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

Rates of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Estrays..... 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.....$6 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
3 squares.....20 00 | 1 column.....120 00
G. B. GOODLANDER,
NOEL B. LEE,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 52—WHOLE NO. 2,569. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1878. NEW SERIES—VOL. 19, NO. 17.

Cards.

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

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. [*jy16'72

J. R. M'MURRAY
WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE. (3:5:73:y)

NEW WASHINGTON.

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.

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,
9:10'73 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
j-11'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

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.

New Marble Yard.
The undersigned would inform the public that he has opened a new Marble Yard on Third street, opposite the Lutheran Church, where he will keep constantly on hand a stock of various kinds of marble. All kinds of
TOMBSTONES, MONUMENTS,
Posts for Cemetery Lots,
and all other work in his line will be promptly executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at reasonable rates.
He guarantees satisfactory work and low prices. Give him a call. J. FLAHARTY.
Clearfield, Pa., March 27, 1878. tf.

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 Patented Dining and Parlor Chairs, Cane Seats and Windsor Chairs, Clothes Bars, Step and Extension Ladders, Hat Racks, Scrubbing Brushes, &c
MOULDING AND PICTURE FRAMES,
cooking Glasses, Chromos, &c., which would suitable for Holiday presents.
dec14'73 JOHN TROUTMAN.

THE CULINARY ART.

FASHION AND SENSE COMBINED.

A BOSTON KITCHEN SERMON PREACHED TO YOUNG GIRLS CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE.

The editor of the Boston *Herald*, having attended a kitchen school, relates what he saw in this domestic way:

When fashion sanctions a sensible thing, it is well that fashion should have its due meed of praise. Now it cannot be denied that it is both sensible and fashionable to acquire some knowledge of that too-often neglected feminine accomplishment — cooking. That young lady who plays the piano with artistic skill and feeling may contribute much to the pleasure of a circle of persons, but like herself, they must have not only musical taste, but a cultivated taste, and the circle is necessarily small. She who sings with exceptional grace and sentiment may appeal to a larger circle of hearers, whose emotions are susceptible to the subtle sympathy of the human voice. She who talks well, and, what is rarer, listens with appreciation, may, it is true, make herself an object of admiration to yet a more numerous host of friends, but she who understands how all the delicate combinations of the culinary art are achieved, and can spread a breakfast, dinner and tea so that all who look upon them, whether hungry or not, shall rejoice, may control the springs that govern all male and female kind; for we all have the sense of taste, and we all have stomachs, and however we may with to look upon this function and organ with contempt, yet they are a part of the system which, we are wont to say, was divinely planned. At all events the stomach may be controlled to a pacification and geniality of temper, and, indeed, to temporary happiness, by palatable viands. Then why should not these desirable results constitute an object worthy of study, time and effort? Then when that powerful motor—affection—thrusts itself forward for consideration, there is left virtually nothing to be said on the other side.

With Miss Parloa here giving her private lessons and public lectures, there need be no youthful martyr of a husband such as Dickens paints David Copperfield, and no helpless, well-wishing but do nothing Dora at the mercy of a merciless Mary Ann, who could send in dinner an hour late, and that in a condition for a fight with all the digestive organs, with no fear of anything more corrective than remonstrance. With Miss Parloa here, all such Doras may learn to circumvent the Mary Anns. They can know why the beef is tougher than Mary Ann's conscience; why the potatoes are heavier than our step, why the tea has an herb taste, barely suggestive of the true essence "long drawn out," and the pudding has a combined flavor of all the disagreeables ever compounded by Mary Ann. To get an idea how this desirable result is attained, it is only necessary to peep into

MISS PARLOA'S ROOMS

on Tremont street this morning. It is quite appropriate, by the way, that one should reach these apartments through the artistic entrance of the Art Furnishing Rooms, catching a glimpse, on the way to the third floor, of stained glass door lights and other evidences of refined taste.

First there is a small reception room, simply furnished. But through a doorway, hung with drab curtains, comes a flood of light and a glimpse of plants and pleasant faces, and a chattering sound, and stirring sound, and sizzling sound, and a subdued gurgling sound. Voices, spoons, cooking and laughter —these are the ingredients, and, before going further, let it be said that the conglomeration is delightful to more senses than one. While giving the details of the room furnishings, the chief ornaments have been reserved till the last. They are the six ladies who comprise

THE PRIVATE CLASS,

of one of the mornings of the week. They are all young married ladies, though there are other classes of married ladies only, and still others mixed. These ladies are dressed for the occasion, some in pretty print, sacks and overdresses, and some in simple wool materials with ample print aprons. Two stand at the centre table preparing *a la mode* beef, two at the long table mixing pound cake, and the remaining couple are busy alternately stirring a stew pan of moss, with which to make blanc mange. All of these ladies have by them the Appledore cook book, of which Miss Parloa is the author, and which she uses in all her lectures and classes as a text book, although she gives considerable information outside of this, which is jotted down, from time to time, by the members of the class least engaged. All these receipts have been tried, they being those which Miss Parloa has gained by her experience as pastry cook at such well known hotels as the Rockingham House, at Portsmouth, the Pavilion, at Wolfboro, the McMillan, at North Conway, and the Appledore, at the Isles of Shoals. The book is divided into parts for plain and rich food, so that viands for ordinary, economical use and for festive occasions are impartially treated.

Miss Parloa, during the cooking, acts as director, the ladies appealing to her constantly, and asking all sorts of questions. In fact, a pleasant ripple of conversation is kept up from the opening of the class at 9:30 till its close at 1 o'clock, or thereabout. At present—the morning we have in mind —she is giving her attention chiefly to the *a la mode* beef, which is the important dish of the day. The members of this class are taking a course of twenty-four lessons. For this term they pay each $20, and they pay also for the materials they use. Miss Parloa makes the purchases of such articles as they require for the dishes they agree upon cooking on the succeeding lesson day, and each pays her proportion of the bill. The dishes, when cooked, they divide and take home with them as a sample of their skill, and they also prepare a little lunch of which they partake in the most social manner at the close of the lesson. For instance, on the day of the case described, coffee was made, and in this way: A coffee cup full of two parts Mocha to one of Java, in about three pints of water; one egg with shell; boiled about five minutes. On this occasion cream was indulged in on account of the blanc mange, which, being put in moulds on the ice, was ready for lunch. There were Graham bread, white bread and rolls; the pound cake, which turned out a success, was first tried on top with a knife, and broken because of its freshness; fried bananas, sliced lengthwise and fried in chicken fat, which was said by Miss Parloa to be more delicate than any other kind. The little repast was most enjoyable, and was evidently looked forward to with no little anticipation, as one lady was heard to inquire once or twice if it were not most lunch time, with an unmistakable smack of the lips. All the while the *a la mode* beef was simmering, but was not to be taken home, as it could not be done in time. Plans were discussed and settled for sending for the individual parts the next day, however, and several little pails and boxes of tin and baskets were brought forth to carry away slices of the boned turkey which had formed the feature of the previous lesson, and also was too long a task to reap the benefit of on the same day of its preparation.

In her private classes Miss Parloa has several little treats that partake something of the character of prizes. One of these is a large blue and white tile, which is presented to any engaged young lady when known that she is about to be married, and consequently when these tiles appear, as they do whenever hotsauce pans, etc., are to be placed upon the table, there is not a little joking as to the next probable recipient of the gift. The second treat is a dinner party, one of which is accorded a class taking twelve lessons, and two a class taking twenty-four. These dinner parties are given by the young ladies to their gentlemen friends. Miss Parloa superintends the whole affair, helping to harmonize the different desires as to dishes into a symmetrical bill of fare. The young ladies spend the entire day at the class rooms, and cook every dish themselves. A recent occasion of this kind occurred on bread day. This day was probably selected because of man's universal delight in the "staff of life."

MISS PARLOA'S LECTURES

are given three or four times a week in the afternoon On Saturday afternoon she gives one at the Lassell Seminary in Auburndale. In her lectures here is given the same instruction as to her private pupils. She prepares herself all the dishes announced, showing every stage of the process. Finally, when the things are cooked, she deals out and distributes the compounds in tasting doses. "What does she do with all these things?" is frequently asked by a new comer at an early stage of the lecture, referring to the viands under way; but a number of loaves of bread, a great deal of salad, and a large piece of meat can very speedily be consumed by eighty or one hundred ladies. These lectures are distinct, each being complete in itself. They do not form a course, as has been supposed. The most popular subjects treated are respectively puff paste, salads, bread, charlotte russe, etc. On puff paste days the entry is full long before 2:30 o'clock, the lecture hour, arrives.

Although this is Miss Parloa's first season with her school, it is not her first with lecturing. It may be remembered that she sounded the ladies of the city last year in a series of talks at Tremont Temple, when, although they were not financially successful, they gave her the assurance that an interest in the subject might be awakened. Her very first lecture was given in New London, Connecticut, in 1876, in aid of a little Methodist Society in Mandarin, Florida, where Miss Parloa taught a public school for two years. This little church wanted an organ, and Miss Parloa's sympathies were exerted in its behalf, and, together with her friends, she raised a sum of a little less than $100 for this object. It is by her experience in teaching that she is now able to conduct her school, for to be a capable cook is by no means to be able to help others to become the same.

HO! FOR LIBERIA.

A dark cloud overshadows the city of Charleston. Two or three hundred colored folks who were to have sailed for Liberia stand weeping and wailing and gnashing their ivory and looking out to sea, wondering when the departing emigrant ship Azor will come back to take them away. The effects of these colored persons having been stowed in the Azor's hold, the vessel had to be detained while they could be hoisted out; and as the goods of the would-be emigrants who expected to go were intimately mixed among those of the actual emigrants who do go the confusion incident on getting the right goods out and leaving the others in the hold may be imagined. Emigrants to Liberia do not equip themselves with new Saratoga trunks, nicely lettered on both ends, but rather do up their portable property in second-hand comfortables and blankets. The promoters of the emigrant expedition appear to have thought that the good ship Azor was a street car, if we may judge from the way in which they proceeded to pack her. The voyagers would have had standing room, and probably hand-straps by which to hang themselves up between decks. This would have been in some respects inconvenient; and yet the idea suggested by such a style of transit may lead to a solution of the great problem of how to overcome sea-sickness. It is evident that if a voyager, white or colored, is compelled to give his whole time and thought to the business of hanging on by these straps, he has neither leisure, space nor ability to be sea-sick with any degree of comfort. Be that as it may, we find a large company of colored people unable for the present to get away, while the Azor carries off another large company to Liberia. Those who go depart with the highest hopes of a golden and glorious future in the land whose praises have been industriously dinned into their ears. Those who stay have abundant leisure to consider the wisdom or folly of the step they are about to take.

For a generation or more Liberia has dragged along a sickly sort of existence. Philanthropic schemers have held it up to the colored people as a sort of Paradise, where almost every kind of good thing could be raised with little or no labor. This feature of the country was a great recommendation to the American citizen of African descent. Were it not that he lacked a leader, he would have gone in full force to Liberia long ago. Philanthropists held forth about Liberian blessings, but there was no Moses to lead off in a magnificent Exodus; nor was there anybody to pay the bills. The emancipated African had but little money. What he had he deposited, confiding creature that he was, in the Freedmen's Shavings Bank, and was shaved out of it in the most bland and childlike manner by processes with which the public is already familiar. Since that operation he has been at work in a somewhat discouraged way, hoarding what he could and concealing it in disused stockings or retired teapots. Now a Moses has arisen, in the shape of the Emigration Society, whose agents are busily working up the whole Southern country and persuading all colored citizens who can count enough spare change to try their luck in a land where fortune and independence are said to await them.

The colored people are like sheep. Not that they are in any sense of the term "black sheep," but in that they are always ready to follow a leader. All that is necessary is that the leader shall first inspire them with sufficient confidence in himself. This being done, he can call them after him with the assurance that they will obey. If the present population of Liberia is scanty, it is because the colored people have never, as a class, been inspired with confidence in those who beckoned them thither. If thousands are now to rush there, it is because their feelings have been ingeniously and persistently worked upon.

It is safe to say that of ten thousand Southern colored people who may now or soon go to Liberia ninety-nine hundred and seventy-five will wish they had staid at home. There is abundance of room in our country for the three millions of freedmen who live here. Admit that some of these people are not particularly wealthy or otherwise prosperous, they are probably as greatly so as they ever will be in Liberia Two ideas animate them in wanting to go to Liberia: the hope of wealth without hard work and the knowlege that they never will be taunted with the blackness of their skin and consequent social inferiority. They look to Liberia as they look to heaven; as a distant and delightful country where they can bask in sunshine and be happy. Above all things the Southern colored person loves to bask. He sings at camp-meetings about basking on the green shores of the River of Life in the everlasting sunshine, and in the contemplation of such a future he is inexpressibly happy. But alas! on reaching the Liberian shore he will find that it is no heaven. No "basking" there The cry, "Ho! for Liberia!" will be changed to "hoe in Liberia," and if he has "laid down de shubble and de hoe" he will tearfully find the immediate necessity of taking up those implements and emblems of toil to keep himself from dire starvation.

Fact is, as long as we stay on this planet we must all, white folks or black folks, work, work, work. And if we can work contentedly where we belong it may be better for us than to flee the ills we know to find worse ones that we know not of.—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE SUPERINTENDENCY.

MR. EDITOR:—Without doubting that the zeal of our School Directors will be sufficient to secure their presence at the coming Convention, or their ability to choose a Superintendent with discrimination, I yet presume to offer a few suggestions which continued observation suggests as of special importance. And first, let me speak of the lofty nature of the Director's trust An idea of its dignity and importance as contemplated by the framers of the school system is suggested by the fact that they attached no emoluments to the office—not even a pecuniary one—as though they would secure the services of those who drew their inspiration from the lofty character of their labor, and have the devotees of education, like those of its twin sister, religion, inspired by a noble emulation to promote a glorious cause, uninfluenced by the petty motive which so often prompt men to seek official station. Hence, while the thought that there is no pecuniary recompense is apt to chill the ardor of Directors, the same thought should furnish their highest inspiration and enthusiasm, by suggesting to them the all important character of their trust, the duty they owe to those who have entrusted to them their highest interest, and to the free school system, whose agents they are, in its efforts to establish itself in the hearts of the people.

Among the most important of the duties of the coming Convention is, to clearly define itself on the County Normal School question. The State has established schools for the special purpose of training teachers and offers superior inducements for their attendance. There, the theory and practice of teaching receives constant and careful attention, all the best methods of imparting knowledge are illustrated and applied, the teacher-student is furnished a class of pupils in the "Model School," where, under the superintendence of a competent teacher, he is required to test the different methods and report his success at a weekly meeting, held for the purpose, where the matter is fully entered upon, the merits and demerits developed, difficulties advised against, and methods of avoiding them suggested. In addition, they have the advantages common to all schools that are permanent and continuous in their work, and which will be sufficiently suggested by a reference to the defects of the County Normal School, to which I will now refer, and which is entirely without the advantages peculiar to the State Normal School, or common to permanent schools of any character; for a three months' term cannot result in that thorough and efficient organization which is but the growth of time, and the school is no sooner classified than the short term is ended. Then, there is an utter absence of the reading rooms, libraries, encyclopædias, philosophical apparatus, with teachers practiced in its use, well-organized debating and literary societies, and, above all, there is lacking that educational atmosphere or influence so necessary to successful school life. This is a very modified statement of the unavoidable and the inherent defects of the County Normal School, but surely 'tis enough to condemn it—to stamp it as a prolific means of robbing teachers of their Summer's time and Winter's evenings.

But their liability to abuse, gives to them the most unequivocal stamp of condemnation; for as true liberty consists not in the fact that it is enjoyed, but in the fact that it cannot be violated or usurped, so the merits of a system is measured not by the facts that 'tis not abused, but by its liability to abuse; and we cannot reflect on the temptation of a Superintendent to make, and the teacher to jealously believe he makes, invidious distinctions between those who attend his Normal and those who prefer to go where they will have facilities for more successful school life; to secure the attendance of a teacher by a promise of employment the coming Winter, who is, perhaps, unworthy, and who thus further loses inspiration to true merit, which should be the measure of his chance for employment; to mislead Directors in their choice of teacher, by examining the Normal students at the close of the school term where the Directors cannot attend and in the branches they have conned during the term; to give them the choice labor at the Institute, knowing they will re-echo his sentiments; to smile and nod approvingly as he hears his peculiar views developed, and cry "Time is up" when opposition from some independent thinker threatens to knock down the men of straw. But not to tediously enumerate, I suggest if they but reflect on the opportunities for invidious distinction; for unjust (?) suspicion of the Superintendent; for rancor, jealousy and bitterness, where all should be harmony and cooperation; on the inherent defects of the system which would make its best efforts abortive; the fact that its continuance is a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the State Normal School law; that those efficient institutions which the State has so generously provided for the training of its teachers are within a few hours' ride on either side of us, and demand our patronage, both by their superior excellence and their necessities, they will consider it not only advisable, but a positive duty, to stamp on the County Normal the seal of their unqualified condemnation.

Now, Mr. Editor, a few words as to the qualifications of a Superintendent, and I have done. That teachers have not sufficiently recognized the fact that teaching is "a profession," requiring special training and continued devotion, has long been bewailed by both Director and citizen. Now, I suggest that the Directors choose a Superintendent who is an exponent of that idea; one who has made teaching his mistress, and long and devoutly worshipped at her shrine; one who can refer, in the explication of the teacher's difficulties, to a knowledge born of long and earnest professional study, experience and observation; one whose energies are not divided between teaching and law, or medicine, or other calling, however laudable. A man who is looking in another direction for his life's work, who hopes to win wealth or fame in another field, may have sufficient sense of duty to perform his duties, but they will be performed tamely, without the ardor and devotion which is necessary to inspire others to efforts, and which is only born of a love for the labor. 'Tis this singleness of purpose—this thought, that the work in hand is the most important of all work, that has accomplished all the mechanical, the moral, the educational reforms and conquests of the past. It is this must furnish inspiration for the advancement of the future. Besides, it were a slap in the face, so to speak, to every earnest professional teacher in the county, to subject him to the espionage and direction of one who is a parasite in the profession—who, vampire like, clings to it and sucks its life-blood that he may get strength to expend in another field. The necessity that requires the admission of those who make teaching a mere stepping-stone even to teach a school is a lamentable one; but to make him a Superintendent; to inflict him on professional teachers; to hear him disembogue himself of the last vapid and senseless ebulition of some would-be popular school journal, with which he has crammed himself in order to evince a seeming fitness for the occasion, is so atrocious that, like Gail Hamilton, I cannot support the picture my fancy draws, but which would be more than realized in fact.

I fully endorse the suggestion of the Osceola *Reveille*, that we should not consider a man's political or religious belief. But while I concede that *what* a man believes is irrevelant, *how* he believes it is all important. If a man is a bitter partisan in politics; is puritanical on the one hand or jesuitical on the other in religion; if these feelings are so intense as to color all he says or does; if his devotion to certain ends is such as to overcome scruples as to the means, and others' rights are to be disregarded, it is all important. We must have a man whose belief, whatever it is, is so held as to be compatible with the full enjoyment of others in them. Our educational interests are too sacred to have them jeopardized by sectarian or partisan animosities and we want no one who thinks he can serve a beneficent God, or promote a true political liberty, by encroaching upon the most sacred rights of man.

But my article has already become unduly long, and I must close. I ask that you give this space in your paper; for it is intended to avoid personalities; to discuss the matter only on principle; to suggest prolific thought to Directors and others; and I do not anticipate anyone taking it to himself, for 'twas not so intended; besides, it were a severe reflection on themselves did they see their own personality reflected in this article. Yours, &c.,

CITIZEN.

PENFIELD, April 23, 1878.

WHITE HOUSE DELINQUENCIES.—It appears from certain examinations in the "New Idria Quicksilver Company," by Congress, that a private Secretary of President Lincoln was in the habit of sending news of Cabinet meetings, secret war policies, etc., to a broker in this city, by a secret cipher, and then the worthies were wont to divide the profits of the speculation. There have been many charges made against Grant's White House delinquencies, and doubtless justly, but we have always believed that the sins of Grant, Babcock, etc., were trifling in comparison with those of the crowd that slept under the same blanket with old Abe. Grant, Babcock, etc., were educated at West Point, and with all the deterioration of civil war, and worse still the filthy Mongrel creed they assented to, still retained a certain sense of honor and gentlemanly feeling impressed on them in youth at West Point. But Lincoln was vulgar and coarse in his habits as he was loose in his political morality, and the crowd that surrounded him was as heartless and conscienceless as himself, and though it is not likely that he sold offices himself he permitted his wife and others to "trade" to an unlimited extent. He had great natural ability—head and shoulders above every man about him—and, as with most heartless men, without an atom of malice in him, he neither knew or cared for his constitutional duties, and some day, when it is fully inquired into, the country will be amazed at the extent of trickery and fraud during his White House administration.

TO THE POINT.—The New York *Mercury*, in alluding to this "silver age" pithily remarks: "In God we trust." This is the sacred inscription on the new silver dollar, and it is very appropriate in these days of "Christian statesmen." Besides, the gold advocates trust neither God nor man. Mammon is their God and Skylock is their Prophet.

IN WITH THE SHIRT.—When Republicans at Washington begin to talk about "washing their dirty linen," the St. Louis *Post* hopes the "bloody shirt" is included in the wash.

PARTIAL MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.

Any careful observer, passing along our busier thoroughfares, or happening into any country town on market-day, or any where else where men congregate, can hardly have failed to notice that while there are many strong ones and many hearty ones, there are very few who are either thoroughly erect or well-proportioned throughout. And when it is remembered that the large majority of men in this country are sons of farmers, merchants, mechanics, or laborers, it is not difficult to account for this onesidedness of build and indifferent carriage. For, while the farmer's work is vigorous and in the open air, for the greater part of it, and especially the harder part of it, constantly uses his back, and does but little for his front, and particularly for the front of his chest. Mowing stoops him over and rounds his back; so does spading, and hoeing, and weeding, and lifting of nearly every sort. His back grows thick and strong, perhaps massive; so do some of the muscles of his arms, of his abdomen, and of his legs, until they soon so outstrip the others that his spine, getting once crooked from being so long and so firmly held in one position, never gets out of it day or night. While his whole work strengthens, it also stiffens him. He is seldom a good walker, the habit of always hitching up, though the errand is to a place hardly a mile away, contributing to this stiffness, found, as it usually is, with an increct position as he rides, so unlike, by-the-way, that which is so common among the English stage-drivers, who elicited praise from Emerson for their dignified grandfatherly air.

Few of the mechanic arts are any more favorable to symmetrical development and uprightness of carriage. The blacksmith, like the farmer, works some muscles tremendously; those of his hands, of one of his shoulders, and of one of his arms, for instance; but his legs are often indifferent, and his loins nothing great, while, in common with hosts of mechanics, his work is not done in the open air. Painters and plasterers have good wrists; carpenters plane and saw and drive nails well with their right hands; masons, with back bent, lift heavy stones, which, with one of their hands, they have chiselled into shape for their purpose; shoe-makers hoop their backs rather more successfully than any other trade; and the jewellers, compositors, designers, and all who do the finer, lighter work, would never, merely by their daily toil, develop into well-built, erect men if they kept at it for a thousand years. Men in mercantile life sit or stand many hours each day, are frequently burdened with important and trying work, have so many irons in the fire as to get no rest, and at the end of the day find themselves thoroughly exhausted, and in humor for anything but vigorous muscular exertion. If their work calls them out much, it uses their legs only, leaving the arms idle, and so keeping the development but partial. The spade, the pick, and the bar of the laboring-man keep him stooped over in spite of all he can do, and he lives and dies, as Charles Reade described him in his admirable sketch of the brave blind swimmer of the Scottish firth, James Lambert—a man with a slouch in his gait.—WILLIAM BLAIKIE, in *Harper's Magazine for May.*

RISSOLES OF COLD MEAT.—Put half a pound of sweet lard or clarified dripping into a sauce-pan and set it on the fire to heat. Take some scraps of cold meat and chop up as finely as possible. When chopped there should be about two tablespoonfuls. Cut away the skin from two ounces of suet, and chop it up as finely as possible. There should be two tablespoonfuls. Wash and dry several sprigs of parsley, and chop up very finely. There should be two tablespoonfuls of this also. Rub a sprig each of the dry thyme and marjoram through a sieve, and also some bread crumbs. Take two tablespoonfuls of the crumbs and add the meat, suet and herbs to them, together with a teaspoonful of salt and, if liked, a little chopped onion or lemon peel. Break an egg into it and mix all lightly together. Put the mixture on to the moulding-board, and form it into little balls with the hands, using sifted flour to prevent its sticking. Break an egg on a plate and beat it slightly with a knife. Dip the balls into the egg then into the remainder of the crumbs, covering them well but not too thickly. Be careful to finger them as little as possible. When the fat is quite hot and smoking put the rissoles into it and fry them a pale brown, taking care to turn them with a spoon so that they will fry equally. Do not let them touch each other, or get too much fat soaked into them. That is a horror! When they are fried turn them on to brown paper to drain off the grease, and serve them with parsley on a hot dish.

In one of our Sunday-Schools lately, says the Whitehall *Times*, a teacher was instructing a juvenile class about the word "glutton."

"Suppose," said she, "a person should sit down to dinner and eat as much as four persons—then fill his pockets with crackers and cheese and keep eating. What would you call such a person? The boy who can answer please hold up his hand."

Up went the hand of a six-year-old boy.

"Well, what what you call such a man?" asked the teacher.

"A darned hog?" rang out with a clear and well-italicized reply.

Suit has been brought against Lieutenant General Philip H. Sheridan by one James A. Whalen, of Louisiana, to recover nearly $500,000 worth of property, consisting of livestock, farming implements, sugar, molasses, &c., converted by defendant to his own use in 1867. It is understood that the defense will show that all these acts of appropriation were done by the General in his capacity as a military officer and in behalf of the United States government.

"When I left the Democratic party," says General Benjamin Butler, "it was an honorable association of brave men." "Is that why you left it, Benjamin?" asks the Boston *Herald*; "Was the company uncongenial?"

BEN.'s WAY.—An exchange says: "Ben. Butler is so outrageously cross-eyed that he has begun to nominate Democrats for office. Somebody ought to call his attention to the discrepancy."

They say Eve never looked through Adam's pockets for letters from other women.

Mr. Thomas Thumb is to be "on hand" at the Paris Exhibition.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

There it stands, the dear old homestead, where generation after generation have lived and died. The great elms still stretch their giant arms over the moss grown roof as in times gone by; the lilac blooms beneath the window, the old well still marks the garden plot, the old well is still there from which was drawn by the "old oaken bucket" the cool, sparkling water; the white cottage rose, so highly prized by the sainted mother, has passed away, as has many another cherished object, but their sweet memories still linger. Time has wrought many changes. Voices once full of joy and gladness have ceased to be heard on earth, and are now swelling the glad anthem of praise in heaven. Silent and deserted are the rooms of the old house; over the threshold comes not the footfall as of yore. The hearts that once beat high with hope, the voices that were filled with kind, loving words and tender expression of sympathy, are silent forever here.

"There ne'er again the host's convivial voice
Shall bid with cordial greetings to rejoice,
Nor careful housewife's kindly proffered board
Be spread to tempt the traveler to her board."

As we cross the threshold and enter the now deserted rooms one after another, we are reminded of the scenes of the past; of the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, these ancient walls have witnessed. Here has been brought home the bride, leaving her own home to share that of her loving husband; here children have been born and reared; her vows have been plighted and fulfilled, and over its door step, now worn and decayed, has been taken, fresh from the happy marriage feast, a loving heart, that shed sunshine in the old, to illuminate and make glad the new home, it may be on the distant shores of heathen land. From the same portal have issued the mourners bearing tenderly the darling taken by the kind heavenly Father from the arms of its loving mother to a blessed home in heaven, where it shall be free from care and sorrow; or the venerated father, with snowy locks, the dear mother, brother, sister, each in their turn called to pass through "the dark valley of the shadow of death."

"But years have since o'er its threshold passed
The lonely, lingering footsteps of—the last."

While many of those who once gave life to the old homestead have ceased from their labors, and others have been scattered far away from the place of their birth, still the influences of the old home cease not their mission. The prayers of faith that were daily offered have been, and are still being, answered; thousands of hearts now silent, as well as many thousands more still full of life, have testified and do testify to the blessed influence of a Christian home. The joys of such a home are a foretaste of the joys that are in store for those who love Christ. Dear homes of our youth; whether on the hillsides or in the valleys, let us ever keep them in remembrance, and so live that when we are called to that new home in heaven, we shall meet the loved ones who have gone before, and with them attain to such joys as this world has never known.

HOUSE-CLEANING HINTS.

From the begining of April to the middle of May is the legitimate house-cleaning season, when rooms have to be dismantled and carpets taken up in order to wage successful war against the dust which for so many months has been sifting into every crack and crevice. It is an uncomfortable process for the whole family, and a specially trying one for the housekeeper, but nobody can deny the superior sweetness and freshness, therefore comfort, of houses that are thoroughly cleaned once or twice a year over those where "one room is taken at a time" at irregular intervals, as is the practice among many families in these less rigid housekeeping days. For ourselves, infliction as it is, we strongly uphold the old plan, and to house-mistresses about to plunge into it we would recommend that before beginning they have the family tea leaves saved for a week or two, as the tea water obtained by steeping them is an excellent thing for washing all *varnished* paint. Very little rubbing is required, as the tea acts as a strong detergent, cleansing the paint from its impurities and making the varnish shine again. It also cleanses oil-cloths and window sashes, window panes and mirrors much better than soap and water, and it improves black walnut picture and looking-glass frames. But it will not do to wash unvarnished paint with it. Whiting is by far the best thing for cleansing white paint. Take a small quantity of whiting on a damp flannel, rub it lightly over the painted surface and the effect will be surprising. Wall papers may be made several shades nearer the original tint by sweeping them down with a broom, over which a clean soft cloth has been tied, and then rubbing them lightly with stale bread. But the latter part of the process is hardly worth the trouble or the waste of the bread. Old feather beds, pillows and bolsters are greatly improved by putting them on a green grass plot and beating them thoroughly for an hour or so with long pliable sticks or canes, turning them on every side. Blankets had better be washed in a warm solution of borax, and bedsteads in a strong brine. To drive away moths, wash the floor round the sides of the wall with cayenne pepper tea, and sprinkle salt just at the edges. Ironing the edges of the carpet on the wrong side, after damping them with the tea, also kills the eggs of the pestilent invader.

BIT OF IRISH SENTIMENT.—The following bit of Irish sentiment was sent by Senator Lamar to some St. Patrick banqueters at Augusta, Ga. It is worthy of preservation: "The typical Irishman: His home—the world. His friends—all the peoples. His faith—his own. No clime to him so cold as will not produce a shamrock; no soil so barren as will not grow a shillalah. Foremost at a fight, a frolic, or funeral, his generous nature finds a blow for the bad, a smile for the glad, or a tear for the sad."

After his late anti-administration speech, the Dayton *Journal* thinks Senator Howe must feel a good deal like the foolish fellow who kicked a hat with a brick in it.

Says the Washington *Post*: "This is a great country. When a ship is launched Congress adjourns, and when a man takes a little drink in Virginia they ring a bill."

The Atlanta *Constitution* remarks that if the "solid South" is satisfied with Mr. Hayes' southern policy, the divided North has no right to complain.

Grace Greenwood endorses Schurz. Carl is a widower.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

SQUARING A BANK TRANSACTION OF A DOZEN YEARS AGO.

One of the leading banks in St. Louis had quite an interesting incident a week or two ago, which will do for a companion story for that recently presented in the return of money to the [illegible] of California. As we [illegible] a gentlemanly-looking man called in at the bank, and asking for the Cashier, told him that he wanted to pay back the hundred dollars which the Cashier had overpaid him. Not recognizing the man or remembering any overpayment which would explain the matter, the Cashier answered that there must be some mistake. His visitor insisted that there was none, and pulled out a healthy-looking roll of bills as an earnest of his desire to liquidate the claim, saying that the overpayment had been made about twelve years ago. The Cashier was considerably surprised at the man's anxiety to pay a debt that no one but himself knew anything about, but responded that it it was twelve years old the amount now due was something more than double the original sum. His conscience-stricken friend said that was all right, but he wanted to compromise, and would give $100 if the Cashier would take that much in full settlement. Not indisposed to take the windfall, the books were hauled out and it was discovered that on January 30, 1866, the present Cashier then being Teller of the bank, the cash was just $100 short, and that very day a check was cashed for somebody of the same name as the man who now wanted to settle. In July of the same year the hundred dollars was carried to profit and loss, and the account closed, after some ineffectual efforts to recover the money overpa