



M. I. JOHNSTON, Editor.

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

M. A. N'PIKE, Publisher

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A KIND HEART.

A TRUE FRENCH ROMANCE.

Knowing that the general class of readers are more interested in tales founded upon facts than fiction, we give the following sketch, which, although rivaling many of those romantic pictures drawn by fiction writers, is vouched for by an old English journal as being founded upon a real life occurrence, and merely polished by the pen of the writer.

The newly married husband took one of his bride's hands in his own. "Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused me in my boyhood, and which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy steps ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair."

"Re-assure yourself, my dear Frederic," said the lady, "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction but a history."

Frederic de la Tour had, indeed, some reason to suppose that his fortune was the work of a fairy's wish; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and wealth beyond his desires.

"Yes, sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion. "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir! you are so like a particular friend! What can you think of me! yet the resemblance is so striking that it would have deceived any one."

Of course Frederic replied politely to the apologies.

Just as they were terminated the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no more than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be.

Though English in name, the fair lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance.

Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he was not ill-looking, certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance was magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from doing credit to his tailors.

He accepted an invitation to the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and, to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton.

She, a rich and beautiful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts.

Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederic used to look sometimes at the glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune.

He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavowed award of destiny. As for his own feelings the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue—could he hesitate?

When the marriage contract was signed his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself, through the lady's love the possessor of large property both in England and France.

The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated Frederic felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand as if to prevent her being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederic," said the lady, smilingly, "sit down beside me and let me say something to you."

ter hopes sprang up and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled hard against poverty, and at last died in the hospital. The mother soon followed; and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid.

If there were any fairy connected with the story this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none; still it was necessary for her to have food.

One day passed on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping so to simulate age, she went out into the street.

When there she held out her hand. Alas! the hand was white, and youthful, and delicate. She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil, as if it had been leprous. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out her hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself—and asked, "A sou—a single sou—to get bread!"

The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police said to the girl:

"Ah! I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! come along!"

The young man interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before deemed afraid to touch, and, addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly: "This woman is not a beggar. No; she is—the one whom I know." But, sir, said the officer—

"I tell you that she is an acquaintance of mine," repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued:

"Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street." Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl he then led her away, saying: "Here is a piece of a hundred sou. It is all I have—take it, poor woman."

"The crown of a hundred sou passed from your hand to mine," continued the lady, "and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, saw your face and figure."

"My figure!" said Frederic in amazement.

"Yes, my friend, your figure," returned the lady, "it was to me that you gave alms on that night. It was my life—my honor, perhaps—that you then saved!"

"You a mendicant—you, so young, so beautiful, and now so rich," cried Frederic.

"Yes, my dearest husband," replied the lady, "I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life."

"On the day following that miserable night and old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled to enter as seamstress in a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and, indeed, I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor."

She was often visited by people in high life. One day Sir James Melton, an Englishman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learned that I was of good family; in short learned my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him.

"Marry you?" I cried in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said: 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife. I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem too yearn to see me in my grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story; and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have adversity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it.'"

"At that time, Frederic," continued the lady, "I loved you; I had seen you but once, but that once was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main

objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection, when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal.

"This part of the story, Frederic, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless, became the wife of one of the richest barons of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets where, a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant."

"Happy Sir James!" cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you."

"He was happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his own comfort than if he had wedded one with whom all the paralytic settlements, of pin money, would have been necessary."

"Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and from the hour to which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, expecting to him who had succeeded me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recess of my heart."

But how to discover that man? Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love and enrich you? I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you!"

As the lady spoke she took from her neck a ribbon, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sou. "It is this same—the very same which you gave me," said she, presenting it to Frederic; "by plugging it I got a little bread from the policeman, and I earned enough afterward in time to permit me to recover it, I vowed never to part from it."

"Ah, how happy I was, Frederic, when I saw you in the streets! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt even afterward, lest you should have been already married! In that case you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days in regret, perhaps, but still in peace. But, happily, it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble-hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some time to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederic," said she gayly, "you see that if I am a fairy it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all!"

GRANT'S BIOGRAPHY.

Biographies (it is said) like tombstones; and biographers do not try to elicit truth, but to make of their sometimes homely or positively frightful subjects presentable figures. Biographies used to be considered the staff of literary life, the mental pabulum for the nourishment of aspiring youths; now they are the cates of intellectuality, and therefore must be made as spicy as possible to tickle the callous palates of satiated readers.

Against the biography appended there can be no positive objection, except that it is too near the truth to be regarded as a chief d'oeuvre of high art.

EARLY LIFE OF GENERALLY USELESS GRANT. This remarkable man was born at a very early age, of distinguished but pious parents, and it is said, on coming into the world, he went into the wailing business, thus clearly showing that he was created especially for fighting battles and wailing his enemies. Becoming tired of wailing, he took a great fancy to the milking business, but in the course of time he became wearied from this, and took to cradling for a living. When he was first born he had no idea of ever running for President, this remarkable fancy not taking possession of him till quite late in life—although too late, we fear, to do humans good. It is not positively known whether he is the real original little boy:

"With corks crew-curls and strong Red Eye, Who never, never, never told a lie."

or not; but in the absence of any other little boy claiming to be the original Jacob, we think we may safely say he was. It was a sad piece of neglect of his stern

parent that he never planted a cherry-tree and left a hatchet lying around promiscuously. If he had, how easy might his son have become a second Father of his Country. At an early period of his life he cut his teeth on a copy of the Constitution of the United States, and a little later on studied strategy from a cheap edition of the American "Hoyle."

From this latter book he learned to cut and shuffle in a remarkable manner, and could make his partner believe he was playing for himself. It is a remarkable fact that for the first two years of his life he never spoke a word, and he hasn't spoken many since. The first word he did say was "pap."

Whether this referred to his paternal guardian, or to the pap known as official, cannot of course be told. There seems to be considerable doubt existing as to what his initials (U. S.) stand for—some contending for the United States and others for Unsuccessful Simpson. Useless, after a celebrated Roman Emperor, was given him by his grandfather, who was a learned historian—and Simpson is after an uncle who still carries on business in the Bowery.

Useless' principal amusement in youth was breaking horses and breaking wood; and when he was only ten years old he could tell a horse from a mule in about ten minutes, and could break the smallest quantity of wood of any buy of his age. One day, when his father had gone away from home, this obedient boy went to the barn, and putting a bridle on the fine three-year-old colt, took him out in the field for the purpose of breaking him. He broke him in just three minutes—he broke his neck. For this little joke his father flogged him severely.

He was always very fond of driving and taking care of spirited oxen, and would do any kind of work with them. He took a team one day unbeknown to any one, and going out in the forest, actually hauled in enough wood to make a respectable fire with. With the aid of half a dozen of men he could easily load the biggest log in the forest; and furthermore he could stand by all day and look at a man chop it up. Quite early in life he had his counterfeit presentation taken and his head examined by a celebrated artist and learned phenologist, who told him he would undoubtedly one day become president—of a debating society. From the fact of his telling so long beforehand that Useless would one day become distinguished, this learned phenologist could not possibly have been a pupil of Fowler & Wells. In the company of other boys Useless was very quiet and reserved, tho' on all desperate occasions he was always selected as the leader. But to tell the truth, he cared very little for the society of boys, greatly preferring to associate with horses and mules.

There is no truth in the report that he was ever a tankard student, though he always had a great taste for grand and lofty tumbling (a taste, by the way, which he shortly expects to indulge), and at one time devoted all his spare moments to carrying water on both shoulders at once, without spilling a drop. Perhaps the report originated from the following little incident: A circus coming to the place where he lived, he borrowed a quarter from a fellow horse tamer, and went down to see the show. The ring-master, some time during the intellectual and moral exhibition, offered a counterfeit \$5 bill to any boy who could ride the mule around the ring a certain number of times. Young Useless immediately accepted the bill, and jumping into the ring said "he'd ride that mule around if it took all summer."

Springing on his back, he busted him over the ear and shouted for him to go on. The mule immediately bolted forward, then suddenly stopped and kicked up behind and before, and reared up and tumbled over. But all to no purpose. Like the celebrated Roman warrior, Egregiously Mistaken Stanton, Useless refused to be shook. The ring-master, seeing his bill was in a fair way of changing hands, became considerably riled, and at once left a living cynecephalus loose in the ring. The strange creature immediately jumped up behind young Useless, and got on his head and in his pockets, and in front of him, and in fact got himself so mixed up with him that it was impossible to tell which was the monkey and which was the future great strategist. However, he won the money; and it is said that even to this day the man owes it to him.

Having no taste for the tanning business, as carried on toward him by his father, he applied for and obtained admission to West Point. Here he was principally remarkable as a good eater and sleeper, and by applying himself to his studies, soon distanced all competitors, and, on graduating stood number thirty in a class of thirty-one. It is not positively known whether the thirty-first boy was General Slickles or General Schenck—Lieutenant Useless, as he was now called, fought and distinguished himself in all the battles of the Mexican War; and had brigadiers been as plentiful then as now, he would in all probability have been reared to that rank in society. What he did in the late rebellion everybody knows; and if they don't we advise them to ask any grave-digger in Virginia. He is at present residing at a small city called Washington, under the immediate care of Mr. Washburne (who talks in Congress and knows all about him and more, too,)

and a celebrated canalist whom Grant once had a difficulty with about a bottle, and who succeeded in making a beast of himself during the war. These two moralists, it is said, are going to do something with him, or for him, or for themselves, shortly; but what it is no one knows.

The beginning of the little unpleasantness which has culminated in impeachment found Useless sitting on the fence, with one leg on either side, indulging in the luxury of a cheap Rapahannock, and deeply engaged in thought, perhaps thinking of the (very) Low-ell statesman and his bottle. But soon becoming hard pushed, he lost his balance and tumbled over into the mire of Radicalism, where he will, in all probability, to use the elegant word of a learned African resurrectionist, "stick."

Useless is said to be a man of great pluck; and from the manner in which he has put up with certain parties at that small city of Washington, we should also say of great endurance. But his ideas of the situation are radically wrong; and, altogether, we think, he would make a one-horse President.

TOM WONDER.

A Yankee School Marm Down South.

LOVE LETTERS TO HER NEGRO SWETHEART.

The Macon (Georgia) Journal and Messenger, gives the following account of a very rich case on trial in the Court at that place:

The grand jury of Bibb county were yesterday called upon to investigate a rich case, the facts of which we propose to give in detail.

Several months ago a white woman by the name of Amanda Fawler, thoroughly imbued with love for "the poor down-trodden African," came here from the North, and entered upon duty as a teacher of colored children. She had no connection with the Lewis High School, but was running upon an independent scale.

In the course of time she met Arthur Edmonds, a black negro fellow, who acts in the capacity of porter at the family grocery store of Grier, & Lake, and fell violently in love with him. They carried on a correspondence of the most affectionate, loving and endearing kind, as will be seen by the specimen letters published below, and often met and billed and cooed together.

Things might have thus gone on indefinitely, and resulted in a permanent union between Miss Amanda Fawler and her dear Arthur Edmonds, if the aforesaid Amanda had not been guilty of a little bit of moral insanity. On Wednesday last Messrs. Grier & Lake received an order purporting to have been signed by a lady of a prominent minister. The order was sent by a servant who had been in her employment, and requested the sending of a ham, a jar of brandy punches, some coffee and sugar, and several other articles, amounting to eight or ten dollars' worth. The clerk gave the note a cursory glance, and, not suspecting anything, sent the goods as requested.

But when he came to copy the order into his blotter, it occurred to him that something was not right about it, and that it was in the same hand-writing of Arthur's love letters which he had been in the habit of reading for that gay Lothario. Calling upon Arthur for a specimen letter (of which he had a pocket full) and comparing the writing with the order, his suspicions were more fully confirmed. It only took a few moments to confirm them by a conference with the lady from whom it purported to have come, and finally, when Miss Amanda was called upon for an explanation, she acknowledged having written it, but claimed to have some sort of authority for doing so. This was all stuff.

She was at once arrested and sent to jail and at the hour of writing, the Grand Jury is considering a true bill against her which will be returned and the case tried before Judge Cole at the present term of the Superior Court.

Miss Amanda Fawler is about twenty-six years of age, is not killed with good looks, but appears to be a woman of some intelligence. She had been teaching a colored school near the Vineville branch, and says she had eighteen day scholars, and more than that number of night scholars.

Arthur has a wife and seven children, who will no doubt read Miss Amanda's loving letters to him with no small interest.

We copy two letters to "Dear Arthur," as follows:

"Macon, Ga., March 26, 1868.
"DEAR ARTHUR.—As a ray of sunshine across the frozen earth, came your most welcome missive to my poor heart. It was opened and read, and its contents gave me much pleasure to think you had not forgotten me. I hope you never will, for I never will forget you while I live. How can I forget any one that I love so dearly as I do you? I had written to you, and when I sent it to the office I received yours, and I hasten to respond to it. The one I sent you last was not directed in care of any one. It was directed only to you. So I think you had best write in your own name. The sentiments of my heart are in it and I want you to get it. I hope you will answer this soon, for I shall look for an answer every day until I get one. I want to see you very much. I looked for you at the time you promised to come, but in vain, for I have not seen my dear Arthur. Oh! do come soon. I wish to see you so talk with you. Write to me, and give the sentiments of your dear heart. If I had the chance I would

tell you more than I expect you to wish or hear. Go to the office soon, and get that letter, for I do not want my letters to stay long enough there to be advertised. So do attend the office very punctual, and I will do the same. Do come soon, if you please. My dear, don't fail to write to me and often. As I am in a hurry, I will have to close for this time. I will do better next time.

"I am, as ever, yours, most devotedly,
"AMANDA FAWLER.
"P. S.—Write soon. Let me hear from you to-morrow sure, if you please."

"Mr. Edmonds—Dear Sir: I promised you to let you know when I succeeded in obtaining a room, where it was. It is in the building belonging to Mr. Hollingsworth, the lower room on the street toward the magazine. I do sincerely hope you will come to me soon, for I wish to see you on some very important business. Please come up here Saturday night, if not before, for I am staying here until I see you. I am staying by myself. So you must let me see you soon, if you please. I shant sign no name to this, for you know who you saw on last Saturday evening, and was talking with concerning a room. I close for this time.

"I am yours till death." (No signature.)
"There were three or four more of these (George Arthur) letters, but the grand jury called for them before we could get them copied. We will try to get the balance in due time, and give them in this column.

[From the N. Y. Campaign Record.]
Sturdy Old Ben Soliloqueth.—
A Rhyming Editorial.

Ben Wade sat in his easy chair on the night of the 16th of May, and his eyes were bright with a restless glare, and he swore in his usual way; damned Fessenden, Fowler, Ross and Grimes, damned the President, damned both the times. Van Winkle he cursed without look or bell, and Trumbull and Henderson sent to hell.

As he thought of the hopes that lured him on, when as yet impeachment was in its dawn; of all the wonders he meant to do, his feet kept up the devil's tattoo, and, like Scott's elfin page, his arms he tossed and wildly muttered, "Lost! lost! lost!" for his hopes of conviction were melting away, and in far perspective the White House lay, and with hopes and purposes foiled and crost, what marvel Old Ben should cry, "Lost! lost! lost!"

"They must vote," said Ben to himself, "I hear, in accordance with their convictions. Their convictions, indeed from all such men of phlegm, why conviction is all we expect from them. Let them perjure themselves for the party's good, it is only proper and just that they should, for I think with Thady, although I don't blurt it out like him, that it wouldn't hurt. If he's a patriot who yields up his life in his country's cause on the field of strife, what's he who gives up not life but soul, not the present but future, not part but whole."

"To the infernal gods men better than Grimes devoted themselves in the olden times, but he and his fellows, I feared, wouldn't make such a sacrifice, even for country's sake, and so it turned out when it came to the vote, for turned was each traitorous miscreant's coat. They have killed the party, they have wrought its fall with their squeamish consciences, d—n them all! To desert us just in the nick of time for paltry scruples, without reason or rhyme. Never before was there treason so fell! But they've done their worst, let them go to h—n, the Republican party is dead and damned—and starting up, for a door was slammed beside him, old Ben smoothed his wrinkled front, and with something between a sigh and a grunt, strode up and down like a wild beast caged, the storm that within his bosom raged, breaking forth at times with his tempest-tossed spirit in cries of "Lost! lost! lost!"

Aye, lost! who'll sum up the grand amount you have lost, far more than you'll ever count. You have lost the chance to retrieve your fame, you have lost the chance of an honest name, the applause of the good, the esteem of the wise, the chance to show to the world you could rise above selfish interest and party spite, still holding policy second to right, loving your country above yourself, ranking principal higher than pelf, private ambition and personal ends, the abatement of foes, elevation of friends, counting as nothing at all in the scale against justice and truth, which should ever prevail. When you count what you've gained and then sum up the cost, no wonder you shudderingly moan "Lost! lost! lost!"

SPICE.—An ill-bread man—a sick knacker. A poor cook—One that kneads dough and instruction at the same time. Words that burn—Rejected newspaper communications. Motto for a hungry man—Dinna forget. A bone of contention—the law bone. Recified spirits—Spirits of reformed drunkards. Sappers and Miners—Boys that gather maple sap. Plagiarism—Proaching "Lent" sermons.

—A freak of nature has been seen in Arkansas, in the shape of a man with three ears. One was on each side of his head, and the third, belonging to another fellow, between his teeth.

THE Democratic gain on the popular vote of Oregon is three thousand.