CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

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G. B. GOODLANDER, Publisher.

Lawyers' Cards.

H. W. SMITH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 11:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1:18 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. y:pd

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.

ISRAEL TEST, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Office one door east of Shaw House. [jy11,'67

WM. M. McCULLOUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA. Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. ja26,'78-tf.

W. C. ARNOLD, LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE, CURWENSVILLE, Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

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, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, jan1'81 Clearfield, Pa.

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

FRANK G. HARRIS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. First-class Life and Fire Insurance Companies represented. Office in the Opera House. Mar. 16,'81-1y*

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON. MURRAY & GORDON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, CLEARFIELD, PA. Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:30'74

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.

JOSEPH S. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY. McENALLY & McCURDY ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan:1:76

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. jan1'76.

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. 28:63:tf,

Physicians' Cards.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER, HOMEOPATHIC 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. aug10'70

DR. T. J. BOYER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 6 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. July31,'78-tf.

G. C. JENKINS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, CURWENSVILLE, PA., Offices 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 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. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

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. my28

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

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

HENRY BRETH, (OSTEND P. O.) JUSTICE OF THE PEACE FOR BELL TOWNSHIP. May 5, 1878-1y*

JAMES MITCHELL, DEALER IN Square Timber & Timber Lands, jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

A. V. ROYT, 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.

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.

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 19, '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

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 solicited and all bills promptly filled. [*jy18'72

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.

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

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,301,89
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans	5,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn	2,624,083
Insurance Co. of North America	6,432,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,782,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	679,145
Watertown	764,815
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,395,454

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

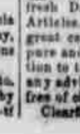
Insurance Agency —OF— WILLIAM C. HELMBOLD, *Patton Block, Curwensville, Pa.*

Companies Represented:

Commercial Union Ins. Co., Assets	$9,069,702 55
Firemen's Fund Ins. Co., Assets	1,168,017 00
Union Insurance Co., Assets	1,020,637 23
Travelers' Accident Ins. Co. Assets	3,519,194 23
Northern Ins. Co. of New York As'ts	346,890 00

Insurance placed on all kinds of property at equitable rates. Curwensville, Pa., Feb. 16, 1881-tf.

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.

FORWARD UNDER FIRE

AT FREDERICKSBURG HEIGHTS.

A BLIZZARD OF SHOT AND SHELL—HOW THE PICK AND FLOWER OF THE ARMY SUFFERED A BLOODY REPULSE

A brilliant description of the battle of Fredericksburg, prepared for the "Annals of the War" by Major General St. Clair A. Mulholland, occupied seven columns in the Philadelphia *Weekly Times* recently. General Mulholland touches upon the fine condition of the Army of the Potomac, relates the circumstances under which General Burnside took command, tells of the opening of the battle and of Meade's advance, and describes vividly the terrible onslaught and repulse at Marye's Heights. The following extract from the article is a description of the thrilling scenes enacted in front of the famous stone wall:

While Meade was moving on Hamilton's, the troops in the city were prepared to strike. Under arms, listening to the sounds of the fight on the left and waiting patiently for their turn to share in the strife, General Francis Meagher, mounted and surrounded by his staff, addressed each regiment of his (the Irish) brigade, and in burning, eloquent words, besought the men to uphold in the coming struggle the military prestige and glory of their native land. Then green boxwood was culled from a garden near and Meagher placed a sprig in his Irish cap. Every officer and man followed his example and soon great bunches of the fragrant shrub adorned the caps of every one. Wreaths were made and hung upon the tattered flags and the national color of the Emerald Isle blended in fair harmony with the red, white and blue of the Republic. At noon, Meade not yet having reached Hamilton's, General Couch ordered French and Hancock to the assault. French moved first, closely followed by the superb. As we wheeled into the streets leading towards the enemy we were in full view of the frowning heights and the march of death began. Nearly a mile away arose the position that we were expected to carry and though not yet clear of the city we felt the pressure of the foe, the fire of whose batteries concentrated to crush the heads of our column as they debouched upon the plain. Solid shot, fired with light charges, richochet on the frozen ground, caromed on the pavement and went tearing through the ranks, traversing the entire length of the streets, bounding over the river to be buried in the opposite bluff.

A BRAVE BOY FROM CHESTER.

Shells began dropping with destructive effect. One striking in the Eighty-eighth New York placed eighteen men hors du combat. I will ever remember the first one that burst in my regiment—wounding the Colonel, cutting off the head of Sergeant Marley and killing two or three others. I was struck by the instantaneousness of the deaths. The column had halted for a moment, a sharp report, a puff of smoke and three or four men lay stark dead, their faces calm, their eyes mild and life-like, lips unmoved, no sign of pain or indication of suffering. Marley had not fallen, but dropped upon his knees, his musket clasped in both hands and resting upon the ground. After getting into the open and crossing a mill-race a rise in the ground hid us from the enemy, giving an opportunity to dress the ranks and prepare the column of attack, which was by brigade front, General Kimball's brigade in the lead, followed by those of Colonel J. W. Andrews and Colonel Palmer. Hancock's division came next, with the brigades of Zook, Meagher and Caldwell in the order named. Here the thought struck me: "How different is the real battle from that which our imagination had pictured. After the reading of our boyhood, with heads filled with Napoleon and his Marshals and harrowing tales of gory field's of yore, with what realistic feeling we can see the wild confusion of the storm-swept field—charging cavalry, hurrying artillery, the riderless steeds madly rushing to and fro, their shrill neighing mingling with the groans, screams and shrieks of the wounded." Here there is no disorder. The men calm, silent, cheerful. The commands of the officers, given in a quiet, subdued voice, and distinctly heard and calmly obeyed. The regiments manœuvre without a flaw.

In this trying moment the guides are ordered out and the alignment made as perfect as on dress parade. The destruction of human beings is done with order and system. Yet it is terrible enough: the very absence of confusion and excitement but adds to the dreadful intensity of the horror. As for the screams and shrieks, I have never heard anything of that kind either on the field or in the hospitals. It may be that the soldiers of other nations indulge in cries and yells; our men took their punishment without a complaint or a murmur. Just before moving from this spot one of our young officers, a brave boy from Chester county, Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Seneca G. Willauer, was badly torn by a shell, which stripped the flesh from his thigh and left the bone for four or five inches white and bare. He came to me, and, holding up the bleeding limb for inspection, said, with the most gentle manner and placid voice: "Colonel, do you think that I should go on with my company or go to the hospital?" No doubt had I told him to go on he would have done so. Then the advance is sounded. The orders of the regimental commanders ring out clear on the cold December air. "Right shoulder, shift arms," "Battalion forward, guide center, march!" The long lines of bayonets glitter in the bright sunlight. We have no friendly fog, as Meade had, to hide us from our foes, and as we advanced up the slope we come in full view of the Army of Northern Virginia. All their batteries open upon us. We can trace their line by the fringe of blue smoke that quickly appears along the base of the hills and we see that we are marching into an arc of fire. And what a reception awaits us! Fire in our front, from our right and our left. Shells come at us direct and oblique and drop down from above; shells enfilade our lines, burst among us in front, in rear, above and behind us. Shells everywhere; a torrent of shells; a blizzard of shot, shell and fire. The lines pass on steadily. The gaps made in the ranks are quickly closed. The colors often kiss the ground, but are quickly snatched from dead hands and held aloft again by others who soon in their turn will bite the dust. The regimental commanders march out far in advance of their commands and they too, fall rapidly, but others run to take their places. Still in good order, we push forward until five hundred yards of the long half mile that lay between us and Marye's Heights is passed, then the sharp whiz of the minnie joins the loud scream of the oblong bolts.

HANCOCK'S GALLANT ADVANCE.

Soon we forget the presence of the shells in the shower of smaller missiles that assail us. The hills rain fire and the men advance with heads bowed as when walking against a hail-storm. Still through the deadly shower the ever-thinning lines press on. The plain over which we have passed is thickly spotted with the men of the Second Corps, dead, in twos and threes and in groups. Regiments and companies have now their third or fourth commander and the colors are borne to the front by the third or fourth gallant soul who has raised them. The gaps in the lines have become so large and so numerous that we have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently heard. French nears the entrenchments of the Confederates' first line and the enemy redouble their efforts. The storm rises to a greater fury. The struggle is hopeless. His lines wave like corn in a hurricane, recoils, then breaks and the shattered mass falls back amid the shouts and cheers of Cobb's and Kershaw's brigades, that line the trenches in front. Now Hancock, with the division that never lost a gun or a color, sweeps forward, and being joined by many of the gallant men of French's command makes the most heroic effort of the day. Passing the farthest point reached by the preceding troops, he impetuously rushes on, passes the brick house so conspicuous on the field—on, on, until his flags waved within twenty-five paces of the fatal stone wall. Then with a murderous fire everywhere around us we realized the full absurdity of the attempt to accomplish the utter impossibility. We had not yet fired a shot. We had only reached the spot where our work was to begin. Forty per cent. of the force had already fallen. No support within three quarters of a mile. In our front, line after line of works followed each other up the terraced heights to the very crest, which was covered with artillery. To carry the assault further would be extreme madness. Should we take and occupy the first line, it would simply be to meet the fire of the second and third. To fight the host in front was not possible. We were only to be shot down without being able to return the blow. So the division, or rather the half of it that still existed, began falling back; but Hancock would not be driven from the field, and halting where the formation of the ground afforded some shelter to his hard-tried command, he remained until relieved at night-fall. And now the long, long dreadful afternoon that awaited the thousands wounded, who lay scattered over the sad and ghastly plain.

The only place of cover was the brick house out near the stone wall. To this hundreds of the wounded dragged themselves and a great mass of sufferers huddled together and struggled to get nearer to the house, that they might escape the fire. All around the great heaps of dead bore testimony to the fierceness of the combat. Near by a color sergeant lay stark and cold with the flag of his regiment covering him. Just in front of the stone wall lay a line of men of the Irish Brigade, with the green boxwood in their caps, and the two bodies nearest the enemy were those of my beloved friend, Major William Horgan, and Adjutant J. R. Young, both of the Eighty-eighth New York. It was not yet one o'clock when the assaulting column retired and we had nearly five hours to wait for darkness. We heard the clock in the Episcopal Church in the city strike the hours that seemed so long. The sharpshooters of the enemy soon got a position from which they could enfilade the house and when one moved among the mass of bleeding men it was a signal for the rifle balls to whistle around. Few of us expected to live until night and but few did. Keeping very quiet, hugging the ground closely, we talked together in low tones. The bullets kept whistling and dropping and every few moments some one would cease talking never to talk again. How quietly they passed away from the crimson field to eternity, their last gaze on their waving flag, the lost sound to reach their ears the volleys of musketry and their comrades' cheers.

THE BLOOD OF ALL NATIONS.

What a cosmopolitan crowd these dead and wounded were—Americans from the Atlantic Coast and the Pacific States, from the prairies, from the great valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio; Irishmen from the banks of the Shannon and Germans from the Rhine and the blue Danube; Frenchmen from the Seine and Italians from the classic Tiber mingled their blood and went down in death together that our cause and the Union might live. Every little while we could see other columns emerge from the city, deploy upon the plain, march forward, but never get so far as the brick house. The appearance of these troops would draw the fire of the batteries on the hills above us and hundreds of deadly projectiles would go screaming over us and we could see them burst in the midst of our friends. Evening came at last; the sun went down behind the terrible heights and we anxiously watched the shadows lengthen and steal across the field of blood, creeping over the plain, through the houses of the shade, then up the church tower until the only object that reflects the rays was the cross of burnished gold, which sparkled a moment against the purple sky and then twilight was upon us and deepened until it was difficult to discern objects. We thought the battle ended, when through the darkness loomed up the divisions of Hooker. Nobly they came to the work, with empty muskets and orders to carry the position with the bayonet. The dark mass passed the brick house and almost to the point that Hancock had reached. They had come up through the gloaming unseen and surged against the base of Marye's Heights.

Again the hills flashed fire, shook, rocked, roared and belched forth more tons of iron on the red plain, more minutes of useless carnage. The sombre wave rolled back, the last and most absurd attempt of the disastrous day had come to naught and seventeen hundred more had been added to the ponderous list of casualities. Clouds overshadowed the skies, and, guided by the lurid fires still smouldering through the ebony darkness, the immense crowd of wounded began crawling, struggling, dragging themselves towards the city, those who were more seriously injured; those with shattered limbs using muskets for crutches, fainting and falling by the way. And when in the town how hard to find a spot to rest or a surgeon to bind up the wounds. More wounded than the city had inhabitants, every public hall and house filled to overflowing, the porches of the residences covered with bleeding men, the surgeons busy everywhere. In the lecture room of the Episcopal Church eight operating rooms are in full blast, the floor is packed with men whose limbs are crushed, fractured and torn. Lying there in deep pools of blood, they wait so very patiently, almost cheerfully, their turn to be treated; there is no grumbling, no screaming, hardly a moan; many of the badly hurt smile and chat, and one, who has both legs shot off, is cracking jokes with an officer who cannot laugh at the humorous sallies, for his lower jaw is shot away.

A SICKENING SCENE.

The cases here are nearly all capital and amputation is nearly always resorted to. Hands and feet, arms and legs are thrown under each table and the sickening piles grow larger as the night progresses. The delicate limbs of the drummer boy fall along with the rough hand of the veteran in years, but all, every one is so brave and cheerful. Towards morning the conversation flags; many drop off before they can be attended to and some of them never wake again. The only sound is the crunching of the surgeons' saws and now and then the melancholy music of a random shell wailing overhead. Few the prayers that are said, but I can yet hear the soft voice of a boyish soldier as he is lifted on to the table, his limbs a mass of quivering, lacerated flesh, quietly say, "Oh, my God, I offer all my sufferings here in atonement for the sins by which I have crucified Thee." Outside the members of the Christian Commission are hard at work relieving all within reach, the stretcher carriers hurrying the wounded from the field; a few priests and the chaplains were quietly moving among the suffering thousands, shriving, giving them comfort and soothing their dying hour. Out on the railroad at Hamilton's lays the body of the fearless commander of the Third Brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves, Gen. C. Fager Jackson, and at the Bernard House where he had been carried, died at midnight the youngest general officer and one of the most beloved that fell, Gen. George D. Bayard, of the Cavalry. While conversing with some other officers early in the day a shell struck the group, passing through the overcoat of Capt. H. G. Gibson, destroying his sabre. It crushed General Bayard's thighs and carried away a portion of his abdomen. He lived fourteen hours after being hit, and passed the time in quietly giving directions and dictating letters to his friends.

GIBRALTAR.

ITS HISTORY AND BATTLEMENTS, BY LIEUT. W. G. ROSS.

The Arabian name for this stalwart sentinel to the Mediterranean, from which the present name is corrupted, is *Jebal al Tarik*, mount of Tarik, and with Ceuta, the African point opposite, constitutes what the Phœnicians called the Pillars of Hercules, from their Tyrian deity. The world-wide reputation of this mighty fortress inspired us with some awe (notwithstanding we were free-born Americans floating under the stars and stripes) as we cast our anchor a few hundred yards from its gaping ramparts. We had passed in through the straits before a fresh westerly wind, and after satisfying the scrutiny of a rigid quarantine, found ourselves in the midst of a good deal of shipping, and surrounded by a clattering set of gumboats, with all sorts of fruits, vegetables and wares. No sooner had our topsail hallyards been started than we were boarded by a thirsty set of peddlers, contractors, washerwomen, and guides all armed with an unlimited number of recommendations bearing autographs all the way from Mark Twain to the Prince of Wales. We were beset by such a polite and affable set of "couriers" as they call themselves, that we found it difficult to escape from their united and untiring zeal, so that we might select for our escort an old friend, Michael Benunes, the veritable "Ferguson" of "Innocents Abroad," and the beau ideal of a chivalrous Spanish *courrier de familles*. He had been in our employ before so we knew him to be all that was required—reliable, intelligent, and communicative. We were lucky to be wafted to the Rock by a westerly breeze, for during the Summer months an easterly wind, or Levanter as it is called, is almost unendurable, the atmosphere becoming hot, sultry and oppressive. As it was, the heat was quite intolerable. After a long pull in the cutter we landed very near the old mole-head and passed through the gates into the city. A more picturesque scene could not well be conceived. Here was a town of some 20,000 souls, exclusive of about 6,000 troops, all huddled together in the smallest possible compass. The houses are built on abrupt slopes, tier above tier, to a height of 250 feet above the sea. The space is so limited, the entire town being situated on a shelving ledge of the Rock, that great care is exhibited to prevent the increase of new residents, and foreigners are permitted to remain only a certain length of time upon a promise of good behavior. Persons of every nationality can be found roaming the streets (or rather the *street*, for in reality there is only one about a half-mile long,) from the Jews, Turks, Moors, Arabs, and Negroes, in their primitive and oriental costumes, to every class and style of European, both civic and military, and last but not least, to the plucky and irrepressible Yankee. Such a motley assemblage could not well be found at any other spot on the globe. They have come here for the purpose of trade of which there is considerable. Gibraltar is a free port to the world, and consequently, many articles can be procured much cheaper than in other markets. We were forcibly struck by this peculiarity. As an instance, Florida water, which costs about sixty cents a bottle in the United States where it is manufactured, costs only thirty-five cents in Gibraltar, after having been freighted across the ocean. How such a discrepancy arises is for the proprietors of this marvelous perfumery to answer. We were also told that American cigars could be purchased here at a lower price than the same quality in New York city. Proceeding along the main street we arrived and registered at the Hotel Royal, the best public house in the place. We were surprised at the accommodations, and the manner in which the table was served. Our imagination might have been somewhat excited after a long sea voyage but it is safe to say that the *cuisine* contained everything that the appetite could wish for, and a true relish imparted by the inviting accessories and surroundings. The question naturally arose, "From where comes all these choice vegetables, eggs, meats, fruits, etc?" The guide took me to the market stalls, and from the information gleaned there, the mystery was easily solved. A more tempting display of poultry, fish, vegetables, oranges, grapes, pears, lemons, figs, bananas, apricots, plums and melons, I had never before seen, and vended in most part by the Moors, who bring a large supply from Tangier in Africa, while a great deal of the fruit is brought over the line from the groves and vineyards of Southern Spain. And in this connection I might state that a good many fruiters ply regularly between this port and New York, occupying sixty days in transportation.

Not until the middle of the last century was a free market established, contractors having the monopoly of all supplies, and officers were forbidden to import live cattle or meat, or to kill anything without a special license. A chaplain of the garrison was actually threatened with a court-martial because he had killed a sucking pig without leave. Relevant to these abuses a curious story is told. A Capt. Preston, of Fowke's regiment, was tried for buying a turbot for his dinner, the fisherman having protested that he was bound first to offer it to the governor. The gist of his defence was "necessity has no law." He urged that he had nothing but pease pottage for his dinner, and replied to the town major that he would keep the fish accordingly, and that he had an equal right to be served at the same time with the governor in the public market. He declaimed against the injustice and cruelty of stopping all fresh provisions, and strenuously denied any spirit of mutiny, though declaring that he would do the same thing again under a similar necessity. The unfortunate officer gained his dinner but lost his commission, as he was sentenced to be cashiered.

When we consider that the rock of Gibraltar is only three miles in length, and three-quarters of a mile wide, and that nine-tenths of it are elaborate fortifications, we wonder a little that 20,000 people can breathe comfortably within its walls. Crowded they must be. The citizens are ruled by a magistry, under a charter of justice granted to the city in 1830, and the strictest discipline is enforced. An evening gun is fired and the gates are closed to all intruders, no one being allowed entrance or exit without official permission. After the hour of twelve, midnight, pedestrians are not permitted on the street, but all peaceful and law-abiding persons are required to be within doors. This system lessens the chances of night disturbances and is based on the principle that all honest and trustworthy people should be in bed during the "wee sma' hours."

The military system of Gibraltar is almost perfect. No greater contrast could be drawn between two soldiery than that which exists between the well dressed, finely proportioned, square built and thoroughly drilled Englishmen on one side of the neutral ground, and the squalid, ill-formed and indolent Spaniard on the other. They enjoy a mutual hatred, and this is not strange of the latter, since the occupation of a part of his territory by the Britons is a never ceasing eyesore and rankle to him.

The "neutral ground" consists of the narrow neck or isthmus which joins the rock to the main land, and is about 1500 yards in length and 1300 yards in breadth. On its own edge the Spanish Government maintains a wretched little garrison of 300 men, whose chief duty it is to prevent smuggling across the border, this surreptitious employment being indulged in to a great extent, and often at the connivance of the Spanish officials, who graciously divide the spoil. This is the only land approach to the promontory, and is doubly secured against invasion by a ditch that runs along the base of the rock on the British side, the highway bridge, as I was informed, being undermined and charged with powder, so that, at a moment's warning, a small army could be shattered to fragments and Gibraltar transformed into an inaccessible island.

For the purpose of examining the fortifications our guide procured for us a number of donkeys and a permit. We ascended by a winding roadway, and the first object to challenge our curiosity was the old crumbling Moorish castle, a building which is regarded as one of the oldest in Spain, the Arabic inscription on the South gate recording its completion in 725. This tower has withstood the vicissitudes of sixteen sieges, but now is mutilated and riddled with shot marks. Ancient arrow-heads have been found buried in the tough concrete which forms the walls. A part of this stronghold is now used for officers quarter barracks. An artilleryman took us in charge here and conducted us through the galleriers, the most remarkable structure for military purposes in the world. There are two ranges, upper and lower, excavated out of the solid rock by convict labor during the great siege. The rock is pierced by huge portholes, extending into this wonderful cavern, and are armed by a line of smooth-bore guns commanding a flanking position on the land approaches. Within are two large appartments, or halls, for projectiles and ammunition, named respectively after St. George and Cornwallis. These of themselves are marvels of human energy and skill. Emerging from this dismal tunnel we made our way to the caves, for like all compact limestone, the Rock abounds in numerous fissures. The most celebrated of these is St. Michael's, 1,100 feet above the sea level. Our courier illuminated the interior with a torch that he carried for the purpose and we found ourselves in a spacious and lofty hall 220 feet long by 70 feet high, supported by stalactite pillars, the effect of which when lighted up, was beautiful and imposing. The actual extent of this cave is unknown, though some explorers have penetaated into it several hundred feet, and have discovered great quantities of fossil and human remains. While proceeding to the signal station we were fortunate enough to get a glimpse of the monkeys which gambol at will over the crags and bowlders. These are the only wild monkeys in Europe, and number about seventeen or eighteen. It has for a long time been a mooted question how they were transported. Our guide was fertile with a story that the same monkeys have been seen on Ape's Hill, in Africa, fourteen miles across the straits, and that the only way to account for the incongruity was the necessary existence of a subterranean communication under the sea. This is a fabulous and imaginary theory, though it is true that the animals very often disappear and are not seen for days at a time. They are protected from molestation, and the soldiers take a great interest in their welfare, and any addition to the family being duly announced in the local paper. They live principally on the sweet roots of the palmetto.

Arriving at the signal station we were introduced to Sergeant Brown, the artilleryman in charge. We were glad to find a place to rest, and with a keen relish partook of the excellent bread and cheese offered us. This eminence is 1,255 feet above the sea. It consists of a modern building and a stone tower from which the straits are watched and the shipping reported, the range being so extensive that on a clear day the character of a vessel can be discerned forty miles distant. The view from this elevation is exceedingly fine. The visitor can see from here the whole of Gibraltar bay, the Sierra Nevada mountains of Spain, the placid waters of the Mediterranean, the Atlas mountains in Africa and the coast of Barbary, together with far reaching tracts of country. Thus almost with one glance he beholds three separate and distinct nationalities—Morocco, Spain and Gibraltar—a sight, which for novelty of effect has no equal, recalling as it does, the faded fortunes of the Moors, the dissipating powers of the Castilian, and the prestige of England.

The fortifications of Gibraltar are the most formidable in the world. The fortress is literally impregnable, and from 1704 the British flag has waved triumphantly over it. During the great siege of 1779, and which continued nearly four years, by the allied forces of France and Spain, numbering nearly 40,000 men, besides a large naval fleet, the English heroically and successfully withstood the attack, with a garrison consisting of only a little over 5,000 men. The first gun from the Rock was fired by the wife of an officer at the signal of Gen. Elliott—*Britons, strike home!* The furious bombardment of the enemy can be somewhat imagined when it is stated that during a period of six weeks 56,000 shot and 20,000 shell were hurled into the colony, and at one time, for three successive days, 4,000 rounds were discharged from the land batteries per day. Notwithstanding this terrific assault, the English lost in killed only 333 men, after an expenditure, by the combined forces, of over 16,000 barrels of powder.

At present a sea wall, with a system of curtains, flanks, and bastions, extends around the western base of the rock. Every spot from whence a gun can be brought to bear is mounted with cannon, and retired batteries with the heaviest ordnance occupying the most commanding positions, though not discernable from the sea. At an elevation of 1400 feet is planted the Rock Mortar, the highest piece of artillery, and it is said to have been dismounted frequently by the Spanish fire. Guns peep out of the most secluded nooks, among flowers and plants, and immense piles of shot and shell are stowed carefully away, secure from the invader's fire.

Gibraltar has traditionally held the title of a barren rock, and to all practical agricultural demands it probably is, but its floral kingdom is rich and varied. There are many species of plants and ferns, many are indigenous. The Alameda Gardens have a profusion of flowers, the geraniums being the most abundant. Here the military bands play twice a week, making it the favorite resort and promenade of the inhabitants. The people amuse themselves in various ways, fox hunting in Spain being the chief feature of the season. During the winter months they have a meeting twice a week. Racquet, lawn tennis, cricket, polo and private theatricals, are largely participated in by the officers of the garrison. The parade grounds are used for athletic games. The library contains 40,000 volumes and is the finest institution of the kind outside of England. In connection with this is a pavilion with a billiard room, reading room, etc.

Since the introduction of steam vessels, the value of Gibraltar as a protected coaling station and depot for war materals, is of undisputed importance. Combined with a naval fleet she could hold indefinite control of the entrance to the Mediterranean, and defy the united powers of Europe.

THE JEWISH PASSOVER.

COMMEMORATION OF THE DELIVERANCE FROM EGYPTIAN BONDAGE.

The Jewish Passover commenced last evening at 6 o'clock. There is a vast deal of negative information in regard to the Jewish Passover, and a few precise remarks will not be *inapropos*. The term has two significances. It is called the "Passover" and also the "time of unleavened bread." It is an eight days' session of glory—a hallelujah time—which commemorates the deliverance from Egyptian bondage of the Israelitish tribes. The particular title "Passover" alludes to the instructions given to the Angel of Death at the time of the destruction of the first-born of the Egyptians. That was one of the ten plagues visited upon Pharoah's people. In pursuance of information conveyed to his followers by Moses, mystic marks were made on the door-posts of the houses in which the Israelites lived. These marks were traced in the blood of a lamb. In looking for the first-born the Angel of Death passed over the house thus designated—hence the name "Passover." The audacity, if we may so express it, of the selection of the animal slaughtered is found in the fact that the Egyptians regarded the lamb idolatrously. Just previous to the visitation of the Angel of Death, the Israelites had asked Pharoah's permission to retire into the wilderness to pray to their God. This was previous to the terrible visitation upon the first-born, which was immediately followed by the expulsion of the Jews.

They were pursued in a few days and overtaken at the Red Sea. No description is needed of what there occurred. The Old Testament speaks eloquently of the horror, the consternation, the despair of the Egyptian mothers who found that in the night the noiseless wings of Death's messenger had brushed their first-born darlings. After such treatment of the theme it would be almost impious to dilate upon it.

Saturday was what is called a "great Sabbath" in Jewish parlance. At 6 o'clock last night, vaguely called sundown, the first moment of the eight days of "Passover" began. On this day all leavened bread must be out of the house by 10 o'clock A. M. There is a peculiar formula with reference to the expulsion of any leavened thing, which is as follows: "The master of the establishment searches every nook and corner of his mansion. He accumulates by this procedure all leavened articles that he discovers; gathering them, he says something to this effect: "All manner of leaven on my premises which had not been found by me, the same as that which I have just burned, has my blessing upon it and is annulled. I have done my duty."

From this on nothing but leaven is brought into the house during the eight days of the "Passover," and great care is taken that no utensils used in the preparation of leavened food are used in the composition of the specific dishes prescribed for the festive season. These dishes are four in number. Special allusion is made to the feast which begins this evening after the synagogue observances. The "Passover" terminates Tuesday night of next week at 6 o'clock. The first two and the last two nights of the eight are the most important. Last night and to-night will be had the celebration of the "narrative." A table is spread with four dishes as mentioned above. The first contains three thick "Passover" cakes; the second has the shank bone of a lamb with a hard boiled egg accompanying it; in the third platter are parsley and bitter herbs.

This is called the "Hagadah," which means a "narrative." In German parlance it is the "Sedar," possessing the same significance. On the fourth dish there are horse-radish and a mixture called "charoset," which is composed of almonds, raisins, nuts and spices. It is supposed to symbolize the materials used in the making of the bricks, which industry was the vocation of the Israelites during their captivity. The bitter herb in the third dish is in commemoration of the Israelitish lives that were embittered by the bondage. The unleavened bread has more or less remote allusion to the fact that the Jewish dough did not have time to rise, and that it was baked, more frequently than otherwise, while being carried on the backs of people exposed to a broiling sun. The egg typifies the festive offering made at the temple in Jerusalem.

At the commencement of the "narrative" the master of the house breaks the centre of the three cakes in the first dish in halves, one of which is called "Aficomen," and part of which is given to each individual present at the dish of the "narrative." This is in the nature of a dessert, and is supposed to be the last thing eaten that night. The entire affair declares the whole history of the deliverance from Egypt, and is a gastronomic legend of most peculiar importance.

The head of the family addresses idealistically four filial elements: "The wise child," "the wicked child," "the simple child," and the "one who knows not what to ask." The wise one says: "What are the statuettes?" For an answer he receives: "This is in accordance with tradition, and you must not eat anything to-night after the 'Aficomen.'" The wicked one queries: "What is this to me?" He is settled with the remark: "It is nothing to you. If you had been there in Egypt there would have been no redemption for you." As to the simple one he says: "What *is* this?" To which is responded: "This is in commemoration of the act of God Almighty liberating our people from bondage." To the one who does not know enough to ask, an explanation is made something like this: "We were commanded to tell it to our children that we were brought out of Egypt by Him who has called us His chosen people. This occasion is a memory of His act."

The rites are very exclusive so far as outside religious faiths are concerned, but to Jews every Israelitish household is supposed to be open during the first two days of the eight. This is almost a Masonic idea, and has its poetical import in that any stranger Jew sojourning within the gates of any city where the "Passover" is being celebrated is entitled, if attracted by the sound of joyous festivities, to enter the house from which they proceed as an honored guest. No malt liquors are drank by Jews during the "Passover." The third, fourth, fifth and sixth days are called "middle days," and the last two, which will be Monday and Tuesday of next week, are observed as the first two, with the exception that the "narrative" ceremonies are not repeated.

This is the 5,639th Jewish year, the first day of which was in September last, beginning at sundown. In the Israelitish faith the time is reckoned according to the lunar system, while with Christians it is based on solar observations. There are 353 days to 385 in the Jewish year, the variation being occasioned by an extra month, which occurs every leap year. Of all the epochs in the year, that which begins to-night is the most important. It is a pæan of victory; it is a commemoration of the most glorious incident in the history of the nation in question, and is, therefore, to a most considerable portion of our population, a period freighted with peculiar interest.—*New York Truth*, April 13.

A BIRD'S WING.

Did you ever look at a bird's wing carefully, and try to find out from it the way in which it is used? People usually suppose, either that a bird flies because it is lighter than air, like a balloon, or that it rows itself along as a boat is rowed through the water. Neither of these suppositions is true. A bird is not lighter than the air, nor does it float; for when a bird is shot on the wing it falls to the ground as quickly as the squirrel. On the contrary, a bird flies on its own weight, and could not fly at all if it were not heavier than the air.

Look at a quill feather, and you will see that on each side of the central shaft or quill there is a broad, thin portion, which is called vane. The vane on one side of the shaft is quite broad and flexible, while that on the other side is narrow and stiff; and by looking at a wing with the feathers in their places, you will find that they are placed so that they overlap a little, like the slats on a window blind. Each broad vane runs under the narrow vane of the feather beside it, so that, when the wing is moved downward, each feather is pressed up against the stiff narrow vane of the one beside it, and the whole wing forms a solid sheet like a blind with the slats closed. After the down stroke is finished and the up stroke begins, the pressure is taken off the lower surface of the wing, and begins to act on the upper surface and to press the feathers downward instead of upward. The broad vanes now have nothing to support them, and they bend down and hollow the air to pass through the wing, which is now like a blind with the slats open. By these two contrivances—the shape of the wing, and the shape and arrangement of the feathers—the wing resists the air on its stroke and raises the bird a little at each flap, but at each up stroke allows the air to slide off at the sides, and to pass through between the feathers, so that nothing is lost.—*St. Nicholas.*

A six-year-old chap was forced to wear a shirt three sizes too large for him. After strutting around a little while, he burst out with, "Ma, I feel awful lonesome in this shirt!"

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

President Cattell, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., sailed from New York for Europe Saturday, April 16.

The statement that Dr. Higbee, the new Superintendent of Public Instruction, will call in all teachers' permanent certificates, is authoritatively contradicted.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has kindly remembered the school teachers of the Commonwealth by passing a bill making it obligatory upon school directors to allow the teachers their time while attending the annual County Institute, and $2.50 a day for expenses. This will gladden the hearts of many a teacher, and especially the dilatory classes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PIKE TOWNSHIP, April 14, 1881.

One of the most successful terms of school that has ever been taught at the Robins school, in our township, closed on the 9th of April. A literary entertainment was held in the evening of that day, and was attended by a very large number of citizens who were highly delighted with the exercises. Mr. Frank Curry, teacher of the Curry school, made the address of welcome. The people of the district are very anxious that Miss Norris will return and teach the school next Winter. She is now teaching a summer term of school in the borough of Curwensville. A DIRECTOR.

LUTHERSBURG, April 13, 1881.

Nearly all the schools in this township have closed at this writing. Cross Roads school, No. 9, closed on Friday, April 8th, with good results. It was largely attended in the afternoon by the parents and citizens of the district. The exercises consisted of orations, select readings, essays, dialogues, etc., thus showing the importance of good Literary Societies in our public schools. The past term has been very successful, all owing to the teacher, Miss Sadie J. Morgan, who, by her untiring efforts to make the school a success, and by her true Christian manner, has made many warm friends during the past two Winters she has been in our midst. Miss Morgan is not only a good teacher, but also a true Christian, who will, if it be in her power, be sure to lead her scholars in the true path of christianity. W. M. H.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The following is a list of pupils received for the "Roll of Honor" for the week ending April 22d. All whose names appear in this list attended the school to which they belonged every day of the school term:

Robins school, in Pike township, Nora Norris teacher—Emery Cupples.

Freeport school, in Morris township, John Emigh teacher—Flora Ruch and F. M. Emigh attended 100 per cent. of term.

Radaker school, in Brady township, Sadie J. Morgan teacher—Willie L. Weber, aged 7 years; Eli P. Harman, aged 8 years; John Shaffer, aged 12 years.

Paradise school, in Lawrence townshi, W. S. Mott teacher—Carrie Carrick missed no time, and Emma Carter and Hattie Mannahan missed one day each.

Karthaus school, in Karthaus township, R. S. Maurer teacher—Bertha Schnarrs and Edward N. Hertlein attended every day, and Eva Hertlein missed one day. Miss Schnarrs has not missed a day in two terms, or eleven months.

New Washington school, John C. Barclay teacher—Thomas Mahaffey, Thomas Neff, Fred Neff, Helen Mitchell (two terms in succession without missing a day), Frances Neff, Grace Arnold. An entertainment was held at the close of the school and, in point of excellence, surpassed the expectations of all.

THE SUPERINTENDENCY HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

Superintendent Craighead, of Indiana county, is running for his second term without opposition.

A. J. Davis, Superintendent of Clarion county, is running for his third term without opposition. He has been a faithful officer.

There are seventeen candidates who desire to succeed Superintendent Myer, in Centre county, who has served two terms, and does not want the third.

The 14,560 School Directors in the State of Pennsylvania will assemble on Tuesday of next week, May 3d, to elect 92 Superintendents for the cities and counties of the State.

The Convention to be held in our own county will convene promptly at 1 o'clock P. M., according to the requirements of the School Law. We expect a large turnout of directors. This is, perhaps, the grandest duty enjoined upon School Directors.

An attempt is being made to defame the good name of Superintendent Kelly, of Jefferson county, by circulating through the mails anonymous circulars reflecting upon his character. The papers denounce the scheme in strong terms. Blackmailing and sensational remarks are always at a discount with intelligent people.

Some twelve or fifteen female teachers are candidates for the position of County Superintendent in different parts of the State. The following announcement, taken from a Forest county paper, shows the prominence they give the ladies out there:

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Please announce the name of Miss J. E. Copeland, of Tionesta, as a candidate for Superintendent of Common Schools of Forest county, Pa. As this is the only public office which can be held by a lady, we hope the directors of the county will give her the same attention and hearing they would a male. MANY CITIZENS.

Tionesta, Pa., April 1, 1881.

PERSONAL MENTION OF TEACHERS.

Thomas Hopkins, who taught Jefferson school, in Decatur township, is now a student at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport.

A. R. Lambert, who taught Centre school, in Lawrence township, has been called to Winterburn, Huston township, to teach a term of three months. Salary, $35 per month.

Wm. Postlethwait and Jacob Smith, of Brady township, are attending the State Normal School at Edinboro, Erie county.

Miss Ida Gearhart and Miss Lois McGaughey, both of Clearfield borough, and R. Frank Porter, of Lawrence township, are attending the State Normal School at Millersville, Lancaster county.

A correspondent of the Osceola (Pa.) *Reveille* pays Miss Marie Moore, of West Clearfield, a high compliment for the excellent manner in which she conducted the Hancock school, in Decatur township. Miss Moore seems to be eminently successful in her teaching.

Prof. W. A. Ambrose, of the New Washington Normal School, was married recently to a lady of Bellwood, Blair county, whose name we have not learned. Mrs. Ambrose accompanied her husband to his new field of labor at New Washington. The usual congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose in this new departure.

The following teachers have been employed for the Summer term in Union township: Hubert school, Mrs. Alice Litz, of Goshen township; Home Camp school, Miss Hannah Corp, of Brady township; Spruce Hill school, Miss Mary F. Heckendorn, of Perry county; Maple Grove school, Miss Sara Scofield, of Union township. The salaries are $23 per month.