

# The Pittsford Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1869.

VOL. 16.—NO. 12.

## Select Poetry.

### INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,  
And before they are buried in snow,  
There comes a festival season,  
When nature is all aglow—  
Aglow with a mystical splendor  
That rivals the beauties of Spring—  
Aglow with a beauty more tender,  
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.  
Some spirit akin to the rainbow,  
Then borrows its magical dye,  
And mingles the far spreading landscape  
In hues that bewilder the eye.  
The sun from its cloud-pillowed chamber  
Smiles softer a vision so gay,  
And dreams that his favorite children,  
The flowers, have not yet passed away.  
There's a luminous mist on the mountains,  
A light azure haze in the air,  
As if angels white heavenward soaring,  
Had left their bright robes floating there.  
The breeze is soft, so caressing,  
It seems a mute token of love,  
And floats to the heart like a blessing,  
From some happy spirit above.  
These days so serene and so charming,  
Awaken a dreamy delight—  
A tremulous, fearful enjoyment,  
Like soft strains of music at night;  
We know they're fading and fleeting,  
That quickly, too quickly, they'll end,  
And we watch them with yearning affection,  
As at parting we watch a dear friend.  
Oh! beautiful Indian summer!  
Thou favorite child of the year,  
Thou darling whom nature enriches,  
With gifts and adornments so dear—  
How faint would we see thee no longer  
On mountains and meadow white,  
For our hearts like the sweet hands of Nature,  
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

### THE NEW SCHOLAR.

"What a piece of vulgarity she is!" said Mary Williamson, with an expression of extreme disgust, as she glanced at the new pupil. "A calico dress on, and not even French—noting but American print! And made in such a dowdy style too!"  
"And I believe that is a cotton net on her hair!" said another.  
"Yes, and that is not the worst of it. Her mother is a seamstress, and lives over a store," added Helen Price. "I think it is a shame for Miss Thomas to admit such girls to her school. My mother sent me here because she heard it was a very select school. I shouldn't wonder if she would take me away immediately."  
"Well, one thing is certain, I shall never take any notice of the low creature," said Mary.  
"Nor I, you may be sure," I feel contaminated by her presence," said Julia. "I think poor people ought to go to free schools."  
At this moment the bell rang, and the girls went to their places. Julia having to pass the desk of the new pupil, whose name was Annie Duncan, happily turned her head and drew her silk skirt around her, so that it might not touch the "American Print."

Annie naturally felt a little embarrassed among so many strangers, and had not left her seat during recess. She had been looking around, however, and observed the girls whispering. By their frequent glances to ward herself she knew that she was the object of their remarks; and the expression of their faces told her that she had not made an agreeable impression upon them. She noticed their fine dresses and stylish appearance, and a blush covered her face for a moment as she glanced at her own plain attire and contracted its folds.  
"Oh! why does my mother insist upon my coming to this school?" she asked herself. "These girls will despise me for my poverty. I cannot endure their scorn. Why are we so poor and they so rich? Tears came to her eyes; but she quickly brushed them away as she remembered the lessons of independence and true dignity that her mother had endeavored to instill into the minds of her children. "I'm ashamed of myself for indulging such thoughts for a moment. I would not have any body know that they ever entered my mind. I really did not know that I could be so foolish. I know that dress does not make a lady, and that, even if we are poor we can be refined, good and intelligent—and I mean to be all. I knew before I came that I should have this trial, and I determined to bear it bravely, and I will. So Annie Duncan, all you have to do, in future, is to attend to your lessons, improve every advantage you possibly can obtain, and prepare for the work you have marked out for yourself. You are not here to make the acquaintance of or please these young ladies. It matters not what their opinion of you is, if you do nothing to merit their scorn; so now, once for all, good-bye to such folly."

Annie had formed a plan which she did not tell to any one. But in order that her mother for making it was understood, it will be necessary to know something of the past and present circumstances of her family. Her mother was the daughter of a merchant, one of the richest men in New York at the time of her marriage. She had made what her father and friends generally called a brilliant match. Mr. Duncan was wealthy and very much in love with her. She loved him for what she supposed him to be. For some years all went prosperously with them; but the husband's dissipated habits, which the wife knew nothing of before marriage, gradually increased. It is not necessary to follow him closely in his career. It is enough for our purpose to know that, when Annie was nearly ready to graduate, her father was a ruined man; broken in health, and bankrupt in business. The fortune left Mrs. D. by her father had gone with that of her hus-

band. Suddenly, at last, she found herself a widow with four children to support, without money or friends to aid her. Those whom she had regarded as friends in her prosperous days had not followed her in her misfortunes.

Until her father's death, Annie had been sent to the best schools, and had faithfully improved every opportunity, in order to realize her strong desire to become a thoroughly educated woman. She had talent, energy and industry, and the tenderest love for her mother and little brothers and sisters, to stimulate her to the necessary labor. Her plan was to qualify herself for teaching, that she might support her mother and educate the younger ones.

After paying the funeral expenses, and moving into "apartments," a very few dollars remained in Mrs. Duncan's purse. She thought at first of taking Annie from school and placing her in a store. But, after due deliberation, she decided that a good education would enable her daughter to earn a living hereafter, in a way more congenial to her tastes; and she resolved to make every effort possible to continue her at school. In order to do so, it was necessary to find situations for her two boys, and to earn money herself by her needle. With the aid of her sewing machine and the boys' wages, she managed with the greatest economy to eke out a meager living for them all.

It was hard for Annie to see her mother toiling as she did, early and late. Nothing but the hope of being able to repay her by her own labors, as soon as her school education should be completed, made her patiently endure it.

Miss Thomas had been poor when Mrs. Duncan was rich. It was a return of many favors that she had insisted upon Annie sharing the superior advantages of school afforded.

Helen Price's indignation increased the more she thought of her insulted gentility. She gave expression to it that evening when telling her mother of the "poor new pupil."

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Price, "that Miss Thomas has done such an improper thing? Well, if she is going to teach the plebeian classes, I shall certainly send you where your associations will be of a more aristocratic kind. We may be sorry for the poor creature; but it is not proper that we should show our sympathy by associating with them. We must not endanger our social position by doing so. What would the Mortimeres and Ashburtons say if they knew this?"

"Nonsense!" was Mr. Price's exclamation, that night, after hearing the news his wife had intended should shock him as it had Helen's. "What harm is that going to do Helen? The child has too many absurd notions. She must be told of her origin, to bring a little common sense into her head. This young lady may have been the daughter of a rich man. You surely have lived in New York long enough to know that fortunes are often made and lost in a day; and that some of the finest houses and handsomest parts of the city are occupied by the most vulgar people—snobs and upstarts. Perhaps this 'plebeian,' as you call her, is as worthy as we considered ourselves when we belonged to the same class."

"Mr. Price! how horrible you are," exclaimed his wife. "How can you allude to such an unpleasing subject? I would not for the world have you destroy Helen's happiness by telling her anything of our early life. I have always kept it from her."  
"Well, now I have been of the opinion for a long time that it would do Miss Helen good to know that I was a poor mechanic and you a tailor in our young days. I see no reason why I should be ashamed of the fact; and, if you are, the sooner you get rid of such ridiculous folly the better. For I assure you that one more venture like that I have lately made will speedily reduce us to our former condition."

Mrs. Price began to weep. "How can you be so cruel? 'Tis very hard, after all my struggles for gentility, cutting off old friends, and just getting settled up town, and firmly established in the most refined and elegant circles, to be twitted about former poverty, and threatened with coming disgrace."

An account of Miss Thomas' shocking disregard for the patriotic sensibilities of her pupils was also given that same evening by Julia Monroe to her mother, with a liberal use of such adjectives as "vulgar," "dowdy," and "low born."  
"I am mortified, my daughter, to hear such expressions from your lips," replied Mrs. Monroe, after listening patiently to Julia's excited account. "When will you learn that true gentility is not in the purse, but in the mind and heart? If these are the notions you are getting from your present companions, I shall regret that I ever sent you to Miss Thomas' school. I have told you many times that nothing in this country is more uncertain than wealth. A family may be in one generation rich; in the next poor. I recall at this moment the misfortunes of a very dear friend of your father's and mine. If it had not been for the kindness of her father, your parents would have lost all the wealth they inherited, and would now be among the class you so wickedly despise. Anna Duncan was—" "Why, that is the name of this girl," interrupted Julia.

"May it not be possible," asked Mrs. Monroe, turning to her husband, who had put down his paper at the mention of the name, "that it is our old friend whom we lost sight of while we were in Europe?"  
"I hope it may be," he replied. "We must look into the matter immediately, Julia; and, if it should be the daughter of my old friend and benefactor, she must not be poor any longer. Money will never repay

the debt I owe Mr. Allston; and I shall be most happy to be able to make some return to his daughter. Poor Annie! Reared in luxury, beautiful, peaceful, truly accomplished and good as she was, she must not want for means while we have abundance. Annie Duncan a seamstress! Can it be possible? Her marriage was very unfortunate. I heard of her miserable husband's death; and, when I went to see her in her former elegant abode, I found that the house and furniture had passed into the hands of creditors, and that she had disappeared, no one could tell me where."

"I will get her address in the morning from Miss Thomas," said Mrs. M., "and drive around with some sewing. If it proves to be a stranger, that will afford an excuse for calling. I am really very impatient to know all about it."

Julia had listened to this conversation with unutterable dismay. She hoped the "poor creature," whose presence she had declared contamination, might prove to be a total stranger to her family. What would her fashionable acquaintances say! And the girls who had heard her speak as she had done that morning?

The next morning Mrs. Monroe's carriage drove up to a store on sixth avenue. Mrs. M. alighted, rang the bell for the fourth floor, and was soon seated in the neat little parlor with her friend.

It is unnecessary to describe the interview. It was long; for there was much to be told and much to be heard, and the traces of tears might be seen on the faces of both ladies when they separated. The work left in the carriage was not alluded to. Mrs. M. went home full of joy at her success, to help her husband devise some plan by which Mrs. Duncan could be assisted, without seeming to place her under any obligation.

Mr. Allston had paid a large amount for Monroe, when the latter had been, as it seemed to himself, hopelessly involved; for which he refused to receive, afterward, more than the principal. The interest was now estimated and found to be a large sum—more than enough for the support of Mrs. Duncan's family until Annie's education should be finished. A check for the amount was made out and sent to Mrs. D., as "a debt due her father, and to which she the only heir was entitled." She never knew how the debt was contracted; but received it gratefully, without the least word to her pride or delicacy.

In a short time, Annie Duncan's worth became known to her fellow pupils, while her superior scholarship and ladylike deportment made them admire and love her.

Helen Price was taken from the school by her shoddy mother, and placed where no plebeian—that is, according to her definition of the term—would be received. Away from her influence, Julia felt the deepest mortification for her unkind judgment and silly prejudices, and never allowed herself to estimate people by any outside or merely adventitious circumstances.

Annie graduated with the highest honors. The "apartments" were exchanged for a good house in a desirable part of the city; and, through the recommendations of Miss Thomas and the Monroes, a profitable school was commenced. The brothers were educated according to Annie's plan, and made good and useful men. Annie and Julia became devoted friends.

After teaching a few years, Annie Duncan became the wife of a most estimable and talented lawyer. She left the care of the school to her mother and sister. After traveling abroad for some time with her husband, they returned to an elegant home, presented them by his father.

Mr. Price made one more unsuccessful venture, that wrecked his fortune and made him a discouraged, broken-down merchant. Mrs. Price kept boarders for a while; but, failing in that, she and Helen were obliged to resort to tailoring. Mr. Price succeeded in getting a clerkship in a wholesale establishment. By means of his salary, and his wife's and daughter's earnings, they made a comfortable living down town.

**COURTING IN CHURCH.**—A young gentleman, visiting Germantown some time ago, happened to sit at church, in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent attachment, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not being suitable for a formal declaration, the case suggested the following plan. He politely handed the fair neighbor a Bible, opened, with a pin stuck in the following text: See our Saviour, "are many mansions;" but he did not add that some were set apart for the rich exclusively, and some for the poor—unless we suppose that the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and the implied impossibility of a camel passing through the eye of a needle, throw light upon this point. When we shall see both classes worshipping side by side, both partaking of the same elements, and both imbued with the sentiment that God is no respecter of persons, then we may have hopes of our common humanity—then believe that our modern Christianity is working beneficent results.—*The Western Monthly.*

A fine article of cheese is said to be made of billed peas and plaster of Paris. It can't be distinguished from the original skin-milk or white-oak cheese, only it will hang to one's "in ards" till the day of "pentecostiveness." California uses it.

An Irishman who was engaged at a drain and had his pick axe raised in the air just as the clock struck twelve, determined to work no more till after dinner, let go the pick and left it hanging there.

## Pioneer Preaching in the West.

At Lincoln, Ill., during the past month, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Presiding Eldership of Father Cartright, of the Methodist Church. It was an edifying time to all who participated. Father Cartright was one of the earliest and best known of the pioneer preachers of the West.

These pioneers did not enjoy the "stated" preaching of the Gospel. The early preachers were not "ten thousand dollar" men who rode in chariots, who dressed in purple and fine linen, and who occupied houses with graperies and conservatories attached. They preached salvation "without money and without price." They rode the circuit on horseback, exposed to rain and sleet, suffering cold and hunger, swimming rivers and camping at night on the open prairie, or seeking shelter beneath the roof of the humble cabin.

When it was known that the preacher was to arrive on the Lord's day at an obscure hamlet, the people throughout the "settlement" gathered in—some on horseback, some in farm wagons, and some on foot—the men dressed in livery-woolsey hunting shirts, dyed with copperas, their heads covered with coon-skin caps with the tail dangling behind, and their feet encased in moccasins of deer skin. The women were dressed in homespun cotton, striped and crossbarred. To them the Sabbath was a day of gladness—a time of reunion, when neighbors, so to speak, widely separated, could come together and exchange greetings, and during the intervals of service, talk over the events of the week. It was an era of good feeling.

The horses are hitched beneath the trees by some overhanging bough. The preacher mounts a rude stand in a grove and opens the services with prayer— fervid and awakening. He reads a hymn from his well thumbed pocket hymn book—not gilt edged—and lines out the words; then starting some simple melody, the congregation join, and there rises up the sound of praise, which breaks the solitude of the forest and comes back from the hills in answering echoes. Then follows the sermon, extemporaneous and abounding in illustrations of every day life; and as the preacher becomes warmed up, the passions of the audience are aroused and startled, and respond to his every appeal. What flame is in the ecstasy of spiritual delight, those untutored minds sound "Glory!" "Amen!" "Hallelujah!"

But the times have changed. Last Sunday night we strayed into a fashionable church on Washaw avenue. A thousand gas jets lighted up the interior—the grained arches and the canopy of blue and gold. A large and fashionable congregation—the women, not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like unto these—occupied the slips. As we scanned their faces, we sought in vain for the meek and the lowly, the weary and the heavy laden. Before us stood the surpliced priest. His linen was of snowy whiteness, and each particular hair of his head was nicely laid. His discourse was eminently decorous—not a sentiment to shock the prejudices of a single individual or to awaken a single unpleasant emotion. A zephyr playing over a summer sea is not more gentle; a lute, not more soothing in its sounds. Then, high above the tones of the organ, are heard the notes of the choir—professional singers, exorbitantly paid, and who, perhaps, during every night of the week, have performed at the opera in "Fra Diavola" or "The Barber of Seville."

As we issued out of the church with the self-satisfied throng, we thus moralized: What would be the emotions of one of those back-woodmen, arrayed in his coonskin cap, moccasins and hunting shirt, who was wont to grow fervid under the rousing appeals of Father Cartright, if transferred to such a scene? Did the fisherman of Galilee preach to such audiences, and with such accessories? Christ came to preach to the poor, to proclaim the common humanity of our race, and the vanity of temporal distinctions. We have made religion an expensive luxury. It is as expensive to the laboring man to rent a slip in a fashionable church as to rent a cottage. We array our wives and daughters in purple and fine linen, so that the wives and daughters of the poor, arrayed in calico and gingham feel out of place; and thus the very class for whom our Saviour died, are repelled from celebrating his resurrection. The quality of the gospel is not strained. It is the same, whether in the cottage or in the palace. If it edifies the rich, it will certainly fruitfully in the hearts of the poor and the heavy laden. "In my father's house," said our Saviour, "are many mansions;" but he did not add that some were set apart for the rich exclusively, and some for the poor—unless we suppose that the parable of Dives and Lazarus, and the implied impossibility of a camel passing through the eye of a needle, throw light upon this point. When we shall see both classes worshipping side by side, both partaking of the same elements, and both imbued with the sentiment that God is no respecter of persons, then we may have hopes of our common humanity—then believe that our modern Christianity is working beneficent results.—*The Western Monthly.*

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"I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, "that you are becoming a hard drinker." "That is a downright slander," replied the neighbor, "for no man can drink more easily."

"John," "Yes, sir." "Mind you wake me at four o'clock to-morrow; I leave for Birmingham at five." "Then you'll be good enough to call me at half past three, sir."

## Beautiful Allegory.

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: "What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die on the ground."  
"The twig told to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf.  
"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go until you want to. And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nesting and singing. And so it grew all summer long until October. And when the bright days of Autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said:  
"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."  
Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:  
"Oh branch, why are you lead color and we golden?"  
"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet; but your clothes are for holiday because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

**MISINGS.**—Oh, how sad is our heart, as we think of the days of long ago—the friends and loved ones of other years. We have confidence that they still live and love—that they remember us in the earth scenes of the past—that they have gone into the higher spheres and are in a more beautiful and purer home of love than ours; but we are lonely because they are no longer by our side, as of yore, because we see them only in memory's mirror, or on the album's sacred page. Sadness comes over our heart, when we remember their sufferings and their parting from earth. Oh, how hard that departure—that giving up of home and friends—not alone by us who live, but by the departed themselves. Life and loved ones were dear to them—the future all untried, unknown—yet they died in hope, with trust in God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

We would not recall their souls to earth to pass through all its scenes of woe again, but we can not, would not forget them, and our heart yearns for their companionship once more. Memory recalls the past. Love still lives in the heart. Its vestal flame still burns warm and bright on that sacred altar of the soul.

**MORAL INFLUENCE.**—The influence of a good example is far reaching, for, as a contemporary says, our experiences and conflicts with the world lead us at times to indulge in misanthropic sentiments, and charge all men with selfish and impure motives. The play of pride, prejudice and passion, and the eagerness manifested by the great majority of men to advance their own interests, often at the expense of others, and in violation of the golden rule, cause us to look with suspicion on the best intents of others. Arrogance, hypocrisy, treachery and violence, every day outrage justice, till we are almost disposed to distrust human nature and become discouraged. But amid all that is sad and disheartening in this busy and noisy world, now and then there is presented to us a life of such uniform virtue, that we recognize in it a character that brings hope for the perfect development and ultimate regeneration of our race. Such characters are precious, and such examples should be held up to the world for its admiration and imitation; they should be snatched from oblivion and treasured in the hearts and thoughts of all who are in process of forming habits and maturing character.

**REST.**—Rest! How sweet the sound. It is melody to my ears. It lies a reviving cordial to my heart, and from thence sends forth lively spirits, which beats through all the pulses of my soul. Rest! Not as the stone that rests on the earth, nor as this flesh shall rest in the grave, nor as rest as the eternal world desires. O, blessed rest! where we rest day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty! where we shall rest from sin, but not from worship, from suffering and sorrow, but not from joy. O, blessed day! when I shall rest in the bosom of my Lord! when I shall rest in knowing, loving, rejoicing and praising! when my perfect soul and body shall together enjoy the most perfect God! when God, who is Love itself, shall perfectly love me, and rest in his love to me, as I rest in my love to him; and rejoice over me with joy, and joy over me with singing, as I shall rejoice in him!

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## The Tropics.

A correspondent of "Leisure Hours," in alluding to the many poisonous reptiles and insects he met with in India, thus refers to some of them with which he was familiar:

There is another most disagreeable nuisance, experienced only by those who go out in tents or sleep under trees. It is the black, hairy caterpillar, called by the natives "Kamla." This is so very poisonous that if it only falls on any one, or even if a single hair touches the body in any part, it produces a most irritating rash, which spreads rapidly over the whole body. I did not believe this latter fact, about a single hair, till I had myself experienced it in the following way: One day I saw a small insect of this kind creeping across my verandah. Knowing well, how they ought to be avoided, I got a bit of stick to push it away. I had killed it and got it to the edge when the stick broke, so I gave it one touch with my slipper. Immediately after I wiped the slipper carefully on a mat and examined it, to see if there were none of the hairs sticking to it. I could see nothing of the kind; but one at least must have remained, though perhaps invisible, for a few days afterward, having occasion hastily to change my clothes, some part of them touched the slipper, and then was drawn along my leg, as it touched, the poisonous rash arose on my skin, and for several days I was almost helpless, finding relief only from constant application of butter. How this homopathic dose of poison acts on the system I leave for cleverer heads to find out.

The centipede is another most annoying insect. It sometimes creeps over the face and hands of a person lying asleep, who wakes up in the morning with a most painful itching, which gradually rises into a dangerous rash. Should the sleeper awake at the time and attempt to pull the insect off, it fixes its poisonous claws all the more tightly into the skin, and will scarce let go when touched with a red hot iron. I have myself escaped this torture, but have often witnessed the sufferings of my friends.

There is another very small persecutor, which gives annoyance chiefly to ladies—the flying bug. This little insect, something like a diaphanous beetle, comes flying into our rooms, during the rains, as soon as the lamps are lit, and drops on our plates and dishes, and even into our tumblers, leaving behind it a very strong and disagreeable odor. It is sometimes almost annoying to observe the confusion caused by a few such little torturers at a dinner party.

I was going to speak of mosquitoes and other minor zoological annoyances; but I have already said enough about what I may call the too familiar natural history of India.

**FEMALE COMPANY.**—How often have we seen a company of men, who were disposed to be riotous, checked all at once into decency by the accidental entrance of an amiable woman; while her good sense and obliging deportment charmed them at least into a temporary conviction that there is nothing so beautiful as female excellence, nothing so delightful as female conversation. To form the manners of men, nothing contributes so much as the caste of the women they converse with. Those who are most associated with women of virtue and understanding, will be always found the most amiable characters. Such society, beyond everything else, rubs off the protrusions that give to many an ungracious roughness; it produces a polish more perfect and more pleasant than that which is received from a general commerce with the world. The last is often specious, but commonly superficial; the other is the result of gentler feelings, and a more elegant humanity; the heart, itself, is moulded, and habits of undissolved courtesy are formed.

**AN EASY PLACE.**—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher some time since received a letter from a young man who recommended himself very highly as being honest, and closed with the request: "Get me an easy situation where honesty will be rewarded." To which Mr. Beecher replied: "Don't be an editor if you would be 'easy.' Don't try the law. Avoid school keeping. Keep out of the pulpit. Let alone all ships, stores, and merchandise. Be not a farmer or a mechanic, neither a soldier nor a sailor. Don't practice medicine. Abhor politics. Keep away from lawyers. Don't think. Don't work. None of these are 'easy.' O, my honest friend, you are in a very hard world! I know of but one real 'easy' place in it. That is the grave."

Some sailors saw a comet, and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met and appointed a committee to wait on the commander, and ask his opinion of it. They approached him and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor."  
"Well, my boys, what is it about?"  
"We want to inquire about that thing up there."  
"Now, before I answer you, first let me know what you think about it."  
"Well, your honor, we have talked it over, and we think it is a star that has sprung a leak."

A merchant entered his store one morning, and found his boy trying to throw all kinds of somersets. "What are you about?" asked the astonished merchant. "Obliging my girl," replied the almost exhausted boy. "She's written me a letter, and at the bottom of the page she said 'turn over and oblige,' and I've been doing it for mo'n' half an hour."

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## Business Directory.

**A. W. WALTERS,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.  
**WALTER BARRETT,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in the Court House.  
**E. D. W. GRAHAM,** Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Washware, Crochets, etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.  
**DAVID G. NIXON,** Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Washware, Crochets, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa., opp. 23.  
**MERRILL & BIGLER,** Dealers in Hardware and manufacturers of Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 26.  
**H. F. NAUGLE,** Watch and Clock Maker, and Jeweler, in Watches, Jewelry, etc., Room in Graham's Block, Market Street. Nov. 19.  
**H. BUCHER SWOPPER,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Block, Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**H. W. SMITH,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to business entrusted to his care. June 20, 1869.  
**WILLIAM A. WALLACE,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Legal business of all kinds promptly and accurately attended to. Clearfield, Pa. June 26, 1869.  
**J. B. MENALLY,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Block, Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**I. TEST,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. Office in Graham's Block, Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**THOMAS H. FORCEY,** Dealer in Squares and Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Queensware, Groceries, Flour, Grain, Feed, Bacon, etc., Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Block, Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**J. P. KRATZER,** Dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., 2nd Street, nearly opposite the Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 26, 1869.  
**HARTWICK & IRWIN,** Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oil, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 4, 1868.  
**KRATZER & SON,** Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, etc., Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. Dec. 27, 1869.  
**JOHN GUELICH,** Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market Street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 29.  
**RICHARD MOSSOP,** Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, etc., 2nd Street, nearly opposite the Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**MULLOUGH & KRIS,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. Consultations in English or German. Office in Graham's Block, Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**FREDERICK LEITZINGER,** Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. He also keeps on hand and for sale an assortment of earthenware of his own manufacture. Jan. 3, 1869.  
**N. M. HOOVER,** Wholesale and Retail Dealer in a full assortment of Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Lard, etc., 2nd Street, nearly opposite the Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**WESTERN HOTEL,** Clearfield, Pa.—This well known hotel, near the Court House, is worthy the patronage of the public. The table will be supplied with the best in the market. The best of liquors kept. JOHN DOUGHERTY, Proprietor. May 19, 69.  
**JOHN H. FULFORD,** Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Market Street, over Hartwick & Irwin's Store, nearly opposite the Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**ALTHORN, M. D.,** Physician and Surgeon, having located at Kylestown, Pa., offers his professional services to the citizens of that place and vicinity. (See 29 p.)  
**W. H. ARMSTRONG,** : : : : : SADDLERS.  
**ARMSTRONG & LIND,** Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Block, Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**WALBERT & BROS.,** Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, Lard, etc., 2nd Street, nearly opposite the Court House west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 19.  
**D. J. BURKHFIELD,** Late Surveyor of the 2nd and 3rd Townships of Lycoming County, Pa., and a member of the Pennsylvania Bar, offers his professional services to the people of this and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtis Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 69.  
**SURVEYOR.**—This undersigned offers his services to the public, as a Surveyor. He may be found at his residence, Lawrence Township, when not engaged; or addressed by letter at the office of the undersigned, No. 100 North 4th Street, Philadelphia. JAMES MITCHELL, Surveyor. Dec. 2, 1867-68.  
**JEFFERSON LITZ, M.D.,** Physician and Surgeon, having located at Kylestown, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of this and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtis Street, formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. May 19, 69.  
**J. K. BOTTOR'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,** MARKET STREET, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. Negatives made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Views of the city and surrounding country. Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views. Frames, from any style of mounting, made to order. (See 26 p.) J. K. BOTTOR, Proprietor. Dec. 2, 1867-68.  
**THOMAS W. MOORE,** Land Surveyor and Conveyancer, having recently located in the borough of Clearfield, and resumed the practice of Land Surveying, respectfully tenders his professional services to the owners and speculators in lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Fees of Conveyance made moderate. Office and residence one door East of Kirk & Spicers Store. April 14, 1869 1y.  
**SOLDIERS' BOUNTIES.**—A recent bill has passed both Houses of Congress, and signed by the President, giving soldiers who enlisted prior to 22d July, 1861, service for one year or more, and were honorably discharged, a bounty of \$100.  
Bounties and Pensions collected by me for those entitled to them.  
WALTER BARRETT, Atty at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Aug. 15, 1868.  
**DENTAL PARTNERSHIP.**  
DR. A. M. HILLS desires to inform his patients and the public generally, that he has associated with him in the practice of Dentistry, S. P. SHAW, D. D. S., who is a graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College, and therefore has the highest attainments of his Professional Art.  
All work done in the office will be held myself personally responsible for being done in the usual satisfactory manner and highest order of the profession.  
An established practice of twenty-two years in this place enables me to speak to my patrons with confidence.  
Engagements from a distance should be made by letter a few days before the patient designs to come.  
Clearfield, June 3, 1869.  
**SALT SALTY.**—A prime article of ground a run salt put up in patent barrels, for sale at the rate of \$1.00 per barrel. R. MOSSOP