

FIRKER. Editor and Proprietor. op BITCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT .- HENRY CLAY.

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EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1866.

NUMBER 52

UST OF POST OFFICES.

OLUME 7.

TRECTORY

Distructa. Post Masters. Steven L. Evans, Carroll. Chest. M. D. Wagner, STRINGS. A. G. Crooks. Taylor. Washint'n. L. H. Brown, John Thompson, Ebensburg. White. C. Jeffries; Susq han. Peter Garman, Gallitrin J. M. Christy, Washt'n. Wm Tiley, Jr., Johnst wh. E. Roberts, M. Adlesherger, Loretzo. Munster. A. Durbin, Susq'han. M. J. Pistt. Clearfield Stan. Wharton, Richland. George Berkey, Washt D. 1. Shoemaker, Crovie. B. F. Slick, Washt'n. Wm. WConnell. J. E. Shrvock, Smerhill

HURCHES, MINISTERS, &c.

THE T N. WILSON, Pastor .-Subbarh miniming at 102 and in the evening at 7 o'clock. Sabol at Swiclock, A. M. Prayer meet-Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.

dist Episcopel Church-Env. A. BARRE. beaching every sliternate Sabbath at 10% b'rlick. Sabbath School at 9 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednes-

sing. at 7 e'clock. Independent-Ray La. R. Powala Preaching every Sabbath morning at wh and in the evening at 6 p'clock r an the first Monday evening of each | Have passed within that scented door and on every Tuesday, Thursday and To gladden eyes that are no more ! evening, excepting the first week in)

Esv. Mennas Ellis. bing every Salibath evening at ork. Sabbath School at 1/ c'clock.

Rev. W. LLOYD. Pastor -- Preach-Subbath marning at 10 o'clock. Sabhath School st at 1 o'clock, P. M. The woodbine on the cottage wall--REE, R. C. CREISTE, Pastor .- My beart still lingers with them all

Between broad fields of wheat and corn Is the lowly home where I was born : The peach tree leans against the wall, And the woodbine wanders over all ; There is the shaded doorway still, But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill. There is the barn-and, as of yore, I can smell the hay from the open door, And see the busy swallows throng. And hear the peewee's mournful song ;

BT 7. BUCEANAN BRAD.

But the stranger comes-oh ! painful proof-His sheaves are piled to the beated roof. There is the orchard-the very trees Where my childhood knew long hours of ease, And watched the shadowy moments run

Till my life imblided more shade than sun ; The swing from the bough still sweeps the air.

But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below, With its bulrush brook where hazels grow ; Twas there I found the calamus root. in charge. Rev. J. Prasmiss, As- And watched the minnows polse and shoot, And heard the robin lave its wing, But the stranger's bocket is at the spring.

D, ye, who daily cross the sill, Step lightly, for I love it still ; And when you crowd the old harn-eaves, School at 1 o'clock, P. M. Prayer Then think what countless harvest-sheaves

Deal kindly with these orchard trees, And when your children crowd their hnets Their sweetest fruit they shall impart, aver meeting every Friday evening. As if bld memories stirred their heart Society every Tuesday evening To youthful sport still leave the swing, And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds, ier Beptists-REV. DAVID EVANS, The meadows with their lowing herds,

to the title of bonor upon his letters.

I may call my life a success."

one of his ambitions, and as soon as he all.

to obey his behests.

him. Was he richer now?

ready to break the spell of his own uncared for, his lonely life.

by means of which he achieved success. The world, felt swelling up in his heart a when spring opens." Enough that at last he esteemed himself fountain of sweet waters-and then, when "But you ought not to have expected An Ireland correspondent of the New to have reached it. He was a rich man, he would have slaked at it his soul's thirst, much leasency from me. You told me York Glaerver writes as follows of Bharwell known in financial circles ; and a beautiful and deceitful as a mirage it years ago that I was a stern, hard man - Ley Castle and the famous Blarney Stope ; term in Congress had given him a right | vanished, and his heart, lacking its sweet- You might have softened me if you had The number, extent and completeness pess, turned to desert waste.

"Pretty well," he said after all these For not all his gold beguiled the little turning me into stone." memories had passed like a long pano- girl he loved into wedding. She looked She recognized him now, and her hip Cork, of less than a hundred thousand inrams before him-"pretty well for old into his face with her pure, honest eyes, curied with a touch of the old score. To babilants, astonished me. The Lunatic Tim Scarborough's bound boy. I think this Julia Winsted, and told him some him of all men she would not sue for Asylum, for the insane of a large district truths hard to bear. He was old for his grace.

And, if surroundings earthly and tem- forty-two years, and she told him so; "I was true to myself then," she said tients, appeared to be one of the most exporal are the standard of measurement, hard and cold, used to living by himself, quietly, "I am not sorry, not even now." tensive and happily arranged, that I had you would not have procounced him tar selfish even in his wish to bind her youth | His enemy still, he thought-his star. ever seen. Three buildings, in Gothie wrong had you glanged about the spart- to his stern, middle age. Receiving his ving enemy. Should be offer her bread style, in the midst of beautiful grounds, ment, half study, half breakfast room, proposal of matriage as an attempt to buy or a stone? I have said that new impul- commanded a magnificent view of town, where he had just been taking his more-, her treshness and beauty, with her pitiless see were guiding him, and with him country, lend and water. We passed this ing meal. To be a gentleman had been plainness of speech she made him feel it impulses were all powerful. He went to institutive and the model Agricultural

rounded himself with the appliances of since then he had never seen her. But asked him. "The fires are bright in my beautiful way it was, one of the most deluxury. On the floor of this his favorite he had never forgiven her. She stood in house, and the carpets warm and soft - lightful, winding, shaded, graded roads, room, a soft, warm carpet yielded like his memory as his enemy ... There are pictures on the walls, and books with elegant old mansions in the midst wood and moss to his foot-fall. Hand- for curiously enough he had made no without end in the cases." somely bound books filled the eavern other in the course of his long life. But At the sound of books and pictures the stone walls by the roadside often overcases from foor to ceiling. Chairs up- toward her his resontment was as keen as boy's eyes brightened ; but he answered grown with ivy, all the more enchapting holstered in Russia leather held out capa- on the day when he had been so stung by with a sturdy resolution which reminded to us, who, but the day before, were on cious arms to him. His breakfast service | her indignant refusal to give him her hand, | Pierce Bichmond again of her whom he | the sea, and now were enjoying this new was of silver and porcelain, and at the when, as she said, he must known in the called his enemy. least touch of that bell beside him, itself very nature of things it was impossible "I should like the fires and the corpets, riding in an Irish jaunting car, going to a dainty tor, trained servants were ready for her to give him her heart. He re- and the books and the pictures better yet. "Blarney Castle," to see it and the famous membered her pitilessly well. If he had But I'll not leave my mother."

These things to-day-and, back fifty been an artist, he could have painted the "Will your mother come ?" Mr. Righ- not heard of the Blarney Stone ? Irish years, the little three-roomed cottage ; the dan gold of the long, fine hair, the violet mond turned and looked into the worn blarney is quite as familiar a term as Irish mother pale and weary, but tender, and eyes which the curling lashes shaded, the face, flushing a little with indignation at wit. Yet there are not many who know himself barefooted, coarsely elad, but red lips with their haughty curve. He his words. "I do not mean to ask any- where and what is the Blarney Stone. young and strong and eager, hopeful, and had never seen her since ; but he laid on thing you can grant," he hasteped to say, that gives to the Irish, who kiss it the with all the future's possibilities before her memory the blame and burden of his in tones of quiet reassurance. "I am six- persuasive power of the tongue, the all

A tap upon the door elicted a half un- he too might have been a husband and shall never have ; and I need a house- guish them as a race. Five miles from gracions "come is," for he was not yet father-not living thus, unloved and keeper-a woman faithful enough to look the City of Cork, stands the Donjoe Keep.

that barefooted dreamer of fifty years ago struck bitterly on his ear, and he repeated If you will come to my home, and keep thys, Barons of Blarney. It was built in to the present standpoint of the Hon, them over and over to himself, thinking my house, it shall be your home and your the 15th century, and the majesho Pierce Richmond. He wanted to look the while thoughts new and strange .- boy's home while I live, and at my death strength and proportions of the work show ouward a little, and speculate whether What had he done-did he or some invis- you shall be insured against want." any more ground remained to be pussessed. ible presence at his side ask the question The widow looked a moment into his of war were in use, it must have been a roused himself at ouce from his dreams, love him ? Had he ever unselfishly tried in a passion of eager gratitude. and became the alert, watchful man of to make one human being happy ? Had "I deserve nothing from you," she said, side, and supported by two timbers, sevbusiness. It was his confidential agent, there ever been day or hour in which self "and you have saved me from despair." | eral feet below the highest outlook of the Pierce Richmond took up a letter which Solomon Osgood, who was charged with had not been the centre round which all | But I think as time went on, and the Castle, was a stone, which could not be had just been brought in, and glanged at superintending his real estate and collect- his aims revolved ? He pushed away his elegant abode where Fierce Richmond reached, unless you were held by the heels the superscription-"Hon. Pierce Rich- ing his rents. It was the first of the letter with Honoraple on the cover. He had passed so many solitary years took and so let down till you could tonch it mond ?" He had seen his name thus month now, and there were accounts began to doubt whether, after all, his life on new aspects of ease and grace under a with your lips. This stone fell from its

The Stranger on the Sill. I will not weary you with the processes but he, the cold, selfish, hardened man of little time. I think he will be better

tried then ; but I think time has been of the commercial, benevalent, and relig-

the golden-haired boy on the hearth.

was able to live elegantly, he had sur- The next day she left the house, and "Would you like to live with me ?" he number of others, on our way, and a

solitary years. But for her, he thought, ty-two, and alone in the world. Wife I prevailing flattery, that is said to distinout for my interests, and kind enough to and ruins of the ancient Blarney Castle. thoughts. He had traced the career of Unloved and uncared for ! The words nurse me patiently through my old age. where, in olden time, dwelt the M'Car-

The Blarney Stone.

ious institutions, is and about the city of of Ireland, and fitted to care for 530 pa-School, and the Queen's College, and a of trees, their trunks with ivy clad, the scenery with the keenest nest, as we were

"Blarney Stone," of Ireland. Who has that in its day, before our modern means

es every Subhath morning at 10% o'clock | Ye strangers on my native sill. spers at 4 o'clock in the evening.

ERENSBURG MAILS.

Seller Autorities		
MATL.	S AURIVE	
ers, through, d	aily, at	9.35 P. N.
HOPTE, WINT,	41 82	9.25 P. M.
stern, through,	20 82	S.25 A. M.
	#: B1	9.25 A. M.
MAIL	S CLOSE.	
apress duality	10	8.00 P. M.
NETT.	51	8.00 P. M
The mails if	rom Carri	Stirrs arriva
dig. Sandaja eme	ented Th	ie mails from
atavile Grant,	in arrive	e nn Monders.
server - the server and the server and		o there are a service of the

besters and Fridays. Mails for Carrolltown Seave daily, Sunweinepted. Mulls for Platteville, Grant. leave on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sat-

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Phila, Express	14	9.33 A.
New York Exp.	-	3.52 A.1
Fort Line	144	9.54 P. 1
Day Express		T.30 P. 1
Shoons Accom.		4.25 P. 1
-Thile. Express		8.40 P. 1
Ekst Line		2.30 .8. 1
Day Express		
Cincinnati Ex.		1.55 P. 1
Linnia Accomi.	24	1.11 P. 1

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war die Courts-President, Hon. Geo. Huntingion ; Associates, George W. Henry C. Devine milery-Geo. C. E. Zahm. er und Recorder-James Griffin. -Jamies Myers. of Attorney .- John F. Barnes. y Commissioners- John Campbell, Edilles, E. R. Dunnegan. ----Barnshas M Dermit Orris, Joseth Dalley. ers-Fran. P. Lierney, Juo. A. Ken-

Emanuel Brallier. ant Stronger .- Henry Scanlan mer .- William Flattery. maile Approvier-John Cor. by 1 (Common Schools-J. F. Condon.

BUINDURG BOR. OFFICERS.

AT LADER. James A. Moore. Mines of the Peace-Harrison Kinkend, aned J. Waters. Aus Directory-D. W. Evans, J. A. Moore, ti J. Duvis, David J. Jones, William M. es, B. Jones, jr. "righ Tressurer-Geo. W. Outman. lork to Council-Sami, Singleton Brief Commissioner-Duvid Davis.

SART WARD. For Counci-A. Y. Jones, John O. Evans, no more shelter. nuel Davis, Charles Owens, R. Jones, jr. drois-Thomas Todd. tige of dilection-Wm. D. Davis.

WEST WARD. utalis-Barnabas M Dermit. supr of Election .- John D. Thomas uperiors .- William H. Sechler, George W.

Arrenor-Joshua D. Parrish.

Step lightly, for I have it still !

THE VOICE IN THE HEART.

sorbing him. It was his pride to be a tone-

self-made man, and he had been going "And the widow Maffit ?" back, this morning, over a half-century,

mer air with fragrance, was a pretty spot and the month before that," Mr. Rich- to live for God and good !" when he lived there-the only son of his | mond said rather curtly. mother, and she a widow. He could see "Very true," the agent answered grave-

it, looking back, as plainly as if the fifty | ly. lips used to tremble when she called comes hard on poor folks."

her to work for, perhaps it would have to a matter of business."

bome eternal in the heaven.

written stires enough before ; but it sug- to be rendered in. They seemed sat- had been a success. What single good woman's fingers ; as little Frank met him place a long time ago, and now another is gested, just now, a curious continuation of isfactory for the most part ; but at last deed had he to be reckoned up in the days whenever he came in with loving eager- pointed out on another side of the Castle.

sweet brier round it freighting the sum- "Hum ! Yes ! So she was last month,

years were only a mist of morning rolling "Last month her little Jack died, and would be a beginning. If you find her away from before the well-known scene. the month before that he was very sick ; suffering you can help her." How pale and quiet but tender and long and now the only one she has left seems | He was acting on new impulses, but the in the war, it will be remembered that he at the door of the Castle, and you have suffering his mother was ! He felt again trying to follow in his brother's footsteps resolute strength which had helped him issued a proclamation, somewhat bombas- only to stoop and touch it with your lips. her fond kisses, and remembered how her Sickness brings a deal of expense, and all through life, hurried him on now; tic in tone, freeing the slaves. To the and the virtue is precisely the same as

veins seemed to thrill with the boyish they said with quiet determinationpride of the old days when he sat beside "I don't want to be unfeeling, Osgood, visitor, and stood as if waiting to hear his one day a friend took him to task for his Reliques gives the best account of its het and told her that he would grow up so I'll say plainly that I don't want such | errand. stout and strong, able to do a man's work | tenants. Giving in charity is one thing. | "I am your landlord," he said, in tones | matter.

toil so wearily with her needle any more. want to give I can give ; but I want the than stern ; and then she stood aside and that a good deal as a mun whom I will If she had but lived, and he had had interest on my investments, when it comes asked him to walk in.

he shivered again with a throb of the old shan't lose by her," the agent remarked, ered on the hearth, and before it, trying henpecked. At last, one day his wife House Directory-George WCullough, agony, as he remembered how he had in the tone of one wounded a little. His to warm his slender fingers, bent a boy was seen switching him out of the house. found her one morning with a smile fro- | employer looked at him curiously.

her white face ; and knew that the lips he said, with a smile rather satirical, yet room, rested on him, and remained fixed. always stood up for you, as you know ; but would never welcome him any more, or not altogether unkindly. "I don't care He was a slight, fragile boy, who might I am not going to do it any longer. Any the eyes rest on him with their sad ten- about your undertaking the burden of my have passed for younger than his years, man who will stand quietly and take a derness-that his mother had gone from bad debts. Seven children, and a wife save for the expression of maturity on his switching from his wife, deserves to be the land where she was a pilgrim to the none too strong, are about as big a load thoughtful countenance. But those violet horse-whipped.' Jones' looked up with

which I write, recalling that time, fifty her stay on, through March, whether she pensive face-whose were they ? He had me any ; and you have no idea what a years ago, when he was only twelve, and pays or not; and see if you can't find me never seen such since the day he parted power of good it did Sarah Ann." his mocher had left him alone ! A shy, another tenant by the first of April." with her-his enemy. He turned at last, In August, 1864, the prospects of the shrinking boy he was then, despite his "Thank you, sir, as to Mrs. Maffit's and looked at the mother. She remained Union party in reference to the Presidengreat faith in his own future-"a mother part of your remark," Mr. Osgood an- quietly awaiting his pleasure-a woman tial election became very gloomy. A boy," as the phrase is in the country, and swered. "As for that about me and mine, of at least forty, worn by sorrow and friend, the private secretary of one of quaintly touching, it always seemed to I think, Mr. Richmond, if you had the touched by time, yet with a certain prond the Cabinet ministers, who spent a few

under."

the train of thought which had been ab- Mr. Richmond said in an inquising when by his works he must be justified or ness; and he began to understand some- to be reached in the same way. I confess condemned ? And now he was an old thing of the difference between a house that I assisted in thus suspending two or man-tor the first time he began to feel and a home, he never repeated that he three young Americans from Philadelphia. "Yes, I was going to speak about her, that-and it was too late. Ah, it must had shown mercy to his enemy. and remembering his boyhood. The lit- I hope you will be willing to wait a little have been a suggestion of the still, small tle brown cottage, with the thickest of for her rent. She has been in trouble." voice that seemed to penetrate his heart.

"Not too late, O, never too late to begin

But what could be do? voice in his beart answered. "There White House."

and in half an hour he was at the door of surprise of many people on both sides, that imparted by the one which is 120 him ber fatherless boy. And again his Mr. Richmond considered a little ; Mrs. Maffit's fourth story-room. Answer- the President took no official notice of this feet in the air. Whence this tradition ing his knock, she did not know her movement. Some time had elapsed, when arose nobody knows. Father Prout's

among men, and then she never should and renting houses is another. When I which no emotion seemed to make other

kept his heart fresh and unselfish. But "I'll be security for Mrs. Maffit-you room. A fire dull for want of suel flick- and had the reputation of being badly of about twelve. Mr. Riehmond's eyes, A day or two afterward a friend met him Bour Frequer-George C. K. Zahm. zen on her still lips, a look of peace on "You're a philanthropist, Mr. Osgood," in their comprehensive gaze round the in the street, and said : "Jones, I have as you can carry. Didn't I say you eyes over which the long lashes garled, a wink, putting his friend on the back -How he pitied himself, this morning of peeda't send the woman off, now? Let the dun gold hair tailing softly round the 'Now don't,' said he ; 'why, it didn't hurt me. He had been all his life under her same burden to carry, you'd find it grace in her manner, as she stood in the days in New York at this juncture, regentle wing, and now he could find there about the pleasantest one you ever bent same attitude in which she had stood turned to Washington with so discourag-

Yet his lot was not intolerably hard .- There was an air of sincerity in his never forget. For this was his enemy ! that after hearing it, the Secretary told He was apprenticed by the town authori- manner, a beam of secret delight in his He would not have known her, perhaps, him to go to the White House and repeat amendary-David E. Evans, Dani. J. Davis. ties, to a prosperous farmer ; and he had look, which lingered with the Hon. Pierce save for the golden-haired boy-but now it to the President. My friend said that a comfortable home, no more work than Richmond after his agent had gone away. he saw all her old self in her changed he found Mr. Lincola alone, looking more was reasonable, and a little schooling in He wondered if there were, indeed, so features. She was waiting to learn his than usually care-worn and sad. Upon bun Conneil-John Lloyd, Samuel Stiles, winter. But no one loved him-this boy much blessedness in family ties-if it pleasure-what may his pleasure? Before hearing this statement he walked two or tion Kinkead, John E. Scanlan, George who had lived, hitherto, in an atmosphere were good for a man to have wife and to-day he could have answered this ques- three times across the floor in silence of mother love-and so his proud, sensi- mouths to look out for. And, so speca- tion unhesitatingly ; to humilinte her-to Returning he said with grim earnestness tive heart grew cold and hard. He sared lating, the bitterest memory of his whole see her starve-to push her to the last of tone and manner : "Well, I cannot run for no one but himself, and though he life came back to him-the one sole time extremity-to be revenged upon her by the political machine; I have enough on did his work faithfully, he endeared since his mother's death when he had any and all means for the light esteem in my hands without that. It is the people's himself to none. He seemed to live in a loved some being beyond and apart from which she had held him ! Now-would business-the election is in their hands. go, and any revenge of this kind satisfy him ?- If they turn their backs to the fire, and

But when he saw the new comer he -what had he done that any one should eyes, and then gave him both her hands mighty affair.

Anecdotes of Mr. Lincoln.

When General Phelps took possession warranted to be the one that fell from its of Ship Island, near New Orleans, early place, and this is placed on the ground. seeming indifference on so important a miraculous power :

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I feel about call 'Jones,' whom I once knew, did about He stepped into the bare, comfortless bis wife. He was one of your meek men,

twenty years before, on a day he could ing an account of the political situation,

In the midst of the wall on the North who were ambitious of adding to their other accomplishments this Irish endowment, and a lady of the party, who had no need of it, was content to reach it with We clip the following characteristic her hand, and take the charm on her lips anecdotes of the late President, from Mr. from the end of her fingers. And that "Gu and see the widow Maffit," the F. B. Carpenter's "Six Months at the none may be unable to kiss it, with true Irish liberulity, a third stone is provided.

> "There is a stone there That whoever kisses. Oh | he never misses To grow cloquest. * Tis he may clamber To a inde a chamber. Or become a member Of Parlinment. "A clever shoulder Hell sure ture out, or Ap out and outer. To be let alone ! "Don't hope to binder him. Or to hewilder him.

Sure he's a pilgrim From the Blarney Stone."

A SILENT WOMAN .--- The Portland Press records what it calls "one of the wonders of the world" in the case of a woman who has just died in the almshouse in that city, at the age of seventy years. Disappointed in love in early life, she made a vow never to speak another word during her life, and during the thirty-five years she has spent in the Portland poorhouse, she religiously kept her vow, until death sealed her lips, not uttering a single intelligible word during all that time. The Press says that she remained in full possession of her vocal faculties throughout the silent years, but does not explain hew that fact is known.

A BASHFUL POET .- The poet Percival's knowledge of women was of the least. He never dared look them in the eves --An accidental touch of the band of one of his loves drave him in confusion from the room. He never told his love, ex-

 A. F. MSummit Lodge No. 812 A. T. M. mers in Masonic Hall, Ebensburg, on the nuch Toesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock, N. N. I.O.O. FHighland Lodge No. 428 I.O. P. meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, Ebensburg, and it is bas none temperance meets in Temperance Hall, Eb- mining, every Saturday evening. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO 	d to open any doors. Strong pur- rew into his nature in his silent a position, a career! But all his inded, as they began, with himself; is a sad thing when a human being ne else to live for. en he was twenty-one, with his oun suit" on his back, he marched from Freyburg, and went out into orld, to begin the career which,	he was forty-two then, and she—the loved one—just twenty. He met her in a lodg- ing house, where he had a fashionable suite of first-floor apartments, and where she, lodging in the attic, used now and then to meet him on the steps or in the hall, until he learned to think that day dark, lit by no gleam of her dun gold hair. How well he remembered the face, sweet yet spirited—"the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold"—the dainty, lithe form the empired step, the musical	had heard his mother read them in his boyhood. "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink !" His heart throbbed strangely, but he kept all emotion out of his voice. "I hear your rent is not ready, Mrs. Maffit." "It is not Frank has been ill so much.	they have got to sit on the blister." -A private secretary of the late Pres- ident writes that Mr. Lincoln "composed somewhat slowly and with care, making few erasures or corrections, and, indeed, being quite tenacious of forms of expres- sions which he had once adopted. It was then his custom to read his manuscript over aloud, 'to see how it sounded, as he could hardly judge of a thing by merely	twenty-hour he adored a pupil at Fulla- delphia; and again, at twenty-five, he worshiped somebody in Berlin; and once more, in New Haven, at twenty-seven, he fell in love with a young woman with a handsome face, who did not like looks, and married a shoemaker.
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