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	$8 00	¼ column	$50 00
2 squares	15 00	½ column	70 00
3 squares	20 00	1 column	120 00

G. R. GOODLANDER,
NOEL B. LEE,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 52--WHOLE NO. 2,597. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1878. NEW SERIES--VOL. 19, NO. 45.

Cards.

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. 23ly'73

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

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1073 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.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr1,67

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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. [8'y1872

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.

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, Asp, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep28-68-y Curwensville, Pa.

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.

WEST BRANCH
INSURANCE AGENCY.
PENTZ & BROCKBANK, Agents.
(Successors to Murray & Gordon.)
The following first class companies represented:

North British & Mercantile Fire Ins. Co., of England	$28,000,000
Scottish Commercial Fire Ins. Co., of England	10,000,000
North America, of Philadelphia	4,700,000
Fire Association, of Philadelphia	3,100,000
Watertown Fire, New York, insures farm property only	200,000
Mobile Fire Department Ins. Co.	275,000

Persons in the country wanting insurance, can have it promptly attended to by addressing us in person or by letter. Lowest possible rates in first-class companies. No assessments. Office in Pie's Opera House.
ANDREW PENTZ, Jr.,
S. T. BROCKBANK,
Clearfield, May 1, 1878-1y. Agents.

THE ENDLESS PROCESSION.

BY FRANK J. STURGEON.

Down the vista of the ages,
Saints and sinners, fools and sages
Marching onward, slow and solemn,
On, to never ending column;
Here the honest, here the knave;
With a rhythmic step sublime,
To the grave.

Like the rolling of a river,
Going on and on for ever,
Never resting, never staying,
Never for an instant straying.
Peer and peasant, lord and slave,
Equals soon to mix and mingle
In the grave.

Duty cannot, nor can pleasure,
For a moment break the measure;
They are marching on to doom,
They are moving to the tomb,
All the coward, all the brave,
Soon to level all distinction
In the grave.

Since the morning of creation,
Without break or termination,
Ever on the tide is moving,
All the loved and all the loving,
All that mothers ever gave—
On to silence and to slumber
In the grave.

Here no brine the hoard can weaken,
Here no substitute is taken;
Each one for himself—no other,
Son, nor father; no, nor brother;
Love the purest cement earth,
Each alone the roll must answer
At the grave.

Who commands the dread procession
That shall know no retrogression?
Who can be the great director?
Ha! that grim and grizzly spectre,
Him that Sin and Satan gave;
Death, the mighty King of Terrors,
And the grave.

GRAVES OF THE PRESIDENTS

Congress having granted an appropriation for the erection of a monument over the tomb of Jefferson, and a similar appropriation being sought for that of Taylor, it occurred to the New York *World* to prepare and publish an article descriptive of the places where the seventeen deceased Presidents of the United States repose; and a very interesting account it is.

The grave of the first and greatest of the Presidents is that which needs the briefest description, so familiar is every American with the scene and story of Mount Vernon. The vault, which was built in obedience to the provisions of Washington's will, is a roomy brick vault, with an arched roof, very simple in design and construction, and so substantial as to promise to endure for another century. Through an iron gate the two sarcophagi are seen; on a marble tablet in its arch is the inscription:

Within this Tomb are deposited the Remains of GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The coffins, which lie in the open vestibule of the vault proper, are of Pennsylvania marble; that of Washington bears an American shield, the other but two words—"Martha Washington." A few feet behind them is the vault door, bearing the inscription: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Two Presidents, father and son, sleep side by side beneath the Unitarian Church of Quincy, Mass. On its site, the parade ground in the centre of the town, near the old Adams homestead, a wooden church was built in 1734, where John Adams worshipped regularly. At his death, in 1826, his son, then President, obtained from the Supervisors of the new church then in contemplation a deed to "a portion of the soil in the cellar situated under the porch, and containing fourteen feet in length and fourteen feet in breadth," with liberty to affix tablets and obituary inscriptions to the walls of the church. When the new church was completed in 1828 "old John Adams' body was removed to its crypt from the family vault in the cemetery just across the street. Thither also was taken his son's body a few months after his death in 1848. Their wives rest with them.

The tomb is an apartment in the front part of the cellar, walled in with large blocks of roughly-faced granite. A granite slab, seven feet by three, with a huge clasp and padlock, and massive hinges of wrought iron all red with rust, forms the door. Within, the bodies lie in leaden caskets, placed within cases, each hewn from a single block of stone. The brick furnace for heating the church is close to the door, and the dim and dusty vault, which is rarely visited, serves as a store-room for light wagons, sleighs, and such property.

The church itself is a massive building of square blocks of Quincy granite, the front supported by heavy columns, with above it a graceful cupola with a gilded dome. Huge, sweeping elms and thrifty horse-chestnuts embower it completely and give it an air of quiet and retirement, though the daily bustle of business is loud in the streets round it.

"Choose some unfrequented vale in the park, where is no sound to break the stillness but a brook that bubbling winds among the woods—no mark of human shape that has been there, unless the skeleton of some poor wretch who sought that place out to despair and die in. Let it be among ancient and venerable oaks; interspersed with gloomy evergreens. Appropriate one-half to the use of my family; the other to strangers, servants, &c. Let the exit look upon a small and distant part of the blue mountains."

Thus wrote Jefferson on the fly-leaf of an old book of accounts for 1741. His grave is in a thick growth of woods, a few hundred yards to the right of the embowered road leading from Charlottville, Va., up to Monticello. The spot is as lonesome as solitary could desire; the "ancient and venerable oaks are there, and a solitary 'evergreen,' whose murmur alone, and not that of a brook, "breaks the stillness." Its thirty graves are partly enclosed by a brick wall about one hundred feet square and ten feet high, which, on the south side has been toppled over bodily, and now lies in level courses of brick and crumbling mortar level with the ground.

Midway along the northern wall, Wormly, Jefferson's old servant, who survived him twenty-five years, dug his master's grave in the spot his master had indicated, but the mound has been trodden level with the earth. At its head was placed a coarse granite obelisk nine feet high, resting on a base three feet square. Not an inch of its surface but has been chipped and battered by the relic-seekers, till from base to apex the corners present the appearance of a rough unhewn stone. The sole inscription not hammered away is in small letters on the base:

Born, April 2, o. s. 1743.
Died, July 4, 1826.

"The region," said a writer describing the home of James Madison, Montpelier, four miles from Orange, Va., "is one where nature has shed in great beauty the softest picturesque of hill and dale, forest and glade." Admittance is gained by a small and plain iron gate on the east side, with a plate inscribed, "Madison, 1320." Four graves are within the enclosure. Over one of them, a well-defined and neatly turfed mound, rises to a height of twenty feet from a pedestal of four pieces, a slender and graceful obelisk, bearing in large, plain, sunken letters near the base, this inscription:

MADISON.
Born, March 16, 1751.

The date of death, June 28, 1836, is not given. By its side rises a smaller shaft of white marble, inscribed: "In memory of Dolly Payne, wife of Jas. Madison, born May 20, 1767; died July 8, 1849." Beneath it rests one of the most beautiful and accomplished of the Republican Queens that have presided in the White House.

Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Va., is indeed beautiful for situation. Near its extreme southwestern limit, repose the remains of James Monroe.

Monroe, it is well known, married a lady of New York, and died in this city July 4, 1831. Twenty-seven years later, under an act of the General Assembly of Virginia, his body was removed to Richmond, under the escort of the Seventeenth Regiment, then commanded by Colonel Abram Duryee. The reception in Capitol Square on the day of the reinterment, July 5, 1858, was a memorable one.

Who could have foretold that in less than three years the Seventh would have been marching down Broadway, under just such a glow of flags and amid louder plaudits, to invade Virginia?

Five feet under ground, in a vault of brick and granite, were placed Monroe's remains. They are covered by a huge block of polished Virginia marble, eight feet long and four feet square, on which rests what is called the "sarcophagus," a granite block nearly as large as the pedestal, but wrought into the shape of an ordinary coffin. The body lies from west to east: on the northern side of the "sarcophagus" is a brass plate, now quite black, with this inscription:

JAMES MONROE,
Born in Westmoreland County, 28th April, 1758.
Died in the city of New York, 4th July, 1831,
By order of the General Assembly,
his remains were removed to this cemetery,
5th July, 1858,
as an evidence of the affection of Virginia
for her good and honored son.

Eleven miles from Nashville, on the pretty Lebanon pike, from which a broad carriage drive between tall spreading cedars conducts, is the Hermitage, a two storied house of brick with porticos supported by Corinthian pillars.

In a corner of the garden, eighty yards from the dwelling, lie the great President and his wife, under a massive monument of Tennessee limestone.

In the centre of the platform is a pyramid resting on a square: on the left is a stone just over the body of the President, with this inscription:

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON,
Born March 15, 1767.
Died June 8, 1845.

A granite stone and a few hickory poles whereon on festival occasions when her great son ruled the United States the sleepy village of Kinderhook, in Columbia county, would hang out rejoicing flags—these are all that recall to resident or stranger Martin Van Buren.

The President's grave is in the centre of the plot; above it rises a plain granite shaft, fifteen feet high, without a particle of carving or ornamentation. About half way up, upon one face is the following inscription in large Black letters:

MARTIN VAN BUREN,
VIIth President of the United States,
Born December 5, 1782.
Died July 24, 1862.

The ashes of William Henry Harrison, the great Whig chieftain and hero of the frontier war, the occupant for only a month of the chair to which he was elevated in a fantastic and picturesque campaign that will never be forgotten, repose, with those of his wife and children, in a plain brick vault on the summit of a hillock at North Bend, Ohio, a small cluster of houses on the Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette Railroad, fifteen miles west of Cincinnati. A flat stone at the height of about two and a half feet from the ground roofs the brick work of the vault; a recent item announced that the young men of the vicinity found it a handy card-table for Sunday amusement in mild weather, and that it was a favorite seat of lovers o' evenings. A thick undergrowth covers the hillock, and a few small evergreens cluster near the tomb. It does not bear a letter of inscription. But a short time ago it was put in order by Harrison's son, John Scott Harrison, who himself died and was unearthed to serve as a subject in a Cincinnati dissecting-room.

Just ten yards east of Monroe's birdcage grave, in fair Holly wood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, is a turfed mound.

Not a stone is there to tell that beneath lies the body of John Tyler.

The ex-President, then a member of the Confederate House, died at the Ballard House, in Richmond, at midnight, of Friday, January 17, 1862. The State Assembly, then also in session, adopted resolutions of "sorrow for the death of a great and good man," and instructed the Governor to "cause a suitable monument to be erected to his memory." Like tributes were paid to the Confederate Congress, and on the 21st a remarkable procession, including the President and Cabinet, the Governor, State officers and both Houses of the General Assembly, the Mayor, city officials and Common Council, the military corps, civic societies, and citizens generally, bore Tyler's remains to Hollywood. Bishop Johns conducted the services; Toombs and Beverly Douglass were among the pall bearers. The grave was filled in, and John Tyler was—forgotten.

Curiously enough, though the Legislature directed that the body should be laid near that of Monroe, it was not laid in the section belonging to the State, but in an exterior segment of the Presidential Circle, purchased by Mrs. Tyler. Curiously enough though the resolution above quoted is still upon the State's records, neither Governor Letcher nor any of his successors ever thought of carrying it out. And curiously enough, while Tyler, to whom the State decreed a monument, sleeps in his own grave at the foot of a magnolia tree, Monroe rests under a memorial which the State paid for though it never ordered it. The Legislature appropriated $2,000, or so much of it as might be necessary, "for the removal of Monroe's remains from New York to Richmond. Only a small portion of the money was expended, and with the remainder, eked out with something from the contingent fund, Governor Henry A. Wise built the Monroe monument of his own motion and without any authority.

John Tyler sleeps alone in the extreme southeastern corner of his section, which is neither inclosed nor curbed. Mrs. Tyler, in speaking of her husband's grave, always declares that she expects the commonwealth to erect there a monument worthy of it and him. Maury's grave, alike unmarked, is in an adjoining section north; south is the section of General Joseph R. Anderson. Close by, in the circle, are the tombs of Monroe, of William Allen, one of Jefferson Davis' bondsmen; of Dr. Lawrence Roane Warren, the eminent physician and philanthropist; of James M. Mason, the Confederate envoy; of John M. Daniel, of the *Enquirer*; of Mrs. Elvira A. Bruce (Miss Cabell), whose first husband was Patrick Henry, Jr., and of "Little Joe," Jefferson Davis' son, killed in Richmond during the war by a fall. Not far away sleep 16,000 Confederate soldiers, round a tall pyramidal monument of rough granite blocks, among them J. E. B. Stuart, Pickett, of Gettysburg fame, and, A. P. Hill, and there, too, are the ashes of Henry A. Wise and of Thos. Ritchie, of the *Enquirer*, "the Father of the Democracy."

James Knox Polk retired from the Presidency March 4, 1849; he reached his home in Nashville early in May, and there died on the 15th of June after an illness of a few days.

The Polk mansion, still tenanted by Mrs. Sarah Childress Polk, the high-bred and stately woman who presided over the Republican Court at Washington from 1845 to 1849, stands at the corner of Vine and Union streets. An iron gate, surmounted by an eagle with outstretched wings, gives access from Vine street to a broad avenue bordered by mulberry trees and silver poplars, and leading to the Polk mansion, a three-story house of brick, with lofty portices. A few feet from the gate a white shell path conducts to the tomb of the ex President. The tendrils of a plant of Kenilworth ivy cling to one of the columns. On the architrave of the east front are engraved these words:

JAMES KNOX POLK,
Tenth President of the United States.
Born November 2, 1795.
Died June 15, 1849.

Zachary Taylor's body now occupies its third grave and soon will find a final resting-place in a fourth. It was first placed in the cemetery at Washington, and thence removed to the Taylor homestead, five miles back of Louisville, Ky., whence a few months ago it was taken to Cave Hill Cemetery, at Louisville. The old family burial-ground had in years of neglect gone to complete ruin, the rotten palings had crumbled away or been laid prostrate by storms or breachy cattle, and weeds and rank grass were matted over the sunken mounds, when Taylor's nephew, Richard Taylor, removed the bones of his distinguished relative to Cave Hill, where their present resting-place is indicated by a plain slab of white marble. In the course of time they will be taken to the Frankfort, where over them the State will cast an appropriate monument.

Three miles north of Buffalo, where the bright and shallow Scajaquada ripples over its rocky terraces of limestone and through fair groves of oak, beech and maple, is Forest Lawn Cemetery. The waves of the great city sweep round its flanks; and there are glimpses of roofs and tall spires seen through the foliage, but the chirp of the grasshopper of a sultry summer afternoon is louder there than the murmur of the busy town. Almost upon the crest of the hill and near the centre of the cemetry rises the obelisk of Scotch granite that marks the resting place of Millard Fillmore.

On the northern face of the obelisk is this inscription:

MILLARD FILLMORE,
Born
January 7, 1800.
Died
March 8, 1874.

After an illness of thre months Franklin Pierce died at the residence of Mr. Willard Williams, Concord, N. H., at 2 o'clock on the morning of October 8, 1869.

The Pierce lot is at the northwestern corner of the Minot inclosure, which adjoins the Old Cemetery and contains about an acre of level ground.

On the plinth in the word "Pierce," in large raised letters, and on the panel of the die this inscription:

FRANKLIN PIERCE,
Born November 22, 1804,
Died October 8, 1869.

Buchanan died at Wheatland, on the 1st of June, 1868. His grave is in Woodward Hill Cemetery, on a bluff in the southeastern part of the city, around which creeps the beautiful Conestoga.

On the end of the die, facing the main avenue is the word "Buchanan;" on the side facing the chapel is the following inscription:

Here rests the remains of
JAMES BUCHANAN,
Fifteenth President of the United States.
Born in Franklin County, Pa., April 23, 1791
Died at Washington, June 1, 1868.

Lincoln, born in a log hut, is buried under a towering pile of marble, granite and bronze. Oak Ridge Cemetery, a mile and a half north of Springfield, Ill., contains ninety-seven acres of high, broken land clad with a luxuriant turf and thickly dotted with trees.

The building the monument was begun by Mr. Lincoln's most intimate friends of Springfield, among them the venerable John T. Stuart, his legal preceptor, afterward his partner, and to the association's funds came contributions from every part of the United States. From the centre rises the shaft, 12 feet square at the base and 8 at the top, 89 feet 4 inches from the ground, with a winding staircase within. Shields of polished granite, bearing the names of the States and linked by two bands of like material, encircle the square three feet below its edge. On the pedestals, at the corners, are heroic groups in bronze, representing the naval and three branches of the military service. Seven feet above them, on the southern side of the shaft, on a pedestal whereon the national coat-of arms is carved, stands the statue of Lincoln. In the block below the escutcheon is the inscription in letters of polished granite:

LINCOLN.

In the catacomb beneath in a leaden coffin within a cedar case which is enclosed in a rich white marble sarcophagus, having carved on one end the word "Lincoln," rests the embalmed body of the President. A marble tablet with a plate-glass pane in the centre closes the crypt. The two western chambers contain the remains of Lincoln's two sons who died in youth; those to the east are reserved for Mrs. Lincoln and her son Robert.

On the night of November 6, 1876, a gang of burglars broke into the Catacomb, and were at work smashing the sarcophagus, with a view to carry away the corpse and holding it to ransom, when the officers, already apprised of their design, came upon them and made them prisoners.

The monument over Andrew Johnson's grave was unveiled lately. It stands on the summit of a lofty, cone shaped eminence half a mile southwest of the town of Greenville, Tenn., on a spot selected by himself, from whence the eye can see every roof of the little town that nestles under its waving green trees and look far across one of the fairest views in Upper East Tennessee to the Clinch Mountain or Smoky Mountain. The monument is of marble upon a base of granite 9½ feet by 7 feet. From piers on each side of the graves where lie side by side the President and his wife, who survived him less than six months, springs a granite arch of thirteen stones, beneath which the graves covered with white pebbles, may be seen, and upon which rests the monument proper. On the plinth, of marble, 4½ feet square and 3½ feet high, is the inscription, written by Mr. Thos. Kinsella, of the Brooklyn Eagle:

ANDREW JOHNSON,
Seventeenth President of the U. S. A.,
Born December 29, 1808. Died July 31, 1875.
"His faith is the people never wavered."

By the side of the monument are the graves of the President's two sons, Charles, a surgeon, killed by a fall from his horse at Nashville, in 1863, and Robert, Colonel of a Tennessee cavalry regiment, who died suddenly in 1869, just as his father, by whom he was idolized, was setting out to canvass the State.

Thus sleep in death seventeen dead Presidents of the United States.

THE OLD MOTHER.

She sits in the sunlight, and as the beams fall upon her silver hair, they light it up with a radiant glory. Her hands are clasped upon her lap, her face is placid and kindly, her manners gentle and serene. No stormy passions agitate her heart, no words of rancor fall from her lips, no unholy ambition sways her life. She dwells in the courts of peace, and the heaven to which the angels are waiting to welcome her has thrown around her even here, an atmosphere both of beauty and of love.

She has in her long journey through life, gathered up many beautiful blossoms to weave in her chaplet. One by one the roses have faded, and few are now left in her garland of life. He to whom she gave her heart and hand in the sunny days of her girlhood fell long ago by the wayside,

"Wearied with the march of life."

She shared his prosperity and his adversity, and either way she was satisfied, because in the sunlight and the shadow she knew he was near. She looks back now, far, far down into the dark cave of time, and she sees no gloomy shadow cast by her upon the love which was her joy and her strength. She cannot recall one unkind word she uttered, or remember a frown that she ever wore. Glad is the old mother to think of this, and to know that whatever sorrow came to the husband's heart none ever came through her.

The children, too, have dropped away from her side; only a few remain to comfort and to cheer her. Death, the reaper, has mowed down some of the brightest blossoms in her living wreath, and the young, the strong, and the brave have preceded her to the "silent land." Well, this was God's will, and it must be her's; so she bows her head in resignation. Absence has carried others far away; oceans roll between and mountains intervene, and the places that knew them in the home know them no more. Thus it is that one by one, they have dropped off, leaving the household wreath almost bare.

She utters no complaint, the old mother; she knows that these things come not by chance, but are decreed by One who "doeth all things well." She knows that they who have length of days must have many sorrows and see countless changes. She does not cloud the present by regrets for the past; she accepts whatever sunshine is vouchsafed her, and sends not her heart out yearningly after what has left her path.

She is cheerful, serene, and contented, and her heart glows with love and melts with pity towards all humanity. She is as full of sympathy as a rose is full of perfume; her words are replete with the wisdom gathered from the experience and observation of many years, and in learning humanity her knowledge has taught her pity and charity, not harshness and condemnation. For her children there burns before the shrine of her heart a perpetual lamp of love which never loses one drop of oil. Brighter and purer grows the flame, lighting up the darkest nook of home. No cold winds from the shores of indifference can make the flame even flicker; absence cannot dim the glory; crime itself has no power to lessen the undying light of the old mother's love. The joys of her children are her joys; she sorrows when they sorrow; and she thrills with pleasurable pride when the world crowns them with success. She has no ambition for herself, she would not bend her head for the brightest of earthly crowns, but she would gladly see the children of her love crowned and happy.

Loving, unselfish, serene, gentle, devoted and cheerful, thus lives the old mother—a blessing to the home that holds her, a joy to the hearts that love her, an inspiration for good to those that look up to her. God bless the old mother!

AFFECTION AND INTELLECT AT HOME.—A writer has aptly said that "the highest style of being 'at home' grows out of the special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence toward them in whatever they undertake? The effect of mingling with new friends, who have new ideas and new methods of thought, is to supply a demand which is a part of the life of society. Those whose lot it is to always see the same faces, do the same things month after month, knowing no change in their surroundings but those produced by the seasons, naturally suffer contraction of ideas, and are strangers to myriad advantages emanating from frequent contact with cultured society."

A happy mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as her "sweet boy and boy."

THE FIASCO OF CYPRUS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S SPLENDID BUBBLE PUNCTURED BY MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

In the current October number of the *Nineteenth Century* the article that will be most generally read, quoted, and commented upon is the paper by Archibald Forbes upon the British occupation of Cyprus. Mr. Forbes, as the representative of his paper, the *Daily News*, accompanied the corps of occupation sent out from England to Cyprus under command of Sir Garnet Wolseley. He remained on the island long enough to explore it thoroughly, and to pass through a severe experience of the fever that is an integral part of its genial climate; long enough to perceive the very serious disadvantages under which labored the unfortunate Governor of this new quasi dependency of Great Britain. The result of his observations was duly communicated to his paper in a series of letters, and the gist of these letters is now presented in trenchant terms under the caption, "The Fiasco of Cyprus." His subject is divided into three inter-gative heads: I. Under what conditions are we there? II. With what objects are we there? III. To what extent does our being there fulfill these objects? The first head is disposed of glibly: "I discovered to my disgust," writes Mr. Forbes, "that, so far from being the proud owners of a new acquisition, we are mere tenants at will; and, to make matters worse, are expressly barred from claiming on eviction compensation for improvements. Or, rather, our position is that of a broker's man in possession under a fictitious judgment, liable at any time to be kicked out without receiving the half-crown a day of aliment money." The answer to the second inquiry is thus summarized: "The avowed objects, then, of our occupation of Cyprus, setting aside its blessing as a great civilizing instrument, are first in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement with Turkey to join her in defensive warfare against Russia in case of aggression by that power on Asia Minor; and, secondly, an element of protection against Russian advances in the direction of our Indian empire, or Russian machinations against the safety thereof and of our communications therewith." The answer that Mr. Forbes gives to the third head of inquiry, "To what extent does our occupation of Cyprus fulfill these objects?" may be condensed into the pointed sentence: The occupation of Cyprus does not fulfill these objects to any extent at all; on the contrary it does nothing to further any one of them that might not have been better done in some other way. The one sidedness of Anglo-Turkish Convention—binding England to aid Turkey in repelling Russian aggression, but placing Turkey under the reciprocal obligation to refrain from a Russian alliance nor to assist England should Russia make further advances in Central Asia—is dwelt upon in a manner that must make itself felt even through the thick skin of a Conservative Ministry. Not less sharply is assailed the absurdity, geographically, of the position taken with the avowed object of thwarting a Russian advance, east of the Caspian, upon India—and in this connection with Lord Northbrook's grave witticism is quoted: "To undertake hostilities in the right rear of the enemy is not precisely the way to defend a country." Mr. Forbes puts the case even more strongly when he says that the House Minister (Mr. Cross) "appears to have been acquainted with and learned strategic lessons from the ingenious individual who flanked the whole habitable globe by the simple expedient of going up in a balloon." Financially, of course, there is nothing to be said in favor of Cyprus—a country utterly destitute of available resources. It is a bad investment, and there is no good reason for believing that it will improve. The only money that can accrue to England is from the increase in revenue resulting from a better administration—and the surplus does not go to the nation, but is pledged to the individual Englishmen who are holders of Turkish bonds. As to the deadly climate, enough is known to render any quotations on that head superfluous. In a word: Bricks are not to be made without straw in Cyprus any more than in Egypt." While assenting to all that Mr. Forbes has to urge against the blunder, not to say crime, committed by the present Ministry in uttering the Cyprus scheme, it is probable that sober-minded folk will think twice before assenting once to the gratuitous advance that he throws in by way of climax. It is a characteristic bit of bluster, however, and probably represents the feeling entertained by a very large number of true Britons. Safety, then, equally from danger, real or fancied, in our front, and from possible chaos in our rear, lies in the military occupation of Afghanistan. It is from Cobul and Herat that the words, "Thus far and no further!" will resound with effect alike to St. Petersburg and through the bazars of Hindostan—out from a miserable island in a dead angle of the Mediterranean."

A clergyman said that he once visited a lady of his parish who had just lost her husband, in order to offer her consolation, and upon her earnest inquiries as to the reunion of families in heaven, he strongly asserted his belief in the fact, when she asked with anxiety, whether any time must elapse before frends would be able to find each other in the next world, he emphatically said: "No! they will be united at once!" He was thinking of the happiness of being able to offer the relief of such a faith, when she broke in upon the meditations by exclaiming, sadly, "Well, his first wife has got him, then, by this time!"

The latest novelty is a "barometer handkerchief." The design printed on it represents a man with an umbrella. In fine weather the umbrella is blue, in changeable weather gray, and in rainy weather white. The secret lies in printing this design in chloride of cobalt; but the first washing removes this sensitive chemical, and destroys the barometric properties.

A brainless young noodle stopped a gruff old merchant on the street, and said: "I have a thought." "Have you?" said the merchant, "I'll go right off and hunt up a reporter and tell him about the accident." And as the old man started off, the young fellow was so amazed that he couldn't think of what he thought.

OX-tail soup is an old thing, but now some new genius of the kitchen has discovered a way of making broth out of a cow's horns. This comes about as near making both ends meet, perhaps, as it is possible for anyone but Edison to do.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. MCQUOWN.

INSTITUTE MEETING—EIGHTH DISTRICT.

(Communicated.)

The teachers of Lawrence and Lawrence Independent districts met at Centre school-house, on Saturday, November 9th, and organized by electing A. R. Read President, and W. C. Pentz Secretary. After some preliminary deliberations it was agreed to hold the next meeting at Centre school-house, on Saturday, November 30th, commencing at 1½ o'clock. The Executive Committee reported the following programme for an afternoon and evening session, which was adopted.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Address of welcome, W. C. Pentz; geography of man, J. F. Spackman; methods of teaching history, W. E. Tate; penmanship, and how to teach it, W. S. Port; primary and advanced reading, D. N. Greer; how to teach written arithmetic, W. R. McCloskey; methods of teaching composition, A. R. Read; methods of teaching grammar, Jane Shaw; alphabet—different methods, W. T. Spackman.

THE NIGHT SESSION

will consist of addresses, discussions, readings and essays. The opening address will be delivered by Leander Denning, director of the district. Essays will be read by Misses Annie Read and Sadie R. McCoy. Select orations will be delivered by Woods R. McClosky and D. S. Lansberry. An original oration by Mr. A. Ross Read. Select reading by W. T. Spackman. A suitable question for debate has been chosen, and will be discussed on the affirmative by W. C. Pentz and Leander Denning, and on the negative by W. S. Port and A. R. Read. An institute paper will be edited and read by W. C. Pentz. The scholars of Centre school will have the room suitable decorated, and the people of the district will give the teachers and all who may attend, a hearty welcome.

W. C. PENTZ, Sec'y.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

A correspondent tells us that the teachers of this district met at Kylertown, on Saturday, November 2d. Mr. S. D. Bailey was elected President, and Miss Ella Fulton Secretary. The teachers present were Ella Ardery, Ella Fulton, S. D. Bailey, Clarence Forcey and G. W. Emigh. A programme was taken up and the subjects thereon voluntarily discussed. Before adjourning, officers for next meeting were elected, and a programme of exercises adopted. The meeting was held at Kylertown, on November 16th. At this writing no reports of the proceedings have been received.

COUNTY INSITUTE PROGRAMME.

The programme for the annual teachers' institute, prepared by the County Superintendent, is just published. We began the preparation of it early in October. Having only Saturdays for office work, we devoted this time entirely to the compiling of the little book. It is a pamphlet containing fourteen pages, neatly executed and prepared with the greatest care. When it comes do not receive it as an over-wrought picture, thinking it a document intended to dazzle and deceive. All arrangements, measures and contracts with teachers, lecturers and instructors, were confirmed before a name went into print, and we send it out as a true exponent of the arrangements made for the coming institute. Much care on our part and also on the printers, has been exercised to make everything complete, and many new features have been introduced. One thousand copies have been printed, and will be distributed in due time among teachers and friends of education throughout the county. All teachers who don't otherwise receive one, will receive one by mail not before December 1st. The institute convenes on Monday, December 30th, and will close on Friday, January 3d, 1879. A part of the programme, at least, will be published in the educational columns of the county papers.

TO DIRECTORS.

Your attention is called to a portion of the school law which allows you to provide necessary books for indigent children in your district. Observations made during visitations to schools in the last three weeks, satisfy me that many children are out of school because their parents are not able to provide the necessary books. The spirit of the law regulating the public school system, is that *all* may receive a common school education. Our schools are designed more for the comfort of the poor rather than the pleasure of the rich, and not a solitary child should be neglected. After money has been raised to build and furnish houses and place teachers in charge of schools, but few additional dollars are needed to provide for the needy children, and thus accomplish what the statue supposes we should accomplish. I would recommend to Boards of Directors of every district, the importance of making a thorough canvass of your township or borough, and when you are satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt that certain children are out of school because of utter poverty, proceed at once to provide a means by which they can receive the benefits of an education.

EDUCATIONAL BRIEFS.

On page 139, of Caldwell's new County Atlas, is a picture of the first school house in the county, built in 1803, on ground now occupied by McClure's graveyard, in Pike township, Hugh Hall, teacher. Then on page 196 is a picture of the Leonard Graded School building, in Clearfield, built in 1874. The march of progress is clearly seen in the contrast.

One of the pleasing features of the schools of Bradford township, is the handsomely decorated school-rooms. With but two exceptions we found the rooms furnished with wreaths, mottoes, and attractive pictures, all the work of the teacher in charge.

Will directors, at their next meeting, arrange to send a delegate to the Directors' Convention on Tuesday of institute week. A programme for that day has been printed in connection with teachers' programme. It is hoped that every Board in the county will arrange to send one member, at least, to represent them in the affairs of that day.

The teachers of Lancaster county, Pa., held their annual institute last week. It is reported as a very successful meeting, there being over 400 teachers present.

A Pittsburg school teacher had just taught her scholars to say "ither" and "nither," and "lenance," when she died. No one can tell when their life's work will be cut short.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

The place to find a bear living—In a menagerie.

A crack invisible to the naked eye—The *crack* of a whip.

When is a literary work like smoke? When it rises in volumes.

Short men always rise early; it is impossible for them to lie long.

A shoemaker advertises "medicinal boots."