



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher

VOLUME 2.

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NUMBER 12.

The Cambria Freeman

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscription:

One copy, one year, \$2.00
One copy, six months, 1.00
One copy, three months, .50

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions until after the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year.

Twelve numbers constitute a quarter; twenty five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1.00

Each subsequent insertion, .25
Auditor's Notices, each, 2.00
Administrator's Notices, each, 2.50
Executors' Notices, each, 2.50
Attorney's Notices, each, 1.50

Special and business notices eight cents per line for first insertion, and four cents for each subsequent insertion.

Resolutions of Societies, or communications of a personal nature must be paid for as advertisements.

Advertisements by which we are benefited include all kinds of plain and fancy job printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Broadsides, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art.

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628 HOOP SKIRTS 628.

W. M. T. HOPKINS' "OWN MAKE"

are the best and CHEAPEST LOW PRICED Hoop Skirts in the market. Trail Skirts, 25 springs, \$1.00; 30 springs, \$1.20; and 40 springs, \$1.45. Plain Skirts, 6 tapes, 20 springs, 80 Cents; 25 springs, 95 Cents; 30 springs, \$1.15; and 35 springs, \$1.25.

Warranted in every respect. "OUR OWN MAKE" OF "CHAMPION SKIRTS" is in every way superior to all other Skirt Skirts before the public, and only have to be examined or worn to convince every one of the fact.

Manufactured of the best linen-finished English Steel Springs, very superior tapes, and the style of the metallic fastenings and manner of securing them surpass in this country, and are lighter, more elastic, will wear longer, give more satisfaction, and are really cheaper than all others.

Every lady should try them. They are being sold extensively by Merchants throughout this and the adjoining States at very moderate prices. If you want the best, ask for "Hopkins' Champion Skirts." If you do not find them, get the merchant with whom you deal to order them for you, or come or send direct to us. Merchants will find our different grades of Skirts exactly what they need, and we especially invite them to call and examine our extensive assortment, or send for Wholesale Price List.

To be had at Retail at Manufacture, and of the Retail Trade generally, and at Wholesale of the Manufacturer only, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Manufacture and Salesroom, 628 Arch Street, Between 6th and 7th Sts., Philadelphia, April 2, 1868. W. M. T. HOPKINS.

H. A. Shoemaker & Co. are the only dealers in Ebensburg who keep these celebrated Skirts for sale.

GREAT BARGAINS! J. M. PIRCHER, FASHIONABLE CLOTHIER & TAILOR

IS SELLING OFF HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF CLOTHING AT REDUCED PRICES, AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO UNTIL MAY 1st, 1868.

IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR A VERY LARGE STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, DON'T FORGET THE PLACE, Montgomery Street, below Blair St., Next Door to Masonic Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa.

REVERE THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED! MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.

The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the Loretto Marble Works, all kinds of MONUMENTS AND TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line. None but the best American and Italian Marble used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to all cases at prices as low as like work can be obtained in the cities or elsewhere.

Call and see specimens, and judge for yourselves as to the merits and cheapness of my work. JAMES WILKINSON, Loretto, March 12, 1868. Jy

A WORD FROM JOHNSTOWN! JOHN J. MURPHY & CO., At their Store, at the Scott House, Main St., and on Clinton Street, Johnstown.

Have constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of seasonable Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Groceries, and a general variety of NOTIONS, &c.—usually kept in a retail store, all of which have been selected with care and are offered at prices which cannot fail to prove satisfactory. Call and examine for yourselves. Feb. 28, 1867-4f.

J. B. WRIGHT, AGENT, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE, Office with J. S. Straker, Justice of the Peace, Market Street.

Companies Represented—Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, \$25,000,000; Connecticut Mutual Life of Hartford, \$12,000,000; Home Fire Insurance Co. of New Haven, Conn., \$1,000,000; Putnam Fire Ins. Co. of Hartford, Conn., \$800,000. Feb 20-4f.

RICHARD ROWAN, ALTOONA, PA., HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER, Is prepared to make contracts for the painting of Churches, Dwellings and other Buildings in Cambria and surrounding counties, and for the execution of all other work in his line. Painting done at prices more moderate and in a style far superior to most of the work executed in this section. Satisfaction guaranteed. Feb 20-4f.

WALL PAPERS. PAPER HANGINGS! AN IMMENSE STOCK OF WALL PAPERS, NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES FOR PARLORS, HALLS, ETC., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, HOWELL & BOURKE'S, Corner of Fourth and Market Streets, April 2, 1868-3m. PHILADELPHIA.

ANY PERSON intending to build a House or Barn, can buy Nails and Hardware cheap by paying cash at Feb. 28. GEO. HUNTLEY'S, BARGAINS can be had by buying goods for cash at Feb. 28. GEO. HUNTLEY'S.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

The hair from the brow with simplicity part'd, The lips in repose, yet curv'd. As if the young life for a time had deserted The delicate form it curv'd: To quicken the semblance that gives to my fancies An image to brighten and linger around, Reflecting in glory the truth that enhances The fair open light of the brow it has crown'd.

Not a beautiful face, not a pretty face, even, But deep in the lifted eyes— Great eyes that you could not but love and believe in— A look of such power lies, To fasten your own, and to speak—without ceasing Their answering look—to your spirit, through them; To waken new thoughts and impulses to being. And these, like a judge, to approve or condemn.

And thus if their gaze, from a shadowy entrance, And searches the hidden deeps, What power must dwell in the varying glances The soul that has lit them keeps? To play 'neath the lashes whose curving is real, To flash into others and image them back: What must be the face, if I meet my ideal In this, and so perfect as nothing to lack.

And yet, if the smile that is pictured so fairly, Must change as ourselves do change: The eyes be uplifted in quiet so rarely, Their light would grow dim and strange: I flinching and paling with flashes of feeling, And every emotion from triumph to fear, The face should be 'reft of the calmness revealing The peace of the heart, I can read in it here.

Then let me remain in remembrance forever The light of its look alone, As, fixed by the hand of a master engraver, In Heaven's sacredness shown. Whatever may darken its earthly existence, The spirit, I pray, may look up from the dust Of earth, to a future more bright in the distance, That keepeth it still in its shadowy trust. LIZNET.

[From the St. Louis (Mo.) Republican.] EARLY LIFE OF H. P. LE CONNER. BY HIS UNCLE. NO. III. [EXPLANATORY.—What was intended to be the abrupt termination of this biography is fully explained in the following affectionate epistle:

St. Louis, March 8, 1868. DEAR UNCLE—Dry up. Your cursed nonsense in the Missouri Republican is making me the laughing stock of the whole world. It is all well enough for you, whose head is blossoming for the tomb, and for whom the world has no honors left; but think of me, your aspiring but helpless nephew, and imagine my situation! Do you suppose anybody cares how I used to mount mules, or haul logs, or play marbles, or what the phrenologist had to say about my head? I have learned to keep my mouth shut; why don't you do the same? Write to me and state candidly what the REPUBLICAN pays you for the history of my life, and I will pay you three times that amount if you will keep it out. I am willing to die a natural death, but I object peremptorily to being murdered in the very front and face of civilization by my own uncle. Therefore, brother of my revered father, quit. Write one more letter if you choose, and bring the thing to a decent close. Be dignified. Don't call me "Hans Patrick" and "my nephew," and such trash as that; speak of me as Le Conner. Remember, I am a great man now, and must maintain my dignity. Don't, for the sake of common sense, let your next letter be as stupid as your former ones. People will begin to suspect that you are my father instead of my uncle. Yours, &c. H. P. LE C. To my Uncle, Nubbin Ridge.]

NUBBIN RIDGE, KY., Feb. 30, 1868. EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—The printing office which Le Conner entered, contained three "devils." In graduating with this class he stood fourth, from which, it will be inferred that he was not much of a devil, after all. Most of the apprentices enjoyed the advantage of having graduated from a House of Refuge before entering the printing-house.

The Conner's merits were chiefly of a trivial character, such as throwing ink-balls into the foreman's hair when his back was turned, coming down to breakfast an hour before anybody else, and remaining at table until the servants had done eating. Once the proprietors were short of paper, Le Conner had inked the forms, and was waiting patiently for an arrival of the blank material. Feeling weary, after a time, he laid down upon the press and fell asleep. On waking, it was discovered that his shirt, which happened to be a clean one, bore a correct print of the entire newspaper. No printing material arriving in time for the regular edition, he was sent around to the houses of subscribers and remained at each until the inmates read his shirt. This sudden manifestation of his usefulness acquired for him a good deal of celebrity and caused his salary to be immediately increased to three dollars a week.

Experience shows how uncertain an indication is the rank of a printer's devil of his future eminence. Le Conner himself predicted that the devil in his office would be hung. The first year of the war verified this prophecy. Le Conner was discharged from the printing office in 1861, and immediately entered the United States service (21st Ill. Vol. Inf. as Second Lieutenant. I have heard that he distinguished himself on many occasions, but one in particular. During an action he heard the command from some quarter of somebody's regiment, "Scatter, boys, your Captain's wounded." Le Conner was the first man to scatter, and he has been scattered ever since. He was always a very dutiful officer, and never lost but a moment in obeying an order.

Le Conner's aunt was very uneasy about him from the day he entered the service. Her principal fear was that he would resign and come home. When the first intelligence reached us that he had left the army and was on his way to our house, she fainted outright, and was seized with a severe attack of sickness. Fortunately there was no doctor within reach, and she recovered. While he was in the army Le Conner wrote to me frequently. He wrote in all twenty-eight letters. In twenty-seven of them he wanted to borrow money.

[History.—The Twenty-First Illinois Regiment was organized by S. S. Goode, of Decatur, and he officiated as its Colonel five weeks. The regiment was raised under a bill passed by the General Assembly, authorizing the raising of ten regiments to receive pay from the State for thirty days, and after that to be mustered into the United States service, or otherwise, at their option. The regiment went into camp at Mattoon, and was subsequently removed to Camp Yates, at Springfield. A few days after their arrival at Camp Yates, every officer received his commission except Col. Goode. He immediately repaired to the office of the Executive, and sought an interview with the Governor. It is here reported almost verbatim, memory only being at fault:

Goode.—Why did you refuse to commission me? Yates.—Because you are a drunkard. (Very good, considering its source. Dick had probably not received his regular rations that day.) Goode.—I have organized this regiment; we have done without arms long after the other nine regiments were equipped; I had all I could do to prevent a riot at Mattoon because you would not furnish the soldiers with bread to eat; I have as much military skill as any officer in the regiment; the men have elected me their Colonel, and I claim my commission.

Yates.—If you had the ability of Gen. Scott I would not make you Colonel of this regiment. Goode.—Who is to be the Colonel, then? Yates.—Grant, of Galena. Goode.—Who the hell is Grant, of Galena? Not being personally acquainted with the parties, I shall not attempt to answer a question which his Excellency deemed unnecessary to answer. Goode was a deserving man in many respects, but he was not the right kind of person for the position he sought.

Grant took command of the regiment in the latter part of June. (The troops left Springfield on the 4th of July and marched into Missouri.) When Grant made his appearance and was known as the Colonel of the regiment, very few of the men, probably not over two hundred, offered to re-enlist. The regiment was composed almost entirely of Democrats, and the idea of a Republican Governor refusing to commission the man whom they had elected Colonel was anything but pleasant to them. Grant was in a deal of trouble, and it was not until John A. Logan, who had always been a Democrat, came out and harangued the men for an hour and a half that enough of them could be persuaded to re-enlist to secure the Colonel in his commission. Logan (not Washburne nor Yates) and a Democratic regiment gave Grant to the world. The latter, so far as is known, has never claimed any special credit for its achievement.

While in Missouri, Le Conner met an old friend who had formerly been a fellow-apprentice with him. This gentleman had eleven unmarried sisters [the other one was married] and Le Conner immediately became engaged to every one of them. The consummation of these engagements was unavoidable postponed owing to the unexpected circumstance of his receiving a leave of absence, but there is a prospect of his fulfilling all yet if he keeps on.

Immediately upon leaving the army, Le Conner's long cherished idea of becoming a farmer was realized. Unable to secure any other kind of employment, he readily accepted a position as a "hired hand," to do general farming, at seventy-five cents a day, with board and washing. While filling this position he worked like a slave—say, more—he worked like two slaves. He tried this kind of life about four hours, at the end of which time [having purchased a bottle of strengthening cordial, ad interim], upon balancing his account, he discovered that he was worse off than when he began. In the commencement he hadn't a dollar in the world, and when he left off, if he had had been penny a bushel he could not have bought enough to have pickled a jaybird.

The history of Le Conner's subsequent career, of his triumphs and defeats in the great battle of life, is a part of the familiar history of the country. Those who would post themselves more thoroughly with regard to his brilliant achievements need only consult hotel registers, the account books of tailors, the free list of theatres, and the records of those who are exempt from drafts and taxation.

This letter bears the date of a birthday that I am patiently waiting for, and hoping every reader of the REPUBLICAN will live to see it, I remain, &c.,

Receiving Sealed "Proposals." A chap at Louisville issued a leap year invitation, and sent the following notice to contractors for publication in the Courier: TO CONTRACTORS.

The undersigned, feeling the need of some one to find fault with, and grumble at when business matters go wrong; and being lonely, with no one to hate him, and whereas, having arrived at the proper age, he is therefore determined to "come out," Sealed proposals will be received until 12 o'clock p. m., of the 31st of December, 1868.

Applicants must possess beauty, or its equivalent in currency. She must possess a sweet forgiving disposition, and when one cheek is kissed turn the other—that is if the right man is kissing. She may not chew gum. Nor wear long dresses in the streets. Nor frequent sewing circles. Nor go around begging for charitable purposes. Nor read the paper first in the morning. Nor talk when I am sleepy. Nor sleep when I am talking. Nor trade off my clothes to wandering Italians for flower vases.

Nor borrow money from my vest pocket while I sleep. Nor hold a looking glass over my face at such times to make me tell I know. She must believe in sudden attack of the chills, and make allowances for their effect upon the nervous system. When her "old bear" comes home from a few friends, rather affectionate, she must not take advantage of his state, and wheedle him into trips to watering places.

And above all, she may not on such occasions put speac into the coffee she prescribes for his "poor head." She must sit up for him when he happens to be detained to a late hour on his committee. But when he does return, tired and chilly, she will be expected to roll over to the other side, and give him her warm place.

A lady possessing the foregoing qualifications, positive and negative, can hear of something to her advantage by addressing the undersigned, enclosing a red stamp. All proposals must be accompanied with satisfactory evidence of the ability of the applicant to support a husband in the style to which he has been accustomed. Please address YOUBA-DAM. N. B.—Write short letters. P. S.—Use red envelopes.

A Melancholy Story. A few days since, says the Cincinnati Commercial, there came to this city a poor, friendless, suffering woman, sadly wasted by the ravages of relentless chronic disease. She had with her two children. About a year ago she left her home, near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to join her husband, a private soldier named Riker, stationed on the Plains near Omaha. She reached him, and managed to support herself by washing for the officers in his regiment—for his pittance would not suffice for both—and remained with or near him until his term of service had expired. This anxiously looked for event took place about a month ago, and as soon as he received his pay, amounting to some \$600, they and their two children left the barracks for their home in the East.

They boarded a train on the Union Pacific Railroad, and after travelling in this direction awhile, the cars stopped at a station, and Riker and a companion got off to obtain some refreshments. Before they could return the train had resumed its journey and left them behind. When night came on his wife, fearful of the safety of her husband, stopped at a small town and the next morning went back to where her husband had been left. She found him a corpse. He was murdered by his companion for the money he had in his possession, and the villain who committed the deed was far away when she arrived. She sorrowfully buried him and with a heavy heart once more turned her steps homeward. Long before she reached this city her slender means were exhausted, and she was dependent on fellow-travellers for her daily bread and transportation. On arriving here she went to the Commercial Hospital. The Managers of that institution were willing to receive her, but could not, under their rules, receive the children. She refused to separate from them, so she repaired to the Police Station House, the officers of which procured accommodations for her and succeeded in raising money sufficient to send her home.

Very few mechanics are ever sent to our States Prisons. There is nothing like a good trade to keep a young man out of mischief.

THE FIRST WEDDING.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A HAPPY COUPLE.

A great many years ago—long before it had entered into the mind of man to build the Tower of Babel, or lay out the city of Buffalo, or do many other foolish and wicked things—there dwelt in a distant land a gentleman named Adam, whose surname was Firstman, who became enamored of a beautiful young lady known as Eve B. Guild.

His attentions appear to have been accepted and reciprocated by the young lady, and she became convinced that he was "the only man who she could ever love," if we may judge by the following communication which she made to John Milton, who followed the rather singular vocation of advertising things "lost and found" upon her father's estate: "Confirmed then I resolve Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe; so dear I love him, that with him all death I could endure, without him live no life."

This being equivalent to the modest declaration that the lady is willing that her lover should begin to "pay her board," arrangements were immediately made in the absence of any official clergyman, the ceremony was performed in the most simple and unostentatious manner, in the beautiful garden of Eden. The auspicious moment having arrived, the groom took the white and little hand of his bride, unadorned even by a "plain gold ring," and affectionately imprinting upon it a kiss, reverently said: "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." No cards. This was joined in the holy bonds of wedlock the first couple of which we have any knowledge. There was no "round spectacle" father-in-law, no interested mother-in-law, with her legendary smelling-bottle, and no dear unmarried aunt present.

Nor was the ubiquitous "Jenkins" there to "write up the affair," so the readers of the Daily Post Diluvian could not take in, with their coffee and cakes, next morning, a detailed account of what was done, and said, and worn, at the wedding, much to the regret, doubtless, of the Jolly Post Diluvians. But Jenkins, had he been there, would have found it difficult to have got up a sensation article; for there was an entire absence of all obtrusive display and reckless extravagance upon the occasion refreshing to contemplate. The outfit of the groom was plain and simple, perhaps the most noticeable thing about it being the absence of the "dress coat," prescribed on such occasions by "our best society." The bride costume was marked by perfect simplicity and the absence of all expensive and extravagant adornments. There must have been something very becoming in this costume, as certain ladies, in fashionable life, at the present day, imitate it as closely as possible, when in "full dress."

Dispensing with the practice, now so prevalent, of indulging in a wedding tour, and not caring to publicly proclaim themselves as newly-married by the occupation of the bridal chambers in the hotels and on steam-cars, the happy couple settled quietly down to enjoy the cares of married life in the Garden of Eden, and were noted for their plain and unpretending manner in living. They kept no carriage, hired no opera-box, gave no costly entertainments, but contented themselves with the simple, unexpensive and satisfactory pleasures of enjoyment incident to their circumstances and surroundings. Adam was a good husband; he spent his evenings (and a good many of his days) at home; he had no business engagements "down street" after dark, nor did he belong to a club. He spent his evenings at home with his wife, whom he never humiliated by coming home late o' nights with a "brick in his hat" and a very ambiguous dialect. He did not even color a "meerschaum," but retained in his cheeks the color which else had been transmitted in deeper hue to the bowl of the pipe. His sleep was undisturbed by the effects of dissipation or the nightmares of the stock market; hence was calm and refreshing. Undoubtedly he was an early riser and loved the "dewy morn"—as we are sure he did the "gentle Eve." Eve was, doubtless, a very beautiful woman. Milton testifies that "grace was in her steps, heaven in her eyes, in every gesture, dignity and love." She deserved, if any of her sex ever did, the credit of caring little for the blandishments of dress. Her tastes and habits were eminently domestic, and for her in truth there was no place like home.

Her amusements were few; she cared little for opera or ball, but she probably attended the matinees of nature's songsters in the open air, where others, programmes and reserved seats were unknown, and it is not unlikely that she frequently accompanied Adam to see the menagerie or collection of animals in the garden. We know that Adam went, for the Scriptures tell us that upon one occasion he called the animals names. Eve, so far as we know, spent little time and money in "shopping," and it is not probable that she had even heard of "Stewart's," the Mecca of American women. She never sent Adam to a restaurant for his meals on Mondays because they were "washing days," nor made his life miserable by reason of a semi-annual "house-cleaning." She was not a heartless woman of the world, nor did she ever indulge in gossip and scandal; she had no affiliations with Mrs. Grundy and kindred spirits, and never troubled herself about the ownership of any "extra pair of stockings" dangling from her neighbor's clothes lines. Eve was frugal, contented and happy, moving serenely in first circles, and, undoubtedly, Adam loved her devotedly. Mr. Milton, who appeared to have estimated the family highly, intimated as much, and we have no doubt that he knew. We regret to add that misfortune eventually came upon this happy family. Eve unfortunately became involved in a transaction in fruit—apples, principally—in which Adam was involved, and their property, including the "homestead," passed out of their possession, and they were obliged to seek a residence elsewhere. From this time we know little about them, except that Adam, by careful attention to his diet, managed to live to the age of nine hundred and thirty, and died in the prime of manhood, his life being shortened, doubtless, materially by the loss of his property. Whether Eve survived him or deceased first we cannot say, but presume she did.

THE FIELD OF BLOOD. The soil of Hadenburg, Maryland, has a bloody record. It has been the scene of many a refined murder in days past. One who visits the place now will find the field green with verdure, which a few years since was trampled by the feet of men arrayed in deadly hostility. Here, on a beautiful grass plot, surrounded by trees, forms made after the image of God came to insult nature and defy Heaven.

In 1814, Edward Hopkins was killed here in a duel. This seems to have been the first of these fashionable murders on this dusky ground.

In 1819, A. T. Mason, a United States Senator from Virginia, fought with his sister's husband, John McCarty, here. McCarty was avowedly a fighting man, and thought there was no necessity for it; but Mason would fight—McCarty named muskets loaded with buckshot, and so near together that they would hit heads if they fell on their faces. This was changed by the seconds to loading with bullets, and taking twelve feet as the distance. Mason was killed instantly, and McCarty, who had his collar bone broken, still lives with Mason's sister in Georgetown. His hair turned so white soon after the fight as to cause much comment. He has since been solicited to act as second in a duel, but refused, in accordance with a pledge made to his wife, soon after killing her brother.

In 1820, Commodore Decatur was killed here in a duel by Commodore Barron. At the first fire, both fell forward, and lay with their heads within ten feet of each other; and as each supposed himself mortally wounded, each fully and freely forgave the other, still lying on the ground. Decatur expired in a few days, but Barron eventually recovered.

In 1821, two strangers, named Lega and Segga, appeared here, fought, and Segga was instantly killed. The neighbors only learned this much of their names from the marks on the gloves left on the ground. Lega was not hurt.

In 1822, Midshipman Locke was killed here in a duel with a clerk of the treasury department named Gibson. The latter was not hurt.

In 1826, Henry Clay fought his second duel with John Randolph, just across the Potomac, as Randolph preferred to die, if at all, on Virginia soil. The latter received Clay's shot and then fired his pistol in the air. This was in accordance with a declaration made to Mr. Benton, who spoke to Randolph of a call the evening before on Mrs. Clay, and alluded to the quiet sleep of her child and the repose of the mother. Randolph quickly replied, "I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother." General Jessup was Clay's second.

When Randolph fired he remarked "I do not shoot at you, Mr. Clay," and extending his hand, advanced toward Clay, who rushed to meet him. Randolph showed Clay where the ball struck his coat, and said facetiously, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat." "Thank God, the debt is no greater." They were friends ever after.

In 1832, Martin was killed here by Carr. Their first names were not remembered. They were from the South.

In 1833, Mr. Key, [son of Frank Key, and brother of Barton Key of Sickeys notoriety] met Mr. Sherbon, and Sherbon said, "Mr. Key, I have no desire to kill you." "No matter," said Key, "I came to kill you." "Very well, then," said Sherbon, "I will now kill you," and he did.

In 1845, a lawyer named Jones fought with and killed a Dr. Johnson.

In 1851, R. A. Hoole and A. J. Dallas was shot in the shoulder, but recovered.

In 1853, Daniel and Johnson, two Richmond editors, held a harmless satirical here, which terminated in coffee.

In 1853, Davis and Ridgway fought here; Ridgway allowed his antagonist to fire without returning the shot.

ADVICE, like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and deeper it sinks into the mind.