THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.
If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months..... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00

Rates of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices..... 2 50
Auditors' notices..... 2 50
Cautions and Retrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year.... 5 00
Local notices, per line..... 20
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square.....$5 00 | ¼ column.....$50 00
2 squares.....15 00 | ½ column..... 70 00
1 square.....25 00 | 1 column.....120 00
G. R. GOODLANDER,
NOEL R. LEE,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. R. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 50—WHOLE NO. 2470. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1876. NEW SERIES—VOL. 17, NO. 19.

Cards.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
Clearfield County, Penn's. j26 75y

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9.30'74

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov12'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
ROBERT P. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-12'73 Clearfield, Pa.

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office with John H. Fulford, opposite the Court House.
april 1-6m*

JOSEPH B. M'NEALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan1:74

G. R. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Having resigned his Judgeship, has resumed the practice of the law in his old office at Clearfield, Pa. Will attend the courts of Jefferson and Elk counties when specially retained in connection with resident counsel. 2:14:72

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Court House, (Sheriff's Office). Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. je11'73

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Graham's Row. [dec6-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
n11:1-73 Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [nov21,66.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'72

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street, opp. Court House, Jan. 3, 1874.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'72.tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Box in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. ypd

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n'71

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug16'70

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours; 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 8 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on Market st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Penfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13 tf.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Surgeon of the 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by J. Woods. [apr4,'68-tf

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.
Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-73.

D. M. DOHERTY,
FASHIONABLE BARBER & HAIR DRESSER.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Shop in room formerly occupied by Naugle Market street.
July 14, 73-y

HARRY SNYDER,
(Formerly with Lew Schuler.)
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
Clean towel for every customer. may 19,'75.

G. W. WEAVER & CO.,
DRUGGISTS & APOTHECARIES,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.
Dealers in all kinds of Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods and Druggists' Sundries.
Curwensville, March 17, 1875.

GEORGE M. FERGUSON,
WITH
J. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
dealers in
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
1975-tf 551 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Cards.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb23'71tf

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29, 76.

GEO. ALBERT.....HENRY ALBERT.....W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
e25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [8jy18'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25-1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER,
8-772 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1873 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

REMOVAL.
REIZENSTEIN & BERLINER,
wholesale dealers in
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Have removed to 187 Church street, between Franklin and White sts., New York. [jy31'72

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr14'75-tf

COME AND SETTLE.—
Having taken my brother into partnership, I desire to have my old accounts closed. I therefore give notice to all who know themselves indebted to me to come forward soon and settle up, so that we can take a new departure.
Clearfield, July 14, '75-tf. F. M. CARDON.

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 16-'75.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale a valuable town property in the borough of Clearfield. Lot 86x185 feet, with a good two-story plank house thereon erected, with three rooms down stairs and four bed rooms up stairs. Also, sewing room and bath room on second floor. House finished complete from cellar to attic.—Good double porch and good water. Price reasonable and payments easy.
20aug73 WM. M. McCULLOUGH.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

MITCHELL WAGONS.
The Best is the Cheapest!
Thomas Reilly has received another large lot of "Mitchell Wagons," which are among the very best manufactured, and which he will sell at the most reasonable rates. His stock includes almost all descriptions of wagons—largest small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr5'74 THOMAS REILLY.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS,
and all kinds of
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.
A full stock of Saddlers' Hardware, Brushes, Combs, Blankets, Robes, etc., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.
All kinds of hides taken in exchange for harness and repairing. All kinds of harness leather kept on hand, and for sale at a small profit.
The business will be under the immediate supervision of John C. Harwick.
Clearfield, Jan. 19, 1876.

MAIZE & SCHWARTZ,
(late Geo. Evans & Co.,)
MILITARY UNIFORMS
AND
EQUIPMENTS,
NO. 1108 MARKET STREET, PHIL'A.
Bands, Companies, &c., furnished. Samples, photographs and self-measuring directions sent free.
MERCHANT TAILORS & CLOTHIERS,
1108 MARKET STREET,
july 14, '75-1y Phila.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned are now fully prepared to carry on the business of
UNDERTAKING,
AT REASONABLE RATES,
And respectfully solicit the patronage of those needing such services.
JOHN TROUTMAN,
JAMES L. LEAVY.
Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 16, 1874.

LOVE COMES TO ALL.

A mother held upon her knee
Her rosy boy of Summers three,
And tossed him up and tossed him down,
Till all the curls danced on his crown;
While thus she sang and answered he:
"Love me, my sweet, for I love thee."

An orchard spread its blossoms out,
While busy bees flew round about;
Beneath its boughs a youth and maid
Blushed like the blossoms overhead;
With downcast looks then murmured he:
"Love me, dear girl, for I love thee."

A hall of state, a tower of pride,
With parks and gardens at its side;
In rarest cloak a bird of fame
Came wooing to a noble dame;
He sang with sweetest melody:
"Love me, my queen, for I love thee."

A field of battle, dark with night,
A feeble gleam of lantern light;
A warrior dying, drop by drop;
A wife's pale bosom as his prop;
Death strikes his dart as gasperh he:
"Love me, my love, for I love thee."

All hearts must love; some time the broad
Heavens hit to them the request;
In childhood's hour, in manhood's prime,
In youth, in age, in every clime,
Where'er the words the thought will be:
"Love me, my love, for I love thee."

THE TERRORS OF THE LOST.

M. Jules Verne, in his work, "The Mysterious Island," depicts the finding of a certain boatswain upon a small island, after a solitary residence there of twelve years duration. This unhappy person is described as being covered over his entire body with a thick suit of hair, giving him the aspect of an ape. He was devoid of speech, save certain unintelligible sounds, and his intellect is a blank. Evidently his reason and memory of language have both been lost for a series of years. The actions of this poor creature are those of an animal, and his habits are filthy and brutal in the extreme. He resists the efforts made to capture him, and makes repeated but futile endeavors to escape.

On the island is also discovered the dwelling originally occupied by the boatswain during the period of his advent, but now evidently long since fallen to desuetude. It contains some cooking utensils, amunition and firearms, a Bible, and some seeds, so that the castaway had within his reach the means of appeasing hunger, comfortable shelter, and a fair amount of food for the mind. Despite all this he had lost his reason, fired his dwelling, and lived like a wild beast in the forest. Having most of the essentials which contribute to comfortable existence in communities, the man had doubtless become insane from lack of companionship. At first, probably the life was novel, and engaged his intellectual faculties by the drafts which it made upon them. Further on, he longed for sight of a human face, for human sympathy and companionship. This desire grew upon him, becoming at length the one absorbing thought, which mastered and excluded all others. Then the desire for physical exertion waned; the mind, dead to all else but its intense longing for fellowship, corroded and fed upon itself; reason wandered, tottered, and fell, and the man became a mere animal. Having been of a somewhat fierce and attractable temperament before insanity, he became a wild and nervously-energetic animal. Then came a season of exposure to the elements, and a life led by the lower animals, during which, nature wrought her mysterious changes in him, and set her peculiar marks upon his person. He acquired a suit of thick hair in lieu of clothes, and his facial development intensified into that of an ape. All this happened because the boatswain lacked companionship. He was lost to the world.

After his capture the lost insane man gradually recovered his sanity. By degrees the tones of his former language returned to him, and he resumed its use upon occasion. But the major portion of the twelve years passed upon the island were, and always would be a blank to him. He had no more memory of them than if they had never existed.

But, unfortunately, M. Jules Verne deals in fiction and we must accept his statements *cum grano salis*. Now, let the writer relate a veritable history:

In the year 1834, a Mr. Davis, an officer of the Hudson Bay company, left York factory, on the Hudson Bay, in the annual vessel visiting that port, destined for England. He took with him his two eldest daughters for the purpose of having them educated in England, leaving his wife and remaining children at an interior fort in the company's territory. Mr. Davis was a highly educated Englishman, of stanch *physique* and unshaken intellect. No question of his sanity had ever been raised, or that he was not the peer of any in his rank in life. The vessel enjoyed a prosperous voyage and reached London in safety. Mr. Davis placed his daughters in a suitable school, and then passed some time in visiting among his relatives in that vicinity. At length he received notice from the company's office in Fanchurch street, that a vessel would sail for York factory on a certain date, in which he would be assigned a state room. It was intended to send two vessels that season with the annual outfit, one to precede the other by a week or more.

Mr. Davis sailed in the first ship, which encountered heavy weather almost from the time of starting. The seams of the vessel were opened by the violence of the elements, so that almost continual pumping was necessary. As the American coast was neared, the condition of the vessel became more precarious, until, one stormy morning, she went down near a rocky island of considerable extent. Nearly all the vessel's crew and passengers who could swim effected an escape to land. This number at that time was not supposed to include Mr. Davis, although he was known to be an expert swimmer. He did not, however, appear on the island and was naturally supposed to be drowned. The miserable survivors remained upon the rocky coast about a week, when the second vessel passing took off what remained of them alive. This ship reached York factory in safety and reported Mr. Davis as drowned with numerous others. Word was sent to that effect to his family and relatives and his accounts adjusted with the company. He was a gentleman of some wealth and his family were left in comfortable circumstances. The vessel remained at York for a month, taking on her cargo of furs, and then set sail for England.

As she was passing by the rocky island, the scene of the rescue of the first ship's survivors, the lookout announced that he saw a man sitting upon one of the rocks. The statement was received with incredulity at first, but the sailor repeated it with so much assurance that the captain mounted to the crosstrees to look for himself. Sure enough, there was a man sitting on the rocks. The ship at once headed for the island, and anchored. While the anchor was being cast, and the boat lowered and manned, the castaway approached the vessel and sat upon a rock in plain view, as if waiting for the arrival of the boat's crew. He was clothed, and apparently in good outward repair, considering the circumstances, and was recognized by the captain and some of the crew who knew him as Mr. Davis. They hailed him, but he returned no answer. No particular attention was paid to this, however, and the boat was pulled rapidly to land. What was the astonishment of the crew, when the boat neared the shore, to see Mr. Davis leave his seat and run rapidly toward the interior of the island! They landed and pursued him, but failed to overtake him before he became lost to sight among the rocks. A tolerably thorough search of the rocks resulted in no further indications of his presence, and the chase was reluctantly given up. Among the more credulous of the sailors it was of course believed to be Davis' wraith; but the practical captain and crew, who had known the man well, insisted on his bodily presence, and so reported it on the arrival in London. The story was received somewhat incredulously, however, and finally dropped from mind.

The following season, nevertheless, the lookout of another vessel made the same discovery, and another landing ensued, with the same results. Davis disappeared suddenly, but entirely. He still wore the clothing he had on when wrecked, though in a sadly tattered condition. After that he was seen again in a nude state.

In the fourth year after his shipwreck a party landed from a company's vessel and endeavored to catch him. They pursued him closely and used every means to close his avenues of escape. But Davis ran with almost incredible speed, leaping high rocks with apparent ease, and at length escaped from sight altogether. On this occason he was covered lightly with a coat of hair. In the seventh year the unfortunate man was seen, I believe, for the last time, having then a heavy suit of hair over his entire body, and a beard of great length. He was at that time some fifty-six years of age. The attempts made to capture him, and the circumstances of his condition, were but little noised abroad by the officers of the company on account of his afflicted family; but no one, finally, expressed the least doubt of his identity, or that he had become crazed under the terrible conditions of the shipwreck. The story reached the writer through a daughter of Mr. Davis, and was corroborated by officers of the company cognizant of the circumstances; so he relies implicity upon its veracity.

Here again was an insanity brought about by the loss of human association, augmented, perhaps, in this instance, by the lack of matter to attract the mind. Davis certainly was supplied with food—probably from the shell-fish and seals cast up by the sea—and shelter of sufficient warmth to protect him from the inclement weather, so that it must have been influences extraneous from dread of death, from lack of mere animal necessaries, which produced the insanity. The extreme fear or man manifested by him was probably caused by that general feeling of terror which seizes lost persons and renders them fearful of every animate object, or it may have been the result of a revulsion of feeling upon a subject which occupied every power of thought when sane—that is, the intense desire to see a human face. Davis being a man of strong mind, and of active, energetic habits, would be liable to more violent feelings of terror, despair, and desire for companionship, than a person of less mental acumen and of more apathetic temperament. His mind would eat itself out far more rapidly than would that of a comparatively ignorant person. The higher the intellectual standard of the lost individual, up to a certain point, and the more gregarious his habits of life have been, the sooner and more severely will the lost feeling attack his sanity in the majority of instances. I recall an instance of this fact in the case of a passing acquaintance, a Mr. James Mackenzie.

This gentleman was a clerk in charge of a trading post at Georgetown, Minnesota, who started in the winter season, along with three others, to visit Fort Garry. The means of conveyance consisted of mules and a wagon instead of the ordinary winter traveling apparatus of the country—snow shoes and dog sledges. Mr. Mackenzie was a first-rate traveler, and accustomed from boyhood to such work. He knew the country well, and, for a man of his strong constitution, the severity of the winter's cold had too few terrors for him. At a place called Pine River Crossing, he volunteered, as the party with which he traveled had run short of provisions, and their wagon, in consequence of bad weather, traveled heavily, to push onward alone, with the intention of sending back assistance from the fort. He followed the track correctly until nightfall, when he lost his way, probably in an attempt to find a shorter route. The succeeding morning he resumed his journey, but in the wrong direction; and, after another night spent on the plain, running about in a circle to preserve warmth, his third day's travel brought him within thirty miles of the fort, and very far from the track. Here hope seems to have deserted him; and after hanging a portion of his clothing on a tree to attract the attention of any passer-by, he lay down and was frozen to death. When his dead body was recovered, he lay with one hand on his heart, the other containing a compass.

It was easily comprehended by the experienced plain travelers who found the body, that Mr. Mackenzie, on realizing himself as lost, must have grown so excited as to lose his presence of mind, or he would have known his necessary general position with regard to the river, and have acted otherwise than he did. With his practical knowledge of the use of the compass, and of the country over which he traveled, he could have brought himself to any point he chose; but the lost feeling had bereft him of reason within three days. Being of more than average intellectuality, and of gregarious habits, he succumbed with corresponding rapidity.

The influence of this feeling upon those of a lower order of culture, and of a different temperament, may be seen in the case of a half-breed, named Lavie, personally known to the writer. This person was by occupation a *voyageur* during the summer season, and a trapper and hunter in the winter. His mental standing was very ordinary, being unable to read or write, and his habit apathetic, living much alone. Some of his ponies having strayed off upon the prairie during the winter months, Lavie went in quest of them. The prairie was a native health to him, which he had trodden from infancy with the same assurance that ordinary mortals walk the pavements. He had no fear of being lost; every depression in the snow-clad earth, every stunted shrub, was a landmark to guide him on his way. Yet, after an absence of half a day, a storm arose which obscured the landscape, and Lavie, despite his prairie-craft, found himself lost. He accepted the situation, and knowing that any efforts to extricate himself until after subsidence of the storm would prove fruitless, set about making preparations for his safety from freezing. He attached himself to a clump of cotton-wood trees as a landmark, and walked in a circle about it. Night came on, and he still walked. Day followed, and night again found him still walking, with the storm unabated. At length his moccasins wore off his feet. He took the long mittens from his hands, and tied them to his feet in lieu of shoes. Then he walked on through the third, fourth and fifth days and nights, supporting life by chewing his leather hunting shirt. The sixth morning he found his feet frozen, and striking the beaten path like bits of wood; his hands in a like condition, and his face but little better. During that day, however, some wandering Indians discovered him in an apparently dying condition. They took him to a neighboring military post, and, after the surgeon had berett him of portions of both feet and hands, and taken a piece from his face, Lavie got well."

When found by the Indians, it is worthy of remark that with the exception of exhaustion, the man was mentally more acute than when he was first lost. During all those fearful days and nights the combination of terror, despair, and, above all, longing for fellowship, which really constitute the lost feeling, had striven against that dull intellectuality and apathetic temperament in vain. There were an indifference to, and an ignorance of the finer parts of the torture, which effectually shielded him from danger. He simply did not know enough to experience any feelings which would have wrecked a higher order of intellect. True, he knew that if the storm subsided he could escape; but this assurance could not of itself have supported him after the fourth day, probably, when he had been capable of entertaining it, the lost feeling would have overcome him.

Among the numerous instances which have come to the personal notice of the writer as illustrative of the fact that a visitation of the lost feeling almost invariably produces insanity, and that, generally speaking, the higher the order of intelligence (always up to a certain point) of the lost person, the more painful, if not fatal will the insanity prove, I know of none better than the following:

There was employed as a farm hand, in a certain place where the writer resided, a deserter from the United States army. He was a young man of rather more than ordinary ability, and tolerably conversant with prairie life. It was the custom of the farmers of that region to cut hay at some distance on the prairie in the rear of their farms, stack it on the spot, and haul it to the barns in the winter as required. In accordance with this established usage, the young man in question was despatched with ox-sleds one winter's day after hay. He took with him, for the sake of company, a boy belonging to a neighboring farm—a little lad about twelve years of age, and not particularly bright. They did not expect to be absent over three or four hours. The stacks of hay were distant about two miles from the farm house, on the prairie, and entirely out of sight of fences or other landmarks, but a well-beaten track led to them.

About two hours after their departure, a terrific storm arose, rendering objects at the distance of a few yards invisible by reason of the swirl of snow driven by the fierce winds. Some fear was entertained for the safety of the lads, but it was argued that by that time they would have reached the stacks, and, by digging into them, could remain in safety until the subsidence of the storm. At all events, no one could go to their relief. The evening wore on with no abatement in the violence of the storm; and, as it was impossible to extend aid to the sufferers, they remained out all night. In the morning the oxen they had driven out were found in the cattle-yard. They had their yoke on, and had evidently been loosed and turned adrift. In the afternoon of the day a party was organized to visit the stacks, and with considerable difficulty proceeded there. They found the road entirely obliterated, and the snow drifted in fantastic shapes over the prairie. Reaching the stacks, no trace of either man or boy was found; and a further search of three consecutive days failed of tangible results. On the fourth day, however, the boy was found under a snow drift, frozen stiff. He had all his clothes on, and was evidently following the trail of the cattle when overcome by the cold. About a hundred yards distant, in a directly opposite direction, the shoes, mittens, cap and outer shirt of the man were found in the snow, but no trace of the owner. The experienced prairie men engaged in the search announced immediately that he had discarded his clothing in a fit of insanity, and discontinued the search as useless. When the snow melted from the ground in the spring, the body of the unfortunate man was discovered sitting at the base of a tree on the banks of a stream six miles away. It was entirely destitute of clothing, saving a single garment.

Now, here was a boy of dull intellect following a judicious course on being lost, and using the calmest reason in his efforts to escape; and an intellectual man who became crazed by the same circumstances within twenty-four hours. Not that it is to be understood that the lost person must necessarily be possessed of intellectual culture in order to become crazed by the lost feeling, or that an uncultivated person possessed an immunity by reason of his comparative ignorance, from that feeling and its general consequences. It simply goes to augment the mass of proof tending to show that the feeling of terror, despair, and desire for sympathy and companionship, acting upon a cultivated mind, unhinge it from the sheer capacity of that mind to more acutely and intensely experience them than can the untutored intellect which is on a plane below such keen appreciation of its situation. The very combination going to make up the lost feeling must have been educated up to a certain standpoint by the general culture of the individual before it can so totally and entirely assume possession of him as to induce insanity. Then, too, the insanity produced comes under that class of mental aberrations known as temporary, in this respect at least, that when the lost insane is placed in the companionship of his fellows again, his intelligence gradually returns, and he becomes, after a time, as sane as before. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, but it is true in nine cases out of ten.—*H. M. Robinson in Appleton.*

THE FLORIDA SEASON ABOUT ENDED.

A correspondent of the Hartford (Conn.) *Times*, writing from St. Augustine, Fla., under date of April 13, says:

It seems odd to see "the fashionable season" reversed and the crowd of hotel pleasure-seekers leaving for, instead of setting out from, their homes, now when Summer is just fairly beginning. The hotels of Florida are now practically empty and are closing. "The season" is about ended. Every day witnesses the departure of the belated ones, whose baggage on the hotel piazzas awaits the omnibus for the cars. The few who are now left are few indeed and they are going. Another week and "the Ancient City" will be given over to its long Summer drowse. And yet the inhabitants all say they enjoy the Summer most. It is a long, but not an intensely hot season; and the resident population, left to itself, gives itself up to the quiet Summer enjoyment which its fine situation and climate afford. They have sailing and boating on this beautiful bay, by moonlight as well as in the breezy afternoons—and a cool, fresh breeze springs up nearly every day the Summer through. Other parts of Florida have had the same story to tell—that the Summer is as pleasant as the Winter. It seems to be a fact that the climate of Florida is the best, on the whole, to be found in the United States. No wonder it is becoming popular with northern Winter tourists, pleasure-seekers and invalids. To the sportsman, Florida offers the finest field in the Union for hunting and fishing—as the increasing crowd of sportsmen, every Winter, sufficiently attests.—Down on the Indian river—a lagoon of the sea, on the Atlantic side, extending nearly 200 miles up and down the coast—the three or four taverns now existing are full, every Winter, with sportsmen from the North, whose tales of camping and sporting adventures in fishing and hunting are enough to arouse the enthusiasm of everybody. The climate down there is such as to render that region, what is safe here to predict it will become, the best sanitarium in the world. Already a good many sufferers from pulmonary complaints are trying it, being willing to brave its drawbacks in the shape of loneliness and rude ways of living, for the sake of its balmy and unrivaled wintry air. It has a Winter climate which is probably quite equal to that of Nassau; and it will in due time become known for its Winter fruits and vegetables.

This calls to mind the fact that a grower of strawberries, of whom I purchased a basketful for breakfast this morning, has shown what this climate can do for fruit, even in this region. This man, an immigrant from Georgia, has a place eighteen miles South of St. Augustine, where he is raising a big crop of children and strawberries. He drove to this city with his first lot of strawberries last Christmas, and he sold them at the fancy price of $2.50 per quart. On the 5th of January, he came with his first regular lead, and sold the fruit at $1 a quart—coming, I believe, twice a week. About the 1st of February his price was 75 cents. It is now 25 cents, and the strawberry season is about over.

But other fruit is coming on. Blackberries have been ripe for some time and some plums are ready to pick. Apples do not flourish in Florida. The fruit, for a large section of this State, is the orange. Nowhere else, not even in the West Indies, do such delicious oranges grow as those which can be raised in Florida. And thousands are going into orange-raising as a business. When wild lands can be secured, under the homestead law, for the improvements and $1.25 an acre, on which there can be grown, by budding the the seedling sweet orange trees, from 100,000 to 200,000 oranges in six years from the start, and the price here in Florida is three cents apiece, by the quantity, it will be seen that orange culture pays better in Florida than seed-leaf tobacco in Connecticut. On the great river of Florida everybody is buying land who can; and everybody who has a tract of land is setting out "sour stumps" for budding, or planting sweet seeds for budding; and orange grove after orange grove greets the tourist's eye, as he journeys up the mighty river on a steamer and scans the settlements in the woods along the flat shores. In the gardens and grounds of Palatka, and every other place on the river, the universal rule is to plant the orange tree. Thousands on thousands of young trees are seen growing thickly from the seed, in what may be termed orange hedges, to be thinned out and replanted, or sold; and in three or four years from this date the number of bearing orange trees on the St. Johns will be increased to the extent of hundreds of thousands.

Here at St. Augustine almost everybody has a few orange trees as well as the inevitable fig; but this is not yet, and may not become, the great orange growing region. The ancient little city itself is too box-like and compact to admit of much orange growing within its limits, though some of the finest oranges that were ever seen are grown two miles away—on the "North river." Here in the town itself more attention is given to ornamental gardening, a matter which has been neglected in other parts of Florida.

Roses clamber on the trellises and walls, and bloom all Winter; the fig tree unfolds its wide, green leaves, among which the young figs are now as large as pullet's eggs—chiefly the Southern purple fig, though the white fig of commerce also grows here; plums and peaches do well; the Japan plum flourishes—a delicious fruit; the paw-paw lifts its singular trunk and and palm suggesting top, beneath which the green fruit now shows its crowded clusters, growing out of the trunks, or stem, itself; the banana everywhere spreads its broad, green leaves, among which the young fruit is now as large as good sized pickles; tulips flame by the side of showy beds of petunias and verbenas; and in many grounds the date-palm lifts its tropical-looking form and waves its great feathery fronds in the balmy air; Pride-of-China trees disclose their modest blossom of pale purple, and a great number and variety of other ornamental trees are seen. Among them the mocking-birds hold high carnival. On one tree, while sitting out on the piazza before breakfast, I counted half a dozen of these joyous songsters of the South, which number in two minutes increased to eighteen by constantly coming new arrivals. The music of the mocking-bird is one of the charms of Florida, and St. Augustine seems to be its especial home.

Of this ancient town (the oldest in North America) so many descriptions have been published that any new one would be like a description of the most familiar European town in Murray's Guide-book. Everybody is supposed to know about its quaint, narrow streets and coquina houses, its Minorcan inhabitants, and its various suggestions of some old Spanish town of the Middle Ages. We reach it now by the little railroad, which, starting from Tocoi, a dreary and inane settlement on the St. Johns, forty-nine miles above Jacksonville, traverses a perfectly flat country of scattered pines and occasional "hammocks" for a distance of fifteen miles to the sea-estuary, or "river," back of St. Augustine—fare $2. There you take an omnibus (if you choose) three-quarters of a mile into town, for 50 cents; and in town you find three good hotels and "any number" of boarding-houses, which are more or less hotels on a small scale; rates $10 a week at these; $3 and $4 a day at the hotels.

One gets a pleasant impression of St. Augustine at its entrance, which is through a sylvan lane, shaded with bowery garden trees on either hand, and unfolding glimpses into beautiful gardens, filled with all manner of semi-tropical fruit and bloom. From this shady lane the visitor emerges into others all close upon the plaza. This is a public green and square, ordained by the Spaniards, who have left in it a monument, inscribed in Spanish, to the glory of the Constitution of 1812. Near by is a little box of a city market. The North side of the square is chiefly occupied by the ancient Cathedral, the quaintest relic of solid old church architecture to be found in the United States, and a bigger and more rambling wooden structure in the shape of a great modern hotel—the St. Augustine. There are ancient buildings of coquina between this hotel and the docks, and at the water are a very considerable number of fine little yachts for sailing parties, as well as a little steamer (the Mayflower, built at Springfield, Mass.) to take parties to the "North beach" and the other bathing ground on the seaward side of Anastasia Island. One or two New York clubs now have their Winter rendezvous here, and impart a little style to the scene. We tried the sea-bathing the first day of our arrival, and had a good swim in the Atlantic waves—on the 12th of April—a delightful experience, which was a trifle modified by various warnings to beware of sharks. A school of porpoises took possession of the spot the moment we went out. But the danger from sharks is mostly imaginary; no injury from these voracious monsters has been reported. At the North beach the breakers come combing over and dashing themselves away in foam, to fine effect. The new light-house rears itself like a gigantic barber pole, all striped in black and white, and conspicuous from afar. It is a bad coast, with few harbors, from Fernandina down to the Southern keys that look over to Cuba.

And this mention of Cuba suggests another Winter resort with the tropics—the harbor and town of Nassau, in the Bahamas, which will soon be made (for those who can afford it) a regular part of the Florida Winter trip. Steamers have been running there this Winter from Savannah; but that is rather far North. People want to go to Nassau, if at all, from a Florida port. They want to make that trip a part of the Florida visit. Mr. Ballard, of St. Augustine, tells me he expects to have this so arranged next Winter, and that a steamer will sail regularly from St. Augustine for the Bahamas, making the trip down and across the Gulf Stream to Nassau in twenty-four hours. If this can be done, and the round trip be made for $40 or $50, a host of Northern visitors will next Winter make their first acquaintance with the tropics by this trip, returning to St. Augustine in one, four, or six days, as they choose, according to the attractions of the Bahamas and the Royal Victoria Hotel; terms $3 per day "in gold," Messrs. Green-backers!

St. Augustine is a busy little place in the Winter, every other shop being a "curiosity shop," where Northern dollars are spent for alligators' teeth set on orange tree canes; for various Florida birds of plumage; for polished seabeans, and a world of other pretty trash. One old darkey, in a dingy shop in a by-street, we found busily at work making vases, alligators, urns, etc., out of coquina!

It is this Northern trade that is the life of St. Augustine, as it is of Florida mostly. The financial stringency, the mild Winter, and the general saving-up of money "for the Centennial," have kept thousands back who would otherwise have visited Florida this Winter; yet the hotels have been well filled—here at St. Augustine especially—and next Winter there will be a grand rush; and they will come early. I overheard one old, bloated bond-holder sharply drilling a negro yesterday, as to the kind of fire-wood he must have ready for his open fire-place by the 20th of "next November." *Dum vivimus vivamus.*

Sailing down the majestic St. Johns river, I was once more impressed with its remarkable breadth, and with the fact that water distances are deceptive. It was hard to believe that those shores were five miles apart; but such was the truth at several points on that noble stream. It reminded me that in a recent letter I greatly underrated the area of Silver Spring, up the Ocklawaha. That remarkable fountain, clear as crystal and of various depths, ranging from 40 to 80 feet, is in fact very nearly five acres in extent. One year ago our party put it at two, and this year at a still smaller figure. So of the size of the giant cypress trees up the Ocklawaha. I estimated some of them to stand "fully 90 feet." In fact they prove to be 120 in height! and some have been cut which measured 130, and 84 feet to the first branch.

We are going to visit some of the gardens of St. Augustine, and also the ancient fort, where for a year or two past about seventy "bad Injuns" have been kept, who were captured out on the plains and sent off down here because of their peculiar crimes. They are of various tribes, and bad fellows mostly. Yet the visitors (ladies especially) have petted them, and they have been permitted to walk the streets. But last week one of them disclosed to Captain Pratt a bad plot they had in view