BY S. B. ROW.

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I SAT THINKING.

I sat thinking-idly dreaming Of the friends my heart once knew. Till my fancy brought their beaming, Laughing faces back to view; Olden pleasures, scenes of childhood, Passed along in shadowy train, Till I roamed once more the wildwood. And I was a boy again;

Back through years of sin and sorrow,
O'er bright hopes that could not last,
Till my heart did eager borrow
Sunlight from the buried past.
As these phantoms by me glided,
In the twilight dimly there,
I heard again the voice that guided Mine so oft in infant prayer.

Quickly turning, to be grasping
Her pure hand within my own.
Naught before me—nothing clasping
For the vision fair had flown. O, my mother, years may vanish. Disappear in Time's dark sea; Naught of earthly grief can banish Thy remembrance dear from me.

[COPYRIGHT SECURED.] CLEARFIELD COUNTY: OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

Turner is represented as a remarkable man; powerfully built, bold, daring and quick at 1813, he was convinced that his dog, "Hunfrom the peculiar noise which he made. Proceeding in the direction of the noise, he soon party. observed a panther in a tree. As he approachhold again. It did not take Dan. long to de- the Creek. termine whether he or the panther were! Other reasons than a mere desire to better

sions, he wounded a large panther, which took by over 100 descendants, settled near her refuge in a cave in the rocks. Having a short | brothers, in the year 1816. She left a portion sword, which he carried on such occasions, of her family in Ireland when she emigrated. and which could be screwed on to the muzzle | and directed her agent to dispose of her propof his rifle and used as a bayonet, he boldly followed the panther into the cave and despatched him with this weapon. Here was | ing hither. Her agent decamped with the procourage equal to Putnam's in the wolf story. Speaking of the wolf, brings to mind a night he passed with the wolves in the Alleghenies. He had followed an Elk, which he had wounded, until evening, when he reached it far up in the mountains. While dressing the dead Elk, the wolves began to howl around him, and feeling that it would be unsafe to remain on ern parts, and make this neighborhood their the ground, he ascended a tree. The wolves soon collected in large numbers, and began to came in from 1812 to 1815, the most promidevour the elk. Turner fired away at them until he had exhausted his stock of bullets. All fight long he was obliged to listen to the howls of these beasts, to their snarls and fighting over the remains of the elk, and the craunching of the bones between their jaws told him too plainly what would have been his fate, had he remained on the ground. With the approach of light the wolves skulked away, when he got down, and on hunting a- of several other children. During this period, round, found seven dead ones. How many Dr. Keagy, a relative Mr. Wright's, settled amore had been killed, or wounded, he had no means of ascertaining.

his attention was attracted by a panther acting | menced clearing the farm now occupied by in a strange manner. He soon saw a large Israel Cooper. Smith soon after bought the bear approaching it. With hair erect and eyes property known as "Smith's Mills," now ownglaring, the panther gnashed his teeth, and ed by our worthy townsman, Jonathan Boynwaiting until Bruin came conventity near, ton, near which has since sprung up the vilsprang upon her. A mortal struggle ensued. lage of Janesville. Turner watched with much interest the fight, which lasted some ten minutes or more. At length the growls of the fierce combatants became faint, and the struggle ceased. The panther slowly disengaged himself from his dead enemy, and took position upon the car- and vitality there is in him, standing and lookcass. It was now Turner's time, and raising ing through the palings; and the poor child, his rifle he shot the panther in the head. After examining it, he was of the opinion that it could have lived but a very few minutes lon- rants, or stands on tiptoe to reach the cherries ger. Nearly every bone in its body was bro- that hang in too tempting nearness for his ken, and its flesh was almost reduced to a pulp by the blows and hugs of the bear.

He was very poor during the latter part of his the latter years of his life.

succeed in making a farm. In the same year, [or the one following, Mr. William Brannian located on the south side of the Creek, at the Ox-bow, and shortly after, Major Evans built and the ground beneath was icy, affording ina house and made an improvement two miles | secure footing for the weary traveller, trudgabove Turner's, but did not bring his family to it. However, Hugh Gallaher moved into the house, and made a farm there. In 1806, hand to his side as if in pain; but maugre pain, James Gallaher came from Woodcock Valley, Huntingdon county, and opened out a farm on the bank of the Creek, about 21 miles since night had thrown her vail upon the earth, above Glen Hope. About the same period, when overcome by the bitter, biting wind, he Hugh Carson commenced an improvement above and near the property called "Beccaria Mills." In 1809, William Alexander, the an- he was. And "He who heareth the poor when cestor of a large and worthy family, settled where he now lives, below the mouth of Muddy Run. He emigrated from Mifflin county. He is the oldest of the early settlers of that section now living. His appearance denotes not "the weight of years which is upon him." His activity and buoyancy of spirit are remarkable for one whose toil and endurance have been so great. Being very domestic in his habits, he is rarely seen from home; yet, conceiving and carrying his projects into ex- be the weather fair or foul, one would as soon cention. Hunting near John Ferguson's, in expect that the sun would forget to rise on the his anguish burst forth: "My wife! O God! second Tuesday of October, as to hear that on ter," had treed either a panther or a wild-cat, that day William Alexander had neglected to vote for all the nominees of the Democratic ed no longer his will, and he sank again upon

The next year, quite an addition was made ed, the beast let go its hold, dropped upon the | to the population of this region, by the accesdog, and seized it. Turner's gun missing sion of the families of Smiley, Dillon, Goon, fire, he threw it down, and went to the assist- and Feltwell, whose improvements formed the ance of the dog. Grasping the panther by the | nucleus of one of the most beautiful and best | tail, the animal gave up its hold upon the dog settled portions of the county, not inapproand turned towards Turner. 'Hunter,' fright- priately called "Mount Pleasant," which is ened by the first encounter, refused to lay situated south of, and about three miles from

caught. Having great muscular strength, one's condition, tended to swell the numbers across the room, and its many doors, leading Dan, on straightening himself up, was able to in the Creek settlement. The Hegarty fami- to all sorts of rooms and stairways, is a picture raise the hind legs of the panther off the ly, having been connected with the unfortu- familiar to many. The farmer, too, stout and ground, and keeping it at arm's length, pre- nate struggles in Ireland, sought an asylum in vent it doing him any harm. His situation was our wilds. Prior to Robert's departure to this with heart as stout and huge, but not hard exextremely critical, yet he dared not let go his country, he was connected with the United hold, neither could be calculate what would | Men, and on one occasion he and a few of his be the termination of the adventure. The pan- comrades, closely pursued, hid in the moss ; ther, walking on its fore legs, would turn to- their pursuers, vastly superior in number, wards the right to reach its captor, when Dan | touched their pikes as they passed them in the would thrust its posteriors into its face, caus- | dark. Samuel had, during the troubles, fallen ing it to take to the left, where it would meet | into the hands of the oppressors, but was res with similar treatment and reverse its course. | cued by his compatriots. The brothers first Thus Turner struggled for near a quarter of settled in Mifflin county. In 1810, they coman hour, when his son, Joseph, who had been menced clearings, opposite each other, on the attracted to the spot by the shouts of his fath- | Clearfield creek, at the mouth of Muddy Run. er, relieved him from his perilous situation by Three years afterwards they brought out their sinking a tomahawk into the skull of the pan- families. Mrs. Isabella McCully, then a widow, a sister of the Hegarty's, who died in Feb-On another of his numerous hunting excur- ruary last, at the age of 86 years, surrounded crty and use a part of it in defraying the expenses of the remainder of her family in comceeds of the sale, and she with some difficulty obtained the means to gather her children all under the same roof. From these settlers have descended some of the best citizens of Beccaria and Woodward townships.

The war of 1812 induced quite a number of persons to leave New Jersey and other Eastpermanent home. Among the families that nent was Wm. B. Wright's. Mr. Wright, at an advanced age, lives at his first home near Glen Hope. He is the father of Hon. A. K. Wright, one of our principal lumber merchants, formerly Sheriff of this county, and late an Associate Judge-of Benj. B. Wright, a man of probity and worth-of John W., who served one term as County Treasurer and is now officiating as Justice of the Peace-and bout a mile lower down the Creek; and Amasa Smith, a man of some note, but particulars of Once, when going out to a "bear wallow," whose life we have been unable to glean, com-

Suppose a man is standing at his window looking out upon his garden, full of flowers and fruit, and as he looks he sees a ragged days, and creditors clamored; but light came boy, who looks as if he had been born on a rock and fed upon stones, for all the growth who never in his life, perhaps, has seen so much that is so beautiful and enticing, reaches his hand through to pluck the bloody curhonesty. And the man is full of selfishness, and he suffers as he sees the boy reach out to take his property; it is a real pain to him. Daniel Turner died in this county, in his Now there are two ways for him to get rid of 80th year, and was buried at Mount Pleasant. | that pain. One is, to call for his servant and his dog and drive the boy away. But suppose, as he stood there, some good angel, touching morning, he kissed his two loved ones a farelife, his main means of subsistence being a him, should change that hell of selfishness well for the day, as business called him some pension which he received from the Govern- within him into benevolence. Then, to his miles distant. In these days of iron and to her fathers. But for you, crowd the "Pikes Peakers" made a general ment. His sons have followed him to the surprise, the boy's pushing his hand through segam a short hour will whirl us long miles grave, and but one of his grandsons still linto him, and he calls out to him, "Put your mile-posts and guide-boards. So Moses (ought gers around the spot where this pioneer spent hand in again, my boy," and he sends his ser- we not say Mr. Moses, now that he has not onvant to open the gate and call him in to shake | ly reached man's estate, but possesses a wife, the blessing of the aged prevail mightily with In 1803 or 4, Samuel Ewing settled a mile down the fruit from the tree, and to fill his and owns a baby? I think so.) Mr. Moses God for you, as the bread you cast upon the and a half below the mouth of Muddy Run, at a place known as Ewing's Bottom, but did not a place known as Ewing's Bottom, but did not companions.—H. W. Beecher.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS, OR, KINDNESS REWARDED.

The night was cold, and dark, and gusty; storm-clouds were gathering thickly overhead, weakness, and cold, he still toiled on as one desirous of reaching home. Home ! Had he a home? Two hours had certainly elapsed sunk at last into a huge snow-drift by the wayside, and in feeble accents prayed aloud to God in his anguish for her whose whole earthly stay they cry unto Him" answered this prayer of the desolate. A farmer's boy came whistling to meet there, each went his way. merrily along, and like the Good Samaritan, stopped at the sight of suffering humanity.

"Why do you lie here, sir? The night is so cold that one must move to keep from freezing. Come, I will help you up.'

"It is useless; I am too tired-too faint to

rested and warmed." "Haverhill--if I could have reached there; but I-have-no more strength," and again

my poor, poor wife!" The boy threw a strong arm around the man, and raised him to his feet, but his limbs obeythe ground. For a moment stood our Good Samaritan, as in thought; then, stripping off his overcoat, and wrapping it around the fallen one, with a hopeful, "I'll be back soon; don't move," he hurried away swiftly toward home, and as he paused upon the threshold to shake off the snow from his feet, he thanked God that he was not a wanderer.

The New England kitchen, with its pewterfilled dresser, reflecting and multiplying the genial blaze of the log-heaped fire-place, its highbacked, rush-bottomed chairs grating as they were moved over the neatly-sanded floor; its massive beam running midway of the ceiling, hands, browned and hardened by honest toil, stepped our youth into, and such a man sat in the warmest corner of just such a fire-place, and, looking at the new comer's glowing cheeks, said, pleasantly,

"The wind gives you good color, boy." "Yes, father," rubbing his cheek, "they do

"I heard you tell Jones, to-day, that you

could trust me with all you had; will you trust me with old Moll to-night?" "So you have ears, sir. Well, what want

"To go to Haverhill." "It's a freezing night, boy."

"I know that, sir, -but will you not trust After a long pause, "Yes, Moses; you shall have old Moll to go to Haverhill," said the

father; "but, remember, to-morrow's work "If you've any fault to find to-morrow night, don't trust me again," and the boy, turning to generous slice of bread, then left the room with a small pitcher, and returned with it brimming full of cider, his father closely noting all as he smoked away at his pipe, the New England farmer's inseperable companion. Moses next went out, and harnessed, then re-

turned to the kitchen for the bread and cider. "Why not eat it here, Moses?" queried his "Oh! I'm not hungry; I have had some

supper, you know; good night, father," and "Good night, my boy-Where's your coat?" he called out; but Moses was too far off for

any other reply to reach the querist's cars

Moses found the wearied where he had left him, and, springing from the sleigh, he said, "Hullo, sir! you said you were faint-here's some of our cider, and if you can sit up and drink it, and eat this bread, you'll feel better; and here's old Moll, ready to take you to Haverhill. There, don't talk, but eat. It's awful cold, and it's a long way to Haverhill, and

-stand still, Moll!" So he went on, bobbing now here and now there, and talking as fast as he could, so as not tude, as he ate, and drank, and was refreshed. With some difficulty the stranger was seated in the sleigh, and supported by his companion's strong arm. The pair rode in almost total silence, through the increasing darkness, to their journey's end, and then brief were the spoken thanks, as if the heart were too full for utterance. The hour of midnight was past when Moses reached his home, and laid him down to rest; but his sleep was sweet and

sound-too sound for dreams. Years flew by, and Moses had followed his father's corpse to the burial ground, and left his country home to toil for tortune. And slowly, but surely, did he win favors of the fickle goddess. To him, as to all, came dark at the darkest hour; his creditors were silenced, he knew not why. He fell ill, and when, fever-wasted and strengthless, he rose from his bed, there came to him, from, he knew not where, a hamper of the choicest liquors. He married, and on his wedding-day, Mrs. Moses received an envelope, containing only a fifty dollar bunk note from, he knew not whom. He, who had befriended the unknown friendless, had, in his need, raised up to him un-

One little helpless innocent God gave him, and after its birth the world grew fairer, the sun shone brighter, and life became sweeter to our Moses. And cheerily, one bright, frosty tel near the depot, for the double purpose of | Love covers many faults.

making inquiries and of warming himself. An old gentleman passed him on the steps, and scanned him eagerly, then turned and followed him in.

"Sir, I address Mr. Moses -, I believe ; do ou remember me?" said the stranger. "I do not, sir; my name is Moses -."

"I presume not," continued the old gentleman; "some years have passed since we met, twenty, at least, and we were both that much younger," and he passed his hand through his you dine with me?" "Really, sir, my business is pressing"-

"So is my invitation. I cannot be refused. Name the hour if you will: but dine with me to-day you must;" and the peremptory words were spoken so kindly, and the stranger's grasp was so friendly that a refusal was impossible. The hour was named, and, promising

Much did our friend wonder, as, after his business completed, he retraced his steps to the hotel, and there found the gray-haired stranger waiting in a sleigh, to which were attached two magnificent bays. A five or six minutes' ride over the crispy snow, and they drew "A few rods further is my home. I can ted, and throwing the reins to a servant, mohelp you walk so far, and there you can get | tioned his companion to follow, and as he stood on the threshold of the open door, he grasped the younger's hand saying,

"Welcome, sir, right welcome to my home. Enter: my wife awalts your coming.' Throwing hastily aside, in the hall, overcoats and hats, they entered a pleasant room, lighted by a bay window, perfumed by plants in flower, and occupied by an old lady, who

rose at their entrance, and, advancing, said, "I knew of your coming, and you are welcome, Moses -, right welcome, to the home your kindness restored to me. For twenty yoars have I daily prayed the good God to bless you for that one good deed, and He will bless you."

"Madam, Mr. Price, are you not mistaken in me? Your kindness I have never merited. You are strangers to me, and"-

"Enough, young man," interrupted Mr. is our dinner bell. Over the dessert 1 will and conspiciously developed.' tell you a story, and you shall cease to wonthe opulence of the possessor.

The dinner, of some importance to a hungry man some miles from home, was excellent, and our friend did it justice, though somewhat impatient for the story, which came, as prom-

ised, with the dessert.

"You may smile," said the white-haired host, at hearing of love from withered lips, and yet it is a love story I have to tell. My father and my wife's were friends in youth, bitter enemies in manhood, why, it matters not now and here. We were their only children, and, in spite of commands and prohibition, we were play-mates as children, friends at school, and lovers in after years. We loved truly, and yet Mary would not marry me while her father lived. She was his all, she she said, and he was old, and she could not leave him. Years sped on. Sped? They dragged wearily and heavily, heavily dragged, for her and for me; but release came at last -her father died.'

The old lady wiped away a tear, as she murmured, "Dear father! he was very kind

in all else! "May he rest in peace," replied her husband; "he lived in this house," he continued, "and was deemed wealthy; yet he left his orphan penniless, but free to become my bride, and we were married. I lived with my father, also, and there I took my wife, but we met only reproaches, scorn, and curses. Not one hour did we remain beneath his roof, but went forth together, strong in our faith in each other's love, and prizing nothing else. But love is neither meat, drink, nor clothes, and the children of wealth can illy endure what the children of poverty call comforts. I tried to labor; I did labor, and yet we suffered much. We knew naught of economy but the name, and my earnings were scanty. Experience is a hard master, you know. Those were sad days as well as dark. God gave us children to brighten the darkness, and, Mary, dear wife 'twas God that gathered them in his arms."

And now tears stood in those eyes, undim-

med by years, and the old lady softly sobbed.

The listener was not unmoved. "Necessity obliged me to accept an offer or situation in a distant city, and extreme poverty deprived me of the society of her who had made poverty endurable. I left her in Haverhill with a kind old aunt of mine, and went forth alone and dispirited to earn a maintune, but this little seemed denied me. Scarcely had three months elapsed before sickness prostrated me; and when I was at length convalescent how wretched was my position !-my situation gone, my little earnings gone, my strength gone, and almost gone my faith in Him who ',doeth all things well." With three dollars in my pocket, and those borrowed, I returned to my wife. I rode as far as my means allowed, and then I thought to walk the remaining twenty miles, after a night's rest and sleep. But I over-rated my strength; at | write unto you, I would not write with paper nightfall, with scarcely half the distance ac- and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and complished, I sank exhausted in the snow. It speak face to face that our joy may be full." was a cold, frosty night; the bitter, biting From the above interview a marriage took wind seemed to reach my very vitals, (for my purse afforded me no overcoat,) and I prayed to God for my wife; and for myself, despair-

ed. A boy of some fifteen years "I know you now, sir; I remember the night," said Moses. "I slept enough the sweeter that night to fully repay me. Please say no more of that, but, if you will, continue your story; I am much interested."

"You took me to my wife. There awaited me a letter from my father. He was on his death-bed, and desired to see me. I reached ny childhood's home in time to receive my father's pardon and dying blessing; and his last act was, to call for coals, and therein to burn the will which disinherited his only son. Sweet as it was to receive my father's pardon, had I even survived that fearful night, I had

The old lady arose, and laying her trembling hands on the head of Moses, said, "May

STACKPOLE'S ADVENTURE.

Stackpole to me, when I called at his house to take the census of his family. I shook my head and he proceeded. "I speculate it rather a wonderful affair, and if Sally here would tell it, you would expeciate, certain; I was courtin' Sally at the time, and was in love up to my eyes. But her daddy was opposed to me out and out. And he was a stupendious man, long white hair; "my name is Price-will the crossest, ugliest old varment that ever wore spectacles; and I often wendered how Sally could be such a charming little creature, with such a crusty old fellow for a father. She was a magnum bonam gal, sure at that time, a little faded now you see, but that's to literature, in her prime (if we may believe her be expected. Beauty is only skin deep, but ugliness goes to the bone."

"Well one day I went to town and bought a whole heap of fancy doings, ribbons, heads, goose grease for the hair, etcetra, and so forth. I was determined to coax her up, and putting my purchases snugly in a bundle I locomoted towards her daddy's house, true as a rifle.

"It was rather late when I arrived, and old Scrags was bilin' sum molasses candy for Sally to peddle the next day-there bein' a show in town-Sally and her mammy havin' retired. "The first thing I done, however, arter entering, and old Scrags had stared at me a few, was to sit right down in a pan of hot merlasses, he'd put on a cheer to cool, which made me gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross jump up and howl amazin'! Gingerbread, the ocean we find Madame de Stael was a how in burnt! but as he didnt see the accident, I squatted on Sally's band box which contained her Sunday bonnett-not noticin'-and went to rubbing like sixty-six! Well, arter I'd sot there a spell, groaned for myself and wondering how much damage I'd done, the old man gave me another terrific look and

"Sam Stackpole, what have you come here arter—say?

"Mr. Scraggs," ses I, not darin' to stir for fear he'd discover my perdickerment. "I've come here on very important business (Oh, so were Goldsmith and Pope; Addison was Lordy! how that merlasses smarted!) and if tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelley, you'll keep your ebenezer down about five Price, as a bell was distinctly heard; "enough | minutes, I'll endeavor to inform you with that | commonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very that we are satisfied with your identity. That degree of accurancy that I'm so perminently ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macaulay

der ;" and offering his arm to Mrs. Price, Mr. | powerful language, and in course he did't say | but covered with jewelry he can but look like Moses - followed his host to the dining room, nothin', an so I kept as easy as I possibly a simpleton.

> "Perhaps, ses I, you've noticed that I have been pain numerous attenshuns to your daughter, and I am gratified to stait with infinate corners and other places, where they are neithpopularity. Now if you'll give Sally to me, I'll vote for you for Governor, and leave the

county if you ain't elected. "Well, after I'd delivered myself in that ar benevolent style, what do you think the old codger's reply was? Why instead of saying to me to take Sally, and welcome, he pinted to the door, and told me to scatter !" "I vow I got out of patience then, sure, and didn't care then what occured-if Sally's

bonnet was smashed. "Mr. Scraggs, ses I, I should be very happy to oblidge you, but the fact is, I sot down here and can't leave nohow, unless you cut a hole in my trowsers.

fast as I set, he just catched up the pot of hot candy off the fire and emptied it all over my head and shoulders, true as I'm alive! Jehu! how the stuff made me cavort and holler But I was so mad that I grabbed a great gob and let him have it biff-rite 'tween the eyes. "There, take that, sez I, you old flap-eared piece of deformity! and then started for the

door-derect I jest got it open, ready to dart, when old Mrs. S. burst into a loud laugh, and Sally spoke for the fust time."

"Sam Stackpole, sez she, hold. My bandbox and your pantaloons are annexed.'

"Jerusalem! sez I, and I leaped. I must been skeered, for I landed at least twenty feet outside the house and ran like a prairie fire. I never looked behind me till next mornin,' and when I did, the kiver of the bandbox was sticking fast to my trowsers.

"That was my merlasses candy adventure, Squire, right hot work it was. But I married Sally at last. The old man give in after a while, and now you can recken up the family in your sinsus as you please."

Religious Courtship .- A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following olan. He politely handed his fair neighbor a bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text-Second Epistle of John, verse fifth: And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth :- "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes; that thou shouldst take knowledge of me sceing that I am a stranger ?" He returned the book, pointing to the twelfth verse of the second Epistle of John. "Having many things to place the ensuing week.

A Good One .- In St. Joseph, a few days since, a train of six hand carts, with the emigrants harnessed in, had just started for the when a fellow of most solemn visage shouted out to them at the distance of half a square : 'Hollo! hold on there." The gold seekers stopped while he came up and asked, "Are you going to Pike's Peak ?" "Yes," was the rather crusty response. "Well, why don't you wait for the grass ?" continued the interrogator. "Grass," ejaculated one of the emigrants impatiently. "What do we want of grass? We havn't any cattle." "Very true Sweet as it was to receive my father's pardon, but you are making asses of yourselves and sweeter yet was it to give my wife, not only ought to look out for provender!" Amidst the luxuries of her former life, but also restore | the roar of laughter which came up from the rush for their p nimble use of his legs saved the wag from a sound drubbing.

"You think you are a great man," said an impertinent fellow to a gentleman whom he had offended. "Yes, I am a real thumper," replied the gentleman, suiting the action to is intellectual gold, which is as durable as it is the werd.

WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE.

"You never heard tell of my molasses can-dy adventure, dld you, Squire?" said Sam can gives the following pen-and ink sketches of prominent literary people :

Emerson looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow like a good-natured beet-eater. Holmes like a ready-tolaugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett only seems the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome. Beecher a ruddy, rolicking boy. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers. And thus I might name others. Not one of these guntlemen can bo called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American "female" portrait) was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Mrs. E. F. Ellet looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Oakes Smith is considerable handsome. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belte. Frances S. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her younger days, quite, to unless her picture fibs. The Davidson sisters, as well as their fright; but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, giorious; Letitia Langdon pretty; Mrs. Hemans wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt fair and matronly ; Mrs. Norton regally beautiful; Elizabeth Barrett Browning in physique is angular, and though she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggistive of a tombstone. Charlotte Bronte had a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But if we look at British men of first-class craniums-Shakespeare and Milton were handsome ; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were unis homely. Bulwer nearly hideous, although "The old fellow didn't understand that ar a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome

> THE BONES ABOUT THE PREMISES .- Now is the time to gather them up from the fence er ornamental nor health giving. Put them into the soil, if you have not already. The best course is to take them to a bone mill and get them ground, if there is a bone mill near you. But probably there is not, as there is not yet one bone mill to where there should be a dozen. If ground finely and mixed several times with their weight of muck or loam, and worked into the soil, in and around corn hills, at planting time, no manure is better. It will not produce the tallest growth, but will give the largest and best filled ears of anything we have ever tried.

But if there is no bone mill near you, as is the fact we have no doubt with nine-tenths of "When the old man seed how I was stuck our readers, break the bones, as best you can, and apply them to the soil. They are good for every kind of crop. Their effect, if only broken, will be the same in the end, but will be slower than if ground finely, and for some purposes will do all the better for this, as in the case of fruit trees, to all of which bones should be applied at the time of transplanting, and may better be coarse than fine, for the reason that here a lasting rather than an im-

mediate effect is sought.

Too Good to BE Lost .- A friend of ours relates the following story, which is a good one: A traveller whom we afterwards knew, once arrived at a village inn, after a hard day's travel, and being very tired requested a room to tirely full, and it was utterly impossible to accommodate him-that his wife had to sleep on the sofa, and himself on the floor; but that he would see what his wife would do for him. The good woman on being applied to, said there was one room which he might occupy, provided he would agree to the conditions, viz: to enter the room late, in the dark, and leave it early in the morning, to prevent scandal, as the room was occupied by a lady. This he agreed to. About two o'clock that' night, an awful noise was heard in the house, and our friend, the traveller, was found thinbling heels over head down stairs. On our landlord arriving at the spot, and inquiring what the matter was, the traveller ejaculated as soon as he was able to speak : "Oh, landlord! landlord! the woman's dead !" know that," said the landle d, "but how did you find it out ?"

FIFTY KANSAS DEMOCRA'S INDICTED .- The Leavenworth jail is filled, says one of our exchanges, to overflowing with "good, tried and staunch and valiant "Democrats," who have been arrested and indicted for trandulent voting at the recent election. More than fifty of the b'ys are in the Jug for obeying the party injunctions, viz: "Voting early and often," and "keeping on voting until the polls were closed." The legal investigation now going on is disclosing an old fashioned Kickapoo or Oxford swindle. These fifty elegant Democrats are but a preface of what is to come! The Republicans are confident that the apparent Democratic majority will be more than sponged out ere the trauds committed in-Leavenworth are probed to the bottom.

A preacher in the course of a sermon, was comparing the state of the unconverted sinner to that of a man in a boat away from land with only one oar. He was suddenly brought up by an old sailer, who jumped up and asked, "Could'nt the fool scull ?"

The Spiritual Age predicts that as people become more spiritual and seek to like true lives, single beds will come into vogue. Fudge -if the apostles of progress can be kept out of other folk's beds, it is all that can be reasonably expected.

In Vermont the factions of the Democracy are engaged in a fierce contest. The Administration party are facetiously dubbed "cowboys," and the Douglasites rejoice in the euphonious appellation of "stump tails.

The basis of all excellence is truth. Truth splendid and valuable.