THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.
The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 55--WHOLE NO. 2,709. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1881. NEW SERIES--VOL. 22, NO. 7.

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

If I were told that I must die to-morrow,—
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,—
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is done;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
For one more day.

And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

Cards.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

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. my29

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. 24jy'72

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

HENRY BRETH, (OTTO P. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 8, 1878-1y*

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'75 CLEARFIELD, PA.

A. V. HOYT,
Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer
PHILIPSBURG, PA.
All business will be attended to promptly. Dec. 15, 1880-1y.

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

FRANK FIELDING
AND
WILLIAM D. BIGLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Nov. 17th, 1880 tf.

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. [jan5, '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. mch20, '76.

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. may 15, '75.

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. May 7th, 1879-tf.

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. [March 19, 1879.

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

SHOEMAKING.—I hereby inform my patrons, and mankind in general, that I have removed my shoemaking shop to the room in Graham's row, over S. I. Snyder's jewelry store, and that I am prepared to do all kinds of work in my line cheaper than any other shop in town. All work warranted as good as can be done anywhere else. Positively this is the cheapest shop in Clearfield. JOS. H. DEERING. Dec. 11, 1878-tf.

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.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders collected and all bills promptly filled. [*jy16'72

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. Jan. 1st, 1879.

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

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,331,29
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans....	5,866,680
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn.....	2,624,052
Insurance Co. of North America.....	8,423,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br..	1,172,865
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch.....	619,145
Waterlown.....	764,813
Travelers (Life & Accident).....	4,595,454

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

West End Drug Store,
IN GRAHAM'S ROW,
(Half way between Moore'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.

Lawyers' Cards.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.

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

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

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

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office one door east of Shaw House.
jly11,'67

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je26,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
Clearfield County, Penn'a. 7jy

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

SMITH V. WILSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Office in the Masonic Building, over the County National Bank. [mar24-80.

WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

J. E. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office over the County National Bank.
June 26, 78tf.

MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
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. [feb11,'80-tf.

McENALLY & McCURDY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan1:'79

J. F. McKENRICK,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
Office in the Court House.
aug14,1878-1y.

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House. jan1'78.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'66:tf.

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. aug18'70

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
jy31,'78-tf.

G. C. JENKINS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.,
Office at residence, corner of State and Pine streets. Jan. 5th, 1881-tf.

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 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

ASLEEP.

In Summer-time how fair it showed
My garden by the village road,
Where fery stalks of blossoms glowed,
And roses softly blushed;
With azure spires, and garlands white,
Pale heliotrope, the sun's delight,
And odors that perfumed the night
Where the South wind rushed.

There solemn purple pansies stood,
Gay tulips red with floral blood,
And wild things fresh from field and wood,
Alive with dainty grace.
Deep heaven-blue bells of columbine,
The darkly-mystic passion-vine,
And elematis, that loves to twine,
Bedecked that happy place.

Beneath that strong unclouded blaze
Of long and fervent Summer days
Their colors smote the passing gaze,
And dazzled every eye.
Their cups of scented honey-dew
Charmed all the bees that o'er them flew,
And butterflies of radiant hue
Paused as they floated by.

Now falls a cloud of rolling snow,
The bitter winds of Winter blow,
No blossom dares its cup to show—
Earth folds them in her breast;
A shroud of white, a virgin pall,
Is slowly, softly, hiding all;
In vain shall any sweet wind call
To break their silent rest.

My garden is a vanished dream,
Dead in the waning moon's cold beam,
Clear icicles above it gleam;
And yet—I know not how—
My flowers will hear the dropping rain
When Spring renews with bid and plain,
And there it shall be mine again;
It is God's garden now.

—Rose Terry Cooke, in Harper's Magazine for February.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE SAGE OF CHELSKA DEAD AT THE RIPE AGE OF EIGHTY-SIX YEARS.

HIS LIFE, WORKS AND INFLUENCE.

THE CAREER OF A PHILOSOPHER WHO LEAVES A DEEP IMPRESSION ON MODERN THOUGHT.

Lancaster Intelligencer.

Thomas Carlyle was a contributor to the *London Magazine* as long ago as 1824. He was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795, and died February 5th, 1881. He was a fellow-student with Edward Irving, who was three years older than himself, at Edinburgh. When 18 years old he became an assistant teacher at Kirkcaldy, where, he used to say, he and Irving "strove by virtue of birch and book to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning." Although destined by his parents for the ministry, and studying for a time with that design, he found that reading and study had led him away from the faith of his fathers, and he abandoned the notion of becoming a preacher. He was an ardent student always, and while acting as tutor in a private family made himself master of the German language and literature. He wrote an "Essay on Proportion," which was prefixed to a translation of Legendre's geometry. His "Life of Schiller" was published in the *London Magazine*. He translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" in 1824, "Specimens of German Romance" in 1827, and furnished many biographies from time to time to the Edinburgh *Cyclopedia*. His miscellanies were collected by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and published in this country in 1845.

In 1831 Carlyle took with him to London his book "Sartor Resartus," and vainly endeavored to sell it. He at length got it published in *Frazer's Magazine*, but it was not until years afterward that it was fully appreciated. Carlyle's work, "The French Revolution," was published in 1837, and became noted for its novel method of presenting history. His essay on "Characteristics" was issued in 1831. He published a work on "Chartism" in 1839, on "Hero Worship" in 1840, and "Past and Present" in 1843.

Mr. Carlyle's complete works comprise nearly forty volumes. He wrote voluminously for the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Foreign Quarterly*. His "Count Cagliostro" and "Diamond Necklace" were notable. He published "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" in 1845, a series of "Latter Day Pamphlets" in 1850, a "Life of John Sterling" in 1851, and a "History of Frederick the Great," the last volume of which was published in 1864. His inaugural address in 1866, when he was elected in his 65th year to the Presidency to his beloved Edinburgh University, was reprinted almost all over the world.

Carlyle was married in 1826 to Jane Welch, of Craigenputtoch, where she owned a small estate, on which he lived for a time. There for six years, among granite hills and black morasses, fifteen miles from a town, he read and wrote in peace. His wife claimed to be a lineal descendant of John Knox. He lived many happy years with her and to the last of his life never ceased his frequent pilgrimages to her grave.

CHAS. A. DANA'S EULOGY.

New York Sun.

What Carlyle would have been had his life been contemporary with that storm and stress period of which he made himself the eulogist, we can guess by recalling what Richter was. There was, indeed, a surprising likeness in the gifts, acquirements, ethical convictions, and artistic methods of the two men, and an equally curious coincidence was disclosed in their fortunes and careers. Both were the sons of poor men, and both won for themselves, at the cost of not a little harsh toil and privation, a University education. Both were omnivorous rather than sympathetic readers, and of both it might be said that, to the last, they had never fashioned for themselves a definite, coherent system of philosophy. Both were constrained, for a long time, to eke out a subsistence by the trade of school master, and both gained but a tardy recognition from publishers or readers, owing to their intensely emphasized and grotesque originality. Both wrote prose, but both were poets in the loftiest and deepest meaning of the word. So far as each bore a message to his time he spoke as a bard rather than a philosopher, as a prophet and not as a lawgiver. Each exhibited a contempt of conventional forms and accepted canons of art which had never been paralelled in literature save by Rebellius, and each combined with a boundless humor not unworthy of the creator of "Gargantua" an exquisite sensitiveness to sorrow, and a heart-piercing pathos of which their jovial French forerunner had exhibited no sign. That Carlyle was a student and disciple of Jean Paul, that he strove to supplement and develope a spiritual affinity by conscious assimilation, is sufficiently obvious to the most casual reader. That there was, however, no question here of servile imitation, but that the younger man's relation to Richter suggests rather the intercommunications of equal souls, is plain from the free play which Carlyle gave to his own temperament, and from his fundamentally distinct attitude and point of view. The German was by nature a genial and gleesome as the Scotchman was grim and saturnine; there was something sportful in the gleams of the former's irony compared with the excoriating strokes of the sarcasm. There was something joyous, sanguine, hopeful, in Richter's glance, as well became one who had witnessed the upheaval of his nation under Stein and Hardenburg, and watched the unfolding of that Iliad whose climax came at Leipsic. Richter's last years, like Carlyle's, were chattered and clouded by physical decay, and the author of "Titan" can scarcely be said to have beheld the pitiful extinction of the dream which had promised a free Germany.

It would have been impossible for Carlyle, had he been naturally less sombre and splenetic, to have turned a cheerful and complacent eye on the England for which he began to write. When, about 1834, "Sartor Resartus" was contributed to *Frazer's Magazine*, the combative period which culminated at Waterloo had long been over, and the industrial period was in the full tide of covetous, accumulative energy. The reaction against the strain and outpour, the tremendous sacrifices and dear-bought glories of the Napoleonic era, had then in fact reached its height. It was essentially a recuperative interval, during which exhausted England took account of stock, but, by comparison, it looked to the ireful vision of the Scotch enthusiast not only a prosaic, but a shabby, sordid, impotent and despicable age. With the aims, sentiments, standards, and arbiters of such a time Carlyle had not a trace of sympathy. He lifted up his voice in outcry and reared his arm against them all; he made it the business of his life to thwack the fulminate against the philosophy of Bentham and what he deemed its ignominious outcome in society and legislation. On the other hand he strove to probe the heart and fire the blood by an eloquence that often lacked but the form to rival the master works of epic loftiness and lyric power, and eloquence that seemed to range through the whole gamut of emotion, now quivering with tragic grief, now soaring to dim heights of solemn aspiration, and now rioting in grim yet contagious raillery. Nor should we forget that the ideals which may now seem erratic and one-sided, but which Carlyle never wearied of upholding and enforcing by all the means in his large grasp—by history, biography, critical essay, and political pamphlet—were admirably adapted to control and discredit the tendencies of his day. It was as we have said, an age when men looked rather to utility than to ideal perfection, when they thought more of craft than force, when they cared less for power than money, when the poor did not scan too narrowly the instruments of wealth, and when the rich were apt to account their work finished, and to watch the tragic comedy of life with listless unconcern. Neither was the epoch of the Chartists and the Corn law agitation the only modern period marked by commonplace and ignoble features. In the world about us we may recognize not a few of the same traits; and while this remains true, the teachings of Thomas Carlyle, which smote the ears of his own age like a clarion, will lose little of their pertinence and power.

ANOTHER NORLE TRIBUTE.

Philadelphia Times.

He toiled for a long time as Milton toiled, as Bacon toiled, as Locke toiled, guided only by his own overmastering instinct of the God-given mission fecundating his thought, upholding his fainting courage. He was during the first fifty years of his life the epitome and full consummate realization of his own definition of genius. The power to work, to give attention to details, to be as accurate in the color of a man's complexion, in art, as in tracing the heredity that shaped his traits. His pictures of men come before the reader as clearly cut, as minutely fashioned in outline, as a portrait of Titian or Valasquez. His Marabeau, Cromwell, Frederick, Lafayette, Luther, Burns and Robespierre will coexist with the language in which they are written. Truth and that justified, has his mission, but truth to him was a beacon of constantly changing lights. None but the strong food fully in its white glare, but once under its effulgent luminousness no defects appeared to the blinded eyes of the worshiper. In other words, force, the strong man, moving on a heroic plane, with trampled peoples and overturned systems as the mighty framework of their action. He began, the apostle of progress in the widest sense, the ally of reform, the evangel of humanity. He ended the advocate endowed beyond any other thinker of his time, the Abdiel of reaction, the panegyrist of blood and iron, the bondsman of force.

He began his teachings with perhaps the clearest insight into the history of the past of any man who has written since St. Paul. He was near the woes of the race as he set out, but day by day battling hosts arose and they seemed not only to dim his vision but chill the ardor of his soul for the things that had at first fired his pen. The conquest of peoples by great became his ideal of force in action. The revolt of peoples against warriors and systems of tyranny became to him the "infinite babblement" of fools. The tremendous outburst of the French Revolution at first fascinated him, but the very intensity of what Bacon calls the "dry light" of history, which his own hand had lit, brought out only the most baleful actors for the contemplation and admiration of mankind. It would be difficult to set bounds to the majesty of his intellectual march in dealing with the occult in history. It would be not less difficult to point out the real tendency, contrasting his earlier with his later aims. His life-work, like that of a great tumultuous river, cannot be told while the angry, swirling billows of its force are still flowing on, deafening as well as dazzling the beholder. The noblest maxims of life, the most austere code of morals, the most inspiring incentives to action, may be found in every chapter he has written. These are brought into the most incongruous opposition, to the most mournful prostration before the veiled gods of absolutism, mysticism and king-craft. The whole life thought of his later years was devoted to the teaching that the people, like the children of Israel, had sunned from their very nature and that it was the will of God that a king—that is, a force—should be set in perpetuity over them. He went much further than the prophet who gave Israel a king as punishment; he set the king up as the be all and end all—as the sign and token of a well ordered system. Yet even in these teachings he was as grandly inconsistent as he was grandly bold in turning back the mighty current of his own first overwhelming maelstrom of thought. Indeed, a maelstrom is the one object in nature that the man's vast life-work may be likened to. It has no beginning and no end; the truths that are held on the topmost crest of its swift-rushing current at one moment sink submerged the next under the crested breakers of paradox, contradiction and denial, only to re-emerge again on a broader circle and in calmer sweeps, clarified by temporary submersion. The evil that the ordinary man may do lives after him and the good is apt to be interred with his bones. It will not be so with Carlyle; his evil will serve to throw into more imposing outlines the good, which shall live as long after him as human speech is the medium of thought—as long as the teachings of Plato or Aristotle—and with a hundred fold their force.

CARLYLE'S INDUSTRY.

THE ACCIDENT TO "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION."

In 1837 Carlyle published "The French Revolution; a History." Its publication was delayed by the accidental burning of the first volume just as it was ready for the printers. Carlyle had lent the manuscript of the first volume to John Stuart Mill, who carried it to Mrs. Taylor, the lady, whom he afterwards married. By some strange accident it was left exposed, and a stupid servant lighted the fires with it. When the author heard of this misfortune, he was like a man beside himself, as there was scarcely a page of the manuscript left. Sitting down at the table, he strove to collect his thoughts, and began to rewrite, but only to run his pen through each page as it was finished. Doggedly persevering, however, Carlyle, finished the volume at last, after five months' labor.

Carlyle had, however, no reproaches for the friend who had caused him the trouble. But he describes the work of rewriting that volume as one prolonged agony. He undertook the task at once, but failed through severe mental depression. He then devoted several weeks to novel reading as a relaxation and so finally succeeded in reproducing the book. A friend of Carlyle, in an article upon the burning of the volume, says:

"After five months of perseverence he rewrote it, having calmed himself sufficiently by reading all the novels of Captain Marryatt. This second production he pronounced afterwards as better than the first. His own account of his feelings at the time is both humorous and sad. 'There was scarcely a page of manuscript left,' he says. 'I sat down at the table and strove to collect my thoughts and to commence my work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen through every line as the page was finished. Thus was it for many a weary day until, at length, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, my eye wandered along over acres of roofs, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house. With a trowel he'd lay a great splash of mortar upon the last layer, and then brick after brick would be deposited on this, striking each with the butt of his trowel, as if to give it his benediction and farewell; and all the while singing or whistling as blithe as a lark. And in my spleen I said to myself, "Poor fool! How canst thou be so merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the regions of the insane?" and then I bethought me, and I said to myself, "Poor fool thou, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining." The result was that he began to pick up courage; he read light literature to induce a proper vacuity of mind, and in course of time things came out all right."

AN ADVENTURE ON THE PLAINS.—The Greeley (Col.) *Eye* says: A correspondent writing from down the Platte relates this: "A few evenings ago a family here were startled by the sudden opening of their door and the rushing in of a man barefooted and covered with ice, exclaiming: 'Oh, God, I am frozen!' Apologizing for his abrupt intrusion, he made the following explanation: He had come from Sidney by the mail back the week before, but could not get his baggage across the river. Wanting a change of clothes, he procured a team and set out to get them; drove to the river bank and proceeded across on foot. On his return, it having become dark, he fell through the ice and got well soaked. After getting ashore, thinking it advisable to change, he pulled off his boots, but his nether garments refused to come; they were frozen to him. In the meantime his boots had frozen so hard that he could not replace them. He was in a bad fix, a mile from any house, barefooted and the mercury away below zero. Jumping into his wagon he drove to the nearest lights, arriving there badly scared and almost frozen to death."

ABOLITION OF MILLSTONES.—I found all the Minneapolis millers taking out their millstones and substituting steel rollers in their places. Wheat, by the new Hungarian process, is not ground but cracked. These rollers are about thirty inches in diameter. It takes five sets of steel rollers to finish the flour. Each set of rollers run closer than the preceding. After the wheat passes each set of rollers it is bolted or sifted through coarse cloth. This cloth lets the disintegrated particles of wheat through, and passes off the bulky and large pieces, which are run through another and a closer set of rollers, and cracked again. The last rollers have little else but wheat hulls and the waxy germs of the wheat, which do not crack up but mash down like a piece of wax. The germ of a kernel of wheat is not good food. It makes flour black. By the old millstone process this waxy germ was ground up with the starchy portion and bolted through with flour. By the new system of cracking the kernel instead of grinding it, this germ is not ground, but flattened out, and sifted or bolted out while starchy portions of the wheat are crushed into powdered wheat or flour.

THOSE "BLIZZARDS."—The Detroit *Free Press* says: The derivation of the word "blizzard" is not generally known. We will elucidate: When one of those superior creatures who inhabit Boston enters his æsthetic home on a cold night he removes his cultured muffler from his refined throat and remarks: "The atmospheric exuberance is antagonistic to the preservation of caloric in the physiological structure," which, translated, means, "it blows hard." When a degenerate Chicago man returns home at 3 A. M. from a chicken fight, after having observed the fall of the mercury and several other things in liquid form, he explains the state of the atmosphere to the angry partner of his joys as follows: "M'dearsh, bli'sh'ard—bl'zzard," after which he encounters a blizzard from his indignant spouse.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

HIS ANNUAL REPORT PRESENTED TO THE LEGISLATURE—EXTRACTS FROM AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT—THE REVISION OF THE TAX LAWS DISCUSSED AND A REMEDY PROPOSED.

The annual report of Attorney General Palmer has been presented to the Legislature in pamphlet form. The report embraces seven pages of printed matter. The following interesting extracts are made from it. The report opens:—

GENTLEMEN—In compliance with the act of April 21, 1857, relating to the office and duties of Attorney General, I have the honor to submit the following report of the official business transacted by me during the two years ending December 31, 1880.

The number of claims placed in my hands for collection during the years 1879 and 1880, was two hundred and twenty-six, thirteen of which were subsequently withdrawn by the Auditor General. The claims amounted to $261,631.74, and of that sum I have collected and paid into the State Treasury $133,789.01, leaving a balance still due upon the same of $127,851.73, to enforce the payment of which the necessary legal proceedings have been instituted.

In addition to the amount collected upon claims certified to me in 1879 and 1880, payments were made upon claims of former years, the total collections amounting to $470,705.64.

A brief account of the actions brought by the State against the bogus Medical Colleges of Philadelphia is then given. In concluding this subject the Attorney General says:

Proceedings have also been commenced against persons claiming to exercise the franchises of a corporation known as "The Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery." Their names are William J. P. Ingraham, William Darmon, E. Metzgar, William Major, John Kaye, William B. Orris, T. Emerson Bennett, William Hargraves and Thomas B. Miller. They also claim to own the charters of several other Colleges chartered by the State, which, I believe, either contain full power of revocation, or were granted after the Constitutional Amendment of 1857, and may, therefore, be revoked by the Legislature, if found injurious to the public, and to which your attention is expressly invited. By methods of delay, known to the law, this case has been unavoidably prolonged, and no final judgment has been reached. I have no reason to doubt that the ultimate conclusion will be in harmony with the interests of the State, and if so, the fruitful, long-continued, but disgraceful business of selling academic degrees and turning loose hordes of ignorant villains with licenses to practice medicine, apparently regularly granted by incorporated institutions of learning of this Commonwealth, will have been destroyed, to the great gain of our good name, both at home and abroad.

The report states further that as there had been no provision made by the Legislature for the expenses of these prosecutions, Mr. W. M. Singerly, of Philadelphia, voluntarily advanced the necessary funds. An appropriation is recommended for Mr. Singerly's reimbursement. The services in the cases of S. H. Gwendell, esq., of the Philadelphia bar, and Mr. John Norris, city editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, are also acknowledged.

In speaking of the tax laws the Attorney General says:

Just and truthful complaint is made against the laws imposing taxes on the people of the Commonwealth. A casual perusal of the tax laws will sufficiently indicate the truth of the first complaint. Let the skeptic grapple with the revenue bill of 1879, which baffles lawyers, Courts and officials, and, if unconvinced, then endeavor to ascertain exactly what property is separately taxable for State, County and School purposes.

That taxes are grossly unequal has been a standing complaint for a generation. As, for instance, the land of the State owned by individuals is exempt from taxation for State purposes, together with the product or profit thereof, whether coal, oil, iron, timber, or farm produce. If owned by an association of individuals, combining their capital to promote an enterprise too great for a single-handed endeavor, the money that buys the land, viz; the capital, must, first, pay a bonus tax for a charter. Secondly, a tax on capital stock, measured by the amount of dividend paid, if equal to six per cent., and, if less, then by the actual value of the stock at a given time in the year. Third, if coal land, until lately, to a tax of three cents per ton on coal mined, though every ton represents a portion of the capital stock already twice taxed. Fourth, the land itself, with all the buildings, machinery, improvements, bought and paid for by the thrice taxed capital, is again liable to the onerous and excessive demands of local authorities for County, School, Road, and Special tax. The adjoining tract, equally valuable, equally productive, owned by an individual, escapes with the payment of the local tax only, or one of the four paid by an association of citizens engaged in the laudable and necessary enterprise of developing the resources of the State.

The owner of personal property, in a majority of cases, escapes assessment entirely, or, if his personal property be assessed, it is at one-fourth its actual value. The owner of money at interest, if he makes an honest return, or if returned by the Assessor, pays on the entire value thereof.

The owner of a mortgaged farm pays taxes thereon equally with his unincumbered neighbor, and, in addition, the tax on mortgages, or if not so stipulated in the bond, then the mortgagee pays for him and adds to the rate per cent.

These instances will suffice to indicate, in some degree, the inequality and injustice of these laws.

As to their administration, the Assessors are required to make oath to return the real and personal property at its actual value in cash. They deliberately and openly return the property at one-third or one-fourth its cash value. Mortgages and money at interest are neither returned by the owner or Assessor or by a sort of tacit general understanding, and all, except a small fraction, escape taxation altogether. Such evasions of the law are the rule and not the exception. Assessors who attempted to perform their plain sworn duty would be visited with stormy indignation. Because the laws are felt to be grossly inequitable, unequal and unjust, the people agree together to disregard and disobey them. Great diversity of practice exists in the different counties as to the enforcement of the tax laws, and wide difference of opinion as to their proper interpretation. Persistent effort on the part of the Auditor General to secure uniformity has not been rewarded with success. With such a heterogenous mass of ill-assorted, mis-matched patches, there is cause for wonder that county officials are enabled to perform their duty at all.

In many States manufacturing and mining enterprises are fostered and encouraged by liberal exemptions from taxation for long terms of years. In others no tax is demanded unless profits are made out of the business. In Pennsylvania, though such undertakings are the very life-blood of her prosperity, the forbidding hand of local and State taxation smites all corporate enterprise with four-fold vigor, and drives capital away from our door, and beyond our borders to enrich the stranger and beautify the stranger's land. Such legislation is absurdly unwise and supremely unjust.

The remedy is plain. It may be found in two words—uniformity, equality. Clear away the whole cumbersome, unwieldy, expensive, and inefficient system of Collectors and Mercantile appraisers, the latter costing the State, in various forms, upwards of $140,000 annually. Make every citizen his own Assessor and Appraiser. Let him, under oath and penalty, annually return, through the Township Assessor, to the County Treasurer, an estimate and valuation of his real estate, deducting incumbrances, and of his personal estate, including every asset of whatsoever nature, stocks, bonds, moneys at interest, debt due him, deducting only just debts owing, not liens on land, and also return the business in which engaged, with an estimate of its extent. Make it misdemeanor to refuse or neglect to make such return or to make a false return. Require no inquisitorial or disagreeable detail; but a general estimate of value. Men do not, as a rule, under estimate their own possessions. Very few would chance the pains and penalties of perjury to save a few dollars of taxes. Let the authorities levy taxes annually, at a stated time, inform the Treasurer of their needs. Let him prepare his duplicate, attend in every district on a stated day and place to receive all the tax, abating for prompt payment, adding for delay. Give him the power of a Collector, and charge him with the whole. Give the County Court power to exonerate uncollectable tax. Let the State Treasurer be furnished with the aggregate of each county's valuation, and assess the necessary State tax accordingly directly upon each county, according to its valuation. Give the counties all taxes, licenses, rates and assessments of whatsoever nature, and apportion the State tax as well upon the number of licenses, mercantile and other occupations, as upon the value of the property in each county. Give the State Board of Revision power to levy a larger rate on counties in which they are satisfied a just return is not made, to the extent of equalizing taxation.

The principle to be enforced is equality and uniformity. There can be no logical or just reason for taxing associated capital engaged in mining or manufacturing, at a higher rate than individual capital, while many reasons may be urged against it. The only additional burden to be laid upon such capital should be an annual tax for the privilege of exemption from individual liability. All other taxes should be imposed on the property itself, whether real or personal, owned by the corporation, and at the same rate as though owned by individuals. It is believed that some scheme calculated to bring to light all the property in the State liable to taxation, and to adjust the burden equally upon it, would not only disclose an immense quantity of property that now escapes altogether, but would reconcile the people to prompt and cheerful payment when each becomes satisfied that he could be called upon for no more than his just share.

That a very considerable proportion of taxable personal property escapes State taxation under the present system, a glance at the last report of the Auditor General will demonstrate.

Under existing laws a man in moderate circumstances whose property is all in sight, consisting of his house and lot, farm or occupation, pays a full rate on his assessment, while the more fortunate neighbor who has gained bonds, stocks, mortgages and money at interest, escapes with a far less proportionate taxation. In truth our taxes are mainly paid by the corporations and the poor.

Every consideration of justice and sound policy demands thorough review and reform in the tax laws of the State. The method I suggest may not be the best. It is at least not open to the objection of novelty since it is in successful operation in several places elsewhere. The result and not the method is, however, the main consideration. Our Commonwealth is, I believe, great and prosperous and honest enough to be just.

HENRY W. PALMER,
Attorney General.

AN ANECDOTE OF JENNY LIND.—In looking over an old pile of papers we find the following anecdote about one of the purest and best women who ever trod the stage. "Sweeter, clearer and more heavenly than her own most entrancing strains are the kind pulsations of Miss Lind's heart when its chords vibrate to the touch of the beautiful and the holy. The following is among the most recent of her kindly offices. The waiting-maid who had charge of the rooms she occupied at the Clifton House, Niagara Falls, attracted her notice by her beauty, attention and fidelity. It so happened that this young woman, by name Margaret Atkinson, was about to be married, and the news reached the good vocalist's ears. She immediately purchased for her a becoming and beautiful bridal outfit, ear-rings, gloves, bonnet, etc., and with her own hands attended to her toilet on the morning of the ceremony. This done, she took her in her own carriage, having first read to her and her future husband the beautiful and affecting passages applicable to the occasion, conveyed her to Lewistown, entered the Episcopal church, and there officiated as Margaret's bride's maid. There is no Queen in Europe that would not be proud of such a maid of honor on a similar occasion."

"Captain," said an Irishman, as the ship was nearing the coast in inclement weather, "hev ye an almenik on board?" "No, I haven't." "Then, be jabbers, we shall have to take the weather as it comes."

Grace—"I am going to see Clara today. Have you any message?" Charlotte—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love