THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.
The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 52—WHOLE NO. 2,565. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1878. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19, NO. 13.

Cards.

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES—We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty five cents, mail a copy to any address. mr28

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
9:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. y:pd

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

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

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
e26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

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

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

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. jan1'7

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

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

CHARLES C. LEIDY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Osceola Mills, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Legal business of all kinds attended to. Particular attention paid to the procuring of bounties, pensions, &c.
Nov 21, 1877-1y.

JOSEPH S. M'NEALLY. 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. jan1'76

WM. M. MCCULLOUGH, FRED. C. BUCK.
McCULLOUGH & BUCK,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, in the Masonic building.
jan10,'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. jan1'78.

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.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'76

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 8 p. m.

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

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

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

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. 23jy'72

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

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
april'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 19,'75.

Cards.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb27'71tf

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. [*]y16'72

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

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

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

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:10'73 Clearfield, Pa.

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

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. (3:3:73y:)
NEW WASHINGTON.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs,
AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co. [jan9. '78-tf.

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

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 68-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 Perforated Dining and Parlor Chairs, Cane Seats and Windsor Chairs, Clothes Bars, Step and Extension Ladders, Hat Racks, Scrubbing Brushes, &c.
MOULDING AND PICTURE FRAMES,
looking Glasses, Chromos, &c., which would suitable for Holiday presents.
dec10'73 JOHN TROUTMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines Written on Reading an Account of Miss Annie Barrett's Death.

BY JAMES AIKEN.

[The writer is over eighty years of age, and upon reading the obituary in the REPUBLICAN, drew from him the lines below. For nearly half a century he followed the profession of school teaching, and taught the first school attended by the late Mrs. G. R. Barrett. He is well known in the interior of the State, and while he has retired from the duties which he so long honored, this poem will show that at a ripe old age he is well preserved and retains the full vigor of his mind. While it, no doubt, is pleasant to him, even in sadness, to be carried back to the early history of his eventful life, it affords us pleasure to give publicity to these thoughts from his gifted pen.—EDITOR REPUBLICAN.]

The sudden death of one so deeply loved;
Oh! may God soothe her father's sorrowing heart!
Mourning a wife, so honored, so esteemed,
And now compelled from this dear child to part.

And she supplied her noble mother's place,
Those words convey more honor to her name
Than any record of heroic deeds,
Which, in past ages filled the tramp of Fame.

Her mother's place! And she so young and gay!
Yet quick she listens to high Duty's call;
Domestic labors, and domestic cares,
With true, brave heart, this girl accepts them all.

Her mother's teaching had informed her mind;
Her mother's spirit had inspired her soul;
And that dear household was her realm of peace,
So calm, so tranquil, under Love's control.

The noble women of this Christian land!
'Tis Christian truth that makes them what they are,
In many a blessed Christian home, behold
The hallowed light of many a moral star.

Dear Annie Barrett! we'll remember thee;
And we'll remember thy dear mother, too;
And when some skeptic utters his low sneer,
We'll say, "Reb id what Christian truth can do!"

Kindred and friends, who mourn your honored dead,
Let Christian faith make clear your mental sight,
The good, the lovely, let us pray to meet
In the pure realms of everlasting light.

Dear Annie's mother was my pupil once;
And I am told she always was my friend;
That shall console an old man's lonely heart,
In weal or woe, till this short life shall end.

LEWISBURG, PA., February 26th, 1878.

WASHERWOMEN AND ORNAMENTAL HUSBANDS.

Perhaps no worker of the gentler sex has harder labor than the washerwoman or gets better pay for her work. The reason for her good fortune doubtless lies in the fact that she deals directly with the people who need her services, and therefore no part of her earnings is taken by middlemen. She keeps her own accounts by the rough arithmetic of the tallystick period, and marks the various articles of her customers by strange hieroglyphics in white, red and blue thread. She brings back the clean clothes herself and takes away the work-basket. Her business is small, but such as it is she is mistress of all the details of it, and owner of the small fixed capital in the shape of a washboard, a tub and a few flat-irons which it employs. She has no rival among men except the Chinese, who do not in this city as yet constitute a class large enough to make their influence felt. On the whole, therefore, the washerwoman should be comfortable in a moderate way, and that most of them are not so is due to their own extravagant propensities. Strange to say, three-fourths of the washerwomen in New York are the victims of a passion for expensive luxuries. They do not indulge in silks or satins or wines; they do not set up a fast horse or sport diamond rings; but they are very apt to undertake the more useless and ruinous task of supporting an idle husband, a piece of folly as disastrous to a woman in humble life as the keeping of a fast horse usually is to young man in business. It is well known that an ornamental husband is a creature prized mainly for his lazy and luxurious habits, incapable of profitable employment, proud of his position of elegant leisure and disposed to regard his proprietor as designed especially to take care of him. He is like a lap-dog or a parrot or any other pet, and the more exacting he becomes the more his owner is disposed to pamper him. As a natural consequence the demands of the ornamental husband, even in upper life, for fine clothes, costly liquors, fast horses and indulgences of every description generally surpass the ability of the wife to supply them, and the result is infidelity or cruelty, ending in divorce. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that only women of great wealth and liberal disposition should attempt to set up an ornamental husband. None others can afford the luxury; and some means should be adopted to prevent inconsiderate females incapable of meeting the responsibility of an expensive establishment from entering into wedlock with a male sybarite under the false pretense, expressed or implied, that she will support him in idleness and extravagance. The present Legislature, which has distinguished itself by assuming to settle everything else, should frame a law on this subject, wherein a money limit might be established below which no one should be allowed to attempt the maintenance of an ornamental husband. The line could be drawn safely perhaps at an income of $20,000 a year as a minimum, since a woman might support an idle husband on that sum in good style without doing violence to any of the finer instincts of his luxurious and poetic nature—if she was herself capable of reasonable sacrifices in regard to dress, jewelry and social entertainment. Why should women possessed of a less amount of money marry tender and delicate men accustomed to the indulgences of bachelorhood, and drag them down to a life of self-denial and penury? Why are they not content with the ordinary working husband of commerce, the faithful, uncomplaining unexacting drudge who will earn without a murmur more than his brilliant counterpart could squander? The man who loves horses and lacks means will be glad to own an honest hack when an Arabian courser is out of the question; the girl who cannot buy rare exotics will cherish a common rose in the flower-pot set upon her window-sill; why, then, should poor working-women indulge in a fancy for a gay and festive husband, who, though he confine his tipple to beer and whisky and restrain his taste for display to brass rings and imitation diamonds, can nevertheless spend more of the dollars of our fathers than the most industrious wife can rub out of the friction of soiled linen and a washboard? Of all the vices of high life transplanted among the poor for their destruction, we think this habit of attempting to sustain a purely ornamental family figure-head is the worst. All the evils flowing from such a state of things were illustrated in the Schmidt case, the details of which constitutes a pitiable revelation of the results of woman's weak propensity for the useless, the luxurious and the ornamental. It seems that Mrs. Schmidt is a washerwoman who might make for herself a very comfortable living, but she has undertaken the task of maintaining by her labors an able-bodied husband in idleness. The result has been that Schmidt, notwithstanding the fact that he has captured every cent of his wife's earnings and the pension of his mother-in-law, has still been sadly pinched for the full quantity of beer which is considered the perquisite of every well-kept washerwoman's husband. The women have worked early and late, have pinched themselves in their victuals and have worn shabby clothes, but all to no purpose. The proud soul of Schmidt has been repeatedly humiliated by impecuniosity and enforced thirst, and this creature of luxury and ease, whose natural element is the sunshine of prosperity and enjoyment, has been obliged to recoil from more than one saloon amid the jeers of his companions. His sensitive spirit chafed under such trials until gradually a feeling of settled resentment against the woman who betrayed him into matrimony took possession of his mind. He endeavored to satisfy his vengeance by beating her occasionally, but finally when she so far forgot herself as to conceal her paltry earnings from him and retaliated for his abuse with tongue and tongs he endeavored to put an end to his bondage by mingling poison with the family coffee. It is no exaggeration to say that there are thousands of washerwomen in New York enduring all the inconveniences and indignities to which Schmidt had to submit, through the ill-advised action of their wives in assuming matrimonial responsibilities which they could not discharge. It is a matter of regret that there is no law—we say so in the face of our long record against sumptuary legislation—to authorize the police to visit the homes of the washerwomen of the city, and wherever they find cribbed, cabined and confined within those narrow limits that thing of sweetness and light, an ornamental husband, lead the victim of misplaced confidence gently down to the front entrance of the tenement-house and dismiss him with a perpendicular kick to seek for somebody better able to support him.—*New York World.*

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AGO.

Mrs. Ex-President Tyler.

ASSISTING MRS. HAYES IN RECEIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Three weeks ago the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Post*, detailed, among other capital ideas, the following:

At the last public reception at the White House, Mrs. Hayes was assisted in her duties by Mrs. ex-President Tyler. Mrs. Hayes was dressed in ruby velvet, Mrs. Tyler in rich sable robes. The two ladies resemble each other enough to be sisters; are near the same height, each has fresh complexion, dark eyes, black hair arranged in bands over the ears; and their elegant tortoise shell combs were almost duplicates. There is probably not over ten or twelve years difference in their ages, although it has been many years since President Tyler filled the Presidential chair, and Mrs. Tyler has been a widow fifteen years. Mrs. Tyler was her husband's second wife, and came in the White House a very young and beautiful bride, somewhere near thirty years ago. President Tyler's first wife, who died a year after his inauguration, had been dead about two years, and the widower had walked in solitary grief under his crape-banded hat about Washington all that time, giving not a glance at the many blooming maidens who longed for the White House. But a grief-stricken girl, in mourning heavy as his own, worn for a father who had been killed in an awful accident on the Potomac, touched his pity, and love frolicked close upon the heels of sympathy, and one fair spring day, Washington was startled by the announcement that a quiet service in New York had transferred Miss Gardner into a President's wife. The negro servant was the only one to whom the bridegroom told his intentions, and the subject was broached upon the eve of his departure for New York. He instructed the darkey to have his house in readiness for Mrs. Tyler. "She's very young and beautiful. She'll be a splendid woman in her prime," said the infatuated lover.

"Yes, Massa John; but whar you be when she's in dat prime?"

Of the many years, and their sad changes since that time, there is ample evidence. Mrs. Tyler, yet beautiful, appeared Saturday again in the White House, and saw a few old people in the throng, greeting Mrs. Hayes as kindly as they in younger days had greeted her, but the greater part of the crowd that in olden days were wont to gather in these spacious rooms were gone, and the spring grass is green over the bones of the crowd that thirty years ago were in their prime. The furniture is all changed, but the grand old rooms are just as they used to be, and I feel more at home here than any place on earth," said Mrs. Tyler. Then the crowd swept us along away from the Presidential party, through aisles of green foliage that banked the walls, through the whole suite of rooms to the great east room where once Polly Madison hung her clothes to dry in the early days, when only two rooms of the White House were finished, and when all around was a marsh dotted by a few half-erected buildings to mark the present site of the capitol of America. Now the east room is velvet carpeted, lined by mirrors and panels of white and gold; it is as big as a church, and affords a splendid promenade down its mirror-doubled length.

"TURN THAT BABY."

There was a Connecticut lady from one of those interior villages of the State which have become celebrated for their innocence and garden seeds, who, being ignorant of the dangerous nature of heated steam radiators, recently learned by sad experience that they are devices of the Adversary. She had reached the city of Providence, Rhode Island, on her way to Boston, and was compelled to wait for some time in the railway station for the arrival of the Boston express. She was accompanied by her baby, a valuable infant of about eighteen months of age, and as she desired to explore the recesses of her traveling bag in search of the key of her trunk, concerning which she had an awful fear that she had left it at home, she looked about her for a place to temporarily deposit her baby. Her eye caught a large steam radiator, with a handsome marble top, which she mistook, as she subsequently explained, for a "mantle-tree-piece." Upon this delusive slab she deposited the baby, placing it in a sitting position, and proping it up with bundles, and then retired into the corner where she could search her bag in quiet.

Instantly that unhappy infant lifted up its voice and howled. The mother was annoyed at its untimely expression of dissatisfaction, but determined to let it cry for a few moments until her search should be completed. It took her about five minutes to find the desired key, and she then was ready to give her attention to her off-spring. She addressed it in the most winning of nursery jargon, but it declined to cease its wailing. Then she jaggled before its eyes her bunch of keys, and even went so far as to suggest that an examination of the works of her watch might be granted to a really good baby who would sign a pledge to abstain from pins and colic in every form. This also failing of the desired effect, she offered bribes in the shape of candy and gingerbread, all of which, to her great astonishment, were neglected. By this time she made up her mind that a pin must be at the bottom of the trouble, and she therefore took up the infant and instituted a brief search for the supposed instrument of torture. Finding all the child's pins in precisely the localities where nature had placed them, she grew somewhat indignant at its causeless outcry, and, after threatening it with the severest form of nursery punishment in case of further persistence in crime, she replaced it on the radiator, and informed it that it must remain in that position until it was ready to be a good and quiet baby.

Just at this point a man of apparently fifty years of age, whose appearance unmistakably indicated that the hand of female affection had never buttoned his collar or adjusted his necktie, looked up from his newspaper, and remarked to the exasperated mother: "Madam! permit me to suggest that it is time to turn that child." The mother, startled at this address from an entire stranger, who, as an obvious old bachelor, instantly incurred her righteous contempt, asked him sharply what he meant. "Merely this," replied the monster, "your infant must be entirely baked on one side, and you had better turn it over and cook the other side a little." Filled with astonishment and horror, she seized her infant, and at the same time happening to touch the slab with her hand, discovered that it was extremely hot. Further examination proved the truth of the unmarried miscreant's remark. The infant was not only baked, but was overdone to such an extent as to partially spoil it.

The railway company has refused to pay damages, for, although it is not denied that, by means of the steam radiator, a valuable baby was nearly ruined and was rendered wholly unfit for any infantile purpose, it was claimed that the mother and not the company was at fault. This claim will doubtless be sustained by the courts, although babies in Connecticut are so scarce as to be quoted at an unusually high figure. The incident may be of use to the Connecticut mothers as a warning that a steam radiator is not a mantle-piece, and that infants spoiled in the baking will not be paid for by railroad companies.

THE DEFECT OF AMERICAN ART.

What, thus far, has been the radical defect of American art? for certainly we do possess a national art as truly as does France or England. Although the nature of our art is varied, yet, as Professor Weir, of Yale College, recently said, it is quite possible to discriminate between that which is distinctly American, which bears the unmistakable stamp of originality, and that which is either the work of artists of foreign birth residing in this country, or of Americans residing abroad, and adopting the manners of foreign schools. Mr. Story has taken the trouble to come all the way from Rome to tell us that our principal fault is "literalness," but if by that word he means that the most of our pictures are merely literal transcriptions from nature, he is misinformed. To make any thing approaching to a literal transcription from nature requires an amount of technical skill which few of our artists possess. The severest and most protracted training is necessary to the production of such work, and the trouble with too many of our painters is that they are deficient in academic learning. They can not draw accurately; they can not color skillfully. They are amateurs, tyros, school-boys, so far as education in the resources of the pencil and the brush is conconed. If, on the other hand, by literalness Mr. Story means animaginativeness, his criticism will apply with equal force to many artists in every European centre. Only geniuses are truly imaginative, and not all even of them. The great defect of American art—to speak in the spirit of self examination and soberness—is ignorance. American artists, with a few conspicuous exceptions, have not mastered the science of their profession. They did not learn early enough how to draw; they have not practiced drawing persistently enough or long enough. They are not deeply read in the philosophy of color. They have not clear ideas of what art is and what art demands. They are not scholars. The spirit is willing, indeed, but the flesh is weak.—G. W. SHELDON, in *Harper's Magazine for April.*

WHAT ENGLAND FEARS IN THE EASTERN QUESTION

Considerable comment has been excited by an article on European politics which appeared in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the author of which is Sir Garnet Wolseley, a Major General in the British army, who has seen much service, and is regarded as one of the most brilliant and promising officers in that establishment. This distinguished authority holds that it is not Russia so much as Germany that England has to fear in the present crisis. It is not the military strength of Germany that England has to dread, for in reality the expense of her army is a greater strain than the country can bear, and the consequent taxation weighs so heavily that industry and trade suffer great depression. But the restlessness of the taxpayer is regarded as a source of danger to England, inasmuch as it impresses upon the German government the necessity of opening in some way new channels of commerce. What Germany wants more than anything else is a more extended and convenient seaboard, and this might be obtained by annexing the prosperous little countries up n its frontier, Belgium and Holland. It is not likely that this "belt" of Germany—a "belt" not formed, however, from the outgrowth of Germany—would be permitted to vote upon the question of annexation, but it has become a fixed idea in German policy which is only waiting an opportunity for realization. If Great Britain had become embroiled in the present Turco Russian war it is considered more than probable that Germany would have hailed the circumstance as the opportunity waited for. It is believed that Great Britain could better afford to have Russia in permanent occupation of Constantinople than to have Belgium and Holland turned into German provinces. British commerce could not safely stand the brunt of the fresh competition it would have to meet if Antwerp and Amsterdam were made the ports of Germany. In the day of sailing vessels the superior nautical aptitude of England enabled her to hold her own on the ocean against the world, but these are the days of steam and machinery, and the German steamships engaged in the American trade are as well handled and manned as the English, as those coming to this port bear witness. If Germany ever gets a commercial seaboard there is nothing to prevent her from becoming a great commercial and naval as well as military power. Sir Garnet Wolseley takes it for granted that England would fight before permitting Belgium and Holland to become German provinces. As she could not accomplish much to prevent this result without a European ally Sir Garnet assumes that she would be able to obtain the co-operation of France, and enters into details of that country's military strength, which, coming from such high athority, are of great interest. According to his statistics, the French regular army, including officers, numbers 745,000, behind which is a disciplined reserve of 500,000 men, and also a territorial army 500,000 strong, all more or less drilled. In 1870, when France declared war against Germany, she had scarcely more than 300,000 soldiers available for field operations. The great defect of her military organization then was the inefficiency of her commissariat and supply departments, which, during the last seven years, are represented to have been thoroughly overhauled and reconstructed. With eighteen hundred thousand men to send into the field, and the most systematic arrangements for the commissariat, France would be an ally worth having. But why France should fight for English interests, especially as England did not help France in her late struggle with Germany for existence, and as France must still require years of peace before she can fully recuperate from the results of that contest, does no fully appear.—*Baltimore Sun.*

THAT WHIRLPOOL.

The Washington correspondent of Chicago *Tribune*, remarks:

It is amusing to see how many "Mrs. Proudies" there are in Washington. And it is—not—amusing to see how many nice little wives, and good, plain mothers are spoiled by a taste of gayety in our Republican Capital. One member's wife, when she came here first, a few months ago, was really homesick for her little village. But after the cards came in to her, and she began to fully realize that she was the wife of a member of Congress, what airs the country wife took on herself. Ladies whose claim to distinction rested upon their innate refinement and intelligence, and not upon the accidental position of their husbands, were passed unnoticed save by the faintest smilingless inclination; and the grade or rank of a lady's husband could have been told by a looker-on, by the warmth or coolness with which the wife of the new member welcomed them.

The change in the toilet of the lady was marked. Her eye eagerly ran over the dresses of her acquaintance. From a modest lady in a plain black silk and smooth brown locks she burst into the less *distingue* style of light satin and bare shoulders, and pyramid-shaped head with the surrounding thatch of frizzes which hides the broad and beautiful brow and makes every woman look like an idiot. The lady now trips to her hired cab every day, and gives her orders to the coachman with an icy, fault-finding tone, which she, poor soul, does not know indicates her newness to the luxury of a hired team and livery. Her days are a round of ceaseless, meaningless toadyism; her nights wild revels, where neither sense nor comfort ever shows its plain, old-fashioned faces. This woman, before her husband's election, would have set up with her neighbor's sick child. She would have made its tiny grave clothes and put flowers in its dead hands, the while her eyes were misty with sympathy. But now she is spoiled for everything. She will fly her round, fritter away her day, drop out her life, and not a ripple on the tide of fashionable society will show where she has gone down. The wheels of folly roll round forever here. There are half-naked women crushed in the cram with simi-respectable people, men and women. There are champagne, and punch, and lobsters, and flowers; ruined toilets, lost tempers, and finally bitter disappointment and remorse.

NEW ENGLAND PHOTOGRAPHED.

The Springfield, Mass. correspondent of the Plattsburg N. Y. *News*, has evidently swallowed a portion of "the land of steady habits," and in a recent letter to the *News*, draws this pen picture of the decendents of the Plymouth Rockers as follows. *Dear Sir*:—We like the New England people. It were hard to find, in our whole country, a more frugal, enterprising, money loving, and money making class of men, than those who inhabit the hills and valleys of New England. The people of New England are very pious; every thing they do has a piety in it, and you can get along very well among them if you are also pious, and believe just what they do. They do not like other sections of our country to prosper as much as their own; they would make laws for the nation, with an eye to their own interests; they desire everyone, no matter how dissimilarly situated in life, to follow in their wake, laugh when they laugh, and be lachrymal when they are out of sorts. New England, of all sections of our country was responsible for our war. Not that of 1812—that she opposed—but that of 61 65 into which she went with all the enthusiasm of a philanthropist, the piety of a Christian, the business sagacity of a tradesman. And she made a great deal of money out of the war. Her manufactories made more shoddy than all else North combined; she had more army contractors, more sutlers, more hangers on, more Statesmen, more of a "home guard," than any other section. Her territory, not much larger than New York, was brimfull of patriotism and merchandise, and there was enough of both to have run the war twenty years, with both to spare for our Government. Indeed, the war should have been allowed to go on for a longer period than it did, to have exhausted the patriotism and the goods on hand which the New England people had to sell. But a heap of money was made, and United States bonds have accumulated in banks, insurance enterprises, and in the pockets of our shrewd New Englanders, not to be approached in magnitude, save in Wall street, New York. The war closed almost too soon. The General Government ought to have notified New England as to the end thereof in advance; still New England has been tolerably satisfied with the financial result, although pure patriotism when at so high a pressure must still continue to bubble, and it will bubble for years to come.

New England seemed to have overlooked the fact that her manufacturing interests would be effected by the war, and particularly the production of her cottons must be lessened year after year. She does not like to see the Rebel States taking from her this industry, and who with the "staple" at the door, will in time control the manufacturer of cotten goods. But New England, while she may unwittingly have lost this industry, and having no agricultural resources to fall back upon, nevertheless she has the money and the bonds. The latter relieves her from the onerous taxation under the accumulated weight of which our country groans, so that while the war has impoverished other sections, it has enriched this. And New England today desires to make the laws and shape the destinies of our States, as has always been her wont. She it was that made bonds payable not in currency, but in coin. It was her shrewed statesmen who, by a "catch," demonetized silver in 1873. She, it is who now yells the loudest for resumption, denounces the silver bill, despises greenbacks, and makes faces at "repudiation," as she likes it. Why? Because her interests set that way. She wants gold to be the only coin, because she has the securities. She don't care what kind of money the rest of the country has, so long as her kind commands a premium, and as for "labor," why! that is the cheap talk of cheap people, "we are all capitalists in New England." In New England, we have scarcely no population of hard working, honest farmers We have many laborers, workingmen, in our manufactories, (not so many as formerly,) who now receive from $1.00 to $1.50 a day to support their families, and the residue who were with us, are seeking employment elsewhere, or are "tramping"

"Tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,"

around our country. As our manufactures grow less and less, our people will turn their attention to the life and fire insurance business, and very many of them embark in savings banks ventures. Indeed, the shrewdest men among us, as Statesmen and politicians, after they have done all they can in a patriotic way "to save the country," "prevent repudiation," and cry down "silver," are better qualified for the "insurance," or "savings bank business," than they are for any other vocation. in life. No wonder that all of our people should love New England; land of piety, steady habits, gold, life insurance and pumpkin pies. Where labor is honorable (at $1.00 a day), where merit is the criterion of worth, if you have it in bonds—where the poor pay the taxes—wealth is exempt; and where the prayer is not for "daily bread," but for "gold," and a "deliverance from repudiation." We want our next President from New England, and Vice President, and "Cabinet," because Mr. Howe, you people West and South don't know what is good for the country, and are too loose on the financial question. MAJOR.

THE GIRL AS A TRAMP.

THE STREET WALKING HABITS OF THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

The whole drift of moral reform is toward young men. They have sermons and lectures and home advice, and there is no end of pains to make them better. But the girl is less fortunate. She is not expected to drink or swear or play billiards, or be enticed into gambling hells. It is to be presumed that she is virtuous, as Dr. Thos. Arnold presumed that his school boys were innocent till they were proved to be guilty. The girl is supposed to be sheltered from gross evil, and partly because of the delicate application of moral teaching to girls and partly because almost no one thinks about it. There is very little said about girls on their way to the undertow of society, and yet it is clear to every observer of life in our crowded tenement houses, in our suburban towns, in our crowded villages and hamlets, that a great change has come over the girls in our New England communities; they have turned tramps. No sooner is the sun gone down than the young women let loose from the factories deck themselves out with finery and go out upon the street for exercise or parade. They go by twos or singly. They meet their associates of the shop or factory in their evening excursions. It is the most natural thing in the world to walk out together, and associations once formed easily shape themselves into character. The girl doesn't mean to be a tramp, but before she is aware of it the excitement of her life is found on the street, and her associates under cover of darkness become her associates for life. No one who is not familiar with the facts can understand what young women have to put up with in the shoe shops and other factories, where they are engaged at daily labor in company with the other sex, and, when the coarseness of the shop is exchanged at night for the immoralities of the street, it can easily be understood what the position of girls as tramps is in our closely populated communities. Win the confidence of the unfortunates in our dens of prostitution far enough to get at the truth of their history, and you will find in nine cases out of ten that they have been brought up at our very doors and have taken the final step from virtue under cover of freedom assumed when they were out as evening tramps. The position of the working girls in this respect is attracting the attention of those who think of social and public morals, and the danger is acknowledged on all sides. To put the matter plainly, most girls of the middle class expect to meet young men on the street and make all their arrangements for matrimony while out on the public thoroughfare. The girls who stay at home run the risk of being neglected by their mates of the other sex, and compelled in self defence to become tramps of the virtuous sort. Only those who have watched the out-goings of the relations of the sexes in our towns and villages can realize the extent to which the practice of street-walking is carried, or the mischievous results which it brings upon society. We live in a new age, and the girl of the period is a tramp.

The cause of this state of things is not far off. The boys are on the street because there is not sufficient attraction at home; the home is barren because the parents are too busy to make it what it ought to be; the strain upon them for making a living exhausts their vitality; the mothers begin life too young and are exhausted too early; and home life, the homes which we all remember, are not what they were twenty-five years ago. Here is the root of the trouble. The homes of our working people are not bright enough to resist the counter attractions of the street. The amusements are curtailed or ignored. The whist parties are neglected for the theater, the jolly plays for the negro minstrels, the fun and frolic in which older ones engage for the doubtful issues of clandestine excursions. We put the blame for the girl as a tramp upon the parties to whom it belongs. The parents in these days have the responsibility of their children, and unless the homes are pleasant and cheerful and virtuous the young lives can hardly be sheltered from vice and keep within the pale of virtue. But wisdom is shown in the adaptation of right rules for existing circumstances. It is a day of misrule, of breaking away from restraints; and there are so many homes where there is not the slightest effort made to train young people