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TIONESTA, PA., JULY 1, 1874.

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THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The following synopsis of the character of George Washington, is taken from a letter written by Thos. Jefferson in 1814. It has become fashionable in these days to treat the memory of Washington, if not with contempt at least with indifference and slighting words. It will be seen from the extract given below, that he was all that history claims for him, and his memory deserves the reverence of the people as much now as when he was the living idol of the nation :

"I think I know General Washing ton intimately and thoroughly; and were I called on to delineate his character, it should be in terms like these:

"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his paralentics at the control of the contr

his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and as far as he saw no judg-ment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common re-mark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no General ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in a readjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was mcapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguluity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decis-ion. He was, indeed, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good and a great man. His temper was naturally irrita-ble and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects, and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affec tions, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid es-teem proportioned to it. His person you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, exact and noble, the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words. In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy and correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little and that only in Agriculture and English history. His cor-respondence became necessarily extensive, and with journalising his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an ardnous war, for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and princiquiet and orderly train; and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military

of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. These are my opinions of General Washington, which I would vouch at the judgment seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty

TH. JEFFERSON."

An old man in Kenosha, Wis., had his health ruined by sitting up in a cold room next to where his daughter and a young man were sparking.

A GENUINE PRENCH ROMANCE.

One of those little romances of which the French are so fond, has lately taken place in Paris, and is thus de-

scribed in a journal: Mr. Robert, a wealthy and highly accomplished gentleman elegant, well known not only for his valuable collections of paintings and medieval relics, but for his rare skill as a designer and painter, hearing that one of his tenants, a Mr. B., whom he had never seen, kept one of the most extensive ateliers of fancy boxes and or-namental objects in France, called on him with a view to make his acquaint-

Entering the counting room he found a good natured, eccentric gentleman of middle age, who greeted him, and exclaimed:

"I suppose that you also have seen my advertisement and come to apply for that situation as designer?"

For a joke, Mr. Robert replied that e had. Mr. B. supplied him with he had. paints and brushes, and requested him to produce a design for a casket. Mr. Robert soon found that what Mr. B. really wanted was an artist who would strictly carry out his own ideas, and that these were pure, and formed on an extensive knowledge of art. In a short time he produced a sketch which

suited the employer to a dot-"a point." Mr. Robert very gravely engaged himself, exacted good wages, and insisted on having several new articles of furniture placed in the room which was assigned to him. But when he was introduced to the work rooms and found one hundred and fifty girls, many of them young and beautiful, busily employed, and was informed that he would be required to supply them with designs and show the young ladies how they were to be carried out, the young artist began to feel as if he should have to be carried out himself -being very susceptible.

"Working for a living," said he to himself, "is not entirely devoid of at-tractions. Let us work." Mr. Robert being an accomplished artist, delighted his employer, and he soon found a remarkable fascination in seeing his designs realized in steel silver, enamel, or wood. He took pleasure hitherto unknown, in seeing his works in show-windows and finding them in the boudoirs of his friends. This workshop life was of course con-cealed from "society," nor did his em-ployer suspect that his artist was his laudlord. But Mr. Robert soon found a more intense object of fascination in his wife were sleeping. He never the daughter of Mr. B., a young lady dreamed of such a thing until female who also took part in the duties of the shricks were heard and a man in white atelier. This damsel was as remarkable for her accomplishments as for her extraordinary beauty, and Mr. Robert soon found that as regarded taste and culture in all matters which specially the wrench. He, however, kept the interested her, he had never met with gathering mob at bay until his wife any one like her. Step by step, the rushed out, hauled him into the house, pair fell in love, and little by little the artist ingratiated himself with the arrests. father, that the latter, after due delib

eration, consented to their union. Previous to the marriage the old gentleman one day spoke of a dowry.
"I shall give Marie 50,000 fr," said he, with a little air of boasting. "Ah,

"And, I suppose," added Mr. Robert, gravely, "that I, too, must settle something on my wife. Well—I will."

This caused a peal of laughter, which was redoubled when the artist added: "And I will settle this piece of property, house and all, with the building adjoining, on her."

But what was their amazement when Mr. Robert drew forth the title deeds,

"You seem to forget that I am your landlord? Isn't my name Robert?" The young lady did not faint, but papa nearly died of astonishment and joy. There was a magnificent wedding, but the bridegroom has not given up business. He declares that there is as much amusement in being useful as in

amusing cne's self. One of the best writers of the present time asks: "What will not woman do for the man she loves?" answer, she will not eat onlons while going to a party, no matter how much she loves him.

A Western editor thinks that the habit of carrying tobacco in the pistol pocket is a bad one. To meet a man on a lonely road and see him reach for ples, until it had settled down into a his tobacco box suggests unpleasant possibilities.

> It is a beautiful sight to attend an Arizona wedding. The bride in white, the happy groom, the solemn minister, the smiling parents, and from twenty-five to forty shot guns standing against the wall ready for use, make up a panerama not soon forgetten.

A very bad little boy in Dubuque rubbed cayenne pepper dust all over the back of his jacket, and then did-shamefully in school. The school ma'am thrashed him briskly, but dis-from Texas, "it heing," he says, "the the nearest drug store for eye salve.

SNOOZER SPRINKLES THE STREET.

A man living on Main St. went home last evening filled up to the collar with benzine. Feeling rather "warm for the season," Mr. Snoozer, for it was Snoozer, took off his coat and boots, put on his slippers, and getting the garden hose went out to sprinkle the street, so as to make things cool around Now, it takes a quick, discerning, calculating eye and a steady hand so little about the game. After a to manipulate a hose in the day time. At night the difficulties are multiplied. But Mr. Snoozer's mind was simply on the subject of sprinkling. He gave the bydrant wrench several twists, and had on a full head. After a few crackles and spurts, a steady stream was let fly right on the boots and white linen pants of a man with a red rosebud on the left lapel of his coat, who was coming up from a call on Fourth street. The man stopped suddealy in surprise, and Snoozer, noticlarboard, and poured a stream right against the stranger's immaculate bosom. The latter might have got redhot at this treatment, and shown fight, were it not impossible to do so under the cooling influences brought to bear, and to avoid further disaster, the rosebud and linen pants popped around

the corner into an alley. Mr. Snoozer was then proceeding quietly to cool off the bricks of the pavement, when a gentleman, with three cards on earth. You ought to two ladies, two shawls, and one sore hoil on his arm, walked up from a Vine-street beer garden. To prevent another catastrophe, the hoseman turned the squirting apparatus toward the open street, without the least intention of pouring about four gallons of Ohio river water down the backs of a lady and gentleman who were riding by in got the best hand out of jail." a tilted top buggy. The gentleman, in words usually expressed in print in dashes, told of his displeasure, and uttered threats against Snoozer's life. engaged in an explanation, he was perfectly oblivious of the nozzle in his hand. He was as innocent as an unborn babe of knowing that a stream, running at the rate of forty knots an hour, was sailing through the open window of a second-story bedroom in the adjoining house, where a man and fired off seven shots from a revolver.

Then Mr. Snoozer thought he would shut off steam. But he had mislaid

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Yes, I remember that anecdote," the Sunday-school superintendent said, with the old pathos in his voice, and the old sad look in his eyes. "It was about a simple creature named Higgins, that used to haul rock for old Malthy. When the lamented Judge Bagley tripped and fell down the court house stairs and broke his neck, it was a great question how to break the news to poor Mrs. Bagley. But finally the body was put into Higgins' wagon, and he was instructed to take it to Mrs. Bagley, but to be very guarded and discrect in his language, and not break the news to ber at once, but do it gradually and gently. When Higgins got there with his sad freight, he shouted till Mrs. Bagley came to

the door. Then he said, "Does the widder Bagley live here?"

"The widow Bagley? No, sir!".
"I'll bet she does. But have it your own way. Well, does Judge Bagley live here?"

"Yes, Judge Bagley lives here."
"I'll bet he don't. But never mind, it ain't for me to contradict. Is the Judge in ?" "No, not at present." "I jest expected as much. Because, rou know-take hold o'suthin, mum,

for I'm agoing to make a little com-munication, and I reckon maybe it'll jar you some. There's been an accident, mum. I've got the old Judge curled up out here in the wagon, and when you see him you'll acknowledge yourself that an inquest is about the only thing that could be a comfort to him!"-[Mark Twain.

It is rather cool in a San Francisco paper to advise a young man to "go West."

missed school immediately, to run to first cent of any kind that we've received for several weeks."

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OLD WEASEL'S LAST PORER HAND.

The best poker hand we ever heard of was held by old Weasel the other night. Weasel didn't know much about poker, but he wanted to learn, and every now and then (the party was playing enchre) he would show his cards and ask if that wasn't a good hard. Once or twice he bet, but somebody always beat him, because he knew while, as Weasel was dealing, and when he had thrown three cards around to each one, he stopped and looked at his three. He looked a good while. Then he got excited.

Jones had beaten Weasel on this sort of a banter already, and so he took up his cards. He had three aces ing the mishap, in the true spirit of a thoroughbred gentleman, advanced to render an apology, when the nozzle was turned a quarter of an inch to the He bent a pitying smile on old Wea-soi and said: "I think I've got something pretty good here, but I couldn't bet less than \$50 on it. We're not playing poker, you know, and these out-

side issues are irregular. I bet \$50."
"Done!" said old Weasel; "What have you got?"

They put up their money, and then Jones showed his hand.
"Here's three aces, you old mutton head! You can't beat that with any

know better than to—"
"Hold on," cried old Weasel, throwing down the king, ten and seven of hearts. "That's a flush, ain't it?"
When you've got all of a suit that's a flush, I believe; and a flush always beats threes. I don't know much about poker, but it seems to me I've

Mr. Snoozer said it was purely acci-dental—that he was willing to take it a very watchful eye on him after that, all back—that there was no sense in and when he spoke of poker hands crying over spilled water. While thus engaged in an explanation, he was game they were playing.—N. Orleans

WEST POINT CADETS AS BAREBACK PERFORMERS.

The most amusing drill of the service took place this evening in the riding hall, near the lower dock. Twenty-six cadets, of the first class, commanded by Captain Rafferty, of the sixth cavalry, went through the trying maneuvers of the school of the soldiers, mounted, at 5:30 o'clock. The galleries were occupied by the board of visitors and more ladies than I have een together here since the beginning. The cadets assembled, armed with sabers and revolvers, on some of the most troublesome horses in the command. The young men went through troup exercise and the use of a saber in cutting at a false head on a post about the height of a man. Having given satisfaction at this part of the trial of skill, the men were dismounted and ordered to unsaddle their horses. Then riding bareback, two at a time fired at a dummy, leaped a hurdle, thrust at a ring and another falso head in one tour of the school. These attacks required rapidity and coolness, because the revolver had to be drawn from the holster, cocked, fired, and returned, the sabre drawn, the hurdle leaped and the thrusts delivered in less than a minute. Few failed, despite the spirit of their steeds. Their performances elicited the highest encomiums, and were truly exciting. Mr. French, one of the cadets, narrowly escaped serious injury from the falling of his horse at the hurdle leap. Horse and man, in the most critical moment of the tilt, rolled over and over in the arena, which was fortunately covered with tan bark, and saved the limbs, if not the life, of the cadet at least.—N. Y. Times.

On a certain occasion a father, speaking of his two sons, said "John is the most honest man, but James is the better Christian." How could that be? Can true piety exist without honesty? We apprehend there are some persons who think it can, but if so they are mistaken. The consistent Christian is a man of his word, a man of integrity, and upright man, in all his business transactions. There may be honesty where there is no piety, but where there is piety there will be found honesty. Says Longfellew: "Marality without religion is only a kind of dead reckening, an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heav-

An old clergyman spying a boy ereeping through a fence exclaimed:
"What! crawling through a fence!
Pigs do that." "Yes," retorted the boy, "and old hogs go along the street."