THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.
If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months..... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

Rates of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Charters and Estrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year.... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 10
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square.....$8 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 square.....15 00 | ½ column..... 75 00
3 squares.....20 00 | 1 column.....120 00
G. B. GOODLANDER,
Publisher.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 55—WHOLE NO. 2,744. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1881. NEW SERIES—VOL. 22, NO. 41.

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.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

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

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

WALLACE & KREBS,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

SMITH V. WILSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

FRANK G. HARRIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

WILLIAM A. HAGERTY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE over T. A. Fleck & Co.'s Store,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A

McENALLY & McCURDY
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.

J. F. McKENRICK,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.

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.

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

G. C. JENKINS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.,

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,

Cards.

HENRY BRETH,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.

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

A. V. HOYT,
Land Survevor and Civil Engineer,
PHILIPSBURG, PA.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.

FRANK FIELDING
AND
WILLIAM D. BIGLER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs,
AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

JAMES H. TURNER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Wallaceton, Pa.

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

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.

READ & HAGERTY,
FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.
Clearfield, - - - - - Penn'a.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
GRAHAMTON, Pa.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

Clearfield Insurance Agency.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,

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

Companies Represented:

THE MUTUAL BENEFIT
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Newark, N. J.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY

GUITEAU'S GREAT CRIME.

THE ASSASSIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS WRITTEN IN HIS CELL.

HIS CIRCUMSTANTIAL STORY OF THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY—HOW THE MISCREANT DOGGED THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE PRESIDENT—HIS STATEMENT OF THE SHOOTING AT THE RAILWAY DEPOT.

The autobiography of the assassin Guiteau, which he has spent the greater part of the time since his incarceration preparing, gives a detailed sketch of his life, and relates in the most circumstantial manner the particulars of the plot to assassinate the President. The public is already familiar with the personal history of the murderer and with his aimless, vagabond life up to the time he conceived the idea of murdering President Garfield. The history of the crime is, of course, equally well known, but coming, as the terrible tragedy does, fresh from the lips of the criminal, it is invested with fresh interest. After explaining his wanderings from place to place and his efforts to obtain the recognition of prominent politicians in the hope of securing an office, Guiteau tells his story as follows:

"I conceived the idea of removing the President," Guiteau declares, "and as far as the Paris Consulship had any influence on my mind at all it would not have deterred me from the act, because I expected as a matter of fact that I would get the Paris Consulship. After I conceived the idea of removing the President I did not go near Mr. Blaine or near the President to press my application. About two or three weeks intervened from the time that I called at the President's when the doorkeeper said, 'Mr. Guiteau, the President says it will be impossible for him to see you to-day,' to the time that I conceived the idea of removing him, during which time I was waiting patiently for my answer, which, as a matter of fact, I have never yet received. I had been pressing the President and Mr. Blaine for an answer and I thought that it would be better for me to keep away from them. They had my address and I thought if they concluded to give me the Paris Consulship they would notify me or I should see an announcement of the appointment in the paper, and, as I have stated, after I conceived the idea of removing the President I did not go near the President or Mr. Blaine. My conception of the idea of removing the President was this: Mr. Conkling resigned on Monday, May 16, 1881. On the following Wednesday I was in bed. I think I retired about 8 o'clock. I felt depressed and perplexed on account of the political situation, and I retired much earlier than usual. I felt wearied in mind and body, and I was in my bed about 8 o'clock and I was thinking over the political situation, and the idea flashed through my brain that if the President was out of the way everything would go better. At first this was a mere impression. It startled me, but the next morning it came to me with renewed force, and I began to read the papers with my eye on the possibility that the President would have to go, and the more I read the more I saw the complication of public affairs, and the more was I impressed with the necessity of removing him. This thing continued for about two weeks. I kept reading the papers and kept being impressed, and the idea kept bearing and bearing down upon me that the only way to unite the two factions of the Republican party and save the Republic from going into the hands of the rebels and Democrats was to quietly remove the President.

PREPARING FOR THE CRIME.

"Two weeks after I conceived the idea my mind was thoroughly settled on the intention to remove the President. I then prepared myself. I sent to Boston for a copy of my book, 'The Truth,' and I spent a week in preparing that. I cut out a paragraph and a line and a word here and there and added one or two new chapters, put some new ideas in it and I greatly improved it. I knew that it would probably have a large sale on account of the notoriety that the act of removing the President would give me, and I wished the book to go out to the public in proper shape. That was one preparation for it. Another preparation was to think the matter all out in detail and to buy a revolver and to prepare myself for executing the idea. This required some two or three weeks and I gave my entire time and mind in preparing myself to execute the conception of removing the President. I never mentioned the conception to a living soul. I did most of my thinking in the Park and on the street, and I used to go to the Arlington and the Riggs House daily to read the papers.

WATCHING AN OPPORTUNITY.

"After I had made up my mind to remove him the idea when I should remove him pressed me, and I was somewhat confused on that. I knew that it would not do to go to the White House and attempt it, because there were too many of his employes about and I looked around for several days to try and get a good chance at him, and one Sunday (the Sunday before he went to Long Branch) I went to his church in the morning. It is a small frame building, and I stood there at the door a moment. I was a little late; the services had progressed about one-third. I noticed the President sitting near an open window about three feet from the ground, and I thought to myself, 'That would be a good chance to get him.' I intended to shoot him through the back of the head and let the ball pass through the ceiling, in order that no one else should be injured. And there could not possibly be a better place to remove a man than at his devotions. I had my revolver in my possession when I first went to the church, having purchased it about ten days before the President's going to Long Branch. This was the Sunday prior to his leaving for Long Branch on Saturday. During that whole week I read the papers carefully. I thought it all over in detail. I thought just what people would talk and thought what a tremendous excitement it would create, and I kept thinking about it all the week. I made up my mind that the next Sunday I would certainly shoot him if he was in church and I got a good chance at him. Thursday of the same week I noticed in the paper that he was going to Long Branch, and on the following Saturday he did go to the Branch for Mrs. Garfield's health. I went to the depot all prepared to remove him. I had the revolver with me. I had all my papers nicely prepared. I spoke to a man about a carriage to take me, as I told him, over near the Congressional Cemetery. He said that he would take me over for $2, and seemed to be a very clever fellow and glad to get the job. I got to the depot about 9 o'clock and waited there until the President's White House carriage drove up. About 9.25 the President and his carriage and servants and friends came up. He got out of his carriage. I stood in the ladies' room, about the middle of the room, watching him. Mrs. Garfield got out and they walked through the ladies' room, and the presence of Mrs. Garfield deterred me from firing on him. I was all ready; my mind was all made up; I had all my papers with me; I had all the arrangements made to shoot him and to jump into a carriage and drive over to the jail. Mrs. Garfield looked so thin and she clung so tenderly to the President's arm that I did not have the heart to fire on him. He passed right through the ladies' reception room, through the main entrance, and took the cars. I waited a few moments. I went outside the depot and walked up toward the Riggs House.

AN ASSASSIN IN AMBUSH.

"I noticed in the papers," Guiteau continues, "that he would be back the first of the week. I watched the papers very carefully to see when he would return, but he did not come back that week, but he did come back on the following Monday. The following Monday was a terribly hot, sultry day. I remember I suffered greatly from the heat, but notwithstanding that I prepared myself again and I went to the depot again on Monday with my revolver and papers, but I did not feel like firing on him. I simply went to the depot. I sat in the ladies' waiting room. I got there ten or fifteen minutes before the train time, and I waited and thought it all over and made up my mind that I would not fire on him that day. I did not feel like it. The train came and he came, and Mr. James, the Postmaster General, was there, and Mr. Hunt, the Secretary of the Navy, and their lady friends. They all came through the ladies' room together, and the President's son and a thick-set gentleman that came from the White House to meet the President were there. They went right to the gate and got the President, and they all walked together to the President's carriage and they all got in and drove off. I stood on the entrance of the ladies' waiting room door, and I noticed James and Hunt there with their families, and the President and his friends drove up in his White House carriage and then James and Hunt went, and I went. I got into a car and went up toward the Riggs House.

VIGIL OF A MURDERER.

"Well, I was watching for the President all that week. I got up one morning at 5.30, thinking that I might get the President when he was out horseback riding, but he did not go out that morning. I sat there in the Park for two hours watching for him with my papers and revolver, thinking that I might get a chance at him, but he did not go out that morning, so I went back to my room, took breakfast, put up my papers and revolver and let the matter drop until night. In the evening, after dinner at 5 o'clock, I went up to my room and got my revolver out and carried it in my pocket. This was either Wednesday or Thursday, I do not remember which, but I think it was Thursday night. He went out riding that night. I was in Lafayette Park, opposite the White House, watching for him, and about 6.30 the White House carriage drove up to the White House and waited a few moments, and the President and some gentlemen and a young man 18 or 20 years old, whom I presumed was the President's son, got into the carriage. The young man sat with his back to the driver and the President and his gentleman friend (whoever he was) sat on the back seat. They drove out the entrance nearest the Treasury building and passed right along the east side of Lafayette Square toward the Arlington. They drove down by the Arlington and out on Vermont avenue. I walked out of the Park pretty rapidly and I saw them from the corner of the Park. I went out on the street on east side of the square and I looked and saw they were going down Vermont avenue. I hung around the Park about half an hour or so, and they did not return and it was very warm, and I concluded to let the matter drop for that night, so that, after sitting in the Park for some time, I went as usual to my home and went to bed. I went to the Riggs House and took a room on the afternoon of Thursday, and the event mentioned in this preceding talk happened. I am quite certain, on Thursday night; it was either on Wednesday or on Thursday, I am not positive which, but my impression is that it happened on Thursday night. On Friday night after I got my dinner at the Riggs House I went up to my room and I took out my revolver and I put it in my hip pocket and I had my papers with me, and I thought I possibly might get a chance at him Friday night. I went into Lafayette Square and sat there, opposite the White House.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

I had not been there a minute before I saw the President walk out of the White House. 'Now,' I thought to myself, 'I have got a splendid chance at him; he is all alone; there isn't any one around him.' He walked along the east side of the square and down H street. I followed him. He went to Mr. Blaine's house on Fifteenth street. He walked along and when he got on the sidewalk opposite Mr. Blaine's house he looked up, as if he did not know the place exactly, and then he saw the correct number and walked in. I followed him along and I was about half-way between H street and Mr. Blaine's house, on the opposite side of the street, when he entered the house, I went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's house and got out my revolver and looked at it and wiped it off and put it back into my pocket. I went over to the H street stoop, at Warmley's, and I waited there half an hour, I should say, for the President to come out. He came out and Mr. Blaine with him and I waited at Warmley's until they passed by me on the opposite side. They walked down H street and on the east side of Lafayette Square and through the gate nearest the Treasury building and into the White House. Mr. Blaine and the President seemed to be talking with the greatest earnestness. Mr. Blaine was on the left side of the President as they walked along the street. Blaine's right arm was looped in the President's left arm and they were engaged in the most earnest conversation; their hands were very close together. Blaine was striking the air every few moments and the President was drinking it all in; and occasionally the President would strike out his hand, thereby giving assent to what Mr. Blaine was saying. They seemed to be in a hilarious state of mind and delightful fellowship and in perfect accord. This scene made a striking impression on me; it confirmed what I had read in the papers and what I had felt for a long time—to wit, that the President was entirely under Mr. Blaine's influence and that they were in perfect accord. I may have remained in the park perhaps half or three-quarters of an hour, and then I went down to my room at the Riggs House. I took a towel bath in my room and went to bed and went to sleep. I woke up about 4 o'clock Saturday morning and felt well in mind and body. My mind was perfectly clear in regard to removing the President; I had not the slightest doubt about my duty to the Lord and to the American people in trying to remove the President, and I want to say here, as emphatically as words can make it, that, from the moment when I fully decided to remove the President, I have never had the slightest shadow on my mind; my purpose has been just as clear and just as determined as anything could be. I believed that I was acting under a special Divine authority to remove him, and this Divine presence was upon me from the time when I fully resolved to remove him until I actually shot him. It was only by nerving myself to the utmost that I did it at all, and I never had the slightest doubt as to the Divine inspiration of the act, and that it was for the best interest of the American people.

NEARING THE END.

"Having heard on Friday from the papers, and also by my inquiries of the doorkeeper at the White House Friday evening, that the President was going to Long Branch Saturday morning, I took my breakfast at the Riggs House about 8 o'clock. I ate well and felt well in body and mind. I went into Lafayette Square and sat there some little time after breakfast waiting for 9 o'clock to come, and then I went to the depot and got there about 9.10. I rode there from the park in a 'bob tailed' car. I left the car, walked up to a bootblack, got my boots blacked, and inquired for a man named John Taylor, whom, two weeks before, I had spoken to about taking me out toward the Congressional Cemetery. They told me that Taylor's carriage was not there, and there were three or four hackmen there who were very anxious to serve me, and finally I noticed a colored man, and I said to him: 'What will you take me out to the Congressional Cemetery for? He says, 'Well, I will take you out there for $2.' I told this colored man privately that if I wanted his services I would let him know in a few minutes. I then went into the depot and took my private papers which I intended for the press (including a revised edition of my book, 'The Truth, a Companion to the Bible'), and stepped up to the news stand and asked the young man in charge if I could leave those papers with him a few minutes, and he said 'Certainly,' and he took them and placed them up against the wall on top of some other papers. This was about 9.20, and I went into the ladies' waiting-room and I looked around, saw there were quite a good many people there in the depot and carriages outside, but I did not see the President's carriage. I examined my revolver to see that it was all right, and took off the paper that I had wrapped around it to keep the moisture off. I waited five or six minutes longer, sat down on a seat in the ladies' room, and very soon the President drove up. He was in company with a gentleman who, I understand, was Mr. Blaine, although I did not recognize him. This gentleman looked very old, and he had a peculiar kind of headgear on, that I did not recognize as that of Mr. Blaine. I am satisfied that it was Mr. Blaine, now that my attention has been specially called to it, because it was the same gentleman that I saw with the President the night before, and I know positively that that gentleman was Mr. Blaine. The President and this gentleman drove up in a plain single-seated carriage with one horse, this gentleman, I think, was driving. It was a single carriage—a single-seated top buggy. The President seemed to be in very earnest and private conversation with this gentleman, who evidently was Mr. Blaine, although at the time I did not recognize him as Mr. Blaine. They sat in the carriage, I should say some two minutes; they had not completed their conversation when they reached the depot, and during the interview of two minutes they finished their conversation. During this time they were engaged in very earnest and private conversation, as I have said. The President got out on the pavement side and Mr. Blaine on the other side. They entered the ladies' room; I stood there watching the President and they passed by me. Before they reached the depot I had been promenading up and down the ladies' room between the ticket office door and the news-stand door, a space of some ten or twelve feet. I walked up and down there I should say two or three times working myself up, as I knew the hour was at hand. The President and Mr. Blaine came into the ladies' room and walked right by me; they did not notice me as there were quite a number of ladies and children in the room.

HOW THE PRESIDENT FELL.

There was quite a large crowd of ticket purchasers at the gentlemen's ticket office in the adjoining room; the depot seemed to be quite full of people. There was quite a crowd and commotion around, and the President was in the act of passing from the ladies' room to the main entrance through the door. I should say he was about four or five feet from the door nearest the ticket office, in the act of passing through the door to get through the depot to the cars. He was about three or four feet from the door. I stood five or six feet behind him, right in the middle of the room, and as he was in the act of walking away from me I pulled out the revolver and fired. He straightened up and threw his head back and seemed to be perfectly bewildered. He did not seem to know what struck him. I looked at him; he did not drop, I thereupon pulled again. He dropped his head, seemed to reel, and fell over. I do not know where the first shot hit; I aimed at the hollow of his back; I did not aim for any particular place, but I knew that if I got those two bullets in his back he would certainly go. I was in a diagonal direction from the President, to the Northwest, and supposed both shots struck.

THE ARREST.

"I was in the act of putting my revolver back into my pocket when the depot policeman seized me and said, 'You shot the President of the United States.' He was terribly excited; he hardly knew his head from his feet, and I said, 'Keep quiet, my friend; keep quiet, my friend. I want to go to jail.' A moment after the policeman seized me by the left arm; he clinched me with terrible force. Another gentleman—an older man, I should say, and less robust—seized me by the right arm. At this moment the ticket agent and a great crowd of people rushed around me, and the ticket agent said, 'That's him; that's him;' and he pushed out his arm to seize me around the neck and I says, 'Keep quiet, my friends; I want to go to jail,' and the officers, one on each side of me, rushed me right off to the police headquarters, and the officer who first seized me by the hand says, 'This man has just shot the President of the United States,' and he was terribly excited. And I said, 'Keep quiet, my friend; keep quiet; I have got some papers which will explain the whole matter.' They let go of me and they held my hands up—one policeman on one side and one on the other—and they went through me, took away my revolver and what little change I had, my comb and my toothpick, all my papers, and I gave them my letter to the White House; told them that I wished they would send that letter to the White House at once, and the officer began to read my letter to the White House, and in this envelope containing my letter to the White House was my speech, 'Garfield against Hancock.' He glanced his eye over the letter and I was telling him about sending it at once to the White House to explain the matter and he said, 'We will put you to the White House!' So I said nothing after that. They took me around a little dark place and put me into a cell, locked the door and went off."

LOOKING FOR A WIFE.

In bringing his autobiography to an end he says: "And now I speak of two matters strictly personal. First, I am looking for a wife and see no objection to mentioning it here. I want an elegant Christian lady of wealth, under 30, belonging to a first-class family. Any such lady can address me in the utmost confidence. My mother died when I was only 7 and I have always felt it a great privation to have no mother. If my mother had lived I never should have got into the Oneida community and my life, no doubt, would have been happier every way. Nearly three years after I left the community I was unfortunately married. At last I made up my mind that I would sever the bonds and I was divorced in 1874. I am fond of female society, and I judge the ladies are of me, and I should be delighted to find my mate."

PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRATIONS.

"The second" subject in which he desires to take the public into his confidence refers to the Presidency. "For twenty years," he writes, "I have had an idea that I should be President. I had the idea when I lived in the Oneida community, and it has never left me. When I left Boston for New York, in June, 1880, I remember distinctly I felt that I was on my way to the White House. I had this feeling all through the canvass last Fall in New York, although I mentioned it to only two persons. My idea is that I shall be nominated and elected as Lincoln and Garfield were—that is, by the act of God. If I were President I should seek to give the nation a first-class administration in every respect; I want nothing sectional or crooked about me. My object would be to unify the entire American people and make them happy, prosperous and God-fearing."

KING COTTON.

A GLANCE AT HIS GENEALOGY.

In view of the Cotton Exhibition now going on at Atlanta, Ga., the following chronological list of facts in relation to cotton and its manufacture has been compiled for present reading and future reference:

B. C. 440. First mention of cotton in history by Herodotus.

B. C. 63. Cotton awnings first used in the theatre at Rome by Lentulens Spinther.

A. D. 50. Cotton plant known in Egypt and adjacent countries.

800. Cotton used in Greece in the manufacture of paper.

1262. Cotton goods made in Persia.

1280. Manufacture of cotton introduced into China from India.

1298. Cotton used in England for candlewick.

1430. Fustians first made in Flanders with linen wrap and cotton weft.

1500. First attempt to introduce cotton goods into England.

1516. The Caffres in Southern Africa wore cotton dresses.

1530. The common spinning wheel invented by Jurgen at Brunswick, in Germany.

1560. Cotton imported into England from the Levant.

1589. The stocking frame invented by William Lee.

1590. Cotton cloth brought to London from Benju, on the coast of Guinea.

1631. Printed calicoes first introduced into London, from India.

1641. All warps made of linen and wove with cotton imported from Cyprus and Smyrna.

1650. Very fine calicoes and muslins made at Calicut, in India, which were whitened with lemon water.

1670. The Dutch loom first used in England.

1675. Calico printing introduced into England.

1688. Cotton and yarn imported into France from the Levant.

1700. Manufacture of muslins first attempt at Paisley, Scotland.

1725. Lawns and cambrics first manufactured at Glasgow, James Monteith being the first manufacturer who warped a muslin web in Scotland.

1728. First cotton yarn spun by machinery in England, by Mr. Wyatt.

1734. *The Trustees of Georgia were presented with a paper of cotton seed by Philip Miller, of Chelsea, England.*

1738. Lewis Paul took out patent for machine for spinning with rollers, invented by John Wyatt.

1738. The fly shuttle invented by John Kay, of Bury, England.

1753. A cotton reel invented by Mr. Earnshaw.

1756. Cotton velvets and quiltings first made in England.

1760. Warping mill invented. Drop shuttle box invented by Robert Kay.

1760. James Hargreaves used the stock-card in carding cotton.

1762. Cylinder cards invented.

1765. The manufacture of calicoes first attempted in England. Cotton velvets first made at Amiens, in France.

1767. The spinning jenny invented by James Hargreaves.

1768. The stocking frame applied to the making of lace by Hammond.

1769. Arkwright obtained his first patent for spinning cotton with rollers. His first mill at Nottingham was driven by horse-power, and proved too expensive; another mill was built at Cromford, in Derbyshire, which was turned by water—hence his spinning machine was called the *water frame.*

1772. First cotton goods made in England with cotton warps.

1775. *The First Provincial Congress of South Carolina recommended to the inhabitants to grow cotton.*

1779. Cayenne, Surinam, Essequibo, Demerara and St. Domingo cotton most in esteem in England.

1779. The mule for spinning cotton invented by Samuel Crompton.

1780. First cotton mill built in Ireland.

1781. Brasil cotton first imported from Maranham into England.

1782. Some American manufacture of cotton first advertised for sale in Philadelphia.

1783. Arkwright's machinery for carding and spinning cotton by steam first used in Manchester, England.

1784. Cotton imported into England from the United States in small quantities.

1784. First machine for spinning cotton imported into France from England by M. Morin, of Amiens.

1785. Power looms invented by Dr. Cartwright. Cylinder printing on cloths invented by Bell. Bleaching with oxymuriatic acid by Bertholett, in France.

1786. Mr. Orr, of East Bridgewater, Massachusetts, employed R. and A. Barr, from Scotland, to construct carding, spinning and roving machines; and the Legislature of Massachusetts, to encourage the machinists, granted them £200 lawful money.

1787. Thomas Somers, an English midshipman, constructed a model of a spinning jenny in Massachusetts, for which the State Government granted him £20.

1787. First machinery to spin cotton put up in France.

1787. One hundred and eight bales of cotton imported into England from the United States.

1787. The first cotton factory in the United States was organized at Beverly, Massachusetts, and for fifteen years made corduroys, bed tickings and cotton velvets. General Washington visited this establishment in 1789.

1789. Sea-island cotton first planted in the United States, and upland cotton began about this time to be grown for use and exptation.

1790. December 20, Samuel Slater started the first machinery for spinning cotton in the United States at Pautucket, R. I., constructed on Arkwright's plan. October 15, 1791, specimens of his first yarn and cloth were sent to the Secretary of the United States Treasury.

1790. First calico printing in the United States commenced with wooden types by Herman Vandausen, a German, at East Greenwich, R. I.

1792. Manufacturing town of Patterson, N. J., founded by Alexander Hamilton's incoporated company.

1792. Self-acting mule invented by Mr. Kelly, of Lanark Mills, Scotland.

1793. The saw-gin for cleaning cotton invented by Eli Whitney in the United States. Patented March 14, 1794.

1797. Amos Whittemore, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, invented a machine for cutting, bending and setting card teeth.

1798. Tennant's bleaching powders invented by Mr. Tennant of Glasgow.

1798. First cotton mill with machinery built in Switzerland.

1800. The jacquard invented by M. Jacquart, of Lyons, France.

1801. Entire stock of American cotton in Liverpool, *one bag.*

1802. First cotton factory built in New Hampshire.

1805. Barton invented engraved wooden rollers for printing cotton.

1806. Machine for dressing warps invented by Johnson.

1808. Jacob Berkins, an American, invented method of engraving by means of steel dies.

1809. First cotton factory in New York built by Dr. Capron, in Oneida county.

1809. First power loom invented and patented in the United States by P. C. Curtis, of New York.

1810. Public attention drawn to the growing importance of cotton manufactures in the United States, by Albert Gallatin and Tench Coxe.

1811. Machinery for making bobbinnet patented by John Burn, of England.

1813. Mr. Metcalfe, an American, sent to India with machines for improved cleaning of cotton.

1813. The first manufacturing establishment in the world combining all the operations necessary for converting the raw cotton into finished cloth erected at Waltham, Massachusetts, by Francis Cabot Lowell and Patrick Tracey Jackson, assisted by Paul Moody. The exportation of manufacturing machinery from England being prohibited by law, they contrived their own power looms.

1815. England sent eight pounds of cotton yarn to India on trial.

1816. Cotton consumed by United States manufactories about 11,000,000 pounds per annum.

1818. Cotton averaged about 34 cents per pound.

1820. The first cotton mill erected in Manayunk, Philadelphia, by Captain John Towers.

1821. The site of Lowell purchased by P. T. Jackson.

1822. Merrimack Manufacturing Company established.

1823. The counter-twist or Taunton speeder, invented by George Danforth.

1823. First export of raw cotton from Egypt to England.

1825. First calico-printing machine imported from England to the United States by W. J. Breed.

1825. A self-acting mule-spinner patented in England by Roberts. The tube frame introduced there from the United States.

1828. Cap spinner or Danforth frame, invented by Charles Danforth, of Massachusetts, patented in England in 1829, and there known as the American throstle.

1832. Picker and lapper patented by John C. Whitin, of Massachusetts.

1839. William Mason invented his self-acting mule.

2841. American cotton planters sent by British Government to India to improve cotton growing.

1842. Power-looms for weaving ginghams and checks invented by E. B. Bigelow, of Massachusetts.

1845. Duty on cotton repealed by England.

1846. Corn laws repealed through the influence of the Manchester cotton interest.

1861. Australian cotton used by Manchester manufacturers.

1862. Cotton famine in England on account of the civil war in the United States.

1863. February 9, the "George Griswold" arrived from America with provisions for the sufferers in Lancashire.

1865. June. End of famine. Loss to capital per year, $140,000,000; loss in wages, $69,000,000 a year. The last two years of the famine $5,000,000 relief money was distributed.

The chief cotton crop is the short staple variety, which is grown principally in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Missisippi, the northern part of Florida and Louisiana and the eastern half of Texas.

Just before the war the cotton crop had reached 4,820,770 bales; in 1865 the crop was less than half that number. For the past five years the crop has averaged 5,000,000 bales; and during the census year there were over 14,000,000 acres under cultivation, and the crop was 5,737,257 bales.

HOWGATE'S CASE.

Considering that Captain Howgate is supposed to have embezzled Government funds to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars or so, and that he has manifested a not unnatural disposition to get away, the public will scarcely share the opinion of his counsel that the requirement of ten thousand dollars bail is unreasonable and oppressive. There is no occasion for any vindictive treatment of Howgate, and there is little danger of it. Indeed, the only danger is that his case will be allowed to drag along until the good effect that might result from his prompt prosecution will be lost. Yet, after all, even the most exemplary punishment of this pretentious swindler will scarcely make atonement for the criminal carelessness that allowed him for so long the unrestricted control of the Signal Service funds at a time when his immoral and extravagant mode of life was notorious to all Washington. The story of Howgate's personal intrigues has been often repeated with quite as much detail as necessary, but the manner in which he maintained his official position and influence has never been clearly explained and it is difficult to understand how a subordinate officer could have blossomed out into such magnificence of vice without the knowledge of his superiors.

Howgate is one of a class common enough in public life, who make up in effrontery what they otherwise lack, and with the slightest of proper qualifications impose themselves on the public as eminent men with such easy success that they do not even find it necessary to conceal their extravagance of life. There are multitudes of just such men not only in Washington but in every one of our cities. They occupy more or less prominent positions, with small salaries or perhaps with no salary at all; yet they wear diamonds and drive fast horses and drink the costliest wines, and an easy-going public bows before them and allows them to select its officers and to handle its money. Occasionally there comes an unlooked-for change of administration and one of these men is tripped up and goes to jail; but the game is not stopped because one player has dropped out.

Howgate's case is peculiar only because he was in the military service, where we commonly expect—for what reason it would puzzle us to explain—to find a sterner virtue than in civil life. Otherwise he was an adventurer of the common sort. He pretended to be a scientific man, and the public took him at his own valuation and gave him pre-eminence over the hard-working men of science who knew the hollowness of his pretensions but modestly held their tongues. The worthlessness of his character must have been equally well known to those about him, but he knew the way to influence and favor, and it was not till his mode of life became an open scandal in the newspapers that it seems to have occurred to anybody that his official conduct was probably no better. How many Howgates are there at Washington and elsewhere who have not yet been exposed? This is a question of deeper interest than the precise extent of this man's embezzlement or the proper amount of his bail. A rogue of this stamp is not an isolated phenomenon. He is the product of his surroundings, and that which produces one such is likely to produce more.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A SAD ATTEMPT AT IRONY.

The New York *Evening Post* shortly after the arrest of Lieutenant Flipper for embezzlement ironically suggested that the accused should follow Whittaker's example and accuse all in any way concerned in his prosecution with entering into a conspiracy against him on account of his color. It sketched quite an elaborate defense of this sort, which was so intentionally absurd that we confess it never occurred to us that anyone could fail to see that it was purely ironical, yet several persons, it appears, have written to the *Post* protesting against the injustice done by it to West Point and to Col. Shafter, while others, recognizing its ironical character, protested against its injustice to Lieutenant Flipper. To cap the climax Lieutenant Flipper, it subsequently appeared, had in all seriousness, before the *Post* article was written, set up just such a defense as that paper had ironically suggested. The *Post* confesses that it has somehow made a mistake, but does not seem to exactly comprehend wherein its offense consists. It does not understand, apparently, that it has been guilty of profanity, and has dared poke fun at one of a superior order of beings, and made the matter worse by showing that it really proposes seriously to judge his performances by the standards set up for judging ordinary mortals. It is as though an angel had been discovered in some situation which would compromise a mere mortal, and the *Post* had shown itself capable of believing that the angel were guilty of some human impropriety, and had sneeringly suggested that the next thing the accused would do would be to pretend that the ladder and jimmy beneath the window had been put there by some enemy to angels, and that, as for himself, he had flown into the room. Of course every one brought up in the belief that angels are winged beings incapable of sin would either fail to see the irony of such a remark or would resent it if he did see it, and ask why an angel should not set up such a defense. The *Post*, we fear, does not fully understand its own party's state of mind.—*Exchange.*

If you are deaf, ears run, and have catarrh, take PERUNA. I have tried it. C. D. WILEY, Houghton, Pa.

For Chronic Catarrh, take PERUNA. I have tried it. J. HERBLING, Allegheny City, Pa.

A great curiosity—A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

County Institute convenes on Monday, December 19th.

School visitation for the current year has already begun.

Ira D. Shope, a very deserving teacher of the county, has embarked in the lumbering trade.

James H. Kelly has entered upon his fifth term of teaching New Washington borough public school.

Two hundred and sixty-six pupils were graduated from the Normal schools of the State the past year.

S. E. Hays, of Luthersburg, teaches Happy Valley school in Woodward township. Salary, $40 per month.

Williamsport has one hundred colored children attending the public schools, and no complaints are offered by the white population.

The Principal of the Osceola public schools is a victim to that terrific disease, fever and ague, and suffers great inconvenience therefrom.

Sandy township comes to the front as the township employing the lowest grade certificates. Is Sandy going to retrograde in her school affairs?

The vacant schools of Burnside township have been supplied as follows: Pine Grove, W. W. Barber, salary $35 per month; Harmony, R. S. Maurer, salary $30 per month.

The liberal citizens of Tidioute, Warren county, paid the hotel bills of all the lady teachers who attended the County Institute at that place recently. Other counties might profit by this example.

Hattie Kingsburry, aged twelve years, who lives in Buckingham district, Wayne county has attended *six school terms of eight months each* without missing a day. So says the Pennsylvania School *Journal.*

CLASSICAL.—Instructor in Latin—"Miss B., of what was Ceres the goddess?" Miss B.—"She was the goddess of marriage." Instructor—"Oh, no; of agriculture." Miss B., (looking perplexed)—"Why, I'm sure my book says she was the goddess of husbandry."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Within the past two weeks three more Clearfield county teachers have passed from the realm of single blessedness into the haven of matrimonial felicity, viz: Prof. W. S. Luther of Brady township, Miss Nora Norris of Ferguson and Miss Ella Way of Pike. May they all realize unbounded happiness in the relations just formed.

TEACHERS APPOINTED.

The following are the appointments made by the School Boards designated and officially reported the past week, as required by law:

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

Egypt school	Lettie Wilson.
Pleasant Hill school	Helen Irvin.
Independent (Irvin) school	Hannah W. Tate.
Upper Woodland school	Lois McGaughey.
Lower Woodland school	Thomas E.