THE
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CLEARFIELD, PA.
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G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

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Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in the Opera House.

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Clearfield, Pa.
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Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House.

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Clearfield County, Penn'a.

S. T. BROCKBANK,
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Office in Opera House.

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CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office over the County National Bank.

S. L. McGEE,
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DuBois, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care.

MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor.

WILLIAM A. HAGERTY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE over T. A. Fleck & Co.'s Store,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A
Will attend to all legal business with promptness and fidelity.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
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Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank.

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Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
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All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office in the Court House.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction.

Physicians' Cards.

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

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
DUBOIS CITY, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly.

DR. T. J. BOYER,
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Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIRST AND PINE STREETS.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Weeds.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 54--WHOLE NO. 2,701. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1880 NEW SERIES--VOL. 21, NO. 49.

Cards.

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

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.

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

HENRY BRETH, (OSCEOLA P. O.)
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FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.

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DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
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.

FRANK FIELDING
AND
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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.

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.

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

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also dealer in
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars.
Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES H. TURNER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Wallaceton, Pa.
He has prepared himself with all the necessary blank forms under the Pension and Bounty laws, as well as blank Deeds, etc. All legal matters entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Collars, and Horse-Furnishing Goods.
All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. Saddlers' Hardware, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price.

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.

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

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
GLEN HOPE, PENN'A.
THE undersigned, having leased this commodious Hotel, in the village of Glen Hope, is now prepared to accommodate all who may call. My table and bar shall be supplied with the best the market affords.
GEORGE W. DOTTS, Jr.
Glen Hope, Pa., March 26, 1879-tf.

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.

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.

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,
Curwensville, Pa.

West End Drug Store,
IN GRAHAM'S ROW,
(Half way between Mossop's and Fleck's stores.)
CLEARFIELD, PA.
THE undersigned has opened up a Drug Store, with a full supply of perfectly pure and fresh Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals and Toilet Articles. These Drugs have been selected with great care and are guaranteed to be perfectly pure and reliable. I will give my personal attention to this department, and will cheerfully give any advice and information in regard to medicines free of charge.
DR. T. J. BOYER.
Clearfield, Pa., Dec. 1, 1880-tf.

Clearfield Insurance Agency.
JAMES KERR. CARROLL S. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,281,89[illegible]
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plan	3,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn	2,624,053
Insurance Co. of North America	8,452,074
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,752,983
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	679,145
Watertown	264,815
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,303,454

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa.

Walter Scott's Greeting to Robert Burns.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, 1880.

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

[Mr. Wallace Bruce recited the following Poem at the St. Andrews Dinner, Delmonico's, New York city, on the evening of November the 30th, prefacing it with the following paragraph:—"After the unveiling of the Burn's statue a few weeks ago in Central Park; after the eloquent oration of George William Curtis had stirred the hearts of thousands who love the lines of the Peasant Poet; after the crowd had dispersed and night had settled down upon the three statues of Shakspeare, Scott and Burns, it seemed to me eminently fitting that Walter Scott should extend a greeting to the newly arrived poet and introduce him to his bronzed friend and comrade William Shakspeare."]

We greet thee, Robie, here to-night,
Beneath these stars so pure and bright;
We greet thee, Poet, come at last
With Will and me thy lot to cast.

We've talked about thee mony a day
And wondered when you'd be this way—
Reach out your hand and gie's a shake,
Just anes, for auld acquaintance sake.

We welcome you from Scotia's land
And reach to you a brither's hand:
A kindred soul to greet you turns—
Will Shakspeare, this is Robie Burns.

We've sung your songs here mony a night
'Till that dear star is lost in light,
And, Willie says, the lines you wrote
Will even do for him to quote.

He likes your verses wondrous weel
And says you are a glorious chiel—
In fact, the only one who knows
The space 'twixt poetry and prose.

Oh, Robie, if we had a plaid
We'd quite convert you Stratford lad.
He said, in truth, but yester-morn,
"I'm Scotch in wit, though English born;

"And, Walter, it may yet appear
That Scotland takes in Warwickshire—
Let Avon be the border line,
Blot out the Tweed or draw it fine"

So Willie brew your pock o' man't
And set the board with attic san't,
For Rob has come at last you see—
We were a pair, but now we're three.

We need no other comrade now—
No modern bard o' classic brow;
'Tis long before another man
Will be admitted to our clan.

In stormy nights 'twas lonesome here
When Will recited half o' Lear;
But now he quotes O Shanter's Tale
In thunder, lightning, and in hail,

And says his witches can't compare
With those that chased O'Shanter's mare;
He's even learned your Dell Address
To quote some night for good Queen Bess—

For Robie this is haunted ground
Where Spirits keep their nightly round;
And when the witching hour is near
You'll see strange beings gather here.

I saw Queen Bess the other night
Beside him, clad in vesture bright,
While kings and queens, a noble throng,
In dim procession passed along.

And walls seemed rising from the earth
Like Leicester's tower at Kenilworth;
And all the pageant that was there,
Seemed floating in the moonlit air.

Aye! Beauty, Jealousy and Pride,
In Dudley's Halls walked side by side,
While Amy Robsart seemed to stand
With fair Ophelia, hand in hand.

And, Robie! what a vision came
As Willie whispered Ariel's name—
The towers dissolved and round him drew
The stately, gentle, fair and true,—

Miranda, Juliet, Imogene,
Hermione and Katharine,
While Rosalind among them stood—
The sunlight of sweet Arden's wood.

'Twere long to pass them in review,
For still the circle wider grew
Until the airy vision bright
Was lost at last in liquid light.

So let me whisper in your ear
Never to tell what passes here;
There'll be a grand reception soon
To greet the lad from Bonnie Doon.

We'll gather up the jolliest crew,
Falstaff, Prince Hal and Rhoderick Dhu,
And a' the rantin' brither Scots
Frae Maiden Kirk to John O'Groats.

So, Robie, make yourself at home—
'Mang friends and brithers you have come—
And here's a land that's quite as fair
As that between the Doon and Ayr;

A land that glories in its youth,
That owns no creed but living truth,
Where pith o' sense and pride o' worth
A refuge find from rank and birth;

A land that's made your verses real,
Whose guinea-stamp is honor's seal,
Aye! Robie, here they've quite forgot
To write the Sir—just Walter Scott.

And here thy songs will ever ring
Through all the years the centuries bring,
'Till all are free and every sea
Shall know no shore but Liberty.

A CHECKERED LIFE.

GREEN, THE REFORMED GAMBLER, IN ABJECT POVERTY.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

In the little two-story tenement No. 1802 South Juniper street, in abject poverty, resides Jonathan H. Green, once a notorious but now reformed gambler, with his family, consisting of a wife and seven children, the youngest 3 weeks and the eldest 14 years of age. Mr. Green is himself crippled in his right arm, and one of his children lies suffering with typhoid fever. The house is almost entirely destitute of furniture, and even before the present cold snap the family had not sufficient bed clothing to keep them from actual suffering. In the man of muscular frame, gaunt with want, a well-developed head covered with a fair suit of iron-gray hair, a high forehead with heavy brows, beneath which gleam a pair of cold, gray eyes, a face covered with whiskers, but destitute of a mustache, and in manners self possessed and affable, one would recognize only in a faint degree the gambler of forty years ago, who at that time little dreamed, amid the wealth and luxury with which he was then surrounded, of the extreme poverty with which he now struggles.

"I never smoked a cigar in my life, never knew the taste of tobacco and never touched a drop of liquor," said Mr. Green, as he began rapidly to recount his eventful history, and added: "I promised my mother when a boy 6 years of age, as I stood by her dying bed, never to drink a drop of liquor, and I have never broken that promise."

Mr. Green was born in Kentucky in the year 1813, and his grandfather was a cousin of General Nathaniel Greene; of Revolutionary fame. Out of consideration for his family name he dropped the final "e" in penning his autograph. At the age of sixteen years he entered upon a life the most eventful ever known among the gambling fraternity. In the pursuit of his profession—for he was a professional gambler—Green was one of the most successful men who ever touched a card, and at the time of his reformation was worth over $50,000, nearly every cent of which went in the way of restitution to those who had been his victims.

Green was 28 years of age when he abjured his profession, and resolved, come what might, never to touch a card again. The circumstances which led to this resolution are an index to the man's character.

He was traveling from St. Louis to Cincinnati by boat. It was Sunday, and on the boat was a Methodist clergyman, who had distributed some religious tracts on the tables and settees in the main saloon, where Green was sitting. Soon after the clergyman had laid the tracts on the table a couple of gamblers walked up, one remarking to the other: "Come on, I'll give you another hack, right here," at the same time brushing the tracts on the floor, and throwing down in their place a pack of cards. Green witnessed the operation, and at once became indignant at the rough manners of the gamblers. Stepping up to the table he coolly picked up the deck of cards and threw them through the window into the Ohio river, and then picked up the tracts and placed them on the table. Turning to the men who were so amazed at this intrusion that their wits fairly forsook them, he informed them if they wanted to play cards to go somewhere else and do it; that those tracts could not be removed from the table. He was known as a desperate character, and the gambler thought it best not to attempt to resent the insult. Then Green went to the minister and asked him if he would preach for them if he had an audience. The minister readily assented, and the passengers of the boat—particularly those who knew Green as a professional gambler—were surprised to find him going over the boat drumming up an audience. But Green succeeded, and he says: "We had a pretty good sermon, I guess; though I don't know, for I was standing guard over the 'Social Room' to keep the gamblers from disturbing the meeting." No attempts at disturbance were made, however, and after the meeting was over Green retired to his state room. Here, he says, he began to think over his past career, the shame he had brought on the name of his mother, and the degradation he had reduced himself to in the estimation of the honest and moral portion of the community, though he had an abundance of wealth. In that state room, sitting there alone, he said aloud: "I'll never touch another card to gamble." Thirty-nine years have passed away since that time, and the notorious gambler, though now in an actual state of starvation, with a feeble wife, half clad and half famished children, himself broken down, has never even used the expression "I'll bet on you" in all those years. Though he has no money, his knowledge of cards would easily place him beyond want if he would lend himself to less dexterous manipulators of the pack. At the time he made this resolve he made full restitution to the extent of his means of all he had wronged his victims out of. He decided to write a book exposing gambling and to lecture while he sold his books. Since that time he has written four books, which are published by Peterson, of this city, entitled "Gambling Exposed," "The Gambler's Life," "The Secret Band of Brothers" and "The Reformed Gambler." Mr. Green has lectured in every town of consequence in the United States, exposing the tricks of the profession. His penitence was so sincere and his zeal so great in this crusade that he met with great opposition at the National and State capitols and in the west, where he was too well known. He however, persevered in his work, sometimes not making enough to pay expenses, and at no time making more than a living. He was mainly instrumental in procuring laws against gambling in this State, New York, Maryland, Kentucky and Ohio, and it is greatly to his exertions that the vice has been compelled to seek dark places in most of our cities. But for the kind charities of his neighbors he would be absolutely destitute of food, clothing and shelter. "For the last three weeks," said the reformed gambler, in concluding his interview, "my family of nine have subsisted on less than 50 cents a day."

SNOW.

"Oh! mamma! Is it snowing?"

"Yes, darling; it has just begun."

"Isn't it nice, mamma; you know I wanted to live to hear the sleigh bells again."

"Hush, my child, mamma will not let you die. No, darling, you shall have many sleigh rides yet before you die."

"No, not many, mamma; if I could have just one it would be so nice."

It was last Tuesday, and a little girl who had seen the snow come and go nine times, lay dying in her humble home on St. Antoine street. Weeks and weeks the fever had burned within her, and its fierce fire showed itself in the deep, blue eyes and the lovely, innocent face. The mother, an ever-constant watch at the sufferer's pillow, had never given up hope, but the child with that knowledge which seems to come to all before death, knew that she would never join her merry playmates over on the school-ground. Day by day as the fever burned she had wished for the snow to come, and when the white flakes fell the other day the loving mother changed the child's position that she might, unwarned, catch the first glimpse of the fleecy snow. The child gazed out into the flurried air long and earnestly, and then when the pain made her writhe, she turned an appealing look to the sad-faced mother and said:

"But, mamma, I don't believe I shall ever have another sleigh ride. Now promise if this snow is on the ground when I die you'll have my coffin carried to the grave on a sleigh."

"Why, my sweet child, why do you make such a request? You shall not die—you will grow better to-morrow."

"But, mamma, promise me, won't you? Please, mamma, please?"

"Yes, darling, yes."

"Oh, thank you, mamma—that's so nice. See, it is growing dark outside. Pull the bed nearer the window, mamma, so that I can see the street lamp. There see—the flakes—they glisten just—like diamonds. It will be sleighing in the morning, mamma, and I shall hear the bells."

Like the snow flake that falls upon the warm earth, she melted away, and no one knows that she woke to hear music and bells on that morning we shall all one day open our eyes upon.

Yesterday passers-by turned to look at a small funeral procession, and wondered why the undertaker had put his hearse upon runners so early in the season.

Pittsburgh is a nice town to live in. A member of the City Councils has just called the attention of that body to the fact, that the town is full of gambling houses, there being no less than half a dozen in Diamond alley alone. One of them is next door to the Central Police Headquarters.

HINT TO SCHOOL MASTERS.—An exchange says: "Secretary of War Ramsey was a school teacher in Kutztown in 1838. He fell in love with a Kutztown girl and asked her to marry him, but she refused because his purse was as lean as a giraffe's neck."

Mr. Murat Halstead, is in favor of electing a President every two years. As an Ohio man he likes to see the fun go on, but he must be informed that the way the thing is running the rest of the country isn't enjoying it so much.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES OF LONG AGO.

The administration of John Adams was far from being a success. The alien and sedition laws, enacted during that term, have caused a blot to rest upon it, which time can not efface. It punished men for being foreigners and gave the President the right to send them out of the country, because of the suspicion of not being right in their politics. The sedition law punished as a high crime, the writing or printing or speaking disrespectfully of Congress, the President or other high officials, and the Federal Judges, sitting in judgment upon those "seditionists," so construed the law that no one indicted could escape. For a letter written and dated before the law was passed, and printed in a distant newspaper before anyone in the State of Vermont, where the letter was published, had knowledge that it had, or would be passed, Mathew Lyon, an anti-Federal Congressman from Vermont, was indicted, tried, fined and imprisoned. These laws, which in fact expired by limitation the day Mr. Adams ceased to be President, roused party spirit almost to frenzy, and from the date of their passage the doom of the Federal party was sealed.

During the latter part of Adams' administration a law was passed creating twenty-four new judges of the United States Courts. The bill creating this batch of judges—intended and the bill made them life officers—lingered in Congress until after the fact of Adams's defeat and Jefferson's election as President was known. Between the time this fact was known, 12th of December, 1800, and the 4th of March following, several valuable offices became vacant, one of which was that of Chief Justice, and with these twenty-four judges newly created had to be filled.

To the Chief Justiceship Mr. Adams appointed, and the Senate confirmed, John Marshall, on the 31st of January, after it was known that Jefferson was elected President, although Marshall held at the time, and continued to hold until Jefferson's inauguration, the office of Secretary of State. All the appointments were Federal, of course, and under the circumstances, Jefferson was deeply indignant. Writing to General Knox, who had written to congratulate him on his election, Mr. Jefferson, in speaking of these appointments, said that Mr. Adams knew he was not making them for himself, but for his successor, and hence Jefferson characterized them as an outrage on decency, which should not have effect, in the life appointments, which are immovable; "but as to the others," the newly-elected President said, "I consider the nomination as nullities, and will not view the persons so appointed as even candidates for their office, much less as possessing it by any title meriting respect." And every man so appointed in office when Jefferson was inaugurated was promptly removed. The twenty-four judges, confirmed, some of them, it is said, by the Senate on the night of the 3d of March, could not be removed because their office was life-tenure; but, upon the accession of Mr. Jefferson, and with him a Democratic Congress, the law was repealed, and "Mr. Adams's midnight judges," as they were called, had but a short lease of power. A tale told, and never denied, and for this reason has become history, says that up to the last hour of midnight, at which time the administration of Adams ended, the Secretary of State (Marshall) was engaged in signing commissions as he got news of the Senate confirming the appointments, some of whom had been sent to the Senate as late as nine o'clock that evening. While thus engaged commissioning officials for a new administration, Secretary Marshall and his clerk, at twelve o'clock midnight, were startled by an apparition in the person of Levi Lincoln, of Massachusetts, whom Jefferson had selected as his Attorney-General. The conversation between Lincoln and Marshall—doubtless related by Lincoln himself—is given as follows:

"Lincoln—I have been ordered by Mr. Jefferson to take possession of this office and its papers.

"Marshall—Why, Mr. Jefferson has not been qualified!

"Lincoln—Mr. Jefferson considers himself in the light of an executive, bound to take charge of the papers of the Government until he is qualified.

"Marshall (taking out his watch)—But it is not yet 12 o'clock!

"Lincoln (taking a watch from his pocket and showing it)—This is the President's watch, and it notes the hour."

Seeing that Jefferson was master of the situation, and casting a woeful look on several unsigned commissions spread on the table, Marshall left his midnight visitor in possession. Relating the incident in after years, Chief Justice Marshall laughingly said that Lincoln allowed him to pick up nothing but his hat.

Forgetting, or else remembering but to forget, the conduct of Mr. Jefferson four years before, when Adams was inaugurated, and the graceful compliment paid to him in Jefferson's Vice Presidential inauguration address, the ex-President had his carriage at the White House at midnight and left the city, not willing to remain while his rival was inaugurated.

A few days before his inauguration Mr. Jefferson, as is the custom, called upon Mr. Adams at the Presidential Mansion in Washington, where the President then resided, the Government having been during Adams's term, moved to Washington. The outgoing President, although they had been friends, accused Mr. Jefferson of visiting him to crow over his misfortune in being beaten for President. Of course, Mr. Jefferson denied it—his visit was intended as but a mark of respect. Mr. Adams could not be appeased, and Jefferson left. It was many years after before Mr. Adams was convinced of his error and his want of courtesy to his old time friend but then successful rival. This fact, and the belief Adams had of the cause of Jefferson's visit may account for his refusal to attend the inauguration.

A federalist more bitter than Judge Marshall was not to be found in the days of Adams and ultra federalism. He even resorted to trickery to aid his party and his party friends. When on the bench, and during the remainder of his life, he seemed to throw aside his politics, and by common consent Chief Justice John Marshall is looked upon as among the purest and ablest judges the country has produced. An ultra Federalist before he was a judge yet many of his decisions were the reverse of federal, and no man, in reading his judicial decisions, can tell what political principles he held.

A boil in the kettle is worth two on your nose.

THE BENEFACTIONS OF LIFE.

The Philadelphia *Record* dilates upon human events in this way:

It was observed by Solomon, the old Hebrew sage, that in this world all things come alike to all. From the ills of life no man enjoys immunity, and there is no lot which is not lighted by some gleams of gladness. To every one of us come joy and sorrow, each in its season, mocking the differences of fortune and teaching by a perpetual parable that compensation is the one universal law. In all our lives the good and the evil are intermingled, the sweet and the bitter, the light and the darkness; and so inscrutable is the distribution that no man can say that, taking all in all, he is happier or more miserable than his neighbor or his neighbor than himself. There is evidently no way by which one human being may measure his pains or pleasures by those of another; for each separate soul is a sealed secret to all its fellows which no extent of self-revelation can disclose. However full and free the confidences and confessions of heart to heart, however thoroughly two friends may try, in the yearning for sympathy which is one of the strongest instincts of our nature, to lay bare to each other joys and griefs, there is no common standard whereby the relative degree of either can be determined.

It is very generally admitted that mere outward circumstances, while they are of course conducive to happiness or unhappiness according to their character, guarantee neither with any certainty. Wealth does not assure the one, nor power, popularity or high position; and just as truly the privation of all these advantages does not necessitate the other. Poverty and obscurity have at least this offset, that they relieve him who is subjected to them from much onerous responsibility. The man who moves in an humble sphere has a kind of freedom of action and exemption from espionage that are not enjoyed by him whose success in life makes him conspicuous and exposes him to the constant exactions and to the sharp and uninterrmitting censorship of the public. He is not continually called upon to discharge obligations and take up burdens which the world recognizes as the duty of the more powerful and prosperous members of society. By reason of his very disability he escapes much that is disagreeable. He does not experience the delight of popular applause, but neither does he suffer from popular vituperation and dislike. The rewards of ambition are not for him, nor does he on the other hand endure the pangs of disappointed expectations. When we come to compare men with reference to other than exterior circumstances in that wide range of inward experience which depends but slightly upon the material gifts of fortune, the seeming disparity is still further lessened. Some doubtless have a finer sensitiveness of both physical and psychical fibre than others, but this difference has its compensation in the fact that a greater susceptibility to pain is always accompanied by a keener and more exquisite sensibility to pleasure. So with duller and less delicate organizations the lower capacity for enjoyment is balanced by a correspondingly diminished capacity for suffering. The main difference between the stolid and the sensitive man is in the matter of nerves, and these are the impartial instruments and ministers to the one of comfort or discomfort merely and to the other of intense ecstasy or anguish; but in either case a due proportion is preserved.

Happiness is undoubtedly the highest earthly good, and those of us who entertain a proper conception of the uses of life will diligently seek it. But, while there can be no question that it is more desirable to be happy than to be unhappy, it is equally certain that he who has never been unhappy cannot adequately realize what happiness is. The great benefactions of life, such as health, air and sunlight, can be rightly estimated only by him who knows what it is to be deprived of them. To him who has not experienced the temporary loss of these ordinary blessings, that come to all men alike, they seem to be of a negative, or rather of an indifferent and neutral character. There does not appear to the man who never suffered from a day's sickness in his life to be anything to be particularly thankful for to congratulate himself upon in the fact of not being ill. The restored, however, look at it in a different way, and to such as have been tortured by disease the mere occasional freedom from pain is an inestimable delight. In this principle of reaction that renders the simple cessation of pain of itself a pleasure, the intensity of which is precisely proportionate to the degree of the previous suffering, we may see the operation of that overruling law of compensation that makes all this even and gives to every individual an equivalent for the evils he is called upon to bear.

EX-GOVERNOR SIMON SNYDER.

HIS REMAINS REPOSE IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE AT SELINSGROVE.

Most of the visitors to the reception room at the Executive Chamber, in the Capitol building, who have noticed the portraits in oil of the Governors of Pennsylvania from the time of the Penns down to the present day, have noticed the striking features of Gov. Simon Snyder, who occupied the Gubernatorial chair from 1808 to 1817, a period of nine years, "during the whole of the second war with England." His remains, as will be seen by the following paragraph clipped from the Selinsgrove *Tribune*, lie in one of the church yards of that borough, unmarked by monument or tablet. The *Tribune* says: "In the quiet shades of the Lutheran cemetery, of this village, rest the remains of Simon Snyder, one of Pennsylvania's honored Governors, a patriot and statesman, whose life was as unsullied and bright as are the rays of the noonday sun which shed their lustre upon hallowed ground, where he sleeps his last sleep, in an unmarked grave. It would be a mark of respect due to the memory of one who performed his duty faithfully and well, if the State over which he presided for a period of nine years, from 1808 to 1817, would this winter appropriate a suitable amount to purchase a monument to be placed over his remains, to mark the last resting place of the man, who, as Governor during the whole of the second war with England, earned the esteem and respect of the people of his State. Let the move be started."

"You are an idiot!" angrily exclaimed a domineering wife. "So my friends said when I married you," replied the husband. And she became more infuriated than ever.

THE CHAMPIONS.

Just now the champion is a big man. The country couldn't get along very well without him. He gets himself into the newspapers and the people cheer him and watch his every movement. Everybody wants to know just what he is up to and what he is going to do next. He is of more importance than Senator Conkling in his war-paint, and almost as important as Private Secretary Rogers. Most people had a good deal rather read about him than wade through the President's message, and perhaps they are not so very far out of the way, either. Hence it is particularly gratifying to everybody to know that the champion is gradually getting his reward and is being pushed before the country as a great public benefactor.

It pays to be a champion. He not only pockets the hard-earned savings of the would-be champion, but he finds himself applauded on all sides for doing something that no one else can do. The biggest champion just now is Hanlan. Hanlan is a Canadian. He pulls a boat for a living, and has pulled it so well that he has left Governor General Lorne clear out of sight and stands head and shoulders above him in the estimation of all Canadians. Every time Hamlan gets out of his boat house and paddles about on the Thames, where he is engaged in winning a championship or two every other day, the fact is immediately telegraphed to Canada, at a cost of fifty cents a word, more or less, and the startling news is flashed all over the Dominion. If Hanlan raises a blister on his left hand all Canada grows pale and trembles with fear; if the champion has had an unusually good night's rest, every Kanuck dances around just as if an atmosphere of oxygen had been suddenly turned loose in that part of the country. Hanlan is a barometer. Just secure his indications for the day and no calculation whatever is required to settle the condition of the people until another observation is taken. This particular champion won a race the other day and his native country hasn't got over the good news yet. When at home he lives on an island in Toronto Bay. He isn't at home now, but he will be some time in January, and the Torontonians are already preparing to make him feel the important and responsible position he occupies. They are to give him a procession, a banquet or two, get the Mayor to make speeches at him, present him with the freedom of the city, and there is some talk of building a bridge for him to his island home, or at least presenting him with a brand-new ferry-boat, engineer and all. The City Council, too, wants to relieve him of all taxes for life and would have done so ere this but for the fact that the Mayor wasn't quite certain that such a proceeding would be legal, and consequently had tacked on a clause providing for special legislation on the subject. It pays better in some respects to be a champion in Canada than it does in this country. Still our champions are not unprovided for. There is General Grant, for instance, the champion third-termer. It is true his race is not yet exactly won, but nevertheless he has hopes. At all events he has come in ahead of all others in aspiring to a third term, and that is something not to be overlooked. General Grant is going to have a fund of a quarter of a million or so raised for him, and what else he will get no one can tell. Perhaps it will be the Senatorship. It is true that there are as yet no movements in behalf of an admiring country to pension off the champions civil service reformer of the age, but Mr. Hayes has undoubtedly managed to save something from his salary of $50,000 a year and isn't in imminent danger of dying from starvation just at present. Besides, Mr. Secretary Rogers has gained some notoriety in his service and that is some recompense. General Ben Butler, a well-known champion in almost any direction, has by no means been underestimated, and if he lives long enough he may yet get the office of Governor of Massachusetts, tendered to him by an admiring constituency as a slight token of respect for his greatness. The champion office-holder, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, is still in the foreground and will probably continue there for life unless something better than a championship turns up. This is only a beginning in the list of champions, but it is enough to show their superiority over the rest of mankind.

While most of the champions are thus coming to the front, it must be chronicled in all sadness that there are still a few who have woefully been given the cold shoulder. The champion pie-eater hasn't been heard from for a long time. This is a shame and should be attended to at once. There is no instance on record, either, where a champion long-distance walker has been given a Cabinet position, but if there is one in existence who hails from Ohio his case is by no means hopeless yet. There is our own Mr. Monat, the much-beloved statesman, who has gained some notoriety as a champion ballot-box smasher in this city, and who hasn't got his just deserts by any means. Still it is only a question of time, and in the due course of events his reward is certain. With these few exceptions the champions have been wonderfully successful before the public, and while they still live the country can be put down as pretty safe, no matter who is President.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"DEAR FATHER:—I like college first-rate, but it will be a couple of weeks before I can feather an oar just right. Tell mother to send me a double-soled pair of pants. I slide for third base on my best ones, and they took like a campaign banner after a gale. It's lucky I practiced on your meerschaum before I came. It's awful strong tobacco they sell here."

The betrothed of a rich banker, in showing a boarding school friend, who was engaged to a poor editor, her betrothal presents, that sparkled with diamonds, said: "Does your intended give you such gems?" "Oh, no," was the reply; "he gives me gems of thought."

A recent conveyance in the clerk's office of Monmouth county, New Jersey, is entitled "Ulysses S. Grant and wife to Caroline J. Bulkley, lot at Long Branch, $25,000."

Tommy (whose mamma had been reading to him about Eve and the serpent): "She wasn't like you, mamma, for you're afraid of a mouse."

The Buffalo *Courier* utters this Thanksgiving sentiment: "Well, we are sorry it was not a Hancock, but thank God it wasn't Grant.

It is said that misery loves company, but the affection is never reciprocated.

THE NEW MEXICAN PRESIDENT.

RECEPTION OF GEN. GONZALES AT THE CAPITOL OF THE SISTER REPUBLIC.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—A letter just received here from the city of Mexico gives the following account of the reception of President Gonzales in that city, on the 3d inst: "Last night at 6:30 o'clock, amid the vivas of thousands of enthusiastic people and the joyful *repique* of many bells, Gen. Gonzales, the President-elect of Mexico, entered this city. His escort consisted of the Chief Government officials and a large deputation of Congressmen, who had only yesterday morning gone out to Huehuetoca to welcome and conduct him to the Capital. A banquet was tendered Gen. Gonzales at Huehuetoca, where he was toasted and eulogized in the most flattering terms possible. The inauguration will take place on the 1st of December. This reception must have been extremely gratifying to Gen. Gonzales, but there was a spectre at the feast. The life of the incoming President will not be all *couleur de rose*. An unfortunate misunderstanding has for nearly four years separated him from his wife, who is not merely a beautiful woman, but unusually bright,