommended by his owner to go over a church steeple if necessary—and awaited General Kilpatrick's reply. Kilpatrick, however, declined to fight, on the ground that he and Forrest "did not move in the same social sphere." Had this duel taken place, it doubtless would have been conducted in a style delightfully dramatic.

SMALL FRUITS IN GARDENS.—But few people seem to know the value of small fruits to a family, when grown in their own gardens. You commence with strawberries; they continue about a month. You pick, perhaps, from six to twelve quarts a day. You have them on your table as a dessert, if you please at noon, and your tea table is loaded with them in the evening, and you will want little else but your bread and butter. Your family consume, in one way or another, about eight quarts a day, and while they last no medicines for bodily ailments are required, as a quart of strawberries daily will generally dispel all ordinary diseases not settled permanently in the system. After strawberries, raspberries come to continue about three weeks; then we have blackberries where the climate is not too cold for cultivated varieties; then the currants ripen, which remain until the early grapes mature; and taking the season