THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1837.

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
Outlines and Retrays..... 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.....$5 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
3 squares.....20 00 | 1 column.....120 00

G. R. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in the Opera House. oct9, '78-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'73

ROLAND D. SWOOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.
oct. 9, '78-tf.

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

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:19'73 Clearfield, Pa.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,87

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. my23:1ypd

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. [ap'p18'72

Livery Stable.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

Great Western Hotel,
Nos. 1311, 1313 and 1315 Market Street,
(Directly opposite Wanamaker's Grand Depot.)
Philadelphia, Penn's.
Terms, $2.00 per day.
This Hotel is near the new Public Buildings, new Masonic Temple, U. S. Mint, and Academy of Fine Arts. T. W. TRAUCK, Prop'r.
OPEN ALL NIGHT! jy17,'73-1y

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,
sep30-65-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.

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.....$16,000,000
Scottish Commercial Fire Ins. Co., of England.....$16,000,000
North America, of Philadelphia..... 4,700,000
Fire Association, of Philadelphia..... 3,100,000
Watertown Fire, New York, insures farm property only..... 700,000
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 commission. Office in Pie's Opera House. A. REYNOLDS PENTZ, Jr.,
A. T. BROCKBANK.
Clearfield, May 1, 1878-1y. Agents.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 53—WHOLE NO. 2,606. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1879. NEW SERIES—VOL. 20, NO. 4.

KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA.

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE OF THE WAR.

The subject of this paper is an inmate of the National Home at Dayton, Ohio, about fifty-eight years of age, and has the appearance of having been a thorough-going tar. Consumption is wasting him away, bronchitis has impaired his voice and enunciation, and the concussion of guns of heavy calibre has made him deaf, but he nevertheless still exhibits evidences of remarkable vitality. His name is

JAMES SAUNDERS,

and he was Signal Quartermaster on board the U. S. ship Kearsarge under the late Admiral Winslow. We hailed him, and by signals intimidated our desire that he run out his port guns and give us a broadside, and the following is the result of the boarding party we received from the old "Man of War:"

"Yes sir; I was in the navy. I have put in thirty years of my life on the water and have served about eighteen years in the United States Navy. I first enlisted as an able seaman in 1853, on board the United States Bainbridge, Lieutenant Hunter commander; but transferred to the sloop-of-war Jamestown, Captain Bowling, where I served out my first term. I next served on the Merrimac under Captain Pendegrass; then in the Minnesota, Captain Dupont. My next ship was the Brooklyn, under Farragut. He was succeeded by Captain Walker, who subsequently turned over the command to Commander Poor.

"Under Walker we were ordered to Charleston in company with the Star of the West, sent to the relief of Fort Sumpter, and by that means I became a witness of the very commencement of the war. Our orders were, however, to not take part in any unpleasantness that might occur, and as soon as the firing began we retired to Old Point Comfort.

"I was also on board the Brooklyn when Semmes ran the gauntlet with the Sumpter at the mouth of the Mississippi. He escaped by the North Pass. It was on Sunday. The Brooklyn was only a second rate ship, and was then commanded by Poor. When the Sumpter hove in sight we slipped anchor and gave chase, but one of the blackest squalls I ever witnessed came up, obscuring everything, and Semmes ran the Sumpter through in this squall and escaped nicely. When it cleared away the chase was three miles on our port beam. We pursued for a time, but it was useless, for the Sumpter could make two miles to our one, so we returned to our anchorage. The Brooklyn was relieved by the Richmond, a ship of the same class, commanded by Captain Pope, and we came to Philadelphia for repairs, where we were paid off and discharged.

"I went home to Boston, where I remained one month and twenty-six days, and then shipped as signal quartermaster on board the Kearsarge under Capt Pickering. It was then we set about the real business of following

RAPHAEL SEMMES,

the rebel corsair. He was an accomplished seaman, as I have reason to know, for it has been my fortune to follow him over half of the world. We followed him across the Atlantic, all around the Western Islands, and finally cornered him at Gibraltar. Here we experienced particularly the courtesy of our English cousins. The Governor of Gibraltar would not allow us to lay in British waters, though he cuddled the Sumpter under his wing snugly enough; so we were compelled to haul off into Spanish waters and wait for our prize.

"One morning as we lay in wait outside the British limits I discovered the British ensign hoisted on the Sumpter. I suspected some trick and at once notified Captain Pickering. No notice, however, was taken of the circumstance, and in a few days we learned from the papers that the Sumpter had sailed for England. Pickering was subsequently relieved and Captain Winslow appointed to the command of the Kearsarge.

"We continued to follow Semmes over the broad waters and he was a veritable 'Will'o, the Wisp.' It was like pursuing a phantom; and when we thought we had him he was not there. One great difficulty was, that he was harbored and sheltered by the English and French, and every available effort made to put us on the wrong course. We continually encountered hostility from these two nations. They left nothing undone to embarrass and annoy us, and the insolence with which we were treated by petty officials satisfied us that they were backed by power. Any British scalawag that could have sent us to the bottom without implicating the government, would have been 'booted and spurred,' covered with decorations, and accorded a last resting place with England's great heroes in Westminister Abbey.

At one time, early in '63, we made the port of

QUEENSTOWN,

in Ireland, in a terrible storm. We had no sooner cast anchor in the bay than we were ordered out by the of the port. Winslow protested that no vessel could live in the sea then running; but the commandant insisted that his orders were imperative, that no Yankee cruiser be allowed to lay in Her Majesty's waters. The Captain replied that to put to sea in such a gale would sacrifice his ship and drown the crew. And, regardless of consequences, he would not do it. The Englishman declared that if he did not immediately move he would either tow him out or blow him out of the harbor, and a sixteen gun brig and a war steamer were sent along side of us. By this time Winslow's blood was up, and he swore that if he must go to the bottom he preferred sinking in the harbor, and he would give them a broadside as a parting salute.

The Kearsarge beat to quarters, and the guns were run in and loaded, but we were not further molested, and next morning put to sea.

We continued to cruise around Ireland and the English Channel, and the bay of Biscay. Early in '64 we ran into

BREST,

on the cost of France, for supplies, which, by the way, were denied us. The harbor at Brest is very commodious. Six hundred sail can lay there in safety, without being dangerously contiguous to each other; but the Port Admiral informed us that it we wished to remain in port we must move the ship to the buoy. This Winslow declined doing, and replied that he would trust to his anchors.

"The Admiral then sent a 50 gun frigate along side of us, and a sloop of war athwart our bows in such a manner as to embarrass any movements we might attempt to make. The reason of all this was, that the Florida was on dry-dock at Brest, and having undergone thorough repairs, was ready for sea, and the French authorities wished to favor her escape. At night false lights were used, and many expedients practiced to mislead and deceive us. We, however, put to sea and cruised off the port of Brest for three months, but finding the Florida would not come out, and being shattered and weather-beaten by our long cruise in the turbulent waters of Biscay, we shaped our course for flushing at the mouth of the Rhine, where the

GOOD DUTCHMEN

received us kindly and furnished us everything we needed. There we went into dry-dock and made thorough repairs."

"We had just put the Kearsarge in jolly trim when Winslow received a telegram from our Minister at Paris, informing him that the Alabama was at Cherbourg. We made sail forth with and pursued no devious ways in our voyage thither. Running into port, we there found the adversary whom we had pursued so long and anxiously, lying at anchor in the harbor. But we were unwelcome visitors, and the French authorities lost no time in warning us out. We left, but hovered around the entrance to the harbor, determined that Semmes should not this time escape. The utmost vigilance was maintained on board the Kearsarge, and our blockade was so effectual, that our wily enemy finally despaired avoiding a battle. The French, however, did all in their power to aid him. The commandant of the post sent an officer to warn us off, protesting against the blockade of his harbor. Winslow replied that he was not blockading his harbor, but was lying in wait for an armed enemy, sheltered under the cover of French guns in violation of rules enforced against the Kearsarge, and he proposed to cruise in that vicinity until Semmes came out, and attack him the moment he cleared neutral waters.

"Finding his escape impossible Semmes issued his famous

CHALLENGE

to Winslow for a pitched battle. This was done to cover gracefully the skulking character of his previous operations and make it appear to the world that the engagement we had so long coveted and he so diligently avoided, was brought about by his own agency. He never intended to fight if he could avoid it, and notwithstanding his challenge, had any fortuitous circumstance favored his flight he would have taken wings.

"Pending the engagement every preparation was made and the Alabama put in the best possible trim for battle. She was, as is well known, a British vessel, armed with British guns and mostly manned by British seamen; and it is also an unquestionable fact that she had at command the maritime resources of England and France for anything she required in the way of armament and supplies. She was not our inferior in anything which can add to the efficiency of a ship of war. As to the crews they are supposed to have been nearly equal, but I doubt if Semmes ever knew how many men he had, as I have reason to know that many of them boarded her for the first time the morning of the

BATTLE.

"It was on sunday morning, June 19, 1864, as we were cruising off Cherbourg in a heavy fog and the officers and crew were at church, that going forward I took the glass from the Quartermaster of the watch, and looked in toward the breakwater. I there discovered a fancy yacht—which subsequently proved to be the Deerhound—heading up the channel. I was looking at her so intently that it attracted the attention of Mr. Thornton, who came forward and said:

"What have you got Saunders?"

"A fancy craft—take a look at her."

He brought the glass to bear on her, and saying, "Oh yes, she is going up the channel," returned to church.

Going along the port gangway to get a better view I observed the yacht alter her course and stand in toward shore. Just at this moment the log closed and I could see the shipping inside the breakwater, and among them I made out the Alabama. I saw the Deerhound signal the Alabama. She replied and immediately moved toward the entrance of the harbor. As soon as she cleared the breakwater, the Deerhound ran under her stern, and shortly after the Alabama and Deerhound followed by a French ironclad stood out toward sea. When I saw this movement I sang out,

"HERE SHE COMES!"

and services closed without the usual ceremonies. Captain Winslow ran to the port gangway where I had taken my station and said:

"Where is she?"

"There," I replied, pointing her out, "and an English yacht and French ironclad with her."

"We immediately furled all sail and stood across the channel, the hostile fleet following us. When the French man reached three marine leagues from shore he blowed off steam and waited to observe our movements.

"As soon as our engineer reported a full head of steam Winslow gave the orders to put the helm aport and we bore down upon the enemy. At two and a half miles the Alabama opened fire with a boardside of nine guns, but did no damage. The Kearsarge said nothing, but kept steadily forward. Again the enemy hurled a storm of metal at us which hurtled through our rigging, doing some slight damage. We then opened with a thirty pound rifle and killed three men the first shot. The Kearsarge never swerved, but pushed forward under full head until within deadly range, when we brought our broadside to bear and gave the enemy merry hell. Semmes had evidently intended to play at long bowls, where the supposed superiority of his English gunners would prove most effective; but Winslow would not have it so, and swooped down on him in such a way as to render escape impossible. Semmes struggled hard to widen the distance between us, but the grappling irons of late had fastened on him and the doom of his ship was sealed.

"As soon as the engagement opened Winslow appeared on his quarter-deck in full dress uniform, where he remained, directing the battle. Time and again, as the enemy were about to pour in a broadside, he ordered his men to the shelter of the bulwarks, but never for a moment sought cover for himself. He scanned the Alabama closely with his glass, endeavoring vainly to discover Semmes. He called to me, 'Do you see anything of Semmes? I replied that I did not. I could see his first officer on the quarter-deck, but never got sight of the Confederate commander. I am fully satisfied of the fact that he did not appear on his quarter-deck at any time after the engagement became close.

"It was about 11 a. m. when the engagement opened, and at about 12 m. the Alabama fired a lee gun in token of surrender. Winslow at once gave the order to cease firing. I communicated the order to the gunners, but no sooner done than the Alabama again opened fire. We returned it with interest, and could have raked her decks with canister, but did not wish to sacrifice any more lives. The Alabama could not strike her colors. The jaws of her mizzen gaff were shot away, and her peek hung in the spankerboom top-lifts, the flag still flying. An old English tar shinned up the top-lifts and cut off the tail of the flag, and standing on the beam held it up for a flag of truce. They then lowered a boat, which came alongside the Kearsarge. It contained four men, who looked like Englishmen. 'Who are you?' asked Winslow.

"Officers of the Alabama."

"Where is Semmes?"

"Semmes is below."

"What do you want?"

"We came to surrender.

"As the Alabama was sinking they were directed to return and assist in picking up the crew. Winslow also requested the Deerhound to render assistance. She steamed up and lowering her boats picked up a number of men, but the Alabama's boat containing the four alleged officers, pulled straight to the Deerhound and jumping on board sent their boat adrift without saving a man. The Deerhound then immediately steamed up the channel, leaving most of the Alabama crew to take their chances in the water. Lord Lancaster had secured Semmes and a portion of the English crew and abandoned the rest, including the wounded, to their fate."

"One officer of the Alabama, Second Lieutenant Wilson, from Georgia, I think, acted the part of a hero in this crisis. I had noticed him during the engagement, and remarked his active efficiency, and now in the hour of disaster, undismayed by perils, he worked manfully to save his wounded men from a watery grave; and when his work was accomplished he came on board like a man and surrendered up his sword, proud in the consciousness of having well performed his whole duty. I know not what has become of him, but whether living or dead, I take pleasure in bearing testimony to his gallant conduct, so much in contrast with that of his superiors who sneaked away in the treacherous Deerhound, abandoning to their fate the man who, up to the last moment, had stood by them faithfully."

"Our prisoners received the kindest possible treatment; were furnised dry clothing, and had their grog along with the crew. Many of them had papers with them, and I assisted in spreading them out and drying them, and found many discharges from the British service, some of the men-of-war's men, discharged in the Crimean War, in '56, '57 and 58. With the Alabama crew was an old shipmate of mine, John Hughes, who told me that at 2 o'clock that morning the Deerhound ran alongside and transferred a large number of men to the cabin of the Alabama, and that when the engagement opened these men rushed out and took charge of the guns. In 1868 I was in Europe, in the call ship Macedonian, and at Portsmouth I fell in with several British sailors who served that day on board the Alabama, and escaped in the Deerhound. They were paid £20 for their services, and were selected from Her Majesty's ship Excellent, on account of their superior skill as gunners, and were then in the British service. It is not probable that this could be done without the knowledge of the English Admiralty.

"But to return to the scene of action. During the engagement the hills around Cherbourg and the Breakwater were crowded with people, and when the Alabama went under they cheered lustily, supposing it to be the Kearsarge; but as soon as the smoke cleared away we undeceived them. I ran up my flags, 16 feet to the fore, 19 feet to the mizzen, and 36 feet at the gaff end. The last flag I sent to Washington with a description of the battle written on the head of the flag. Thus guilty decorated, in token of our triumph, we defiantly flaunted American bunting in the face of the hostile monarchies of England and France.

"As soon as we cast anchor at Cherbourg the French Admiral tendered the use ot their hospital for the wounded. Captain Winslow paroled the English Surgeon of the Alabama and sent him ashore to get the place in readiness for the wounded British. He went, but we never heard of his stopping any place. It was the last we saw of him. Dr. Browne, of our ship, then went ashore with the wounded. We had but two wounded men, John Dempsy and Wm. Gone. Gone died, and the Kearsarge crew have erected a beautiful monument over his grave.

"On the 31st of June the Alabama crew were paid off in Cherbourg by the Brazilian Consul who was also acting Confederate Consul, and shortly after the Kearsarge sailed for America. I did not return with her, but went to London in obedience to a summons from Hon. Charles Francis Adams, American Minister to the Court of St. James. I there gave a full account of the affair, all of which was reduced to writing by the Minister's Secretary, and no doubt found its way to the Department of State, and perhaps had something to do in making up the Geneva Award.

"On my return to America I was summoned before the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Gideon Welles, and again underwent a critical examination, which lasted several days, all of my statements being written out in full. Mr. Adams and Mr. Welles both treated me with great kindness and consideration, and in behalf of the government personally thanked me for the services I had rendered in the affair, and assured me warmly that I should be well provided for in the future. My reward has been a bronze medal of honor!

Since the war I have sailed on the Circassian, the Decotah, the Macedonia, the Portsmouth, and the Vermont. It was on board the last named vessel that I contracted disease of the lungs. I became totally disabled, and was discharged at Brooklyn Naval Hospital with a pension of eight dollars per month.

By the rules of the Hospital I could not be retained there after my discharge from the service, so I was turned out like a broken down horse to provide for myself. Unable to go to sea, unused to any land pursuits, physically incapacitated for any kind of labor, I knew not what to do nor where to go. I thought of the promise made me by the great men, when in the pride of sturdy manhood and in the hour of a great triumph I stood before them, but they availed me nothing when in need of help, and did not suffice to keep me out of a New York State poor house. I afterward came here. The climate does not agree with me, but I am not able to go elsewhere. I have not received the consideration I had to expect. Among all my old naval commanders Winslow and Farragut were my best friends, but they are both dead. Were they alive something would be done for me, but the men of to-day engaged in the political schemes have forgotten the services rendered the country in an hour of trial, and there is no one to lend an ear to the broken down tar."

And the old "Man-of-War" braced up his helm and bore away under a stiff breeze of indignation.

THE MORMON PROBLEM.

The Mormon problem has long vexed the national authority and practically defied solution in accordance with the accepted civilization of the age. When the new Mormon dispensation was founded in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, a thousand miles from the jurisdiction of the Mexican Government, it was believed by Brigham Young that the surges of Christian civilization would not reach him for generations, and that his isolation from the Mexican authority would enable him to rear and maintain an oligarchy that could equal the average duration of other despotic powers. Polygamy was the new revelation of Brigham Young, who had usurped the supreme authority of the Church after the death of the Prophet Smith, and his far-reaching sagacity led him to gather his people within mountain walls beyond the reach of the disturbing agencies of Christian laws. He crossed the trackless plains and followed the cannons of the mountains, unpeopled save by the savage, until he landed in the valley of Salt Lake, then erected his strange altars in the new home of the "Latter Day Saints," when the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo transferred him and his people back to the hated jurisdiction of the United States. Polygamy was then one of the revealed and accepted dogmas of the Mormon Church. After the desperate sectional battle over the status of the new Mexican Territors on the slavery question, Utah was organized as a Territory, and President Fillmore was compelled to look the Mormon issue squarely in the face. The overland route to the gold fields of the Pacific had been established, and Utah was one of the main sources of supplies for emigrants. President Fillmore, after much hesitation, finally decided to utilize the Mormons to the best advantage in the interest of the emigrants. President Fillmore, after much hesitation, finally decided to utilize the Mormons to the best advantage in the interest of the emigrants and new settlements of the mountains and on the Pacific slope, and he appointed Brigham Young Territorial Governor with other officers in harmony with the Mormon ruler. In answer to the earnest protests of the Churches and the better class of people, President Fillmore announced that the friendly offices of the Mormons were most essential to the comfort and safety of California emigrants, and that the government employed them as it did the army or any other agency to promote the interests of the adventurers of the Western plains and mountains. Emboldened by the tolerance of the government, the Mormons became gradually defiant and revolutionary and emigrant settlers who offended them were cruelly murdered by Danite bands, organized by the Mormon Church and sustained in executing the bloody decrees of its leaders. President Buchanan's bootless and costly war with the Mormons and Colonel Albert Sidney Johnson's bloodless campaign against them, after a winter's halt on the inhospitable plain of Bridger, are well remembered, and the lawlessness of the Mormons and their defiance of all authority but their own, was continued until 1862, when Congress passed an act to punish and prevent polygamy in the Territories of the Union; an earnest effort was made to enforce the anti-polygamy law by President Lincoln, but there were only Mormons to serve as jurors and Mormon juries refused to convict their brethren for what they held to be not only lawful but sanctioned by direct revelation from Heaven. After exhaustive but unavailing exertions of Federal officials to enforce the act of Congress, it was finally allowed to remain practically a dead letter. So thoroughly deluded in their faith were nine-tenths of the Mormon people, that they resolved to desolate their fields and homes and emigrate beyond the jurisdiction of the United States again, should the government persist in punishing them for what they claimed to be the exercise of the freedom of conscience in religious conviction. Thus for fifteen years the anti-polygamy law has been in operation and the Mormons have been marrying and multiplying their wives as fast as emigration and the growth of population furnished them women for their harems. Judge McKean, recently appointed Chief Justice of Utah, has had the issue revived by a voluntary case submitted for adjudication, and the Supreme Court of the United States has finally declared the acts of Congress constitutional.

The decision of the Supreme Court presents some grave problems for solution by the national authorities. For many years after the passage of the act of 1862 the Mormons secured admission to the floor of Congress for their Delegate by electing Hooper, who had never indulged in the questionable luxury of more than one wife; but when the issue of polygamy seemed to have died a natural death, Mr. George Q. Cannon, altogether the most able and cultured Mormon leader, and he has sat in the House for a number of years, enjoying the honors and sharing the powers of the nation, while living in polygamy in insolent violation of the laws of the body in which he serves. Under the decision of the Supreme Court he cannot be allowed to retain his seat, for he continues from day to day to offend the laws of the land; and if the judgment of the court of last resort shall be enforced, Utah would become little else than a penal colony. Nearly every adult male Mormon would be fined and imprisoned; three-fourths of the wives of Utah would be discarded as degraded mistresses; three-fourths of the wives of the children of Mormons would be illegitimate before the law and they, with their mothers, would be denied inheritance, and the rights pertaining to property as well as the whole social fabric of the Mormon community would be remanded to chaos. Delegate Cannon very naturally appeals to the government that has tolerated the offense of polygamy, until it has grown to such proportions as to involve the social and family interests of more than a hundred thousand people and property amounting to many millions, to enact that the penalties of the anti-polygamy act of 1862 shall be prospective from this date. He proposes that polygamy shall be forbidden and punished in the future; but that existing wives and their children shall be protected according to the Mormon laws in their domestic relations and in their rights of property. Harshly as such an act of Congress must grate on the convictions of our civilization, we can see no escape from it without violence to justice and humanity. It is the fault of the government that polygamy has become so interwoven with the entire people of one of the most bountiful Territories, that it can be uprooted now only by making nearly all men convicts, nearly all women outcasts, nearly all children homeless and nearly all property wrested from its present or prospective equitable owners; and, being the concurrent crime of both government and subjects, the supreme considerations of humanity and justice between the [illegible] parents and acknowledged children, clearly demand that the government shall accept the most practical method of attaining deliverance from the foulest blot that now stains our civilization.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A WIFE WHO IS SELDOM AT HOME.

When the peddler rang Mr. Bird's door-bell, the other day, Mr. Bird himself opened the door. Mr. Bird had the baby upon his arm, and there were four other children at his heels.

"Is the lady of the house in?" asked the peddler.

"Certainly she isn't!" replied Mr. Bird. "She is out. She is perennially and eternally out!"

"Where can I see her?"

"Why go down to the Woman Suffrage Club rooms, and if she is not there, go to the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and if she has left there, visit the hall of the association for alleviating the miseries of the Senegambians, and if she has finished up there, look for her at the church aid society, or at the Ninth Ward soup house, or at the home of the one-legged, or at the refuge for infirm dogs, or at the hospital for the asthmatic, or at some of these places. If you get on her trail you'll see more paupers and strong-minded women, and under-clothing for the heathen, than you ever saw in the whole course of your life."

"I wanted to sell her a cool-handle flat-iron, just out. Do you think she will buy one?"

"She will if you can prove that the naked cannibals in Senegambia are yearning for cool-handled flat-irons. She would buy diamond breastpins for those niggers if they wanted them, I believe."

"I intended, also, to offer her a new kind of immovable hair-pin, which——"

"All right. You just go down to the home for the one-legged, and persuade those cripples to cry for immovable hair-pins, and she will order 'em by the ton."

"Has she any children?"

"Well, I'm the one that appears to have em; just now, anyhow.

"Because I have a gum top for a feeding bottle; this is the nicest thing you ever saw."

"Now," said Mr. Bird, "I'll tell you what you do. You get those paupers to swear they can't eat the soup they get at the soup house with spoons, but they must have it from a bottle with a rubber nozzle, and Mrs. Bird will keep you so busy supplying the demand that you won't have a chance to sleep. You just try it. Buy up the paupers! Bribe 'em!"

"How'll I know her if I see her!"

"Why, she's a large woman with a bent nose, and she talks all the time. You'll hear her talking as soon as you get within a mile of her. She'll ask you to subscribe to the Senegambian fund and to the Asthmatic Asylum before you can get your breath. Probably she'll read you four or five letters from reformed cannibals. But don't you mind 'em. My opinion is she wrote 'em herself."

"Shall I tell her you told me to call upon her?"

"It don't make any difference. But you might mention to her that since she left home the baby has had four fits, Johnny has fallen out of the pear tree and cracked his skull, Mary and Jim both have something like croup, and Tommy has been bitten by Jones's dog. It won't excite her; she won't care a cent; but I'd like her to have the latest news. Tell her if she can manage to drop in here for a minute between now and the Fourth of July, she might maybe wash the baby and give the other children a chance to remember how she looks. But she needn't come if it will interfere with the happiness of the one-legged medicants or make her asthmatic patients miserable. Mind and mention it to her now, will you?"

"I will."

"All right, then. I'll go in and put some fresh sticking plaster on Johnny's skull."

And with the baby singing a vociferous solo, and the other children clinging to his legs, Mr. Bird retreated and shut the door. The peddler had determined to propose to a girl that night. He changed his mind and resolved to remain a bachelor.

THE FROZEN PUMP.

It was the late Mr. James Thomson who described Winter as being "cruel as death and hungry as the grave;" and from the feeling way in which he put the matter, it is very evident that he spoke from out the depths of a torn and harried heart. True, he did not present a particular statement of his reasons for hating the season described by his friend Mr. Cowper as the "ruler of the inverted year"—from the fact that everything is turned upside down and made uncomfortable—but anybody who has spent a winter or even a part of a winter in the country can reach down, only too easily, to the true inwardness of the poet's seemingly intemperate and vindictive words; obviously, when the late Mr. James Thomson wrote that bitter line, he was writhing under the heavy burden of misery attributable to and consequent upon too close relations with a frozen pump.

Anybody who has ever tried to unfreeze a frozen pump knows what that undertaking is; those who never have been brought face to face and compelled to wrestle with such domestic castastrophe know nothing about it. It is all very fine to say that pouring hot water down the pump-log will reopen communications with the well; sometimes it will, but more times it will not. The hot water just stays there; and in a little while it gets cold and then it freezes and things are worse than ever. Everybody who has every tried dropping live coals down into the bowels of a frozen pump knows what that amounts to—that the coals grit around inside the log, and when the thaw does come get jammed in the "box" rough up the leather of the "bucket" so that it utterly refuses to "draw," and cause the pump to yield a weak dilution of ashes through all the next summer. As a theory, heating the kitchen poker red hot and lowering it down inside the pump by the clothes-line seems promising. After the man has scorched his fingers, burnt a hole in his trousers and had the poker get away from him and remain as a part of the pump's internals, he is inclined to believe that this theory does not amount to much in practice. The woman's suggestion, that the salt bag be emptied down the pump, is not less delusive. No doubt but that it will accomplish the end desired; but during the long weeks that the well remains a miniature salt sea the whole family are as so many Ancient Mariners. The end of the matter is [illegible] the mechanical ingenuity of the household has been exhausted, Old John is called in. Nobody knows exactly how he manages it, but in a little time he has the "rod" out through the trap-door, has pulled up the "box" and with it the poker and a good many of the coals, and—if the pump has not pushed its ingratitude to the extent of bursting the log—within an hour he has repaired damages and got the pump to pumping again. The stringency of the times is relieved; but it is impossible ever to feel the same toward that pump again—it has played the houshold false.

And the feeling entertained toward the pump naturally extends backward to the first cause of the pump's iniquitous conduct, to winter. In that fair land of which old George Sandys makes Ovid sing in English verse—the first book of English verse ever written in America—in that fair land where

'Twas always spring; warm zephyrs sweetly blew
On smiling flowers which without setting grew,

it goes without telling that frozen pumps were unknown. It was a winterless land to which Ovid referred, and in that land, not less obviously, Mr. James Thomson's poem, "The Seasons," would have been an absurdity. But in England, as in our own unhappy America, the four seasons are forlorn certainties, and no one can doubt for a moment that Mr. Thomson wrote his dismal review of the season of "Winter" while preyed upon and oppressed by the winter begotten calamity of a frozen pump.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE."

HOW A VERY POPULAR AND MUCH USED PHRASE ORIGINATED.

From Harper's Magazine for February.

Difference in manners among civilized and closely related nations is conspicuously shown in the fact that M. Gambetta in France recently felt himself constrained by public sentiment, like Alexander Hamilton in this country nearly seventy-five years ago, to fight a duel. It would be incredible that General Garfield, or Senator Bayard, or any political chief in this country, should feel that public opinion compelled him to take the field. Indeed, if any such leader should engage in a duel, instead of satisfying public opinion, it would undoubtedly prevent his further high promotion. No duelist could be elected President, nor fail most seriously to injure his influence. Yet Gambetta felt that his influence was in peril if he did not "go out." M. De Fourtou asserted in the Chamber that M. Gambetta had made a speech which declared war on every Frenchman not of the old repulic. It was undoubtedly very exasperating to hear such a falsehood, and Gambetta shouted, "That is a lie!" The words were retracted, but apparently he would not apologize, and when De Fourtou challenged him he accepted, and they fought. So that rather than apologize for words which, by retracting, he confessed that he ought to have used, Gambetta exposed the cause which he believes to be that of his country, and infinitely superior in importance to all personal considerations, to the risk of his death and a consequent immense injury. No doubt Gambetta thought that De Fourtou did lie, and, although acknowledging that he ought not to have said so in the Chamber, he could not honestly say that he was sorry to have said what he believed. But in a sounder condition of opinion he would not have felt obliged to give De Fourtou a chance of killing him for saying so.

Such scenes in Parliamentary assemblies are well known. One of the most noted is that between Canning and Brougham in the House of Commons. Canning had joined the ministry of Lord Liverpool, when it was agreed that the question of the Roman Catholic claims should be left open, because it was practically impossible to form a ministry which should be unanimous upon that subject. During a debate upon the question, which had become very warm, Lord Brougham indecently said that Canning's conduct in joining a divided cabinet was "the most incredible specimen of monstrous truckling for the purpose of obtaining service that the whole history of political tergiversation could furnish." Canning rose in the midst of Brougham's sentence and said, emphatically, "That is false!" There was profound silence for a few moments. The Speaker then said that he hoped Mr. Canning would withdraw the words. Canning replied that nothing on earth should persuade him to do so. There was more silence. Then a motion that both of the offenders—the most eminent minister and the leader of the opposition—should be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. But a dexterous gentleman, Sir Robert Wilson, evidently versed in the etiquette of "honor," relieved Canning, Brougham, the Speaker, the Sergeant-at-Arms, the House, and England, of the dilemma. He suggested that what Brougham had said referred to Canning's official character, while Canning had erroneously supposed that the imputation was meant to be personal! A statement to this effect from each of the honorable members he was very sure would be mutually satisfactory. Canning and Brougham assented, and the matter ended. The latest narrator of this story, Mr. Spencer Walpole, says that this was the event which Dickens afterwards heard from his fellow reporters when he went into the gallery, and which he reproduced with all the richness of his humor in the celebrated quarrel which was composed because of a timely agreement that offensive words had been used only in a "Pickwickian sense." Had some friendly Sir Robert Wilson been present in the French Chamber he might have saved Gambetta the necessity of fighting a duel, which, as the distance was thirty-five paces and the exchange of shots harmless, cost him more ridicule than his refusal to fight could have cost him in influence.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

DIRECTORS CONVENTION.

In pursuance of a call of the County Superintendent a Convention of Directors assembled in the Court Room, Thursday, January 2nd, at half past one o'clock. The names of the several districts in the county were called, and the following list of delegates recorded: Burnside borough 0; Clearfield, James L. Leavy, Henry Snyder; Curwensville, Daniel Faust, John Patton*; Houtzdale, 0; Lumber City, John Russell; Newburg, 0; New Washington, Adam Breth*; Osceola, J. J. Pie, Jas. Cameron*; Wallaceton, M. D. Reidy; Beccaria, J. H. Weld*; Bell, 0; Bloom, George Korp, John Smith; Bogg, T. B. Woodsides, I. C. Hopkins; Bradford, J. L. Pierce; Brady, Jonathan Shafer, Elisha Ashenfelter; Burnside, Joseph Hutton; Chest, 0; Covington, Dr. J. W. Potter*; Decatur, W. A. Re