

Raffanor's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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WHAT'S TRUMPS!

There are so many cards to play,
So many ways to choose,
In love, and politics, and war,
That forwarding your views
With ladies' aims and statesmen wise,
Or men of lesser bumps,
Before we lead our strongest suit,
'Tis well to know what's trumps!

Once worshipping at beauty's shrine,
I knelt in bondage sweet,
And breathed my vows with eagerness,
And offered at her feet,
My soul, well stored with Cupid's wealth—
A love-cemented lump.
A king of diamonds won the trick,
My heart was not a trump.

Having to see my rival win,
Upon a single rub,
As he played the deuce with me,
I followed with a club!
Two days within a strait house;
Reflecting on my sin,
I found as others may have done,
Clubs were seldom win!

Grown wise with sad experience,
I ceased to deal with aids;
I enticed youthful follies off,
And turned up jack of spades;
Yet still I find as dust is scarce,
And smaller grow the lumps.
That though the spade's an honest-card,
It is not always trumps.

But in this world of outside show,
Where rancor rules the throng,
To ease the little joys of life,
And smoothly pass along,
To find an antidote for care,
And stern misfortune's bumps,
One card is very sure to win—
Diamonds are always trumps!

CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

The history of Clearfield County remains unwritten. The dangers, privations, toils, and interesting events in the lives of its early settlers, are now known to but few, who, in the order of things, must in a brief period be gathered to their fathers. Doubt, then, and uncertainty will surround and destroy the force of the traditions of circumstances connected with the first settlement of this part of the valley of the West Branch. Pleased with the narration of incidents in the lives of the hardy pioneers, as related by those who witnessed or were parties to them, and related with so much of feeling and expression that the recital seemed to infuse new life in the speakers, and renew the vigor of their youth, a listening ear was lent to many of the details contained in this sketch; the interest they created caused a desire for more information, which led to a correspondence on the subject, and now a wish to preserve some of the reminiscences of the past from oblivion, induces the present publication. A few years ago, ere time in its flight had visited some of our early homes, removing from the hearth-stones the venerable sires and matrons whose thoughts dwelt pleasantly on the past, or before old age had dimmed those pictures of stirring scenes which were vividly impressed on the memory of their contemporaries, would have been a more opportune time to have gathered the material for this undertaking. Now many of those things which would have pointed a moral, illustrated character, or added interest to the sketch, are lost.

To the man of contemplation, tired of the frivolities and hollowness of conventional life, there may be a pleasure in the pathless woods; but it required iron will, indomitable courage and fixedness of purpose, prompted by a stern sense of duty, in the early settlers, to impel them to sever youthful associations, desert those spots endeared to them by the recollections of childhood, abandon those conveniences to be found in old settlements, and penetrate far into this, then, trackless wilderness, here to consecrate their lives to toil, in felling single-handed the pride of the forest, and wrestling from mother earth a subsistence for themselves and their offspring. With such men, to will was to do. That they possessed the nerve and perseverance which, under other circumstances, might have earned for them the laurels of the victor, or procured them a niche in the temple of fame, their works abundantly testify. That their aim was noble, their efforts untiring and their objects attained, the reverence in which their memories are held, the conveniences which are now enjoyed by their children who "rise up and call them blessed," and the confidence reposed in their progeny by the community in calling them to fill honorable and responsible posts, can leave no room for doubt. Peace be with those who rest from their labors.

Clearfield County lies to the north-west of the Allegheny Mountains, occupying a central position in the State. It is washed along its south eastern boundary by the Moshannon creek, a tributary of the West Branch of the Susquehanna River. This latter beautiful mountain stream rises in Indiana county, enters Clearfield at its south-west corner, meanders through it, receiving the waters of Cush, Cheat, Anderson, Clearfield, Sinnamahoning and several other large tributaries, and leaves the county near its north-east corner. The country is hilly, though its valleys contain much rich bottom land. Where it has not yet been tilled, it is covered with a dense growth of pine and other timber, the everlasting verdure and variegated foliage of which arrest the eye of the beholder, presenting scenes of grandeur and beauty worthy of being transferred to canvases. Here on some elevated spot, one may cast his eye around, overlooking majestic pines destined to furnish spars for noble crafts; in the dim distance he may

perceive the crest of the Allegheny, from which seems to spring the ethereal arch; below him flows the West Branch, alive with jolly raftsmen hugging a point, running a bend, or experiencing the risks of navigation in transporting the products of the winter's labor of the workmen to market; on one side he observes a village so surrounded with hills he can scarce believe its inhabitants are ever disturbed by the anxieties and troubles of the busy world, and here and there he discovers a few deadened trees, the rude beginning of some stout-hearted youth, or broad fields covered with grain just awakening from its lethargy, near which are those evidences of comfort that display the owner's wealth and taste.

The county contains 1250 square miles of territory, is generally tillable and has a generous soil yielding to the husbandman a reward for his labor. The West Branch and its tributaries ramify throughout the county, offering advantages for the erection of water-works unsurpassed in the State. Possessed of a salubrious climate, untold wealth in her forests, and inexhaustible stores of iron ore, limestone, bituminous coal and other minerals, she must some day support a large and thriving community and take rank among the most important counties in Pennsylvania.

On the 20th of March, 1804, the provisional county of Clearfield was erected. It included in its boundaries all that part of Lycoming and Huntingdon counties, beginning where the line dividing Canna and Broadhead's district strikes the West Branch of the Susquehanna river, thence north along the said district line until a due west course from thence will strike the south-east corner of McKean county, thence west along the southern boundary of McKean to the line of Jefferson county, thence southwesterly along the line of Jefferson county to where Hunter's district line crosses Sandy Lick creek, thence south along the district line to the Canoe place on the Susquehanna river, thence an easterly course to the south-west corner of Centre county on the heads of Moshannon creek, thence down the Moshannon creek the several courses thereof to the mouth, thence down the West Branch of the Susquehanna river to the place of beginning. Some of this territory has been taken off and forms a part of Elk county. The county was united to Centre county for judicial purposes until 1822, when it was regularly organized and the same privileges conferred on it as was enjoyed by its sister counties. Its name was derived from an old Indian town at or near the present seat of justice and called by the Indians Chinchalamoose. The "Canoe place," mentioned in the boundary, and also known as the Cherry Tree, from the fact that a Cherry tree standing near the bank of the river where it remained until a few years since, was marked as a monument of a line run from the Susquehanna river to Kittanning about the year 1770, deserves a passing notice. The Canoe place was the highest point at which the river was then navigable by that species of vessel, though now, since obstructions have been removed, rafts are navigated from a higher point. It was, until Cherry-tree village was erected into a borough, the corner of four counties—Indiana, Cambria, Jefferson and Clearfield. The Canoe place is memorable because it formed a point in the boundary line of the last purchase which the proprietaries of Pennsylvania made from the Indians at Fort Stanwix, November 5th, 1768, by which a large scope of country, embracing that part of Clearfield county to the south-east of the West Branch, was acquired, and the title of the Indians to the soil extinguished; and also being a corner of the purchase made by the Commonwealth at the treaty of Fort Stanwix, October 3d, 1764, by which the Six Nations ceded their whole right to the residue of the Indian lands contained within the charter bounds of Pennsylvania, which purchase included that portion of Clearfield to the north-west of the West Branch.

Doubts having been entertained of the authority of the Commissioners of Centre county to levy and assess taxes in Clearfield, in March 1805 the Legislature conferred on them that power, but they were to keep the accounts of the two counties separate and distinct. At the same time, Clearfield county was made an election District and the general elections ordered to be held at the house of Benjamin Jordan, known familiarly as "Grand-dad Jordan," who then lived on the south-east side of the River, on the farm now owned by Benjamin Spackman, and near where the State road from Milesburg to Le Boeuf crossed. The citizens of Centre and Clearfield united in selecting the same officers, and with the exception that the jurisdiction of the justices of the peace of Centre county did not extend to Clearfield county in civil cases, the territory of these two counties and the uninhabited country known as McKean county, were to all intents and purposes one political division. The eastern part of the county gaining some population, we find that a new election district was formed in 1808 out of Bradford and Beccaria townships and that part of Half-moon township in Centre county west of the Allegheny mountains, which held its elections at the house of John Gearhart, the progenitor of a large and worthy family, who still reside in the same neighborhood, near Philipsburg. In 1815, a part of Chinchalamoose township was authorized to hold its election at the house of

Andrew Overdorf at the forks of Sinnamahoning. A remodelling of the election districts took place in 1817, when old Chinchalamoose had her place of holding elections changed from Jordan's to the house of Wm. Bloom, Jr., who at the second election for county officers was elected Sheriff. That part of Bradford township north of the mouth of Wheatland run, was directed to hold its elections at the house of George Smeal, and the balance of Bradford and Beccaria township were to hold their elections at the house of John Greer.

The county seat had been fixed at an early date. Commissioners had been appointed by the Governor, under an act passed in 1805. The Commissioners were authorized to receive grants of money or land for the benefit of the county, either for the erection of public buildings, the support of an Academy, or other public use. The Commissioners, Roland Curtin, James Flemming and James Smith, met at the house of Benjamin Patton in Bellefonte, on the 20th of May, 1805, received several proposals, and afterwards made a visit to Clearfield county to determine the most eligible site. They found the lands claimed by Clover near Curwensville, and also the land at "the point"—the confluence of the Clearfield creek and West Branch—claimed by Samuel Boyd, a colored man, to be disputed territory. The piece of bottom land then owned by Martin Hoover, and now occupied by Andrew Adleman, was considered the most desirable location, but the owner believing it too good a farm to be spoiled by the erection of county buildings, it could not be obtained. They laid out the town of Clearfield on the site of the old town of Chinchalamoose, on the property of Abraham Whitmer of Lancaster county, it being the most eligible situation, and he donating one town lot for a court house, one for the jail, one for a market lot, and three for an academy, also three thousand dollars in money, one half of which was to be applied to the purpose of erecting an academy, and the balance to erecting county buildings in the town of Clearfield. No change was made in the manner of conducting the affairs of the county until in 1812 the citizens of Clearfield were authorized to elect County Commissioners, when Robert Maxwell, Hugh Jordan and Samuel Fulton were selected—the latter for one year, Jordan for two and Maxwell for three years—and Arthur Bell, Sr., was by them appointed Treasurer. The Commissioners of Centre still selected jurors, and matters continued thus until in 1822, when the embryo county of Clearfield was cut loose from "Mother Centre." This union, which existed for some years, brought about the more rapid settlement of Clearfield county, and strengthened the social, political and commercial bonds between the two counties, which still leaves in the breasts of our citizens a strong attachment for Centre and her people.

DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE.

A recent arrival brings accounts of a dreadful earthquake in the province of Ecuador, South America, on the 23d day of March, at half past eight in the morning, the earthquake shook the mountain range of the Chimborazo for the space of four minutes, destroyed almost entirely the city of Quito, and killed from 2,000 to 5,000 persons. The churches, monasteries, convents and State edifices are nearly all rent to fragments. The Convent of San Augustin, the Tabernacle de la Capilla, the Temple of the Sagrario, the Cathedral, the Convent of Santa Catalina, the Palacio del Obispo, the Chapel of la Merced, the Chapels of the Cathedral, of the Hospital, of Carnian Yajo, the cloisters of the Convent of Santa Domingo, a part of Convictoria of San Fernando, are all partially or wholly in ruins; also the convents of San Diego, Santa Clara and Santa Barbara. There is scarcely a house in the city that is not badly damaged. That portion of the Palace occupied by the Minister of the Interior, a great part of the College de Luis, and the splendid mansion of Dr. Albina, have also fallen. All the principal buildings of the neighboring towns of San Antonio, Cotacolla, Machacha, Chilligallo and Magdalena have been destroyed. The loss of property is estimated at three millions of dollars; and from the poverty of the people it will be impossible to repair and rebuild any great number of the better class edifices destroyed. The shocks were felt simultaneously in Tacuana, Ambato and Alausi, and in Tinpullo the earth opened in various places. The earthquake was also felt at Guayaquil, but did no damage there. The temples of San Francisco, del Sagrario and Santa Clara were of beautiful architecture; the temples and convents of Santa Domingo, la Merced and San Augustin, all had fine stone facades and towers; the temples of Santa Catalina and Concepcion, and the Hospital, also had stone facades. Quito is said to contain about 50,000 inhabitants. It is built on an extensive plain, against the mountains of Pando above the level of the sea. Most of the houses are two stories, some three, and a part one story. Many are built of burnt brick, with handsome facades, but the greatest portion are unburned brick or adobe.

The Washington Union thinks that the decay of the Democratic party is owing to its excess of great men. A more general impression is that it is owing to its lack of them. The excess of great men may be a cause of the decay of parties; but, if it is, we think there never has been a time in the history of the Democratic party when it had so little to fear from this quarter.

A School Teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up fronting toward the north.
"Now what is before you, John?"
"The north, sir."
"And what behind you, Tommy?"
"My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

A SWIM FOR LIFE.

About twenty years ago, a man-of-war was lying at anchor in the principal harbor of Antigua, which as most people know, forms one of the group called the West India Islands.

It was a hot sultry day in the beginning of June. The heavy fog, which at that time of year occasionally hangs like a curtain over everything, had been dispersed by the heat of the sun's ray, and like a retreating enemy, was rolling slowly back to the horizon. Not a breath of wind stirred the water, not a scull flapped its wing round the ship. The long pennon drooped lazily from the mast, as though sharing in the general languor of nature. The surface of the sea was like a mirror, only disturbed by an occasional black fin that rippled lazily through the water for a little distance, and disappeared as its possessor sank again into the depths beneath. As the sun, however, rose towards the meridian a breeze began to spring up—not cool and steady, but coming now and then in irregular puffs, and hot as the breath of an oven. Notwithstanding the suspicious appearance of the weather and the rapid fall of the thermometer, a party of midshipmen asked permission to take the plunge for a few hours' sail, and obtained it, but on the condition that they should not go far from the ship. The party, consisting of six middies and two mates, started accordingly in great spirits, notwithstanding the warning growls of some of the old tars. Thoughtless and fearless as sailors generally are, they paid little attention to the freshening wind, and the fast altering appearance of the sky. The tide was running out with great force, and they were soon outside the mouth of the harbor, and slipping down the side of the island with a fair wind, and with the full strength of the ebb. One of the mates was at the helm, a middy with the sheets, the rest stretched lazily about the boat, smoking and talking, when like a thunderbolt, a violent squall struck them, and the light boat capsize in an instant. All its crew were immersed, but soon made their appearance again, swimming like corks on the surface, and in a short time were collected like a flock of water-fowls on the keel of their overturned boat. When they had shaken the water out of their eyes, looked about them a little, and found their number diminished, they held a consultation, and their first object was to get up and against their rescuer. The prospect of affairs was certainly not inspiring, and to people possessed of less buoyant dispositions than themselves, would have appeared hopeless. They were clinging to the wreck of a small boat, their ship was hidden from sight by clouds of rain—for the storm had now come on with all its fury—and the land was invisible from the same cause. The sea was rising fast, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane, and worse than all, they were drifting with full force of wind and tide into the Caribbean Sea; once there, out of the track of vessels and far from any land, their fate would be certain. Such being the state of things, many hopes were expressed that the ship would send boats in search of them. Comfortable suggestions, but with too little foundation. At last the two eldest determined upon a plan, which nothing but the desperate emergency of the case could have suggested. It was to attempt to swim ashore. The land was about three miles from them; they were both first-rate swimmers, and as far as the distance was concerned, might have attempted it on a calm day without much fear of failure; but in a heavy sea the case was different. They mechanically swam on, and though not dead against them, combined to sweep them down under the lee of the island. Above all the place swarmed with sharks. Nothing daunted however, these two brave fellows stripped to the skin, and after a short good-bye and a hurried exhortation to the big ones to hold the little ones on and all to keep up their pluck, they leaped into the sea.

They had both resolved to stick to one another as long as they lasted, both for mutual encouragement and as some sort of protection against the much dreaded sharks. For nearly an hour they swam on, sometimes lying on their backs to rest, sometimes striking out again for dear life. Up to this time, although much fatigued, they had seen no sharks; and a break in the gale of the land, as it rose dark and forbidding above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once, without a moment's notice, they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins. An exclamation of despair forced itself from them at this sight, and both waited in agony of suspense for the moments of pain which were to end their existence; but they were unharmed by a glimpe, through a break in the gale of the land, as it rose dark and forbidding above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once, without a moment's notice, they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins. An exclamation of despair forced itself from them at this sight, and both waited in agony of suspense for the moments of pain which were to end their existence; but they were unharmed by a glimpe, through a break in the gale of the land, as it rose dark and forbidding above its white fringe of breakers. But all at once, without a moment's notice, they were surrounded on all sides by the black fins. An exclamation of despair forced itself from them at this sight, and both waited in agony of suspense for the moments of pain which were to end their existence; but they were unharmed by a glimpe, through a break in the gale of the land, as it rose dark and forbidding above its white fringe of breakers.

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launched under the lee of the island; and the two mates although nearly dead from exhaustion, persisted in embarking in them. The danger was not yet over, for the sea was mounting mountain high; the gale had little abated, and the night was coming on fast. After a long and hard pull, nothing could be seen, and they were beginning to despair. One boat had already turned towards the shore, when by the light of a vivid flash, they saw on the crest of a huge black wave the dismantled boat with its knot of half-drowned boys. They soon pulled up to it, and found to their great joy the number complete. They too, had begun to despair; had feared their two brave comrades had perished; were wearied and half-suffocated by the constant seas that were continually breaking over them; and some were talking of losing their hold when the timely relief arrived.

On reaching the shore, the two brave mates exertions and exposure was great and dangerous. One died, a victim to his heroism; the other lived, but his health was seriously injured, and his powers of mind affected by all that he had gone through; for months afterwards he would start up in his bed with a shiver of terror as he saw, in all the vivid reality of dreamland, those monstrous sharks glaring at him, and heard the gnash of their sharp teeth. This wonderful escape can only be accounted for by the fact, that the spot where they landed was the site of the slaughter house for the troops, and that the sharks were so satiated with the offal thrown into the sea at that time, that even the unusual delicacy of "cowie man" could not tempt them. It however, only a few drops of blood had tinged the water, for sharks, like beasts of prey, are aroused to fury at the sight of it, and in the condition of these two poor fellows, the slightest scratch would have been instantly fatal to them.

CUTTING FENCE TIMBER.

A practical farmer in a communication to the *Germania* (Pa.) *Telegraph*, advances a peculiar theory in regard to the period for cutting timber intended for fences, especially for posts. The prevalent opinion in regard to the best time, is when the timber is most free from sap, and the very worst time is when it contains the most sap. This practical farmer refers to entertain the very opposite opinion. On one occasion he cut down some excellent white oak in the month of February and set it out in fence posts, and after this he cut out the same kind of timber in the month of May (when it contained most free sap) and set it out in posts also. The former posts lasted only six years; the latter endured twenty-two years.

This correspondent also advocates the cutting of timber for rails about the month of May when it contains most sap. He says if timber is cut for rails when the sap is running, the bark then stripped off in order to make them more durable; this is well known to every farmer, but it will hardly be conceded that the best time for cutting rail timber is when it contains most free sap. This is a practical question however which can only be decided by experiments, and it is one of no small importance, as a vast outlay is caused annually for repair of decayed fences.

A curious phenomenon was observed during the recent volcanic eruption at the Sandwich Islands. A correspondent of a California paper says: "Once while standing upon a rock with several others, perhaps two hundred feet from the stream, a loud, ringing noise was heard, as if the rock had been struck by an immense sledge-hammer. We started, not knowing but Polo was under and after us, but soon found our alarm groundless, though the noise was probably caused by the liquid lava running under the ground, and singularly filling up a cave beneath us. A little after a singular scene presented itself—the appearance of a man sitting upon a rock and riding along on the top of the lava stream. So deplorable was this illusion that several of the party, when it was first observed, looked around to see if one of their number had not by accident got on the stream. The life-like image moved slowly along, till suddenly his head tumbled off, and the whole image soon disappeared."

A YOUTHFUL FATHER MATTHEW.—A youth, 18 years of age, by the name of C. Langdon Davies, is creating a great sensation in the provincial towns of England. To judge from the enthusiasm he seems to create, the mantle of a Father Matthew appears to have fallen upon him. Mr. Davies has just delivered two orations in Wigan. He spoke in such a way that alternately the tears ran down the cheeks of his young audience, or their merry laughter drowned his voice. He poured forth arguments, illustrations, metaphors, allegories and parables, speaking as if he were those of whom he spoke, and working up his audience to an intensity of sympathy rarely equaled. One hundred and fifty signed the pledge of abstinence in the two evenings. When the hall was entirely clear, Mr. Davies left with the committee, but outside were hundreds waiting to see him depart, which he did in a closed carriage, amidst cries of "God bless you."

We knew an old man who believed that what was to be would be. He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested in early times by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some of the family had got out. As he would not go without it, some of his friends fastidiously hid him, saying there was no danger of the Indians, that he would not die until his time had come anyhow. "Yes," said the old fellow, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do to not have my gun."

It is said that this old fellow was first cousin to "Bob Logic."

The worst feature on a man's face is his nose stuck in other people's business.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE SICKLES TRIAL.

The closing scenes of the Sickles trial, on Tuesday the 26th April, were exceedingly impressive and exciting. The Jury retired at precisely ten minutes before 2 o'clock. The room was crowded with spectators, and instinctively every eye was turned toward the clock. Every minute that passed by was set down as fresh proof presumptive of a disagreement. The crowd gradually broke up into groups. The counsel of Mr. Sickles gathered around the dock. Mr. S. himself was as calm as usual, and conversed with his friends, most of whom spoke only words of hope and encouragement—while a few ventured to warn him of the chances of an adverse result. His only reply was: "I am prepared for the worst," though his manner indicated that hope was completely dominant.

For a time silence had prevailed in the Court room, but as time wore on this gave way to the buzz of whispering voices. Col. Seldon, the Marshall, had taken possession of the witness-box and kept up a steady conversation with the Judge. The appearance of a knob by little policeman, who came in and ordered out chairs for the Jury, made the assurance doubly sure of those who expected a disagreement. The Jury were evidently settling to their work. Then came further confirmation. The Jury had asked for a fire. Clearly they were to make a night of it.

The hot, uneasy, jammied and nervous crowd was rapidly working itself up to a pitch of most unnecessary but very natural excitement, and like all crowds in such a state, grew every moment more open-mouthed, credulous and greedy of the very worst possible conjectures. The prisoner, meanwhile, let it be said to his credit, bore himself with perfectly unaffected calmness and self-possession; though the anxiety and the suggestions of his friends were eminently calculated to upset any man's composure.

At length, just as the clock struck three, there was a rap heard from the inside of the door of the Marshall's room. It was not a very loud rap, but it electrified the crowd, bro't the lounging reporters up to their bearings, roused the wearied Judge, silenced the buzzing groups. The news, in the usual mysterious way of all news, had come out before the jury. Nobody brought it; but the little white door of the jury room had hardly swung half-way open before there ran through the Court room the ill-suppressed murmur, "He is acquitted!"

The Jury followed their verdict, and it seemed an age before they had all fled, one by one, back into their box, their venerable foreman, Mr. Arnold, at their head. "Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Clerk, in his dry, official tone, "have you agreed upon your verdict?" "Yes, your honor," replied Mr. Arnold, in a soft, low voice. "Stand up, Daniel E. Sickles," said the Clerk. The prisoner rose. "How say you, gentlemen of the Jury, do you find the prisoner at the bar, as indicted, guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty."

If anybody had still persisted in doubting which way ran the sympathies of the Washington people in this case, I think his skepticism would have given way before the scene which followed. The decorum of the Court went off at once in a most irregular but irresistible cheering. The Judge and the Marshall did their best in a quiet way to repress this outburst of enthusiasm, but they were merely doing a formal duty, and the moment was rather informal for all concerned, and so the judicial accents were lost in the general clamor. It does not think, however, that either the Judge or Marshall took this misconduct very seriously to heart, or that it was felt to be a very dangerous assault upon the dignity of the Bench and the Court.

It rested itself to order as soon as its first flash was over, and suffered Mr. Stanton to ask of his Honor "the discharge of the prisoner." That his Honor did order the discharge of the prisoner is undeniable, though it was not easy for anybody to hear his reply, or to make out anything very clearly that followed, till Mr. Sickles was seen thanking the jury for his "safe deliverance." There were a few carriages drawn up in front of the court house, and into one of those, through a dense mass of shouting and cheering men, Mr. Sickles was hurried; not without difficulty, by his friends, and driven rapidly off to the house of his friend, Mr. Blair, on President's square.

There he was received with a genuine welcome by the ladies of the family, but could not so easily escape from the congratulations of the hundreds of persons, officers of both services, clergymen of various denominations, lawyers and citizens generally, who insisted upon testifying their belief that, in the acquittal of Mr. Sickles, the jury had simply vindicated the natural sanctities of the family and the home.

Messrs. Brady, Chilton, Stanton, Phillips and the rest of Mr. Sickles's counsel were not forgotten in this outburst of popular feeling, but were felicitated at the National Hotel on the happy result of their labors by a succession of enthusiastic crowds.

MEMORY.—The Count St. Germain had a wonderful memory. Any newspaper he read once he knew by memory, and was furnished with such a gigantic comprehensive power of numbering that he retained a series of a thousand numbers, which he could recite forward, backward, and pushed out from the middle. From the Court of Henry III. in France, he demanded one hundred packs of picked cards, mixed them together in disorder, let him tell all the succession of the cards, ordered it to be noted down exactly, and repeated their following, one after the other, without being wrong once. He played almost every musical instrument of the world, was an excellent painter, and imitated any hand-writing in the most illustrative manner. He had but one passion—playing all games with absolute mastery. In chess no mortal had vanquished him, and in faro he could break every bank by calculation.

"When we're married, Julia, you'll see how I'll drive you to the 'Castle' for exercise."
"But, Dennis, where is the money to come from?" "Oh, we don't want any money; people do these things now-a-days on quite a new principle, I assure you." "Indeed!" said Julia. "Yes," replied Dennis, "and often they do them without any capital at all."

"Who may that be?" asked an Irishman of a bystander, as they stood looking at a fellow who was staggering along in the street.
"His name is Cobb," was the reply.
"Cobb?" replied Pat; "we've seen him, but he seems to be pretty well cornered, too."